State Library

# THE DEMOCRAT.

W. H. KITCHIN, Owner. WE MUST WORK FOR THE PEOPLE'S WELFARE. SUBSCRIPTION; $1.50 PER YEAR.

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There are now over 1,000 Young Men's Christian Associations in this country, with a membership of 140,000, expending for Christian work $785,000. The aggregate of property in buildings, libraries, etc., is over $5,000,000.

The sea serpent has again appeared. This time he is seventy-five feet long. Before the season is over he will measure 150 feet, and have a head adorned with a combination of parrot's beak and cow's horns, and a tail like that of a lion crossed with a crocodile.

Three successive eclipses are a very rare occurrence, still it happens sometimes. On December 1, 1880, there was a partial eclipse of the sun, followed January 16 by a total eclipse of the moon, and on December 31 another partial eclipse of the sun occurred. Exactly the same happened in 1884 on March 27, April 10 and 26. If the predicted end of the world doesn't come inside of a year, and we live long enough, we will be able to see a total eclipse of the moon on July 22, 1888, which is preceded and followed by partial eclipses of the sun. It will not happen in this century again.

The last twenty-five years' history of coal oil in the nine counties of Pennsylvania that constitute the oil region reads like a chapter from the story of Aladdin. Strange as it may appear, the oil wells of this limited district have been worth more than the great Comstock lode of precious metal in Nevada. The record shows that 53,000 wells in all have been bored at a cost of $200,000,000, and these have yielded 310,000,000 barrels of crude oil, worth at the wells $300,000,000. The drollest fact about the Pennsylvania oil business is that the oil is used for illuminating purposes in all parts of the world but the oil district itself—and here they use natural gas, because it is cheaper.

The San Francisco *Alta* prophesies that in the next two years California will receive an access to her population from the Eastern States and from other countries of 2,000,000 people—people who go West to stay there. This threatened influx does not seem to alarm the inhabitants of California. They have not yet learned to be afraid of any newcomers unless they be Celestials. They are rubbing their hands and felicitating themselves upon the prospective development of their material resources and the approach of the time when, instead of being the outskirt of the world, they will be the very centre of it, about equidistant between European and Asiatic populations.

One of the effects produced by the immense multiplication of industrial establishments in the centres of population, and consequently of dwelling houses, appears to have attracted comparatively little attention until recently. The information on this point is due to investigations made by Dr. Andries, who, having calculated that accidents from lightning have increased by from three to five fold during the last fifty years, finds that the causes which have commonly been assigned for the phenomena do not by any means account for all. His theory is that the main cause is to be found in the enormous increase of manufactories, locomotives, etc., which fill the air with smoke, steam, and particles of dust of all kinds, while the increased population must be considered as also contributing a large amount of impurity to the atmosphere, and consequently adding to its abnormal elements. It is asserted by Dr. Andries that his own extensive series of experiments, as well as those made by others, show conclusively that all the electrical phenomena of the air increase in intensity with the increase of dust in it.

### A State Sold for $100,000.

Only seventy years ago a large portion of the territory comprising the State of Wisconsin, with a section of Minnesota, was sold for $100,000, and the deed is recorded in the New York Register's office. The sale was made by Samuel Peters to a syndicate, for there were syndicates in those days as well as in this. The sale was made in January, 1817, and the syndicate was composed of Lewis Ayres and ninety-nine others. It is described as a large tract of land in the northwestern territory, containing 8,000,000 acres and more. It comprised the greater portion of the land sold in 1767 to Jonathan Carver by the Nandowessies tribe of Indians. Carver received 160,000 acres. The description is as follows: Running from the Falls of St. Anthony from the east bank of the Mississippi nearly east as far as the south end of Lake Pepin, where the Chippewa River joins the Mississippi; and from thence eastward five days' travel accounting twenty English miles per day; and thence north six days' travel at twenty English miles per day, and from thence again to the Falls of St. Anthony. There is reserved to the Indians the sole right to fish and hunt on unimproved land. There is a population of 1,315,497 in Wisconsin at this date, and the value of the farm products is $277,776,106.—*Chicago Herald.*

Among Chief Justice Waite's ancestors was one of the judges who signed the death warrant of Charles I.

