WOES OF TWO ENGLISH GIRLS

They Travel 6,000 Miles to Avoid a Week Quarantine on a Mud-Scow.

Two young English women arrived in Philadelphia the other day who are making a trip of 6,000 miles to avoid a six days' detention in quarantine, and the story of their experience is probably unique, says the Philadelphia *Press*. They are going from Gibraltar to London by way of New York, a route not often taken, but one which will be seen was the very best they could choose. They were returning from Trieste to England after a three months' yachting trip in the Mediterranean. The Anchor Line steamer Alexandria carried them to Gibraltar, at which port they were to join a Bombay mail steamer bound for the Thames. Gibraltar, however, they discovered had the day before their arrival there been quarantined against cholera. None of the passengers were allowed to land, and the mails were taken from the steamer by means of instruments resembling fire-tongs and thoroughly smoked before being handled by the post-office people. The young women were told that their London steamer would not arrive for a week, and that during the interval they must reside at the quarantine station. They submitted to the inevitable, packed their trunks, and said farewell to their friends on the Alexandria. What was almost a scream of consternation was uttered by these travellers when they were rowed up to the quarantine station and found that it consisted of a crazy old mud-scow, roofless, dirty and bedless. There it lay, anchored out in the middle of the sea, exposed to the winds of heaven, the spray from the billows, and any shower that chose to fall. Above it proudly floated the British Union Jack, for the mud-scow was placed there by the British Government, its sole provision for quarantined passengers. There was no one on board the mud-scow. It seemed hardly likely that any one could have been found to live on it, for, having been in service for many years, it had been declared worthless by gentlemen engaged in the mud-transportation business. The disgusted travellers learned that if they went to live in the scow food would be brought out to them daily by boatmen, but all the housework must be done by themselves. The cost of living would exceed the tariff of the best London hotel. Residence in the mud-scow looked as though it meant death from exposure. "If that boat isn't fit to carry mud," remarked the young women, "it certainly isn't fit for us." Then they ordered the sailors to row them back to the Alexandria. A few hours later that steamer was on its way to New York, taking with it the London-bound passengers. They spent their transatlantic trip composing a plaintive letter to the London *Times*, reciting the circumstances of the quarantine outrage.

At New York another trouble awaited them. In summer people on the Mediterranean dress in clothes about as thick as mosquito netting. These were the only kind the new arrivals had with them. From Gibraltar they had telegraphed to London for their warm fall clothing and overcoats to be sent to New York, and these promptly arrived on another steamer at Manhattan. Of course the New York customs people grabbed the trunks at once, as they were unaccompanied by any passengers, and demanded duty. The young women thereupon made a solemn declaration that they would not pay a cent, because the trunks were theirs and for their use, and the fact that they were on a different steamer the result of a mere accident. They say that people who go 6,000 miles to dodge quarantine are not going to be beaten by a mere custom-house officer. The fight, however, still rages.

To-day's Church News.

The jubilee fund of the Congregationalists of New South Wales closed with the goodly amount of $194,250.

Dean Butler, of Gloucester, has been appointed to the vacant mastership of Trinity at Cambridge, a Crown appointment.

Rev. Charles Shaw, Dundee, formerly of Kinghorn, has received $1 100 toward the proposed monument to King Alexander III.

Rev. H. P. Parker has been consecrated as Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa in succession to the late Bishop Hannington.

Principal Cairns took part in and prayed in German at the induction of Herr Martin Locher, of Zurich, as pastor of the German Church in Edinburgh.

The first English marriage at Antananarivo, the capital of Madagascar, was celebrated on September 9th, in Faravohitra Church, between Miss Anderson, daughter of Rev. Dr. Anderson, of Glasgow, and Rev. J. O. Thorn.

Canon Liddon has presented $500 to St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh, in acknowledgment of his gratitude for being elected Bishop of Edinburgh. He wishes something of a lasting nature to be provided with the gift.

Mrs. Vaudrey, a lady of independent means, has been fined $1 and costs for indecent conduct in St. John's Chuch, Manchester, by creating a disturbance and putting her thumb to her nose and extending her fingers at the minister and congregation. She declared she would go to prison.

