

OUR EUROPEAN LETTER.

Lord Lansdowne's Successor—A French Pessimist.

LONDON, Feb. 14.—The rumor I quoted the other night that Lord Dufferin had resigned because he had become convinced that home rule was a necessity is not confirmed by his friends, who say it is because he is poor and wants to retrench in his expenses. This sounds like a queer reason for a man giving up a post worth \$125,000 a year. It is computed that since 1849, when he began his official life as a lord in waiting, Lord Dufferin has received from the public purse over \$1,000,000 in salaries on an average annually from the beginning of about \$27,000. Yet no doubt he is poor as peers go. Lord Lansdowne, to whom the great Indian plum falls, is a millionaire and a Liberal Unionist. Lord Stanley of Preston, who goes to Ottawa, will be Earl Derby if he survives his brother, and also vastly wealthy.

M. Deroulede of Paris, comes out in one of his visionary declamations. As he represents the supposed sentiments of 200,000 men, his words are worth attention. M. Deroulede thinks a war is inevitable and wishes that it be not avoided. He states that not only Berlin and Paris echo the picturesque phrase of Bismarck to strike so that it may be the finish, but that all Europe reiterates the same sentiments. Mirabau, he continues, said over 100 years ago that the manufacturing of cannon would become a national commerce. M. Deroulede thinks modern civilization should do something more than invent murderous war implements and that, to achieve this freedom from armed slavery, blood must be spilt. Europe has been living for 24 years in this nightmare. When this will end none can predict. M. Deroulede answers this like Bismarck—that the cause of war is always profound, the pretext always futile. Let it be a general war, he resumes, a clearing up and at once, to-morrow it possible. It can not be said that the chief of the Patriotic League does much toward smoothing down matters. Other well-known journalists devote columns to Bismarck's speech, and find therein much to preoccupy their minds regarding the future stability of the German Army after the death of William and during the reign of his grandson, as the health of the Crown Prince becomes daily more delicate. This is why the words of the Chancellor give such dismay to France; it is because France and Frenchmen seem to be stigmatized, not only for to-morrow, but forever. M. Ranc thinks this is the sole reason for the trifling weight given to the Bulgarian question by the German statesman. He calls upon his country to arm constantly and persistently, to think of nothing else, to be patient, and not to be betrayed into the indiscretion of a first foolish step forward.

The Ancient Manuscripts.

The Manuscripts are copies of the Scriptures in the original tongues in which they were written. The oldest copies of the Bible in the world are named respectively the Vatican, Sinaitic, and Alexandrine Manuscripts.

The Vatican Manuscript is generally conceded to be the most ancient, and for at least four or five hundred years it has lain in the Vatican Library at Rome. Excellent fac-similes may be seen in our chief public libraries. The Manuscript itself consists of over seven hundred leaves of the finest vellum, about a foot square, bound together. From one end to the other it has been traveled over by some meddlesome scribe of about the tenth century, though some of the words, as originally written, are perfectly legible after a period of one thousand five hundred years.

The Sinaitic Manuscript is so called from the place where it was found by the great German scholar, Dr. Tischendorf, at St. Catherine's Convent, foot of Mount Sinai, in May, 1844. The authorities of the convent allowed him to take away about forty sheets, as they had only been intended for the fire. At a succeeding visit to the convent he could only find a singlesheet, which contained eleven lines of the books of Genesis. After fifteen years, during which time he had enlisted the sympathy of the Emperor of Russia, he returned to the convent with a commission from the Emperor. On the evening before he left, the steward of the convent showed him a bulky bundle, wrapped in red cloth. Tischendorf opened the parcel, and to his great surprise found not only fragments he had seen fifteen years before, but also other parts of the Old Testament, and the New Testament complete. At length, through the Emperor's influence, he succeeded in obtaining the precious manuscript, which is now in the Library of St. Petersburg, the greatest treasure possessed by the Eastern church.

The Alexandrine is the youngest of the three great manuscripts, and is preserved with great care in the British Museum. It was presented to Charles I. in A. D., 1628, by Cyril Lucar, then Patriarch of Constantinople, and previously of Alexandria, Egypt. Having been brought from Alexandria, it is known as the Alexandrine Manuscript. It is in four volumes, size, ten by thirteen inches, and written in double columns, in "uncial" or capital letters. It is nearly complete, and belongs to the end of the fourth, or the beginning of the fifth century. Of all the very ancient manuscripts, this is the first that was employed for the criticism of the text of the New Testament.