### MULLINS, THE AGNOSTIC.

AS TOLD BY DEACON STILLWATER.

His name was William Mullins, and
He had a sneerin' way
Of turnin' his proboscis up
At everything you'd say.
"Wall, now, how do you know?" said he;
"Humph, now, how do you know?"
The way it closed the argument
It wasn't by no means slow.

You might be talking social like
With fellows at the store
On war or politics and sich,
And you might have the floor
And be a-gettin' it down fine
Provin' that things was so,
When Mullins would stick his long nose in
With "Humph, now, how do you know?"

I seen that critter set in church
And take a sermon in,
And turn his nose up in a sneer
At death and grace and sin,
With no regard for time or place
Or realms of endless woe.
He'd rise and burst the whole thing up
With "Humph, now, how do you know?"

He cut his grass whene'er it rained,
He shocked his wheat up green,
He cut his corn behind the frost,
His hogs was allus lean.
He built his stacks the big end up,
His corn cribs big end down;
"Crooked as Mullins' roadside fence"
Was a proverb in our town.

The older he got the wus he grew,
And crooksoler day by day:
The squint of his eyes would wind a clock,
His toes turned out each way;
His boots and shoes were both of them lefts;
The rheumatiz twisted so;
But if you said he didn't look well
He'd growl: "Now, how do you know?"

And that darned grit led to his death—
He was on the railroad track,
Crossin' a bridge: I heard the train
And yelled: "Mullins, come back!
The train is round the curve in sight!"
Says he, "Humph, how do you know?"
I helped to gather him up in a pail,
The engine scattered him so.

I think it's best to have more faith
In everyday concerns
And not be allus a snoopin' round
To git behind the returns.
A plain statement will do for me,
A hint instead of a blow;
A coroner's jury may fetch out facts,
But it's rather late to know.

—*Chicago News.*

## Stanley Brown's Romance.

The announcement of the engagement of Miss Mollie Garfield to J. Stanley Brown makes public a romance which has for some time been known or suspected to the friends of both. If the sharp eyes of watchful women are trustworthy it is the culmination of a long attachment on the part of Mr. Brown.

When Stanley Brown and General Garfield were first brought together Brown was a young stenographer, with whose expertness General Garfield was delighted. He was a very quiet, rather too modest young fellow of nineteen. General Garfield thought he had found a treasure in the young man, for his experience with some committee clerks had been somewhat unpleasant. He found Brown punctual, quick, quiet, steady, and possessed of one qualification that especially pleased Garfield. He minded his own business. Garfield appointed him clerk of his committee, and in that capacity Brown was thrown very much with the Garfield family. They were then living in Garfield's much-mortgaged house, where General Garfield did a great deal of work.

After his election to the Presidency Garfield was urged to appoint one of several young men as his private secretary. One of these was disposed to be a politician on his own hook; another was a bright but extremely voluble young man, and still another rather prided himself, somewhat to Garfield's amusement, on his resemblance to the General.

Garfield, however, said that he wanted as his private secretary in the White House no politician who knew more than he did, and no amateur statesman. He wanted simply a faithful young man who would attend to the duties of the Executive office, who had a close mouth and knew how to mind his own business, and he had just such a person in mind. Nobody knew who it was, and when after his inauguration as President it proved to be young Stanley Brown, there was a good deal of surprise among the politicians.

Brown was then only twenty-one years old. He was wholly ignorant of politics, and knew very little of politicians, except what he had learned as Garfield's secretary. As his taste did not run to politics he paid little heed to political matters, and this was exactly what Garfield wanted in a President's private secretary. Brown was then a tall, slender young man. His hair was very light and curly, his eyes blue, his complexion rosy, and there was just a struggling hint of a mustache growing. He seemed so youthful, immature and unaccustomed to the ways of the world, and especially such an innocent boy to put in front of subtle politicians who daily frequent the Secretary's office in the White House, that some of Garfield's friends feared he had made a mistake. To these Garfield always replied that he knew the boy, and that if he was immature he was discreet. Garfield treated Brown more like a relative than like an employee, and with the rest of the family he was looked upon as one of them.

