

## A NORTHERN LEGEND.

It was on a wild, wintry night in the polar regions of the most northern estuary of Hudson's bay that I was reposing, half asleep, stretched out on the gray reindeer robes that separated me from the most curious of all couches, a bed of snow, while the half flickering light from a native stone lamp that looked like half of a huge clam-shell, with the straggling bits of light along its edge, threw its yellow, jaundiced hues against a number of queer faces—fat, dumpy ones that looked like those Mongolians pointed out to imitate the facial lines of our own Indians. Back of this group of Esquimaux—for such they were—were the weirdly white walls of the snow house, making the domestic look unlike a little oval-domed, egg-shaped pen built of tundra-stones. The little children were asleep in a cozy corner, under the reindeer robes, a great algarine black musk-ox skin being between them and the walls of the snow house, while the few Esquimaux men in the place were sitting on the edge of a bed of snow, their feet swathed in skins, dangling down to the floor of the same white material, where a few dogs were prying their noses around to catch a bit of seal or walrus meat; or they were sitting a Turk upon it, all of them with their arms withdrawn from the sleeves of their coats and crossed upon their bare breasts underneath, and each and every one enjoying a pipe of tobacco while thus warming their hands.

As the white smoke lazily ascended and drifted away through the little holes in the top of the walls of snow, I heard the group, one by one, tell their curious stories of the brutal chase, their dangers on the fies of ice, and the myths and legends of the great north land, and one of them, the legend of an old walrus-hunter of the tribe, I must tell.

Far, far in the mythical past, when the ancestors of the Innuits, or Esquimaux, first came to this land, the blasts of winter and its weary leagues of ice and snow were unknown. Summer reigned throughout the year, and the walrus crawled upon the rocky islets and the sloping shores, instead of cakes and vast flows of ice, and were secured by the merry hearted hunters, who never knew of famine from the fields of winter. Seeds sported in the pretty little fields, and with spears and light skin canoes they successfully hunted them the year round. Flowers grew upon the banks of the lakes, and ice was unknown upon their waters, while in myriad droves the deer, duck and guillemot, and snowy geese floated upon their bosoms, and their clamorous voices filled the air. From lake to lake their many droves wandered at their pleasure, but southward they never had to go to avoid the cold, or because their swimming paces were covered with ice; and their gurgling chatter could be heard in any month in the year. Clouds never darkened the sky, and the sun never set, but swung around the horizon, undimmed by mists, like some sleepless sentinel guarding a sacred spot. It was the grandest time the earth had ever seen, so all agreed, even the beasts and the birds and those that lived under the water along the land, and so thought the poor Innuits (as the Esquimaux call themselves), who had come from a far-off shore, desolate and devoid of all such brightness and plenty.

"Who reigns in this fair land?" asked our Innuit fore-fathers of the peaceful inhabitants. The deity we now worship is Aklsharnak, the white deer, although we have had many before, but then the country was never so prosperous under them. Once yielded the reindeer god, but to please him he made all the water into land bearing sweet grasses for them to eat, and all the lakes were made into mere puddles, where the reindeer could drink, and everything was given to grass, so the seal and the walrus and the polar bear suffered more than the reindeer gained. Then the god of the whales ruled over all, and the waters commenced creeping up over the land to please them, and soon everything thereon would have been destroyed had not the musk-oxen succeeded him, and back again increased the land, until the poor seal and walrus were once more in agony for a place to rest, until Tornarsuk, chief (shoo-mat-uk) of all the gods, heard their cries, and left the many lands he ruled to play a ruse over the land that would do better. The deity of all the animals and birds and insects presented their claims to rule, and everyone thought surely the contest would be narrowed down to a choice among the more aggressive animals and birds, but all were dumfounded and surprised to see the modest elder duck selected from the great throng. Mo-ah-uk, said Tornarsuk, needs many lakes in which to breed and raise her young, and this creates a great deal of land to inclose the lakes, and on this land would grow the grass for the grazing animals. The sea and its inlets and its flows would be needed, for here the full-grown elders love to congregate and swim upon the dancing waves, and the seal and the narwhal and the walrus need not lament.

