The cave is about one mile from the railroad. The mouth of the cave has the appearance of an ordinary sink-hole, and the may who has the hardihood to investigate this underground world must accommodate himself to a considerable shower of water and wade through about 400 yards of mud. According to instructions, your correspondent provided himself with lights, matches and a pair of gum boots and plunged into the more than Egyptian darkness of the cavern. Guided by the faint flickering of a miner's lamp, we pushed through clouds of bats, and wading through about a quarter of a mile of came into a large and spacious chamber, adorned in the most artistic manner by nature's handy artist. The ceiling was stud-ded with hundreds of white, slender stalactites, while stalagnites raised their white-tipped heads in silent wonder through the murky darkness. Amidst the forest of lime-stone columns arose spotless altars, chalky thrones and creamy chairs, made and fashioned by the yielding touch of water.

Lighting a bundle of pine knots that we had prepared for the occasion, we placed them in the natural chandeliers, and their glare, shining on the dainty formations, made a scene that was unsurpassed by the most wonderful transformations of Aladin's

Passing through this lovely depository of nature's treasures, we came into the chamber that contained the objects of our search. The hog lay near the center of the room, and was perfect in every respect, except the loss of a leg.

The stone man was lying near the en-

Judging from the stone hatchets and spear heads that lay around him and the forma-tion of his skull, he must have been au In-

After closely examining the bodies, we passed through this room and along a narrow pass age of considerable length that terminated in a large and lofty chamber that seemed to be the end of the cave, but on closely examining the wall we discovered a small crevice. Crawling through this opening we came to a small 10 by 12 room, but the object that, at once chaised my attention was a small and exquisitely shaped female figure, in the finest state of preservation, lying about the center of the room. The left hand was pressed under her cheek while the other was lying across the breast. The delicately-carved lips were alightly parted. The fore-head was low, broad and intellectual, while a finely poised nose gave character and strength to the well blended features. As I stood above the marble figure that, perhaps, had lain in this silent chamber of darkness for centuries, I thought if those sealed eyes could open and the beautiful lips move what a strange history they would tell. What the sad history of her life? What misfortune consigued her to a tomb in this cave, where the coming ages would sweep over the imperishable monument of a people dead, for gotten and unknown.

EXTINCTION OF GREAT BIRDS.

How the Dodo, the Great Auk and Other Fratherdd Wonders Have Disappeared.

It is a noteworthy fact that some of th great birds most interesting to naturalists have become extinct, apparently within the memory of man, and even within two centuries. The dodo (didus ineptus), which was an inhabitant of the Mauritius Island and at the time of its discovery in 1598 ex-tremely common, has been so effectually eradicated that it is now only repre-sented by a few pictures of the seventeenth century, and two heads, a foot, a few feathers and some of its bones that are scattered about among the museums of Continental Europe. From the pictures above mentioned and the descriptions of the early voyagers, it appears that this giant among pigeons was a large hulky hird weighing seventy five nounds. Its bill was long and strong, and the upper part of the mandible was so horny, arched, hooked and ferocious in appearance that its discoverers for a long time considered it a ground vulture. Its body terminated in a rounded extremity, being destitute of true tail feathers, aving a tuft of plumes to take the place.

From Madagascar we have the remains of eggs that were found among human implements that were a good lift for two men, and that, after being cut in two, were probably used as vessels for holding water, their capa city being several gallons. The hen that laid these monster eggs is unknown to science but must have been a wondrous spectacle Two other birds, the solitaire and nazarene, have also become extinct within the traditions of man. The former attained a weight of forty-five pounds, had feet and beak like a turkey, but in other respects resembled the didus above mentioned. The plumage was of a brownish gray color, and according to De Legnat they produce a noise like a rattle by finttering their wings, which he says were enlarged on the extremity of the bone into a round knob, like a musket ball. The nazarine had only three toes, and from its bones we judge that it was thrice as large as the

Even as recently as fifty years ago a large bird, 40 inches in length, called the great auk was occasionally found as far south as Boston, and was quite common in the Arctic regions. To day not a single specimen is known to exist in the world, having become totally extinct, but by what means will always remain an enigma. Very few specimens of it are known, and only one skin is on exhibition in this country; this was purchased by a gentleman in New York at a cost of \$750 in old. The eggs alone, at market value will

SOME FEW CHANGES.

One of the travelers for a Detroit wholesale boot and shoe house was the other day sent to a village in the western part of the State in response to information received that a debtor in business there had just died. The firm was interested to the extent of \$1,000, and the agent was correspondingly anxious. Finding the store closed he called at the house. funeral had not yet taken place, but the be-reaved said that she would see him.

"I see that the store is closed," remarked the agent by way of getting at his errand.

- "Yes, but I shall open it to morrow."
 "Do you intend to run the business your
- Yes, sir."
- "And there won't be any changes?"
 "Well, yes, I shall make a few." " Anything to affect accounts?"
- Possibly. I shall fail as soon as I oper the store to-morrow and try and effect a compromise with the creditors. If you'll come around after dinner I'll make you some sort of an offer, and perhaps give you an order for

odd sizes !" The agent did not ride to the grave with the mourners. He mourned by himself at the hotel, -Detroit Free Press.

