

McHenry Plumber

I. VAN DYKE, Editor and Publisher.

McHENRY, ILLINOIS.

THE Prince of Wales, who is overwhelmed with debts, is yet able to sell his royal mother land which she wants to add to her Balmoral estate, and for which the Queen pays Wales \$125,000. By and by the people who are struggling for cottages and potato patches will begin to ask where these royal folk get all their land and plenty of money to buy more.

MISS CHAMBERLAIN, the American lady who has attracted so much admiration in London and Paris, had a strange experience in New York not long ago. In a store, one day, a woman had the impertinence to pass a handkerchief across Miss Chamberlain's cheek, with a quiet remark: "I wanted to see if the color was natural!" The ancient Athenians were fond of new sensations, but they never rose to this high level of curiosity.

A NUMBER of girls in New York, who understand stenography and Spanish, are getting good salaries from merchants and others having trade with Mexico. This indicates that trade with that country is growing, and that it is quite worth the while of women who work to diversify their stock of information. Spanish is a language very easily learned, three months being ample time to acquire enough of it for the purposes of correspondence.

A JEWELER at Salem, Oregon, has constructed a curiosity in the shape of a steam-engine inside the wreath on a \$1 gold piece. Its weight is two pennyweights and six grains, and the length of the stroke is fifteen-hundredths of an inch. The length of the valve stroke is three-hundredths of an inch, and the machine when run by steam is capable of 5,000 revolutions per minute. It is now run by compressed air. The cylinder and bright work is gold-plated.

THE Baltimore American has introduced in its columns a new feature. Under the head of "Prophecy at Work" it gives answers to the questions of various people who describe their personal appearance and want to know what their future will be. These questions are answered with all gravity and apparent earnestness. The Baltimore American, it may be soberly said, is the only newspaper in the country which has determined that there are fools among its subscribers and taken action accordingly.

A MAN in Southwestern Georgia had a remarkable experience the other night. He was driving home the cows, when he and the horse on which he rode suddenly went down out of sight. The earth had given way beneath them. In the descent the man and horse had parted company, the former lodging on a ledge of rocks. The horse went down into a deep cave, and the man managed to get out. Next day, the neighbors got the horse out with the aid of pulleys. The animal was not much damaged, although he had fallen over fifty feet.

DEAFNESS appears to be exceptionally prevalent in Kennebec County, Maine, and in Martha's Vineyard. A recent scientific investigation of the matter shows that in both districts there is abundant evidence of heredity and especially of atavism. In the families affected there were also found blindness, insanity, idiocy, and deformity, and in some cases a long history of consanguineal marriages. In Martha's Vineyard the distribution of deafness coincides with that of certain soils, and its eastern boundary is also the typhoid fever line.

FREDERICK N. PALMER, the Boston physician who recently jumped from a Portland steamer and was drowned with his 4-year-old grandchild, was Postmaster at Brattleboro, Vermont, during Polk's administration. He was the originator of the first American postage-stamp, which was engraved for the Postmaster's personal use. These stamps were in use long before the government decided to use stamps for the prepayment of postage. The Palmer stamps bring a fabulous price, one having been recently sold for \$145, while a few years ago one sold for \$300 at auction.

COL. "BOB" INGERSOLL has never been a hotel clerk, but he seems to understand what every traveler demands of the inn. In sending his regrets to the dinner of the Hotel-Men's Association he wrote: "Hoping that the inventive genius of the country will finally build hotels with only front rooms with southern exposure, raise cattle entirely composed of tenderloin, chickens all breast, and fish without bones produce eggs that grow fresher as the years roll by, and, in addition to all this, put in operation some scheme for funding bills on long time at a low rate of interest, with breakfast, dinner, supper, and lodging coupons attached, I remain, and always have been, yours, R. G. Ingersoll."

JUDGE BYRNE, of Portland, Oregon, has an Irish setter, and between the Judge and the dog a very intimate friendship exists. The other day the Judge went to San Francisco without consulting the setter. As soon as the dog missed his master he went moping about, and refused to be comforted. The next day he grew moodier, and when three days passed by and still no master was visible he lay down in the closet where the hunting traps were kept, and refused all caresses, and for five days would not take a particle of food. Finally he wandered off to a livery stable, where his master's horse was kept, and would not be driven

away. Once a day he went back to the house for food, and kept up this programme until the absent one returned.