So the deity of the elder ducks was made god of all. Tornarsuk remained among them to see the effect, and so great was the contentment and so pleased were all that when he left he told them that he expected it would be a long time before he again visited them, so sure was he of their continued happiness, and he has never yet returned. Such was the unbounded era of happiness when the first Innuit had come, an era which was gladly hailed, and with loyalty they attached themselves to the worship and respect of their new sovereign. They had left behind them a dull deity good and bad, united in one, and he ruled them according to his varying moods—half the time he was gracious and half the time he was angry. Half the time the sun shone and half the time it was night.

Half the year he seemed morose and the days were short and the nights were long, but when the flowers came and with them the birds he was as genial as any and the days lengthened at the expense of the night. But now was the

petal day and eternal plenty, so the footsore pilgrims were contented, and their god of two moods they gladly forgot for one with but a single mood, and that one so steadfast and genial. Though they willingly quit their allegiance to their old-time god, the abandonment was not mutual, and as soon as he knew that some of his subjects were gone he searched for them far and wide. He sunk part of his land under the great water that he might pursue them in a boat. He called on the sun to give him constant light that he might look for them in all the corners of the universe. His travels brought him to the peaceful land of Aklsharnak, guided thither by the search, and the dazzling power of his sun that came with him overwhelmed the rays of the star-shining orb of the country. He demanded in thundering tones his long lost people, but the great elder duck only drew them closer under her wings and vowed that all were entitled to her protection as long as she was able, and that only Tornarsuk could command otherwise.

Then began the grand war of the gods which is not even yet decided. Many are the messengers that have been sent to Tornarsuk, but no reply comes to them, and slowly the strength of the struggling elder deity wanes. First the angry one swore he would devastate the fair land of Aklsharnak and make it a desert uninhabited by living thing. His sun battled long with that of the elder and the first great victory, for the latter was shorn of his fiery hair and bright rays, and wandered in the heavens as the silvery moon, with just enough light left to illumine the bright snows of the cheerless winter time, and even then so weak at times that he must concentrate all its flame on one edge to be seen by the beloved people of Aklsharnak, so they will not lose heart as they would if it disappeared altogether, and they might not see it if it attempted to illumine its whole face at these despondent times, so weak and diffused would it be. Like a great gladiator dying in an unequal struggle, it always presents that brilliant edge dim as it is compared with yore, to its hated rival, that it may think it yet full of life. Then when its victory was almost complete, the sun of the Innuits retreated to its own land to the far south and withdrew its warm rays and those it had captured from the despoiled captive, and the air became so chill that it seemed that everything must perish with the cold.

Then the great elder god made wings from the ocean waves for her subjects, that they might fly south to the warm sun; for as the waves rise and fall, so did the wings she made from them, and left their owners to the more genial climate. First she made those of her own kind—that is, elder ducks—and by the time they were completed the Innuit god, seeing that his own people were not coming first, as he thought they would, to avoid the plagues of cold, and not wanting the other life of Aklsharnak in his south land, stilled the waves with wistful sheets of ice, and no more wings could be made. He wanted his Innuits, but not the other kinds of life from a land he hated so. From the crystal ice, the corpses of the waves, the elder god yet essayed to make more wings for her subjects, and put them on the ptarmigan, that they might travel, too, but they could only fly the thickness of the iceberg from which their wings were cut, and the god of the south laughed loud and long. So wroth was he, he covered Aklsharnak into an Elysium of snow; but by the time his sun was weary of visiting the cold north land they had not relented he would send people whose faces were white to that land, and when the dark-faced men and women and dark-skinned animals and felines were all dead Aklsharnak would be as before. And now, my friends, whose father's father's father told this so very long ago, and whose haters laughed at the thought of such curious people as those with skins on their like the polar bear, let me say that the white men from the south are truly among us, and it is too late for us to repent, but over our bodies will bloom many kinds of brilliant flowers that we see not in our summers now, and on our graves will shine a never-setting sun."

And in the silence which followed this narrative I could not help but think that however profuse or partially it may be worded, whether in legend, story, or plain facts, this simple people, too, like all the others of our continent, recognize their inevitable extinction before the advancing march of the whites.—Frederick Schwab.

