The Frozen Ship.

One serene evening in the middle of August, 1775, Captain Warrens, the master of the Greenland, a whale-ship, found himself becalmed among an immense number of icebergs, in about seventy-seven degrees of north latitude, on one side, and within a mile of his vessel. These were of immense heighth, and closely wedged together, and a succession of snow-covered peaks appeared behind each other as far as the eye could reach; showing that the ocean was completely blocked up in that quarter, and that it had probably been so for a long period of time.

Captain Warrens did not feel altogether satisfied with his situation, but there being no wind, he could not move one way or the other, and he therefore kept a strict watch, knowing that he would be safe as long as the icebergs continued in their respective places. About midnight, the wind rose to gale, accompanied by thick showers of snow, while a succession of tremendous thundering, grinding and crushing noises gave evidence that the ice was in motion. The vessel received violent shocks every second, for the haziness of the atmosphere prevented those on board from discovering in what direction the open water lay, or if there was actually any at all on either side of them.

The night was spent in tacking as often as any cause of danger happened to present itself, and in the morning the storm abated, and Captains Warrens found, to his great joy, that the ship had not sustained any serious injury. He remarked that the accumulated icebergs which had on the preceding evening formed an impenetrable barrier had been separated by the wind, and that in one place a canal of open sea wound its course among them as far as the eye could discern. It was two miles beyond the entrance of this canal that a ship made its appearence about noon. The sun shone brightly, and a gentle breeze blew from the north.

Captain Warrens was struck with the strange manner in which her sails were disposed, and with the dismantled aspect of her rigging. She continued to go before the wind for a few furlongs, and then grounding upon the low icebergs, remained motionless. Captain Warrens immediately leaped into his boat with several seamen, and rowed toward her. On approaching he observed that her hull was terribly weather-beaten, and not a soul appeared on the deck, which was covered with snow to a considerably depth. He then hailed her crew, but no answer was returned, Previous to stepping on board, an open port-hole near the main-chains caught his eye; and on looking into it, he perceived a man reclining back in a chair, with writing materials on a table before him; but the feebleness of the light made everything very indistinct before him.

The party went upon deck, and, having removed the hatchway, descended to the cabin. They first came to the apartment which Capt. Warrens viewed through the port-hole. A terror seized him as he entered it; its inmate retained its former position, and seemed to be insensible to strangers. He was found to be a corpse, and a green damp mould had covered his cheeks and forehead and veiled his open eyeballs. He had a pen in his hand, and a log book lay before him. The last sentence on its unfinished page ran thus: "Nov. 14th, 1762. We have been inclosed in the ice seventeen days. Our fire went out yesterday, and our master has been trying ever since to kindle it again without success. His wife died this morning. There is no relief." Capt. Warrens and his men hurried to the spot without uttering a word.

On entering the principal cabin the first object that attracted their attention was the dead body of a female, reclining on a bed in an attitude of deep interest and attention. Her countenence retained the freshness of life, but a contraction of the limbs showed that her form was inanimate. Seated on the floor was the corpse of an exceedingly young man holding a steel in one hand and a flint in the other, as if in the act of striking fire upon some tinder which lay beside him. In the fore-part of the vessel several sailors were found lying dead in their berths and the body of a boy crouched at the bottom of the gangway stairs. Neither provisions nor fuel could be discovered anywhere; but Captain Warrens was prevented by the superstitious prejudices of his Seaman from examining the vessel as minutely as he wished to have done.

He therefore carried away the log-book, returned to his own ship, and immediately steered to the southward, impressed with the awful example he had just witnessed of the danger of navigating the Polar seas in the high northern latitudes. On returning to England he made various inquiries respecting vessels that had disappeared in an unknown way; and, by comparing the results of those with the information which was afforded by the written documents in his possession, he ascertained the name and history of the imprisoned ship, and of her unfortunate master; and found that she had been frozen in thirteen years previous to the time of his discovering her among the ice.

SUICIDE OF HER BETROTHED.

