

A Profitable Crop—Scottish Gardeners.

The weather in Europe—40c. etc.

Alabama physicians say that pneumonia is now rampant in that State than ever before within thirty or forty years.

A gentleman has planted over 200,000 cabbages at Blythe, N. Y., and will make the number a million before he steps operations.

Two Tampa (Fla.) fishermen lately captured a saw-fish to feet 3 inches long, 6 feet wide, and weighing 500 pounds. The saw was over four feet long.

In the construction of chimney stacks, says the Architect, there should be at the top of every flue an expanded space, within which most down draughts of air will rotate and expend their force without invading the flue below.

The number of railroad accidents in the United States during 1884 is given as 1,124. Of these, 1,011 were fatalities, and 681 derailments; 95 are recorded as "various." There were in all 889 persons killed and 8,760 injured.

The opinion is entertained now by many men of science that the art of making artificial stone for structural purposes is prehistoric, and that the pyramids were, in fact, built of artificial blocks manufactured from the surrounding plain.

According to the Brick and Tile Review, fluting bricks are made of a very light silicious earth, clay being sometimes added to bind the material together. They can be made so light that they will float on water, while their strength equals ordinary bricks.

The name "Matis," used frequently in connection with the Riel rebellion, was originally applied to all mixed breeds of the North-West. There are two distinct forms of Matis—the Metis Francaise, or Canadian, and the Metis Anglaise, descendants of officers of the Hudson Bay Company.

The celebrity of Scotch gardeners is said by high authority to be largely due to the creditable care which Scotch master gardeners in the last century bestowed on the technical and general education of their apprentices in the long winter evenings. Scotch gardeners have been famous for nearly 200 years.

The Florida travel increases every year. There are fifteen large hotels in Jacksonville, which, in five months last season, entertained 31,357 guests, while during the season just closing they had 36,676 visitors. In addition to this great number it is estimated that the boarding-houses accommodated as many more.

A French mineral water firm has begun to supply Paris dinner tables with distilled water charged with oxygen. The beverage is mildly exhilarating and is likely to be popular. Dr. Beaumont stated in a recent address to the Societe Therapeutique that he had found it very serviceable in cases of loss of appetite and certain disorders of digestion.

An immense ledge of white metal has been discovered in Antelope Valley, Mono county, Cal., the nature of which puzzles all mining experts to whom specimens have been submitted. The metal is fusible first, but after the first time it yields to nothing except a mixture of acids. A pound of rock yields half a pound of metal, and there are millions of tons in the plant. It contains platinum.

In speaking of minor ailments connected with digestion, Dr. Lander Brunton said recently that headaches were usually dependent either upon the presence of decayed teeth or of some irritation in the eye, most frequently in the difference of the focal lengths between the two. (As persons who were subject to headaches in their youth grew older, bilious headache was very apt to be replaced by giddiness, and this change came when people needed spectacles.)

In western European countries the weather recently, and indeed, throughout the season, has been similar, in a modified form, to that prevailing here. Both in France and Germany about three weeks ago there was a return of wintry weather, with frost and snow and hail. These changes are regarded as unfavorable to the growing crops, especially in Germany, where the frost was severe; but it is too soon to tell whether any damage has been done.

As an inevitable consequence of their colonial expansion, the Germans are beginning to realize that the necessity of maintaining a small and movable colonial army, independently of their territorial organization, will be forced upon them. Proposals of this nature are being ventilated in that sense in the German press, which usually forethadows official determinations. The contemplated force will be exceedingly small to begin with, it is estimated at a battalion of 1,000 men, with twenty officers and two or three light mountain guns.

The gardener of the Johns Hopkins estate in Baltimore county, Md., has cultivated figs for the past twenty-five years with success, having never failed to secure a crop. He gives the method of treatment as follows: From the 10th of November to the 15th of March he keeps the bushes cut a trench around the bushes, cutting away about half the roots which have made during the season, and less when they are growing vigorously, and less when they are not so robust, bending down the branches to the ground in the form of a cross, and covering them with earth from the trenches to three or four inches in thickness, and in spring uncovering them from the earth to the 10th of April. They bear fruit abundantly, ripening about the first of July, and continuing to bear until November.

The Smallest Living Things.