To stand within fifteen yards of electricity so potent that steel is melted like butter, to feel no heat and yet to experience all the effects of sunstroke, must be a very curious sensation, and yet it is not an uncommon one, it is said, among both workmen and visitors at the famous French foundry at Creuzot. Electricity is employed there for smelting and soldering certain metals, and this electric sunstroke, as it is called, is of quite frequent occurrence. Such effects are described as temporary blindness, headache, sleeplessness, etc., and yet without any sense whatever of heat. The most probable explanation of such symptoms is that they are caused by the intense brilliancy.

A Scotch syndicate is said to have bought 28,000 acres of the Bell farm, and will send out a number of settlers in the spring.

THE DAKOTA BLIZZARD.

Peculiarities of the Death-Dealing Blast—Scenes of Suffering and Heroism.

A peculiarity of this most recent blizzard was its deceptive character. As experienced in Dakota, the snow fell heavily all day Wednesday but without much wind. Thursday morning opened clear and still, and apparently the storm was over. It proved to be only a lull, however, when the elements seemed to be gathering themselves together for the most fearful onslaught. Between 9 and 10 o'clock the snow again began falling, when suddenly before anyone was aware, the wind commenced to blow with terrific force. To illustrate the suddenness of the change:—A lady working about the house was asked by her daughter to notice how gently the snow was falling. Another moment and she heard a shriek. Hastening to learn the cause of it, she found the front door torn open by the violence of the wind, and it required the united strength of her two daughters and herself to secure it again. No wonder that people, lured from their homes by the

TREACHEROUS BRIGHTNESS OF THE MORNING,

were "bewildered" when the blizzard struck them. All day and all night the storm continued with an intensity impossible to describe. The snow was as fine as flour—more properly it might be termed ice-dust, and was swept along by the wind with such force that it would actually penetrate through one's clothing. The air was so thick with the flying snow that buildings and other large objects close at hand were entirely concealed from view. To face such a storm was out of the question. The only safety for any one caught out in it was to travel with the wind.

Many of the incidents told in connection with the storm are cruelly pathetic. Think of a poor woman struggling to reach her home and perishing within 20 feet of her own door! A farmer near St. Lawrence, Dak., became bewildered in the storm and passed within 10 feet of a neighbor's barn without knowing it, and then wandered on for three miles before he finally succumbed. Another farmer went out to water his stock only eight rods away, but was unable to find the stable, and after seeking in vain for shelter he perished within a stone's throw of a neighbor's house. A similar case is reported from near Yancton, where a farmer went out to a straw stack, not more than a 100 feet from the house, but lost his way, and his frozen body was found the next morning 10 miles from his home. Near Aberdeen, Dak., two men went out to attend to some stock a short distance from the house. One turned back, frightened at the storm; the other insisted he could find the way, went on, became

COMPLETELY BEWILDERED,

and after groping about blindly for a while, part of the time on his hands and knees, sank down exhausted and died. At Rushmore, Minn., a woman, alarmed at the absence of her husband, went out in the storm to look for him. She was overpowered by the storm and perished within 40 feet of her own house. Another sad case was that of a family living near Sioux Falls, Dak. The farmer was caught out in the storm, but found a haystack in which he buried himself and passed the night safely. His wife and son went out to hunt for him and both were lost. At Cerro Gordo, Minn., a team drove up to a house and it was noticed that the driver did not alight. On going out to him it was found that he was dead—frozen stiff in his seat.

Such are a few of the many distressing incidents which have occurred to make this storm so memorable. There have also been many instances of the

NOBLEST HEROISM AND SELF-SACRIFICE.

