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Pope Leo has ordered that the walls around the Vatican palace at Rome be heightened. High buildings have been erected in the neighborhood which overlook the garden in which the Pope takes his solitary daily walk.

Buffalo is about to build a driveway the whole twenty-seven miles to Niagara Falls that is meant to be the handsomest in the world, and the local papers have a lively fight as to whether or not he shall be styled "the Boulevard."

A Swedish farmer has hit upon the idea of lighting his farm by electric lights, and has purchased a dynamo and connected it with a waterfall close by. He intends also to employ it for working threshing machines, and for similar work.

It is reported a stock company is being formed which expects to control the entire sorghum crop of the country through the use of a new patent process. This company claims to be able to produce sugar from sorghum cheaper than cane sugar. In addition to the sugar works now at Fort Scott, Kan., the company, during the summer, will erect three new factories, one of them in Topeka.

Wichita, Kan., resorted to a unique measure to reduce its tramp population, which previously seemed incapable of diminution. Two freight cars were hired and, after filling them with the stern opponents of work, they were attached to an east-bound train, several guards going along to prevent any of the tramps escaping en route. The charge on the living load of freight were paid for fifty miles.

The rapidly growing popularity of savings banks in the South, remarks the Memphis *Avalanche*, is the best proof which could be given of the solid foundation upon which its prosperity is based. A few years ago there were not half a dozen of those institutions south of the Ohio River. Now there are several in every one of the larger cities. They are all doing a good business, and it is daily growing in volume.

In Philadelphia, reports the New York *Graphic*, there seems to be discontent in regard to some statuary, as in other cities. A statue representing "A Lioness Carrying a Wild Boar to Her Young," designed for a public park, has been criticised as "too sanguinary," as "likely to have a bad effect upon children," and as inappropriate. One critic said "he would rather see more statues of the early men of the country, instead of filling the park with men on horseback all dressed in the same uniform."

An ingenious writer has been figuring out in the *Contemporary Review* the comparative burden of the national debts and war expenditure of the chief European nations and that of the United States. Taking France and England together he shows that they pay some $407,000,000 a year on their public debt, and $340,000,000 for army and navy, besides giving up to military service the productive energy of 730,000 able-bodied men. Estimating the value of this labor at $100 each, there is another $73,000,000 to be added to the annual charge which France and England pay for their armies, navies and debts. This, it will be seen, reaches the appalling total of $820,000,000, to be paid by a population only 25 per cent. greater than that of the United States, and one certainly very much less able to bear such a burden. As against this we pay a little more than $150,000,000 a year for army, navy and debt, leaving $670,000,000 a year in our favor as compared with France and England together. That, under such conditions, this country must go ahead in the race for world supremacy as rapidly and as surely as European nations must fall behind, needs no prophet to foretell.

HORSES IN THE ORIENT.

REMARKABLE FEATS AND TRAINING OF THE TURCOMAN STEED

Uninterrupted Rides of Over 100 Miles a Common Occurrence—Preparing Equines for a Raid.

On his native heath the Turcoman horse can't be beat. Some of the feats accomplished by him sound almost incredible; and yet they are true as gospel. I saw a Turcoman horse in Teheran that had once belonged to a chief of the Tekke-Turcomans, and had been captured on the raid during which his master was slain. This horse, standing eighteen hands high, with broad, flat hoofs, and of an iron-gray tinge, was the scion of a long line of remarkable ancestors, each one famous in the traditional songs of the desert. His name was *Barg dar Behisht* (Lightning from Heaven), and he deserved it. Poor old Lutf Ali Khan, his dead master, had once successfully conducted a raid into Khorassan, a distance of two hundred miles from the Turcoman border line, riding Barg all the way. During the four days of this raid spent on Persain territory the horse had made one hundred and fifty miles in one day, only once drinking a few mouthfuls of water and eating absolutely nothing; yet going from sunrise to sundown at an easy, swinging gallop that brought no discomfort to the rider, and at a rate of speed not much slower than the average freight train in America. Uninterrupted rides of from one hundred to one hundred and twenty miles are nothing to the Thoroughbred Turcoman, and it was due much more to the excellence of his steed than to the sturdy bravery and love of liberty of his master that the tribes of Turkestan, the Tekkes and Uzbeks, were able to maintain their independence for so many centuries, although they were a ceaseless goad in the sides of their neighbors, the Persians, Afghans, Chinese and Russians.