-Thomas Carlyle was not an enthusiastic admirer of George Washington. Thirty years ago James T. Fields visited the sage, who said to him: "I've been lately reading the life of your mighty George (Washington), by one Upham of Salem, and a poor creature enough I find George to be. He was a sad specimen of a great man, God help him—a good land surveyor and measurer of timber, but he had no faith and no religion. You that will take him down several pegs. Aye but he was a poor stick enough a signboard sort o' feller, rest his soul!"

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THE HEAD WAITER. BY F W. ROBINSON.

CHAPTER I.

JACOB'S COURTSHIP. They all said I was an cld fool. There was not one at the Apollo of a different opinion. I was a "precious old fool," some of them even added, and they thought themselves nearer to the mark. I was not certain in my "heart of hearts," as the saying is, that I was doing anything particularly wise. God knows, for the matter of that, that I wasn't a wise man. Wise men were not likely to be numerous amongst the waiters at the Apollo music hall; we were a seedy, shaky, hand to-mouth lot, and I was the head of them, and a mark for a little envy, evil speaking and general uncharitableness. One can not attain a good position over others—over waiters especially—without some hard words being said behind his back; but I didn't care for them much. They were not true, they were not just, and Mr. Wheezy, the master, and Plantagenet, the manager, and Cadby, the chairman, knew that, and looked upon me as a trusty servant. Their good opinion was my reward for faithful service, for I was an

bonest man enough.

Still they thought also I was an old fool when I married Jessie Keane, and they said so with the rest. They did not know much about the case, or of the reasons for my marriage—it was only on the cards that I, a man of fifty-five years of age, and looking older than my years, had married a girl of seventeen. Yes, it looked a foolish trick enough, and I was not a wise man. Once again I say it here—I make no pretense of being one. I never had the common shrewdness of my class. A fool, sir, if you will, but an honest fool, that's all. Set that down in your mind too. It's as well, and it's only fair

o me. I married Jessie in this way. Her fathe had been an old friend of mine; he and I were brought up together at King Alfred's school in Warwickshire, where they gave us a good education, and a start in life, although both our starts happened to be particularly unlucky. He married early, set up in business, and failed; came to London, set up his business again, and failed again; buried his wife, died, and left me to bury him. John and I had never lost sight of each other; we had been staunch friends, old cronies, from the beginning to the end. I liked old John; I'm sure he found something to like in me. Both being unlucky men, there was a tie between us; we could compare notes of all our plunders and mistakes, and see where we missed our chances, or where the chances passed us by. I had set up in business, too. and failed, of course; my life has been an utter failure from the beginning to the end, and why I was born, and what good I have ever been, are subjects on which I ponder very much still.

My business failures, however, are not the theme of this relation. I begin from John's illness, when he was sick unto death, and every hour I could spare from the Apollo I spent at his side, grieving as for an only brother going from me.
"If I only knew what would become of

Jessie!" John used to mourn; " if I could only "She will take care of herself," I said;

"she is a shrowd little woman even now."

I was hardly speaking the truth, but I wanted to console him. I knew of many little faults in Jessie, although I thought sh would grow out of them in the good time of a staider womanhood. "What will she do?-oh, what will she

do?" he cried, still unconsolable, "There's her business to keep her mind employed—to keep her out of mischief.' was a shop-girl in a draper's firm in Oxford street.

"Oh, but the going home at nights!" he "about there, too, where the streets are alive with bad men and women always, Jacob. And the house desolate and she only eventeen !"

"If"-I can see his big wistful gray eyes fixed upon me now--"if you would only take care of her."

"I am always out late," I replied. "She is too young to be in my house—no relation, as it were. Can not she live at the business altogether ?"

"She won't, Jacob. She hates it already."
"Can't she— What are you looking at me like that for?" " Can't you make her your wife, Jacob," he said, huskily. "What's to hinder that? You are fond of Jessie—you always have been—

and she is very fond of you. ' Yes, in her way. As her father's friendas a second father.

"She is always talking of you; she can trust you," he went on. "You are not a hard, stern man and are never without a kind word for her. You wouldn't like her to go wrong.

" God forbid !" "Take care of her, then," he said, "if you an see your way to it —pray do."

"I am fifty-five years of age, John."

"That does not matter," he answered.

She has no one to think about; it is not as f there was anybody in the way. She'd marry you to-morrow if you aske I her, and be glad,

" Don't say any more just now, John. I'll think it over. You have muddled me up dreadfully. She is so very young!" "You can train her to anything. She has

always done what you have told her, Jacob. She is not like one of your stubborn ones." " No, no. I'll think it over." And I did from that day. It is easy to see that I was not in love with Jessie Keane then -a crazy old man bent on breaking a girl's

heart. I saw the folly of this ill-assorted match as clearly as anybody—more clearly, for I knew Jessie's faults and failings better then her father did. More times than I can reckon up I had disguised them from him. She had been like a little daughter to me many years, and a thought of marrying her had never come into my head until John Keane put it there. Then the scene changed, and the characters changed with it, and I became an old fool in my theories and affections and whilst laboring under the delusion that was doing a good turn to John, and that it might be for the best to consider him, I was falling in love with this young girl.

