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**The Good and the Ill.**  
Speak a bad word and it echoes forever  
Upward and downward the length of the earth.  
Speak a good word and its music will never  
Wander away from the place of its birth.  
Write a bad sentence and nothing can banish  
The freshness of words we would gladly  
forget.  
Write a good thought and in air it will vanish.  
The good we must ever and always renew.

**ALICES FORTUNE.**

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

"Sister Theodosia," said a feeble voice from the bed.  
The Sister of Charity, a mild-faced woman of middle age, answered the summons of the dying man, and approached the bedside.  
The dying man was Hector Moritz, a carpenter, who had fallen from a house which he was building, a few days before, and so injured himself that he could not recover. He lived just outside the village of S. Barbe, with his little girl, Alice, now seven years old. His wife had died three years before, but Alice, child as she was, could make coffee and cook an omelet as skillfully as if she were twice as old, and had acted as her father's little housekeeper. So it happened that, being alone, an unusual affection had sprung up between Alice and her father.  
The Sister of Charity approached the bedside. The sick man's face expressed anxiety, and his eye turned from the nurse to his little girl, who was pale and grief-stricken, yet had self-control enough not to betray her emotion lest it should distress her father in his last moments.  
"What can I do for you, M. Moritz?" asked Sister Theodosia, in a gentle voice.  
His glance wandered to his little girl, once more.  
"Alice," he gasped, "provided for."  
"Do you mean that you wish Alice provided for?" asked the sister, striving to interpret his broken words.  
"Already provided for—money there," and he pointed vaguely downwards.  
"Poor man! He is wandering in mind," thought the sister, for he was pointing to the floor; but she thought it best to appear to have understood him.  
"Yes," she said gently, "have no anxiety." He looked at her with aly, and then, seeming to think he was understood, he fell back upon the pillow from which he had lifted his head, and a moment after expired.  
When Alice realized that her father was really dead, she gave way to excessive grief—so excessive that it soon wore itself out, leaving her pale and sorrowful. Sister Theodosia took her into her lap, and pressed her head against her bosom in sad compassion, for little Alice was now without father or mother.  
In due time Hector Moritz was buried, and the next thing to be accomplished was how should Alice be disposed of.  
Hector Moritz left two near relatives, both cousins. One of these was a young tradesman in the next town, a man who had prospered, partly through his selfishness, which was excessive. The other, also residing in the next town, was a poor shoemaker with a large family, who found it hard enough to make both ends meet; but was, within kind and cheerful, beloved by the children for whom he could do so little, and popular in the village.  
These two cousins met at the funeral of Hector Moritz.  
"I suppose Hector died poor," said M. Ponchard, the tradesman, a little uneasily.  
"This house is all his own, so far as I know," said the notary, "and it is mortgaged for nearly its value."  
"Humph! that is bad for the child," said M. Ponchard.  
"I suppose you will take her home," M. Ponchard said the notary bluntly.  
"We all know that you are a prosperous man."  
The tradesman drew back.  
"If I am prosperous," he said, "I have had to work for my money. It is all I can do to provide for my own family. I can't support other people's children."  
"Then you won't do anything for the child?"  
"I didn't say that. I'll give her twenty-five—say, fifty francs. That's all I ought to do."  
"And how long will fifty francs support her?" said the notary disdainfully, for he detested the mean ways of the rich tradesman.  
"That is not my affair. She need not starve. She can go to the almshouse."  
"Who speaks of the almshouse?" spoke up M. Corbet, the poor shoemaker.  
"M. Ponchard suggests that Alice go to the almshouse," said the notary.

