

FOUNDATIONS OF GOLD.

The Religion of Christ Counteracts All Trouble.

A despatch from Washington says:—Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text: II. Chronicles ix. 9. "Of spices great abundance; neither was there any such spice as the Queen of Sheba gave King Solomon."

What is that building out there glittering in the sun? Have you not heard? It is the house of the forest of Lebanon. King Solomon has just taken to it his bride, the princess of Egypt. You see the pillars of the portico and a great tower, adorned with 1,000 shields of gold hung on the outside of the tower—500 of the shields of gold manufactured at Solomon's order. 500 were captured by David, his father, in battle. See how they blaze in the noonday sun!

Solomon goes up the ivory stairs of his throne between 12 lions in stately and sits down on the back of the golden bull, the head of the huge beast turned toward the people. The family and the attendants of the king are so many that the carvers of the palace have to provide every day 100 sheep and 13 oxen, besides the stamper and paving of 4,000 fine horses in the royal stables. There were important officials who had charge of the work of gathering the straw and the barley for these horses. King Solomon was an early riser, tradition says, and used to take a ride out at daybreak, and when in his white apparel, behind the swiftest horses of all the realm, and followed by the cavalcade dashed through the streets of Jerusalem. I suppose it was something worth getting up at 5 o'clock in the morning to look at.

Solomon "as not like some of the kings of the present day—crowned inebriety. All the splendors of his palace and retinue were eclipsed by his intellectual power. Why, he seemed to know everything. He was the first great naturalist the world ever saw. Peacocks from India strutted the basaltic walks, and deer stalked the paths, and there were aquarions with foreign fish and aviaries with foreign birds, and tradition says these birds were so well tamed that Solomon might walk clear across the city under the shadow of their wings as they hovered and flitted about him.

Well, my friends, you know that all theologians agree in making Solomon a type of Christ and in making the Queen of Sheba a type of every truth seeker, and never take the responsibility of saying that all the spikenard and cassia and frankincense which the Queen of Sheba brought to King Solomon are mightily suggestive of the sweet spices of our holy religion. Christianity is not a collection of sharp technicalities and angular facts and chronological tables and dry statistics. Our religion is compared to frankincense and to cassia, and never to night-shade. It is a dash of holy light. It is a sparkle of cool fountains. It is an opening of omine gates. It is a collection of spices. Would God that we were as wise in taking spices to our Divine King as Queen Balkis was wise in taking spices to the earthly Solomon.

The fact is that the duties and cares of this life, coming to us from time to time, are stupid often and inane and intolerable. Here are men who have been battling, climbing, pounding, hammering, for 20 years, 40 years, 50 years. One great long drudgery has their life been, their faces anxious, their feelings benumbed, their days monotonous. What is necessary to brighten up that man's life and to sweeten that acid disposition and to put sparkle into the man's spirits? Why, if between our holy religions, if between the lessons of an eternal gain, if between the betrayals of life there came the gleam of the undying friendship of Christ, if in dull times in business we found ministering spirits flying to and fro in our office and store and shop, everyday life instead of being a stupid monotone would be a glorious inspiration, penetrating between calm and satisfaction and high rapture.

I have to say also that we need to put more spice and enlightenment in our religious teaching, whether it be in the prayer meeting or in the Sunday school or in the church. We ministers need more fresh air and sunshine in our lungs and our heart and our head. Do you wonder that the world is so far from being converted when you find so little vivacity in the pulpit and in the pew? We want, like the Lord, to plant in our sermons and exhortations more lilies of the field. We want fewer rhetorical elaborations and fewer sesquipedalian words, and when we talk about shadows we do not want to say adumbration, and when we mean querness we do not want to talk about idiosyncrasies, or to stitch in the back we do not want to talk about lumbar, but, in the plain vernacular of the great masses, preach that gospel which proposes to make all men happy, honest, victorious and free. In other words, we want more cinnamon and less gristle. Let this be so in all the different departments of work to which the Lord calls us. Let us be common sensical. When we talk to the people let a veraculous they can understand, they will be very glad to come and receive the truth that we present. Would to God that Queen Balkis would drive her spiceladen dromedaries into all the sermons and prayer meeting exhortations!