The Executive of the Liberation Society urge the pressing of disestablishment as a question of practical politics. They insist that it should be included among the legislative changes which are essential to national progress. The movement, they say, should be conducted on broad and rational and not on sectarian grounds.

Great speed has been attained in the manufacture of rifles; 120 barrels can be rolled in an hour by one machine. They are straightened cold and bored with corresponding speed, and even the rifling is now done automatically, so that one man, tending six machines, can turn out 60 or 70 barrels per day. With the old rifling machine 20 barrels was about the limit of a day's work, but the improved machines attend to anything after they are once started, and when the rifling is complete ring a bell to call the attention of the workman. He is thus enabled to attend as many as six machines at a time.

"See here, Tom, it looks as if you were trying to cultivate the Widow Balsted." "Well, Charlie, to tell the truth, I am

A Stock Exchange.

Ring out your maddest, merriest peals,
  Oh, silver chimes of Grace!
For through your aisles will shine to-day
  The glory of her face;
And send forth from the organ loft
  A pean blithe and gay,
For she, the belle of all the year,
  Will wedded be to-day.

Ring loud! That clear metallic sound
  Is music in her ear,
'Tis like the jingling of the gold
  That shall be hers this year!
And, yellow sun, shine bright to-day
  Above yon gray cloud crest,
Look like a twenty-dollar piece
  If you would please her best.

And you, who failed to gain the
  That he has won to-day,
Rail not at fate, and talk of death
  In this romantic way.
If you had made the highest bid
  'Twould be your wedding dawn,
But now the auctioneer is through,
  "She's going, going, gone!"

—*Ernest De Lancy Pierson in Life.*

Saved by a Letter.

Here is a truthful representation of a California arrest, trial, conviction, appeal and reversal of verdict. A man had robbed a coach running between Stockton and Sonora, concealed the money (all he could carry) about his person, sought lodgings not far away, and in the night had risen, stolen a horse and struck a bee line across the country toward a station where he could get quick transportation to San Francisco, intending to start for home by steamer. He belonged to Arkansas. In the morning the horse and rider were missed. A party started in pursuit, and in twenty-four hours had his horse broken down and him corralled. He saw his game was up, and coolly awaited the result. The party overhauled him at early dawn.

"Good mornin', stranger."

"Good mor'n'."

"See anything of a man about your size straddle a sorrel mare, lookin' a heap like the one you ride?"

"No, I haven't."

"That's a purty good mare o' yourn."

"Yes, she's worth a cool five hundred, but she's a little winded now; say, mister, I'll give you five hundred clean boot for that one o' yourn and stop the deal."

He was making a good bluff, and although he knew that he was recognized his offer would well pay for the broken down horse, and he hoped that his money would save him. He counted without his host.

"That's a straight blind o' yourn, pard, and it strains us to come in, but we're thar, and hold you over. You look a little played out as well as the mare. If you jest git down and join our party it'll stretch your legs, and maybe you need stretching all over.

He blanched a trifle, but obeyed in dogged silence. The pursuers all dismounted, and the spokesman, approaching, threw over his head a noose, passed the other end of the rope over the limb of a tree that overshadowed them, and called the other members of the party around him.

The culprit stood erect; not a muscle quivered.

"Now, pard, is everything all right? Does it fit your neck according to Hoyle?"

"All right."

"Have you got anything to say why this little picnic shouldn't proceed?"

"Nothin'."

"Have yer got any word to leave to yer friends? If yer have, make it short, for we've got to break camp inside er ten minutes."

The stranger raised his eyes from the ground for the first time and looked his self-appointed Judge and executioner steadily in the eyes for a moment, and then drawing from his pocket a crumpled letter spoke with a slight tremor of voice: "Perhaps you are a better scholar than I be. If you just read that and be kind enough to answer it I'll tell you what to say."

The executioner had already passed the coil of rope to his comrades and they had drawn it taut. He took the letter, and as the party stood around him ready to run up the culprit at the first signal he opened it and read aloud:

B——, Arkansas, January 19, 18. My Dear Son James,—For long weary months I have waited for news from you since your last kind letter to your old mother. God bless you, James, and answer my prayer that this letter may reach you, thanking you for your ever thoughtful care of me in my old age. I received the money, and it kept me from sore need. But once more to look into your face and feel that you were near me would cheer my old heart more than to possess all the gold in California. When are you coming home? You promised me in the spring you would come back to me. May God prosper you and return my dear boy to my arms before I die. From your loving mother, ——.

