## A DAY IN CEYLON.

Among Scenes of Oriental Magnificence and Splendor Baffling Description.

Dancing of the Nantch Girls-The Sacred Drama of Harischandia.

There is no twilight in Ceylon. When the sun sets darkness falls suddenly upon the earth, and the stars shine out as if some hand had turned on the starlight. And it is thick darkness, too; so that an anthropological speculation is born in my mind, that the dark complexions of these people are due to the primitive survival of the nightlike. A Shinghalese man is invisible against the night, and the tread of his bare foot is inaudible. The lighter, more visible varieties of their race would have been killed off by invaders and wild beasts, and those who mimicked the night would be passed by. In addition to this the predatory class would be successful in the proportion that, as it is said in the book of Job, they were marked by the night. The Colombo coachman will not drive a step after 6 o'clock unless his lamps are lit, lest he should run over a sleeping native. This darkness lends a special beauty to the bungalows of the rich, which appear illuminated, the rays from their lamps shining through the foliage in a mystical way, especially if they be cocoanut-oil lamps, which give a soft, spiritual light. The most palatial bungalow in Columbia, I should say, is that of Mutu Cumara Swamy, whose hospitality and that of his brothers was extended to me in consideration of my friendship for their uncle, the late Sir Cumara Swamy. As I drove up through the large park of palms, radiant with fire-flies, the bungalow looked like

A FAIRY PALAOR IN THE DISTANCE but when I arrived and entered, it was a fairy palace. I feel sadly in need of some new similitudes. I am trying to write without referring to the "Arabian Nights," but it is not easy when I recall the verandahs, porticos, rooms of such a mansion and the entertainment of last evening. The tropical heat was made pleasant by the gentle wind blowing from the neighboring sea through the open doors. It was difficult, as one passed amid the flowering trees and floral festoons, to say just where the garden ended and the verandah began, or even the drawing-room, which had flower-laden trees in each corner, flowers and wreaths everywhere. In front of the chair of honor to which I was conducted, stood a high table, and thereon a silver salver covered with stemless flowers, arranged with artistic skill. From the centre of the salver, which was nearly a yard long, rose several slowly-burning stems, whose incense filled the air with a sweet and subtle perfume. The odors, mingled with the soft light of the cocoa lamps, shed their influence upon seers and scene with a sensuous effect quite indescribable. When our beautiful hostess entered, with her rich Oriental robe, and the turbaned Tamil took his place behind her with large peacock fan, I said-"No doubt, that is Maya, goddess of illusion, who has waved her wand and begun her air-woven mask." But when presently a blonde young lady entered, in unmistakable English evening dress, realism came with her humorous clear eyes. There were but four or five foreigners present, and we had an opportunity of satisfying our curiosity in several thingsfor instance, chewing a little betel and making our teeth red with it. On the walls were sacred pictures, one of the infant Krishna and his mother, the new-born babe's head haloed with light. One side of the drawing-room was partly open, and from the room beyond we presently heard a slight jingling of silver ornaments, next caught flashes from jewelled hair, and after this the flash of dark eyes glancing into the room. Five Nautch girls entered with five men, singers and musicians. The girls sat in a row on the floor facing us, and the men behind them, the plain snow-white of the latter making a background for the

RICH COSTUMES OF THE DANCERS. These Nautch costumes, though glowing with color and laden with jewels, were not gaudy, nor even gorgeous; they were somewhat barbaric, but had a certain antiquarian character about them that was very pleasing. In old conventional pictures of goddesses and heroines-Draupadi, Damyanti, Sita-one may see dresses resembling these, with the exception of the silken trousers. These probably are the addition of a more prudish age. The Singbalese Nautch girls are dressed with scrupulous regard to decorum. These are all small of ger: stature, several of them pretty, and the pearls and gold they wear, always excepting the nose-gems, and the silver anklets above their bare feet, well become their dusky beauty. Soon after they had seated themselves on the floor all, men and women, began to sing. It sounded as a chant with grace-notes at the end of each bar, and my host, who sat beside me, told me it was a hymn to Siva. I did not like it much; it impressed my ear as nasal, not to say whining, and decidedly monotonous. Then followed a love-song, and for a few moments it sounded like the same hymn over again; but as I listened more closely—as I tried to detach the accompaniment of tom-tom, pipe, and viol-I perceived that there was more variety and more science in this music than my ear could easily take in. For the first time it occurred to me that part of the fault I found in Oriental music might lie in my ear being not sufficiently cosmopolitan. But at the same time I felt sure that this music was not a product of art in the European sense of art; it was not a thing that aimed at beauty alone; it had ulterior purposes, to move the compassion of a god or a lover, and was a cry wrung one of the struggle for existence. It is a remarkable fact that all the ancient love-songs of India are uttered by women to men. My host, whose studies of such subjects have been careful and extensive, told me that, judging by the ancient love-songs, the lovemaking used to be entirely on the part of women. These Nautch girls belonged to the Hindu temple, and they sing and dance only these very ancient themes, transmitting them to their children with extreme literal-