Now, I want to impress you with the fact that religion is sweetness and perfume and spikenard and saffron and cinnamon and cassia and frankincense and all sweet spices together. "Oh," you say, "I have not looked at it as such. Thought it was a nuisance. It had for me a repulsion. I held my breath as though it were a maldor. I have been appalled at its advance. I have said if I have any religion at all I want to have just as little of it as possible." The religion of Christ is a present and everlasting rejoicing. It counteracts all trouble. Just put it on the stand beside the pillow of sickness. It catches in the curtains and perfumes the stifling air. It sweetens the cup of bitter medicine and throws a glow on the gloom of the turned lattice. It is a balm for the aching side and a soft bandage for the temple stung with pain.

Why did you look so sad this morning when you came in? Or alas for the loneliness and the heart-break and the lead that is never lifted from your soul! Some of you go about feeling like Macaulay when he wrote of such days as I have been spending. I would be impatient to get down into my little narrow crib in the ground, like a weary factory child. And there have been times in your life when you wished you could get out of this life. You have said, "Oh, how sweet to be in the dust of the valley!" and wished you could pull over you the heavy shroud of the coverlet of green grass and daisies. You have said, "Oh, how beautifully quiet it must be in the tomb! I wish I were there."

I see all around about me widowhood and orphanage and childlessness; sadness, disappointment, perplexity. If I could ask all those in my audience who have felt no sorrow and grief, I would have no disappointment—if I could ask such to rise, how many would rise? Not one.

Some one could not understand why an old German Christian scholar used to be always so calm and happy and hopeful when he had so many trials and sicknesses and ailments. A man secreted himself in the house. He said, "I mean to watch this old scholar and Christian." And he saw the old Christian man go to his room and sit down on the chair beside the stand and open the Bible and begin to read. He read on and on, chapter after chapter, hour after hour, until his face was all aglow with the tidings from heaven, and when the clock struck 12 he rose and shut his Bible and said: "Blessed Lord, we are on the same old terms yet. Good night. Good night." Oh, you sin parched and you trouble pounded, here is comfort, here is satisfaction! Will you come and get it? I cannot tell you what the Lord offers you hereafter so well as I can tell you what he offers now. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

Oh, home of the blessed! Foundations of gold! Arches of victory! Capstones of praise! And a dome in which there are echoing and re-echoing the halleluiahs of the ages! And around about that mansion is a garden, the garden of God, and all the springing fountains are the bottled-up waters of the wilderness and all the crimson of the flowers is the deep hue that was caught up from the carnage of earthly martyrdoms and the fragrance is the prayer of all the saints and the aroma puts into utter forgetfulness the cassia and the spikenard and the frankincense and the world renowned spices which Queen Balkis of Abyssinia flung at the feet of King Solomon.

NOW, GLASS DRESSES!

A well-known variety article will shortly appear in public in a dress manufactured entirely of glass fibre. The dress is a delicate Nile-green in color. The cloth was spun in Dresden, and the garment manufactured in Paris. It took the most interesting lady reader to know that the skirt is cut in a demi-train, hanging straight in front, with a full gather at back. The bodice is sleeveless, and cut low in front, clinging to the bust with the pliancy of silk. The skirt terminates with a fringe, surmounted by a glass braid like interwoven cord. It will be the first time a glass dress has been worn on the stage in any land. The color effects of the dress under a strong light are wonderful. Delicate shades of pale green, pale blue, and silver white blend into each other with bewildering rapidity as the wearer walks. The dress does not sparkle; it has indescribable silvery sheen, and, as the wearer moves, the silvery light ripples from point to point on the dress like waves in the moonlight.

SOUND SLEEPER.

A recent traveller in Central Africa gives several instances of the capacity of sleep developed by his Arab servants. He mentions one of these men as being undisturbed by the discharge of firearms within two feet of his head. Another is described as follows:—Salam, our Arab boy sleeps more soundly than any one else I have ever come across. It is a task of no ordinary magnitude to wake him. He tells a story in regard to himself to the effect that one night, when he was travelling with an Arab in North Africa, he had to sleep with their donkey tethered to his leg to keep him from running away. When he woke in the morning he found that the donkey had wandered away to a considerable distance, and had dragged him along. Judging from our own experience of his sleeping powers, we do not think the story incredible.