He began the letter in a strong, clear voice, but before the closing words his reading was hardly audible and tears stood in the eyes of the rough men who listened breathless to its contents. The rope had slacked until it dropped from the hands of his comrades, and as the breath of morning rustled the leaves of the trees above them and God's sunlight shimmered down through the opening boughs, melting their hearts to pity, the thoughts of each were busy bringing memories of their own boyhood days and a mother's loving prayers. Silence for a few minutes; then, reverently folding the soiled bit of paper, the reader passed it to its owner, and without a word slipped the noose from his neck. In tones as gentle as a mother's he asks: "Was you going home, stranger?"

"Yes."

"Good-bye."

The stranger dared not trust his voice in thanks, but drew from his belt a small bag of twenties and offered it to the leader.

"Hoss?"

"No; take her, and—good-bye."

He mounted the mare and slowly moved away, while the party watched him out of sight; then turned and silently retraced their steps to camp. The court was adjourned.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Of the twenty Presidents who have passed away four lie buried in New York State. Arthur sleeps in the Albany cemetery, Martin Van Buren was buried in the old burying ground at Kinderhook, Millard Fillmore's grave is in Forest Lawn Cemetery, Buffalo, and Gen. Grant's remains lie in a tomb at Riverside. James Monroe was buried in the old Second Avenue Cemetery, but the Virginia Legislature had his remains removed to Richmond and buried in Hollywood Cemetery.

Nearly 140 tons of borax were shipped east by Pacific coast works last month.

Little Folks' World.

Far away, and yet so near, lives a land where al
  have been,
Played beside its sparkling waters, danced along
  its meadows green,
Where the busy world we dwell in and its noises
  only seem
Like the echo of a tempest or the shadow of a
  dream;
And it grows not old forever, sweet and young it
  is to-day,
—'Tis the Land of Little People, where the happy
  children play.

And the things they know and see there are so
  wonderful and grand,
Things that wiser folks and older cannot know
  nor understand;
In the woods they meet the fairies, find the
  giants in their caves,
See the palaces of cloudland, and the mermen
  in the waves,
Know what all the birdies sing of, hear the
  secret of the flow'rs,
—For the Land of Little People is another world
  than ours.

Once 'twas our; 'tis ours no longer; for, when
  nursery-time is o'er,
Thro' the Land of Little People we may wander
  never more,
But we hear their merry voices and we see them
  at their play,
And our own dark world grows brighter and we
  seem as young as they,
Roaming o'er shore and meadow, talking to the
  birds and flow'rs,
—For the Land of Little People is a fairer world
  than ours.

A RACE OF PIGMIES.

Wonderful Discovery Made in the Mountains of Arizona.

(Correspondence San Francisco Call)