PRECISELY AS THEY RECEIVED THEM. The great piece of the evening was a long dramatic love-song of extreme antiquity, sung by all the performers, male and female, accompanied by full instrumentation, and danced by the leading Nautch girl, who alone did not sing. Her gestures were very expressive, and I was at times reminded of the French saying: "What can't be said can be sung, and what can't be sung can be with the dance than to bear ferward and the British Isles. The number of naturalizbackward the swaying, or rather undulat- ed persons is but 77,046.

ing, form, while the arms were ever on the move, and the fingers twisted themselves into a thousand variations. None of these and movements were the same, and each meant something. The first scene pantomimed, so to say, was the first glimpse of The beloved, told in embarrassment, medita-Hun, and then the flinging up of the arms in sppeal to the god of love. Then followed the first coquettish attempt to fascinate himnow by coyness, next by a display of charms. Then follows dismay—the beloved makes no sign of requital. The maiden becomes melancholy, weeps; then she becomes passionate, and confesses to him her love. He is still cold, and she is jealous. Finding he

loves no other, she asks if he is a man who is thus unmoved by woman's love. He then proposes illicit love; that she refuses with an indignation that turns to sorrow. Then she becomes angry-and when her anger melts the heart of her beloved also melts. Then her finale of joy is danced. Much in this dance was touching, much was exciting, and it was all of absorbing interes; when the girl sat down, breathless, it for the first time occurred to me that she had been dancing fifteen minutes without an instant's pause; and yet the last thing I should have ascribed to it is -beauty. It was all too serious for that. It is a strange thing to reflect on the sublime secularism of the fact that such a chant and dance as that just described at times make

part of the Hindu temple-service. When

David danced before the ark could it have

been-but I musn't get too profound. There were other dances, one of the most striking being a dance to the words,

"MOTHER, A SCORPION HAS STUNG ME!" These words were endlessly repeated in the chant, though in varying tones, while the dancer goes through all the drama of pain, illness, parting, faintness, death. This was skillful, and so were all the dances. Those in which all the Nautch girls danced—especially one in which they fenced with each other-were more beautiful; but it was the more ancient dances, representing love and death, which I found most interesting. After the dances were over I had an unexpected delight in hearing the singing of the closing acts of the great sacred drama of "Harischandra." I first made the acquaintance of this wonderful play, which may fairly be described as the "Passion Play" of India, through a translation by the late Sir Cumara Swamy. It is of epical dignity and pathetic beauty. Harishandra is "The Martyr of Truth." The prologue is in the court of the supreme deity, Indra, where the truthfulness of the great king is affirmed by one and denied by another. The result is a wager. Harischandra is subjected to the most terrible ordeals in order to induce him to tell a lie. He stands by his word at cost of his kingdom, his wife, his child—these and himself becoming slaves. In the end all their pr. secutors throw off their disguise and are shown to be gods, and everything is restored. The poem is much the same as that of Job in the Hindu Paurans, where the test is not of Harıshandra's veracity, but of his fidelity to his promise of gold for a sacrifice to the gods when he no longer has the gold (his property being destroyed, as