When her father became very weak and very anxious, I spoke to her. I told her of his wishes and my own, but I begged her to think it over very carefully, to act as her heart prompted her, and that these wishes were only those of two old fogies, who could not tell what was best for her. That I would make her a good husband she could rest assured; that she could make me a good wife she only knew herself. And above all, if for an instant she doubted that from such a match there could come any happiness, to get away from me as from some one with the plague, and never to mind me, or her father, or anybody else. I could not act fairer than this; I
told her what had been talked about, and left
her to a free consideration of it—I could do

consider it was not my business, I gave in no more.

She wou'd have answered me at once, and upon my waistcoat, but I would not let her answer. "Think it over, Jessie," I said. "I

RICHMOND HILL, THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1881.

too."
"I'm sure you don't," she answered, almost

doubtful." " Yory well.
" And if there should be anybody else," I stammered—" say, at the business, or over the way, or anywhere, you know—don't have

"Oh, nobody looks of me-not once in a blue moon. I'm only a shop girl. Trust peo-ple for that," she cried, with a toss of her

ple for that," she cried, with a toss of her head.

"But—the young men in the shop," I suggested, timidly; "I have heard you laughing with your father about them."

"Cads!" said Jessie contemptuously—
"awful cads, who think they're good enough for countesses. I hate the lot."

She stamped her foot angrily, and I smiled and went away honefully. Jessie would nave

and went away hopefully. Jessie would have told me the truth, I considered, if there had been any one in her thoughts. She was im-petuous and vain, perhaps, but she knew how well she could trust old Jacob Durnford. Possibly she knew it too well, and that de-ceived her. Poor woman, I thinkit did, now; hough it is all very difficult to make out still,

and terribly beyond me. At the week's end she came to me, and put her arms round my neck, and said, with a little faltering voice that thrilled my old heart

"I have made up my mind, Jacob." "To be my wife, Jessie—you mean that, then?" I cried. "Yes, whenever you like to ask me."

to its core:

Thus it was that Jessie and I agreed to be one, and that John Keane died in peace. We were married very shortly after that—it had been John's urgent wish; and then, as I have stated, they all said at the Apollo that I was 'an old fool."
Again, I don't deny it; but it is fair to me

to put down all my reasons for being so fool-sh, which I do not care to explain, and which I never explained, to the little tawdry world in which my lot was cast.

CHAPTER II.

" WEDDED BLISS."

I must say we were happy enough to begin with, that "May and December" jogged along amicably together. She was a woman —well, a child, if you will—who looked up to me, who believed that I was a good man, and fancied at times I was a good man, and fancied at times I was a clever one. This was only fancy, of course; but then I had been her father's friend, and John had sung my praises overmuch in his day, and Jessie had loved her father very dearly. Why, she was fretting for him on her wedding day, but then the days were early yet of her great loss. We had married in haste, to repent at leisure; we might have had more respect for the old man, our neighbors and our lodgers said. They did not know what the father's wish had

been, and we never cared to tell them.

Oh yes, happy. It is like a dream now, maybe, but it was happiness, and it seemed inclined to last, in spite of all the doleful prophecies which had been made concerning us. Jessie went to her business just the same as ever; a waiter's salary was scanty pay, and her's helped to lighten the housekeeping for the first six months. We had two rooms on the second floor of a house turning out of Holborn—I will call it Rudge street—and here on Sundays, and late at night on week days, after I had made up the Apollo receipts, there was no happier home than ours. Per-haps it was before the six months—nay, it might have been five (my head is weak for dates)—that Jessie grew a little dissatisfied and reckless. I have said already she was of an impetuous disposition, easy to disturb, but easy to please. A mere child Jessie Durnford, even in her married state.

I remember her coming in one day at tea-time very well, if I forget the date. It is all memorable to me, every look of her, and every

word she uttered.

She took off her bonnet and pitched it unceremoniously across the room; and her mantle followed it—missed the sofa at which it was aimed, and fell upon the floor. She was very pretty in her petulance; her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes sparkling with

"There ! I have seen the last of old Miller's shop, and old Miller himself, and old Miller's 'she cried, "and I don't go back any

"What has happened?"
"Oh, nothing has happened—at least thing that you'd care to hear," she said; "it doesn't concern yo, u Jacob, at all." "I should care to hear of anything in which you were interested," I ventured to remark.

"Ah! yes - but I'm not interested. Only, mind you, I hate the lot of 'em.' " Have they-have they found out you are married ?''