Proposals a Girl Bride Spurned and the Result.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

The eastern portion of Rowan county, Ky., was all torn up last Saturday over the reported killing of Nathan Steagall by McNeely Cox, on Hamilton & Goodan's farm, near Elliottsville, and the suicide of Bruce Cooper, a young attorney of Martinsburg, at the residence of Hayden Harris, about four miles from Elliottsville. The particulars of the Cooper suicide are as follows: Bruce Cooper, a nephew of Hon. John E. Cooper, of West Liberty, was one of the most promising young men of eastern Kentucky, and yet hardly twenty-one years of age, was given license at the last May term of the Rowan circuit court to practice law. On last Friday evening he left Martinsburg for Aberdeen, O., with Miss Mary Dehart, a thirteen year old daughter of Daniel Dehart, a merchant of Martinsburg, whom he had won the love of and induced her to elope with him. Reaching the residence of Hayden Harris, just over the county line, in this county, they stopped there for the night, and during the evening Cooper made several indecent proposals to his betrothed, which she indignantly spurned and refused. He then told her he had $365 in money in his pocket, and offered her the whole of it if she would accede to his villainous wishes and surrender her virtue to him. Though young in years and loving this young man well enough to give up home, parents, and friends for she again spurned his licentious proposition, when he drew from his pocket a new, improved Smith & Wesson revolver, caliber thirty-two, and handing it to her, asked her to kill him, and offered her his money if she would. This she also refused to do, and becoming disgusted with him got up and left the room. At bed time they all retired, young Dehart, a cousin of the young lady in the case, sleeping with Cooper. In the morning, when they were called by Mr. Harris Cooper told young Dehart to go on down stairs and see to the horses, that he was very sleepy, but would get up in a few minutes. Dehart, not suspecting anything, did as requested, and soon after a pistol shot was heard up stairs, but Mrs. Harris, thinking the cat had knocked the top off of a box, said so, and nothing more was thought of it until young Dehart, returning from the stables, went up stairs to wake Bruce Cooper, and found him lying across the foot of the bed with a pistol lying on his left breast and his brains oozing out of a hole in his left temple. Young Cooper had arisen immediately after Dehart had left and put on his pants and vest. He then lay himself across the bed, placed his feet together, his right hand across his breast, and with his pistol in his left hand put the pistol to his left temple and fired the shot which sent him to eternity. The coroner was at once notified, and an inquest waa held, resulting in the bringing out of the evidence above, and a verdict of self-destruction.

IN LIFE AND DEATH DIVIDED.

Hidden deep in the shade of tall, solemn pines, surrounded by forests yet sacred from the axe, stands a little gothic chapel whose portal is only opened to admit the dead. Never festival, never marriage or baptism awakens an echo of gladness within the walls of St. Michael's. Day after day long corteges make a halt before it, coffins are slowly carried in and the burial service of the church of England celebrated over unconscious clay. All through the year resound the solemn yet cheering words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," the organ wails forth the funeral march, and the procession, the liturgy for the dead ended, slowly fade away into the God's acre of Mount Hermon, a little beyond, and dust is restored to dust. In the cemetery, which is a quiet spot in the forests crowning the cliffs overhanging the St. Lawrence, there is one tomb, a shaft of sandstone, bearing an inscription which tells that he whose bones lie beneath died doing his duty, in risking and losing his life for his fellow men. In the chapel is one seat where every day, and at every funeral, is to be seen a woman in deep mourning, heavily veiled, who appears to pray and weep. Frequently, when the gate keepers of the cemetary make their rounds before closing up for the night, they find the woman on her knees before the tomb. On their approach she rises and walks away rapidly. They know who she is and for whom she mourns.

There is a sad story connected with the chapel, the tomb, the veiled supplicant and the silent dead.

Many years ago there came to an old and garrison city a young officer of artillery. He was a cadet of an honorable Scottish family, and was, while one of the most fascinating in manner and address of all the officers of the garrison, an ardent student, a man of large and varied accomplishments. Horatio Lowrie was such a man as women almost instinctively love, "a curled darling of the gods," and yet himself not greatly susceptible to woman's attractions. He was fond of society and was a brilliant conversationist. Every door was open to him, and, had he desired to shine in the particular role most commonly affected by the average British officer, he might have become an accomplished lady-killer. He enjoyed himself afer his fashion, and appeared to take as much pleasure out of his surroundings as the possibilities of a garrison town afforded. But he was not to be caught. He had a moderate fortune for England, a very handsome one for Canada, and mothers with daughters to dispose of were inclined to be very gracious toward him. He was gracious in return, danced, sang and flirted to a reasonable extent, but always so prudently that no one managing mamma or husband-hunting young lady could ever flatter herself that she had made an impression on the interesting artilleryman; so became to bear the reputation of a cold-hearted male coquette, upon whom girls with their fortunes to make could not afford to loose time.