Job's was.) This gold he obtains by SELLING HIMSELF AND FAMILY into slavery. The popular form has humanised, but not exactly raised, the motive. My friend who sat by me translated for me in a low voice every sentence as it was surg, and then I began to appreciate something of the meaning of Hindu music. The singer was a man over 30, with a fine voice—very flexible—and though a slight inclination of the head occasionally was his only gesture, the persons of the drama seemed to live in his tones. There is one part of the drama where the wife of Harischandra, Tamavati, finds her only son dead, bitten by a serpent. She says to him: "Why do you not speak to me? What have I done that you do not reply or look on me?" One could hardly retrain from tears when the man sang these words. And again when Harischandra, ordered to be the executioner of his wife (charged with child murder), says: "Tamavati, my wife, lay thy head on the block, thy sweet face turned to the east!" The voice was here most plaintive, and suddenly rang out triumphally when the sword of execution becomes a necklace of pearls on her neck, and the gods pay homage to the inflexible "Martyr of Truth." It is notable that while so many charge these Orientals with being liars, this should be their national drama. It looks as if the Hindu Job were combined with the hero O aye. whose memorial has been translated by Mr. Al-

Otaye, from his earliest youth, Was consecrated unto truth, And if the universe must die Unless Otaye told a lie, He would defy the fate's last crash, And let all sink in one pale ash, Or e'er by any means was wrung One drop of poison from his tongue.

As I left my friend's house it occurred to me whether it might not be possible for us to import from the Orient something in the way of an occasional evening entertainment quite as dainty as their now fairly Angelicized curry—some æsthetic dish such as that for which I was indebted to the thoughtful kindness of Mutu Cumara Swamy, -M. D. Conway in Glasgow Herald.

## Well Met.

"There," she said, as she raised a window in a Pullman car the other day: "nov I can breathe. The air in this car is stifling. Why don't they have better ventilation? If I couldn't sit next to an open window I believe I should die."

Presently a slender female sitting directly back leaned over and asked her if she wouldn't just as lieve close that window now, as

the draught was more than she could stand. "No, madam, I shall not close this window. I could not live with it down. I was just thinking how delightful it was with it open, now you want it shut, but I shall not snut it: so there."

"Then you are a selfish thing, and I shall have to change my seat."

Just then a gentleman sitting close by reached over and said: "Ladies, that window being raised makes no difference, as this car has double windows, and not a breath of air can possibly get through the one that is still

down." Then the one that had raised the window turned to the other, and, with a crushed look on her face said : "Madam, I beg your pardon, but I think two fools have met at

Of the 27,672,048 inhabitants of France, 1,101,090 are foreigners, of whom 432,266 are from Belgium, 240,733 from Italy, 81, 986 from Germany, 73,781 from Spain, 66,danced." The feet had little more to do | 281 from Switzerland, and only 47,066 from

BY JULIE K. WETHERILL.

What time is it? Lor-rd! we'll have half an hour to wait, and I do hate sitting round

in a hotel with nothing to do. Ain't New Orleans au awfully funny place! It can't hold a candle to Chicago. Some one told us to visit the French quarter; but, my goodness !- its awfully anabby; just awfully shabby; and as for the French Market, you get up at an unearthly early hour in the morning, and the coffee they have's fit to poison you. I think it's your duty to see everything that's to be seen; so said to the chamber-maid. the other day, "Where are your handsome dwellinghouses ?"

"Ah! out Prytania and St. Charles, mum,

there's ilegant fine mansions, ' she said. So we went, and-would you believe it? -they're all made of wood / Did you ever Yes; this is a dreadfully queer place. used to have sort of romantic notions about the South-thought it must be just per-rfect. I thought, don't you know, you wore white dresses all winter, and sat on piazzas in hammocks, and that the Southern men were all dark, and tall, and very fiery; and the darkies were so funny, and sang, and played on banjos; but, gracious; they behave just like every one else; and as for white dresses, I've never come so near treezing to death in all my life.

Fred would say that's because I never read anything, nor listen to what any one's

saying. But that ain't it at all. You'd just die if you knew Fred. He's the funniest boy. Awfully nice, don't you know, only he will prose so about literature and culture. On! he's too funny. Why, when he likes one book by an author, he must rush right off and read all the rest of 'em. He read David Cop'field-did you ever read David Cop'field? Well, I did, and I declare I thought I'd be old and gray before I got through; but I'd promised Fred I'd read it. Well, then he read all of Dickuns. Same way about Thack'ray. He began Vanity Fair, and just went crazy about Thack'ray. Ever read Vanity Fair? Ain't it simply awful? I told Fred I just wouldn't read it, the next, but no answer came. if he never spoke to me again.

Then that Becky Sharp, too. A girl at our school wrote a composition about Becky Sharp. What did she say about her? Lor-r-d! I didn't listen to it. All I know is, it was about Becky Sharp.