But the training of these horses is something remarkable too. Let us suppose that Mohammed Izzet Kahn, the young chieftain of the Uzbeks, is meditating a raid into Persian territory. His larder is empty and his harem needs replenishing. His desert home will give him nothing but fleet horses, herds of cattle, and what they yield. But there is Persia, just a few days' journey off, with its fertile valleys, its rich trade, and pretty women; and, since it is inhabited by a race of infidels (Sheeites, while the Turcomans are Sunnites), it is righteous and profitable as well to despoil them. So the youthful Khan thrusts his long spear into the turf next to his tent, and one of his dependants at the same time proclaims in a sonorous voice that Mohammed Izzet Khan, a pillar of the Tekke tribe, a young lion whose courage never failed, and whose prey never escaped, is ready to go forth on a crusade against the unbelieving dogs, the Farsees, worshippers of a false apostle of Allah. The field will be taken against the infidels at the time of the next new moon and all those wishing to join him, to swear allegiance to him, become his true comrades in arms and share in the spoils, may come forth within five days.

The raid is arranged. Some one hundred and seventy young men of the nomad village pledge their faith to the chieftain, and then two weeks are left to make everything ready. Now is the time to put the horses through their peculiar training. Every one of the raiders needs two, one to ride, one to carry his baggage and to mount in case his own horse is disabled or killed. All the horses are put for a few days to a laxative regimen, and then the food and water allowance of the horse is gradually reduced to inure him to privation. For two days before the departure the horse is fed exclusively on balls of highly concentrated food, the two principal ingredients of which are suet and sifted barley flour. This puts the horse in first-class condition. His coat becomes glossy, and his eyes gain in animation. Thus he starts, and, during a raid lasting often five or six days, the animal subsists on nothing but the tough, wiry buffalo grass that grows wild, and a drink of water once in a long while.

His rider returns to his own, laden with spoil and with a fair new inmate or two for his harem—all due to the extraordinary speed, frugality and endurance of his charger. Is it any wonder that the Turcoman values his horse higher than anything else on earth and that the best horses in Turkestan cannot be purchased? Cases have been on record where an imprisoned Turcoman, offered life and liberty in exchange for just one piece of ransom—his horse—has indignantly refused, and suffered torture and death rather than give up his cherished idol to his hated and despised enemies, the Persians. A noted Turcoman stallion, Tamagh Tcheshme, was recently sold to the new Governor of Russian Turkestan for an immense sum, viz., fifty-three thousand roubles (twenty-seven thousand dollars), but this was an exceptional case, dictated more by policy than a love of gain.—*Cosmopolitan.*

Why Rain Does Not Fall Equally in All Places.

We have learned that rain is caused by the cooling and condensation of the moisture in the air. Bearing this in mind, let us study the surface of our country and see why the rain does not fall equally on all parts of it instead of falling very abundantly in some places, as in New England and some of the Gulf States, and very sparingly in many parts of the West, as in New Mexico and Arizona.

The winds which blow to this country from the south and east, being warm tropical winds, can hold much moisture, and are full of this invisible vapor of water which they have taken from the Gulf of Mexico and the ocean. Coming to the cooler land, they gradually cooled. Their moisture, therefore, falls as rain while they pass over the land, till, by the time they reach western Kansas and Colorado, the moisture being gone, no more rain can fall. But the winds which come to this country from the north and west are colder than the land, and, as they sweep over it, toward the south and east, they gradually become warmer; so that instead of giving up their moisture in the form of rain, they are constantly taken up moisture from the earth. It is for this reason that our north and west winds are dry winds, and mean fair weather, while the south and east winds bring rain. For this reason, also, the Eastern and Southern States have an abundance of rain, while the Central and Western States are very dry.

And there is still another point to be considered. We already have noted the fact that at great heights the air is cooler. Hence, when a warm wind full of moisture comes blowing across the country and strikes a mountain range, it bends upward and rises high in the air to pass over. In so doing it becomes cooled, giving up its moisture, and passes over to the other side a dry wind. It is for this reason that some islands, like the Hawaiian Islands in the Pacific Ocean, where the winds blow almost always from the same direction, are subject to almost continuous rain on one side while on the other rain is exceedingly rare. This also shows why California, west of the Sierra Nevada mountains, receives sufficient rain to make the soil fit for cultivation; while Nevada, on the east, is nearly rainless and barren. The moisture coming from the south and east is all condensed by the Alleghany, the Rocky, and the Wahsatch ranges; while that from the west is cut off by the Sierras. Hence, the great extent of country known to geologists as the Great Basin—which reaches from Oregon on the north to Mexico on the south, and from Colorado on the east to the Sierras on the west, comprising an area of not less than 200,500 square miles, which is nearly equal to the whole of France—receives over a great part of its surface an annual rainfall of not over four inches, and is therefore a desert.