"Not while I have a home to offer her," said the poor cousin warmly.  
"But, M. Corbet," said the notary, "you are poor. Can you afford, with your many children, to undertake an additional burden?"  
"I never look on them as burdens—they are my joy and comfort," said M. Corbet. "I can't give Alice a luxurious home, but such as I have she is welcome to. I am sure the good God will not let me starve, if I undertake the care of my little orphan cousin."  
"He's a fool!" thought M. Ponchard contemptuously. "He will always be miserably poor."  
But the notary grasped his hand, and said,—"M. Corbet, I respect you. If you are not rich in money, you are rich in a good heart, and that is the best kind of riches."  
So, no opposition being made, little Alice went home with the poor shoemaker. As for the cottage, that was left in the hands of the notary to sell. As already intimated, there was a mortgage upon it to nearly its full value, so that it was not likely to bring much over. What little there should be would go to Alice.  
Several months passed without any opportunity to sell the cottage. During that time Alice remained at the house of M. Corbet, treated, it was about as safe, like one of the family. This, however, would not be strictly correct. She was not treated like one of the family, but better than one of the family; in short, like a favored guest, for whom nothing was too good.  
But unfortunately at this juncture, M. Corbet fell sick, and having always been compelled to live to the limit of his small income, had nothing saved up for the rainy day which had come upon him, and so the family were soon in a bad strait.  
The notary heard of it and was started with compassion.  
"If only Alice had something," he said to Sister Theodosia, whom he met one day at a sick bed; for the good Sister of Charity spent her time in tending the sick without compensation.  
"If only Alice had some real property, she might come to the relief of her poor relation."  
"And has she not?" asked Sister Theodosia.  
"Nothing that I know of beyond the house, and upon that there is a mortgage to nearly its full value."  
"But her father up on his death-bed told us that she was provided for."  
"Did he, in fact?" asked the notary, surprised. "Did he say anything more?"  
"No, he was unable to; but he pointed to the floor. I am afraid he was out of his head, and meant nothing."  
"Stop! I have an idea," said the notary suddenly. "Can you leave for a few minutes, and go with me to the cottage?"  
"Yes, I can be spared for half an hour," said Sister Theodosia.  
Together they went to the cottage, which chanced to be close by.  
"Now," said the notary, when they were once inside, "to what part of the disorder M. Moritz pointed (can you remember?)  
"There," said the sister.  
"Very well; we will soon see whether there is anything in my idea."  
The notary procured a hatchet, and succeeded after a time in raising a plank of the floor. Sister Theodosia looking on, meanwhile, with surprise.  
But her surprise was increased when on the plank being raised, a box was discovered underneath.  
"Help me lift it," said the notary.  
With the aid of the hatchet, he removed the cover of the box, and the two uttered an exclamation of surprise when underneath they found a large collection of gold coins. On the top was placed a sheet of note paper, on which were written these words, in the handwriting of the deceased:  
"The gold in this box represents the savings of many years. It is for my daughter, Alice. For her sake I have lived frugally, and I hope it may save her from want when I am gone."  
"How much is there?" asked Sister Theodosia.  
"There are two hundred and fifty Napoleons. These make five thousand francs. Truly, M. Moritz must have been frugal to save so much."  
"Then little Alice is an heiress," said Sister Theodosia.  
"It is as you say."  
"I am very glad. Now she can pay her board to M. Corbet, and he will lose nothing by his kindness."  
"I will go tonight and tell him."  
The poor shoemaker was still sick, and his money had wholly given out, so that the family had had no supper.  
"I am sorry you are sick, my friend," said the notary.  
"Yes," said the poor shoemaker, sighing; "it is unfortunate."  
"M. Corbet, you are a good man, and a very charitable. But I have good news for you."  
"What is it?"

"Good news? Well, it could never come at a better time."  
"You thought Alice was poor."  
"And she is not!"  
"On the contrary, she is an heiress."  
"What do you mean?"  
"Her father left five thousand francs for her fortune."  
"Is that true?" asked the shoemaker and his wife, bewildered.  
"Yes; and therefore it is only fitting that she should pay her board. How long has she been here?"  
"For months."  
"Seventeen weeks, now, as her father's executor, I am going to allow you eight francs a week, and you shall undertake to provide her with a home and clothing. For seventeen weeks, then, that she has been here I owe you one hundred and twenty-six francs. I pay it to you at once."  
"But it is too much," said M. Corbet, surveying the gold with stupefaction, for he had never seen so much before.  
"It is right."  
"We are saved!" said his wife, thankfully. "I will go out and buy some bread. Children, you shall have some supper."  
At this there was a shout of joy from the children, and tears of gratitude flowed down the cheeks of the poor shoemaker, who pointed to Alice, and said:  
"She has brought me good fortune."  
Before the money was half expended, the shoemaker had recovered, and went to work again. The eight francs a week he received for Alice proved a great help to him, and enabled him to procure more comforts than before.  
From that time M. Corbet prospered, and was even able to save up money, and all through his unselfish kindness to little Alice, through whom he believes good fortune has come to him and his.—*Yankee Blade.*