When General Garfield went into the White House Mollie was a schoolgirl of fourteen. She was a charming miss then. She gave promise, not of great beauty, but of utmost attractiveness of face and form, and in disposition was called by all her associates one of the sweetest of girls. Her father's place as President never affected her simplicity of manner or her cordiality with the humblest of her mates. She used to go tripping up Fifteenth street to school with a lot of schoolmates, dressed more plainly than almost any one of them. She was a merry girl, possessed of some of her father's playfulness and love of fun, and even at that time thought Stanley Brown the most manly young fellow whom she knew. At least so she told her mates. It was simply the admiration and liking of a school-girl, too young to have ever had a thought of serious affection for anyone beyond the family circle.

Miss Mollie's most attractive features were remarkably expressive and beautiful eyes and a most charming smile. Those who were accustomed to see her in all moods said there were times when she looked very like her father, and the resemblance to Grandmother Garfield was regarded by old family friends as very great.

Even at that school-girl period Brown found great pleasure in Miss Mollie's company, and though he was usually the most diffident of men in women's society, he was wholly at ease with Miss Mollie. He was fond of her, and the wise matrons of Washington, who see everything with a womanly match-maker's eye, whispered among themselves that, before Garfield quitted the White House, there would be a match made between his daughter and his secretary.

There was a good deal of love making reported as going on in the White House at the time. General Garfield's eldest son was quite attentive to his cousin, Miss Rockwell, the daughter of Colonel Rockwell, and the society papers announced their engagement, though it was reported afterward that this announcement was premature. Mr. Brown took part in the social pleasures of the young people when he had opportunity, and if there were partners for games or walks he was very apt to be found with Miss Mollie.

By General Garfield's family Brown was regarded almost as one of them. Mrs. Garfield was especially fond of him. She thought him a most exemplary young man, and often said that his influence was for good. After General Garfield was shot Brown's relations with the family became very intimate, and by his most assiduous devotion to Garfield, which caused him many sleepless nights and great labor, besides carrying much of the burden of the Executive Office, he gained the esteem of Mrs. Garfield so greatly that she said after Garfield's death that the young man had come to seem to her almost like a son. He practically became one of the family at that time, and during all of Garfield's sickness, and afterwards at the funeral, his tenderness and care for Miss Mollie were delicate and constant.

There was no doubt then that the young girl had already won Brown's affection, though of course she was not then aware of it. And it was the opinion of many who were in position to see them that he would, when she became of proper age, ask her to be his wife.

There was a brief separation after the family had settled in Cleveland. Brown had been intrusted by Mrs. Garfield with much of the business of settling the estate, and while that was being done he was a member of her family. Miss Mollie returned to her school books and Brown went to Washington, where he became a banker. But he did not remain in that business long. He sold out his interest and returned to Mrs. Garfield's family, becoming, it was said, her confidential agent and assistant in the management of her fortune, which was more than half a million dollars.

Since then he has been with the Garfields much of the time. But not until Miss Mollie had finished her school life did he permit his affection so show itself. Mrs. Garfield unquestionably knew long ago of his love for her daughter, and it is certain that no engagement would have been permitted which had not only her consent but her approval.

Brown is now twenty-eight and Miss Mollie is twenty, and when they are married there will be completed one of the most charming of romances. They will probably live in Cleveland, where Mr. Brown, it is understood, has business interests.—*New York Sun.*

### Dogs That Hunt Wolves.

The pack of stag-hounds recently brought from Colorado and in use by the Sun River Range Association is reported doing good service in the wolf-killing business, for which industry the dogs were purchased. Six of the hounds recently brought to bay double their number of wolves and engaged them in battle, doing to the death all but two of the sheep and calf destroyers. Not a few single combats have occured, resulting in uniform victory for the dog, which has the advantage of fleetness, pluck and strength. A pair of hounds can do up a wolf in pretty short order. One will toss the wolf in the air, and before the astonished animal is again on the ground he is caught at neck and loin and torn asunder. The hounds are fed no meat, their diet being confined to corn bread and buttermilk in most part. The Range Association are satisfied they have made a good investment in these wolf-exterminators.—*Helena (Montana) Herald.*

### FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

**Little Pilgrims.**

Ben. Linkun's garden is under the Greening Tree. He made it himself, with a crazy fence round it of little sticks to mark it off from Mother Hubbard's. Hers is under the Greening Tree, too, fenced off in most orderly compartments.

