

# SUNDAY READING.

## THE CRUCIFIXION.

Clouds sweep up into the sky. Darkness shadows the face of the midday sun. A storm hangs over the earth. The end draws near.

Silence falls upon the company about the cross. Christ, too, is silent. Up he looks into heaven above Him. All is black about Him. The mystery of the cross touches its awful crisis. The face of God is hidden.

"My God, My God," He cries, "why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

Into this mystery of suffering we may not enter. They who spoke misunderstood Him. Reverent silence best befits this cry out of the darkness.

Christ died for our sins that, at least, we know. He offered Himself upon the altar of the cross, as a sacrifice for human sins—the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world that we know, but all beyond is hidden. Somehow it was our sin which darkened the sky above the face of Christ, and shut out from His human heart the light of the love of God. And this was the supreme moment, this was that hour of which the Master all His life looked forward, this was the achievement of His purpose. Now he bears the burden of our sin upon Him. All else was as nothing beside this. All the pain and shame, all the forsaking and deriding, all the whips and nails—all as nothing beside this moment of distress unknowable.

"I thirst," He cries, as the crisis passes. And somebody is quick, now, to give Him drink. All hearts at last are touched. They who, sitting down, had watched Him there, have been impressed with the sense of a somewhat mysterious happening. One of the soldiers gives him vinegar in a sponge, from the end of a reed of hyssop.

"It is finished!" The sacrifice is offered, the strange agony is over, the mission of the Master is accomplished. His blessed work is done.

"Father into Thy hands I commend my spirit," so He cries. And Jesus Christ hangs dead upon the cross.

Behold the Son of God, who for love of us, came to earth and took man's nature on His, and that we might live, became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

Behold the work of sin! This cross, sin planted. Sin held the hammer when these nails were driven. Sin brought this agony upon the loving heart of God. And we are partakers in it. Oh what a great object lesson in the dreadfulness of sin! The Son of God crucified that we might be freed from it! And we think sometimes so lightly about it, and sin so easily, so cheerfully, taking unworthy words upon our lips, working dishonestly with our hands for which Christ's hands were pierced, walking in forbidden paths with the feet for which Christ's feet were rent and wounded. Here we learn what sin means.

We look into our hearts, and what do we see there? How much love for Christ our Savior? How much real gratitude to Him for all His life and all His death for us? How much of the sin still kept for whose banishment out of our hearts He suffered?

Christ dies and the earth trembles. Away in the city the great veil in the temple is rent from the top to the bottom—that great veil which hangs between the holy place and the most holy. No longer need the high priests go in and behind the veil make atonement for the people's sins. There is no need of the symbol now. Great High Priest has made the one great and effectual atonement. The way from man to God is open.

The short spring day draws near its close. Evening approaches. To-morrow is the Sabbath. The bodies may not hang upon the cross to-morrow. The Jews go to Pilate and ask leave to put an end to the lives of the three crucified ones. So careful again of the infinitely little in the presence of the infinitely great! So scrupulous about the letter of the law, and yet crucifying their Messiah!

Pilate gives consent. They may break the bones of the dying men, and end their miseries with the thrust of a spear. But Christ, the soldiers find, is dead already. So they break with their clubs the legs of the two thieves. "But when they came to Jesus, and saw that he was dead already, they break not His legs, but one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came out blood and water. And he that saw it bore record," adds St. John, setting the emphatic seal of his own personal witness to the fact, "he that saw it bore record, and his record is true, and he knoweth that he saith true, that ye might believe. For these things were done that the Scriptures might be fulfilled. A bone of Him shall not be broken. And again, another Scripture saith, they shall look upon Him whom they pierced."

All mockery was silenced in the presence of that death, all hatred hushed. The Captain of the guard of soldiers is profoundly moved. "Certainly this was a righteous Man," he says. "Truly this Man was the Son of God." "And all the people that came together to that sight," the idlers, the revilers, the bitter enemies, go back with a strange foreboding and misgiving in their hearts. What does it mean? What have they done? There are tears in their eyes, and as they go they smite their breasts. Afar off stand His acquaintances, those who had loved Him, beholding the end. Against the dark sky stand out the three crosses with their burdens. Evening falls, the shadows of the night begin to mingle with the shadows of the day. After all the tumult, after all the noise of discordant voices, at last is silence.