That was a secret which we had kept to ourselves so far as Miller's shop folk were concerned. Mr. Miller had an objection to married women behind the counter, and we had both thought it was as well not to tell them at the business, so we started in an underhand way, and no luck came of it. It never does, people say; but I know better than that. I bave seen too much of the awful world to believe in that now; but here it was, certainly, as if bad luck had followed us a bit. " No-they haven't found out anything,

and se don't worry me."
"I should like to know," I said, perhaps a

"I should like to know," I said, perhaps a little too persistently.

"Then you won't," she answered, quickly
"it isn't worth knowing—it's nothing to do with you, I tell you. But before I stand any more of that stingy skindint's cheek"—Jessie could be a little slangy in excited moments, although "quite the lady" as a rule
—"I'll sell halfpenny newspapers or pipelights in the streets. Who's he, to order people about, I should like to know? And I won't be ordered about and scolded and preached to by anybody.

" Preached to ?" "Well," she explained, " told to command my temper, and be respectful to my superiors, and civil to the customers and all that bosh. And I-I'll never go back again as long as I live. Never, never, never."

And here Jessie finally gave way to a torrent of hysterical tears, and it required all my efforts to soothe her, and all my entreaties to bring about a calmer state of things. This was the end of Jessie's shop life, com-

ing to an end with a wrench, and when we did not expect it. Jessie acted very suddenly at times, and not always for the best. Not that this was for the worse. Knowing now a little more about it, I may say it was for the best that she should leave Miller's shop in Oxford street. She did not tell me the cause of the quarrel with her employers. She would and presently forgot I had been curious about Jessie was an industrious, energetic girl; in the affirmative, and with a shower of tears she was sure she would not be any extra expense to me, and there was plenty of work to be got at home, without that hideous shop am fitty-six next birthday." -life, as she termed it. She ebtained work as "That isn't so dreadfully old, is it," she she had prophesied; she soon became a clever dressmaker, having considerable taste, and

"It is a dreadfully old man for you," I being very handy with the needle, and by answered—"going on for sixty, and," I degrees a little connection came around her, added with a sigh, "looking more than sixty, and she earned for a while more money than "What I in this cold weather? Not I!"

For a while, I say, for presently a little girl "I'm sure you don't," she answered, almost indignantly.

"Oh, I know I do," I replied; "and so think it over, Jessie. Take a week—this day week. This day month, if you're the least bit the same to understand my porition clearly. I was not like Jessie-I always took time to think a matter out. I was slow.

When Jessie got about again there was a little maid to keep, to take care of the baby whilst Jessie worked at her dresses, and the maid and baby did not add greatly to the expenses, or rather, the expenses were met by my getting—very fortunately, we both thought at first -employed in the daytime at Caffine's eating-house in the Strand.
"What with Caffins's and the Apollo and

the dressmaking," I said, exultingly, "we shall grow quite rich in time."

"I hope so," answered Jessie, thoughtfully.
"And it was a lucky thing, after all, that you left Miller's when you did."
"Bother Miller's!" cried Jessie, flinging down her work at once; "you know I hate the very name of that place. Now I can't do a stroke of work to-day."

"I don't see why mentioning the name of "I don't see why mentaning the half of Miller's should stop your work."

"Oh, but it does. I wish I had a book, but there's no books in this house," she cried.

"I wish I could go out, but there's nowhere o go and no one to go with.

to go and no one to go with."

"Why don't you and the girl and the baby have a turn in the Park?"

"Yes, that's it. That's a dear, good old Jacob, for thinking of it," she cried, kissing me, and clapping my leathern cheeks between her hands. "Polly, we'll go into the Park and take the baby. Get your things on and don't stand staring at me. A day in the Park—oh! how I shall enjoy it!"

I looked at her with a lettle surprise. I had

I looked at her with a little surprise. I had not liked her sudden fits of excitement at any

time, now they seemed to be growing upon her, to be carrying her away.

Was she getting dissatisfied with her present life—with home—with me? Oh, my Ged -with me! came suddenly the thought, and

I was as full of fancies as a woman-it was lucky for me that my fancies did not last, or that my double work now took them out of my head. Jessie was just the same as ever the next day, and so I quickly forgot the hard thoughts of a few hours before; she was the same for weeks and months, for seeing her but at odd moments of the day, and very late at night, there was no opportunity to notice any change in her.

I did not think of any change in her for a long while. She was very busy—there were always sundry orders coming in, and sundry dresses of the customers hanging by the pegs around the room, and she always received me with a smile of welcome. For two years, nearer three, perhaps, we went on in our happy Darby-and Joan fashion, with nothing to complain of, and with much love on either side, I think. I know, even, that there was. After that she began to droop, to become dull and spiritless, and I began to miss the smile ome when I came home from the Apollo. tiers was a pale and weary face now, and I was quick to note the change in it.

" Jessie," I said, " you are not well. You are working too hard."
"I like work. It's as well to be busy when one has the chance."

"Besides?"
"Besides, it keeps a body from thinking too

much." "Don't you like to think?" I asked.