It became rumored one day that Lowrie was engaged to a lady in England whose parents were opposed to the match. Questions put slyly by brother officers found him on his guard against surprise. He made no admission, gave no denial, and utterly avoided satisfying the curiosity of his comrades and of the society gossips for whom his friends acted. He gave himself up to scientific work, and gradually withdrew from social life. In the summer of 1861 he went to Newfoundland.

One day during his absence the Allan steamer brought out an English family, who took up their residence on one of the most fashionable avenues. Their names does not matter now. The family consisted of a mother, a grown-up son and a daughter, a magnificently beautiful girl of about 24 years. After a time they went into society. The daughter was a sad-eyed woman in spite of her beauty, and if ever a history was written across a face it was on hers. She was brilliantly accomplished, but her conversation was marred by a painful cynicism, and her demeanor toward gentlemen was cold and politely repellent. Lowrie suddenly returned from the gulf, and the second evening afterwards was a guest at a vice-regal ball. In the course of the evening he met the young Englishwoman. An introduction was about to be passed when he turned away, and the lady hurriedly asked her mother to take her from the room. In a few moments the guests had heard of the remarkable contretemps, and all was wonderment and conjecture.

As the ball broke up in the morning, a furious ringing of bells alarmed the city, and a red glare shooting up into the sky plainly told that fire was disastrously at work. In a few hours the populace was awakened to a realization of the dread fact that two immense districts were in flames. Multitudes assembled on the hights to witness a conflagration extending over some four miles of territory, and threatening the entire city with destruction. The general hospital, a benevolent institution conducted by self-sacrificing nuns, and founded two centuries ago, filled with sick and dying and with the children of the poor—was directly in the path of the flames, which, fed by the fuel contributed by some 2,000 wooden homes of the poorer classes, where, sweeping on with irressitible fury. In but one way could the hospital be saved, and that was by blowing up a number of houses which yet stood between it and the advancing destruction. At the head of the company of artillerymen, Horatio Lowrie volunteered for the dangerous work. Scores of barrels of gunpowder were brought to the buildings selected, and laid udder Lowrie's direction. Having made every disposition for the safety of his men and the public, he fired the fuse himself. An awful explosion followed, the buildings were scattered, the path of the fire diverted and the hospital saved.

But Lowrie—where was he?

Later in the day a quivering mass of unconscious humanity, burned and scorched out of all semblance to manhood, was found within the hospital grounds. It was taken up and laid upon layers of soft cotton. A few hours and sensation was over. Horatio Lowrie had yielded up his life for man, and had gone over to the majority.

The grateful people did what they could to honor his memory—grander obsequies than his were never known in the Fortress City. In the cathedral of Holy Trinity the solemnity was appalling, if the word may be used. From the cathedral the miles that must be traversed before St. Michael's and Mount Hermon were reached were lined with weeping thousands. At St. Michael's the ceremonies were completed, and as the banner covered coffin was born out a shriek was heard, and a women fell, her head striking heavily against the stone floor at the foot of the bearers.

The poor, charred body was committed to the dust, with all honors to the memory of the soldier who died at his post.

That night, the sextons, in going their rounds, found a woman, heavily draped in mourning, lying prone upon the new-made grave, insensible. On raising her they discovered that she was the beautiful English stranger. Society, when the story was bruited about, was astonished. The wonderment grew more when it became known that she was Lowrie's wife. The two had been secretly married in England, but owing to circumstances, had never avowed their union. Lowrie, at the time of their marriage, had nothing but his pay, while the lady had nothing at all. He had been ordered to India, and while there the lady permitted the advances of a suitor favored by her parents. Lowrie heard of this, hurried home to England, declared his relationship to the lady, denounced her for her perfidy, and then departed for the station, where he met his death.

The widow, who had never really been his wife, expatiates day by day her unfaithfulness to her husband who sleeps quietly in Mount Hermon, and incessantly assails heaven for forgivness from the chancel railings of St. Michael's.—*Mrs. Leslie Thom, in the Buffalo Telegraph.*

A PETITION.

From Good Words.

Thy latticed window open wide
  Lets in the summer breeze—
The sweets of jasmine and of rose—
  The sigh of leaf-crowned trees.
All summer sounds—all scents of June,
  Are welcome all day long—
If all of these may entrance find,
  Dear love, why not my song?

Thy hand is ever open, sweet,
  To succor others' woe—
What gifts thou givest to their need,
  But God and thou may know.
And suppliants for thy charity
  Unanswered never stand—
Thou givest them all that hand can give—
  Why not give me thy hand?