A DEPLORABLE accident happened on board H. B. M.'s man-of-war Albatross, at Port Hamilton, China, recently. There had been target practice during the early part of the day, and by some oversight one of the Nordenfolt guns had been left loaded. Some time after firing had ceased a boat's crew was sent to pick up the targets, and while they were engaged in this work some one on board the vessel moved the lever that actuates the firing mechanism of the gun, with the result that three of the boat's crew were hit by the discharge which followed, two of them being killed and one of them dangerously wounded.

JOHN BRIGHT, though now 74, is still regarded as the greatest orator, the Demosthenes, of the House of Commons. His wonderful voice still retains in age much of its delightful music, and his periods are full of the same pure and vigorous English as those of Milton, on which he has founded himself, and a copy of whose "Paradise Lost" he carries, as the best-loved companion, always with him. But then, as he himself says, Gladstone speaks without preparation as many eloquent words in one night as he does in a whole session. He takes three months to prepare one of his orations, recites it carefully, like Macaulay, again and again, and studies every attitude. For three weeks before the event is to come off he may be found wandering of evenings around the lobby like an uneasy spirit.

ALBERT WILLIAMS, a farmer at Savannah, Ga., had a terrible fight with an eagle recently. While plowing near a thicket an eagle arose and tried to fly to the wood, but one of its wings being disabled it was unable to do so. Mr. Williams seeing the bird's condition ran after it and attempted to seize it around the neck. In an instant the eagle attacked him, fastening its claws and beak into his legs in such a manner that he was unable to walk. He then attempted to beat the bird off with his hands, but was unsuccessful. Finally he dragged himself and the bird to a woodpile near by, and procuring a heavy stick plied several vigorous blows on the head of the eagle, which made it gradually loosen its hold and fall to the ground. The farmer then killed it with two or three heavy blows. It measured seven feet and nine inches from tip to tip.

MR. J. C. FLOOD will enter upon the occupancy of his new house on Nob Hill, San Francisco, next fall. The Alta California says: "This building is probably the most expensive private residence in America. The structure is of veritable New York swelled brownstone, and the dimensions in the clear are about 160 by 120 feet, with sufficient surrounding ground for a floral paradise. The artist in charge is the same gentleman who superintended the finishing of the mansions of Vanderbilt, Stewart, Villard, and other Eastern millionaires; and his delight over his present task is such that he declares that the parlors of any of them would be paled by comparison with the back hall of the Flood palace. It is idle to estimate in particular the cost of any of the parts of this magnificent edifice or set a value upon the whole. The contractors for the interior decorations are said to have made an outlay of over \$800,000 for their work and material alone."

A SHORT time ago a menagerie was on exhibition in the town of Aberdare in Wales. Some boys managed to gain entrance to the inclosure where the elephant, only four inches less than the renowned Jumbo, was stabled. They proceeded to feed the elephant with crackers, etc., when some of the more mischievous gave the animal a lot of stones. This so enraged the creature that it attempted to wreak vengeance on his tormentors. The boys, however, managed to escape over a wall. The elephant then turned upon an old man named David Watkins, 65 years old, who had been an amused spectator of the proceedings. He unfortunately was unable to make his escape; the elephant seized the old man with his trunk, and then battered him with its trunk. The cries of the old man brought to the spot the keeper, but he was in turn compelled to seek safety in flight. Watkins was finally rescued, but died the next day.