Buying Back His Lost Caste.

Fallen as the rupee has in the esteem of Europe, the coin has not lost all its magic-working power in the East. And cloisonly used as a blacksheesh, it can still claim to rank among the governing powers of society. In one matter, indeed, its efficacy appears to be increasing rather than diminishing. What would it not have cost a high caste Hindoo in former times to recover his caste privileges after losing them for crossing the ocean? Some thousands of rupees, at least, in some cases, we believe, the expense of expiating the deadly sin ran to five figures. But, this being an age of cheapness, the Brahmins have seen fit to reduce the tariff to quite a democratic level. In a recent instance, a young Hindoo, who had been studying engineering in England was outcasted the moment he set foot in his native land. The family were, of course, plunged in the deepest distress by the cruel sentence, it cut them off from all the poor pariah and condemned him to lifelong degradation. But a knowing old Brahmin, on being called into consultation, made rather light of the matter and offered to negotiate for a whitewashing on strictly reasonable terms. These were soon arranged on payment of a trifling supplemented by a feast to a part of Brahmin society which was pronounced to be fully equal to the former position in society of the outcast.

When a Great Artist Begged for Bread.

Jean Francois Millet, the greatest of all modern artists, led a life of poverty. A striking story of the lack of appreciation of that which is truly great was told to the lecturer by Mr. Quincy Shaw, of Boston. That gentleman possesses about thirty of Millet's finest works, and among them a little picture of a peasant girl, with a basket that might be a Leonardo. This picture Millet had taken to every picture shop in Paris to sell for thirty francs—only $6—to buy food for his starving family, and now the picture would fetch $15,000. This was one reason why the lecturer advised any one of his hearers who wished to paint to paint for love of the art only.—*San Francisco Alta.*

IN A SCULPTOR'S STUDIO.

THE CURIOSITY SHOP THAT ARTISTS BUILD AND WORK IN.

Away From the World—What He Does Up There—Clay, Plaster and Marble—Death Masks.

It was an ideal. The very atmosphere was different from that outside. Spanish moss hung in great wavy bunches on the walls, while here and there were photographs and medallions. Bits of bright ribbons gave a coquettish effect, and contrasted with the sombre drab of the moss, just as summer does with winter. The mantel was covered with pictures, bits of sculpture in clay and plaster, and a store of sea shells. The room was full of models, casts, casts and busts.

"Where are your hammer and chisel, and marble?" asked a reporter for the Atlanta *Constitution*.

The sculptor laughed heartily.

"Now, how many people in Atlanta do you suppose think that a sculptor's first and only work is in marble, and with a hammer and chisel? No, the art is all in clay—every bit. Putting it in marble is merely mechanical. It is just as if we modled in clay, and then by some chemical process could change the clay into marble. There is no art in that—it is all in the clay. After a death mask is perfected, a mold in plaster will be taken, and then it will be put in marble."

"What is the use in changing it into plaster? Why not take the measurements direct from this?"

"It's too soft, and you cannot allow it to harden, for it will crack and draw. There is the death mask of Judge Lochrane. I am making a marble bust of him, and it is being put into marble now."

The mask referred to is in plaster, and being taken by direct impressions from the face of the dead, the mask is a vivid reproduction—the whole effect being heightened by the pallid color. The features were perfect. The eyes were closed as if in sleep, and the general expression is one of peace and of rest.

This was taken soon after death, and the features are perfectly natural.

"That is taken," explained the sculptor, Mr. Franzee, "by impression, the soft plaster being spread over the features, and blown carefully into each crevice and wrinkle. That forms the mold, and the cast is taken by simply running in plaster."

"How do you make a medallion?"

"From photographs, and then perfect them from life."

"Suppose the model is dead?"

"Then the best of all aids is the death mask. That's true in making a bust as well. But if we haven't that we get as many photographs as we can—front, three-quarters and profile, if possible. Then we work in clay until it is as near perfect as we can make it from what we have to go by, and then get criticisms upon the work from those that knew the dead. After the clay model is perfect the art work is complete."

"Is that clay in a solid lump?"

"Oh, no. We build a frame of straw usually for a bust, and for a larger statue a frame or skeleton of wood or iron. Gas pipe is splendid."

"Where does the clay come from?"

"It is potter's clay from Ohio. I like the New York potter's clay better, though, and we shall begin using it soon."

"Can you use the same clay over and over?"