**Good News for the Sleepless.**  
It comes from Turin, where it is proposed to publish a newspaper printed in luminous ink, so that it will be possible to read it in the dark without lamp, gas or candle. Restless nights therefore lose their terror, for it will be possible for the waker to lie in bed and read. We could name certain contemporaries which if printed in the above fashion, would immediately induce sleep if taken to bed by the most obstinately wakeful individual.—London Society.

**To Ward off Dogs.**  
The advice of the Brussels veterinary professor is to have people should ward off attacks from dogs is rather difficult to follow. The dog is supposed to snap at the uncovered part of the body. Therefore, "hide the hands and take care of the face," is the sapient warning. Put your hands in your pockets and you can not protect your face. That is the dilemma, and a good many people will be bitten before it is settled.—Brooklyn Eagle.

**The Noted Russian Novelist.**  
Tolstoi, the great Russian novelist, lives in a common country house, consisting of one immense room and filled with all sorts of necessary articles, including libraries of useful books and manual tools. His children work in the garden at the beach or at the desk. When the one quits his manual labor the other leaves his intellectual task and takes the other's place. Tolstoi's literary works are now read all over the world.—Chicago Tribune.

**Horses for the Artists.**  
Three American horses are to be shipped to Rio de Janeiro. One was bred on the San river, in the Rocky mountains; another is a wild horse caught on the headwaters of the Niobrara, and a third is a mustang from the Brazos river, Texas. They are designed as specimens of horses used on our frontier.—Chicago Herald.

**Crop Cultivation in Australia.**  
Australia will hereafter pay more attention to the cultivation of crops. In addition to the products now grown there, a commission has lately recommended the increased growth of the poppy, the olive, the caper, the castor-oil plant, medicinal rhubarb, madder, rape, indigo, and mustard.—Exchange.

## JOAQUIN AS A STORY-TELLER.

The Feet of the Steers Writers of Half Wild Cattle and Rattlesnakes. My present letter is from Eugene City, Ore., where my father settled down nearly forty years ago, and where I have done more work with the hand that pens these lines than any man I know—worked like a man while still a lad.

Lord those days when my brother and I used to rise with the sun and go out and milk the half-wild Spanish cows! What battles we poor barefooted lads did have! These Spanish cows were ferrially vicious brutes. They had long, sharp horns, and would fight like lions. In fact, I have seen my poor brother have much more painful fights in the corral with these cows, long-legged, sharp-horned and vicious cows than ever I saw in all the bull-fights of Mexico or Spain.

These cows had been brought up from Mexico for the Missouri. Their long battles for their young, generation after generation, with wild beasts, had made them trim-limbed and sharp horned as antelope, almost. No wise or well-regulated people ever attempted to milk them before nor after. But we were belated immigrants, and no one came by to tell us better. Besides that, butter was \$1 a pound. And we were very poor. You see we got these wild cattle from the old settlers for tanning them. We wanted them, but they bred a good many holes in us before we got them. Kicked? I have been doubled up in the fence-corner for an hour at a time like a jack-knife. But as for butter, you might as well milk a strap. The milk was thin, and watery, what little we got away with.

Oh, the cow! I tell you, candidly, an old blue cow with big white eyes which I had to milk, used to watch with her big eyes till I got the dipper full. And then, just as I would let go of her to go and pour the milk away in the pail, she would hoist her right hind leg, and—whack! On my honor, that whole spring through, we three boys, were none of us without a skinned nose, a speckled shin, or a broken rib. But, after all, the worst part of the whole business was the hunting up of those wild cattle twice a day and driving them into the corral. They would run for miles and miles every day. They would let their little calves starve and never come near them. And run! They would run like deer. Only deer run from you. These wild, high-headed, and sharp-horned cows would run toward you. And this is the way we would get them home—run like wild, wild toward home, and the cows after that.

But just this was actually the terrible part of hunting them up. The whole land was alive with rattlesnakes. The grass was tall and thick, and we poor boys wore on foot, and barbed-foot. No money had our parents to buy either shoes or horses. And such rattlesnakes! Were I tell you that I have seen knots of rattlesnakes as big as a barrel roll down the little rocky hill known as "Rattlesnake Butte" they would hardly care to believe me without the solemn assurance that the fact is not a jest. Yes, the truth is, we used in spring to go in great parties, Indians and all, to kill rattlesnakes. But now snakes, wild cows, tall grass, and all are no more. The cows could never be tamed, and as time went by all the old "Spanish" stock of cattle was driven to California and butchered, and what was called "American cattle" took their place. As for the rattlesnakes, strange to tell, they began to disappear as soon as hogs were introduced into the country. A rattlesnake will fly for his life from a hog. I doubt if a snake will strike at a hog under any circumstances, for I never saw one try to bite a hog. But I have seen hogs capture, and eat rattlesnakes dozens of times.—Joaquin Miller in Chicago Times.