Natural Beauty of Nazareth. The valley of Nazareth is so charming that it has been called a paradise on earth. It is full of flowers and shrubs and butterflies and birds. Among the magnificent blossoms that in this country grow only in green-houses, the foreign birds, with their gay glittering feathers, are found on our own loved roses and daisies, our nightingales, blackbirds, and larks, filling the air with their sweet songs; and even the little homely sparrow and robin redbreast, that we consider so peculiarly our own, hop about and chirp gaily in Palestine as here. The people who live in the "happy valley" are more healthy and vigorous than their neighbors, or than the people who live in hot countries usually are. The fresh air from the hills makes them strong; and how sweet that air must be, passing as it does over magnoliae and roses and many another flower cherished in our gardens, and gathered to perfume our rooms, and growing there with all the reckless joy of nature. There is only one river in the valley, a little fresh brook, dancing down to the plain below, and here the women, clad in their pretty dresses, which travelers all say were brighter and more picturesque than those of their neighbors, as if even in the matter of costume they were to be best of all, came in those days, as they still do, with their great earthen jars, to draw the fresh bright water from the well, and carry it home to their families.

Enjoy the present, whatever it be, and be not solicitous for the future.

AMERICAN HANDWRITING.

Less Legible than the English, but Possessing More Individuality.

Complaint of the general decadence of things are frequently heard, although if the growers were brought to the point they could not but admit that from every point of view it is a boom to live in an age like the present. Fancy making a fire with a flint on mornings like these, as people did before the invention of matches. The most inveterate praiser of times past must own that getting up and turning on the register for simplicity and comfort beats it hollow.

However, there being nothing else in particular to complain of, an old writing-master of New York bewails in the public prints the decline and fall of penmanship. He says that in his day, which was early and remote, it is to be presumed, people were proud of their handwriting, and everybody strove to excel in legibility and beauty. It was studied almost as one of the fine arts, and he points to specimens in fac-simile in old books and also to the many original documents available.

It is not fashionable now, according to this critic, to write a good hand, and many of the fair sex even go so far as to describe it as a vulgar accomplishment. There are some who have ceased to use the pen altogether, and who resort to the calligraph or Remington. In these machines this old-time master sees a device of the diabolical enemy of the human race.

The indictment is brought chiefly against American girls. The fair maidens of England continue to write "the delicate Italian hand" which was once in universal favor. The objection, however to English penmanship is that it is too uniform. By pursuing a system all learn to write alike, and the result is a total lack of individuality.

Those who have correspondence with English friends must have observed the close similarity in the specimens of cursive handwriting brought to their notice. The penmanship may be said to have a national character. All the letters are formed upon the same system, and there is an almost total absence of distinct traits.

American handwriting is less legible, but possesses much more character. It is really possible, as many have claimed, to tell much of personal identity from penmanship the right field in which to pursue the study is in this country. Hardly any two persons are found to write alike, even among members of the same family. In all there is found a variety and independence much more interesting than the monotonous legibility of English penmanship.

Baltimore News.

She Knocked Him Out.

A New York girl took a seat on the sunny side of a Fourth Avenue car as it tumbled into the Bowery. She was a little bunch of loveliness, and her black eyes twinkled with a gleam that told of a merry soul. Though small she carried a great many pounds of sweetness to the square inch, and as she settled back in the seat with the tips of the daintiest little shoes just touching the floor and dove eagerly into a big blue-covered book, everybody looked at her because they could not help it. She smiled so sweetly at the conductor, whom she had kept unconsciously waiting for her fare, that the attractive Bower pictures for once passed him by without notice. A large jewel on her left hand flashed prismatic rays as the pages of the book were quickly turned.

Presently a tall, well-dressed man, with an immense black mustache, got on the car and sat down by her side. He turned his eyes upon his neighbor with an admiring glance and never took them off. She did not know it until she raised her head quickly to see how far up the car had gone, when he smiled and bowed at her. She was buried in her book in a second and the carmine in her cheek took on a deeper tinge. He kept up the steady gaze. She felt it, but did not look up. Her face became sober, and she held on to the book with a tighter grip. He moved his head forward, backward, and sideways and coughed to attract her attention. She was annoyed but tried not to show it. Though she appeared to be intently reading, the pages were not turned.