Fred ain't a bit like me. Now when like one book by an author, I never read another, because I think I'd be sure not to like it half so well, and then I'd get to hate the whole lot like poison.

But you mustn't think Fred ain't nice. He's real handsome and fascinating; has big brown eyes and the cutess moustache; only he will be superior, and it's so fatiguing. Now what's the use being superior? Why can't you just be happy and sensible?

I've known Fred for per-r-fect ages. Why, he used to walk to school with me, and carry been out ever so long.

We used to quarrel like cats. One day he said to me, "Marie Cassidy, do you ever intend to be anything but a frivolous butter-

"Frivolous fiddlestick's end!" said I. and I spoke very severely, too. "If you want superiority, just visit mommer seven evenings a week.

Mommer's superior enough, gracious knows. The way she goes in for general information is simply awful. "Well," said he, "if you are content to

"Fred Delbert," I said, "am I a griffin or a Cyclops?

remain-

"Why, of course not," he said opening them big eyes of his. "Well, then I ain't 'a Cyclops, that's

settled, and popper has lots of money—just dead loads of it—so what do I want with superiority? I'm sorry you find me so unattractive. There's De Lancy Witherington, he says my eyes are like bits of heaven on earth, and-"

Fred got so mad he regularly stamped. "Don't quote to me the inane remarks of an idiot," he shouted. "Anyhow," I said, "he likes me just as

I am, and he isn't always treading on my poor little pug."

"I hate puge," said Fred. "They alwaws look as if they're making faces."

Well, somehow or other we made up again, and I made him kiss Gibi, because he'd said such horrid things about the poor lit: le pet. Gibi's just killing; you ought to see him.

Fred and I were sort of engaged. Not quite, though, because popper said Fred was young, and I was young, and he didn't want | cents to an organ-grinder. to give up his little girl just yet awhile. That made me cry, and feel real badly, because I've never been anything but the bother of his life.

But Fred and I had a serious row once. Mrs. Calvin, in our block; Pamela Stonesomewhere East. Some people said she was her "classic outline," but. Lor-r-d! she was Fred coming out of the cave! so tall and thin, and her nose was miles too

was long. She was dreadfully profound and hightoned, and Fred began to fly around her a little. I didn't let on I cared a bit, because I wasn't going to set him up, but I just Marie! don't let us make ourselves miserable

flirted awfully with De Lancy. It was at Mrs. Jenifer's ball, and De Lancy and I were sitting on the stairs, when I saw Fred and the classic Pamelaskipping off to the conservatory. Ain't men too heartless? eye, and he said, "Do you remember Miss I was sure he must have something important to say to her, so I told De Lancy I wanted to stroll about and look at the long nose !" flowers; and of course he agreed, for he was mashed-regularly mashed. I passed as close to Fred and Pamela as I could. They were talking in a low, earnest tone. and I heard something about "a scheme of serious one. The point is that she was

cosmic philosophy." Now did you ever! The idea of dragging a girl off into a conservatory to whisper such jaw-breaking things in her ear! I telt sort of relieved, for it's a comfort, after all.

with other girls, while I was taking out my hair-pins I began with malarial fever, and wasn't able to leave to think there might be more in it than met the house; and Ned Parkinson had dropped the eye. I don't know but it was the intel. in and borrowed his umbrella. lectual way of making love.

me chocolate creams. I told him I abomin ated chocolate, and it was very plain he at my rooms, and there wasn't a soul to do

to go to St. Louis on business; and while he was away I repented, and began to feel sort | sarcastic when I feel like it. of soft about him.

He had written he was pretty sure to be to raise my head As soon as I could be I rushed around to see you have home Tuesday evening. I was sitting by I rushed around to see you; but you the window, and the gas was turned low, gone to Chautaugua: so I follow and somehow I felt blue. I could see Mrs. gone to Chautauqua; so I foil wed bene I am." Calvin's house, where that horrid Pamela and here I am." Stonehenge was staying; and as I was look. ing two men went up Mrs. Calvin's steps. It was a hateful showery night; but they were very badly. And, Fred, she has got all laughing and talking, and when they put down their umbrellas I saw something that made me jamp.

head, an ebony skull with Rhine-stone eyes that flash in the most life-like way, and there that thing was winking at me in the gas light across the street. I was so mad I just cried-regularly howled. To think that Fred would go to see her first of

Well, who should walk in bright and early the next morning but Fred himself! He looked pale—with remorse, I thought. But iceberge and polar bears were nothing to me in the way of coldness.