"Not always. Not when the thoughts are too much for me, or too horrible."
"I don't understand," I answered, nervously.
"No more do I," she said, with a short, that.

hard laugh, "only they do get horrible, and I don't know why. Sometimes, Jacob, I wish I were well out of it." Well out of what?"

"Out of the world." "You haven't anything on your mind, Jessie?" I asked, very seriously now. "There you go with your horrid questions

again," she cried petulantly, " no, I haven't."
"I'm glad to hear that." "But I'm dull, miserable, hipped to death," she said, "that's the truth, Jacob. I like life, and I don't have any; I'm fond of excitement, and I'm cooped up here, and never see a soul. I'm fond of society, and nobody ever comes, and I go to no one's house. Might not a woman be as well in her grave as slaving on like this?"

I was very much astonished. She had disguised her feelings for so long, she appeared to have settled down so thoroughly to this humdrum life of ours, that her sudden out-burst took my breath away. When I had recovered it I said:
"Yes, it is a little dull. What do you want

to do? Oh, I don't know," was the petulant reply;

"I haven't thought of that."
"Think of it all to-morrow, and let me know

when I come home at night," I said. "I should be glad to know."

Whether she had thought about it I was not quite certain, but the result of her delib erations was not made known to me. I had thought, however, and was full of suggestions, to make up for her lack of inspiration.

Would she feel disposed to give up some of her customers? No, she wouldn't. Would she get somebody to help her? She hated strangers, and she never could agree with another woman. There was not one girl at old Miller's whose face she had not longed to slap at some time or other. Should I give up Caffin's and stop at home in the daytime, or the Apollo, and leave the evenings free? Then I could read to her, or take her to a theater now and then. N—no, that wouldn't do. She would not like me to surrender any part of my income, to throw up my berth, at a time when she might be going to fall ill; she did not know, but she thought it was likely that she might, she felt so strange and wild. Still, she might be better in a day or two-she

amusement, solace, change in her?

"Oh, yes, yes," she cried at once. "Without her I should have died long ago, or run away from you. Jacob.' Jessie!" I exclaimed, " for God's

sake don't talk like that!"
"I don't mean with another man, you old silly," she said, "but away altogether, in sheer

grave. It is all so still and cold."

"Yes, something must be done, Jessie." This was in the winter time. I went to a doctor's—on the quiet this, and totally unknown to Jessie—and he heard my story, and said she wanted change of air and change of He would have been glad to see my wife for himself, but there was little doubt that she had been overworked, and that the

"What ! in this cold weather? Not I!" "There are warm places, I believe. Tor-

quay...Ventor...Bournemouth."
"Oh, shut up!" she cried. "I shan't go. I should be worse there than here, and more alone."

"Is there not anything you would like to do?" I asked, in despair.
"Yes, I think sometimes I should like to go to the Apollo with you," she said, thoughtfully.
"Good gracious!"

"What's the matter now?"

"Did you say the Apollo—with me?"
"Yes, I did," she answered. "There's music, and I am fond of music; there's singing, and I love singing. You have made me laugh many times at what the comic man and does, and sometimes I fancynot always, mind you—that I should like to

" It is not fit for you."

" Why not?" " It is not quite fit for any young woman, I fancy."
"Young women go, I suppose?"

"Oh yes, they go."
"You'll be near me—you could put me where I should be safe" she said, almost scoffingly; "and there are respectable people about?" "Yes, a fair sprinkling of them,

times. "Well, put me near them, and away from all the fast ones.

"Ye-es, you may be sure I should do hat. "I have never said a word about going to any amusement whilst Jessie was a baby. I have slaved on and said nothing. Haven't

"You have, Jessie." " And now the little one sleeps all the evening, and we have some one to look at her if she should wake, you might take me with you sometimes. Once a week, say—just for a change," she cried, "just to keep

the devil from me!" "Oh, Jessie, what is the matter? What are you hiding from me?"

" Nothing at all." " On your honor ?" She seemed to hesitate, or else I was strange-ly suspicious that night.

"On my honor," she said, the instant afterwards; "only I am so dull—always alone here. And the music hall would amuse me now and then."
"I don't think it would."

"And I should come back always with you," she continued. "It would be so nice and comfortable at times. Let me try it,

What could I say? She had been recommended change, and she had asked for change where I was, where I could see her, and take care of her if it was necessary. And she was ill, and almost weary of her life, and I could only say "Yes."