It may be that Dean Swift was inspired to write Gulliver's immortal travels by legends and traditions brought from America to England by adventurers of the Raleigh and Gilbert school, it appearing from a recent discovery that a pigmy race at one time lived and died upon this continent. The discovery spoken of is that of a traveller in the region of the Grand Canon of the Colorado River, in Northwestern Arizona. This traveller is at present visiting Cheyenne, and from him your correspondent obtains particulars of his singular "find." The gentleman is a veteran traveller, and has grown gray in the climate of many regions, but says that he never experienced a more genuine surprise than when he came upon the traces which established beyond all question the existence, in the obscurity of long-past ages, of a liliputian race in the wilds of Arizona. The adventurous narrator had been wandering for some time in the Arizona mountains, hunting, fishing and exploring. He came at last to that portion of the terrific chasm of the Colorado now known as the Marble Canon. Here, seduced by the wild and grand beauty of the surroundings, he pitched his adventurous camp for some time. One day while on the trail of a deer he noticed some singular indentations in a lofty cliff of marble that overhung the chasm. These indentations presented such a curious appearance to the naked eye that he ceased the pursuit of his game to examine them through his field-glasses. What was his astonishment when the glasses revealed regular paths, cut deep in the face of the solid marble. These paths, though deep, were very narrow, having more the look of trenches. All thoughts of his deer now forgotten, the hunter turned his eager attention to the investigation of his singular discovery. He had noticed that the paths or branches all tended toward a deep recess situated high upon the face of the cliff. Accordingly he began the ascent of the cliff from the land side, and after an hour's severe toil stood upon the summit of the dizzy eminence. He had marked well the position of the recess in the face of the cliff, and was delighted to find that the descent from the summit was less perpendicular in the direction of the locality he sought than elsewhere. He could even discern a species of platform which seemed to be situated exactly at the mouth of the recess. Scrambling back by the way he had ascended he proceeded to his camp and returned with a long and stout rope. Fastening this to the trunk of a storm-beaten pine which stood upon the summit of the cliff, he carefully knotted it at distances of twelve to fifteen inches, lowered it over the edge of the precipice and trusted himself to its strength. Hand under hand he went, swinging over the dizzy and perilous depths of the terrific Marble Canon. At last his foot touched the rocky platform in front of the recess, and he found himself at his goal. And now a singular sight presented itself. In front of him was a miniature dwelling imbedded in the recess. This dwelling was perfect in all its appointments, though those appointments were of the rudest kind. It had certainly been fashioned by human hands, and those hands, though small, had evidently been industrious and guided by intelligence. The marble dwelling boasted doors scarcely fifteen inches in height, and the tiny windows which lighted up the front were scarcely the span of a baby hand. These doors and windows were nothing more than holes in the walls of the dwelling, and through them the various apartments could be seen. There were accommodations apparently for some eight or ten little persons, and scattered about were many utensils of use and ornament. These things were fashioned from the clear veined marble and bore the look of children's toys rather than the household goods of grown folk. The paths which converged to the entrance of the dwelling from all parts of the cliff face were some ten or twelve inches in depth, and must have been cut with enormous labor by men whose stature could not have exceeded a foot. Our adventurer, after concluding his observations, grasped his rope, and after a perilous ascent, again stood upon the summit of the mighty cliff in whose face the pigmy race of old had hollowed and hewn their dwelling-place. Who these little folk were, how they lived and how they died, are secrets buried forever in the mighty tombs of the past. They may have died one by one in the course of nature or the race, like their prototypes of old, may have been raided and devoured collectively by cranes, a great number of which birds frequent the locality.

Signs of Character.

Omaha Girl—"Oh! I have such news for you." Omaha youth—"Has your father consented?" "Yes, and what do you think he based his faith in your character on?" "I'm sure I don't know." "Why, he said he had always noticed that a man who is thorough in one thing is thorough in everything, and he had found you always blackened your boot-heels just as carefully as the fronts; isn't it lucky?" "Yes, indeed; I'll raise that bootblack's wages to-morrow."—*Omaha World.*

Popular Science and Art.

Venezuela has had a shower of blue and red hailstones.

Two of the largest castings in the world are to be seen at Nara and Kamakura, Japan, the one at the latter place being forty-seven feet high, and the other, at Nara, being fifty-three and three-quarter feet from the base to the crown of its head. The statue at Nara is supposed to have been erected in the eighth century, but it was destroyed and recast about 700 years since. In endeavoring to recast it several mishaps occurred, and when at last success came some few thousand tons of charcoal had to be used. The casting, which is an alloy of iron, gold, tin and copper, is estimated to weigh 450 tons.

It is confidently predicted that in five years the magnesium light will be as familiar as is the electric light to-day. Its high cost has heretofore been a serious obstacle, but that is said to be now removed by a new German process which has reduced the price from $40 to $8 a pound, with a prospect of still further cheapening. A wire of moderate size equals the light of seventy-five stearine candles; the cost is now but little more than gas; no expensive works or street mains are required, and it is absolutely safe. The magnesium is simply burned in lamps provided with clock-work movement to feed the ribbon of metal regularly.