The bodies of the crucified were commonly buried by being flung into a trench, and covered over with earth. But no sooner was Jesus dead than there came to Pilate a member of the Sanhedrim, a man of standing among the Jews, known among all as a just man and a good, and begged the body of Jesus. Joseph of Arimathea was a secret disciple. It had been a bitter day for him. Love and fear had struggled for the mastery of his heart. But fear had conquered. Joseph had kept silence. Now it may have been remorse which drove out fear. At any rate, love only was left. He could make amends for cowardice by a last tender care. He could not save Him, and he had not dared to show his sympathy while He was alive, but he could at least bury Him. He begs the body of Jesus.

Pilate gladly consents. Joseph has a tomb ready in a garden of his, not far from the place of crucifixion, a new tomb hewn out in the rock. This is made ready. Another Jewish ruler, also a member of the Sanhedrim, and long a secret disciple joins him. Once he had come by night and talked with Jesus; again he ventured to make his

protest against the prejudice of his colleagues, saying, "Doth our law judge any man before it hear him?"

Now Nicodemus comes along bringing myrrh and aloes for His burial. A few loving and faithful women look on from afar, as the body of Jesus is taken by reverent hands from the cross to the tomb. The sacred body is wrapped in folds of linen and laid tenderly upon the ground. A great stone rolled up into the entrance to the tomb. Presently a seal is set upon it to guard against a possible intrusion of either friend or foe, and a guard of Roman soldiers paces up and down before it.

It is night—night in the Syrian sky, night in the hearts of all who loved the Galilean Teacher. All hope lies buried with Him. They had taken Him to be the Messiah, as He said. They had trusted that He would bring redemption to Israel. They had set their faith upon Him. And now He was dead. And that was the end of everything.

And they knew not that that was rather the beginning of everything. They knew not that that tragic Friday would be named "Good Friday" to the end of time. The black shadow of Calvary lay upon their souls. The cross had banished hope.

Before the cross we kneel, and the cross means hope eternal.

Does it really mean that? Does it really mean that for us? We kneel before this blessed cross; we look into the face of Him who hung thereon. The hands that were pierced invite us. And what kind of thought is in our heart? And what sort of answer do we give? Christ—what think you of Him? Is He the supreme ideal of your life? Is he the constant helper of your will? Is He the Saviour of your soul? GEORGE HODGES.

## Notes for the Kitchen.

**TO COOK AN OLD HEN.**—When so eminent a scientist as Prof. W. Mattieu Williams thought it worth his while to experiment with this somewhat tough subject for gastronomic contemplation, it may not be amiss to profit by the result of his experiment. He took a hen six years old but otherwise in good condition and cooked it slowly in water for four hours, then let it stand in the water until the next day, when it was roasted for about an hour, basting frequently with some of the broth in which it was simmered. It was then pronounced as tender and fine flavored as a young chicken roasted in the same way, notwithstanding the good broth obtained by stewing.

**CHICKEN WINGS.**—A nice dish can be made from the wings of fowls by stewing slowly until extremely tender, then make a puree of peas by boiling a quantity of peas, either fresh or canned, in water until tender, draining and mashing through a sieve and seasoning with salt, pepper and butter. Just before mashing through the sieve thicken with a tablespoonful of flour to every quart of peas. Wet the flour with cold water and cook for two minutes. Serve on a steak dish with the wings piled on top.

**HOE CAKE.**—This is the real Southern hoe cake. The recipe was given by a Tennessee lady who makes it to perfection. The meal of the North is said not to be as sweet as that of the South, but if you will send sweet corn and field corn half and half to the mill and have it ground I think you will not complain of the meal. Mix a quantity of the meal with water until it is too thin to be called a dough, and too thick to be called a batter. Grease the griddle and spread the hoe cake upon it rather thicker than a butter cake. Brown on one side and then turn over. Eat hot with butter, and break off the pieces; don't cut it.

**BREAST OF MUTTON.**—The French know how to make not only a palatable, but a delicious dish of this piece of mutton which Americans generally use only for soup. The secret lies in long and slow cooking. Put over the fire in sufficient hot water to cover it, and simmer until the bones slip out easily, seasoning with salt and pepper when half done. Take out, and remove the bones; press the meat between two plates and let it stand until firm and cold. Then score the mutton, and spread with a mixture of chopped parsley and sweet herbs, with onions, rubbed through a spoonful of butter and seasoned with salt and red pepper; sprinkle thickly with bread crumbs, dot with bits of butter and bake a light brown. Dish on a hot platter, garnish with little mounds of boiled or steamed rice, and serve with a brown sauce. Rub through the gravy in the pan two tablespoonfuls of browned flour, a large cupful of the broth in which the mutton was cooked, and finishing the seasoning with a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce. This is a very economical dinner, as the broth in which the meat was boiled will furnish a good soup with tomatoes, and other vegetables.

