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The Spanish Treasure.

A NOVEL.

By Mrs. Elizabeth C. Winter.

ISABELLA CASTELAR.)

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CHAPTER XIII.

CONTINUED.

She bowed slightly, with a smile on her lips but an inscrutable look in her eyes, and left the room, while Stanley gazed after her, his heart beating wildly and her words ringing, like strange music, in his ears.

"Clarence!" said the voice of Polly Hamilton close beside him, but in tones so low and timid the sound did not reach him. As Dolores left the room, Polly rose quickly and hurried to and her lover; and when he did not turn to her, even in answer to that first half impassioned utterance of his name, she went still closer to him, and laying her hand upon his arm, she said again: "Clarence!"

Stanley turned and said sharply:

"Ah! Polly—is it you?"

"Yes, dear. Are you angry with me?"

"Angry? For what?" And then, with an effort, he brought his thoughts back to Polly Hamilton, and, remembering, he understood her.

"Why should I be angry with you, Polly?" he said with assumed gentleness.

"You seem annoyed that Rita should know about—"

"About what?" said Stanley, cruelly, seeing that she hesitated and she did not know how to put her thoughts in words.

"About our engagement," said Polly, blushing furiously, and with a terrible sense of being forced to appear forward and almost indelicate, and yet with a feeling that she must understand this man, who seemed determined to trifle with her, even if it killed her with shame to force the truth from him.

"Oh—our engagement!" said Stanley, softly, and thanking as he said so: "Of course, she considers it an engagement. Why shouldn't she? And I have not offended her, for papa Hamilton could be a rough customer if he chose. Besides, I cannot afford to throw over pretty Polly just yet."

All this passed through the mind of Clarence Stanley in the brief instant that served to show him Mary Hamilton's trembling, quivering lips and tear-wet eyes imploringly raised to his; and with an instantaneous change of manner, he caught her in his arms and drew her close to his heart.

"Darling Polly! Forgive me!" he exclaimed. "I was for the moment quite absorbed and carried away by the thought of that extraordinary girl and the strange story she had just read to us. Of course, I am not angry. How could I ever be angry with you, Polly? But, since we speak of it, perhaps it will be better to say nothing of our—our engagement—for the present, neither to Dolores nor to any one else. At least, until I have spoken to your father. Perhaps, when he knows what a shocking bad ancestry I have, he may not be willing to give his little girl into my keeping."

Mary laughed softly and rested her head on his shoulder.

"And you, Polly—don't you feel afraid to trust yourself to the descendant of Pedro Mendoza? How if I should be the re-incarnation of that wicked traitor?"

"Clarence!" said Polly, in a voice sweet with indignant reproach.

"Well," thought Clarence, "if other things fail, old Hamilton is worth I know not how many millions, and Polly is really a very charming little girl."

He drew her closer within his arms, and, as he stooped over her, he kissed her several times, and didn't even try to cheat himself into the belief that it was accidental, for there was now a settled purpose in his love-making.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENS.

During the half hour that Clarence Stanley passed with Polly Hamilton, and while her hand lay clasped in his and her eyes and ears drank in his looks and words, he had followed out a course of reasoning somewhat as follows:

"So long as Polly is satisfied by my devotion, I can come and go as I please, which will give me time to study Dolores and to gain power over her so essential to the success of my plans; and when I get to a crucial point, it becomes necessary to break with Polly, the quarrel can be made to originate with her by rousing her jealousy toward her friend. Should it ever become necessary to return to Polly, it will be easy for me to make my peace, and would, in fact and more agreeable plans turn out satisfactorily, I have simply to keep away from her and refuse all overtures of a friendly character if such should be made."

As he returned to the hotel, Stanley felt that his day's work was well done, and when he reached his room, he placed the cryptograph before him with his translation of it, and by the light of this story he had so recently heard, he felt that it was all clear to him.

