HEIR TO THE THRONE.

W Princess Victoria Was Told of Her Chance of Succession. Many interesting stories of the "Girlbood Days of England's Queen" are told in an article in St. Nicholas, written by James Cassidy. Mr. Cassity quotes the collowing from a letter written to the gueen by her former governess, Barmess Lehzen:

I ask your majesty leave to cite some remarkable words of your majesty when only 12 years old, while the regency bill was still in progress. I then said to the duchess of Kent that now for the first time your majesty ought to know your place in the succession. Her soyal highness agreed with me, and I put the genealogical table into the historical book. When Dr. Davys (the instructor of the princess and afterwards bishop of Peterborough) was gone, the princess again opened the book, as msual, and, noticing the additional paper, said: "I never saw that before." "It was not thought necessary you

should, princess," I answered. "I see I am nearer the throne than

I thought." "So it is, madam," I said.

After some moments, the princess resumed: "Now, many a child would boast, but they do not know the difficulty. There is much splendor, but much responsibility."

The princess having lifted up the fore-Enger of her little hand saying: "I will be good, dear Lehzen, I will be good, I then said: "But your Aunt Adelaide is still young, and may have children: and, of course, they will ascend the throne after their father William IV., and not you, princess.'

The princess answered: "And, if that were so, I should never feel disappointed, for I know, by the love Aunt Adelaide bears for me, how fond she is of children."

ANCIENT SUICIDES.

A Heinous Crime, and Indignities Were Heaped Upon the Bodies. Among the early Greeks suicide was uncommon until they became contaminated by Roman influence, says a writer in Lippincott's. Their religious deaching, unlike that of their Asiatic contemporaries, was strongly opposed to self-destruction. While a pure and manly nation, they regarded it as a heinous crime, and laws existed which heaped indignity upon the body of the suicide. By an Athenian law the corpse was not buried until after sunset, and the hand which had done the deedpresumably the right hand-was cut off and buried separately, as having been a traitor to its owner.

The only suicides ever spoken of with respect, or anything approaching commendation, by the early Greeks, were those of a purely patriotic character, like those of Themistocles and King Codrus, both of whom were considered patriots. The latter, when the Heraclidae invaded Attica, went down disguised among the enemy with the intention of getting slain, and, having picked a quarrel with some soldiers, succeeded in his object. The reason for this act was that the oracle had pronounced that the leader of the conquering army must fall; and the king sacrificed his life in order that his troops might be victorious and his country saved. Themistocles is said to have committed suicide rather than lead the Persians against his own peo-

HE KNEW WHO WORE SOCKS.

Clever Trick Played on a German General by a Subaltern Officer. Under orders existing some time ago, men in the German army wore at will either socks or fuszlappen (a species of bandage) on their feet. During an inspection, relates the San Francisco Argonaut, a certain general asked a subaltern officer what his men wore on their feet. He replied that some wore socks and some lappen—about 70 per cent. socks. The general further asked him if he knew what each individual wore. He was answered promptly in the affirmative. "What," said the general, pointing to a man in the ranks, "does this man wear?" "Socks," was the response; and on the man taking off a boot on the general's order, a sock was found to incase the foot. The same test applied in several cases produced the same result. The general was highly impressed with the intimate knowledge of detail displayed by the subaltern, but the lad disclosed subsequently to his brother officers the simple device which procured him such kudos. His men, by his order, had all m sock on one foot and a fuszlappen on the other. They were instructed to mote carefully the answer given by their officer, and to remove the boot which

Balloon Accidents.

would disclose a verification of his as-

"The cause of so many balloon accidents," says Aeronaut William Kendall. of Philadelphia, "lies in the fact that the beginner doesn't realize what a delicate piece of mechanism a balloon is, and after having been employed about a balloon outfit for one season he imagines he knows it all. These people manage to get a balloon, usually an old, weather-beaten affair, and then secure an engagement at some amusement park. Statistics show that nine out of every ten such aeronauts meet with aceidents. In one week seven parachute leapers were injured, some fatally, and during the season of 1896 no less than 47 zeronauts were killed. And in nine mases out of ten it is all because they haven't mastered the intricacies of "their profession."

A Bonse Like a Woman's Head. Of the many ideas put forward for the Paris exposition of 1900, none is more original than the proposal to build a house (to be devoted to the world of women) in the shape of a beautiful woman's head. The suggested entrance will be at the base of the neck, and the eyes are to be illumined by electric are lights. The chance for some mechanical genius to invent mechanism to work the jaw up and down is obvious.