He grew bolder and she became more determined not to notice him. As the car passed Cooper Institute he lowered his face close to hers with a disgusting leer. She saw him not, and he was quiet for a moment. Then he raised his hand to his chin and touched the little woman's shoulder with his elbow. She did not stir, but the blood seemed as if it would burst through her fair skin, and her eye-lids trembled. He repeated the last maneuver and leaning toward her said something in a whisper. The little fellow patted the floor for a second, then like a flash he left hand flew upward and the lustre of the bright gem on her finger was buried in the cheek of the man who had insulted her. Before he knew what was the matter the blow was repeated with greater force. The car had reached Fourteenth street, which was just where the "masher" wanted to go, and he slid out of the car as if the air were greased, with the laughter of the passengers ringing in his ears. She seemed startled and smiled prettily in a frightened sort of a way, as if she had done something she ought not to have done. Then she tried to read her book, but she kept watch of the streets and when the car got to Twenty-fourth street she got off, as modest and unassuming as ever.—N. Y. Sun.

Keeping Up.

Pierre has a street car line and some half dozen other places are burrowing down in their pockets and are going to set up one too. We of Dakota are not much on letting another place get ahead. We are largely engaged in making Progress grab the bit in her teeth and throw a shoe in a mad attempt to catch up. It keeps Advancement standing up in the stirrups about half the time yelling for us to hold on. We are especially long on improvements that we don't really need but are still handy to have about house.

There's the electric light, shining all over the territory, despite the fact that the moon is full two-thirds of the time and on the half-shell the balance. The telephone with the mild hello and wild, wild output of profanity meets us on every hand. The "best system of waterworks in the territory" and the corresponding high rate of insurance, the national bank and the church debt, the paved streets and the sleeping night-watchman, the richly decorated opera house and Eli Perkins, the luxurious institution of higher education and the base ball club; all these and many more are among us.

It is an age of growth and progress for the territory. There is no stagnation, everything is on the move from the editor who takes that course to save rent to the treasurer of one of

the northern counties who resolutely and uncompromisingly sets his face toward Canada. It's all right, let things move; we can never hope to become a great state and have six or seven men in Congress trying to get post-offices for us unless we do more.—Estelline Bell.

After an Explosion.

A bold traveler who had the temerity to ascend Vesuvius, after slight eruptions, and while it was still in a state of ferment, thus describes its appearance:

"Not a speck of green, not a bird, not an insect; no life—only fields on fields of lava and scorria and ashes. The silence from time to time was broken, but it was only by the low mutterings and growlings of the mountain that always heralded an upheaval of lava and debris. Again we bent our steps upward, going zigzag among scorria and lava, passing various little extinct craters, until we came to where the mountain was hot and where white sulphurous smoke was rising all about. Here another halt was called, and the guide went off to explore. We could not go higher at this point for smoke and falling stones, and so he struck across the mountain in the Naples direction. We soon saw where we were—at the fountain-head of two streams of burning lava. These we must cross before we could make a further ascent. The guide stepped very cautiously on the black, cooling crusts of lava, and we followed. We were surrounded at times by sulphurous smoke. Our feet felt blistered in our boots. The lava cracked and cracked, but we passed lightly on. A little dog had followed us from the hotel; its piteous cries attracted us. The poor creature was having its feet sorely burned, so we took it over and carried it. But now we were safely over, and could examine more closely the phenomena. We approached as near the stream of burning lava as its scorching heat permitted. We saw it issuing from what looked like huge black cast-iron cylinders. These were formed of the outer rim of lava that had gradually cooled somewhat and hardened. The burning mass moved constantly, but not equally. It seemed to pulse and throb in its flowing—to be jerked out of the cylinders. As it advanced down the mountain it grew in width and height, became always cooling and became less liquid, until it ended in the great piles we first saw. I think the worst and most dangerous part of the whole ascent had now to be made. This was an almost perpendicular cone of loose ashes. At every step we sank to the knees, so our progress was exceedingly slow. Right before us were the streams of lava, into which it seemed we were bound to slide. Above us was the crater, whose thunderings we could hear and whose tremblings at times we thought we felt. Breathless and exhausted, we frequently lay down among the ashes. But at last we gained the summit, and all our exertions were rewarded. Such a sight! The crater of Vesuvius! A perfect hell of sulphur, fire and smoke, cinders and ashes, and red-hot stones; its flooring of hardened lava was rent by seams and cracks and yawning chasms emitting stifling vapors, while in the midst of it all rose the last formed central cone of smoking debris, belching forth clouds of sulphurous vapor, and at intervals, with loud thunderings, and with an effort that shook the mountain, throwing like a mighty fire fountain showers of rock and scorria high into the air. Amid the terror of the scene there was an element of great beauty. The rich and varied coloring that everywhere prevailed was wonderful, from the purest white up through all the shades of yellow and rich orange to deepest reds, the deposits of salts and sulphur and iron and chemical matters."