Young Beans poke their green bonnets up saucily from a mound about as big round as little Mother Hubbard's sunhat. The Potato patch is about as big as—oh, three Sun Hats, or was—but she begins to think some of them have hopped over the fence, for almost every morning when she goes out to see if her Garden is "up yet," she comes right back with wide eyes and says: "*Somebody* Tater up this mornin'." Ben. Linkun follows with: "*I've* got runner one *low*."

The couple of Lemon Seeds fenced in a plot the size of a teacup have not yet approached above ground, and both Ben and Mother Hubbard begin to think they've changed their minds and gone the other way to see what's in China Town.

Then there's a Strawberry vine blossoming bravely in each small garden, spite of knowing how very hard it is for Ben's fingers to keep from picking the blossoms for a "Boka" to take to school.

And close by the foot of the Greening Tree, nestling contentedly against its rough brown bark, there's a bunch of Pansies—a big bunch. Nobody knows how it came there, or whom it blossoms for, and so the gentle Pansy faces that turn towards Mother Hubbard's garden *are* Hubbards, and those that look at Ben Linkuns's bean bonnets *are* Ben Linkuns.

And the dear little Mother Pansy somehow manages to turn about an even number each way. It therefore follows that pansy "Bokas" are often in the sailor knot under Ben Linkun's chin; in the seven buttonholes adown the front of his checked gingham; in a podgy "foomery" bottle of little Hubbard's on her desk at school; while here and there about the house and on the doorsteps is a rich-faced, patient Pansy waiting to be found and welcomed joyfully like a prodigal returned. But one evening Ben Linkun left his garden gate open—too tired from chasing a pair of speckled woodpeckers from the apple trees to repair his fences—and next morning a yellow-coated young marauder was found keeping house right in the midst of Ben's finest Potato vine.

Ben was solemnly indignant. He threw away the Dandelion jewelry he'd been making and began to "slow" with all his might till Mother Hubbard appeared. She pondered the situation, went straight and brought the pepper box from their sand house, and there in her white poke bonnet and red puffed sleeves, with the little Shepherdess' red petticoats held carefully away from possible contact with the yellow coated pilferer, she briskly sifted the shining sand above him that was to have frosted a cake with that day—'till it filled his little black eyes so full then could see which way to back out of the magic garden, and so doubled up his six fragile, black-stockened feet, meekly folded his two meddlesome feelers under his tiny bronze chin, and in despair turned an inglorious somersault right over into the dirt and lay motionless.

Ben and Mother Hubbard looked sorry, then tittered softly together over their victory, and the wonderful discovery of a sure slayer of Yellow Jackets.

They took the little shrunken body on a Burdock leaf and laid it away in the shade of the Greening Tree, went to sow Morning Glory seeds and forgot all about the dead Potato Bug.

When the City Horns were blowing for dinner-time, they rushed out to get the body of the unfortunate for exhibition. It wasn't there!

They seached for him wonderingly, and by and by found him swinging gaily in the very top notch of a thrifty cabbage, looking down upon them with sweetly meditative eyes, quite at home, quite happy.

Ben Linkun looked shyly at Mother Hubbard, then went off to swing bravely, whistling: "A Dairy Maid and I;" and little Hubbard walked majestically away to finish her sand cakes.

ANNA MIDLER.

### Glass Eyes.

A German paper makes the statement that more than two million glass eyes are made every year in Germany and Switzerland, while one French house manufactures three hundred thousand of them annually. The pupil is made of colored glass, and sometimes red lines are painted on the inner surface, to simulate the veins. The larger number of these eyes are bought by laborers who are exposed to fire and are consequently liable to lose an eye. The expression of the eyes is almost solely due to the movements of the upper eyelids; and this is the reason that we may see a man with a glass eye a hundred times before we discover his infirmity.—*Exponent.*

### A Jockey's Large Pay.

Jockey McLaughlin, who rides for the Dwyers, is paid $10,000, writes Foster Coates from New York. He has the privilege of outside mounts, which means $8,000 more. He gets in addition from $5,000 to $10,000 more in gifts from owners of horses he has ridden successfully. Jockey Isaac Murphy gets $10,000 and outside mounts. His income is fully $25,000 a year.