Indecore delivered by Mr. Howes at the royal Victoria hall, on the 10th inst., on "The Smallest Living Things," it was pointed out that some of the organisms are more than 1,000,000 in length and breadth; spirilla, bacterium, etc., multiplying by continual subdivision are so (practically) infinitely numerous as to be present everywhere that the air can penetrate. The lecturer further showed from their mode of digestion that they must be animals, not vegetables. In order to illustrate the necessity for a diet of germ-ban air to cause the uretreatments, two flasks of chicken broth were exhibited, made seven years previously.

One had been sealed from the air, the other exposed to it for ten minutes at a day's exposure. The latter was thick and muddy from the swarms of bacteria it contained; the former as clear as the day when it was made.

Man is like a potato—Never sure when he will get "into" water.

A little girl weeping a little, reads of a daily paper, "Yes, my love, it is." Do you think it will get beyond that cloud? "It wouldn't surprise me if it did; why do you ask?" "Well, I thought if it went as far as that the Lord might be able to read the news."

The Fenelon Falls Gazette.

A LOCK OF RED HAIR.

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED.)

Lucy, who had sunk into a chair at the foot of the bed, alone was dried. She felt a tight choking sensation in her throat, but could find no relief in tears. As she sat, staring in front of her, commencing and wrestling with her hard spirit, suddenly her eyes fell upon two objects which enchanted and fascinated them. For an instant she sat in motionless horror, then, awakening to full intelligence in a moment, and uttering a piercing scream, she threw herself upon her knees and grasped them in her hand.

"Good Heavens, dear Miss Lucy," cried Mrs. Mitchell, thinking it was an hysterical attack, and hurrying towards her, "don't give way like this!" To their great astonishment, she sprang to her feet, her eyes blazing with excitement.

"Come close to me, all of you. Mrs. Mitchell, don't let one of them leave the room."

"No, no, dear miss; we are all here!" "See—see what I hold in my hand!" The women pressed round her.

"Why, it's master's pencil-case!" declared "Lucy." "And this?" continued Lucy. "That looks like a lock of red hair. Where can it have come from? What does it mean?"

"I means," cried Lucy, groaning with anguish, "that your poor mistress has been murdered!" "Murdered!" exclaimed every one. "By whom?" "By her husband."

"Oh, dear Miss Lucy, think what a dreadful thing you are saying!" cried Mrs. Mitchell, fearing for her reason. "What proof can you have of what you say?" "These!" replied Lucy harshly.

"But what do they amount to? Master no doubt left his pencil-case in his room."

"I can't think he did not; I saw him put it into his pocket just before he left the house. I told him the ring was this; and, see, it has broken through here in this very room. Providence has ordered it so that this terrible crime may be brought home to him. The red hair I found a great while ago—I suspect it is part of some disguise that he has used; but no doubt, an explanation will come."

"But what ought we to do?" inquired Mrs. Mitchell, her ruddy face pale with horror.

"I cannot think. Let us send for Doctor Maurice and take his advice. But one thing I implore you all to promise me, by the love you bore your poor mistress; and that is that you will keep the secret of her death faithfully until Doctor Maurice arrives. I am certain in my own mind that a fearful crime has been committed here; but I cannot convince you by myself; he will help me when he comes. Now, Mrs. Mitchell, will you promise?"

"Indeed I will!" cried Mrs. Mitchell, on whom Lucy's resolute tone had produced a great effect. "Oh, Miss Lucy, I begin to fear you are clearer sighted than we are! My poor, poor mistress!"

"Emily, Fanny, Harriet, you will do the same, will you not? You all loved your mistress."

"Ay that we did! We've lost our best friend," cried Emily, the spokeswoman. "As Mrs. Mitchell has done so, I promise too."

"And I," and "And I," said the two others solemnly.

"Now two of you go and fetch Doctor Maurice. Don't wait for him; merely leave word that he is wanted here at once; and Mrs. Mitchell, look up this fearful room, and let me go away and think."

The old woman did as she was directed, looking at Lucy with a sad questioning expression, and then followed the weeping servants down-stairs, shaking her head mournfully.

"Poor Miss Lucy!" she thought. "I wish she could cry; it's not natural for her to take it so hard like; I fear she will give soon. I shall be thankful to see Doctor Maurice."

