

VISITS HER OLD HOME.

Ex-Empress Eugenie in Paris:

Sees Her Friend, Queen Isabella.
A Paris despatch says:—The Princess Mathilde Bonaparte opened once more the hospitable doors of her hotel in the Rue de Berri on the occasion of the passage through Paris of the Empress Eugenie to Captain Martin, her majesty's beautiful new villa on the shores of the Mediterranean. At a luncheon to which only a select few were invited to meet the ex-sovereign, her lady of honor, Mme. le Breton, and her faithful secretary, Francaschini Pietri, Empress Eugenie appeared in a new get-up, that is she was no longer clad in black from head to foot, but had donned a most striking dress of the color called Bishop's violet, and to complete the resemblance with those high dignitaries of the Roman church, it was composed of a straight, ample skirt without any trimming and a cape shut at the throat by a silk cord and a pair of tassels. Eugenie's pallid complexion was made more conspicuous by this trying shade, and she looked decidedly aged, her profile being decidedly pinched and sharp; her hair also, after having gone through variegated tints—from the royal, fiery gold of her splendid youth to dark red, then gray when illness and sorrow had put all coquetry in the background, then reddish again—has assumed now a most uncertain color, reminding one of a new mown hay.

During her short stay in the city the ex-empress paid a visit to the Palais de Castille to see Queen Isabella, who has always kept a lingering love for her once beautiful subject, afterward her imperial hostess. The two dethroned sovereigns may meet again this winter at Cap Martin, where the ex-empress has invited the ex-queen to spend a few weeks with her. However, Isabella finds the Palais de Castille the most convenient place after all, for her best friends feel quite at home in it and could not follow her everywhere. While in France Eugenie is not allowed to receive letters sent through the post, addressed to her as empress. All such missives are returned to the senders by the postal authorities. To insure getting a letter safely into her majesty's hand it should be sent under cover to Mme. d'Arceus, her companion, and although it stands a chance of being opened and read, it is sure to reach its destination by this route.

LOUIS NAPOLEON THE IMPERIALIST HOPE.

Prince Louis Napoleon is about to quit the Russian service and take up his residence in Stockholm. Anything connected with this young man is of interest to those who have by experience been taught to read the signs of the times. It is a well-known fact that of the children of Napoleon (who was himself by far the most intelligent member of the second generation of the Bonaparte family, and, in fact, one of the most intelligent men of his day, irrespective of rank) both the daughter of the Duchess of Aosta and the second son, Louis, are more liberally endowed with brains than the eldest lad, Victor. But Louis is even more intelligent than his clever and very beautiful sister; and, so far as brains are concerned, is the worthy son of his sire, of whom Sainte Beuve said: "It is an everlasting pity that he is not forced to earn his bread, and then the world would know the stuff he is made of. As it is, everyone will be convinced that he is only a prince."

JUST AS SMART AS VICTOR IS DULL.

This great mental superiority of Prince Louis, the younger brother, over his senior, Victor, was very strongly marked and very widely noticed from the first, and came to great prominence when the two lads were at school together in that dirty Lycée Charlemagne, in the Fanbourg St. Antoine, and used to live with their tutor round the corner in a shabby house in the Rue de la Cerisaie. Louis mastered his lessons with the greatest ease. Prince Louis is not only as clever as Victor is dull but moreover possesses not a little of the extraordinary tact for which Napoleon III. was famous, and tact is certainly not a Bonapartist virtue as a rule. He has been working and learning in Russia, and making himself personally beloved by the imperial family of Russia (no slight recommendation in the eyes of the French nation, to-day), while his elder brother has been forgetting the little he ever did know, wasting his time in dissipation in Brussels and getting himself positively loathed by the royal family of Belgium. Under these circumstances, it is hardly to be wondered at that the Bonapartist party look really to Prince Louis and we are impatiently awaiting the hour when Prince Victor will have the good taste to depart to another world and leave the road to the imperial purple open to his brother. Prince Louis shows his sense in taking up his residence in Stockholm, for the reigning family of Sweden owes its original existence to his great uncle.

THE LIMEKILN CLUB.

Brother Gardner Enlightens the Club on the Essentials of Sacred History.

"If Brudder Comealong Jackson an Brudder Standup Johnson am in de hall to-night I wish 'em to step dis way," said Brother Gardner when the routine business of the last meeting of the Limekiln club had been disposed of.