"Oh, yes. The same clay would last a life time, but, of course, it is wasting continually."

"Why not use the common clay?"

"It is never free from mica scales and grains of sand. That ruins an artist's tools. Then it is not so pliable nor so cohesive."

"Where does the marble come from?"

"Italy. We can use only Carrara marble. For two thousand years those mines have been worked and there has been no substitute. By far the finest marble comes from Western North Carolina, and I believe that when they mine deeper the marble will become as pure as Carrara."

A Comfortable Room Secured.

A gentleman from Fresno, Cal., registered at the Kimball House on Thursday night, but as there was no vacant room he was asked to return in the afternoon. He was on hand promptly at the time, but he was not in any better humor than he had been during the night before, and he was not slow in letting the clerk know it. He was given to understand, and told the clerk at the desk that by long odds he was the most important man in the city, and offered to bet a hat against $5 on it. Among the guests of the house was a young lady from the same town as the gentleman, and for whom the world begrudged the hotel having to lodge him. He went to the young lady, told her his predicament and determination, and asked the young lady to marry him. She consented, and together they went to the parson and were married. It is sufficient to say the gentleman made good his boast.—*San Francisco Alta.*

North Carolina.

The Department of Agriculture is now making up its summary of crop reports, basing its conclusions on latest reports, covering the week ending in the State. It appears from the summary, so far as it has gone, that the damage to the peach crop by frost in May has been generally exaggerated. It is supposed that the peach crop will be above the average. The report will show that in some sections drought has injured the crops, particularly grain and truck, to some extent. The cotton in some sections has been seriously injured by worms. An interesting part of the report will be in reference to the amount of meat brought into the State and sold last year. The quantity is so great as to be beyond belief. Thus far this year reports show that there is a great decrease in the amount of meat thus brought. Reports on the cost of raising hog pounds of dressed pork vary widely. In some counties it is said to cost only $2 while in others it costs $16.

News has been received at Raleigh of a desperate attempt at murder by Hiram Potter, in Davie county. He was in his house with his family and was honing a razor. His wife and children were seated near him. Suddenly, and without a word of warning, he sprang to his feet, brandishing the razor, and rushing at his wife, pulled back her head and with one sweep of the razor cut her throat from ear to ear. He then picked up his hat from the floor and ran from the house, taking to the woods. He was pursued and has been captured. He is now in jail at Mocksville. It has been believed for some time that his mind was unsound. Despite his wife's terrible wound, it is believed she will not die.

A Journalistic Change.

The St. Louis *Republican* publishes an editorial announcement to the effect that Charles H. Jones, late of the *Times-Democrat*, Jacksonville, Fla., has purchased a large interest in the *Republican*. Mr. Jones, who has been elected vice-president of the company publishing the *Republican*, will have charge of the editorial department of the paper. In a few days the *Republican* will come out in a new dress of type and with different arrangement of reading matter, and announcements will then be made that are likely to create a stir in journalistic circles.

The Kentucky Derby.

Macbeth won the great race in fine style, retaining first place to the wire, passing under first by a full length without a touch of the whip and looking ready to go another quarter. Macbeth is a magnificent looking bay colt, and won this great race in a style that places him up with the very best in the land. It was stated after the race that Hankins, his owner, had won $70,000.

The Difficulty Settled.

Acting Secretary Rives received a cable message from United States Consul Lewis, at Tangier Tuesday morning, saying that all questions of disagreement between Morocco and the United States has been settled, and that he had gained all points contended for.

A Town Ruined by Fire.

The entire business portion of Goldendale, Washington Territory, was swept away by fire Sunday. The town had no fire department, and the loss amounts to $175,000; insurance, $50,000.

The Londoners Alarmed.

At a crowded meeting of citizens in London on Monday resolutions were adopted urging the government without delay to deal effectually with national defences. A mass meeting was arranged for June 5.

Slavery Abolished in Brazil.

Advices from Rio De Janeiro state that the Brazilian Senate has passed the bill providing slavery which passed the Chamber of Deputies last week.

Exporting the Crofters.

A London dispatch says Twenty-five Crofter families, numbering [illegible] persons, sailed at Stornoway for Manitoba on Monday. Priests passed through the Crofter districts.

The Georgia Editors' Excursion.

The excursionists left Brunswick, Ga., on Sunday by the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia Railway for the meeting of the Georgia Press Association at Atlanta on the 17th.

Strawberries.

Six hundred quarts of strawberries have been shipped from Newnan, Ga., during six days. These berries were gathered from a growing acre of land and have netted the hundred dollars or a little more.