If the claims of old descent were a justifiable source of pride the human race should feel elated on being assured by the wise men of the British Association that authentic proof has been discovered in some Welsh caves that men sufficiently developed from the ape to manufacture flint implements existed on this planet 240,000 years ago. To us it is a melancholy reflection that we should have taken so prodigious a time to attain so small a result. Even when the duration of the race is so limited to the 6,000 years of history, the outcome can hardly be considered as satisfactory, and there is something profoundly depressing in the sudden addition of a series of ancestors who spent 234,000 years in making time, indeed, but in making no other mark in the world.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

A series of paints, which are made ready for use simply by the addition of cold water, have for some time past been successfully introduced abroad, the paint thus produced drying, it is stated, with a fine, hard surface, which, although mixed only with water, is impervious to rain and uninjured by frequent washings, even with diluted disinfectants; as oil and turpentine are also dispensed with, these paints have the additional advantage of being free from objectionable smell. They can be used for exterior work on wood as well as on brick, plaster, iron or stone, and for interiors they are of course peculiarly applicable. The paint can likewise be reduced by oil, which produces a hard and glossy surface. It is thought that non-poisonous and washable paints will prove of peculiar adaptation for tropical countries generally, where cleanliness and freedom from infection are particularly requisite, but where, as is well known, the application of the ordinary oil paints and distempers is neglected.

History of Carpets.

In 1735 English Axminsters were first made. But it was not until 1749 that a loom was constructed which would produce a Brussels carpet; and just here is an exceedingly interesting anecdote, which has been handed down from father to son as an inviolable truth: During 1730 and 1735 John Broom travelled through Tournay and Brussels, studying the stitch which was then known as the Brussels stitch. In Brussels particularly weavers were at that time making a carpet named after the town—the Brussels carpet. Broom studied with much earnestness the mystery of the manufacture, and finally made the acquaintance in Tournay of a weaver understanding the secret. He and this weaver immediately repaired to England, and near Mount Skipet, Kidderminster, they put up the first Brussels loom in 1749. They operated in absolute secrecy, but in time their *modus operandi* was exposed. Broom and his Belgian workman labored night and day, and, it being well-known where their operations were conducted, some enterprising fellow climbed to the window, and night after night from his perilous perch outside he studied the operations of the mechanism within until he was able to carry away in his mind a model of the Brussels loom.—*Denver Tribune.*

The Court of Appeals in the State of Illinois have just given a decision which must commend itself to the common sense of every business man. Suit was brought to recover payment for work ordered by the defendants over a telephone wire. The defendants pleaded that the contract was not binding because it was made over a telephone wire. Judgment was rendered against the defendants in the Circuit Court, and an appeal was taken. The Court of Appeals affirms the judgment of the lower Court, in an opinion by Judge Thompson, who says, in part: "The telephone, although of very recent invention, has come into such common use that we think the courts may properly take judicial notice of the general manner and extent to which it is made use of by the business community. No doubt very many important business communications and transactions are made every day by telephonic communication of precisely the same character as that of which the witness was allowed to testify in this case. A person is called up by one desiring to communicate with him by means of a connection of their respective wires through what is known as the central office, and a conversation ensues. It may relate to most important matters of business. The use of this instrument facilitates business to such an extent that it would be very prejudicial to the business community if the courts were to hold that business men are not entitled to act upon the faith of being able to give in evidence to juries replies which they receive to communications made by them to persons at their usual places of business in this way."

Henry Thornton moved his sitting-room stove to the smoke-house last April. The other day he cleaned it, preparatory to putting it up again, and found among the ashes live coals that must have been smouldering for six months. He had burned hickory wood in the stove.

To-day's Church News.

Mrs. Charles Turner, widow of the late member of Parliament for Liverpool, has given $100,000 toward a pension fund for aged and invalid incumbents of the diocese.

Evangelist Sam Small and Sam Jones will commence an evangelistic tour across the continent, commencing with a series of meetings in the Methodist churches of Boston early in January.

In China, as in all Eastern countries, the blind are numerous; and hitherto, so far as personal reading has been concerned, the Bible has not been for them. Moved by a desire to supply this want, the Rev. David Smith, of Grimsby, is engaged in bringing out an embossed Bible for the Chinese blind.