Objected.

Railroad surveyors occasionally report laughable incidents, showing the ignorance of the people with regard to railroads in localities not yet reached by the steam-cars. A party was surveying on a farm in the Far West, when an old man came hurrying out of his rude house, and asked:

"What you out here?" "Surveying," was the reply of one of the engineers.

"Surveying for what?" "For a railroad."

"Where's it goin'?" "Right through your barn, I guess," laughingly said the engineer.

"What?" "I can take it right through your barn."

"Well, now, Mister, I calculate I've got somethin' to say 'bout that. I want you to understand that I've got somethin' to do besides runnin' out to open and shut the doors every time a train wants to run through."

On another clearing, an old lady came hurrying out, in the most excited frame of mind.

"What you men doing on my ground?" she asked.

"Surveying for the new line of railroad, Madam."

"Is it coming here?" "Yes, Ma'am. The topography of the locality is such that we shall probably be obliged to do this."

"Well, now, it just shan't do nothin' of the sort."

"You will be paid for all damages done."

"That don't make no difference. Your old engine ain't comin' here."

"I fear they will have to."

"Well, now look here. I'll tell you right out 'n' out what I'll do. An' I'll do it as sure as them cars come inside this fence, an' you can tell the railroad so. I'll tie my clo'es-line across the track every single night, an' smash your engine all to pieces! I will, I vum I will."

Author and Publisher.

A young author without a name but with a meritorious manuscript will in the case of a majority of publishing houses receive in answer to his request to publish a proposition to do so provided the author will forward from \$300 to \$500, according to the size of the book, the condition offered being, that the publishing house will then put the book on the market and account to the author for 75 per cent. of the wholesale price of the book. Some publishing houses will accept the \$500 check of the author and agree in consideration to return the same when the book reaches an edition, say of 2,000, after which a copyright or royalty will be allowed the author somewhat larger than if the author invested in the work. In either case the demand is that the author shall also become a publisher, using the regular publishing firms as agents.

CANTERBURY is the place for self-sacrifice. When a young lady who has been eating onions appears at a country dance, all the rest but the onion, that she may not feel embarrassed or lonely.

ONLY A BRUTAL SLANDER.

Wheeler's Uncalled-for Attack Upon Stanton's Memory.

[Washington Correspondent, Chicago Tribune.]

The Southern brigadiers in the halls of their fathers have at last got expression for the venomous hatred they bear to the memory of Edwin M. Stanton. There appears in the Congressional Record, to-day the complete speech of Wheeler of Alabama, which has been delivered in part at the last two Friday night sessions. Wheeler gives as a reason for the speech that "his accidental and unpremeditated assertion that Stanton's talents had been sometimes used to disparage and even to destroy those who did not conform to his views" was being misconstrued.

This "accidental and unpremeditated assertion" was made during the debate on the military appropriation bill. It was then that the ex-rebel cavalry General denounced Stanton as an arch-conspirator who sought to conspire and destroy those who did not agree with him. This brought out Hepburn's savage rebuke that since Stanton was dead the very men around whom the ex-rebel cavalry General had gathered and who owed so much to his forbearance were the foremost to malign the great War Secretary. This seemed to rankle deeply in the hearts of the ex-rebels in Congress. It was about the time Jeff Davis was receiving the plaudits of the Southern people, and the ex-rebels were clamoring for a monument on them to make some sign by which it would be known that a Democratic administration was again in power. This is done in Wheeler's speech, which for virulence exceeds anything ever put forth by Northern Copperheads. We have an attempt to make out that Stanton should stand out in his country's history as a remarkable only for infamy.