"The Gold Flower," he thought—"that was the name of the princess, and this picture of the Indian woman represents her. Anacaona, with the Indian arrow through the word, again the Flower of Gold. I see that Dolores is superstitious and full of spirit, unduly fearless, though she doesn't know it. I must affect to sympathize and to believe in the guardian spirit business and all the rest of it; that will give me an influence over her. Then the mesmeric power; I must not forget that. There is really something in it, and if I can but use it on her with the same effect as on old Van, my fortune is made and the girl is mine, to do with as I please. What a beauty she is; and already she regards me in quite a different way from what she did at first. She knows nothing of of men and little enough of women, least of all, of herself. Wrapt in poverty, sorrow and devotion of her mother, she is as inexperienced as a child; her heart is as a sheet of white paper on which no man has yet traced the first letter of his name. Clarence, my friend, be it your pleasing pastime to place thereon your full name and superscription."

And with a triumphant smile Stanley once more locked away the cryptograph and his interpretation of it. Then, as he caught up his hat, there came a quick knock on the door, which was immediately opened in answer to his response, and Professor Henri Van Tassel entered.

He was a changed, and the change was so great an improvement, that Stanley did not at the first glance recognize him. He was still pale, but his thin face was no longer cadaverous, and though there was in his manner the same air of submission to a master, it was a willing submission, more than willing—almost joyous. His clothes, from his jaunty hat to the tips of his polished shoes, were new, and even the smile with which he greeted Stanley's surprise was bright and fresh.

"Hallos, old fellow! Is it really you? You have come in good time. I was just about to dine. Come on, and we will make a night of it." And together this strangely assorted couple set forth.

Early on the next morning, Polly Hamilton received by the hand of a messenger the following brief note:

"Really, dearest, you must excuse me this afternoon. I have to call on some friends. Perhaps they may not offer a cup of tea, perhaps they may even bore you, but for once you're going to what life has not been over kind, and I should be glad to put a little sunshine into his life if I could. But if you would rather not know him, don't be at all shy about saying so.

"Ever yours, CLARENCE."

"The idea of asking leave to bring any friend of his here!" said Polly Hamilton to her mother, who was looking over her shoulder while she read Stanley's note. "But it is so nice of him, too, and I like it. I suppose it is a remnant of the Old World punctiliousness that makes him so particular, mamma. And he likes English phrases, too, I have noticed, or perhaps he uses them unawares." Polly suddenly lapsed into silence, almost fearing she had said too much already, and wishing that Clarence hadn't asked her to be at all secret in regard to their engagement.

"But it will only be for a few days, anyway," she thought, consoling herself with that reflection and hastening to write a line of answer to Stanley, to send back by the messenger.

"It is so like Clarence to wish everyone else to bask in the sunshine of his own happiness," she thought; "that is exactly how I feel myself; and the only objection to his friend is that I can't have Clarence so entirely to myself as if he were coming alone. But no matter. Lorita will engage his friend's attention, perhaps, and it will really amount to the same thing." And that was how it came to pass that when Mr. Stanley, accompanied by Professor Henri Van Tassel, called on Miss Hamilton and the Senorita Mendoza, Dolores found herself acting the part of hostess to the stranger while Polly and Stanley sat by each other in a distant corner and were openly devoted to each other; at least Polly was a little more effusive than usual and so happy that she did not observe that Clarence only smiled and placidly accepted her evident preference for his society while he observed carefully the manner of Dolores and Van Tassel toward each other.

From the moment of first meeting this stranger Dolores felt herself penetrated with a feeling of pity and protection toward him. What Stanley had shrewdly said to himself in regard to her lack of experience and knowledge of mankind was singularly true. In her isolated and quietly devoted life she had scarcely been aware of the world around her, and on the days when she had been engaged in the fashionable dressmaking room, displaying handsome garments on her slender and elegant figure, her mind had lived in a world of its own most of the time, observing and studying the people around her. But what Stanley was not capable of understanding about Dolores when he complacently put his comprehension of her into form was that she possessed a faculty of intuition worth the experience of a long life, by which she read as if in a mirror the true character of those with whom she was brought into close relation. This intuition now told her that the character of Van Tassel was originally good—by nature he was true, simple, childlike; but his mind was unevenly balanced, his nervous system was a wreck, and he was morally so unstrung that he held himself irresponsible for the circumstances of his life; and, especially under the influence of a dose of opium, complacently regarded him as the innocent victim of a cruel destiny. From the instant when he met her first glance—a glance so full, even strange, almost maternal in its gentle protectiveness, Van Tassel felt that he had been born into a new world. There was between them some subtle bond of sympathy which neither could have explained, but Van Tassel knew in a moment that he had already won the heart of Dolores—yes, it was the same inspired and beautiful face that had recalled his spirit at the moment when, in Stanley's room, but a couple of nights before, it had so nearly left his body forever.