Meanwhile, Lucy was walking up and down her room endeavoring to calm herself, to think rationally of the fearful occurrence that had taken place, and to find some method of elucidating the mystery. That Richmond had been in the house during the night she was perfectly convinced, and that he had in some way hastened the death was also a foregone conclusion; but beyond that everything was dark and obscure.

"Heaven, I have a friend near me!" she thought. "I should go mad in this terrible trouble if I had no one to consult. How hard it seems not to have time to mourn for one who I am sure loved me dearly! But I must plan and think, and when he is brought to justice, there will be time to grieve—the cruel heartless man! He has deceived me to his death, and in spring uncovering them from the earth to the 10th of April. They bear fruit abundantly, ripening about the first of July, and continuing to bear until November."

"Do you not see! This man has impersonated the ghost; and, in order to fill further terror his unsuspecting victim, he has disguised himself by wearing red hair. You remember she told us, poor thing, that he was perfectly aware of her strange, morbid antipathy!"

"Then the sound I heard in the passage is explained."

"Oh, what shall we do?" cried Lucy? "How are we to bring it home to him? Help me, Doctor Maurice; pray think for me."

"I will do my very utmost to help you," he said gravely, "not only for your sake, but for the sake of justice; only you must trust me implicitly and believe I would give my life to save you from pain and sorrow. In the first place," he continued, "I must go up-stairs to the room with Mrs. Mitchell, and in a few minutes I will rejoin you here."

When he returned, his face was pale, and wore a very serious expression.

"She evidently died in a fit, poor creature, induced by excessive terror. She must have suffered horribly at that time," he said to Mrs. Mitchell, who had followed him into the room, "let me see your hand."

"When they were all assembled, he said, 'I have just been to see the body of your poor mistress, and have no doubt whatever that her death was caused by an awful fright of some kind. You all know how ill she was a few days ago, after having seen, as she believed, a ghost. I said at that time, should anything of the sort occur again, I believed that the consequences would be very serious. Now I am firmly persuaded that no ghost ever appeared to your mistress; but that your master, for some wicked reason of his own, disguised himself by wearing red hair, and so succeeded in frightening her to death.'"

"When they had left the room, the Doctor asked Lucy to break the seal and read the letter."

"We may learn something from it," he said.

"It was to this effect—'I am awfully sorry that I am prevented from coming this evening; I am so afraid you will have been anxious. But the fact is it is almost impossible for me to leave for a few days, unless I make up my mind to lose everything. Of course if Miss Starr were not with you, I should come, notwithstanding this; but as it is, I think it would be weak to do so. Write at once, as I am very anxious for news of you. In great haste. 'EMGAR.'"

"Your very loving 'EMGAR.' 'I suppose there is no doubt this is Richmond's handwriting?' inquired Doctor Maurice.

"Yes, I am certain of that."

"Well, it is of no use our bewildering our brains unnecessarily. I will telegraph to Scotland Yard immediately, and we must be guided by what the detective will advise. I will return in the afternoon and, in the meantime, you must try and be as cool and quiet as you can, and have Mrs. Mitchell to sit with you. Good-bye for a few hours." He pressed her hand and left the room.

All day Lucy remained alone, restless and miserable; she did not send for Mrs. Mitchell, as she felt the old woman's garrulous lamentations would be more than she could bear. Every now and then the remembrance of Doctor Maurice's words and the result of her own thoughts would be recalled to her mind, and she would find herself turned her thoughts in another direction.

In this way the dreary day passed, until, late in the afternoon, Doctor Maurice arrived; and, an hour after, the detective, Mr. Johnson, was announced.

Johnson was a quiet keen-looking man, with a soft, pleasant voice. He was quite unaware of the particulars of the present case, Doctor Maurice's telegram merely stating that a clever detective was wanted at Fenelon Falls at once. He listened respectfully, and with a most sympathetic expression, to the story; and, after reflecting a moment, said—

"I quite believe with you that Mr. Richmond was the cause of his wife's death; but at present we have no conclusive evidence against him."

"But how about the pencil-case and lock of hair, Mr. Johnson? Surely they are 'very suspicious'?"