He began, "I wanted to see you the first thing Marie-" "Indeed?" I interrupted. "I feel quite

honored." He turned very red, and stared at me. Then he said: "What do you mean? What

are you talking about ?" "Oh! of course you haven't an idea," said; and so it went on from bad to worse, until be just got up and remarked, with themost dreadful dignity.

"You seem to be accusing me of some, thing; but as you will not do me the justice to explain yourself, I will bid you goodmorning and good-by, Miss Cassidy." Of course I never meant him to get on his dignity, and when I saw him going I had

half a mind to run after him, only I was too

Two or three days passed, but still no sign nor sympton of Fred. Mommer was getting ready to go to Chautauqua, and the house was turned upside down, and I was fairly distracted. At last I just wrote him a few lines, telling him I wished to explain something. I waited all that day, and all

Then I got desperate. I just decided life wasn't worth living, and I'd be superior, and go in for sociology and demonology, and all that sort of thing.

So I told mommer I was going to Chautau. qua with her, and she said she was glad I had awakened at length to a sense of my own deficiencies; and we started off.

It isn't any fun to travel with mommer. Sae always declares she's suffocating in the Pullman, and she thinks the train is running off the track every few minutes, and drives the conductors half crazy asking questions. Then she's always dropping her eyeglasses and hand-bag and handkerchief—particularly her handkerchief. I tell her it's like the French exercises, "Ou est le mouchoir de ma

mere?" But that makes her hopping mad. Chautauqua's an awful bore, dont you my books. But that was last year, for I've know-a lot of old drones and mummies going about, and pretending they enjoy it so much. I believe they really hate it, only

they think it looks nice to be profound. And then Palestive Park! Oh, my! how those Eastern people can make such guys of themselves, and dress in bags that havn't any hang, or fit, or anything, I can't imagine. Mommer would drag me about everywhere, to improve my mind, she said. She has a mania for measurements and calculations, and one day she was calculating the dimensions of the Great Pyramid, and said, "Lor-r-d, mommer! you must have been evolved from a measuring-worm." She didn't lite it one bit, but I think she ought to have been glad I knew how to apply my knowledge.

I was so broken-hearted I took up Hebrew, and it 'most blinded me. How people could ever have talked in such a language! Well, one day I was in the steamboat on

the lake, and I was looking over my account book. Popper always makes such a point of my keeping accounts, because he says it teaches me the value of money, but no one ever knew the value of money better than I do. I had Gibi with me, and its awfully expensive boarding with a dog; and then the servants are always so grasping! I declare they're just like those horrid daughters of the horse-leech that said, "Give! give!" though why the daughters were a bit worse than the sons I never could see, only people are always slandering women.

Somehow or other I never can get my accounts to come exactly right. There were four dollars I couldn't account for, so I just put them down to "charity," because "sundries" has such an unbusinesslike look. though, to tell the truth, I'd only given ten

I was so hard at work that I never noticed that I'd been taken ever, so far past where I ought to have got out, so I just stepped at the next stopping-place, and waited for another boat to take me back. It was quite You see, there was a girl staying with a pretty spot, with trees and things, and a sort of cave not far off; and I sat and gazed henge was her name, and she came from at the beauties of nature till I was 'most starved. All at once I heard a noise beso elegant and charming, and talked about hind me, and I looked around and there

I thought for a moment maybe remorse long. I don't care what anybody says, it had driven him to retire from the world and be a hermit. Wouldn't that have been ro-

> I glanced at him very haughtily, but he began right away: "Miss Cassidy-oh, by keeping this up!"

"Who's miserable?" I enquired. "Speak for yourself, Fred-I mean Mr. Delbert." A horrid, unfeeling twinkle came into his Stonehenge?"

"Oh yes," said I, icily. "She has such a

"She has it still -" "Don't j-st on such a subject, if you

please," I said. "Well," said Fred, "I admit that it is a married last week to a Professor of Sans-

"I suppose she's refused you." I said; "and you've come to me to be consoled." Then he said a lot of absurd things I won't to have a lover who's too big a goose to flirt repeat; and I told him how I thought he'd gone to see Pamela that evening. It turned But when I thought it over that night, out that the poor boy had come back sick

"But that doesn't explain your not I was very cold to him when he brought answering my note," I said." "You see, when it came I was very sick

Well, then, in the midst of this, he had "Well, did his wig prevent you from come.

writing to me?" I asked: or

"Of course not; but I was too sick to

Well," I said, very sternly, "I'll form you this time, Fred; but you've treated nose-hasn's she ?"