In the first discussion Wheeler confined his malice to denouncing Stanton's course with reference to the two Northern idols of the rebels—McClellan and John Porter. In his calmer and more deliberate assault he has undertaken to show that in the closing days of Buchanan's Cabinet Stanton was guilty of a degree of turpitude that would have made Benedict Arnold blush. All this because Stanton had recognized that Slavery and secession were lost causes, and by the agency of the Republican party, which was soon to take the reins of the Government, Wheeler shows much feeling over the War Secretary's treatment of Isaac Toucy, the Naval Secretary, who had dispatched the War vessels of the United States into distant seas empty of crews. The secret of Wheeler's malice crops out in his declaration that the Democratic party of the North crushed the rebellion; that Buchanan would have done it anyhow had he been left alone; that the rebels and secessionists were lost causes, they thought it right to do so; and much of the same sort. Probably the most atrocious passage in the whole article is the insidious suggestion conveyed in the following words:

"It is possible, then, that Mr. Stanton maintained secret and confidential relations with a third body of men whose secrets he systematically disclosed? If so, could this third body have consisted of Secessionists pure and simple and their sympathizers? It seems well-nigh incredible, but it is conceivable, and it is unavoidable. But, irresistible as this conclusion appears to be, I reject it utterly. I had rather be thought illogical than so simply credulous as to permit even the most potent reasons to convince my judgment of so arrant an absurdity as that Mr. Stanton was a traitor. He was not a traitor, but a brief period—confidential relations with the Secessionists. I almost dare be sworn that he never was so associated. It is not merely an absurdity—it is an impossibility. So firm is my faith on this point that fire could not burn it out of me."

This cowardly assertion on the un- questionable services which Stanton rendered in ferreting out the plots of the traitors who were conspiring to destroy the Union under Buchanan's eyes. Concerning the sentence of the court-martial in the John Porter case, Wheeler calls it "the triumph of deception," and says the means by which effect was given to the sentence still further confirm the presumption of prearranged determination to work the ruin of the officer at all hazards. Wheeler further intimates much was known by him that the War Secretary had absolutely nothing to do with the successes of the Union forces. This is sought to be shown by a few garbled extracts from Gen. Grant, and also officers of the caliber of J. B. Fry. He repeats all the stale slanders about Mrs. Stanton and her enemies, but by claiming to have proved that an innocent woman was executed, despite a recommendation to clemency; that Stanton systematically violated the trust reposed in him by Buchanan and the Cabinet; that he professed fealty to one set of party friends while secretly aiding their enemies; that he was insatiable in engrossing power and arbitrary and ruthless in exercising it; that he conspired to disgrace and ruin one officer of the Government and secured the dismissal of another by the most reprehensible means. It is scarcely necessary to say that these slanders will be allowed to go, unanswered. Most of them are entirely consistent with Wheeler's view of the man who, while holding offices of trust under the Government betrayed it, were moved by a sense of duty, while the Republican members of Congress and the Democratic administration for the Democrats to give voice to their true feelings, and while any reply to Wheeler's challenge may bring out the cry of bloody shirt, yet some one probably will be found with the honesty to confess the same and to wince by hurling back the insinuations of Stanton's traitors. Declaration-Day the only flowers on the War Secretary's grave were placed there by a stranger. This accidental oversight might be taken to show that the people of to-day sympathize with the memory of the War Secretary, but the voice is heard in the halls of the fathers denouncing his memory from the malignant assaults of those about whose necks, as Hepburn said, he drew the halter.

COAL-OIL PAYNE.

The Charges of Bribery in His Election Will Certainly Be Investigated.

[Washington special to Indianapolis Journal.]