The brothers named were present and after considerable hesitation they arose and advanced to the platform. It was seen that Comealong had lately lost three front teeth and that Standup had one eye closed and a battered nose.

"Gom'len," observed the president as he looked down on them with a very serious countenance, "by-law No. 742 of article 321 plainly reads dat members of dis club shall not engage in religius or political arguments or discussions. About ebery three months for de last five y'ars I have called apeshual atenshuns to dat by-law. On three different occasions members hev bin expelled for breakin' dat rule. In spite of all dat has bin said an' done, however, de two members befo' me hev bin guilty not only of breakin' de rule, but of tryin' to break each other's heads. Brudder Jackson, what yo' got to say fur yo' self?"

"I said dat Eve had red ha'r, sah."
"Brudder Johnson, what yo' got to say?"
"I said she didn't hev."
"An' dat precipitated a mortal combat?"
"Yes, sah."

"Befo' de mortal combat was precipitated, however, boaf of yo' called each other liars, an' hoss thieves, an' robbers?"
The guilty pair bowed their heads in acknowledgment.

"Brudder Jackson, did yo' eber see Eve?"

"No, sah."

"Did yo', Brudder Johnson?"

"No, sah."

"Kin either one o' yo' point me to any description given de color o' her ha'r?"
They mumbly acknowledged their inability to do so.

"Now, yo' h'arken to me!" exclaimed the president, as he drew himself up and emphasized his words with extended arm. "De verdict am dat boaf of yo' be bounced out o' dis club fo' with—right off—wid in a—minit—an' dat under no circumstances will yo' be restored to membership! Izie gwine to put a stop to dis sort o' bizness if I hev to bounce ebery member o' de Limekiln club an' run Paradise hall all alone! De idea of two ole gray-headed niggos wastin' deir brea' ober de color of de ha'r of a woman who libed thousands of y'ars ag' is Who knows whether her ha'r was red, black, white, or pea green? Who keerd. How yo' gwine to find out if yo' do keerd?"
"Please, sah," began Brother Jackson as he looked up.

"Silence!" thundered the president. "Nuffin yo' kin say will change my decision! I want all members of dis club to thoroughly understand de position of affairs befo' we drop dis subjick. Dar was an Adam an' an Eve. Dey resided in de Ga'den of Eden. Eve tempted Adam, an' dey had to move. Dat's plenty; dat's all we want to know. We doan' keerd 2 cents how tall dey war, how much dey weighed, or what was de size of deir feet."

"Dar was a flood. Noah built an ark an' floated aroun an' was saved. We choke off right dar. We doan' keerd whether he was married or single—white or black—tall or short. We doan' keerd whether it rained fo' ty days or only thirty-nine an' a half."

"Cain killed his brudder Abel wid a club. It's none o' our bizness to ax whether dat club was of oak or hickory—whether de killin' took place Sunday mornin' or Wednesday evenin'. We doan' keerd whether it was outdoors or in de house."

"Dan'l was cast into a den of lions—mebbe six. Mebbe dem lions was hungry—mebbe not. Dey didn't want no fuss wid Dan'l. Why dey didn't am none o' our bizness. All we keerd fur am dat Dan'l got out all right."

"Jonah was swallowed by a whale an' cast agin. Was it a small whale or a big one? Was he black or white? Was he waitin' dar to swaller Jonah, or did he just happen 'long at de right minit? None o' our bizness! All we keerd fur is dat he was cast agin."

"Dis am whar I stand, gem'len, an' whar I shall continue to stand, an' sich as can't stand wid me kin take a walk! Brudders Jackson and Johnson, yo' kin make yo' selves skass! Git out an' stay out! Yo' can't come yere no mo'! If, in gwine down de alley together, one of yo' declares dat Job had chilblains 'stead of biles, an' de odder call him a liar an' gits up a fight, it won't be nuffin' to dis club and nobody will interfere. We will now blow out de lamps and prognosticate homewards."

Two Full Moons in one Month.

An odd little astronomical fact in connection with the year that has just closed, and one which has not been noticed, perhaps, by one person in each 10,000 of the entire population of the country, is this: Two months of the year, January and April, each had two full moons. July, 1890, was equally well provided for, but none of the months of 1891 nor 1892 exhibit this lunar peculiarity. The year 1861 had two months, January and March, each having two full moons.—[St. Louis Republic.]

A Hartford man dreamed twice, on successive nights, of a crazy man. On the third day, he lodged a complaint at the police station, and urged the police to arrest the crazy man of whom he had dreamed.

