

HERE AND THERE.

According to the *Drug News*, London, fashion gives preference to heliotrope over all perfumes.

The Territorial Government of Dakota has offered a reward of \$5,000 for the discovery and development of a mine of anthracite coal in that Territory, and prospectors are busy.

Lobsters, says Prof. Beckmore, are now "taken almost entirely from deep water, and at the present rate of decrease will shortly become curiosities, to be found only in museums."

Pray tell us, ladies, if you can, who is that highly favored man, who, though he is married many a wife, may be a bachelor all his life. A clergyman.

It is thought that at their general conference next month the Mormons will renounce polygamy. But if they do, what will become of the "surplus?"

"Yes," said Jones, "when my wife gets mad she reminds me of a vessel under weigh." "How so?" inquired Smith. "Because she's got her rancor up."

The Englishman who said that American girls did not know what to do with their arms certainly never had much experience in American parlors with the gas turned low.

Mr. R. B. Browning will send to the Grosvenor Gallery, London, a portrait of his father, Mr. Robert Browning. It is painted for Balliol College, and depicts the poet seated in his university gown.

The *Medical Journal* states that a few hand fuls of common salt thrown daily into closets, and an occasional handful into wash basins, goes far toward counteracting the noxious effects of the omnipresent sewer gas.

A few years ago, says the *London Standard*, the young people of England became imbued with the roller skating craze, and rinks were built all over the country. The fever, however, was as brief as any other vagaries of fashion; the enthusiasm died away, the rinks were deserted, the investors lost their money, and roller skates disappeared in the land.

Colored people are more successfully photographed, as a rule, than white people are, says an experienced photographer, the medium mulatto making the finest photograph in the world. Light complexions are hardest to take, and light colored clothing does not look well in pictures. In taking pictures of animals the instantaneous process is best. Cats are the best sitters.

There is in Boston what may be termed the mind-cure epidemic. It has come up within the last few years, has taken extensive hold of the popular mind, and is being vigorously taught and practised as a science. Large numbers of men and women who have learned the "science" are healing diseased people, as they claim. They have offices, and go to patients as do other physicians. The thing is fashionable, too.

A bottle, to which a large bunch of bivalves had grown, was fished up recently by a Baltimore oysterman. Inside the bottle was a fish too large to get out of its mouth. It is supposed that the fish went into the bottle, and either liked its quarters so well that it tarried too long, or before it could find its way out had grown so large as to nearly fill the bottle. The bottled fish will be sent to the Smithsonian Institution.

According to the *St. James's Gazette* the bar at this moment is the most overstocked profession in England. The *Law List* of 1884 comprises 242 pages of counsel entitled to practice at the English bar, and each page contains on an average rather more than thirty names, thus yielding a grand total of about 7,200 practitioners for England and those British possessions where English counsel have a right of audience. This total does not include the members of the Scotch bar or of the Irish bar or of the bar of the Isle of Man.

A trustee of the Providence Public Library has gathered into a scrapbook the adventures of the boys who read dime novels, and has made it his business to ask the boys one by one who are interested in these stories to spend an hour or two in reading, not the imaginative story, but the way in which the small boy has attempted to realize how boys ought to live, and what they ought to be allowed to do. It is said that the dime novel boy usually reads the scrapbook, which is rapidly increasing in size as the fresh exploits of the dime novel adventurers are added to it, about two hours. He then lays it down in disgust, and nothing can induce him to return to those stories again. He asks the person in charge of the reading rooms for a better class of books.

There is still living in the north of Scotland an old lady who can give the curious visitors who sometimes drop in on her an interesting glimpse of Lord Byron. When the century was young she accompanied two or three holiday makers to Glamis Castle, then thrown open to visitors, and, at the entrance, fear fell upon them. By and by a handsome cavalier with a club foot, evidently a guest at the castle, sauntered up the walk, and took in the situation at a glance. He put his arm round the prettiest girl's waist, and drove the others giggling up the steps and into the hall, where he even signed their names in the visitors' book for them. Gray are now the locks through which the poet's fingers wandered; but the only survivor of the little incident loves to recall how George, Lord Byron, looked on that sunny May morning.

A citizen stepped into a drug store and picked up a small bottle of ammonia from the show-case. After drawing two or three inhalations, he said to the proprietor: "I see you have got hold of some new goods. It seems to be the right sort of stuff; just put me up a quart bottle of it."

Some Things that War may Teach.