OLD-TIME SWEETNESS GONE. Molasses is Now Made Into Rum, and

Brown Sugar Can't Be Bought. The old-fashioned molasses is rapidly disappearing as an article of commerce," said a prominent grocer, reports the Eastport (Me.) Sentinel, "and in its place have come a number of sirups, which are more costly, and by no means as satisfactory, especially to the little ones, who delight, as we did when we were young, in having 'lasses on their bread. Most of the molasses goes into the distilleries, where it is made into rum, for which, notwithstanding the efforts of our temperance workers, the demand is constantly on the increase, especially in the New England states and for the export trade. The regular drinker of rum will take no other liquors in its place if he can help it. It seems to reach the spot more directly than any other dram. The darker brown sugars have also disappeared, and they are not likely to return, owing to the methods of boiling and the manufacture. Granulated sugar is of the same composition, as far as the saccharine qualities are concerned, as loaf cut, loaf cube and crushed, and differs only from them in that its crystals do not cohere. This is because it is constantly stirred during the process of crystallization. The lighter brown sugars taste sweeter than the white, for the reason that there is some molasses in them. Housekeepers have difficulty in these days in finding coarse, dark sugars, which are always preferred for use in putting up sweet pickles, making cakes, and similar uses. As they cannot get brown sugar any more, it may be well for them to remember that they can simulate brown sugar by adding a teaspoonful of molasses to each quarter of a pound of the white granulated sugar. This combination does as well in all household receipts that call for brown sugar as the article itself, and, besides, it saves them a great deal of hunting for brown sugar, which, as said before, has disappeared from the market."

INCIDENT OF TROLLEY TRAVEL

A Front Seat Passenger Sees the Conductor Operate a Safety Switch. A man who was enjoying the air and the scenery from the front seat of a trolley car in the state of New Jersey, says the New York Sun, saw against one of the rails of the track ahead, when the car had come to a dead stop at a railroad crossing, a tongue that looked something like a switch point. He did not at first realize what this tongue was for, but he saw that the point of it was toward the car, and that it was also clear of the rail, so that if it had been attempted to run the car ahead without first closing the point up against the rail the car would have been run off the track.

The conductor got down and went ahead to the railroad track and looked to the right and left to see that everything was clear and that it was safe to cross. The man sitting on the front seat of the trolley car expected the motorman would take this opportunity to get down and close that switch, or that he would bead over and close it with a car hook, or somehow from the car, but he didn't do anything of the sort; he just stood still. But the conductor bent over and put his hand into a ring, set between the tracks. Lifting this ring he drew up a rod that was connected with the tongue in the trolley track and by this means closed it so that the trolley car could pass over. And thus it was discovered by the traveler on the front seat that the tongue was a safety contrivance, which could be operated only by a man actually standing on the track to be crossed.

DOES HE LOVE YOU? How to Find the State of a Young

Man's Affections. "It is the easiest thing in the world," said a young lady, according to the Chicago Journal, "to tell if a young man is in love with you. Yet scores of girls, just because they do not think

enough of themselves, overlook the manifestations of sincere regard which must always precede a definite confession of love. "Now, a young man in love, or part-

ly in love, always listens to every word she utters. This is so invariably the rule that a girl, when in company with the young man and others, may address some remark of little interest to no. one in particular, and address it in such a manner that it is impossible for it to be heard. If the young man is more than ordinarily fond of the girl he will evince special interest in that remark, and will not rest satisfied till he has discovered what it was.

"Then, again, a young man in love can, when in company with several, more readily converse with them than with the object of his affection. For this reason he often appears to be far more interested in some girl he cares little for than the girl he loves. Some young men also develop a habit of contradicting statements made by the girl they are fond of. This seems an absurd thing to do, but it is a fact that many love affairs take rise out of incessant playful quarrelings."

When the Moon Looked Blue. "Once in a blue moon" is a saying which appears to be founded on fact. A Scandinavian captain named Salveson,

in Chinese waters, was fortunate enough to see a blue moon several years ago, about the time the atmosphere was supposed to be impregnated with the dust of the Krakatoa eruption. The color was like that of a hedge sparrow's egg-a pale, rather greenish

The Value of Electrical Plants. Few persons realize the enormous amount of money which is invested in electric plants of various sorts. Over \$100,000,000 are invested in electrical machinery used in mining. Electrical elevators employ about \$15,000,000 more. Electric railways represent about \$1,000,000,000. This does not include the money being used in the man-ufacture of electrical machinery.