Roland Chambers and his son of nine years, living west of Huron, Dak., went out to water some cattle and were overtaken by the storm. Unable to find their way back, the father made a place for the boy in the snow and wrapped him up as best he could. The boy urged his father to go and look for help, but he refused to leave him. They remained together during the night, a St. Bernard dog with them. The boy was entirely covered up with snow and says he was quite comfortable, though he knew his father was freezing. In the morning the father was still alive and said to his boy, "Now Johnny, you pray and I'll pray, and then I know God will take you through all right." They both prayed, and soon after the father breathed his last. The dog stood sentry over them and guided the searching party to where they lay; but the father had given his life for his son. Another incident is reported from Iowa. A young lady, having in charge a lad of twelve years, was basely deserted in the storm by her companions, two young men, who went off and found shelter for themselves. Undismayed, she wrapped the boy in all the extra clothing she had and stayed with him until they were rescued. The boy was found uninjured, but the young lady was terribly frozen, though still alive. A man living near Miller, Dak., went out in the storm to get a doctor for his suffering boy who had met with an accident. He lost his way and was frozen to death. The boy also perished from the cold and the injuries he had received. Miss Jacobson, a school teacher near St. Olaf, Minn., started home with a little girl and both perished. When found the teacher was clasping the little girl in her arms, having wrapped the folds of her dress around her, and a smile was on her face.

THREE DAYS OF AWFUL AGONY.

A recent despatch tells of the heroic sacrifice of George Patrick, a young school teacher in an isolated district about forty miles north of Mandan, D. T. His school consisted of five pupils. On the day the blizzard began raging, rather than brave its fury he concluded to remain over night in the school-house, expecting that the storm would cease before morning. But the following day it raged fiercer than ever and the little school-house standing all unprotected upon the wide prairie was wrapped in the icy folds of the Arctic hurricane and shaken to its very foundations. The horrors endured by that doomed man and his little companions, the wails and sobs of the hungry and horrified children, must be left to the imagination of the reader. None of them were left to tell the story. Three days later they were all found stretched upon the floor of the school-room, frozen stiff, their features distorted by the pains of cold and hunger, and their forms huddled together as if in a desperate effort to prolong life as long as possible. The heroism and self-sacrifice of the dead school teacher will be an en-

during monument to his memory. He had stripped himself of his outer garments and wrapped them about the children. He had broken the desks to pieces and torn up the floor of the school-house to provide fuel, and when everything combustible that could be spared was gone, tortured by hunger and by cold, he had laid down with his pupils and with them died. The scene presented when the grief-stricken parents and friends entered the school house was one they will never forget.

Quebec.

The out-door life of Quebec surprises a stranger from a more southern climate. Having in mind the furious tempests of a Canadian winter, when very often neither man nor beast is safe out-doors, he fears that suffering or even death is frequently met here when one leaves the house. And certainly Nature looks into Quebec with uncommon freedom; the entire dome of the sky, rising from a vast expanse of waters, plains, and mountains, is visible from many parts of the town; so that when the sun shines in this exceptionally clear Northern air he beams on everything, in a great rustic effusion rare in a city sun; you almost take the firing of the mid-day gun for his universal guffaw, rolling through the cloudless sky. Then when a galeswoops down it bears in upon you familiarly, even with a terrible eagerness and ferocity; and tany too that the moon and stars hover close about Quebec, for when I go out on a clear night they stare with large-eyed wonder—as well they may, at a near view of such a creature! But the Canadian winter, excepting during a tempest, is a season full of comforts and enjoyments; for business sleeps, the Lower Town seems empty, and life turns either to frolicsome out-door sports—for which the good air furnishes abundant vigor—or to warm and intimate social pleasures. Even if the thermometer be as low as ten degrees below zero, you will often find the children out-doors—cherubic bundles of fur and wool wallowing in the snow as if it were hay, the babes in their little sleds, and people out snow-shoeing, skating in the rink, or driving in their cozy "carioles;" the horses may be silvered over with frost, and your own eyelashes laden with globules of ice, or now and then you may have to rub your nose with snow to warm it after freezing; but, as a rule, everybody is very comfortable in furs, with the help of moderate exercise. This French people in America seem to have overcome the dependence of their blood on a warm, sunny climate; they walk the streets in any weather with a comfortable, moderate, often perhaps a mincing gait, while their English friends stride over the snow with a martial earnestness. The poor hackmen have the hardest experience; in fur caps, and long buffalo coats with collars coming up to the top of their heads, they look like bears masquerading as men; they tighten the national red sash about their waists, stamp their feet, swing their arms, and keep up a continual scuffling and joking to shorten the tedium of their long hours; and I should not omit to add that their rubicund noses promise well to defy the frost. In braving the gloom and ferocity of a winter storm the city has a certain savage as well as pathetic aspect; a north-east gale comes up the St. Lawrence in bounding gusts, and scaling the cliffs of Cape Diamond, throws the snow back defiantly into the sky; and the battlements shake out hoary manes from their crests. But the human elements of the scene are more timid; the little houses crouching down into the snow-drifts look like tattered toques with tassels of white smoke floating out on the wind: mercy on any poor soul that cannot escape the snow-laden gusts, cutting as a sand-blast! with bowed heads, and occasional turning about to catch a breath, even the well-clad hurry on, and like silent phantoms soon fit out of sight into the white obscurity. When the brooding gloom settles over the city at twilight the bugle throws its cheery notes into the arctic silence of the glacia; as you struggle along the ramparts the Angelus rings from over the monastery wall, while the cannon point to the night approaching over the mountain-tops.