"But suspicious circumstances are not sufficient, thank goodness, to justify a charge of murder! And then, again, though, mind you, I myself feel convinced of the truth of what you say, and believe I shall find means of proving it, no jury would think anything of the pencil-case or the ring which held it to the chain was nearly worn through; what so likely, they would say, but that it fell off directly he left it up, and took it to her room? The lock of red hair is very much the more important evidence of the two, as that certainly indicates that some man was in her room that night."

"Is it, you say, as you say, that you have examined it, in connection of a theatrical beard with straight hair, which, as it has no foundation, has evidently been stuck upon the face with spirit-gum in different portions; the gum here has failed, and the lock has fallen off. I have seen so many of these things that I can tell at once what they are. It is necessary in these cases to know everything," he continued.

"Does Mr. Richmond benefit pecuniarily by his wife's death? And did he seem attached to her?"

"I can answer 'Yes,' to both of those questions," replied Lucy. "Mrs. Richmond had ten thousand pounds a year, entirely at her own disposal; and I believe she has left it all to him. And he certainly seemed devoted to her."

"Ah, that makes it more difficult for us," remarked Johnson, cheerfully; "but there was clearly a motive for wishing the poor lady dead! Now, sir, if you please, I should like to go up-stairs; and then, after that, to make a careful examination of the house and grounds. If we could find such a thing as a footprint, it would be worth something to us as evidence; but I don't suppose we shall. He is evidently by an artful fellow; those letters prove that."

"Ah, yes, Mr. Johnson! How do you see us for them? They completely baffled us."

"Very likely," he answered easily; "but they are in reality easily seen through. He must have had a confederate at Fenelon Falls. You say he told you not to expect answers to your letters for

four days; that would just give them time to send them backwards and forwards. My firm impression is that he has never left England."

"When they came back, Johnson looked unaccountably puzzled."

"I can't find a trace of any kind," he said. "I must go into the garden and smoke a pipe and think. In case any of the men see me," he added, by way of caution, "you had better say Mrs. Richmond is worse, and I am a consulting physician from London. You can keep them out of the kitchen too by stating that the house must be quiet; for I am afraid, if you give the women much chance of talking, the secret will not be safe. How they have kept it all this time I cannot imagine; they must be a very unusual sort of females, and it's of the utmost importance it should not be known, for I am very much mistaken if Richmond has ever left the neighborhood."

"With that he went out; and Doctor Maurice, who had been sitting gravely at the door, watching him silently, then turned to the house, and walk rapidly in their direction."

"He has hit upon something," remarked Doctor Maurice; and then they waited breathless with anticipation, until Johnson came in with a look of triumph in his eyes.

"I think I see my way clear now," he began, "though perhaps you and the young lady may object to the means we must employ. However my motto is, 'Teachery should be met with teachery.'"

"But what do you want us to do?" asked Doctor Maurice eagerly.

"Why, simply and yet no other way of fixing it on him—for I suppose, sir, no doctor would hesitate to say Mrs. Richmond died from natural causes?"

"Certainly! I should have said so myself, had I not known of these suspicious circumstances."

"Well, then, our only chance is to get him to criminate himself; and I think I can do this in this way. You, Miss Starr, must write a letter to him, saying that his wife is very much worse, in consequence of another appearance of the ghost, and that Doctor Maurice believes if any such thing should happen again, in her present shattered state of nerves, the result might be fatal. Then add that you will be glad to see him on Friday for a few days, at 5.30 in the afternoon, and that Mrs. Mitchell is confined to her bed with acute rheumatism. You must urge him, in these circumstances, to return before night on Friday, as none of the younger servants will consent to remain in Mrs. Richmond's room, and she has absolutely refused to have a strange nurse."

"And what do you expect will be the result of this letter?" inquired Doctor Maurice.

"I firmly believe we shall have an answer from him, saying that he will arrive here shortly after Miss Starr has started; and then that he will come in the night, feeling sure that the coast is clear, to finish his fearful work. I propose further to write him a letter, saying that Mrs. Mitchell has stopped at Meltham, five miles from here, taking her ticket for London, and that she should get out at Meltham, and return to this house by another direction."

"Well, and what then?"

"Then, sir, I advise that we should conceal ourselves in the bedroom at night and wait to see what may happen. I positively resolve to be there, and I am sure I can see detecting him. The only chance I have is to get him to criminate himself."