**The Worst Not Told.**  
There really are many things which can not be portrayed in the public prints, and though there is a widespread howl about the evil effects of the publication of the debasing "sensational exaggerations," which are the leading feature of some journals, they do not, appealing as they are, tell the whole truth. I will confess that there is much that is untrue that finds its way into the newspapers of the present day, but there is much that must necessarily be suppressed from public view. Newspapers are not, as has often been asserted, mirrors of the worst forms of life. They may not be mirrors of the best, but they certainly do not present it in its lowest aspect.

There is no question but that for a city containing 1,000,000 of inhabitants Philadelphia is comparatively free from the odor of crimes that never reach the public ear; that there are fewer hidden crimes in this city than in others of large population—a fact due to its wide expanse of territory. Still, I am convinced that there has been many a foul deed committed within her boundaries that has not yet and never will become known. You have little idea of the crime that occurs without detection. A police official, who has been in service for years, and who is a very close observer, told me that the world had but a feeble conception of what was transpiring in it in this line.—Philadelphia Call.

**Height of the Snow Line.**  
On the northern slope of the Alps the zone of perpetual snow reaches down to about 8,000 feet above sea-level, and on the south side to about 8,800 feet. In the Pyrenees the snow-line is at a height of about 8,950 feet; in the Caucasus about 10,000 to 11,000 feet, on the south side of the Himalayas, 12,989 feet, on the north, 16,620; at the equator, in the Andes, 15,889 feet; in Bolivia, 18,520 feet in the western Cordillera, and 15,929 in the eastern; in Mexico, 14,793 feet in Chili, near Santiago, 12,780 feet; in Norway, 5,000 feet in the middle portion, and 2,310 feet in the northern extremity; in Kamchatka, 5,200 feet; in Alaska, 5,500 feet.—Arkansas Traveler.

**James Parton says:** "None of the Olympian games were at once so graceful, so beautiful and so innocent as our base ball."

## AN ACTRESS' MAKE-UP.

What is Used to Beautify the Skin and Blacken the Eyelids.

"Nothing is so exaggerated or mysterious to the outside world as the 'make-up' process of actors," said a prominent member of the profession yesterday to a reporter.

"Well, I suppose actresses adopt the same process as fashionable women?" "Not a bit of it. Actresses have to follow simple and quick methods to make up for a stage appearance. The actress who wishes to make a good appearance usually washes her face in water and then in bay rum. Oriental cream or whitish liquid is next applied with a sponge. When the face is dry it is then powdered with the softest chamois skin. Then the background, as it were, is ready, and ermine is delicately distributed with a fine, velvet sponge over the features. The lips next receive attention by the homopathic application of a red liquid. All this is done with incredible swiftness and without any apparent effort to obtain artistic effect. The particular part of the toilet now begins—pencil the eyebrows. A small camel's hair brush, of the best quality, is moistened with the finest India ink, and work on the eyebrows is fairly inaugurated. A delicate line is also drawn under the lashes on the lower lid. This is the way the actress prepares to make her appearance upon the stage when she is personating a character that does not require her to look older than she really is. In that case, of course, she uses cosmetics and paints to produce wrinkles and the necessary aged appearance. Lead pencil No. 1 are frequently used instead of India ink to pencil the eyebrows.