OUR SMALLER COLLEGES.

in Many Respects They Are Doing Better Work Than the Larger. There are a few striking facts about the small American college, writes Edward W. Bok in Ladies' Home Journal. One striking fact is that 60 per cent. of the brainiest Americans who have risen to prominence and success are graduates of colleges whose names are scarcely known outside of their own states. It is a fact, also, that during the past ten years the majority of the new and best methods of learning have emanated from the smaller colleges, and have been adopted later by the larger ones. Because a college happens to be unknown 200 miles from the place of its location does not always mean that the college is not worthy of wider repute. The fact cannot be disputed that the most direct teaching, and necessarily the teaching most productive of good results, is being done in the smaller American colleges. The names of these colleges may not be familiar to the majority of people, but that makes them none the less worthy places of learning. The larger colleges are unquestionably good. But there are smaller colleges just as good, and, in some respects, better. Some of the finest educators we have are attached to the faculties of the smaller institutions of learning. Young girls or young men who are being educated at one of the smaller colleges need never feel that the fact of the college being a small one places them at a disadvantage in comparison with the friend or companion who has been sent to a larger and better-known college. It is not the college; it is the student.

NEW YORK'S SKYSCRAPERS. Sky Line of Gotham Rapidly and Con-

tinually Changing. The sky-line of New York is changing so rapidly that the American traveler who goes abroad can recognize with more certainty the profiles of the foreign dities he approaches than that of his own metropolis as he sees it from the deck of the steamer on his return, says Scribner's. It may be his first visit to Europe; he may know London, Rome and Paris only from the views of them in old prints. But if he has an eye for such things his first glimpse of St. Paul's St. Peter's, or Notre Dame will tell him to what place he is coming, for all the world knows these pinnacles, has known them for centuries. They are as conspicuous and characteristic in the silhouettes of their cities as they were when they were built.

One of the Dutch governors of New Amsterdam, seeking in spirit some familiar earthly habitation, might find old Amsterdam, for it cuts the same figure in the sky to-day that it did when he left it; but the last dead boss of New York, if by any chance he should get away from where he ought to be, would search the horizon in vain for the face of his city. The features his eye would seek for are there; Old Trinity still stands, its steeple, like the spires of the old cathedrals, uplifted high above the earth; but its solitary prominence is gone. The modern office building has risen higher than the head of the cross and the church has lost its distinction. The enterprise of business has surpassed the aspiration of religion.

A WARLIKE MISSIONARY, He Didn't Believe in Cursing the

That the warrior spirit is not confined to soldiers is clearly shown by a tory of a missionary chaplain in Natal Rev. George Smith. Mr. Smith had been temporarily attached to the army for the period of the campaign, and during the whole of the long and flerce Zulu attack right gallantly he played his part in tending the sick, giving aid to the wounded and comforting the dying.

No one had a greater share of danger than he, and no one, says a writer in Blackwood's Magazine, showed a more soldierly example of treating that danger with calm indifference. Not only did he perform the duties of his office, but as every man who could handle a rifle was sorely needed to defend the parapet, Mr. Smith did essential service by going round the various posts and distributing reserve cartridges.

A good story went round the army in South Africa bearing on the spirit of his professional conduct on one occa-

One of the men, in the heat and excitement of battle, was cursing his enemies and using most profane language. The chaplain, coming behind, heard his words, and said:

"You should not speak like that, my friend. Don't curse them!" Then, shoving a packet of cartridges into his hand: "Shoot them! shoot them!"

Why He Said His Prayers. Prayer was the topic in a certain Sunday school class in Syracuse on a recent Sunday. One little boy who had felt very smart during the class hour was asked if he prayed every morning. "I do in vacation time," he answered. "How is it you don't do it the rest of the time?" asked the teacher. "Oh, 'cause when there's school we pray in the school in the mornings." asked the teacher, again, "don't you think there's more need of praying in the morning than at night?" was the reply, "'cause at night you have awful dreams."

Excellent Reply.

One day, shortly before Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee, one of her royal daughters remarked anxiously: "Mamma, it will tire you to bow for all those hours on jubilee day!" "I have bowed to my people for 60 years," was the reply, "and I shall not let that tire me on jubilee day."

Lady Detectives.

An official of the French detective department says that numbers of ladies well known in Parisian society do not hesitate to offer their services as detectives on condition that they are paid. Some of them, in fact, receive pay varying from \$150 to 250 a month.

HER SECRET.