"But why should Miss Starr really leave here?" Doctor Maurice asked.

"Because I expect he will watch in some way to make sure she is absent before he ventures here. I presume he had means of ascertaining that you were not in the room last night; but you could have seen the light in my room, and I sat at my window for some time before lying down on my bed. He might also have heard us saying good night if he had listened—everything was so still, and the lower rooms not being lofty, the windows are not far from the ground."

"Then he probably waited until he felt sure you were asleep before he entered the house. Now, what do you say to my plan?"

"It is a fearful course to have to adopt," answered Doctor Maurice; "but I see no other way of accomplishing our ends."

"But," cried Lucy, "it seems so degrading to spread such an awful truth! Cannot we our dear friend justice without so much deceit and falsehood?"

"You will find me at the Imperial Hotel; but I shall be round here early in the morning."

He bowed respectfully, and left them. For a few minutes they kept complete silence; and then Doctor Maurice said hesitatingly—

"Dear Miss Starr, I cannot go to-night without one word from you. I spoke impulsively this morning; had I known the dreadful trouble you were in, I would have waited; but now, having spoken, I cannot rest without some assurance from you. The happiness of my whole life hangs upon your answer. Ah, if you know how deeply I love you, you would forgive me!"

"Oh, Doctor John," cried Lucy, bursting into tears, "don't press me for an answer now; it is distasteful to my poor friend to think of myself now."

"But," persisted John, "may I speak to you again when brighter times have come for both of us, as please Heaven they will?"

"I feel that I should never know a moment's peace again," sobbed Lucy; "but if I ever should," she murmured, "dear Doctor Maurice, you may speak."

"Heaven bless and comfort you, my darling!" he cried; and then, taking her hand and kissing it lovingly, he went away.

"How happy I might have been," thought poor Lucy; "but now a cloud has passed over my life which nothing can dispel!"

CANADIANS IN THE SOUDAN.

Courage Under Arab Fire.

When the enemy saw the British were so determined they lost all courage and fled in disorder. The Highlanders covered in on the enemy's left flank, and the South Staffordshires on their right.

"Cease firing" was sounded, and the Highlanders fell back under cover, while the Staffordshires poured volley after volley into the enemy's ranks, killing them in all directions. Their flag was captured.

A ROUSING CHARGE.

The only strong position to be taken now was the high rocky one on the hill. The three companies of Staffordshires were reinforced by two more, and with one tremendous yell they charged and bayoneted the enemy in all directions. The Royal Highlanders then charged from rock to rock, and completely annihilated the enemy. The enemy numbered about fifteen hundred, and they lost 650 men, killed and wounded. Our loss was three officers and 13 men. Our wounded were 64 non-commissioned officers and men.

The troops returned after burying their dead about 6.30 p.m. The vexatious were not permitted to leave the zareba, and a few managed to get away and went up and saw the light. Lieut.-Col. Dennison stood beside the cannon, and assisted materially in sending some splendid shots into the enemy's ranks. Eighteen shell and six shrapnel were hurled into their ranks, doing great damage. As soon as the battle was over the vexatious rushed out of the zareba and made for the battle ground, where they reached in time to see the wind-up of the fight. They secured many valuable mementoes in the shape of guns, knives, swords, etc. It was

AN AWFUL SIGHT.

to us Canadians who had never seen a battle. I can assure you, to see the dead and injured in hundreds lying about was something awful; and especially at the foot where Gen. Earle was killed. It was a stone hot about eight feet square filled with straw and thatched with rushes. Sixteen men took up a position inside, when they saw they could not get away they fired through the chinks at every one who came near. When the soldiers saw Gen. Earle's forward and fall they seemed to become crazed, they rushed in a body, surrounding the hut and firing into the doorway. The shot took fire and all inside perished in the flames, but a noise came forth, not a sound to tell of the awful agony within, for above all things a true Mohammedan abhors one who sees for mercy. Not a cry came out of that awful pile of dying men, but each continued while life lasted to hurl death into the ranks of the English, till at last suffocated and burned, they died.

After burying our dead we returned to camp. The Canadians in little groups talking over the events of the day, and wondering if any more battles would take place before they reached clear water, for this rocky cataract sort of water is not the most desirable sort of place one would like to be fooling around in knowing the Mahdi's followers lurk in rocky holes and

Absurd Rules of the English Bar.