Stanley recalled those first words of Van Tassel when he was recovering from the mesmeric trance, and, as he now furtively watched him, marveled if it could really be true that he had seen the face of Dolores, but at the same moment he smiled derisively and told himself it was all fascination—and then he turned to Polly and endeavored to give a little more attention to what she was saying. To-day he would, however, be could not keep his attention from wandering and he gazed from returning to the other to at the further end of the room; and at last he said abruptly:

"I must not keep my pretty cousin Dolores with too much of my friend Van Tassel, at least on a first visit. I think I will take him away now, Polly; but if you will let me, I will return and dine with you this evening."

"Do, Clarence—be sure to come; Mamma told me to ask you, but there is no need to hurry away now. Lorita does not seem in the least tired of your friend."

But Stanley would not accept the implied invitation to remain, and as soon as he was in the street with Van Tassel he hastened to say:

"Well, you seemed taken with Dolores. Does the cryptograph strike you as being a genuine chain-story?"

Van Tassel, whose exaltation of spirit—for it was nothing less—had already left him, answered in a tone of dejection:

"Senorita Mendoza can never be anything but genuine in every way. I think she is a charming girl, an unusual and extraordinary one; but you will never be able to control so high and pure a spirit. If you will take my advice, you will go the first attempt."

"Rubbish! Of course I will make the attempt and succeed, but it can't say way to fail. Already she is under my influence."

"She feels your influence, she is not under it," said Van Tassel, gloomily.

"The same thing; I'll be under her under it."

"You will find it is not the same thing at all," said Van Tassel, persistently. "That girl has a soul that a deep, clear spirit; you may trouble it, as you may trouble pure water by throwing mud into it, but after a time the disturbance ceases, the mud sinks to the bottom, and the water is clear and pure as before."

"Ah, thanks, so much for the comparison!" exclaimed Stanley, in a flippant tone, while he thought: "Addle-headed fool! He's retaining but a half-crazy dreamer, and I am probably wasting time trying to learn anything from him." But after some moments' silence he suddenly spoke again: "Pray, Van, let us not quarrel about the senorita. You know by this time I don't give up easily, I am bound to get control of that girl, and if you have any scruples in your conscience founded upon a mere impression that you have told me, just yield them up. Now, you are going to help me with this girl in every way in your power, aren't you?"

Van Tassel turned fiercely, like some timid animal at bay, and his eyes gleamed with the frantic fury of weakness cross desperate.

"No!" he said hoarsely. "No! No! to save my soul from perdition, will I help you to do that girl a moment's injury."

"I don't want to harm her, you fool!" exclaimed Stanley. For a moment he thought of brushing Van Tassel aside and out of his life forever; but even as he looked at him, the professor began to tremble, the fierce light of defiance left his eyes, and he sighed feebly. "Let's say no more about it, Van," said Stanley, with a smile. "Come on over to the hotel; I want to ask your help about something easier; only about the cryptograph, so you needn't worry, I shall not speak of the senorita again."

Van Tassel sighed once more, but he could not refuse, even if he had wished to do so; and the two walked on in silence till they were in the room of Clarence Stanley.

Van Tassel sank helplessly into a chair and looked at his master, for so he felt him to be—with the fascinated gaze of the bird upon the glance of the rattlesnake. Stanley answered with a cruel smile, and then taking his hands, made swift downward passes before his victim's face, and in a few moments Van Tassel's head lay back against the chair and he was in deep sleep.

"Fool!" muttered Stanley. "Taken in your own trap! Had you not defied me, I would not have used my power against you. From this time forth, refuse me nothing. Come here every day. When I need you, I will use you. When I need you not, I will send you away. In everything you are my slave. Bring me every book on mesmerism that you possess or know of. You shall have money for that and for everything I need, and for your own needs, also. Do you hear and understand?"