HOUSEHOLD.

OIL STOVES.

Although there are several kinds of oil stoves made without wicks, the larger number in use are still those with wicks. It is a common experience to have an oil stove smoke some time after it has been lighted, and when it appears to be burning all right, Miss Bedford explains this. She says:—"When the stove is ready for use, light and turn the wicks up gradually, beginning with a low flame. Increase the height after a while until more than one-half its full size. After 10 or 15 minutes have elapsed and it burns steadily at the same height it can be left with safety, unless the article placed over it is a kettle of water. When the latter arrives at the boiling point the flame is frequently drawn up, and if turned too high it will surely begin to smoke. In leaving the stove to itself, however, provision should be made to shield it from a strong draft.

In regard to cleaning Miss Bedford says that the first thing to be done is to remove the iron work which acts as a chimney. Turn each wick as low as possible in the burner, and rub it hard on a cake of sand soap, then with a wooden skewer or a small pointed blunt knife push the cloth down on the inside of the burner a good quarter of an inch and rub off all the brown deposit; this will probably require considerable scouring. If it cannot be gotten rid of in this way, scrape it off with the knife. Next scour the netting and scour thoroughly. Wipe all parts with a dry cloth. Turn the wick up and rub off the charred edge. If necessary, cut each wick, then light to make sure that it is even. Once it is cut true it will seldom need more than a daily rubbing off of the charred portion and the clipping of loose threads. When not in use the wick should be turned down until just below the top of the burner. The iron chimney will probably need a thorough cleaning, rubbing hard with the soaped cloth and skewer. When every corner is perfectly clean it is rubbed dry and replaced on the stove.

This first cleaning, especially if the stove has been in use for some time, is likely to be difficult, but, once clean, the burner and chimney can be kept in good condition by going lightly over them daily. Then by being careful to avoid the smoking, the oil stove should prove what it is intended to be, a thoroughly useful article, and with care should last for many years.

SUMMER DON'TS.

Don't entirely shut out the sunlight because it makes the room somewhat warmer or fades the carpet. You need not, of course, have the sun streaming in all day, but let it come in freely for an hour or two in the morning, open the windows at top and bottom, and the impure air which the incoming draught raises from the lower part of the room may find egress.

Don't neglect your sleeping room. Be sure that during the hour the sunlight is being admitted, the bedclothes have been removed, and are spread out so that they, as well as the bed, will become thoroughly aired.

Don't sleep in a draught, although the air should circulate freely through the room. Many people close their windows at night because they are "afraid of the night air." This is a thousand times less dangerous than the air which, in a closed room, becomes heavy and poisonous from the exhalations from the lungs.

Don't eat much during the day. Let your heartiest meal be at night, or when your work for the day is over. Fruit, toast, soft-boiled eggs, and oatmeal make a good breakfast.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Spices Layer Cake.—One pound sugar, three-quarters cup butter, one cup sweet milk, four eggs, three cups flour, three even teaspoonsful of baking powder. For spice use one and a half teaspoonsful each of cinnamon and cloves and one nutmeg, the beaten yolks of the eggs beating vigorously, then the milk and flour alternately; lastly the spices and the well-whipped whites of the eggs. Beat in three layers in deep jelly tins, and put together with soft icing.

To Cook a Fresh Fish.—Clean thoroughly a fresh fish. Tie it in a piece of netting or lay it on the drainer of the fish kettle, if you have one. Cover with boiling water, add two level teaspoonsful of salt, a sprig of parsley, a dozen peppercorns and one small onion, sliced. Let cook slowly half or three quarters of an hour, according to size. It should boil constantly, but never hard. Lift the fish, drain it and slide it off on a hot dish on a bed of cream sauce. For the sauce, cook two rounded tablespoonsful of flour in one of butter will smooth, then stir in two cups of scalded cream. When smooth, stir in four tablespoonsful of grated horseradish. If this is not at hand, season with salt and pepper and add two heaped tablespoonsful of capers. A fish of cream sauce and served with a delicate weight should be chosen for a housekeeper. Though the average fisher, there are many epicures who declare a fish should always be cooked in its natural element.