"That old Durnford always was a fool,"

they said at the Apollo when I took Jessie there for the first time, and I think they were not far out in this matter. They did not know how helpless I was, and how hard my wife had begged for some little distraction from the dull and lonely life against which she had already uttered a complaint from our marriage day to this time. They did not comprehend my reasons: I was not called upon to the any reasons, and I did not. But I might have been a fool for all this—I think so now, though at my wits' end to know what I could have done instead of this. Here at least was a mistake, though I was only a waiter, and Jessie a waiter's wife. We should not have had any fine feelings to be wounded or trifled with, being humble folk, and neither of us with a thought above our station—but perhaps we had for all

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SUN STORMS THROUGH A TELESCOPE

The great fireball is in intense commotion. His surface is seamed and scarred in every direction with black spots that indicate the disturbing elements at work in his chaotic mass. Occasionally, for a day or two, the blemishes disappear, and the glorious king of day shows a face like a shield of glowing gold. But the aspect quickly changes; spots come rushing in all directions and assuming all forms. They appear singly and in pairs, and again in groups and rows. Immense groups break up into small ones, and small ones unite to form great chasms, into which half a dozen worlds might be dropped and there would still be room for more. Sometimes the spots are visible to the naked eye, and at that time a good opera glass or a spy glass will make them easily perceptible. Hundreds of observers all over the world watch the sun's face every clear day, and keep a record of the number of spots, their size and the direction in which they move, for as the sun turns on its axis they turn with him, some of them remaining for months without much change, some taking on new forms and some disappearing entirely. Very little is known of this mysterious sun or the spots that are visible more than 90,000,000 miles away.

Once in about eleven years the sun takes on his present sun spot phase, and we are approaching the maximum of disturbances. No one knows the cause. Some believe that it is planetary attraction, some that it is the fall of great masses of meteoric matter, and some that it is the result of internal commotion and a rush upward of gaseous explosions, in comparison with which our fiercest volcanic eruptions are but the flicker of a flame. Besides the sun spot agitation, the gaseous outhursts are marked and vivid. The tongues of flame or rosy protuberances are darting forth in all directions and bearing their testimony to the solar commotion. Mr. Trouvelot, of Cambridge, who makes daily observations of the sun's chromosphere, gives a graphic description of a remarkable solar protuberance that he witnessed in November 16. Whe first seen it was large and complicated she might be better in a day or two—she could not tell.

There was the child to amuse her—another Jessie, in whom she took great pride, and had a strong, deep love for her. Was there no amusement salese change there in her?

In the stell in was large and to complicated, extending upwards from the sun about 100,-000 miles. Three or four hours after it had developed into huge proportions extending far out into space, and vanishing gradually to regions where it could not be perceived. As nearly as it could be measured, it reached a height of over a quarter of the sun's diameter, or about 235,000 miles. Such a protuberance hurled upward from the earth after, the whole structure had collapsed, and was only 18,000 miles high. Observations like this give an idea of the mighty force esperation, like a mad-woman." at work in the solar orb, and make obser"The house seems so very dull to you, vers at work long for the time when a satisfactory solution may be found for this mys "Dreadfully dull. I am alone so much," terious periodical solar disturbance, so inti-she replied. "If I had only had a sister or a brother, now; but this blank room is like a ditions of the earth.

--Prince Bismarck is a confirmed smoker, and under his speakership are held the Tobacco Parliaments with which his Saturday evening receptions, regularly recurrent throughout the Reichstag spring session, invariably con-clude. As the night waxes old, a number of eminent politicians, members of either House, gravitate to the Chancellor's luxurious smoking dullness of her life was telling on not a little. "Give her change," he said; and this was only what I and huge tankards of sparkling ale await knew before, although it was worth a guinea to prove how very right I was. I went home to but the talk is brilliant and the laughter and proposed that she and the servant and AROUND THE WORLD.

WHOLE NO. 1,180.-NO. 40.

-The Norwegians intenderecting a monu ment to Ole Bull.

-Gen. Sir Frederick Roberts pronounce the British army "absurdly small." -A Saginaw bridegroom, litterbed by horn act pan seconds sen out and silled serenader

-According to the Washington Republi can, when a young man in Texas goes back on a girl to whom he is engaged, they suspend him to a tree and let him grow up with the

-One of the most beautiful models in Paris is a young woman who comes from the blue grass region of Kentucky. She was de-serted by her husband abroad, and she now supports herself by posing. -The Empress of the French gave \$250,-

000 for Mr. Longman's villa, which is to be her future home. The house is a good one, and stands in very pretty picturesque ground, but there is only a small quantity of land attached to it. -Three biographies of Carlyle are in pre-

paration. Mr. Froude will, it is believed. bring out very speedily the fragment of autobiography left by Mr. Carlyle, and will reserve till a future period the publication of his biography of the deceased.

that in two weeks time a girl can operate it. -The celebrated Italian embalmer, Paolo

Gorini, lately died at Lodi, aged 68. His whole life was devoted to science, and he died a beggar. The state gave him a splen-did funeral, and the day after his burial s subscription was started to raise him a

-The "rock-a-way," according to the London World, is the latest variety of the waltz. It is largely patronized by the indelently inclined. It derives its name from the swaying motion produced by changing the foot on the first note of each har only, and is a lazy development of the old "hop" waltz. -- The Prince of Wales gave a dinner to twenty-five guests recently at the Marlbor eugh Club, Lendon, to decide on the quali-

the back of the menu card before him. The cook was voted unanimously not up to the mark. -Among the signs of returning business prosperity in Switzerland may be noted the facts that the receipts facts that the receipts facts that the receipts facts all ways for the past year exceed those of 1879 by 2,000,000, and that the watch trade has lately become so active that manufacturers are raising

their prices for watches in the rough by eighty

fications of a new chef de cuisine. Each guest was to give his unbiassed opinion on

per cent., and for finished watches thirty per -Lord Randolph Churchill's famous party of four in Parliament have taken apartments on a joint venture in one of the eight story blocks in Broadway, Westminster. They have also migrated from the Carlton to the junior Carlton club, in the hope of giving support to the opposition organized against