Study healthful diversion of the mind and feeling. One thought, one scheme, nurtured ceaselessly for a term of years, made the keystone of every meditation, the lever of every action, must result in the insanity or monomania of him who thus plans and broods and craves. This is as natural as that dammed up waters should breed pestilence and the concentrated form of a comparatively harmless essence be deadly poison.

The publication of the Austro-German treaty of alliance will largely offset the effect of the semi-official statement of Russian intentions. While the treaty is no doubt purely for defensive purposes, it shows that the two Powers recognize the possibility of danger from Russia and realize that the integrity of each Empire depends upon unity of action. The fact that the provisions of the treaty were made known to and accepted by Signor Crispi on behalf of the Italian Government during the progress of the negotiations leading up to the Triple Alliance will undoubtedly make Russia pause. Altogether, the prospects for peace are more reassuring than they have been at any time since the beginning of the present imbroglio. Austria, Germany and Italy make too terrific a war team for even the great Czar to stand in the way of, and winter bluster will doubtless be followed by summer calm.

In the past few days no less than three deaths have been recorded in the papers from overdoses of whiskey. Possibly there is nothing extraordinary in that fact, as people die every day in all large centres of population as the result of their indulgence in "rot-gut." What is singular is that amid all the propositions to prevent the adulteration of food there has been none to prevent the adulteration of beverages. Why should the saloonkeeper enjoy immunity which the grocer does not? Why should the man who sells fusil-oil and calls it "Old Rye," or who passes turpentine extract for "Tom gin" or doctored apple-jack for "Old Cognac" escape punishment any more than the grocer who sells oleomargarine for creamery butter? More harm is done by the sale of adulterated drinks than by the sale of adulterated foods, and it is high time that the man who takes his drink and pays for it as such should be protected from the unsuspecting use of rank poisons. If the law licenses the sale of intoxicating drinks it is its bounden duty to protect the consumer in every way possible.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

FOREVER AND A DAY.

"I love my love forever,
Forever and a day,
I full of high endeavour,
She but a frolic fay,
We sung this song together,
Long since in summer weather.
This old-time lovers' lay;
"I love my love forever,
Forever and a day."

"I love my love forever,
Forever and a day,
Oh, she would fall me never,
And I was here for aye!
'Twas thus our troth we plighted,
'Twas thus our heaven we sighted,
When life was in its May;
"I love my love forever,
Forever and a day."

"I love my love forever,
Forever and a day."
And yet we twain did sever,
Each went a separate way,
She swore her heart was breaking;
I know that mine is aching
E'en now, though I am gray,
I love my love forever,
She loved me for a day.

LEAP YEAR.

"I'm sorry, Clara, he quietly said,
"Yet I fear it would not do;"
And added, as lowly she bowed her head,
"But I'll be a brother to you."

A REMARKABLE TOILETTE.