As predicted in these dispatches some time ago, there is undoubtedly going to be an investigation into the charges against Senator Payne, of Ohio, whose election, it is alleged, was obtained by the use of money. His opponent had had conversations with a majority of the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections, which has the charges against Senator Payne under consideration, and he finds a very firm determination on the part of the members of the committee to make an example of some one who has been elected through fraud. As one of the gentlemen stated: "The use of money in Legislatures where Senators are elected has become too common and is too often winked at; somebody must be made an example of." Even the Democratic Senators here believe that money was used in securing the election of Senator Payne. It is simply a question now of proving it. Senator Payne will have justice done him; there is a feeling akin to exasperation on the part of every one. This frequent use of money in buying seats in Congress is spoken of, and a feeling which almost borders on taking the benefit of the doubt to the side of the prosecution. The investigation of the charges against Senator Payne will probably be made during the recess of Congress, and it will be though, and there will be some earnest men at the back of it, the venerable politician will have to look well to his guns. If he is not ousted from his seat the report which the committee will make will undoubtedly be an issue in the Senate next winter.

ACTIVITY IN GREECE.

As the fly said when he tried to kick himself out of the gutter-dish:

NO WOMEN IN THAT TOWN.

Facilities of a City Where Marriages and Births Never Occur.

"I know a city in the United States of over 130,000 population where not one vote was cast for Grover Cleveland."

"Where was that?" "In Washington."

"I know a stranger place than that. I have been to a town where there had been no births or marriages in hundreds of years, yet people live there and die." The captain of the bark "Malta" crossed his legs, opened and shut the blade of a penknife with his thumb and finger and complacently chewed tobacco. The "Malta" arrived at New York from the Mediterranean last Friday, with figs and Egyptian cotton.

"Yes," said Capt. Baldwin, "we ran up the west shore of the Aegean Sea to Hagion Oros, meeting the Greek holy mountain. It is a grand pile of rocks, rising 6,200 feet straight out of the water, from the end of a narrow peninsula. What Hagion Oros is to the Mediterranean, Hagion Oros is to the Dardanelles. This peninsula runs back from the mountain about 40 miles, —grand coast—and averages 6 miles wide. It is joined to the larger Chalcidonian peninsula by a narrow neck of sand. They told me there that Xerxes, the fellow who led a million of heathen soldiers, cut a canal through the sand at that point for his vessels to sail through. There is another mountain on the peninsula—Mt. Athos. We had an Ohio preacher and his daughter, passengers from Alexandria, on board, and the preacher told us about the peninsula and town of Athos."

"Before Christendom," said he, "recluses used to live at Mt. Athos in the ground. The solemnity inspired by the bare peak of the mountain harmonized well with their minds, bent on wild and mystic thoughts. So, said he, 'after the new religion came the place got to be a popular resort for monks, who didn't want to live with the rest of mankind,' and Greek monks have been going to that peninsula ever since, until now, after 1,000 or 1,800 years, they have formed an ecclesiastical self-government. Under the Byzantine emperors the monks were under no secular control whatever, but now the Turkish government keeps a cakmain there. He has no power, however. His duty is only to observe the monks. The cakmain has two zapteiths, or soldiers, for a body-guard, but they represent the honor of the office, not the power. The community has its own police in the shape of a squad of Albanians. The monks govern themselves by a council of representatives over which the protos, or president, rules. He is called the First Man of Athos. The protos can only be boss for three months at a time. He then resigns to the next eminent citizen until the honor is shared by every man in the council."

"They wouldn't let the preacher's daughter land. No woman is allowed, on any pretense whatever, to set foot in the territory. No female creature of any kind—cow, she goat or mare, or animal capable of giving birth to its kind—is found there. Not even hens are permitted in Athos. So there have been no births, no marriages, no love-makings nor scandals there. Just about as many Greek monks get sick of the world and go to Athos as there are those who go. But what a sanctimonious funeral a monk must have there—priests for mourners, hack drivers, pallbearers, grave-diggers, and lookers-on."

The World's Seven Wonders.

The hanging gardens at Babylon were 75 feet high, built on seven tiers of arches, one over the other. The top was covered with earth, in which flowers and even large trees had been planted. Water was supplied by aqueducts from the river Euphrates.

The Pharos at Alexandria, erected by the architect Sostratus, under the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, B. C. 332, was the first lighthouse on record, and, according to Josephus, the light could be seen for fully forty English miles. Wood fires were used instead of lamps.

The Olympian Zeus, the work of Phidias, 55 feet in height, was made of ivory and gold. It represented the father of gods seated on a throne.