## The Philosophy of Boiling an Egg.

The white of the egg is albumen, and the yolk also, but containing a peculiar oil. It is the albumen that heated at 160° F., coagulates and renders the egg delicious, tender, and digestible. But if the temperature is raised beyond the perfectly coagulating point, the albumen will dry, shrink, and become leathery and indigestible. Large eggs placed in boiling water will not properly "jellify," or coagulate the albumen of either the white or of the yolk in three and a half minutes. Then to secure the desirable degree of cooking or coagulation of the albumen of the egg or of a steak, the temperature should be just sufficient when longer continued to perfectly cook, and not to sear and horrify the nutritive element of food, until cooking impairs digestibility rather than, as it should, promote it. A meal presupposes preparation, calculation, and forethought. Then why not as well apply these to uniform, certain, and perfect cooking of eggs. Ten minutes before the meal hour put the eggs into a vessel into which boiling water has previously been poured, cover and set aside, and when the meal is ready to be served the eggs will be perfectly cooked. If some of the family desire their eggs harder too or three minutes longer will gratify the wish, but still the eggs will be perfectly digestible. Too much fuel is wasted in spoiling food that should be made delicious and digestible, but which too often is unwholesome, indigestible, and tasteless.

## Why She Smiled.

Hostetter McGinnis—"I saw you talking to Miss Esmeralda Longoiffin at the sociable last night, and you must have told her something very funny. She couldn't stop laughing."

Gihooley—"Humph! It is easy to keep a girl laughing when she has good teeth and wants to show them off."

## THE TENANT FARMERS.

What One of Them Reported When He Got Home.

Among the reports presented by the British tenant farmers' delegates respecting their visit to Canada last fall, none will be read with deeper interest than that prepared by Mr. J. T. Wood, of Halewood, Lancashire. Mr. Wood is a tenant of the estate of the Earl of Derby—the historic house which has given us our present Governor-General. He is a man of wide education, and a keen, practical observer. In dealing with the efforts of the Canadian Government to promote agriculture, he has this to say concerning the experimental farm system:

"At Ottawa we had the opportunity of inspecting the Central Experimental Farm, of enquiring fully into its management and aims, and of examining the work being accomplished under Prof. Saunders' scientific and practical guidance. Words are incapable of expressing my appreciation of the extreme importance to the agriculturist and the Dominion generally of the experiments and trials in every branch of husbandry there in progress, and of the exceeding carefulness with which all records are kept, to render the information published annually by the Department of Agriculture thoroughly reliable. To no other country in the world can an Englishman emigrate and find the same deep interest taken by the Government in the welfare of the settlers; indeed, it is difficult to conceive that anything more could be done to render them greater assistance. The establishment of the remaining Government farms and the selection of the sites at Brandon for Manitoba, Indian Head for the North-west territories and at Agassiz for British Columbia, each of which I visited, reflect the highest credit on all concerned; whilst the intelligent support Prof. Saunders receives in the seconding of his endeavors by the respective managers of those farms leaves nothing to be desired. I much regret I had not an opportunity of visiting the farm at Nappan, Nova Scotia, established for the maritime provinces.