"I hear and understand."

"Do you obey?"

"I obey."

TO BE CONTINUED.

OUR EULOGIES IN STONE

CARE AND SKILL USED IN DESIGNING MODERN MONUMENTS.

Tracteries Which Are as Beautiful as Park—Evolution of the Mausoleum—Sense of the Earlier Tombstones Vague For Obelisks.

Some one has inquired facetiously, "What's the latest in tombstones?" Strange as it may seem, to them determines the character of tombstones as rigidly as that of my lady's gown. Perhaps the earliest form of memorial to the dead was the sarcophagus, and it is in a modified form the style which is most in favor in this country at the present time. Originally it was a huge stone box, fashioned to contain the mummies of Egyptian kings and persons of high degree. Later it was utilized by the Greeks and was highly ornate and frequently a work of art. Then it was adopted by the Etruscans. The best preserved sarcophagi of the Etruscans are of terra cotta, which is practically indestructible. Upon the top were often a couch and the statues of those whose remains were deposited therein, usually in a recumbent position. The Romans also adopted the sarcophagus as a memorial to the dead, and that of Scipio preserved in the Vatican in Rome, is one of the most beautiful of ancient relics.

The obelisk, which until within a few years has been regarded in this country as the standard design for presidential monuments, was first erected by Egyptian monarchs to commemorate their conquests, and it was not until comparatively recent times that it was adopted for memorial purposes. Its shape was the vogue for obelisks, but a few years ago, and so emphatic was their vogue, that some persons of our American communities resembled monuments to obelisks.

The earliest monument erected in the United States was of this form, and it was erected in honor of the Father of his Country. Many years ago marble was the material in almost universal use for headstones and monuments. But it was discovered that it was very destructible, and that within a generation or so it would crack and disintegrate. Since that time granite has come into general use for monumental purposes. It is capable of high polish and handsomely engraved and lasted to last and preserve until the crack of doom, that is, unless some new discovery is made and is practically indestructible to water.

Since [illegible] the elaborate and ornamental memorials. The modern American cemetery, a beautiful park, is distinguished, consequently the most beautiful graves are associated in beauty. There has been a wonderful evolution in monuments within a few years. The tile of granite has given [illegible] and [illegible] and the [illegible] and [illegible] has been developed. The most attempts at imposing monuments of this material consist of the ornamental obelisk, or shaft, with its [illegible] and [illegible] of statuary. The buildings and superstructures of the material rendered carving, with the primitive tools of the stonecutter extremely difficult, but the demands of the trade and the invention of the pneumatic tool has [illegible] and now [illegible] of [illegible] as [illegible] as in marble. Wherefore [illegible] have been called into requisition and memorials are not uncommon which are artistic both in design and execution.

The mausoleum was so named from the Emperor Mausolus, who built himself a gigantic tomb of this form, fragments of which are preserved in the British Museum. This form of memorial is rapidly coming into favor among the wealthy classes in America. The old-fashioned stone hill, damp and gloomy vault is a thing of the past. The mausoleum of to-day is, or should be, wholly above ground, perfectly ventilated and lighted, and attractive without and within. The care which we bestow upon the last resting place of our loved ones is wholly a matter of sentiment, and there is a growing inclination among those who can afford it toward preserving the remains of their friends from the all-absorbing earth.

The largest mausoleum in the world is the Campo Santo at Genoa, Italy. It is a gigantic rectangular structure of marble, situated upon a hillside about six hours to the east. It is one of the most [illegible] of the show places of that romantic city. The building consists of a wall of white marble from the quarries of Carrara, which are but a few miles away. A [illegible] which on the inside is supported by [illegible] columns connected by arches. The interments are made through the floor. There is a line of stately monuments against the wall and another between the arches. The semi-tropical climate permits the use of marble and the most extravagant tendency to sculpture in Italian art has been run riot. It is said that there are spaces for 80,000 interments in the mausoleum and the ground which it incloses. In the centre of one of the walls is a mortuary chapel with a fine dome, which has a wonderful echo. A conversation in an ordinary tone of voice will start a perfect [illegible] of sounds which resemble a big organ gone crazy.