"The enamelling process, which originated in France, is very rarely resorted to on account of its baneful effects. It gives the face a ghost-like, wax-like, and is far from being beautiful. It is a perfect art, though, and, frequently, very old actresses can build a new and youthful face for the stage with enamel. Used to a great extent it fills the pores of the skin, and poisons the muscular glands, producing disease. Some of the great and successful actresses, however, have outfits that a harem of Oriental women might envy. To enumerate a few articles: glycerine, India ink, powders, cream, lead pencils, sponges, powder puffs, crimps, brushes, champagne skin, puffs, bristles, natpines, pieces of steel for short curls, tooth paste, bay rum, Florida water, arsenic, nail-brush, tweezers for pulling out gray hairs, card-moon seeds, dyes, aromatic pills for the breath, invigorators, sheet of zinc for curing the hair, two hand-glasses, besides other articles. The effect of long years of painting a face is quite visible and noticeable by the generally dead appearance of the skin. I would advise every actor and actress to pay a great deal of attention to scrubbing their faces after the performance. They do wash the paint off, but oftentimes being in a hurry they do not wash hard enough. There is an art in 'making up' as well as in acting."—New York Mail and Express.

**A Better Mental Digestion Needed.**  
If you will carefully inquire among young men whose spare hours are spent on cards and loafing (I mean our clerks, apprentices, and otherwise reputable boys), you will find that they do not know how to get rid of spare time in a profitable manner. They have no taste for reading, and above that very reading which encourages a waste of leisure. The salvation of our boys and girls lies in awakening an interest in some intellectual and manual study that they can easily indulge when not held by work. By manual study I mean one that occupies the hands as well as the brain. One of the best saved fellows I know is this boy John. He is busy at a desk as accountant for ten hours a day. But when not there he is absorbed with orthology. He shoots his master of taxidermy, can sketch admirably; has his portable photographic apparatus. His room is a museum. Damn that boy you can not. His tastes are up. His books are associated with his work. We must think how to have more Johns of this sort. We must, if possible, have created a higher average capacity to read—that is, a better mental digestion.

I have before me a pile of recent issues of novels, mostly in a cheap, popular form. I can not help thinking that, taking the pile as a whole, it could not improve the mental action of Tom Jones, who is just now spending his highest intellectual efforts in getting a fat sow with his litter ready for the county fair. Tom talks pig with enthusiasm. I should not like to see him give over his present tastes for the average capacity of this stack of stuff.—Cor. Globe Democrat.

**Good for the Boy.**  
At one of the north-shore resorts the people in the town will tell you some very funny tales of the—to speak politely—piggishness of a family noted in paths of literature and wealth in the society of this city. They tell, for instance—one of many—that though their pasture lands are covered with berries that no one picks they put a sign up "No berries picked on these lands." One day some poor children of the town picked some berries, and in selling them went to the house on the estate where the berries were picked. The lady came to the door, and being asked to buy replied tartly: "Give those berries to me. Buy them, indeed! They belong to us." She put out her hand to take them, but the boy was too quick for her. He turned the berries out into the dust, remarking as he did so, "Pick them then; I did!"—Home Journal.

**Very Thin Sheet-Iron.**  
A piece of iron rolled in the new Falcon mills at Nixa the other day is as thin as a sheet of ordinary paper. It would take 150 sheets to constitute one inch in thickness. The mill made this sheet just to see how thin they could roll.—Boston Budget.

**"La Boston" claims that a machine of one-horse power would keep 27,000,000 wickets running.**

## A CITY OF BEGGARS.

Neapolitans Unexampled for Beauty, Cruelty, Immorality and Lustiness. The Neapolitans are nearly all beggars. No city in the kingdom is more populous or more poor. The mixture of the Moorish blood with the Italian has produced a race among Europeans, at all events, unexampled for beauty, cruelty, easy immorality, and intolerable laziness. As you wander along the streets you hear snatches of Moorish music mixed with the true Neapolitan refrains, and you see faces, especially among the children of 8 or 9, of quite incredible beauty. There are the familiar characteristics of the beautifully set brow, the faint smile, and the eyes, sometimes brown, sometimes blue, always expressive, and everything set off by a very varnish of dirt.