Creamed Corned Beef.—Cut enough corned beef to make one pint into fine dice, or run it through a meat

chopper. Make a cream sauce with one tablespoonful each of butter and flour and one cup of milk. Season with salt and pepper; add a very little onion juice, stir into the meat, simmer for five minutes and cover with coarse bread crumbs that have been browned in a little butter.

Almond Cream.—Pare five medium-sized ripe yellow peaches, cut the fruit into rings. Sprinkle with powdered sugar. Blanch and shred a cupful of almond meats. Place in a double boiler, three-quarters cupful of sugar and two cupfuls of milk, when this boils add two tablespoonsful of corn starch dissolved in cold milk, "stirring constantly for fifteen minutes." When cool, flavor with one-half teaspoonful of almond extract; add the nuts carefully, "fold in" four egg-whites. Line a wet mould with the sliced peaches, fill with the almond cream. Place in a refrigerator for four hours. Decorate either with whipped cream natural or colored a light green, pink or yellow as the cook's fancy dictates.

Peach Sponge.—Soften one half box of gelatine with one-half cupful of cold water. Boil one pint of water, one-half cupful of sugar and six peach kernels, chopped, strain and pour the syrup over the gelatine, stir thoroughly. When cold, add two level teaspoonsful of egg-whites, whip until the sponge is light. Place a thick layer of sliced peaches in a mould, add the sponge and finish the top with halved peaches. Any cold sauce preferred may be served.

Charlotte Russe.—Whip one pint of cream, add the whites of four eggs beaten thoroughly, one cupful of sugar, a black coffee, one-half cupful powdered sugar. Line individual moulds with sponge cake, fill with the cream. Stand on ice an hour.

SICK HEADACHE.

Coarse brown paper soaked in vinegar and placed on the forehead is good for sick headache. If the eyes are gently bathed in cold water the pain in the head is generally allayed.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Interesting Chat About Some Great Folks.

One of the few ladies who have acted as successful engine-drivers is the Marchioness of Tweeddale.

Mrs. McKinley, wife of the President of the United States, is a lawyer in full practice before the American Bar.

The Czar of Russia owns the largest landed estate in the world. It is about one hundred million acres in extent.

Thomas E. Edison rarely sleeps more than four hours a day. He says that when he sleeps eight hours he feels ill when he wakes up.

The Czar is a most wonderful whistler, and can whistle the most intricate variations on national airs. He entertains intimate friends in this way.

Among illustrious personages with queer fads must be numbered Prince Leopold of Bavaria. His collection of beetles is the most extensive and complete in the world, and the Prince is a skilled entomologist, deeply versed in the habits of ants, bees, moths, flies, earwigs, and the insect world generally.

The young Egyptian Khedive is said to possess the most costly set of harness in the world. It is made of black leather, with chased gold buckles and collars ornamented with the same costly metal.

No other sovereign in the world has so many physicians as the Czar. They number twenty-seven, and are all selected from among the medical celebrities of Russia. There is first a physician in chief; then come ten honorary physicians, three surgeons and four honorary surgeons; two oculists, a chiropodist and honorary chiropodist; two Court physicians, and three specialists for the Czarina.

None of the reigning families of Europe are peculiarly graceful horsemen with the possible exception of the Emperor of Austria. The Emperor William and the Duke of Connaught have been singularly unlucky in the matter of bad falls. The late Czar was a particularly unskilful horseman, and it is said that some uncomplimentary remarks of the German Emperor on his riding, which were repeated to him, were the cause of the collision which existed between the German and Russian Courts in 1890. In this respect the present Czar resembles his father.

After fifty-one years' service in the navy Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, one of the most distinguished and most courtly of naval officers, goes into retirement. He has just celebrated his sixty-fifth birthday. No one connected with the King's fleet has had a more stirring career. The half-century between his entry on February 6th, 1850, and his last day's duties as first principal A.D.C. on the occasion of the funeral of the late Queen was packed with incidents, many of them of an exciting character, and none more so than those of the months when the troubles of the Armenians were ringing in English ears, and Sir Michael was in command of a menacing fleet "up the Strait."