**Squatter Life in Old Hanks.**  
In coming across the Hoboken Ferry attention was called by an old Jerseyite to a point on the shore of our neighboring State. "I often think," he said, "that many men are like rats, and I love to live in holes and ruins. Up there is a mass of canalboats and river craft, which have been wrecked beyond all possibility of restoration, and which will be there until they have rotted away or have been destroyed by the local authorities. Yet, all of these old hulks that are habitable are tenanted by squatters, who have converted the disgusting interiors into quiet, cozy and comfortable quarters. They pay no rent or taxes, but vote with great regularity. Though the site would seem dangerous, so far as children are concerned, mishaps seldom occur. In the summer ones are simply water rats. In winter they are in the water four and five times a day, and cry so tough and hardened that they plunge in as early as March and as late as November. It is hardly possible to tell that they are strong and healthy."  
A bystander who heard the old Jerseyite remarked: "Hoboken does not monopolize the business of utilizing worn-out hulks for human habitation. Brooklyn in this regard leads the United States. There are homes of this class in the great basins around Gowanus and on Newtown Creek. I think that the water population of the City of Churches must be close on to a thousand. They have a simple system of repairing the walls and roof of their houses; that is to say, the sides and decks of their boats. They throw ton-ton cans into a buntro until the solder is melted and the can is converted into a big sheet of metal. This they nail over any hole, and keep on nailing others until the shell is a veritable tin-clad!"—*N. Y. Star.*

**Ironing Hats.**  
"I haven't had my hat ironed since I bought it two months ago," I heard a gentleman say as he handed it to the attendant of a well-known hat store to have it dressed over. "You seem to have a common idea that ironing spoils a silk hat," replied the hat man. "That is a great mistake. No one wears a silk hat over a year, while the majority of men change with the spring and fall styles. You might iron a hat every day for six months without wearing of the nap or injuring it unless you should burn it in ironing, which rarely happens. The leading hat store proprietors do not care to disseminate much information on this subject because they sell hats with a guarantee to iron them for you at any time free of cost. If it were not for the common idea that ironing burns the hat the stores would be clogged with the mere business of ironing hats."—*N. Y. Press.*

**And Not Half True.**  
Alonso—Oh, Bessie, I wish I had ability enough to make something of myself.  
Bobby—Papa says you have for making a fool of yourself.—*Binghampton Publican.*

**CHILDREN'S COLUMN.**

**SENDING ALL THE WAY.**  
In the farmhouse door grandmother stands  
With loving face and outstretched hands,  
While up the road with flying feet  
Comes little Marie, flushed and sweet.  
In through the gate she trips so gay,  
Singing all the way, singing all the way.  
"Grandma," she cries, "I never missed  
The word in all the spelling list.  
Tomorrow I'll be at the head.  
An' teacher praised me when I read.  
So I came home from school today  
Singing all the way, singing all the way."  
Grandmother kissed the little one,  
Then wisely watched the sinking sun,  
Where, back of clouds and changing skies,  
A wondrous city seemed to rise.  
She's always glad, that woman gray—  
Singing all the way, singing all the way.  
—*George Harton in Chicago Herald.*

**A TRICK INCIDENT.**  
A lady living in the vicinity of New York had two pets, one a large cat with a beautiful striped fur coat, gray eyes, white face, and elegant whiskers. The other, a small canary bird. As gregarious by nature, yet being raised together, they became true friends. The cat enjoyed the singing and watched the movements of Dick as he jumped from perch to perch with the greatest interest. One warm day the lady raised the window to admit the balmy air when the cage had not been properly fastened. Birdie sought its freedom instantly, flew out and landed on the grass plot. Quick as thought the cat sprang for it, spreading her large paws so as not to hurt it, and held it until her mistress (who was lame) came down a flight of stairs to the relief of both. When Dick was within his gilded cage safe and sound, a happier "trio" could not be found than mistress, cat and bird.—*N. Y. Witness.*