But, with all this, there is a cowardly skulking and a brutality that is not Italian but Oriental. No sight is more common along that hilly road leading from the famous Santa Lucia to the height of Posillipo than to see miserable little horses, all bleeding and lame, tottering under the shafts of a cart weighed down with eight or ten corpulent Neapolitans, who flug it and kick it till it swerves and falls. At the corner of one well-known street there is a bird-shop where you may buy nightingales, goldfinches, and robins. Sometimes a crowd of gamins is collected to witness a little surgical operation. Some charcoal burns in a brasero, and the operator thrusts into it a needle with a wooden handle. He then takes from a cage a recently-caught blackbird, and with red-hot needle puts out his eye. It needs much skill—skill that only comes from practice—to do this successfully. An unsteady hand would prematurely kill the bird. In most instances, where the operation is successful, the birds do die, but that is only after a couple of days of agony. You will see the patients in cages hanging round the shop, with the sightless eyes swollen to the size of a pea, but in the rare cases of recovery the bird sings briskly through the twenty-four hours, day and night being the same to it. If a stranger approaches the children leave the bird torturer to beg for sale. The fat, round cherub faces are thrust into your own, the little hands point to the mouth, and you hear the familiar cry that is translated: "I am dying, I am dying of hunger; give me a halfpenny." The truth is the children live on the strangers.

Sturdy, well-to-do women, with bold, laughing faces, beg pence, and are impudent and shameless if they do not get them. In Italy no families are so large as the Neapolitan, and no people marry so freely and so young. A family of seven is usual; a family of ten is not unusual. The Neapolitan housewife of this poorer class has no care. She makes no attempt to "faire le menage." She gives the little ragmuffin a soldo or two to get his dinner, and, like young Norval, his only care is to increase his store, which he does by begging; thus the parents directly encourage their children, and the police authorities—a most respectable body in cooked hats—look on and do not interfere. The result is just what might be expected. Naples is one of the most populous cities in Europe and one of the loveliest. Its harbor gives it direct trade with all quarters of the world. Frenchmen and Germans and Lombards and English take the opportunities which the Neapolitans are too lazy to accept. The place has a bad name, and deserves it. In all countries there are thieves, but in few capitals—north of Naples—need the stranger be in such constant fear of being robbed. It is said that things are improving. But so long as shameless, audacious, and insolent begging is permitted, so long as the children are allowed to swarm about the streets without the slightest attempt at their reclamation or their education, the degradation of the beautiful city must remain a constant blot on the Italian government.—Naples Letter.

**James Parton's Family.**  
James Parton has two children, one of them a boy, but they have come late. His first wife was Mrs. Sara Willis Eldredge; Fanny Fern, with whom he led a rather inharmonious life, as any one might imagine who knew that wayward, whimsical woman, eleven years his senior. His second wife was her daughter, and as they were married in Newburyport, he was distressed to learn afterward that the marriage was illegal by the laws of Massachusetts. No one has any idea of its existence; but some discovered the unpleasant fact. Parton had lived most of his life here, and no New York enactment hinders any man from wedded his deceased wife's daughter if he be so inclined. Indeed, it is a thing not likely to happen, and would not have happened in this case save for a rare combination of circumstances. He had adopted a little girl, daughter of Mortimer Thompson (Dresticks), and the sister of his present wife, who had kept house for Parton and taken care of the child. Parton, who is entirely domestic by nature, is happy in his second union, and enjoys his family exceedingly. He also enjoys the tranquility of the old town on the Merrimack, which is the antipodes of the modern Babylon in the Hudson. Whether Hugo Parton, a bright little fellow, will take to literature when he has grown up can not be told.—Cor. Chicago Times.

**Hoped the Judge Would Consider.**  
Judge—Have you anything to say before the court passes sentence upon you? Prisoner—Well, all I got to say is I hope yer honor'll consider the extreme youth of my lawyer, an' let me off easy.—Pack.

**Italian physicians are very successfully treating lockjaw from wounds by keeping the patient in a state of perfect rest in a room specially prepared for preserving absolute silence. One practitioner reports recovery in four out of every five cases.—Arkansas Traveler.**

**Churches in this country are estimated to use 60,000 gallons of wine every year for sacramental purposes.**

## A LOUISIANA ORACLE.

Divine she moves, resplendent, bright, With charms that speak a sunny soul, And not the day, nor silent night, Is fairer, till when blush in one Do meet and make the southern eve. With softened glow and lighted shade, So fair the trembling star-beams leave The sky and rest upon the glade.

You flash that frothy dyes the west Upon her cheek bath left its glow, You fleecy cloud upon her breast "Hath traced its faintly tinted snow Above you errescent orb the star That shines alone in evening sky Hath lent its luster from afar To light the darkness of her eye.