DOUBTFUL.

Curio Collector—Have you any old relics you are willing to part with? Binbored—Yes, my wife's mother is stopping with us, but I don't think she would suit you.

TICKLISH MOMENTS.

In common with most other men who have travelled into the Outlands of the Earth, I have often been asked the question, "Which was the worst quarter of an hour you can look back upon?" writes George Griffith in Pearson's Weekly.

The answer is not quite so easy as it seems, because the matter is so complicated by the absence or presence of the element of excitement. For instance, I never was nearer to the knife-edged brink of eternity than I was one bitter, dark night in the South Atlantic, on the Jacob's Ladder of a thousand-ton clipper.

I was a lad of fifteen, and Jacob's Ladder runs from what I may call the base of the royal mast to the sky-sail yard. I had just furlled the skysail, which is the highest sail in a full-rigged ship, and was coming down, when the lower lashings of the ladder carried away. The vessel was rolling heavily, so you may imagine what the motion was like a hundred and thirty feet above the deck. Of course, with each roll, swung out over the water like a pendulum, and just as one of the top lashings had given way I managed to get an arm and leg round the mast. Now at that time I didn't feel a tremor of fear, simply because I was too busy trying to get off that ladder, but when I got down on deck and thought it over, I was simply sick with fear.

On the other hand, I had an experience some time ago, in the Isle of Pines, near New Caledonia, which proved certain that a man can be very frightened and yet persuade himself that he isn't. I had just landed from Noumea, where the plague was raging, and I had every reason to believe that I had got it. I had all the recognised symptoms. In fact, my glands were beginning to swell, and I was

GETTING DIZZY AND LIGHT-HEADED.

I was absolutely alone, and I knew that if I couldn't walk straight, if I even limped or suffered from sickness the next morning I should be marched off to the hospital there and then.

Of course, there was not a more scared man in the Southern Hemisphere, and for cold-drawn mental misery perhaps the early hours of that night were the worst I have ever lived through.

Again, the first time I experienced the sensation of being shot at was a distinctly bad ten minutes. I was out on the air and seeing them knock up the dust, and there was also that half-conscious, instantaneous speculation as to whether the next one would hit or not. Still, it is only honest to say that I was in about as blue a funk as a self-respecting adventurer ever wants to find himself.

And yet my next experience was absolutely the reverse, although the danger was if anything greater. It was away up in the Sierras of the Andes on the road from Cuzco to the rail head at Sicuani. As I was riding over an old Spanish bridge across a torrent, I heard the crack of a Mannlicher, and felt a hot, stinging sensation just above the elbow.

The fix I was in was this: if I had ridden on I should have been pelted to a certainty, for after the bridge the path was so steep up the side of the gorge that

MY MULE COULD ONLY CRAWL.

It was dusk, and I couldn't see my man. He was behind a stone like a brother Boer, so there was nothing for it but to let him have another shot and fire on the flash, so I slipped off and popped my seven-shot repeater across the saddle. Happily my mule had been through the Revolution, and took no more notice of the shooting than a stone horse would have done.

My friend fired again and missed. I luckily got him first shot, something whitey grey tumbled out from behind the stone. The devil in me was awake now, and I deliberately pumped two more bullets into him to make sure, because if he had only disabled me I should have had a knife in me, been stripped, and thrown over into the river, and my enemy, who was there with a loaded revolver on the road collecting his arrears of pay, would have made a very fine haul.

Now, curiously enough, this time I was not frightened a bit. I never shot at a bird or a target more quietly than I did at my friend the highwayman; but then, you see, in the first place, I was armed, in the second I was in the right, and lastly, I felt that cold, deliberate anger which comes over a man when he has been unfairly hit.

So here you have the same man in two shooting cases. In one he runs like a scared rabbit, so frightened that his teeth chattered with fear when the trouble was over. In the other he behaved as if he were one of two boys having a duel with peashooters.

But none of these experiences was quite the worst that I can remember, and yet the incident was a perfect simple one, with no element of romance whatever about it.