Actions Speak for Themselves-He Was Willing to Read Her Mind. For many years the young woman had called upon Ulysses. She had brought him numberless packages of choice cigarettes, as well as divers specimens of the most expensive genus cigar, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. She had repeatedly purchased tickets for various celebrated prize fights and after escorting him thither would see to it that he had plenty of lemon cream puffs to munch upon during the intervals of slugging. Many and many an evening had she assisted him in increasing the numerals upon his poor hardworking mamma's coal and gas bills, and she had seen four several sets of new springs added to the parlor sofa. But hitherto she had not stood up like a-er-woman and boldly declared her love for him and requested to be allowed to pay all his expenses in the future in consideration of his donning her

But upon this special evening in question Ulysses had her dead torights. It may have been the witching golf costume in old gold and baby blue that he wore or the shy grace with which he placed his tiny palm in hers. However, be this as it may, she could no longer restrain herself, but impulsively threw her arms about his frail, shrinking figure and drew him tenderly toward her. As her lips rose from his she lovingly murmured: "This kiss tells you my

And Ulysses, as he furtively removed some cut plug from his mouth, found an opportunity to observe: "Would - you-mind-saying-it-over-

HOLD A NET FOR A BEAR. Bruin Makes It Lively for a Couple of Up-to-Date Hunters.

The following is vouched for by a reliable citizen of the locality where the event occurred, near Disco, 12 miles from Black River Falls, Wis., says the Chicago Chronicle. The farmers had been annoyed by wolves and one of them found a den that he thought would hold a dozen or more. Four of them went there with a large fish net, a long tin tube and a double-barreled gun. They had heard of scaring animals from their den by putting a tube in the hole and then shouting through the tube. Two of them held the net over the mouth of the den and another stood ready with the gun, while the fourth one managed the tube. He gave a fearful screech into a funnel fixed in the end of the tube and after an effort or two there was a rush and growl and out came a black bear as though possessed of nine demons.

He plunged into the net and the two men and the bear had a merry time. The man with the gun didn't dare shoot, for he could not tell where there was the most bear and the least of the men. The net broke and let his bearship through and he made for tall timber at a marvelous rate, but the net men looked very discouraged and it will be a cold day when they try it over again.

The informant was very relicent about telling who the men were, but as he had a double limp, his face seral ched and was in the city for a new suit of everyday clothes it looked as though he knew who helped hold the net.

PRIVATE STREET CARS.

One of the Recent Developments of the Trolley Idea.

One development of the trolley-car idea is likely to be shown ere long in the somewhat general fashion of owning private cars. At present a few, though an increasing number, of rich men own private railway cars. The expense is enormous, all things considered. But a moderate expenditure will suffice in the case of the trolley, says the Boston Advertiser.

Only, in a little while, street cars will no longer be peopled by means of trolley attachment, but their motive power will be appeed from an inside third rail, or by means of a storage battery, or, possibly, there will be some method invented of which as yet the public has not even a hint.

Anyhow, the rapid extension of the electrically propelled street car system, not only throughout all cities and considerable villages, but into the suburbs and far away into the country, so that in a long time, where population is even moderately dense, there will be an electrical car line close to every man's front door, will supply the conditions necessary for a vast multiplication of the number of private cars.

Underground City.

In Galicia, in Austrian Poland, there is a remarkable underground city which bears out this description, as it has a population of over 1,000 men, women and children, scores of whom have never seen the light of day. It is known as the City of the Salt Mines, and is situated several hundred feet below the earth's surface. It has its town hall, theater and asembly room, as well as a beautiful church, decorated with statues, all being fashioned from the pure crystallized salt rock. It has wellgraded streets and spacious squares, lighted with electricity. There are numerous instances in this underground city where not a single individual in three or four successive generations has ever seen the sun, or has any idea of how people live in the light of

Indiana Crop Reports. Reports on the Indian wheat crop are beginning to come in. From the central provinces we learn that the area of wheat is only 1,898,022 acres, as compared with 2,714,454 acres for 1896, and a ten years' average area exceeding 4,000,000 acres. The estimated out-turn is 324,475 tons, against 368,338 for 1896, and 784,802 as the ten-years' average.

Sunshine in Spain. Spain has more sunshine than any

other country in Europe. The yearly average in Spain is 3,000 hours; that of Italy, 2,300; Germany, 1,700; England,

KISSING THE BOOK.