## "TOWN INDIANS."

### A NIGHT VISIT TO A PUEBLO VILLAGE IN NEW MEXICO.

**Remnants of an Ancient Race Unlike Any Other Indians—Evening Fires on the Housetops—Customs of the People.**

A correspondent of the New York *Post*, who visited a Pueblo Indian village in New Mexico by night, writes an account of what he saw. He says in part: The houses, unlike others of their villages that I have visited, are but one and two stories high. They are all joined, like the brick houses of a city block, and collectively from three sides of a square, with an open plaza in the centre facing toward the Rio Grande. The Pueblo of Taos is five stories in height, built in the form of a square, each story terraced back from the one under it. At a distance it resembles a great pyramid. No doors are cut through on the ground floor. The interior is reached by ladders and openings in the roofs. Each succeeding story is reached only by means of these scaling ladders. This before the advent of modern implements of warfare formed an almost impregnable fortress. The force of habit is still so strong with these people that they continue to draw their ladders up at night with the same precaution that it was necessary for them to use centuries ago, when the Navajos and the Apaches waged a deadly and incessant warfare against them. The old church at the Pueblo of Santa Clara stands on the north side of the plaza. It is something like eighty feet in length with walls four feet thick. It was built by the Franciscan Friars, and was standing at the time of the reconquest of New Mexico in 1692.

It was quite dark and the whole village seemed to be on fire. Flames were bursting from the roofs of nearly every house. My guide explained that this was their baking night, and thes ovens which are built upon the housetops, were being heated. These ovens are built of adobe, conical in form, and resembling the beehive of olden representation. The walls are made very thick in order to retain the heat. An opening in the door some eighteen inches in diameter is left in one side, and a six-inch hole for draught in the top, and it was from these draught openings that flames from the dry pinyon and cedar wood was bursting to the height of eight or ten feet. The whole plaza presented a sight at once weird, novel, and interesting, brilliantly illuminated as it was by these bright house-top fires. Groups of Indians were squatted here and there smoking cigarettes. Near the corral three Indians were butchering some goats. Women were cooking over separate camp fires built just outside the doors of their houses. Family groups occupied the cheerfully illuminated roofs, and were plainly outlined against the sky as they stood overlooking or conversing with those upon the plaza. Children of all ages and all stages of nudity were scampering here and there, screaming, laughing, playing, yelling or crying. Scores of dogs were running about, eagerly sniffing the fragrance of the broiling goats' meat. Groups of Indians were continually arriving with burros paden with wood, the result of their day's labor. Some of the little animals were so loaded down and covered that they resembled moving wood-piles. Groups of young men and maidens were dancing about and hoarsely chanting their Indian melodies. It was a scene so novel and un-American that the beholder might well ask himself whether it was all a dream, or a transition to the real and living mysteries of some far-off planet.

At the left of the plaza is a large corral built of cedars set closely together in the ground. This is public property, and is used by the whole village for their sheep, goats, and burros. In the centre of this corral above the height of a man's head a scaffolding is built. This is divided into sections, and the crops of corn raised by the different Indians of the village are stacked upon it until the time for husking. The husks are saved to be used for many purposes, but principally as a substitute for paper in rolling cigarettes. The "Estufa" of the village is near the centre of the plaza. This is a circular room about twenty-five feet in diameter, built almost entirely under ground, the roof being raised some two feet from the surface. The architecture of the "Estufas" of the different tribes is the same, as they are all built strictly according to the directions of their long-lost "Montezuma." They are entered by means of a ladder. I proposed to go down, but my guide most emphatically denied me that privilege. This room, you will understand, is held by Pueblo Indians as the most sacred of all sacred places, and it is carefully guarded by attendants whose duty it is to see that the sacred fire which has been kept burning for centuries in the little fire hole in the centre *never dies*.