"Shockingly," he said. So we were married, and came South Fred has an umbrella with the funniest a wedding journey; and—On! there's Pro It's time to start. Ain't he a darling! tell me-is my bang all right? Touth ever so much! By-by.

## MISCELLANEOUS

Chinese Lepers-A Great Bell-Hotal in Switzerland-Hard Times in Cuba—&c. &c

From 1876 82 the population of Norm creased 104,000.

The Norwegians, twenty or twenty & years ago, had plenty of oysters, but nor they have scarcely any.

The Austrian Parliament has lately been ed a measure assuring compensation to ber

sons who have been wrongly convicted It is reported that the French Govern ment is about to lay a further length of 4.3 ed cattle, which were kept u miles of underground telegraph wires, to ses, and which could not g

cost of which will be about \$11,000,000. There are nineteen Chinese lepers in a & Francisco hospital awaiting return to the to the United States are of the difficulty the steamship companie one last week 325 persons l find in landing such cases at Hong Kong.

Cholera is increasing at Calcutta, two hus The date of the national dred and fifty-seven deaths having occurre convention at Chicago has there from the scourge last week. A steam om May 7 to May 19, in on ship which has arrived at Suez had two elegates may be present and deaths on her voyage from Bassein, Bon. Be proceedings of the natio

A despatch from Matamoras, Mexico, 8471 the condition of affairs of the Government Terrible fires in the turpent is deplorable, charges financial rottenness orth Carolina raged for sev and intimates a revolution if a greatly bet roying hundreds of thous ter state of things is not speedily brought and some of the largest turpe

At the temples of Kroto, Japan, is the land a number of families reat bell cast in 1633 1t is 18 feet high meless. great bell cast in 1633 It is 18 feet high 9 feet in diameter, and 91 inches thick. It weight is nearly 74 tons. pounds of gold are said to have been incorporated in the composition. Its tone is tins. The exact figures magnificent. When struck with the open ans. Their value at wholesa hand its sound can be heard at a distance of 6,000,000. Maryland puts a hundred yards.

In regard to the state of affairs in Egypt the following dispatch from Cairo tells a Among the bills pending in sad tale:-There are 138 men, women, and by Legislature is one to pro children of all ages in the infirmary at Tou. Facture of dynamite and rah, living like wild beasts in indescribable aterials, or any dynamite n filth and neglect. Among the inmates are ansportation thereof intend several raving madmen who are sometimes wful wounding of anybody unchained. There are other inmates in every ty of from \$1,000 to \$5.00 stage of the most loathsome diseases. Two risonment of from thirty da black men walk about entirely naked.

In New South Wales all labour is paid by an who has just received to the day of eight hours. Carpenters, 10s. to 50 years' inprisonment an 12s. (city), 13s. (suburbs); stonemasons, lls, hanged. They want to to 12s; stonemasons' labourers, 8s. to 10s.; but the man claims he ough plasterers, 11s. to 14s.; plasterers' labourers, me first, as that sentence v 8s. to 10s.; bricklayers, 12s. to 13s.; brick for to the one of hanging. layers' labourers, 85. to 10s.; painters, 9s. to as his opinion that "as the lls.; joiners, 10s. to 12s.; plumbers, 11s. to dead sure loser, he'd bette 12s.; gasfitters, 9s. to 11s.; sawnill hands, he bank and swing to wun 9d. to 1s. per hour.

At Cœur d'Alene, says a traveller who re be in a worse condition the cently arrived at Denver, everything is very dear. It costs twenty-five cents to get a very twelve mines in the paper by mail, and fifty cents for a letter. Ind those which are running Nothing is considered less than a quarter. he largest and wealthiest of Shaving is a quarter, hair cutting fifty cents, the restricting the output. any kind of a meal costs \$1, and eggs fifty of the ore is of the bes for less than 1, even though you bunk on hich is lower than for man the floor.