In thy pure heart the poor find room,
  And all who suffer—sweet.
Whatever cause has smitten them.
  Ah, then, how much more meet
To succor me, whom thou hast hurt.
  Thy heart to those is true,
And to that heart they find a way—
  Ah! let me find one, too.

HER INHERITANCE.

A blustering, uncomfortable day in early November, with a bleak promise of snow in the air, and a sky that was clouding over. The bare branches of the trees swayed and writhed savagely; occasional little showers of dry, dead leaves, that were not yet sodden and decayed, flurried up and down; and the roar of the fire in the chimney completed the outside picture of a dull autumn afternoon.

In Miss Miner's sitting-room, however, everything was as cozy and delightful as could be desired, with the warm, crimson lamberquins, with their heavy cords and tassels, and the carpet to match the tint, and the furniture of light grey damask, puffed with crimson, and the grey and gold wall paper, and the pretty knicknacks here and there that finish the room in such admirable taste. And Miss Hetty Miner, sitting before the open grate-stove fire, her black silk skirt turned carefully back over her lap, and her substantially-made pebble-goat boots, resting comfortably on the fender.

An elderly woman—40 odd—with a sharp, shrewd face and bright little eyes, and a resolute look around her mouth. A homely, outspoken woman, who was proud to say she had never been in love, who lived in luxury, although on a small scale, and who had $75,000 in government bonds to leave her relations when she died; and in all the world she had but two relatives, Mrs. Cairsford Carl, her married sister, and Mr. Parker Dollingsby, her half-brother, who, besides being inordinately jealous that old Simon Carmen had left Hetty his fortune, just because she had happened to befriend him in his ante-mining days, were very much given to toadying her and writing affectionate letters to her and loading her with presents, and forcing invitations upon her; all of which Miss Miner accepted in a matter-of-fact way, and in return did exactly as she pleased.

This especial afternoon as she sat meditatively before the fire, she suddenly broke the stillness, with an energy of speech that made the young girl reading in the bay-window, nearly concealed by the curtains, look startedly up from her book.

"Ellice, you're a fool!"

Evidently, Elice Dunning had not lived five years as companion and personal attendant to Miss Miner in vain, for she beyond the swift, brief little startled look in, manifested no surprise at the rough speech her winey-brown eyes.

She closed her book and came out into the room, a little flush on her face.

"Do you think so, Miss Miner?"

"Most certainly I think so, or I shouldn't have said so. You are a fool, Ellice Dunning, and I hate to see you throw yourself away so foolishly. Do show your common sense, if you've got any, and let that young jackanapes of a doctor go. You're better off without him. I'll give you a new sealskin sacque this winter if you'll give him up."

"I couldn't give him up, Miss Miner; I love him too well."

Miss Miner looked sarcastically at Ellice's sweet, flushed face, and gave a little sniff of contempt.

"What nonsense! You love him too well. Love indeed! It's all absurdity. I never was in love in all my life."

Ellice dropped her head in a pretty little confused way.

"I—can't help that, Miss Miner. I love Frank, and he loves me. We'd be perfectly miserable if we parted. Please don't tell me I must give him up! Indeed it is impossible. We are engaged to be married just as soon as he comes back from his visit home."

Miss Miner dropped her feet from the polished silver bar to the tiled hearth with a resonant bang as she jumped up indignantly.

"Engaged to be married to Dr. Olevin! Did I ever! Well, Ellice Dunning—very well! You may pack my hand-valise at once. I am going to New York on a visit by the 6:10 train, and I'll be home on Thursday. When I come back, don't let me find you here, you ungrateful little wretch—you!"

Ellice's lips quivered, her eyes filled diamond-bright tears.

"Miss Miner! You don't mean—to—turn me away?"

"That is just what I mean! I have told you, time again, I didn't approve of menbeaux and love-making, and I won't have it where I am! You can take your choice—me or Dr. Olevin. I'll give you just five minutes."

A little red flush crept to the girl's cheek.

"I don't want five minutes for a choice, Miss Miner!" she said proudly. "You have been very good to me, and I cannot forget your kindness; and I think I have done my duty by you. But nothing—no one—could come between me and Dr. Olevin."

"All right then. Don't let me see you here when I come back—that's all!"

And then Ellice went up to Miss Miner's room and packed the red Russia satchel, dropping a few tears as she folded the garments Miss Miner would require.

"I'll go to Mrs. Carisford Carl," Miss Miner decided, as she sat in the city bound express, in the early dusk of the November evening. "Camilla thinks all the world of me. Her daughter would not act as that young minx dared act. The idea!—the idea!—of preferring—actually prefering—a penniless young doctor with a moustache—a nasty black moustache—to me! after all I've done for her, too!"