An Esquimaux woman straps her child on her back so that the infant can look over her shoulder. The American Indian fixes her child so that the infant gazes in a direction opposite to that of the person carrying it.

A lake of boiling mud, two miles in circumference, exists in the Island of Java—near Solo. Masses of soft, hot mud continually arise and fall, and huge mud bubbles explode like balloons, with reports like guns, at the rate of three a minute.

Just after an outburst of blasphemy, it is reported that James Starks, of Shamokin, Pa., was stricken dumb. This occurred eight months ago. He lately made a profession of religion, and for one day thereafter he recovered his speech. Now he is losing his sight.

A sparrow's nest was made in the cornice of the Girl's High School in Louisville. A fire took place just over the nest, but was extinguished with trifling damage. It is inferred that the sparrow conveyed to its nest a match, which became inexplicably ignited.

Just as the funeral procession of Mrs. Wm. Shell, of Rochester, Pa., arrived at Beaver Cemetery, it was discovered that her step-father, Walter Fish, who had gone in advance to the graveyard, had died in the grave. It is thought that he fell in and broke his spine.

An Albany thief, while shivering with the cold, saw a nice overcoat on a wire dummy before a clothing store. "What does that thing need with an overcoat?" he mentally queried. Quickly unbuttoning the garment, he ran off with it, and was soon out of sight.

At holiday times the Prince of Wales' outlay for Christmas gifts depletes his pocket money. All his near relatives expect presents; and what that means may be inferred when it is stated that he has seventeen brothers-in-law, 16 uncles, 57 cousins, and 57 nephews and nieces.

A rat in the Cleveland post office has a sweet tooth, and is always on the watch for mail packages of wedding-cake. He recently stole an entire box of the delicious compound. It was too much for one meal, and he perhaps used a part to inspire his elumbr with pleasant dreams.

An eminent London physician, Sir Benjamin Harrison, condemns bicycle riding. He thus enumerates some of the evils: "The spine becomes almost arched, the chest bone is affected by the unnatural pressure, circulation is impaired, and no doubt the lungs are interfered with, too."

In Paraguay, when a gentleman is introduced to a lady, it is customary for him to kiss her.

NEW YEAR IN ASIA.

Queer Methods of Celebrating in Burmah and Siam.

New Year in Burmah begins with a great water feast, and the Burmese girls and women for this day reign supreme. I wish I could show you a Burmese girl. She is as pretty as any of her kind the world over. She is straight, well formed and fine looking. Her red lips are luscious, her eyes are large, brown and velvety, and her cheeks are the color of the cream of your own Jersey cow, with a faint tinge of red in the center. She wears but two garments; one is a white saque of fine silk or cotton, which covers the arms and bust and falls to the waist, and the other is a strip of silk or cotton of the brightest colors, which is wrapped tightly around her waist, hips and loins and fastened with a twist at the front. It falls to her feet, and when she walks she kicks her bare heels out behind, so that the only exposure of her person is from her foot to the knees. She wears rings in the lobes of the ears as big around as a silver quarter, and she smokes cigars as long as a lead pencil and as thick as the wrist of a 2-year-old baby. She has more rights in the way of business and love-making than has her American sister, and on New Year's Day she is more giddy than ever. As soon as the day breaks she gets a squirt gun made of tin or bamboo and with a bucket of water goes out to saturate her gentlemen friends. No one is safe from her, and boys and girls, men and women, devote the day to sprinkling and soaking each other. No one has the right to get mad on this day, and a boy has the right to pour water over his father, and the girls drop bucketsful from the roofs of their houses down the backs of their parents, and Europeans as well as Americans are soaked.

THEY BATHE THEIR GRANDMOTHERS.

The Siamese New Year is the 27th of March and the holidays last for five days. There is no tax on gambling at this time and all the gambling houses of Bangkok are opened. Thousands of these half-naked Siamese squat about playing fan-tan, and one of the funniest customs is that the children have of bathing their grandmothers on New Year's. The ugliest looking old women of the world are the Siamese. The maidens are plump and bright-eyed. They are short, seldom over five feet in height, but they are straight and well formed. They wear nothing but a strip of cotton cloth a yard wide and about three yards long, which they wind about their hips and fasten by pulling the ends through between the legs and tucking them into the belt at the back. This is the dress of the common women, and it is only the better classes who have anything about the shoulders, the bust and the neck. In such a costume a plump girl looks well, but a scrawny, wrinkled old woman looks horrible. The Siamese women cut their hair short. It grows coarser as they grow older and it stands up like a shoe brush all over their heads. These grandmothers have bristles about an inch long. They all chew the betel nut, and long before they have grandchildren their teeth are black and their lips are cracked and stained. They squat around the house on their haunches doing little but smoking cigarettes and chewing betel nuts, and they vary the puffing out the smoke with the spitting out betel juice.