"That in Canada, and especially in some districts, there are serious drawbacks—chiefly climatic—to be combated, no one can deny. It is then of the utmost importance that an exact knowledge of the varieties of grains, fruits, fodder, plants, vegetables, and trees suitable for each locality should be gained, and this and other information relative to stock, etc., is what is sought to be obtained and disseminated from these establishments. Not the least agreeable feature connected with my visit to the Central farm, was the entire absence of red tape and officialism. To mention all the branches working advantageously in the farmers' interest would occupy too much space. It may, however, be well to enumerate a few. Grain and seeds of all kinds are tested free of cost to the sender (and post free also), for germination and vitality. Experiments are made with all varieties of wheats and other cereals, and with grasses and fruits, to test their relative productive qualities and period of early ripening. Seed and plant distribution is largely made, when it has once been established beyond doubt that any variety of grain or fruit is certain to prove useful to the recipients; and as an instance of what is being accomplished, I was informed that 12,000 samples, chiefly wheat, oats and barley, had been distributed gratis during the past season. Tests of over 70 varieties of spring wheat, 100 of fall wheat, 80 of oats, 20 of rye, 50 of barley, as well as 50 of Indian corn, for productiveness and earliness of ripening, have been made in one year; whilst the experiments with fertilizers and in hybridizing grains (especially wheat) must result in a permanent benefit to the Dominion which is incalculable. The growth of sugar beets, and all kinds of roots and vegetables, claims a share of the professor's attention. In 1889, 251 varieties of potatoes alone were grown side by side under similar conditions, whilst 237 new varieties were raised from hybridized seeds. Orchards containing 360 kinds of hardy apples, pears, plums, cherries, etc., are being tried; the vineyard contains 127 varieties of outdoor grapes; and small fruits, such as strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, currants, gooseberries, etc., are receiving careful and intelligent study. The planting of the wide prairies, especially round the farm steadings, with shelter belts of forest and other trees, is a matter of first consideration, and therefore it is a satisfaction to the settler to know that he will, in the near future, be able to obtain from the Agricultural Department all the information he requires in this important branch. Poultry are kept in pure breeds and first crosses for ascertaining their relative hardiness, and their merits as egg producers, and as table fowls; and the whole of the Dominion to which civilization has extended being admirably adapted to this industry renders this a work of great utility. The immense interest to the stock raiser in every part of the colony attaching to the satisfactory laying down of grass lands, and to the growth of fodder plants, is fully recognized; and the experimental plots of native and foreign grasses under trial, in another year, capable of satisfactory advice to be given to the public. I may state that Indian corn grown for ensilage has been most successful; a crop of 30 tons per acre was being cut and chaffed during the period of my visit, forming an excellent winter food for stock. The experiments in cattle feeding, and in the relative milk producing properties of the respective breeds, are carefully noted, and each year's experience is published in the reports of Prof. Saunders and by the respective heads of departments.

"The foregoing must be taken as representing a portion only of the scientific and useful work here accomplished. The chemical department is admirably conducted by Mr. F. T. Shutt, M. A., F. C. S., and the botanical and entomological sections by Mr. James Fletcher, F. R. S. C., F. L. S.; whilst Prof. Robertson is engaged in visiting all parts of the Dominion, spreading broadcast information by lectures relative to the best known methods of butter and cheese making, a branch of agriculture for which Canada is well adapted, and one which must soon become very much more important than is at present realized."

## Equipped the Travelling.

"I read that a cyclone in Kansas lifted up a large tree and carried it two miles," remarked Mrs. Shattuck. "The tree was equipped for traveling, I suppose," replied Shattuck. "I don't know what you mean." "I mean that it took its trunk with it."

## BRITISH NAVAL NEWS.

Mr. Henry Williams, Chief Inspector of Machinery in the Royal Navy, contributes to the April *United Service Magazine* an article on the "Coal Endurance of British War Ships." His suggestions group together the solutions of a number of problems that confront the navy of the United States almost as formidably as that of England. Mr. Williams sums up with the following solutions for easing the coaling difficulties: (1) By adding to the number of coaling stations where likely to be most wanted, so that a fleet of war ships cruising might have at no great distance a base of operations for the supply of coal. (2) By having in attendance on every large fleet or squadron in time of war one or two large ships, very fast, and armed with light guns, which should be capable of stowing several thousands of tons of coal for the supply of the fleet, in addition to that required for their own use. (3) By furnishing every war ship not now so fitted with a small amount of sail power, auxiliary to the steam power, capable of sending the ship along with a moderately fresh breeze from two to four knots. (4) By attaching to every fleet one or two powerful armed ocean tugs, which might assist ships falling short of coal into the nearest coaling station to replenish.

The suggestion of Lord Brassey that naval officers should receive a more practical training in pilotage is well worthy of the attention of the United States naval officers. "Pilotage," says the *Record*, "is a very important part of navigation, and it is only of late years that the Admiralty has recognized the necessity of offering to officers any instruction therein, while the form that instruction has hitherto taken is of the most painfully theoretical character. The course of study in pilotage lasts rather less than three months, and consists, for the most part, in learning by heart a maze of figures and other minute details connected with the soundings and lights in the British Channel. All that is required to qualify in the examination that follows is a good memory, and any real qualifications for true pilotage are at a discount. Lord Brassey very sensibly proposes that the pilotage course should be made practical, and that young officers should study the art in sea-going vessels employed in the Channel, instead of setting our charts, books, and instruments as heretofore."