A party of four of us were coming back from the Perene district, which is on the eastern side of the Andes towards the head waters of the Amazon. The only road up to Oroya, where the Central Railway of Peru begins, is through a tremendous gorge fifty or sixty miles long, and

fanked by mountains four to six thousand feet high. There had been bad floods for six or seven days, and when we got to a bridge which crossed one of the side torrents flowing into the Chamchamayo, which flows down through the gorge, we found that half of it was gone.

One parapet was left, and about two to three feet of roadway, and underneath was swollen to three or four times its normal size, and was tumbling down from the mountains on the left-hand side in a flood of seething foam with here and there long streaks of blue-black water. On the other side, where the parapet was gone, was the Chamchamayo—bigger, broader, and

MORE UNPLEASANT-LOOKING.

Now, by the unwritten but unbroken Law of the Outlands, when it comes to crossing an ugly bridge or fording a wicked-looking stream, he who has a mule must go first, because where a mule will go a horse will follow. I was the only one in the party who was riding a mule and so it fell to me to cross the bridge. There was only one thing more to be feared, and that was that I was more frightened of than I was of that twenty or thirty feet promenade, and that was letting the other fellows see that I was frightened. The situation reminded me of the old Major who said to a green subaltern when the guns began to talk:

"My dear fellow, if you were as frightened as I am you'd leave the field."

I just had to do it, so I off-saddled and carried my kit across, because the bridge might bear me, and give way under the mule, besides, it was a scary trip even for a mule, and if she had gone over with my kit, I should have been without money, weapons or steamer-tickets wherewith to get home, to say nothing of losing my animal.

Then I crossed gingerly back, unwound the tethering rope, which, fortunately, was about twenty feet long, and proceeded to entice the mule across.

Sometimes, when I've not had quite the right thing for supper, I do it over again, and wake up in a cold perspiration. She tapped every foot of the way with her forefeet, peeped down at the water, and stopped sticking out her upper lip as if she wanted to go for me for getting her

INTO SUCH A FIX.

I don't know how long it took to get across. It might have been five minutes or five hours, and at any moment the torrent thundering round what foundation was left might have torn the essential stone away—after which the rest would have been chaos for the mule and myself.

Altogether, I think it was quite the most ticklish moment of my life. I don't quite know how frightened I was, but I certainly never want to be in such a shivering funk again. Fear of that sort is one of the curses of an imaginative temperament. You see the catastrophe whether it happens or not, and the worst of it was that the risk had to be taken in absolutely cold blood. There was no excitement to help; it was just like tossing a coin for life or death.

Of course, we got over all right, or I should not be telling the yarn now. I took a pull at my flask of Chacta (cane brandy), and sat down on my saddle to watch the other fellows come across. I watched them, with an uneasy satisfaction which afterwards convinced me that I had a considerable amount of original sin concealed about my person. The bridge collapsed a few days later.

TEACHING DETECTIVES.

In France They Must Go Through a Regular Training.

The London detective has to join the police force as an ordinary "bobby," and rely upon his own intelligence, coupled with a good deal of luck for promotion.

In France the art of being a detective is taught in a regular graded school with lessons and examination.

The students are first trained in the use of their eyes and hands. One of the lessons consists in placing a pupil in the middle of a brilliantly-lighted room, full of furniture. He is left for only a few seconds, when the room is darkened, and he is required to sketch hastily a complete map of the room, indicating the position of the furniture. After this he is allowed to look at a face for a moment or two. The student is then required to describe the face and the color of the hair and eyes. He is afterwards required to recognize a photograph of the face among several hundred others.

The education of the hand follows. The pupil is placed in a darkened room full of curious and unusual objects. He is required to touch them rapidly and afterwards to recall exactly what he has touched and write a description of them. He must remember even the slightest details. One of the exercises consists in placing a jewelled knife before him in the dark, which he is allowed to touch only for a moment. Afterwards he must tell by touch what the jewels are—whether rubies, diamonds, or opals.

HIS LUCKY DISCOVERY.

Many people seem to remember only by an effort that the late Empress Frederick was an extraordinary discoverer. According to him he picked it up in the street some years ago a small round knob, apparently broken off from some article of furniture. He threw it into an open drawer at home, where it remained. In turning this knob a short time ago around between his fingers he found that it moved, and, having unscrewed it, he discovered within the receptacle more than 100 small brilliant-cut jewels in paper. The last great jewel robbery in Vienna was in 1885, and five years ago it or the jewelled staff of Marshal Radetsky was stolen from the arsenal. If no one puts in a claim the brilliants will probably fall to the servant.