**A MARVELOUS ESCAPE.**  
"It was in 1882, on the 27th of June; you will see, says M. Louise Ford, in St. Nicholas, why I have no trouble in remembering the date.  
"It had been an exceedingly hot day, not a cloud to be seen, with the sun beating fiercely down, and not a breath of air stirring. We sat on the porch after supper, trying to find a cool place. The clouds were beginning to gather, and it looked as if these might be a shower. The three little ones went early to bed, and in spite of the oppressive heat were soon fast asleep.  
"It couldn't have been far from eight o'clock when I heard a sound which I first thought was thunder. The others noticed it, too, and, as it grew louder, a terrible rushing sound came with it, and we looked at one another in silence for a minute, and then ran to where we could look out westward.  
"My heart almost stopped beating, when I saw coming toward us with terrific speed a black, funnel-shaped cloud, the rush and roar accompanying it growing louder every minute.  
"Run for the cellar!" I cried. My wife ran and so did the baby, and I caught up the two other children from the bed. There was no time to lose.  
"The one who first reached the cellar door—it was one of the other children—had just time to seize the knob, nothing more, when—erash! such a terrific noise! I felt myself lifted in the air, and thought my time had come. The next thing I knew, I felt the splash of cold water in my face. I must have lost consciousness, but the water revived me, and in a moment I knew where I was. I had come down head first into the well!  
"The water was some ten feet deep. I was thoroughly at home in the well, though I wasn't used to diving in that fashion, and I managed to right myself and come up head first.  
"The well was not more than three feet across, and the pump had been broken short off and carried away, leaving a two-inch iron pipe standing straight up in the middle.  
"I was very nearly out of breath when I came to the top of the water. My hands touched something floating on the surface. I thought it was the cat; might my surprise when I found it was Charlie, our five-year-old boy!  
"He was terribly frightened, and as amazed as I was, to find himself not alone in the well. The wonder was that we were not both so impaled on that iron pipe; how we escaped it I cannot understand.  
"The cyclone had passed on, and a terrific, steady wind was blowing. I could hear it roar above our heads; and by the flashes of lightning I could see that rain fell in torrents. We were both so wet we didn't mind the little extra water that splashed down upon us, and as soon as possible I raised Charlie to my shoulders, and by aid of the pipe managed to work my way up to the top of the well. This took some little time, and the wind and rain had nearly ceased when I set my feet on solid earth again, and found we were unharmed.  
"The Archbishop of Paris has issued a decree forbidding cremation.

**A SAILOR'S WORK.**

**The Daily Routine During a Merchantman's Voyage.**  
Jack Tar Must Be Up Early and Ready for Anything.  
The mate of a square-rigged merchantman thus described the life of an able-bodied seaman on a long voyage: A sailor may be said to begin his day's work with the "morning watch" at 4 o'clock, when he must turn out of his narrow bunk in the "fore-castle" and tumble up on deck prepared to scrub and wash down decks, which are always more or less badly stained with salt water and iron rust. Plenty of water for cleaning purposes is always near at hand, and with the aid of buckets and ordinary brooms, brushes, or "queeries" Jack usually succeeds in making things tolerably clean.  
But if the ship is coming into port and this Captain wishes the decks to look particularly white, Jack must go down on his hands and knees and scour the decks with all the vigor of a church-woman with certain articles called "holystones." Now, holystones are not treasure fragments of some classical shrine, but common-looking pieces of sandstone about the size of a brick, and it is not too much to say that poetry abandons the nautical mind when the holystoning process becomes necessary. The operation is always long and laborious, and the only respite Jack has from this onerous task is in polishing tarred-hull brass-work or being ordered aloft to attend to some troublesome sail or bit of running gear. Consequently, by 8 o'clock, when he is relieved by the "forenoon watch" he has had sufficient exercise to get up an appetite for breakfast such as is rarely equalled or surpassed by anything human.  
This meal, year in and out, consists of a liberal supply of a hot black beverage called coffee, which is stewed to distraction, and sweetened, if at all, with molasses. Then there is ship's bread, porridge, or "bargo," and a species of lard called "blubberine," which nobody but a hungry sailor would ever know to successfully digest. Jack then fills his pipe, spins yarn, or returns to his unobscured bunk for a nap, while his shipmates, the "forenoon watch," are busy making things snug on deck and aloft. Indeed, it would be difficult to say what the "forenoon watch" will not do to do, for men's depend upon the state of the weather.  
But rarely must be constantly trimmed, according to the direction of the wind, sails furled, and running gear looked after, and in addition to a seaman's regular duties of setting and shortening sail, there is always plenty of sail-mending, topsplicing, sparcraping, oiling, varnishing and painting to do, to say nothing of the dirty work of tarring the standing rigging and ropes occasionally. Then every man must take his turn or "trick" at the wheel, which is always a monotonous and extremely dangerous duty in bad weather.  
At 11:30 the men who composed the "morning watch" are called to a dinner of hot pea soup, bodied port and a handful pieces of meat that no argument will ever convince Jack is anything but army mule or horse which has died a natural death. "Salt horse" is therefore, the name bestowed by him on this tough-pie'd substance, and he thinks himself lucky when it is followed by plum-duff or "strickjaw pudding." This sumptuous repast is washed down with copious draughts of coffee, and after filling and smoking the inevitable pipe one more Jack feels invigorated and happy, and goes on deck as one of the "forenoon watch," which relieves the "forenoon watch" at 12 o'clock.  
"I was very nearly out of breath when I came to the top of the water. My hands touched something floating on the surface. I thought it was the cat; might my surprise when I found it was Charlie, our five-year-old boy!  
"He was terribly frightened, and as amazed as I was, to find himself not alone in the well. The wonder was that we were not both so impaled on that iron pipe; how we escaped it I cannot understand.  
"The cyclone had passed on, and a terrific, steady wind was blowing. I could hear it roar above our heads; and by the flashes of lightning I could see that rain fell in torrents. We were both so wet we didn't mind the little extra water that splashed down upon us, and as soon as possible I raised Charlie to my shoulders, and by aid of the pipe managed to work my way up to the top of the well. This took some little time, and the wind and rain had nearly ceased when I set my feet on solid earth again, and found we were unharmed.  
"The Archbishop of Paris has issued a decree forbidding cremation.