After a time spent in viewing the illuminated scenes about the plaza, my guide took me into the house, where I was introduced to the family. Each member stepped forward and shook hands. A sheepskin was placed upon the ground for me to sit upon. One corner of the room was furnished with a fireplace, another was filled by a large, wide-mouthed earthen jar, holding over half a barrel. This was used as a flour barrel. A lot of bedding in the shape of wildcat, goat and sheepskins lay in the opposite corner. Several jars for holding water stood about the room. The ground was made hard and smooth with a layer of adobe. A bunch of horse collars and several strings of red peppers hung from the walls. A Mexican "Fiddle" Indian would about as soon think of cutting off from his flock as of cutting off his green peppers. The green ones they eat as we would an apple, and a little later in the season the south side of every house will be hung with festoons of peppers.

These Indians do not enjoy a reservation. They are entitled to vote at the Territorial elections, but owing neither fixed location, they never exercise this right. They are all amenable to the laws of the Territory, yet it is an historical fact that no Pueblo Indian has ever been brought up for punishment under the Territorial laws, and they have never had recourse to these laws for the settlement of any trouble among themselves. The land belonging to this tribe is owned in common, but the Governor and Council make a division of it, giving to the head of each family what, in their judgment, his circumstances will enable him to care for. When the crops are harvested, instead of each having his own, the crops, or their proceeds, go into a general pool, and the Governor distributes according to the destitution, abilities and needs of each family. If a man deserts his family and refuses to assist in their support, the Governor immediately takes his land and all dividends away from him, and he is allowed no rights in the tribe until he returns to his family. A man with more than one squaw is the exception not the rule among these Indians. In dress they somewhat resemble the Navajo, but in their ways, their disposition, and their whole manner of living, they are totally different from the Navajo, the Ute, the Apache, or any other roving bands whom they ever came in contact with. They are just what their name signifies (Pueblo means town). They are town Indians, and they live as town people should, industriously, lawfully and peaceably. They never move about in search of blood and conquest, and about the only instance ever known of their acting on the offensive was when in 1680 they rose in justifiable rebellion against the Spanish rule and drove the invaders from the country. At that time they were wrought up to such a pitch that they performed acts of bloodshed and cruelty after the custom of the roving tribes. The Apaches and Navajos have ever waged a bitter warfare against them, but they seldom fought except in the defence of their homes. The location and construction of their Pueblos up to the present day shows how completely they sacrificed every comfort and convenience to the one idea of having an impregnable fortress of defence.

### A Pneumatic Tube to Europe.

Col. J. H. Pierce, of Saithington, who has been studying the use of pneumatic tubes, has reached a point at which he hopes to show that a tube across the Atlantic can be used. Following is a description of the apparatus as he conceives it: The tubes will always be in couples, with the currents of air in one tube always moving in an opposite direction from the other. The heaviest cannon will serve to illustrate the tube. A car takes the place of the charge, the tube to be indefinitely continuous and the speed of the car to be governed by the rapidity with which it can be forced through. Time is required to establish a current of air flowing with great swiftness through a tube perhaps thousands of miles in length, but when once created the motion will be nearly uniform. The speed of the current may be made as great as may be desired by using the steam driven fans employed in blast furnaces. Niagara Falls could drive blast fans and furnish motive power to keep in motion the trains to connect this continent with the old world. The temperature within the tube may be regulated by passing blasts of air entering the tube through furnaces or over ice. The speed attainable may reach 1,000 miles an hour. The tube lining and car exterior would be of polished steel with corrugated sides matching, with wheels provided with anti-friction bearings. The speed, owing to the curvature of the earth's surface, will tend to overcome all weight and the pressure will be upon the upper part of the tube; thus there is scarcely any limit to the speed attainable. The inventions consist in the details of the work.—*Hartford Courant.*

### The Sugar King.

Claus Spreckles is a native of Hanover, Germany, and of humble origin. He came to the United States about 1830, and opened a grocer's store in New York City. He went to California and opened a grocer's store and made money fast. A later venture was to buy an interest in a brewery. After a few years he sold out, a large gainer, and invested his money in the business of refining sugar. He now controls the sugar business of the Pacific coast, and has the monopoly of the trade in that staple with Hawaii.—*Merchants' Review.*

### POPULAR SCIENCE.

The color of the sun, if seen outside the earth's atmosphere, is believed by Prof. Langley to be of a bluish tinge, as he describes it, a lavender with perhaps a suggestion of purple.