OLD-TIME CORONATIONS.

WHAT OUR FOREFATHERS PAID TO SEE THE SHOW.

How Loyalty and Lucre Struck a Balance in the Old-Time Displays.

It is said that a hundred guineas has already been paid for a window for the ensuing coronation. A copy of a list of prices in former times for seats in the streets and at windows, which may be seen at the British museum, is interesting, as showing the relative value of money displayed by the people and the state of prosperity of the Kingdom.

At Edward I.'s coronation in 1272 the demand for a seat was half a farthing, at Edward II.'s people had either doubled their wealth or their passion for royal shows, the price having risen to an entire farthing. At Edward III.'s it was a halfpenny, and the chronicler who gives us these details seems to think that the show was dear at that price. At Henry IV.'s it was a penny. Henry V. was popular and the people opened their purses to the extent of twopence, as a sign of their loyalty. Henry VI., of whom Shakespeare said "that he could neither fight nor fly," was certainly not popular, yet twopence was given to see him crowned. Then ensued a slump; coronations became so frequent that prices dropped from twopence to a halfpenny, and in one or two disastrous instances the splendor of royalty was to be seen

FOR NOTHING.

When things quieted down after the York and Lancaster wars, the country, having had time to grow rich, actually paid fourpence for a view of Henry VIII.'s coronation. Religious convictions seem to have had more influence in rising and depressing values than any other cause. In their joy at Elizabeth's ascent to the throne they disbursed sixpence to see her crowned; after that the price jumped to a shilling, and the nation in a paroxysm of joy at getting rid of the Roundheads, paid half a crown to see Charles II.'s installation.

Queen Anne and William were both considered worth five shillings, and they certainly were not dear at that price to England. The Jacobites, however, were so determined to stand aloof when the House of Brunswick took possession of their inheritance that the vendors only dared charge a crown.

At the coronation of George III, loyalty became rampant, however, and prices sprang up at an unparalleled rate. "Front seats of the gallery at Westminster Abbey were let, we are told, at 10 guineas, and upward seats in the street at from 1 guinea to 10, and every tile from whence a glimpse of the procession could be had was a place of eager canvassing and exorbitant demand."

If the owners of the windows along the route made large sums, the hackney chairmen and coachmen were determined also to profit by

THE PUBLIC ENTHUSIASM.

By an Order in Council of Sept. 17, 1761, their tariffs and charges for the occasion were duly gone into and regulated. They determined to frame a tariff of their own, which the Lords of the Privy Council considered exorbitant, they were enjoined therefore to attend on the public by 4 in the morning without any rise in their fares. The "Jarvey" of the day stood firm, and but for the interference of a patriotic chairman who advised his colleagues to trust to the spontaneous generosity of the public, there might have been an unseemly riot. Public generosity did not deceive them, and they found that in many instances they received a guinea in lieu of a shilling.

The ceremonial in connection with the coronation of our present King, is, we are informed, to occupy two days, and we think it is as well, when we read the account of what King George and his Queen went through, to divide the ordeal by two days. "At 9 the King and Queen came in their chairs to the White Hall, and from thence to the Hall, and from there to remain before the public, playing their part with as much dignity as the strain and fatigue of the situation would permit."

FLEEING FROM FEVER.

The village of Ostia, about twenty-three miles from Rome and at the mouth of the Tiber, has hundreds of inhabitants during the winter, and only about ten or twelve during the summer. The fever season begins in April or May, and lasts till the end of November; the inhabitants desert the village during this period, returning in November in order to cultivate the fertile fields. They crowd into huts of the most primitive kind. The floor is of stone, and the door posts and the lower part of the walls, but the upper portion and the roof are composed of branches and thatch. They have a hole in the roof to allow the smoke to escape when they make a fire, but the climate is so mild that they do not often need a fire for warmth, while cooking is done outside. This insignificant and fever-stricken village was once an important port at which were landed all the supplies for Rome.