-There are at present about 800 Cherokes Indians in North Carolina, owning 80,000 acres of land and \$40,000 in cash, which the Government holds in trust for them. Ambassadors from the Cherokee nation have just been visiting them for the purpose of inducing them to emigrate to the tribe reservation in the Indian Territory, and it is believed the various branches of this nation will soon be

reunited. -A firm in Bremen has the commission to make the uniforms for the army of the King of the Sandwich Isles. The army consists of 400 men-100 cavalry, who will have the same uniform as the German yellow Dragoons, and 300 infantry. The organizer of this force is Herr Hogemann, a native of Bremen, with whose services the King is much pleased.

-It is reported that the deposed Khedive of Egypt has been entering into secret negotiations with the Albanians and Greeks with a view to contingencies. Ismail is crafty, rich, ambitious and unscrupulous. To such a man in such a position the present disturbed condition of Eastern affairs offers many opportunities, and in attempting to forcast possible issues of a war the existence of the ex-Khedive should never be left entirely out of account.

-The Troy treasures of Dr. Schliemann lately exhibited at South Kensington, London, and now presented to the German Government have arrived in Berlin and will be displayed in the new Ethnological Museum on completion of that building. The Emperor has addressed to the learned Doctor a letter thanking him in the name of the empire for the precious and patriotic gift, and expressing the hope that he may further be privileged to continue his unselfish and scientific labors with equal success to the honor of the fatherland.

-Michael Davitt, the Land League prison er, is a Roman Catholic and the son of a tenant farmer, and was born at Straid, near Castlebar, in the county of Mayo, in the year 1848. His father was evicted in 1851, and the family went to reside in England. They settled in Lancashire, where they remained for twenty-five years. Michael Davitt went to work in a cotton mill at Haslingden, near Manchester, at the age of nine, and he was a year at that labor when his right arm got crushed by the mill machinery, necessitating its amputation at the shoulder. For five years after he attended the Wesleyan school in Haslingden, and at fifteen got employment as letter carrier and bookkeeper.

-- A banquet was recently given by a bourgeois of Brescia which is destined to make its mark in the annals of cookery. It was composed entirely of asses' flesh-roast, boiled and broiled. All was ass, nothing but ass, and the whole was pronounced most exquisite. As money makes the man, so does cookery make the meat. Every part of the Italian beast sacrificed on this occasion went down the throats of the wise men assembled to devour him. The tongue in particular was declared to be perfect. Will the example be followed elsewhere? The motive of the giver of the banquet was simply to procure for the poerer population an article of food more nutritious than the bad meat and mutton sold at the butchers' shops.

-The Methodist ministers of the Springfield district of Massachusetts, in their annual meeting, had a lively two hours' discussion on faith and healing. Several of the clergymen held that prayer was effectual in healing the sick, but the majority of the speakers believed that such cures were wholly the result of imagination and will. The Rev. Frederic Woods said that it would be as sensible for him to ask God for \$50,000 as for a sick man to pray for restoration of health. His theory was that God did not interfere with temporal matters at all, but only in things concerning the soul. A layman replied that he had been THE SACKING OF CALLAO.

Natives Pillage the City While the Troops

are Endeavoring to Defend It. Inna, Jan. 26.—The lamentable news an-councing the defeat of the Peruvian army by the victorious Chilians reached Callao early on the evening of the 13th inst. As it was known in official circles that another battle was to be the original critical rate another battle was to be fought at Miraflores, and it being believed that the victory gained by the Chilians was attributable to their superiority in numbers, the police and sailors soon, with a most patriotic determination, presented themselves at the Prefecture, and solicited from the Prefect, Senator Astete, his permission to make a last effort to save their country by leading them to co operate with the remaining forces, so as to defeat, if possible, the enemy, who, it was said, was marching rapidly to the capital. This having met the approbation of his Honor the Prefect, nearly 3,000 men, well equipped, started for Lima. The city was therefore left entirely to its inhabitants, who have been always considered

a law-abiding people.

The usual vivas which precede a storm seemed to have been the password of the despoilers, who commenced operations on the evening of the 16th inst., and in less time than it takes to record it hundreds of men, women and children armed to the teeth were soon to be seen rushing off in all directions io the shops and stores, which were being broken open. Callao was doomed to be the theater of some frightful scenes, as it was not long before some loud reports were heard, like the bursting of some heavy projectiles, which was soon discovered to have been the blowing up of the forts, while at the same time the ships which comprised the Peruvian navy were all seen to be on fire.