The defenses of Portsmouth, England, which is one of the most important naval depots in the Old World, bid fair to be the strongest of all the ports in the British possessions. The total number of guns now in the forts of Portsdown Hills is 103, consisting chiefly of seven-inch and eight-inch Armstrong breechloaders. Two of the forts have 19 of these, two have 22, and one has 21. Besides these heavy guns a large number of field and machine guns will be distributed in the forts, while 28 howitzers, six-inch and eight-inch, are to protect the spaces between the forts on "pivots" in the line of defense. In addition to these a quantity of thirty-two-pounders, fitted with breechloading action, will be used to protect the gorges and flank ditches, firing case shot. The second line of defense consists of the Hilsa lines, and contains 28 guns, chiefly four-inch breechloaders, which are very powerful weapons. All the ports on the American coast put together, east and west, have no such defenses as these.

Within the last week the British Navy has seen the addition of a new twin-screw cruiser, the Hawke, a protected cruiser of the first class, building since June, 1889. The principal dimension of the Hawke are: Length, 360 feet; breadth of beam, 60 feet; displacement, 7,350 tons; draught 23½ feet. Her propelling power will be of 12,000 horses, and she is expected to realize a speed at forced draught of 20 knots. For offensive purposes she will mount an armament placed broadside and fore and aft, consisting of a pair of twenty-two-ton nine-and-one-half-inch guns for a dead-ahead and astern fire, with a battery of five-ton six-inch guns. She will stow 800 tons of coal, and her crew will consist of 520 officers and men.

The first electrical pinnace constructed for the British Navy was launched March 11. She is built rather for roominess than for speed, having a capacity for forty fully equipped men. Her length over all is 48½ feet, with 8 feet 9 inches beam and 2 feet 3 inches deep. The accumulators are contained along the sides under the seats and consist of 70 cells giving 140 volts. The transformer is placed under the stern. She is designed for a speed of eight knots per hour, and will run from ten to twelve hours without recharging the accumulators. It is estimated that the cost of running this boat will not exceed that of a steam launch of the same capacity.

## He is Only Eccentric.

Now the gossips in Europe are beginning darkly to hint suspicions regarding the mental soundness of the young emperor of Germany. It strikes us his recent course is by no means so much open to criticism as his conduct towards his mother, the Empress Frederick, shortly after the death of her husband and his imperial father. The fact that he was irritated over the alleged failure of his mother's mission to Paris, or that he occasionally appears suddenly in full uniform late at night to his palace guards, or that he is inconsistently querulous at times in the treatment of his ministers, is nothing strange in a young man suddenly invested with imperial honors and powers, especially one who has given some evidence of possessing what the world calls genius. Rumors regarding the emperor's sanity and physical health must always be taken with allowance for the conditions surrounding him. He is the center of vast complications that extend into every court of Europe and may involve the peace of the continent. Diplomats as well as correspondents may be interested in disparaging his judgment. That William is eccentric, a law unto himself in many ways, cannot be denied, but better evidence of his mental derangement than has yet been given to the world will be demanded before the report will be commonly accepted.

Cable dispatches from Berlin report that a treaty of alliance has finally been concluded between France and Russia. The treaty has been under consideration for four years but the Czar has been so doubtful of the stability of the French Republic that ratification has been delayed until the present. As a preparation for an advance on Constantinople, a treaty with France must prove to be very useful. France maintains a powerful navy in the Mediterranean, which would give England cause to pause ere making any naval demonstration in the Bosphorus. The Czar's forces may be able for Constantinople in this year of grace 1891.

## ANCIENT GRASSE.

Where the Queen has gone for a few Weeks' Sojourn.