Since the world began was there ever anything so absurd and indefensible as the rules of the English bar? A barrister, however hungry, must not take a less fee than a guinea; he must not advertise for work; he must not treat with his clients without the intervention of an attorney; he is not liable for his fees, and he is not liable for his negligence. Take, again, the grotesque rule as to precedence. There are, let it be supposed, upon a particular circuit, two barristers, A and B. A is a prodigy of legal learning, but no orator. B knows next to no law, but talks like a house on fire. It is thought desirable to secure both. The attorney forgets to look in the "List," and on the case comes on the unfortunate client finds that by reason of the rule of precedence, the speech falls to the silent man, while the orator has to content himself with examining a few of the less important witnesses. Can anything more utterly foolish be imagined?

A Georgia farmer leased some land last year to a colored man for a third of the crop. A severe drought cut the crops short, and the negro gathered only two bales of cotton and two wagon loads of corn. The latter was stored and the cotton sold. When the landlord called for his share he was told that there was none for him. He asked, in surprise, "Didn't you see my land for a third of the crop?" "Yes, boss," said the darkey, "but you see there was no third. There was only two bales of cotton and two wagon loads of corn; all mine, and nothing for you by de contract."

ARMED CRUISERS.

What Britain is Doing to Protect Her Commerce.

The Admiralty has now chartered five of the fastest and finest passenger steamships in the Atlantic trade, the Oregon, America, Arizona, Labrador, and Alaska. The steamers Ogle and Britannia are also chartered. The government will increase the number of armed cruisers to twenty. The conversion of first-class ocean steamers into armed cruisers has now begun in earnest. Following closely upon the decision to call out the Reserve, the announcement was made that the government had in view of possible hostilities, secured four of the most modern, swiftest, and largest steamers in the British mercantile marine for warlike purposes, and at present matters have so far progressed that Messrs. Laird Brothers, of Birkenhead, who have been entrusted with the work by the Admiralty began to feel that the four handsome vessels were to convert the National Line steamer America into a ship of war. Built under the supervision of the Admiralty, all the great Atlantic liners are well adapted for the service for which the America the Etruria, the Oregon, and the Alaska have been chosen; but, as the primary object kept in view during their construction has been to produce the best possible mercantile steamer, before they are armed, considerable modifications are necessary. The primary requirements of the Admiralty are that the ships placed on the list should have adequate stability, and be divided into numerous watertight compartments, and in these respects the America is a splendid specimen of her class. She is built of steel, and is divided into thirteen compartments by strong transverse bulkheads, and is capable of continuing afloat with the sea in any two of her compartments. In her main construction, therefore, no alterations are required; but as the ship was fitted so as to carry about 1,400 passengers and 350 saloon passengers, in addition to the crew, many of the appliances that were absolutely indispensable on a crack passenger steamer are now not only unnecessary, but are absolutely in the way. The whole deck devoted to passengers has consequently been cleared. The emigrants' quarters and the bare side wall and bulkheads of the ship are all that remain. The main deck fitted with state-rooms, sleeping-births, bath-rooms, and the accommodation provided on the same deck for other passengers have also disappeared. What will be placed in the vacancies thus created has yet to be determined, but, as is intended, the America is to be utilized as a troopship as well as a cruiser, it will be possible to provide sleeping accommodations for fully 2,000 men. The most difficult matter in the conversion of the steamer is its armament. This is to be of a somewhat formidable character, and will include four 5in. Vauvasser guns, six 61-pounder guns, six Nordenfelds, as well as four pinnacles for torpedo service. On the top of the forecastle two Vauvasser guns are to be placed, one at each side, as a diameter of 20in. or 30ft. from the bow. The forecastle should not be strong enough to bear the strain put upon it, a massive bulwark will be constructed below between the main deck and the underside of the forecastle, and the whole of the superstructure will be firmly bolted to this bulwark, which in turn will be fixed to the main deck. Immediately under the main deck of the upper deck a 64-pounder gun will be fixed, and about thirty feet nearer midships a second 64-pounder will be placed on each side of the vessel. The carriage of these guns will remain upon the main deck, and will be placed there without difficulty. No further armament will be provided on this deck until the space between the upper deck and the poop near the stern is reached. Midway here a 64-pounder will be mounted on each side of the ship. Upon the poop two Vauvasser guns will be mounted, precisely as upon the forecastle, a level surface being provided with steel plates and a bulkhead underneath. The guns, both on the forecastle and the poop, will be in very exposed positions, but this fact is compensated for by their width of range, which extends over 150 degrees. The four guns have almost a direct fire over both bow and stern, and as they will be able to work round to fifty-eight degrees toward midships, it will be extremely difficult for any hostile vessel to escape them. The 64-pounders, of which there will be three on each side, will each have a range of ninety degrees, and will command the whole broadside of the ship.