moderate weather, everything is usually made snug aloft between 6 and 8 o'clock in the evening, when Jack's work is finished for the day. He may then smoke his pipe, and sing his favorite song or "shanty" to his heart's content. But if during the next few hours, or in the course of the night, the barometer goes down and the weather looks ominous of a gale to windward, he has to turn out of his snug corner in the fore-castle at a moment's notice, when he hears the boatswain shout: "All hands shorten sail!" Now, this is one of the worst features of Jack's life, for nine chances out of ten it is blowing great guns when he proges his way up on deck and crawls up the shrouls, and you can form no idea of the perilous momentum of a vessel's pitch until you have been on her upper yards or jib-boom trying to reef or furl sails in a heavy sea.  
That accidents are not more frequent is probably owing to a sailor's blind luck or the efforts of the good little cherub that is perched up aloft. When a sailor has performed his task aloft on a "dirty night," the first thing he thinks of is ardent spirits, and the crew then sing the whiskey "shanty." One man usually starts the song as they come down the shrouls, and the rest smack their lips by way of a hint to the Captain, and the line "I Drink Watsky When I Can" is sure to be given with such an emphasis as to soften the heart of the gruff old sea captain.—*New York Times.*

**The Manufacture of Pins.**  
There are few pieces of machinery more wonderful or human in their operations than the machine used in making pins. The machine reminds one of a sewing machine, only stronger and more compactly put together. On the back there is a wheel kept turning by a belt from the ceiling, the same belt driving many of the little automaton wheels in rows on the floor. On one side of each of these machines, hanging on a peg, there is a reel of fine wire which is straightened by being run through many sets of wheels and rollers. This wire enters the machine, which bites off inch by inch at the rate of 100 per minute. Just as the gripper seizes each bite a tiny hammer with a concave face hits the end of the wire three times and tapers it to a head while a gripper holds it in a certain hole between its teeth. With an outward thrust of its "tongue" it then lays the pin sideways in a little groove across the rim of a small wheel, which slowly revolves just underneath. The external pressure of a hoop-like attachment rolls each pin into place and carries them under two series of small files, three in each. These files grow finer toward the end of each series. Each pin lies slightly inclined, and the files, by a system of cams, levers and springs, are made to play on the points with lightning-like rapidity. Thus they are pointed and continuously drawn into a drawer below.  
Twenty to thirty pounds of pins is a day's work for one of these little jerky automata. The pinning machine is equally as human in its work as the pin machine proper; every imperfect or crooked pin is rejected, the slightest irregularity being instantly detected. After polishing they go to the machine which puts them in the papers, a machine that is a wonder in itself.—*St. Louis Republic.*

**A Policeman's Life.**  
There is an opinion very commonly held that the members of the police force have, as the saying is, a "regular picnic." To my mind nothing could be further from the truth. To those who are thoroughly acquainted with the duties and the life of a policeman it is perfectly plain that those public servants can't every dollar they receive from the city treasury. I was riding on a Third Avenue "blummy" train the other day, when I saw one member of the force whose lot, at least, was not enviable. He looked like a new recruit, too, but he bore himself like a hero. He certainly possessed some of the spirit which enabled the early martyrs to face the rack and the wild beasts of the Colosseum with a smile. Was, if I remember rightly, at F. H. sixth street or thereabouts. The officer was with one arm supporting and leading an intoxicated woman, while on the other arm he carried an infant bundled up in rags. The mother was singing, the baby was crying and a crowd ofurchins at the officer's heels were howling and laughing. Helt sorry for the poor fellow.—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

**Cured.**  
Ben's (after a long absence)—And how is Dicks getting along? Is he as madly in love with Miss De Pretty as ever?  
Old Friend—Oh, he's all over that.  
"You don't say so."  
"Yes, indeed. Been married to her a year."