Almost daily, the telegraph brings us news concerning minor wars and rumors of more important ones that are liable, without warning, to become realities. There have been improvements in ships, cannon and small arms; in the means of attacking, and likewise in the defense of fortifications; in torpedo boats and in the methods for their destruction.

The more improvements that are made the greater the distances at which fighting is done. Breastworks will not afford the protection they have heretofore given, as machine guns, trained at the proper elevation, will rain a deadly shower, at any distance, from a very short to a very long range, on the unprotected heads of those who have sought the old-fashioned shelter. A charge on a fortified position, however, will be a forlorn hope in nearly every instance, if the defenders are properly armed. Twenty years ago, mazzle-loading guns were in general use, the breech-loaders in the United States army having been issued almost entirely to mounted troops. Frequently, in repelling a charge, there would be no time to reload, but a single shot being at the disposal of each soldier; now, in addition to the many excellent patterns of rapid firing breech-loaders, are magazine guns, capable of delivering from thirty to forty, and in the hands of an expert, fifty shots per minute. Of course breech-loaders have been used in recent wars, but no small arms have ever equalled the execution of the later styles of magazine guns.

At what ranges will small arms be used? Will defeat be due to a failure to procure the latest improvements in scientific warfare? Will recent inventions successfully endure that test of tests—actual service in the field? These are questions in which not only military men, but also the majority of men who use fire arms, will be deeply interested. It is not unlikely that if a war of any magnitude is fought, at its close, new needs will have been revealed and some of the supposed improvements condemned. Already, the Afghans have made the important discovery that muzzle-loading guns are difficult to manage during a rain storm, their own having been rendered practically worthless in the recent battle with the Russians. True, cartridges can be made that will obviate the difficulty to some extent, but the fact remains that troops armed with muzzle-loaders are practically beaten in advance.

It is generally conceded that owing to improved rifles and marksmanship, sharp-shooting skirmishers will take a more important part than heretofore in the settlement of armed controversies. Great Britain has paid more attention to rifle shooting than any of the other Powers, a fact which will be made apparent if an army of that nation becomes involved with another of equal force. The British volunteers are particularly expert in the use of the rifle, and although pleasant to meet as competitors, would be the most dangerous of foes. Possibly more than one nation will soon have cause to regret that it has not followed the good example set by Great Britain in fostering rifle practice; having learned too late that a gun is something more than a pike, and that one of the most important accomplishments of a soldier is to know how to shoot.

An exchange, in commenting on the capabilities of a newly invented machine gun, says its adjustment in every direction is so delicate, that one can write his name on a screen with it. If this means at a very, very short range, we shall be obliged to accept the statement as a fact. In any event, the story is quite moderate when compared with that concerning another machine gun, which, it was claimed, if turned slowly while firing, would cut the planks of a wooden target at a distance of several thousand yards, as smoothly as if done by a saw.

Striking Preachers.

A peculiar if not, indeed, an unprecedented strike is reported from Bulgaria. The clergy of the orthodox church have closed the places of worship throughout the principality, and not only refused to celebrate divine service, but have also declined to conduct baptismal and funeral services, or any other clerical offices. The cause of this extraordinary strike is as follows: In 1883 the sultan, or national parliament passed a bill enacting that the salaries of the clergy should be paid by the state, subject to a church-rate which should be levied upon everybody which would have about covered the expenditure. The people, however, resented the levying of the rate so energetically that it has never been collected. Last year when M. Zankoff was premier, he endeavored to gain the suffrages of the clergy for his party by ordering the treasury to advance the sum of 850,000 francs for the purpose of paying the clergy their stipends, hoping probably that the people might eventually be induced to pay the tax. This, however, they have still declined to do, and furthermore the sultan, taking into consideration the increased expenditure necessitated by the new railway schemes of the present military requirements, have declined to let the item stand in the budget, at the same time requesting the cabinet to take measures to enforce the payment of the rate.

This was too good an opportunity for the opposition to lose, and they at once began to turn it to political account by urging the clergy to strike, a scheme which has proved completely successful. Between two stools, the clergy are likely to come to the ground, as the people will certainly not pay the tax save under pressure which it would be dangerous for the government to attempt to enforce. Fortunately for themselves the bulk of the clergy have private means.

May 19 is the next date set by Adventists for the world to dissolve. All who are indebted to this office should pay p before that time.

The Scene of Operations.