From shadows following fast the light Of day down to the ocean, Like plumes that wait the wings of night, Her tresses flowing wealth was seen, With rounded form and rosy mouth, And amorous Aphrodite's grace, Her bloom is of the fertile south, Her beauty of its fabled race.

—R. A. WILKINSON.

## A LETTER FROM A BULLET.

A Besieged General Makes a Mail Carrier of a London Biscuit.

The museum of the Berlin general postoffice has received an interesting addition to its treasures. This is a parchment letter found in the city archives of Cologne, and which had been enclosed in a hollow bullet and fired out of the beleaguered town of Neuss in 1475, to let the friendly forces of Cologne know of the terrible plight to which the citizens were reduced. Charles the Bold of Burgundy was carrying on war against the town of Cologne and other Rhine-land confederated cities, and had hemmed in Neuss so closely that the inhabitants were brought to the last extremity. An army of observation of the confederates, posted beyond the Rhine, watched Charles' operations, hoping to get an opportunity of relieving the town.

The letter is from the commander, the Landgrave Hermann of Hesse, who describes how the besieged are destitute of food and ammunition, and have only stones for weapons and water to live upon. They have no medicines or surgical appliances, and so the sick and wounded die without assistance. Some are for surrender, and he fears that traitors may betray the place. They had a few days before lost 100 men in repelling an assault of the Burgundians. The letter mentions that the besieged had previously fired off several other letters, some of which had fallen into the Rhine, and they were expending their last powder in firing off this one.—London Times.

## The Prospects in Mexico.

Ex-Congressman J. H. Bice, of Maine, who now makes his home in this city, was recently in Mexico, and he is enthusiastic over the prospects of that country. "Its soil is fertile," he said to me, "and labor is cheap. Of course, it is not of such labor as we get in the United States; but men work there for 15 and 80 cents a day. It is a country of great possibilities. It has a population of between 10,000,000 and 12,000,000, the actual number is not known. One-half the people are mixed blood and one-third pure Indian. One-sixth of the Mexicans are Europeans, the Spanish element predominating. Although every adult male citizen has the right to vote, less than 80,000 votes were cast at the last presidential election. That is a low number of votes than are polled in a single congressional district in Iowa. The great crop there is corn, but wheat, sugar, tobacco, beans, coffee, etc., can be raised to a large extent. It only needs American enterprise to make the country very rich."—New York News.

## The Kansas Corn Crop.

The corn crop of Kansas this year is very much less than that of last year. And yet, says The Topeka Capital, the yield is estimated at 180,000,000 bushels, or 12,000,000,000 ears of corn, each measuring twelve inches in length. This crop, if struck upon a twice in the summer that heads are siring upon a sheaf, would make a stack the right to 77 miles in length, and would encircle the earth ninety-one times. If laid side by side this string would make a solid floor two and one-half inches in thickness and 235 feet wide, running entirely around the earth at the equator.—Exchange.

## Art Students in Paris.

There is no longer any free education for art students in France. Messrs. Cabanel, Gerome, Jean Paul Laurens, and Hubert will not be obliged to devote weekly some hours to the inspection of the work of pupils at the Bonaparte. According to some versions, for the affair is not as yet publicly canvassed, this change has been made for two reasons—one to shut out foreigners, and especially Americans; the other an endeavor to limit the number of art students in the hope of a better and more restricted art development.—The Argonaut.

## Why List Hated the Russians.

List hated the Russians, because once when he was at Dorpat—a university town, and idolized by the women, as usual—a joke was put up on him. He was playing an air. The audience was moved to tears. A voice exclaimed: "M. List, you have robbed me of my peace of mind. Take my life also." List, surprised, stopped playing, looked round, and seeing a lady fainting, rushed to her assistance. "Lo! the lady was a young scamp of a student in attire. Tablets and diagraph of the great virtuoso.—Boston Herald.

## Don't Analyze Your Pleasures.

Don't analyze your pleasures if you want to be happy. Just enjoy them and don't study into them too closely. When you get right up to the rainbow's beauty disappears and you find yourself in the midst of a nasty shower.—Somesville Journal.

## Crows have been known to free themselves from parasites by standing over an ant hill and allowing the ants to destroy the troublesome vermin.—Arkansas Traveler.

## A New York Chinaman with Wolf's head says \$9 a plate.

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