**The Strength of the Hills is His.**  
The strength of the Hills, invincible power!  
What might more stern than their granite breasts?  
Skyward in their pride the mountains tower,  
Sloping pine-plumes on their stately crests,  
Gray cliffs gleam out from the chasms where  
Sudden the hill-tops were crumpled apart,  
Leaving the rock in its sternness bare,  
Strong and silent, the mountain's heart,  
Above their purple grandeur, lie  
Whose strength is theirs, unbounded free,  
Sits in restless majesty—  
Dear heart! Thy grief Jehovah will,  
His is the awful strength of hills.

**The Strength of the Hills, invincible power!**  
Crawling the light on their tender breasts,  
Gently as mother-springs cradle the flower,  
Softly as dew on the violet roset,  
Rose lights transfigure the mountains where  
No less the cloud-drifts above them part,  
Bathing the sun on their forehead bare,  
Light and love to the mountain's heart!  
Throughout their blessed beauty, lie  
Whose strength is theirs, protecting free,  
Whispering his boundless sympathy—  
O Friend, in Father regions above,  
The strength of the hills is rest, is love.  
—*Lucie E. Woodruff, in Boston Herald.*

**HUMOROUS.**  
Railroad corporations are reticent—they keep their own counsel.  
When a man is under a cloud the silver lining is generally on the other side.  
"You make me tired," said the wheel to the wheelwright, as he will no longer hammered away.  
Sometimes the office seeks the man, but generally the man knows when the office is on his track.  
Do not regard with suspicion the man who adopts an alias. It is a proper ambition in any one to desire to make a name for himself.  
I am sure there's little I could save for the man who from his cravat would try.  
For  
When you have nothing left to give for, you still have something to do for it.  
Mamma to Maud—Your tastes are really becoming quite too expensive, my child. Remember that fine fabrics do not always make fine girls. Maud—No, mamma; but you'll admit they make fine bonnets.  
"No use," said an impetuous debtor to an importance creditor, "you can't get blood out of a turnip." "I know that," responded the creditor, "but unless I get this money, I'll have got from a turnip."  
Husband—Wouldn't that tramp eat those potatoes? Wife—No. He's got to put too much salt on them, and if he should eat them he would have to call at the next house and ask for a drink of water, and he didn't want people to think he was drunk the night before.

**Famous Amazons of Dahomey.**  
The Republic of France is at war with the King of Dahomey, and a French newspaper publishes the information that a battle had been fought, in which eight hundred Europeans were killed and many wounded. The interesting fact in the dispatch lay in the fact that "Among the dead were found some of the female warriors of the King of Dahomey." Who are these Amazons?  
About one-fourth of the females are said to be married to the King, many even before their birth, and the remainder are entirely at the disposal of the King. The most favored are selected as his own wives, or enlisted into the regiments of Amazons, and then the chief men are liberally supplied.  
The Amazons form the flower of the army. They are marshaled into regiments, each with its distinctive uniform and badges, and they take the post of honor on the flanks of the battle line. Their number has been variously estimated at from one to six thousand. Their weapons are broad swords, flat maces and bows and arrows. They are in part recruited in a remarkable manner. If a woman in Dahomey has an acid temper, or if her husband wants to get rid of her, he lowers himself by presenting her to the King, who, if she has the requisite physical qualifications, turns her over to his army officers to be drilled as an Amazon.  
It is said that at the death of the King a horrid scene ensues. The wives, after the most extravagant demonstrations of grief, attack and murder each other, and remain in an uproar until order is restored by the new sovereign.—*Philadelphia Press.*

**Freezing Process in Tunnelling.**  
The freezing process is being effectively used in the cutting of the St. Clair tunnel under the Detroit River. Whenever water is met with the freezing mixture is projected by pipes, and the water and friable debris become solidified, and the work can be proceeded with. The tunnelling is progressing at the rate of seven feet per day at each end. The shields are being used in the hard blue clay, by digging out the centre with picks, and then pushing them forward eighteen inches at a time by hydraulic rams.