Major Holdich, R. E., chief of the Geographical Section of Sir Peter Lumsden's Commission, in the latest notes sent home by him describes the country which is now the scene of operations. He says:—"Five miles south of Pull Khti the hills on the right bank of the Kushk River cease trending away round to the left of the Murghab River, leaving a well-defined delta to fill in the fork between the two rivers. This delta is a kind of steppe, for the river runs in narrow valleys some hundred feet below it, and out of this valley rises Ak Tapa. The top of Ak Tapa is on a level with the steppe. Ak Tapa is distinctly the strongest and most strategical position in the country. It dominates all the roads to Herat which diverge from the head of the Kushk and Murghab rivers, and it bars the way to the entrance of the two finest and most fertile valleys north of the Paropamisus. The Murghab is a deep and impassable river near Ak Tapa, between fifty and seventy feet wide. The ruins of the old Penjdeh fort are some five miles north of Ak Tapa on the left bank of the Murghab and the new fort is a mile further north. The latter is not remarkable in any way. It is probable that Desh Kepri, mentioned by General Komaroff, is in the vicinity of Band-i-Nadir, where there is a dam across the Murghab. Concerning Marubac, on which place the Afghans fell back when driven from Penjdeh, Major Holdich says it is the only place of importance between Penjdeh and Bala Murghab. There is the largest fort there he has ever seen, and remains of a brick bridge that could be reconstructed. Bala Murghab is some distance south, 41 miles from Penjdeh. It has a fort in a very good state of preservation, which is occupied by the Ameer's troops. Concerning Herat, Major Holdich says it could be invested without much difficulty, the villages affording capital cover for an enemy to cluster round it right up to the foot of the mud walls of the city.

Riel's Rebellion Foretold.

Many of our readers no doubt, have heard of Zadkiel and his famous Almanac, but if we are not mistaken, it has not as yet had a very extensive circulation in the Dominion. The first edition of that famous work appeared in the year 1831. As the title page informs us, each number contains "prediction of the weather, voice of the stars, numerous useful tables with a hieroglyphic." In the preface of the first edition reproduced in that for 1885, Zadkiel says: "Examine for yourselves. If you find any predictions verified by the course of events, do not conclude that chance has brought it about, because there is no such thing as chance; and even if there be, I had no monopoly of it—it is likely to be against me as in my favor." Let us put Zadkiel to the test. In the *Voice of the Stars* for January we find this prediction: "The Czar of Russia will feel the sting of old Saturn; moreover, as Mars enters Aquarius, violence reigns in these vast domains and on the borders of Persia. Our Government is warned to take precautions against the Russian advance toward our possessions." Again in February we read, "Mars speeds on his way through the sign Aquarius and conjoints with the sun on the 11th instant. Hence this will not be a peaceful month for Russia and we shall hear of violence and turbulence in that land." This is at least as good a hit as any of our own weather prophets has made. But the best is yet to come. The *Voice of the Stars* informs us that "In Canada and the United States martial proceedings will be the order of the day, violence shall reign and turbulence cause serious trouble." Who will have to say, after that, that Zadkiel is not a true prophet?

A Prosperous Communistic Township.

Every one knows something of the prosperity of Swiss townships, where so many things are in common, but a more remarkable instance still of a thriving commune is given by M. de Laveleye in this month's *Contemporary Review*. It is the township of Freudensadt, at the foot of the Kniebis, in Baden. There are 1,420 inhabitants, each of whom has as much wood for building purposes and firing as he wishes, while he can send his cattle out to pasture on the common land during the summer. Schools, churches, thoroughfares, and fountains are all maintained by the commune, and every year considerable improvements are made. Twenty-five thousand dollars was spent in 1883, for instance, on establishing a new water supply in iron pipes. A hospital, too, has been built, and a pavilion in the marketplace, where the communal band plays on fete days. The villagers have never paid a single farthing in taxes, but, on the contrary, each year a distribution of surplus revenue is made among them, and each family usually obtains from \$12 50 to \$15. All this is done with about five thousand acres of pine forest and meadow land belonging to the township, a fact which seems to show that communism is not always unfavorable to the production of wealth.

Answered the Advertisement.

Several days ago a Borden town dog-fancier advertised the loss of a yellow female Skye terrier. That same day the owner of the lost terrier was amazed to see his hunting dog push open the gate leading into his residence, carrying the pet terrier in his mouth. The dog pursued his way to the back porch, where he scratched the door until admitted by his master. When in the house he let go his prize and barked vociferously, which probably was a plea for the reward which had been offered. Where, when, or how the hunting dog found his lost companion remains a mystery to his master, who vouches for the above story. The dog is not known to have read the advertisement, although he may have seen it.