Russian Roguery.

Russia has in its service two honest men, you and me, the Emperor Nicholas once said to his son Alexander. If such a remark were justifiable half a century ago it would seem that the country has made but little progress in the official or business world, whatever it may have made in other directions. Roguery goes on in every department of the State, and permeates every branch of business. "Roguary is the rule, honesty the exception," says a recent writer on Russian affairs. "No cheating, no sales," is one of the cynical proverbs of the country, and the majority of the business people seem to hold it a fundamental rule that dishonesty is the only sure road to commercial prosperity.

The revelations at the trial of Rykov, once manager of the defunct Bank of Skopine, which took place recently at the Moscow Assizes, illustrate this national dishonesty with startling emphasis. The extent of the deceptions, the number of years they had been allowed to go unchecked, the number and character of the people implicated in the robbery, the fact that the exposure was due to the efforts of an obscure newspaper, and the necessarily rotten condition of a community in which such a robbery was rendered possible, all tended to give the case an almost European notoriety. The amount of the swindle perpetrated by the bank manager and his confederates was reckoned at 12,000,000 rubles, or about \$3,000,000. When, after two years of legal shuffling and delay, the conspiracy was at last, exposed in open court, the figures, large as they were, dropped into insignificance when compared with the social and political questions raised by this extraordinary trial.

Conjee.

The word "conjee," which appears in dispatches from the coast of Middle Africa, signifies a ravine, or, more definitely, what in the Eastern States is termed a gulch. The word is used, not in British America alone, but also in Dakota and Montana. It is pronounced as if spelled "cooly," with the accent on the first syllable.

Oscar Wilde, who favors abolishing the coat and waistcoat, will, it is kept on, soon look like a society lady in full dress.

Mothers (severely)—Johnnie, you had better, you have eaten your little brother's candy. You didn't share it equally between you? Couldn't you be content with your own and leave your little brother his share? Johnnie (whispering)—Yes, but didn't you tell me the other day that I was older and bigger than my brother and must always take his part?

SUN BEAMS.

It makes a red-necked man very angry to have a little girl ask him in the presence of others if he hurts.

It seems no more than right that men should seize time by the forelock, for the rude old fellow sooner or later pulls all their hair out.

A marvellist has discovered that one of the curiosities of natural history is that a woman says "shoo" to frighten chickens and "boo" to a goose.

"What is a name?" asks Shakespeare. A great deal, William; a great deal. There is an artist in Brooklyn, with the name of a not appropriate application of a Dauber.

A little girl whose general idea of Scripture was better than her knowledge of detail, in quoting a well-known passage rendered it as follows: "Man is born, and woman is full of trouble."

The Arabians have a funeral custom of placing their dead in the mouth of a corpse to pay its passage over the river of death. If that is the price, it is an outrage. The fare ought to be reduced to five cents.

After her grandmother had given her a good scolding, a little mischief was overheard to say to herself: "Somebody is cross in this room; 'tain't me; 'tain't dolly; 'tain't kitty. I wonder who it is!"

An article in an exchange describes the Queen of Madagascar's annual bath. Annually seems a long while between baths, but fortunately the queen wears a cuticle that doesn't show the dirt.

A Paterson man recently advertised "in stantaneous babies," and his place was overrun by women until it was unnecessary that he was a photographer, and that the last half of his advertisement had been "piod."

An English traveler in looking over some American towns comes across the names of some of Pawtucket, Shetucket and Nantucket. "How, how!" he exclaimed, "I'm blessed if the whole family