In this country the tendency is toward permanency in every form of memorial. Even the [illegible] of today is not a mere [illegible] of marble, stuck in the ground to topple or break off in a few years, but a block of granite, with feet extending below the post line and of such weight as to keep it in place. Iron fences and stone copings have been abolished, as well as high posts and headstones. Everything is forbidden which interferes with the park-like effect. In other words, "the latest in tombstones" is in the direction of beauty and permanency.

Prehistoric Tool Dug Up.

An extremely interesting relic of bygone ages has just been dug up on the shore of Lake Geneva, a few miles east of Ironwood, Mich., by A. C. Hargraves. It is a necklace of tempered copper that apparently had been used in prehistoric times by people dwelling along the lake.

The metallic part of the pick is twenty-three inches long and about half an inch thick. It tapers to a point at either end, and is as finely tempered as a piece of tool steel. At the centre is a place where the tool was handled by fingers to a handle of wood. It is so hard that a steel file makes no impression on the copper.

The art of tempering the tool metal is unknown at the present day. Even closely tempered copper knives have been dug up in the region, but this is the largest tool ever found.—New York Times.

Marjorie's Economy.

Marjorie's mother was browsing greatly distressed at the evidence of domestic economy. Several months in a fashionable reading, which have impressed her eyes to the fact that nothing should be wasted in the sewing basket. Seriously have these facts misled her, for that an unpronounceable vigilance has evolved over the culinary department where pastry, pudding and extravagance have hitherto held sway. That Marjorie should be influenced by the new order of things was inevitable. Marjorie had a lemon and the knife. The day after the mother met the small economist opposed to her mother's neat carrying the seed and thoughtful remarks. "Marjorie," she said severely, "what do you think I mean thrown away now? A perfectly good lemon!"—New York Sun.

Worship by Machinery.

A story is told of one of the oldest pillars of a New England church who held out many years against the innovation of an organ, but will at last finally yield. Old as we think to observe, the most vigorous opposition came the most energetic of all the conversation as to the fitness of the instrument to be purchased.

"Seems to me you aren't consistent," said one economical brother reasonably. "How is a man going to worship to [illegible] by machinery? I don't want to [illegible] with any [illegible] machinery."—Youth's Companion.

Jove of Liquor.

There's nothing like [illegible] of it is less now and then.

It puts you back where you belong.

It rests you.

It convinces you are no man to allow to herd laws of sanity and sentiment locate your actions.

It shows you necessary of [illegible] your inclinations like "a [illegible] who lies you [illegible].

I heartily [illegible] and believe what [illegible] in the way of [illegible], you must never [illegible] the [illegible] of health.

It gives you time to think.

It suggests renewing your acquaintance with [illegible] books [illegible] whose covers you never have time to look.—New York News.

Three "Domestic" Murderers.

Augustus Cottrell, [illegible], murderer and suicide, who slew his master, a Manchester solicitor, is one of the three domestic Zolas who figure prominently in the criminal annals of the last hundred years. The other two were Courvoisier, who killed Lord William Russell with a carving knife at Audley Square, and the homicidal maid, who accounted for the ex-Bonapartist agent, the Count d'Entraigues, and his wife, the famous St. Huberty, with knife and pistol on Baynes Terrace, in 1812.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Zola's Greatest Distinction.

At the celebration in the Pantheon recently all the celebrities in France were present, of course, and equally as a matter of course were decorated with ribbons, stars and all the other marks of distinction in which France is so opulent. There was one little man, however, who appeared all in black and didn't wear a single ribbon or star. It was Zola.—London M. A. P.

Society Takes to Somersaults.

The latest London novelty is the somersault chair. In the Marchioness of Headfort's house has been fitted up as a fashionable gymnasium. Here exercise patients turn somersaults on Swedish principles in the hopes of reducing their obesity. The "cure" is said to be most efficacious.

Orange Forever!

There are strong signs of an approaching struggle for naval supremacy in California. The northern citizens [illegible] is putting on its war paint, and means to give the south a tussle in the orange market at an early day.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Philosophy.

Philosophy is an affectation of submission to want and can't help.—New York Press.