England's Position.

The whole world knows that Mr. Gladstone is slow of entry to a quarrel, but there can no longer be any doubt of the determination of the most peaceful Minister who ever held the reins of power in the country to go to war if the Russian Government does not hold its hand. Preparations are being pushed forward without excitement, but with an amount of earnestness not seen in the country since the Crimean War. There is no excitement even in London; the people look upon the negotiations which may plunge them into war with a kind of indifferent resignation. They know that the quarrel is being forced upon them, but once in it they will carry it through with a will. The war, if war it must be, will be terrible; it may be long, and its limits may extend far beyond the border of Afghanistan. The longer it lasts the more fatal must it be to Russia. Her dominion is only asserted in the vast regions over which she rules by means of a grinding despotism. Her Government is detested from the Caucasus to the confines of Tartary, and the heart of Russian civilization is hourly threatened with social and financial ruin. One or two victories in the field might even tend to consolidate the power of the Czar, but a prolonged campaign without success would probably lead to disturbances which might put an end to the Russian Empire as we know it to-day. On the other side, such a war would bind the various members of the British Empire closer together; the very prospect of it has drawn from the native Indian princes offers of assistance, the honesty and generosity of which have been abundantly proved. A good deal has been said on the Continent about localizing the war. The success, however, of any such attempt must depend upon the attitude of the Sultan. If the entrance to the Black Sea is once secured to our ships of war, the contest will become European, and it is easy to see how Turkey, Austria, and other Powers may be drawn into it. Prince Bismarck does not want a war in Europe. He enjoys a contest which will clip the wings of the Russian Eagle, because he does not relish his position between the vast armies of France and Russia. But he dreads a European war. It seems, however, hardly creditable that the dispute will be settled at Herat. It is true that our honour is pledged to keep the Russians out of Herat, and, if necessary that pledge must be kept by operations on the spot, but we should probably find means to strike our antagonist in a more vital part.

Snakes in the Penjdeh Valley.

Remittent fever has of late years played sad havoc among the Jamshidis of Kushk. All the neighboring valleys, including Penjdeh, are infected, and are only habitable in spring and summer by the acclimatized. Another drawback to this valley is the number of snakes which infest it. In spring the country must swarm with them: as present they are to be found, when there is occasion to dig, some eighteen inches or two feet below the surface, hibernating in sleepy torpor.

Before winter closed in, one of the Lancers—a strong, healthy young fellow—very nearly fell a victim to one of these reptiles. When picking up a stone he was bit in the back of the hand and he owed his life to his own prompt presence of mind and Dr. Charles's care and skill. Tearing off a strip of his turban he bound it tightly—so tightly that in the hospital they could not loosen it—round the arm above the wrist. He then made off for the hospital, and half an hour after being bitten he was under Dr. Charles's care. But already there were signs of paralysis in the left leg, and this gradually spread till both extremities were completely paralyzed. He suffered from great heat, followed by intense cold, tingling and numbness in the arms and legs, and much pain over the heart—his heart was "on fire," he complained.

Altogether his case, after an hour or so, seemed hopeless. He was plied with brandy and ammonia, and made to walk till his legs were deadened by paralysis, and then he was put between hot blankets, and hot bricks were applied to his feet. Hypodermic injection of ether was found very useful, and at last, after three hours of unremitting care, he slowly passed out of danger; and Dr. Charles has the satisfaction of being one of the few who have successfully treated a snake bite. However the man did not completely recover at once. He suffered from blood poisoning, three weeks before he was discharged from the hospital.

Real Bravery.

I have among my acquaintances some very fierce young men. They have the soul of a desperado, though forced to toil at the ledger or the newspaper desk for the vulgar and prosaic necessities of existence. While not doubting their courage, I am often skeptical about their thirst for danger. One of them, a commercial traveler, was at last gratified with an adventure. He was riding on the top of an Oregon stage. This is the story:

"Well, sir, when we came to the top of the hill we saw two highwaymen going through the pockets of some poor devil they had captured on the road."

"How many of you were there?"

"Six outside and four inside, and all armed to the teeth. 'Now for it boys!' said the stage-driver, whipping up his horses, and I tell you we dashed down on that gang in fine style, every man keeping his hand on his pistol."

"And of course you captured the highwaymen?"

"No, siree; we drove by them like a flash. Why, man, we were down to and by them before they knew what was coming. Now, that is what I call real presence of mind."

"How? In rescuing the man from the robbers?"

"Rescue be hanged; that was none of our business. No, siree; in saving the stage."