The celebration of New Year's Day is sanctioned by the Buddhists, and the Siamese believe that the souls of those Buddhists who have gone to purgatory come back to earth on that day. The people pour water out on the ground in celebration of this, and they always go to the temples and visit the shrines. Every idol in the kingdom is bathed with perfumed water and incense is burned by the cord. They lay flowers upon the idols and they weave garlands and put them into Buddha's hand. The children play tricks upon one another much the same as we do on Halloween or April 1. They black each other's faces and push each other into the river. They have a water celebration much the same as in Burmah, and the king has a reception of his officers much the same as has the U.S. President.

COSTS VAST SUMS YEARLY.

The Amount of Liquor and Tobacco Consumed in the United States.

Although we are counted a fairly sober people in the hurly burly of nations, the figures of the internal revenue commission for the last fiscal year on the amount of whiskey and beer we drink and the number of cigars and cigarettes we smoke, and the quantity of tobacco we chew are regarded by the Atlanta Constitution as simply amazing. They make the head reel. The preacher who peruses them will hie to the pulpit to tell his congregation that we are a nation of drunkards, stupefied with drink half of the year and drugged with tobacco the other half; that each year we recklessly squander upon these inventions of Beelzebub three times as much money as is required to keep this government in operation, and more than is represented by the circulating medium of the United States. And when the preacher does this he will be throwing an armful of facts at his congregation. We consumed last year, according to this report of Commissioner Miller—and it tells the story as detailed in hard cash over the counter of the internal revenue office—\$7,000,000 gallons of whisky, brandy and distilled spirits; or, in other words, we drank 6,000,000,000 glasses of whisky, for which we paid over the bar the enormous sum of \$609,000,000, or \$50,000.00 more than the annual appropriations of congress combined. This represents a consumption of 100 glasses of whisky each year for every man, woman and child between the rock-bound Pacific and the storm-tossed Atlantic, or, counting only male adults, 500 glasses for each. Of beer the figures are equally astounding. The consumption was 31,962,943 barrels—that is, 12,785,169,200 glasses—representing an expenditure for this mode of Teutonic hilarity of \$617,253,460, or about \$10 for each inhabitant. In the neighborhood of 230 glasses are charged up in this circulation against each of us as our annual allowance. If we do not average our daily bread we may be sure our neighbors get the benefit of our abstinence.

In the matter of cigars, cigarettes, smoking tobacco and chewing tobacco we are equally prodigal. The blue increase of 4,814,202,000 cigars and cheroots and the curling wreaths of 3,176,693,000 cigarettes aid us in our reveries and soothe us in our work. For this luxury we pay: for cigars and cheroots, \$253,750,000; for cigarettes,

\$22,332,000. This is apportioned for cigars, 83 to each inhabitant or 415 for each male adult; cigarettes, 51 to each man, woman and child, or 250 to each male adult. All this goes up in smoke each year while people are hungering for bread. But this does not include the millions of bowls of tobacco that are consumed in pipes. The figures for smoking tobacco cannot be separated from those for chewing tobacco. Combined we consume 279,726,692 pounds of the fascinating weed, which costs us \$139,663,036. Altogether not taking stock of the money we expend for champagne, whose sparkling bubbles burst about the brimming goblet, and the other and imported native wines which drive away carking care, the people of the United States spend annually for drink and tobacco the almost incomprehensible sum of \$1,641,603,460. The mind is incapable of grasping the largeness of this total, but when it is remembered that this is more than the circulating medium of the United States; that is, \$27 per head more than the per capita circulation; that it proves that the head of every family, supposing he handles the purse strings, pays out \$195 annually for drink and tobacco, and that every dollar in the United States goes each year over the bar of the counter of some tobaccoist, one idea of its magnitude can be obtained.

AGE AND ORIGIN OF MAN.

An American Scientist of Opinion That the Former is 50,000 Years.