And then Miss Miner leaned back very contentedly in her seat, satisfied that she had done her whole duty by herself, and Ellice Dunning, too.

It was just 8:30 o'clock when the hired hack deposited her at the door of Mr. Carisford Carl's red-brick house—a comfortable, cozy place, with the name on the door in full.

A servant showed her in, and asked her name; but Miss Miner wanted to surprise her sister, and sent word that a friend wished to see her, while she seated herself in the parlor, where a little girl sat curled up in a cushioned chair, reading.

"You want to see my mamma, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Miss Miner, with an affable smile. "You are Hetty, I suppose?"

The child gave a heavy sigh.

"Yes, I'm Hetty. Oh, don't I hate that name!"

"Why, I think it a first-rate name. You are a namesake of somebody, I guess?"

"Yes, I am. Old Hetty Miner, my aunt, who lives out in the country, I never have seen her, and don't want to, either, 'cause mamma says she's the meanest old thing in all creation—a regular old Miss Nancy, papa says."

Miss Miner smiled—a little queerly.

"Oh! that's what they say, is it? Well, Hetty, I am your Aunt Miner."

The child opened her eyes wider.

"Are you? Then, won't mamma be mad! We expect company after a while, and mamma won't want you at all. We'd be dreadfully ashamed of you before the Algerdons. You're going to leave us your money, ain't you? Papa and mamma said they were most tired of waiting—you had as many lives as a cat. We are going to Europe when you die."

"Are you?" said Miss Miner, with an insane desire to shake the pert, self-possessed, venomous youngster. "Well, I wouldn't depend upon it if I were you."

And before Mrs Carl came down-stairs, Miss Miner was out on the street, on her way to her half-brother's house.

"A pretty nest of vipers those Carls are. Thank heaven, I've found them out in time! Going to Europe on my money! Why, ungrateful as that spunky little Alice is, she isn't as treacherous as my own flesh and blood. Humph!"

And her complacency was not yet restored when she left the street-car on the nearest corner to Mr. Parker Dollingby's bachelor quarters, that were alight in a perfect blaze of bright cheer.

"It looks like a party," she thought.

But all the same she did not hesitate to go up the imposing stone steps and ring the bell, to which no response coming, she tried the door-knob, and admitted herself into a large, brilliantly lighted hall, at the end of which was a room, from which came the sounds of revelry and jollification that had prevented her ring being heard.

Miss Miner went into the first door that stood ajar, and through another partly-closed door she saw the gay bachelor party—some ten or fifteen—merry over their wine.

"So that's the way Parker Dollingby does, is it?" she asked herself grimly, just as, at the same instant, that gentleman's voice, distant, boisterous, rose high, and for a second silenced all others.

"Here's to the health of my most respected ancient mariner—ess—a veritable old maid, all forlorn, whose legacy is a long time coming, but sure to get here some time. A cool $50,000 or so, boys; and imagine the swell we'll cut when the venerable Mehitable kicks the bucket. Drink to to her, fellows!"

Somehow, Miss Miner took herself silently out of the place. She was silent all the way the was to the hotel; and then, once in the room, locked her door, and sat down and—actually cried, and then went to bed, wondering if it was ever granted to mortals to come nearer to being made a fool of than she had been; and at two o'clock in the morning to awaken with a strange, sick feeling that was awful to endure in that big, lonely hotel, where she didn't know a living soul.

But she rang for assistance, and the servant brought her a physician, who happened to be staying over night, and Miss Miner's life was saved from the terrible attack of gastralgia by Dr. Frank Olevin.

"I'll pay you when I get home," she said, tersely. "You can go with me, if you don't mind my green veil and bag."

And so, after reaching home, where Ellice Dunning, in readiness to leave by a train an hour later, opened the door in answer to an imperious summons, Miss Miner stalked in, followed by Dr. Olevin.

"You needn't be frightened, Ellice," she said, in a wonderfully soft tone of voice. "I've changed my mind. I'm the fool, not you. Here's your beau; you can have him and welcome. And when you're married, I'm going to settle my fortune on you and let you live here, if you'll give me a room somewhere. I've changed my mind, I tell you, Ellice Dunning. Take off your things and go get a cup of coffee for us."

And that was the way little brown-eyed Ellice came into her double inheritance of love and fortune.

Miscellaneous.