SOME HARDENED CROOKS

TRICKS BY WHICH THEY TRY TO HOODWINK THE POLICE.

One Criminal Who Gave Up Second-Story Robberies in Order to Receive Stolen Goods—Another Who Led a Respectable Life in Order to Pass Bad Checks.

"It's pretty hard for a fog to take a brace, and not many of them do it, but that's not the trade of the police," remarked an old time Headquarters man who used to be one of the Byrnes staff. "The police are glad to see a crook take a hitch to the right side and stay so, for they've found out from long experience that there are few of them who really do that thing.

"When a man has got hold of bundles of easy money a few times, without doing a lick for it, he isn't much good any more. The recollection of it always stays with him. The cleverer they are the more liable they are to stay with their favorite game.

"Whenever I hear of a finished and graduated fog giving it out that it's hair for a merry and a little flat and a trip with the family every Sunday morning to the little church around the corner, I hope it's true, but it's been true in so few cases since I've been paddling around with a badge stowed away from sight with my other clothes that I'm a little bit inclined to mistrust to see if the 'boy isn't working up his little scale down for the purpose of giving Mulberry street the cayenne square between the eyes.

"You, of them, an old time second story hang who'd come bite in all the big hills of the country, raise pretty near throwing me with a spin like that about fourteen years ago. I'd tossed him a couple of times and got him, and when he came back with his hair short the last time he looked like the real hand of the something like time.

"He's too to join the whites. I'm through. I'm through right. I've made my last climb. You know how long it's and me down. I just thought I'd come over and tell you, and tell the Chief, see, you'd know. I'm going to get a job in Brooklyn, and if you ever hear of me being with the flush push scale, and me for a forty spieler and I'll thank you.'

"Well, there was something in the sort of down way this old fag had about him when he pushed this one over to me that it got me just a bottle fat around the neck, for a fact. I took him in to the Chief.

"Well, you could never tell what the Chief thought, one way or the other, and when the old time passed him the same riggle I had no means of knowing whether it had stuck or not. The Chief simply told the old jig to drop in once in a while, just for sociability's sake, and the parade was made, and I dug into the kick and land of the cell a few times that were lagging around, and wished him luck.

"A month later, in a neat suit of black clothes, this old second-story man came 'round and me back those few dollars, and invited me to visit his lodgings in Brooklyn. He said that he had a job as watchman for a big warehouse company—which I afterward found out to be true—and that his niece was keeping house for him.

"The next time I was in Brooklyn in the evening I dropped in upon the old fag, and you never saw such a cute little flat, not such a nice, womanly. The person his niece, as he introduced her preceding ever it, in your born minutes. That clinched me. I had a dish of tea and went away with a terrible lump in my throat, and when I saw the Chief and all the rest of the crowd the pinging I did for that old-timer was something bigger in that line than I've done before or since.

"Well, that'll be about all of the soft notes up around the E string, with the mute on. Two months later a stool pigeon gave me the whisper that there was a pretty sizable jewelry 'fence' running over in Brooklyn in a certain district.

"The tip I passed on to the Brooklyn office without any suspicion of what was going to happen. What happened was that the Brooklyn office made a swoop upon the fence, and the swag manager thereof was no less a wizard smoke than the old fag who had been the occasion of giving me the mellows for the first time in a good many years.

"He had passed up the second-story game, all right, but he had rigged up his home with a wife business, and his 'niece' was about as every papered a piece of English female crookdom as ever had her heart-stopped Sunday Where a burlap mother hubbard on Fresh dress parade.

"The old devil had stuck to his teammate job for the purpose of keeping up his blind, and he had asked her to scatter the word around among the police crowd that he was honestly and truly on the level. I could see the almost imperceptible slow grin under the Chief's muscle mask if all came out and the things I did for many a mean after that in the way of tossing pebbles at his forehead couldn't be set down in a week.

"There was a chuck-kiss in this town once—he's been picking cotton and treading the mill in the English Parliament for many a long year now—who did a reform stunt with the copper on and with such secrecy that it took the office two years even to suspect him.