At a very fashionable reception given in this city recently, one of the most charming toilets worn was remarked at the first glance for the great beauty of the delicate silver embroidery that covered the front. It closely resembled the inimitable silver work brought occasionally from India, both in tint and design, and was of a most uncommon and striking description. The skirt itself was of pale yellow satin, with a court train of black velvet lined with the satin. The bodice was also of the black velvet, this also decorated with the silver embroidery, which here and there shows glints of gold. A poetic toilet was of milk-white faille embroidered down the entire front with silver marguerites. Above this was a bodice and train of tulle, with a low-necked under corsage of the silk. The tulle bodice was trimmed with lace and silver marguerites. A notable gown displayed a corsage and train of green and gold-shot satin, brocaded with large silver rose buds. The train was decorated with pale gold and yellow feathers. The petticoat was of white satin embroidered in pearl and gold beads. A rare and lovely gown was worn by a slender, stately blonde, with a complexion as delicately tinted as a tea rose. The dress was made of pale dove-colored silk of lustrous silver sheen. The sole trimming, and all that was needed on a fabric so rich, consisted of elaborate corsage ornaments and epaulets in silver passementerie. [New York Post.]

A New York lady suggests that the V corsage is so called because it usually costs the wearer a \$5 doctor's visit the next day.

Queen Victoria taboos the electric light in all her palaces because her personal friends, most of whom are very well matured women, protest that oil lamps are the only things which make their complexions passable.

A bridesmaid dropped a bracelet going up the aisle of the church the other day, and as there is nothing especially reckless about her, she stopped the procession while she picked it up, put it on and got in line again.

The plucky and thoughtful young lady school teacher at Mina Valley, Neb., whose heroism saved the lives of thirteen of her pupils during a recent blizzard, has since received as many letters containing offers of marriage.

The Empress of Japan has become the object of consideration from several dress reform societies. She ordered an entire wardrobe from Paris, whereupon a letter of remonstrance from the London Dress Reform Society was immediately sent.

The best thing to your enemy is forgiveness; to an opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity.

Mrs. Cleveland kisses her husband goodbye in the railroad station when she comes shopping from Washington to New York. She puts her left arm upon his ample shoulder—she can't get it around his neck—and with the right draws his face down to hers, kissing it, as it were, in transit.

Though Brazil is noted for its birds of brilliant plumage the Empress of Brazil never allow their feathers to be used for any part of her dress. Since she has been at Cannes she has assured a visitor that, "much as she admires the feathers of the magnificent birds of Brazil, she only likes them on their bodies."

Miss Huntington, daughter of Bishop F. D. Huntington, of Central New York, is trying to persuade the working women of New York to improve their condition by leaving the city. She points out that in the smaller cities and towns women who go into domestic service are to a great extent companions rather than servants, and have the advantages of healthy country air.

Woman with satchel enters car, sits down; enters conductor, asks fares; woman opens satchel, takes out purse, shuts satchel, opens purse, takes out dime, shuts purse, opens satchel, puts in purse, shuts satchel, offers dime, receives nickel, opens satchel, takes out purse, shuts satchel, opens purse, puts in nickel, closes purse, opens satchel, puts in purse, closes satchel; stop the car please.

Mrs. Alice J. Shaw, whose whistling has within a year or two become a popular feature at receptions and fashionable entertainments in New York, is a widow with four children. She was thrown on her own resources for their support and education, and tried whistling. It has brought her a handsome return. The notes of music for whistling as they appear on paper would mystify an ordinary musician, but when translated through the ruby lips of a handsome woman they become better understood.

Miss Emma Nevada's manner of living is about the same as that of an athlete in training. At 9 o'clock in the morning she takes her chop, a cup of tea and two slices of bread without butter. At noon she goes to church and says her prayers (in this she is

unlike the athlete), then she takes a long walk, and at three she eats her dinner, which consists of a bowl of bouillon, a slice of underdone roast beef, baked potatoes, roast chicken, boiled rice and stewed prunes. After dinner she takes a nap, and at six dresses for the theatre. After the opera she has a beefsteak and a glass of beer and then goes to bed.

Wild Animals in Captivity.

The polar bear from Greenland and the hippopotamus from the tropics seem to thrive in this latitude; but that most interesting animal, the gorilla, pines and dies. It would be a fortune to any showman if he could exhibit in this country a satisfactory specimen of the gorilla, even if his accomplishments did not equal those of his unexported brethren whose roar, according to travellers, can be heard for four miles, and who can twist a gun barrel into a knot. Many hopes were based upon the promising young gorilla which was recently taken to London to adorn the Zoological Gardens, but though he took kindly to civilized ways and learned to feed himself with a spoon, he grew sick as winter approached, and a few weeks ago he departed this life without any personal consolation from the obituary notices published after his demise.