At a recent meeting of the American Society for the Advancement of Science Dr. D. G. Briton, president, read a paper on "The Beginning of Man and the Age of the Race." In the course of his remarks he said:

Tools distinguish man from other animals, and so where tools are found in geological strata and debris it is known that man must have been. The earliest tools were flaked stones and cracked bones. All flaked stones and cracked bones, however, the writer points out, may not be tools. Some of the flaked stones, for example, may have been produced by action of fire. Man is the only animal which uses fire, of course but then fire may exist without the agency of man. Lightning, volcanic action, spontaneous combustion and burning wells and springs may produce conflagrations and therefore produce flaked flint stones. A large portion of the supposed tools, accordingly, have to be left out of the discussion for want of absolute proof as to their origin. The earliest deposits in which stone tools and weapons clearly shaped by man are known to have been found are the gravel beds in the valleys of the Thames in England, the Somme in France, the Malzares in Spain and in other portions of western Europe. These tools and hunting weapons are found alongside of tropical fauna, like the lion, elephant, hippopotamus and large apes.

It is known, therefore, that man lived in Europe during a period when that country had a tropical climate. But since that time Europe has been through an ice age. Vast arrays of evidence show that since the time when the valley of the Thames had a climate like that of the valley of the Nile glaciers covered all western Europe. Geological deposits on top of the remains of tropical animals and man's tools contain the remains of arctic animals like the musk ox, reindeer and white fox. Man, therefore, hunted the tropical lion and elephant in England, Spain and France before he hunted the arctic reindeer and white fox. The first question, therefore to be determined is, how long ago was the ice age? The same ice age that visited Europe prevailed in the United States. Investigations into the age and duration of the glacial movement have therefore been carried on independently on both continents. The cutting of post-glacial river channels, like those below the falls of St. Anthony and Niagara, and the filling of glacial lake beds and the piling of post-glacial debris, have served as geological chronometers for the guidance of investigators on both continents. From these evidences it has been universally agreed that from 10,000 to 12,000 years have elapsed since the departure of the glacial mass from the now thickly settled portions of Europe and the northern states of this country. The period of formation of the glacial mass and duration of the ice age is placed by the investigators at from 20,000 to 30,000 years. Allowing additional time for the primeval man in the tropical period to develop and spread over the area under consideration, the total of 50,000 years is arrived at as the approximate time which has elapsed since the earliest authentic traces of man on the earth.

LIKE THE HUSB OF A COCOANUT.

Nothing more was done until 1850, when a new shaft was sunk ten feet from the money pit to a depth of 109 feet, and while tunneling to the money pit the water burst in and they fled for their lives, and in twenty minutes there was forty-five feet of water in the new pit. They used the two horse gins for a week night and day, with the old result. At this time they made the discovery that the water was salt and rose and fell with the tides. The idea of an artificial channel suggested itself and they searched the shore, and, building a cofferdam at a suspicious spot, they found the sand and beach gravel replaced by rocks and on removing them they found five well-constructed drains converging into one main channel. A high tide carried the dam away and they went in some distance from the shore to sink a shaft and strike the channel as they could not afford to rebuild the dam.

The first pit missed the channel, but on digging the second one they encountered a large boulder at a depth of thirty-five feet, which, when pried up, was followed by a rush of water which filled the pit to tide level. They tried driving spiles, but as the appliances at hand were very crude the effort was a failure. Shortly after another shaft was sunk on the south side of the money pit to the depth of 118 feet and they tunneled directly under the money pit, and while at dinner a tremendous crash was heard. Rushing back they found that the bottom of the money pit had fallen into the new shaft, and thus another failure was added to the rest. A syndicate of Halifax capitalists combined with the old company and another attempt was made and another failure scored. And now a Boston company has secured a lease of the island, and they intend to bring in the aid of scientific apparatus. A skilled engineer has surveyed it, and pronounces the task an easy one. It looks as if the buried treasure of Capt. Kidd or some other sea robber was soon to be brought to light to enrich the treasure seekers of this nineteenth century.

COMES TEN TIMES A YEAR.

The Frightful Dream With Which a Man Is Periodically Haunted.

Recently a number of wonderful instances of the recurrence of dreams have been brought to my notice. It is no unusual thing for a person to dream the same dream with some modifications twice, but when the vision is repeated, exactly the same in every minute detail, as many as ten times in a year, it becomes an interesting problem. A resident of a certain Canadian city avers he is haunted—yes, haunted—by a dream which persists in recurring to him sometimes as often as twice in one month. He says he never goes to sleep at night without the terror of having to pass through the horrible experiences of this vision. During the day he is unable to shake off the impression made by it, so that waking or sleeping the terror is always with him. The mere fact of a dream recurring ten times is most extraordinary, but, besides, this one has other peculiar features which make it all the more interesting. About a year ago the gentleman awoke suddenly and found himself in a profuse cold perspiration, with his heart thumping away as if he had been exercising violently. He collected his thoughts and found the cause to be a horrible dream, which he remembered vividly.