A King's Household in Olden Times.

The following curious regulations for the use of the royal household of Henry VII. of England, compare amusingly with those of Queen Victoria of the same country: "The barber must always keep himself clean, in order not to compromise his majesty's health. The treasurer shall not keep ragged scullions who walk about almost naked and sleep or lie down before the kitchen fire. No meat beyond a certain price shall be served on the king's tables. The servants to furnish a sufficient guarantee to provide against the abstraction of wooden platters and copper utensils belonging to his majesty. Pewter plate being too costly for daily use, the greatest care must be taken of the wooden platters and pewter spoons. No boy or commissioner shall be kept as court for the use of the servants. Women who are prodigal shall be banished from the court. As likewise all kinds of dogs, except a small number of spaniels, reserved for the use of the ladies. The officers of the king's household to live in harmony with each other. The stable boys not to steal his majesty's straw to put in their beds, as a sufficient quantity has been given them. Between six and seven o'clock the officer charged with service of the king's chamber shall light the fire and lay straw in the private apartments of his majesty. Coal will only be furnished for the apartments of the king, the queen, and those of Lady Mary. The ladies of honor to have a piece of white bread and some beef for their breakfast. A present will be made to any of the king's officers marrying on condition they make a present to his majesty."

Quelpert Island.

Britain appears to have stolen a march upon Russia in the annexation of port Hamilton or Quelpert Island as it is more generally called. The island belongs to Corea a feudatory of China. The island has an unenvied position as a place d'armes. It bars effectually the entrance to the Sea of Japan and to the Russian ports in the Pacific; it commands Corea and is but a short sail from Southern Japan and Northern China. Its value in this respect has long been recognized by our diplomatic and naval officers in the east, and the step which has now been taken is probably due to the unsettled state of affairs all over the East, especially as in the case of a conflict between Japan and China the owner of Quelpert can intervene to stop hostilities and to compel peace. As a commercial entrepot the place has no value in itself or in its situation with regard to other countries, but its annexation now is doubtless expected to give us the same predominant position in Northern China, Corea and Japan that Hong Kong gives us in Southern China. Russia of course will protest and probably will retaliate. Whatever may have been the case in Penjdeh, England has been first to grab in Corea.

A Strange Four-in-hand.

No man ever sacrificed so much time, or so much property, on practical or speculative sporting as the Earl of Orford. Among the most curious of his exploits was that of driving four red deer stags in a phaeton instead of horses, and these he had reduced to perfect discipline for his excursions and short journeys upon the road; but, unfortunately, as he was one day driving to Newmarket, their ears were saluted with the cry of a pack of hounds, which, soon after crossing the road in the rear, caught scent of the "four-in-hand" and commenced a new kind of chase, with "breast high alacrity." The novelty of the scene was rich beyond description; in vain did his lordship exert all his chariot-driving skill; in vain did his well-trained grooms energetically endeavor to ride before the frightened steeds; reins, trammels, and the weight of the carriage were of no effect, for they went with the celerity of a whirlwind; and this modern phaeton in the midst of his electrical vibrations of fear, bid fair to experience the fate of his namesake. Luckily, however, his lordship had been accustomed to drive this set of "fiery-eyed steeds" to the inn at Newmarket, which was now close at hand, and to this place of succor the thoughts of the earl were at once directed. Into the yard the steeds presently bounded, to the dismay of ostlers and stable boys, who seemed to have lost all presence of mind upon the occasion. Soon, however, the animals were overpowered, and the stags, the phaeton, and his lordship were all instantly huddled together into a barn, just as the hounds appeared in full cry at the gate.

Cranmer's Old Chain Bible at Canterbury.

At Canterbury Cathedral recently the old chain Bible was replaced in the position it originally occupied upon what is known as Cranmer's desk, in the northeast aisle of the cathedral. Upon receiving the Bible from Mr. Wetherell, by whom it has been carefully renovated, the Bishop of Dover said that it gave him great pleasure to replace the volume in the position in which it was chained in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, at the time when Bibles of the same edition were placed in cathedrals and Deans houses throughout the country. The event in which they were then engaged was one that would recall to their minds the commencement of one of the great eras in the history of Christianity, inasmuch as the position in which he has just replaced that volume was undoubtedly constructed in the reign of Henry VIII., and was the place from which the first English Bible was read in the English Church for the benefit alike of the clergy and laity. The Dean of Canterbury and Archdeacon Harrison also spoke.

The gathering darkness must come to a head at daybreak.