Among the most noted collections of animals in the world, the "fines", without doubt, is the private collection of a retired potentate. The late King of Oude, retired, left on the banks of the Hooghly, near Calcutta, 20,000 lively specimens of the animal kingdom to mourn his loss. His retired Majesty found his greatest pleasure in watching the gastronomic feats of his large zoological family. Frugal Indians who thought Bengal tigers and elephants might better be foraging for a living in the jungles than living on the bounty of an emeritus monarch, regarded his Majesty as a hopeless crank with a harmless but very expensive hobby. His menagerie not only devoured the most of his enormous income, but also ate its way through all the money he could borrow, and he died heavily in debt, leaving his animals, it is supposed, to be divided among his creditors.

Mr. Barnum will have no such trouble in restocking his cages as he would have had in the days when the hippopotamus was first transplanted to Europe. The unfortunate Nubian chief who at that time received an order to produce at Cairo one of these pachydermatous products of Africa was painfully conscious that if he failed to appear before his master with a frisky specimen he would lose his head, and this fact was all that drove him to the difficult and disagreeable task. The catching of the river horse has now been reduced to a science, and animals of all sorts can be supplied at catalogue rates to any showman or fancier who honors the dealer with an order. It is said that the prices of zoological specimens are much more stable than those of many other commodities, but it is likely that a few bonfires like that which illumined Bridgeport a while ago would have a tendency to send quotations upward.

Most menageries have exceedingly modest beginnings. When we recall that just sixty years ago the London Zoological Gardens contained only a few lions and tigers, we have reason to hope that in time the collection now quartered in Central Park, but soon, we trust, to be removed elsewhere, will rival the present magnificent show in Regent's Park. Many interesting specimens of our own fauna might be added to the Central Park menagerie by the means that the French employed to give the Jardin des Plantees a start. The forests were made to contribute a large contingent of wild boars, bears, wolves, and other animals of the temperate zone. The collection grew during the Reign of Terror by means that would not be commended in less violent epochs. The Revolutionists seized many travelling shows on the pretext that they blocked the highways and scared the horses and thus an assortment of trained beasts was added to the national menageries in Paris, where they speedily forgot all their accomplishments.

The keepers of the Zoological Gardens in London have recently been made happy by a large number of contributions that did not come from abroad. Among these was a baby yak, a little kangaroo, Mesopotamian and Japanese fawns, to say nothing of Indian pigeons and American thrushes that have been hatching their young as merrily as in the freedom of their own homes.

The Committee System.

To those accustomed to the freer methods of the British and Canadian Parliaments it seems strange that a people priding themselves on their absolute self government can be content with the Committee system of the American Congress. Under that system no bill can come up for consideration in the House until it has been reported by the Special Committee to whom it is referred. As the Speaker has the naming of all special committees, it is clearly in his power to shut off discussion of any measure to which he and his party may be unfriendly, by taking care that the committee to which it shall be referred shall contain a hostile majority. Thus it results that the fate of many a bill which might be influentially supported, or even have a majority of the representatives in its favour, is determined by the Speaker in announcing his committee at the opening of the Session. It may be urged, of course, in favour of the Committee system, that much time is saved by preventing prolonged and useless discussion of measures which could not possibly pass the House. This is a consideration of much weight. But, on the other hand, it by no means follows that because the final rejection of a bill is certain, the time spent in its discussion is necessarily wasted. Most great reforms have been at first supported by small minorities. Free discussion in the hearing of all the people is the prime condition of legislative progress, and one of the best safeguards of national morality. While the eyes of all who are in favour of some measure which they think of great importance to the welfare of the commonwealth are turned to the Speaker as the man in whose hands is the virtual decision of the question, they must feel that something is wrong with the machinery of government. When they turn away disappointed, realizing that their measure is doomed by the personnel of the Committee, it is hard to see how they can resist the conclusion that notwithstanding the boasted freedom of their institutions, they are still to a considerable extent under a one-man government.

"Matrimony," coming from the Latin word "mater," which means, "mother," shows that the wife is boss. If the husband were it would be "patrimony." See?