The spectacle which the fire in the bay displayed is indescribable. Foreigners, fearing the city would be blown up, were compelled to leave their homes, merely contenting themselves with the few valuables they were able to take with them, leaving to the devouring elements, which were soon expected to over-take the city, their well earned comforts. For-—The debates in the Italian Parliament and French Legislature are taken down by a stenographic machine. It is an invention of Signor Michela, an Italian, who spent forty situated near the Independencia square, the years in perfecting it, and is now so simple destruction of which would have injured the whole city, was left untouched. But the rob-beries and murders which had been committed on the evening of the previous day, and participated in largely by several beach-comparticipated in largely by several beach com-bers (foreigners) had now assumed great pro-portions. The stores on the Mission street were all left open and empty; the pulperias of the "Dos de Mayo square" were being sacked, their stocks of groceries being removed to safer quarters. The ery, "Death to the Chipage!" was carried out most unto the Chinese!" was carried out most unmercifully, while rumors were in circulation that other foreigners, principally Italians, were soon expected to share the same fate. No doubts on this score could be entertained,

for it was not long before the threat was executed. The Italian pulperias, situated all over the town, were therefore attacked, and in a very short time left minus their contents. In some cases, however, when the owners were present, a bribe in the shape of fifty or one hundred soles sufficed to repel the attack for the time being until another crowd of evildoers appeared on the scene. Several such instances have been experienced by many of the merchants of this port, and although payment had been received, nevertheless their stores and shops were eventually pillaged. This state of affairs lasted until a very late hour of the evening of the 17th inst., when a few foreigners managed to form themselves into an urban guard for the protection of life and property, which unfortunately resulted in great loss of life, but had the desired effect of quieting the robberies and murders which were still being committed.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

A wonderful recovery of a young lady who has been confined to her bed for five years is reported from Eagle Township, this county (Missouri), and not only reported, but vouched for as a fact, by some! of our best citizens, who saw the girl frequently while confined to her bed, and have conversed with her since her recovery. The name of the young lady, who is now about twenty-one years of age, is Ada Whitehead, daughter of Richard Whitehead. Ada Whitehead, daughter of Richard Whitehead, Esq. During her long confinement of five years she has been attended, at different times, by several of our leading physicians, and at times her life was despaired of, she having on several occasions seemingly been at death's door, with the door partly open for her ingress into the world beyond. A protracted meeting, under the auspices of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, had been going on in the neighborhood where Mr. Whitehead resides, and during its continuance a day and an hour was agreed upon at which all should unite, wherever they might be, in one common prayer, as it were, for the speedy recovery and complete restoration to health of Miss Whitehead. The hour came one day last week. The prayers were begun and con-tinued with such fervency and zeal that must produce a required result, if answer is given in these days from on high to prayers sincere. Prayer was made at the residence of Mr. Whitehead, as well as at other dwellings, and before the hour had near expired, Miss Whitehead, unaided, arose from her bed, called for clothes, and declared she was healed. She got up and has been going about ever since. Persons going to Mr. Whitehead's the same or next day, and before the fact became generally known, were surprised to have the door ppened by Miss Ada in reply to their knock. Let it be remembered that for five years she had been a helpless invalid, and for eighteen months has been confined to her bed and unable to rise or turn without aid, that she in a moment's time, as it were, she was able to get up without aid and go about the house praising God and declaring she was well again. -Macon Register.

UNEXPLAINABLE FACTS.

Affairs do go oddly in this world. The other day there was a railroad disaster in New Jersey, whereby several persons were badly hurt, but only one, as it turned out, fatally. He was a young man of singularly industrious habits, and of a most unselfish character. Upon his labors an aged father and mother and two sisters wholly depended for their support. It was the ambition of this young man to give to his mother a deed of the house which the family occupied. To this end he had foregone marriage, and toiled early and late; he personally attended to the smallest houskeeping details, managing them all with the most painstaking economy. The family itself had seen better days, and he was the last prop left. His manly and self-sacrificing spirit had gradually impressed itself upon the community in which he lived, so that he was respectfully and kindly regarded onlevery hand. He had been in one place of service and trust for eight years, and only life and time seemed to be needed to enable him finally to secure the end toward which all his energies were bent. Well, out of eight car loads of passengers he was the only one killed. Sitting in the seat with him at the time of the crash was a man who has said since that he thought that he was ready to die and that no one would have suffered by his death, or, according to his own excessive modesty, missed him. This man was not even scratched, while his fellow occupant of the same seat. about whose life so many interests were linked, was so hurt about the head that even his remarkable natural strength gave no hope from the first that he could survive. Things do go strangely in this world .- New York Post.

-The hair of a St. Louis merchant, who took a vow not to cut it until he had accum-ulated \$5,000, already hangs below his coat

-Even Asia has not escaped an exceptionally severe winter. In Japan there have been snow storms the like of which are not comforted in the past by the preaching of Mr. been snow storms the like of which are no Woods, but what he had heard on this occasion about the uselessness of prayer greatly The snow is ten feet deep in the fields and shook his faith.