English People Just Learning the Scotch Form of Oath Is Admissible. With reference to the question asked in parliament as to "kissing the book," a legal correspondent writes in the London Telegraph that of late it has been particularly noticeable that many witnesses prefer the Scotch form of taking the oath-by holding up the right hand and repeating after the judge or clerk the solemn words. It is only now that people are becoming cognizant of the fact that they need not "kiss the book." The clause in the oaths act of 1888, by which the Scotch form is admissible, was not inserted to meet a religious difficulty, but on medical grounds. Many persons have properly an objection to touching with their lips a volume which has been thumbed by scores of unknown persons and may contain the germs of disease. "Kissing the book" is really no essential part of the old-fashioned oath, and the Scottish method, if universally adopted, would defeat the cunning schemes of those who think their conscience is quit of perjury when they contrive to kiss their thumb instead of the book, which is generally a soiled and evil-smelling thing. A story is told of a Glasgow bailie on the occasion of a witness being sworn before him. "Hold up your right arm," commanded the lineal descendant of Bailie Nicol Jarvie. "I canna dae't," said the witness. "Why not?" "Got shot in that airm." "Then hold up your left." "Canna dae that either—got shot in the ither airm, too." "Then hold up your leg," responded the irate magistrate; "no man can be sworn in this court without holding up something."

TELL A WOMAN BY HER PURSE. Things That Nearly Always Indicate

Owner's Character and Condition. It has been stated, perhaps by detectives, that the age and a great knowledge of the whole character of a woman can be gained from the contents of her pocketbook, says the Chicago Times-Herald.

The business woman always has a number of receipted bills and a quantity of cash in her pocketbook, while the mother of a family usually has many unreceipted bills, little cash, and the sides bursting with samples and bargain advertisements. The average young lady has a favorite poem stowed away in a corner and invariably a souvenir of something bordering on the superstitious. For instance, while the writer was in a State street jeweler's store the other morning a tortoise shell portmonnaie was found on the floor. It contained 85 cents, and, far back in a secret pocket, a poem entitled "Soul for Soul." It began:

Oh, eyes that pierce me through and through
And draw my very soul away.

Your sunshine may not fill my life Nor turn my darkness into day. Next to that piece of sentiment was a small card with the young lady's name and weight printed upon it. On the reverse side of the card was a date with the words: "If the sun shines three days after this, you will have good luck for nine days." About noontime, a beautiful little brunette, all anxiety and blushes, hurried in to claim

LONG HAIR A DISGRACE

the purse.

In Coren It Is Indicative of Social Ostracism or Mental Humility.

The wearing of long hair in Corea is indicative of social disgrace or mental humility, and marks either the penitent or the outcast. The custom of wearing the hair long by these classes has aroused the commercial spirit in certain speculative natives, and they have set about the labor of supplying the world with hair shaved from the heads of their fellow-countrymen.

When the Mongolian faker desires to punish himself for a sin-real or fancied, it makes no difference-he allows his hair and nails to grow. In the same countries the criminal is obliged to let his hair grow, because the true oriental despises long hair, and the wearing of it is a certain sign of penitence or a punishment.

Now, of recent years, the Coreans have learned to put these extract linary growths of hair—that is, after they are cut off-to some commercial use. They have established factories for the manufacture of mats, horse blankets, saddle blankets, halters and even whole sets of harness, all from human hair.

A carpet factory, in which carpet is made from human hair, is also located at Seoul. In this connection it may be apropos to mention the famous "prayer rug" of the shah of Persia. It was made in Corea more than a century ago. It is three feet square and bordered with diamonds and pearls, and is considered of almost fabulous value.

Embarrasses No One. For all her incomparable dignity of deportment there is something homely and gentle about the queen of England. 'I don't know how it is," remarked one of her great officers not long ago, "I'm such a shy man, and really to chat with some princess embarrasses me. But as soon as I see the queen all shyness vanishes. Why, she's as easy to talk with as your own or anybody's mother! No one can feel shy of the queen, and, what is more, it would vex her if they

The Boaster Taken Down.

A silly youth was bragging of his great friends in a mixed company in which Douglas Jerrold was present, and said he had dined three times at Devonshire house and never saw any fish at table. "I can't account for it," he added. "I can," said Jerrold; "they ate it all upstairs."

What an Earthquake Is. In the course of a sermon a negro preacher in Georgia, touching on the subject of earthquakes, said: "Oh, my sinful hearers, a yearthquake is nothin mo' ner less den dis: Hell done got tired waitin' fer you, en gone ter sleep, en wake up yawnin'!"

ENERGY SADLY WASTED.