The temple of Diana at Ephesus will be 425 feet long, 225 feet broad, and supported by 127 columns of Parian marble, each 60 feet high.

The Colossus of Rhodes was an enormous brass statue of the sun god, Apollo. It rested over the entrance of the harbor, all ships passing between its brazen legs. It was built 280 years before Christ, and thrown down by an earthquake.

The next one also shared the same fate. The Mausoleum was a magnificent tomb, erected by Artemisia, to bury her husband, Mausolus, King of Caria. It stood for many centuries, and its foundations could still be traced in 1856.

The pyramids of Egypt are the most wonderful of all the seven wonders, and so well known that we can in our brief space add nothing of interest.

The Artful Turtle.

It may be safely asserted that, from the highest to the lowest grade, animals have their own and wonderful devices to prey on their natural enemies, or to procure their food. The turtle is a remarkable and successful fisher. The writer had the curiosity to know how this slovenly and slow amphibian lived, and found to his astonishment, in a ninety-pound specimen's stomach, three trout, as they are commonly called in the South, but which in reality are bass. On close examination, whether they had been devoured dead or alive, I found that the last had evidently not been caught by his turtle-sharp more than twenty-four hours, as it had not decomposed any, showing the marks where it had almost been bitten in two.

The result of my search proved to me that when the turtle's appetite called upon him, he lays down in his favorite fishing place, closes his eyes, opens his mouth to its fullest capacity, plays his angle-worm which is, to all intents and purposes, a perfect counterpart of a worm, on the end of his tongue, and he is ready for business. The game fish, which is out looking for a grub, and which is about as rapidly fair as flies into the jaws of death. Thus the turtle fishes until his appetite is gratified.

The fact that he lives on such fine food gives his flesh that richness which is so highly prized by epicures and which renders his soup so highly prized. Arkansaw Traveler.

OVER a little shop in the east end of the city there is a sign which reads, "Satan died here," by which the owner intends, as we discovered, that satins are dyed at his shop.

ILLINOIS STATE NEWS.

A Chicago boy has been unseated whose eyes are like those of a cat.

The pay-roll of a coal company at Decatur now averages \$6,000 a month.

—Jesse Mondie, of Quincy, caught a cat-fish which weighed 100 pounds when dressed.

—Capt. Joel S. Post, a member of the Macon County bar since 1841, died at Decatur, aged 71.

—"Chub," an old war horse, is still alive at Geneseo. His owner, Col. Galligan, rode the animal during the rebellion.

—About \$1,000 have been expended by the authorities at Cullum in beautifying the village. A park has been laid out and myriads of trees planted.

—A swarm of bees has taken up its quarters in the cornice of a public building in Perry. The bees are hard at work laying up honey in their novel hive.

—An incendiary fire at Assumption destroyed five stores and a barber-shop, entailing a loss of \$30,000. Personal families are said to be at the bottom of the matter.

—A book-shelf in the office of Sheriff Ware of Urbana is supported by the heads of four stuffed collie puppies. Each puppy has a brass collar around its neck and all are connected by a brass chain.

—Maggie Parker, nee Walker, of Freeport, poisoned herself with corrosive sublimate and expired Wednesday, because relatives opposed her marriage, which took place secretly six months ago.

—Several farmers in Livingston County have recently been swindled by a man who sold them strawberry plants warranted not to send out runners. The plants threaten to spread over the whole Congressional district.

—The members of the Masonic Benevolent Association of Central Illinois met at Mattoon and re-elected its old officers, with the exception of Director H. P. Burton of Carlyle, who was succeeded by Dr. J. T. Craig of Kansas City, Missouri.

—Fish Commissioner Bartlett distributed 2,000,000 native fish throughout the State during the last week. He announces that the crop of young bass this year is unparalleled in the history of Illinois waters, and that in growth they are a month in advance of their usual time.

—A young society man at Quincy was recently informed that a female friend of his was about to be married at the police station. He at once bought a bottle of wine and immediately purchased a fine ring for the bride and rushed to the station. On entering the court-room he asked for the bride to be, and a likely colored girl was pointed out. He acknowledged that he had been sold, and cigars were ordered.

—"June 1,"