The Standard Oil company, following the precdent of the New York elevated railroad company, is trying to get out of paying a bill of $3,000,000 taxes, which the auditor-general of Pennsylvanna has presented.

Gov. St. John again asserts that prohibition in Kansas is a great success.

"I saw more intoxicated women at the Derby than on any former occasion," said Edmund Yates in the *London World*, "and not merely the females with whom inebriety is normal, but decent looking women, the wives and sweethearts of artisans and small shopkeepers. Perhaps the heat of the weather upset their calculations as to the amount of liquor they could take with impunity."

It is related that the president of the Fitchburg railroad, some 30 years ago, settled with a number of passengers, who had been wet but not seriously injured by the running off of a train into a river, by paying them from $5 to $20 each. One of them, a sailor, when his terms were asked, said; "Well, you see, Mister, when I was down in the water, I looked up to the bridge and calculated that we had fallen 15 feet, so if you will pay me a dollar a foot I will call it square.

Vassar graduates thirty-five girls as "Bachelor of Arts" this year. The New Orleans *Times* suggests that "they will probably be very glad to swap off these masculine titles for the more feminine dignities of "mistress of hearts." But why not have both? The highest learning does not detract a moiety from the most lovable qualities of woman.

There is statistical authority for the statement that the non-evangelical denominations of the United States, the Unitarian, the Universalist, the New Jerusalem, or Swedenborgian, and the "Christian" Churches, numbered altogether nineteen churches or societies less in 1880 than in 1840, and 472 less in 1880 than in 1860.

Men and women vary much in their manner of shopping. A woman has not the slightest hesitation in entering the biggest store in the city and buying a paper of pins or a ten-cent ball of darning cotton, while a man would almost as soon steal sheep as do it, and in one case could not feel greater loss of self-respect than in any other. The trouble with a man is that he likes to display his opulence and proclaim his financial importance, and for the indulgence of which vain ambition, if sent by his wife to make a small purchase for her, he is apt to return with a miscellaneous assertment of expensive and useless articles, and by the acquisition thereof thinks he has impressed the clerks with a sense of his consequence. This conviction, however, is in most cases a delusion and a snare.

Funny Things.

Aunt Hannah went up to Central Park to see the obelisk. "Kind o' needs repairin', don't it?" asked she of her nephew. "Good gracious, aunty, the thing is over two thousand years old," said Tom. "Du tell; well, it's dewrible, ain't it?"

Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines is quoted as once saying to Mr. Webster and Mrs. Clay: "I admit you are very great men, but you cannot compare with General Gaines in all that is sublime and beautiful in human character. I often told the general he was too perfect for this world, and although we had been married upwards of ten years I have endeavored to find a defect in his character, and have been unsuccessful."

Illustrating the simple manners of Tennessee legislators as compared with the complex methods of Albany, the Brownsville (Tenn.) *Democrat* says: "When a Tennessee Solon gets his hand on a wad of money he does not hand it to the speaker. Not much. He just sticks the wad in his boot leg, and rises in his seat and says: 'Mr. Speaker, I have reconsidered the matter and will vote aye!'"

Definition of deadlock.—First class in politics—Teacher—"What is a deadlock?" Pupil—'It is a series of votes which elect nobody," "Correct. Where are deadlocks manufactured?" "In Harrisburg, Washington and Albany." "Of what use are dead-locks?" "They turn 'statesmen' inside out that the people may see just what they are made of." "What are statesmen made of?" "Give it up."—*Troy Times.*

Scientific Gossip.

France's aim in Africa is said to be "glory." Italy's, civilaztion and commerce.

The *Engineer* says that an increase in the quantity of the fulminating charge has been recommended as a means of avoiding any necessity for throwing dynamite cartridges.

Mr. R. H. Chittenden is inclined to the belief that in the stomach there are two stages of digestion, separable one from the other—a first, in which the action of the saliva can go on without hinderance, and a second, which the pepsin alone is active.

In a recent work on the nests and eggs of birds, Dr. W. von Reichenau states that the ornamental plumage, crests, &c., of the male bird are due to an excess of energy; while the vitality of the female of the females is exhausted by production of eggs and the task of incubation.

Paper belting is used with success in the machinery hall of an exhibition now held in Japan. It is stated that the belting made of paper has been tested and found to be much stronger than that made of ordinary leather.

Hatters say that the size of the human head in England and Scotland has been gradually diminishing in size within the last quarter of a century. It is rarely that a 7 3-8 inch hat is asked for now. Is that the case in this country, also?