A correspondent writing from Paris says: "There is no more charming resort in the entire Franco-Italian health region for a rest-cure than Grasse. The locality, independent of its natural picturesqueness, possesses a more tonic and less exciting air than elsewhere. It is situated among hanging gardens, it may be said, a thousand feet above the Mediterranean, from which sea it is eight miles distant. The *mistral* blows less disagreeably at Grasse while the *tramontane*, or north-east wind, peculiar to spring and autumn, though occasionally cold, can be easily supported. It rains 70 days in the year at Grasse, while at Paris and London, the number of such days is 150 and 170, respectively. But a shower at Grasse, implies a rainfall of one inch. The sun shines out immediately after the heavy April down-pour. The salubrity of Grasse is proverbial; throat affections are unknown there, and in time of plagues it is sought as a city of refuge. It is a nerve-calming place. People never die, it is said, at Grasse; the aged go to sleep only, and forget to waken. Queen Victoria in selecting Grasse as a spring-threshold residence, will have no reason to regret her choice. It has family souvenirs, too, for her, having been the centre of many conflicts between the Gueiphs and Ghibelines. When the Empress Frederick rejoins her she also can find a momento of Germany. In the eighteenth century the inhabitants of Grasse had to submit to the Manteuffel exactions of the German General Braun; they sent their clergy to complain of the exactions. "No doubt," observed Braun, "you are right, but we have 'cannon law' on our side." Grasse is the headquarters of the world's "natural" perfume trade, because the raw materials for it—flowers and odoriferous plants—are grown there in large quantities. Chemistry, however, is largely supplanting flowers by its preparations. The origin of the name Grasse is said to be derived from the celebrated Roman lawyer and censor "Crasus." He was an epicure in lampreys, and encouraged the trade in that fish from the coast of the Maritime Alps to Rome. Out of gratitude the district named a town after him. Crassus had a tamed lamprey that knew him, obeyed him, and ate out of his hand. When it died he cried over the pet fish as if it were a lost child. Domitius taunted him upon this folly, when Crassus replied: "I have cried more over my lost lamprey than you did over your three defunct wives." Grasse was famed for its balsamic plants. In the days of Louis XIV. a local apothecary named Alary invented lozenges, and a "divine elixir," efficacious against bile and other humors. It was the only medicament which cured His Majesty of "fulness after meals," and he was a trencherman of the Panagruelic order. His Majesty ordered the elixir to be employed in all the hospitals of France. The courtiers kept their pockets full of the Alary lozenges, but dosed their valets with him. That plan of taking medicine by deputy, was, perhaps, as curative as birching a substitute for the Daulphin when he was naughty; but Grasse had other celebrities; its Abbe Artrand, like Bishop Tallyrand, was the earliest re-secularized member of the clergy during the Revolution. He married a wife and became the village schoolmaster. Bishop de Boucault, in the 17th century, was a native as well as Bishop of Grasse; his bed consisted of a bare mattress, but the curtains were in most beautiful damask. He passed his life collecting money to pay off the debts of his flock, and so liberate them from prison. The Fragonard family of painters are natives of Grasse; the subjects of the grandfather's pictures are rather warm. His son sculptured the *fronton* of the present Chamber of Deputies; he painted also some pictures of nearly first-class merit, and popularized their engravings. In 1842, when Grasse lost her great benefactor Gastolius, who expended all his wealth on the poor, the latter lined his coffin with flowers. Grasse has ever been celebrated for its three P's—piety, poetry and perfumery. But it has also turned out celebrities of another stamp. The Comte de Grasse, as a naval commander, figured prominently in the War of American Independence. Taken prisoner, on his arrival in London he received an ovation as a tribute to his bravery. Inward, the terrible Red Republican, was also a native of Grasse. He did not fear to unmask Robespierre; he boasted that could he command the lightning of heaven he would hurl it, Jove-like, against everyone that opposed the sovereignty of the people. Saint-Just, proscribed him, and declared whoever sheltered Inward or gave him bread would be guillotined. This was hard upon a man memorable for his voracity. When invited to a dinner he would arise early, glide into the dining-room and devour the penny loaves enclosed in the dinner napkins. He thought nothing of eating a whole roast turkey at once, and would smash the bones between his jaws as if they were a crust of bread. Grasse is, perhaps, the only town having some houses so built on a sloping ground that the tenants of the cellars and the garrets can alike directly enter them from the level of the street. Grasse has, among other curiosities, numerous public fountains and mills, which are fed and worked from a natural spring, whose flow is perennial. It is claimed that if husbands and wives who cannot live harmoniously drink a goblet of this water at its source, and wish good luck to each other, all marital discord will vanish, say like the cat of Alice in Wonderland.

## What is it All About, Anyhow?

The Anglo-Turco-Russian complication is growing more complicatedly complex. It now appears that the English-Rumanian interests, being jeopardized by the contingency of the ulterior understanding approximated by the Montenegrin protocol, and the disintegration of the ultimate conjunction precipitated by the Herzegovinian interpolations the elementary attitude of the signatory Powers is thereby annulled and confirmed. This, while it insures the autonomy of the Bosphorian Conference, infallibly results in lowering the toll on the Suez Canal eleven scudos each way, children and dogs half-price. This in an immaterial degree devalizes Premier Crispin's ultimatum eliminated by the Hungarian-Austro-imbroglio, and the belligerents return to their corners.

A soap manufacturing company has been organized at Houston, Tex., with a capital of \$15,000,000.

A prairie fire 20 miles east of Arkansas city has swept several farms clear of houses and barns, and many cattle have perished. It is feared some lives have been lost.