The mastership of Trinity College, Cambridge (England), has been conferred upon Dr. Montague Butler, the Dean of Gloucester, and it is generally conceded that to fill what is admitted to be the chief academical post a better choice could hardly have been made. Dr. Butler is 51 years of age. From 1860 until a year ago he was Headmaster of Harrow School. Harrow flourished under his care. Dr. Butler is a brilliant scholar, and it is believed that the best results will follow from his appointment.

Encouraging news has been received by the American Baptists from their mission on the Congo. The conversion of a man and his wife a year ago was the beginning of a revival, which has now affected large numbers. The people brought their idols to be burned, asking the question, "What must we do to be saved?" No building was large enough to hold those who come to the station to hear the gospel, and services were held in the open air. The missionaries are rejoicing over seven hundred converts. The $20,000 needed by the English Baptist Missionary Society to replace the property destroyed by the Congo fire a few weeks ago has been not only subscribed, but paid.

A Southern Mule Concert.

To fully appreciate the mule one should listen to his voice. You never can really know whether you like a mule or not till you hear him sing. I attended a mule concert at Chickamauga during the war. The waggon train was in front. The mules were starved for water. The gallant Cleburne was protecting the rear. Thomas pressed him hard. The music or programme opened with a soprano solo, and then swung into a duet, and then pranced off into a trio, followed up by a quartette, and ending with a full chorus of the whole army train. I didn't hear the whole thing, for when I came to the regimental surgeon was standing over me giving me powerful restoratives, and I heard him say I might possibly get out again, though I would never be a well man. I have been in places where it took nerve to stand—such as falling out of a three story window and having been through the New York Exchange, and having spent part of a day in a boiler factory, and have been on one or two Sunday school excursions where the crowd were all girls—but I never knew what noise was till I heard a lot of army mules bray.—*Dyersburg (Tenn.) Gazette.*

A Magic Box.

An automatic box is being put up on the lamp-posts in Brooklyn to supply the public with postage stamps, postal cards, a pencil and postal letter envelopes. Any hour of the day or night a citizen may go to one of these boxes and drop a penny into it, at which there will appear a postal card and a pencil with which to write a letter. If he has a letter already written and merely wants a postage stamp to mail it, he may drop two pennies in the box, at which, presto, a two-cent stamp will come out of it. These convenient boxes are already in use in London, and are much liked there. The boxes in Brooklyn are an improvement on those in London. They look like writing desks, and are 75 inches high by 17 inches deep. Each box is divided into several drawers, one for stamps, one for postal cards, one for stamped envelopes and one for letter paper. There is a spot for dropping a coin over each drawer. When the proper coin drops in, it sets in motion a bit of machinery which pushes out the article wanted.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

A Breach of Promise Case.

Here is an example of the astuteness of Mr. Justice Byles as an advocate: Once he was for the defendant in an action for breach of promise of marriage. The plaintiff proved the promise to marry, and that the defendant had married some one else. The case seemed a question of damages, but Byles put two questions to the plaintiff: "Did not he promise to marry you when his father was dead?" "Yes." "Is his father dead?" "No." "That is my case, my Lord," said Byles. "But, Brother Byles," said the Judge, "he has married some one else." "Well, my Lord," said Byles, "his wife may die before his father, or afterwards, and he may outlive them both, when it will be time to fulfil the promise." The plaintiff had, in fact, alleged in her pleadings an absolute promise, and the proof of a conditional promise was what was called a fatal variance, which could not be amended.

Conjurors' Confederates.

Speaking of the disappearance of conjurors' confederates, the *Saturday Review* says: "The last instance we heard of their use was by a wandering magician who was performing in the smaller towns of Texas, and who was very properly punished for his lack of art. In the course of his entertainment he made a marked dollar disappear from a handkerchief held by a lady. Coming down into the audience he picked out a negro and said: "The dollar will be found in the pocket of this colored gentleman." All eyes were turned toward the colored gentleman, who rose and extended his broad, brown hand, on which were half a dozen small coins. When the magician came close to him the negro said: "Boss, heah's yer change. I has had two beers and a cigah outen dat dollar you tole me to keep in my pocket till you called foah it."

The Grant monument committee have received $135,000 for a memorial in New York. It is said that the enthusiasm for a $1,000,000 monument has subsided, and that a more modest design creates greater favor.