Pure water does not, for a certain depth near the surface of every river, the drains the wide tracts of country, the main stream of fluid may be compared to sewage matter sluggishly along near the bottom. These two rivers seldom mingle during their ordinary years.

Microscopic organisms are helpless against currents of two miles per hour. The most sturdy insect ever described is destroyed mechanically by a speed, the mere of any time placed upon a plain, and the microscopic life just begun to exist in France to faithfully to produce upon any plane the pieces automatically coupled by the first separators.

An interesting series of experiments has been made by Dr. J. W. Fraser on the influence of common beverages on digestion. Amongst these drinks he finds that water is usually the best. Of infusions, tea or coffee is the best for use with meat or eggs. Eggs are the best served food with infused beverages and should be soft boiled with coffee or cocoa.

Starting on Dr. Dawson's assumption that one foot of coal represents fifty generations of coal plants, and that each generation took ten years in nature, a very moderate assumption, and taking the actually measured thickness of the coal measures in some localities at 12,000 feet, Prof. Huxley calculates that the time represented by the coal formation alone would be 6,000,000 years, sufficient to show that when we come to deal with geological time the unit of measurement is 1,000,000 years.

That color is, like light and sound, a phenomenon of undulation is the belief of M. P. Leclerc. He argues that it is more reasonable to suppose that the colors produced by rubbing certain substances like sulphur are due to the grains set up than that the rubbing causes matter to be emitted which is capable of detected except as a smell. The general color of heated assembly [illegible] and accompanying changes of [illegible] are the same as in many other cases we have light of heat in connection with it. With some what imperfect apparatus he has claimed to have produced phenomena of colors analogous with the interference phenomena of light.

The prehistoric development of Northern Europe is presented in a work by the late J. J. A. Worsaae, an eminent Danish archaeologist, under the following phrases, the approximate chronology assigned being as noted. 1. The early Stone Age, at least 3000 B. C., when portions only of Southern Scandinavia seem to have been inhabited. 2. The later Stone Age about 2000 to 1000 B. C., contemporaneous with the Bronze Age on the shores of the Mediterranean. 3. The early Bronze Age, about 1000 to 500 B. C., when a stone Age existed to the north, and an Iron Age had already come in to the south. 4. The late Bronze Age, about 500 B. C., to the time of Christ's birth, when a pre-Roman Age of Iron was developed in Central and Western Europe. 5. The early Iron Age, from A. D. 0 to 400, when bronze was still in use in parts of the Scandinavian peninsula. 6. The middle Age of Iron, about A. D. 400 to 700, when foreign Roman or German influence predominated. 7. The later Iron Age or Viking Period, about A. D. 700 to 1000, when a Stone Age still lingered in the extreme north of Finland and Lapland.

### A Queer Pardon Story.

Queer things happen in the pardon business. Hudson L. B. Proctor, author of "Bonds and Bars" and several other standard works, was telling me the other day of a peculiar pardon case. Governor Seward, while in Auburn, N. Y., correspondent of the Buffalo *Courier*, Mr. Proctor was a student in Governor Seward's law office in Auburn, when Judge Samuel Blatchford was a partner of Seward. A man and his wife had been convicted of murder and both were sent to State prison. His wife was sent to Auburn and she was serving a term in Sing Sing. Sympathy had been aroused for the woman and a petition signed by many influential names was presented to Governor Seward for her pardon. After mature consideration he decided to grant it, and on his way to New York one day, stopped at Sing Sing and delivered the pardon papers himself—an unusual thing. The woman's name was Frances and her husband's name was Francis. She was handed the pardon and walked out. Seeing that the masculine form "Frances" appeared in the pardon she took a train at once for Auburn and presented the pardon to the Warden, with the statement that she had been pardoned by Governor Seward and been allowed to bring her husband's pardon in person. The Warden looked at it. It called for the release of the man, and he was brought out, handed the pardon and allowed to go free. When Governor Seward found out the mistake he thought it better to say nothing about it, and the prisoner was never returned.

The investment in the various branches of electric lighting is now considerably rising $100,000,000.