"When he came back from up the river he made the poor mouth that he wanted to be let alone—which wasn't necessary—and got a job in a New York insurance office as a clerk. He married a nice girl and fixed up a cosy little flat in plain, and made his regular little personal report on the quiet to the office of the regular intervals, and sat into the chameleon habit, and it began to look to a lot of us who were not to his record that he was going to die a lot of fooling up of a lot of people.

"But as I say, he was laying plugged checks down all the time and accumulating the coin as a getaway stake, for he was an Englishman and had the idea of making a final slow killing over here and then returning to the old country to give all hands on this side the quiet heel.

"He operated for these two years on an extensive and almighty skilful manner, putting them over in widely separated communities, taking as far as Philadelphia to pick up a few hundreds, and when he was finally got dead to rights he had an egg so near Spotted laid away in a number of Harlem banks that there wasn't any fun in it.

"He hadn't had a single high step or blowout on of the tricks he had turned, and if ever you saw a savage man when he understood the fact he or coming out of it, I was the individual.

"Nine years was the bit he got out of his little head-bowling stunt, and when he got out he had so much hair and nerve that he went to England, where they soon got hard for swiping a white broom or stepping on a cockroach's foot, and they swung on him with such force for a mere little matter of fifty pound that he's walking the endless relay up to the present moment."—New York Sun.

The Bride Wears Red.

Red is the nuptial color in China. The ladies that carry the bride in her litter are dressed in red, and they bear a dwarf banian tree loaded with fruit and coin. The bride's compartments are finished in red trimmings, presents are carried on red trays, the banners borne in the procession are originally crimson, which are brightened by the rosy glow of the lanterns. The canopy itself is decorated according to the wealth and the taste of the bride's family. A poor woman is carried to her wedding feast in a plain chair painted red. If the family has wealth or rank the palanquin is very ornate, decorated with dragon heads. The Chinese excel in working silk or gold and is displayed in an artistic manner. When the bride appears she wears a red veil, and the letters to her ancestors, whose blessing is invoked, are written on red paper. The bride generally wears a crown adorned with jewels and such jewels as are also worn by women prevalent in Sweden.—Woman's Home Companion.

London Christians.

The movement for Sunday closing of public houses in London is meeting with a setback like that of the ritual obstacle. There is a comparative indifference of members of the Anglican Church to the reform. This should now be greatly modified by the warm advocacy of many of the leading Bishops, as well as of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The working classes are erroneously supposed to be hostile to the movement. About a million householders have already been canvassed, the result showing a majority of seven to one in favor of Sunday closing. Even more striking is the result of a canvass of fifty-six boroughs, amounting over 11,000 men, of these 7,000 declared themselves in favor of Sunday closing, with 1,000 against and 3,000 neutral. A majority even of publicans have declared against the present system.—London Christian.

Oldest Paper in the World.

It is generally believed that the Times, of London, and the Gazette de France, of Paris are the oldest papers in existence, but this appears to be a mistake. The honor belongs to the Chinese, who possess a journal started nearly 1000 years ago. Its name is the King-Pah. It was founded, says a learned bibliophile, in the year 911 of the Christian era.

In 1804 it underwent another transformation, and appeared daily. It costs a half penny and [illegible] issues [illegible]. The morning edition, printed on yellow paper, is devoted to commerce; the noon edition, printed on white paper, contains official acts and miscellaneous news, while the evening edition, printed on red paper, is taken up with political information and leading articles. It is edited by six members of the Academy of Sciences, and the total sale of these editions is 12,000 copies.

The Northern Spur of Minnesota.

"If Portland in 1782 had stood upon the motto, 'Wait and [illegible] there would be no Northern Pacific to-day. But that is another story." In these words Mr. Cornell [illegible] of Duluth, concluded a [illegible] read at the opening [illegible] convention dealing with the Northern Pacific. Lake of the Woods [illegible] of territory adjacent to the Great Lakes and fields which naturally would belong to Manitoba or Ontario, but a treaty between Great Britain and the United States took a part of what is now Minnesota although it is entirely separated by water from the latter State. Mr. Cornell in an interesting manner traced the history of the dispute, and showed that the award, which originally was even less fair to Canada, and which was afterward compromised, was the result of effective lobby.—Toronto Globe.

Ireland has the highest average number of children per family 5.59, while France has the lowest, 3.09.