Some bad dividends have been lately announced by steam shipping companies, but the Canard Company has, according to the Pall Mall Gazette, made an exceptionally wretched report. No dividend whatever has ne of the bureaus of the been earned for the past year, while 4 per cent. was paid in May last, 3 per cent. in May, 1882, and 6 per cent. in May, 1881. The times are explained to have been generally bad for steam shipping during the past year, as to which there is no sor; of doubt, and the lines of shipping running to America have not been the last to feel the want of remunerative freight.

In a recent scientific feuilleton in the Paris Debats, M. Henri Parville quotes a reference to the singular action of oil on waves by Theophylactes, the Byzantine historian of the sixth century. Tae passage occurrs in a dialogue on "various natural questions." The question propounded is, why oil makes the sea calm? and the answer given is to the effect that as the wind is "a subtle and delicate thing," and oil is "adhesive, unctuous, and smoothe," the wind glides over the surface of the water on which oil has been spread, and cannot raise waves. The wind, in fact, slips over the water without being able to obtain a grip, so to speak.

A Parisian correspondent says that the archæological researches on the site of ancient Carthage, conducted by Messrs. Solo. mon Reinach and Ernest Babelon, have brought to light a number of objects of historical and artistic importance. Conformably to the instructions of the French institute, this scientific mission has been chiefly occupied in determining the relative levels of the Roman and the Punic soil on the site of Carthage. The great accumulation of rubbish and stones which forms the upper layer of the Carthaginian soil renders the work of excavation long and difficult. Five metres deep a series of wells, cisterns, and cellars of the Panic epoch has been discov-

Cuba is at present passing through a peried of extreme commercial depression. One result of this is to increase the dissatisfaction with Spanish rule. Even the wealthy plant ers who formerly were fierce Spanish partisans, and aided in suppressing that long. continued insurrection which ended only a few years ago, are now somewhat disloyal themselves, and inclined to favor independence or annexation to the United States. They do not want Cuba; and as that is pretty well understood, independence is mostly discussed. The country is ripe for any revolt that may be started. Aguero's attempt, which a few days ago was so insignificant as to be laughed at by the Spanish officials, has already met with such encouragement found it too troublesome to remember my anything for me but an old man with a that it is now undeniably formidable, and there i o telling what may be its out

raise of Black Walnus in North Carolina Superior Trade—Prosuperior Trade—Prosuperior Carolina Superior English capitalists are report of released \$5,000,000 worth of at in Ohio, Indiana and Iowa

New England maple sugar mplaining of an exceptiona nd very naproductive reason. The barbett wire manufact Vest, having adjusted their ow combining to lut up the I ade two advances in the last Northern capitalists are busy Pice lands of Eastern Te supply are being sought. A supplementary arrangeme included between this countr

letive to the removal of restande between America and est Ingies. The Judiciary Committee o stes House of Representative report against proposing an the National Constitution g e right of suffrage. By the burning of a great

tersburg, Ky., a few days a The proportions of the exod

O never intend to return to ngress, which will be held

the State. Several houses The American Grocer finds

About 1,500 000,000 cases of tomatoes v he United States, each conta alf of the product, and New

They are having trouble in

The Lake Superior ore tr rtwelve or fifteen years.

bill has been introduce tates Senate to provide for sik culture bureau which artment and shall embrac kn five silk culture station das follows: One to be ate of Pennsylvania, one Alabama, one in Iowa a ia. The bill provides for \$150,000 for carrying on

his price there is only a pr

In 1881 a Fargo (Dakota single stool of wheat in h onsisted of twenty-two st hese contained 860 grain ere planted in 1882, yiel ashel. Last Spring this carefully cultivated. venteen bushels, an in ve fold, and a yield of nd thirty-two pounds to en bushels from a single cars is a good growth.

Elephants for Fa am pulling along anaged to secure severa coffee more than I ha his is always pleasant. bout \$3,000. Never clore of working with way our crop with the ad not intrude myself to tention. You see I di the honor of an intima reated them with great nce, much the same as policeman. I can't get othet "trunk," The M elephants has certain re turned out into the wn food; and so they night, pulling and t ee or shrub they fancy. ne dri vers, tracing the erent marks, put the heir ears and lead ther

hants seem to graze i ontenteadly as cattle bility to scramble up as mps seable places is well as a property of the o break mibranch off a t rees for this purpose, —

8 medicinalism Ro cas treatment, etc., W