In his dream he thought he was walking through a forest of leafless trees. The chilly air and impressive stillness peculiar to a heavy overgrown wood were made death-like by the absence of life on all sides. No songs of birds nor chirps of insects could be heard, and the twigs which were scattered on the brown, dry grass crackled in an unearthly manner as the lone traveler walked along. My friend said the surroundings gave him the impression that something terrible was going to happen, but he could not turn back, seemingly impelled by some unseen force to pursue his path. At last he came to a brook whose banks were so sloping that they could almost be called hills. As he stood there his gaze was attracted by the figure of something coming down the slope in the distance, which seemed to be making its way toward him. As it drew nearer he saw that it was a man. From his first sight of the figure he was seized with an awful terror, which seemed to grow more and more intense as the man came nearer. On the figure coming closer he could see the face of the man in the twilight of the shaded wood, but not distinctly. What a face it was! It had the pallor of death, and the eyes seemed to lack the fire of life. Still the man came on, and the watcher's heart beat faster and faster. Finally, with a light spring, the figure leaped across the brook and stood right before my friend, who then, to his horror, saw his own face—lead, not a sign of life visible; the eyes glassy and expressionless and the color of the flesh as marble! Then the horror of the situation awakened him and he found himself in the condition described above. He slept no more that night, and for a week after he thought about the portents of the awful vision, but finally the remembrance of that terrible night died out. About a month after he had the same dream without a single detail altered, and, peculiarly, it all seemed new to him, he having no recollection while dreaming of ever having seen the vision before. So during the year he has undergone the same experience ten times.

A Child Carried off by an Eagle.

A Birmingham, Ala., despatch says: Near Summerfield, Ala., the three-year-old child of Henry Smith, an industrious farmer, was carried off about a week ago by an eagle. Yesterday the body was found on a rock cliff about three miles from the boy's home. Nearly all the flesh had been eaten off, and practically nothing remained except the skeleton.

Smith had two children, one a boy of 14 years, and the other the dead child. One day last week, while the parents were absent from the house, the oldest boy took a gun and went into the woods in search of game. Returning in half an hour he saw an eagle flying from the yard with the child in its talons.

After several days search in adjacent woods a party went to the mountains about three miles distant. There, on the top of a rock cliff in the eagle's nest, the remains of the missing child were found, surrounded by the bones of a number of small animals, among which was another small human skeleton. This skeleton is believed to be that of a child of David Abercrombie, who disappeared from home about a year ago, and was at the time believed to have been kidnapped by a gang of gypsy fortune tellers who were passing through the neighborhood. The child was then three years old.

Every man in that section has armed himself with a gun and is hunting for the winged freebooter. Little children are not allowed to go home alone.

Well of Serpents in Manitoba.

There is a horseshoe-shaped mountain up in Manitoba which literally swarms with snakes twice every year. In the early fall these slippery customers gather here from all directions, mostly from the prairie country to the south. In one side of the mountain there is a circular hole, about fifteen feet deep, and as smooth as if it had been fashioned with a well auger, where tens of thousands of the reptiles gather to spend the cold winter months. Persons who have tried to explore this immense snake den during the summer, when the regular tenants were absent, say that dozens of subterranean passages lead out under the mountains in all directions from the bottom of the well. Captain Silvers, Royal Engineer, estimates that he has seen as many as 300,000 snakes of all sizes knotted together and piled up in a semi-torpid state in this "Well of Serpents," as it is called in the Northwest.—[St. Louis Republic.]

Unique Show in Russia.

An international exhibition of machines, appliances and apparatus for the cleaning, screening, dressing and drying of grain and other seed will be held at St. Petersburg from March 2 to 16, 1894. The exhibition is organized by the Imperial Free Economic Society of Russia in St. Petersburg for the purpose of acquainting farmers, agricultural implement makers and agents, merchants, etc., with the best and newest machines, appliances, etc., for cleaning, screening, dressing and drying grain and other seed. The exhibition is being organized in consequence of the government's decision to enforce stringent laws with a view to stop the generally low and often fraudulent grading of Russian export grain.