A Calculating Barber's Astonishing Figures of a Bicycle Century Run. Snyder, the calculating barber, was talking about cycling, and was holding forth upon the energy expended by women in making century runs, says the Philadelphia Record. "I have done a little figuring on the subject," he remarked, "and the result is most surpris-

'Take a woman who weighs 120 pounds and who rides a wheel weighing 20 pounds. In riding 100 miles T have calculated that a power of more than 3,000,000 pounds of energy, or about 100 horse-power, has been brought into play. And to think that all this has been expended in riding a bicycle.

"Had the woman directed this energy, in running a sewing machine, where a force of two pounds will run a needle over a piece of cloth for a distance of a foot, she could have hemmed a piece of muslin about 1,500,000 feet, or nearly 300 miles long.

"The same amount of energy used to propel a baby carriage weighing 10 pounds, containing a baby weighing 12 pounds more, would send the youngster 500 miles. The same amount of energy expended in churning would produce 30 tons of butter, or would push a carpet sweeper over an area of 250,000 square feet.

"The woman also could have ironed, without any more fatigue, a strip of muslin one foot wide and 210 miles long. And if she had been shopping, just think of all the bargain counters she could have walked around. I tell you, it's astonishing. Bay rum or witch hazel, sir?"

GAMBLING IN CRIPPLE CREEK. Layouts in Every Saloon, and Miners Who Have Stacks of Wealth.

Out in Cripple Creek the gambling houses are running in every saloon, says the Nebraska State Journal. They are huge, gilded affairs, where the hard-working miners, after coming from their eight-hour shifts, go to while away their time and money instead of thinking of home and mother and filling their socks with money to pay off the mortgages on the farms back home.

The men stand five and six deep behind the wheels watching the players as they risk their money, the less adventurous hardly having the courage to make the play, till, having seen some man get a winner, they, too, step up and bet on the black or the red. On the tables are stacked piles of silver coin and gold eagles, and the operators of the machines every little while take occasion to show that the game is backed by much more than the thousand or so that is in sight by displaying a stack of bills in a receptacle behind the table where the notes are thrown when paid in, with a kind of reckless abandon that is quite taking.

At other tables a policy wheel will be running, with so many drawings a day. In another corner of the room a crowd of men will be shooting craps, a large and intensely absorbed crowd witnessing the play at each place. Off at one side a stud poker game is running. The old miners seem to favor this game particularly, and their grizzled features show the intensity of their interest as the chips come and go.

CHALLENGED GOD.

A Seedling Forced Open the Walled Tomb of an Infidel Countess.

"In the town of Hanover, in Ger-Evangelist Moody writes in Ladies' Home Journal, "there is buried a German countess who denied the existence of God and ridiculed the idea of the resurrection. To further show her contempt for Christianity she ordered that on her death her grave should be built up of solid masonry and covered by large stones bound together by iron clamps. On this tomb was engraved her defiant challenge that through eternity this tomb should never be disturbed. But one day the seed from some tree, either blown by the wind or carried by a bird, became lodged in a small crevice of the tomb, where soon it sprouted and began to grow. And then, as if nature had seemed to mock the haughty infidel, she quietly extended the delicate root of that seedling under the massive blocks of stone, and slowly raised them from their place. And now, although scarce four generations are passed since that tomb was sealed that insignificant seedling has accomplished what God Himself was challenged to accom-

Penurious War Department. Live heroes, when they serve in the

ranks, can always count on shabby treatment from the British authorities. When the transport ship Warren Hastings, with 1,246 souls on board, went ashore on the rocks of the island of Reunion last January, in a pitch dark night, with a heavy sea running, all England rang with the praise of the bravery and discipline of the troops. who stood drawn up in companies on the deck till the women and children were saved and then went ashore as they were told off. Many of the officers were then mentioned in orders and some were promoted. The soldiers and their families lost all their baggage. After six months the war department allows each man six dollars to renew his kit and each family \$2.50 as compensation for lost property.

A Wild Deer Blew in His Face. A gentleman who was fishing on Seventh Lake, N. Y., a few days ago became tired and sleepy. So he anchored his boat near the shore in a shady spot and lay down in the bottom for a nap. After awhile he was awakened by something blowing upon his face, and when he opened his eyes he saw a big buck standing to his belly in the water beside the boat and with his nose close to the fisherman's face. The gentleman lay quite still, rather enjoying the situation. About that time another boat came around the corner into the little cove, and the buck with a bound disappeared in the woods.

Seul journal français quotidien au Sud, fondé le ler septembre 1827.--Nouvelles du jour, locales et étrangères.--Services spéciaux et par fils des dernières nouvelles du monde entier.