

"TO BE SHOT DEAD AT SIX."

FATE OF A FRENCH WAR CORRESPONDENT IN THE EAST.

A Severe Example of Military Discipline in Tonquin—The Journalist and the General.

A terrible example has been made in Tonquin. One of the special correspondents attached to the expedition now in the field was Camille Farcy, well-known as a brilliant writer. He had long been connected with *La France*, one of the leading journals. The army which he was detailed to accompany was that of General Foremol. The officer is a martinet, and entertains the most rigid ideas regarding discipline. Before the expeditionary force landed he, in conjunction with General Vincendon, concocted the following pledge, which all the journalists were obliged to sign:

I, ———, promise upon my honor to transmit no information whatever, either by telegraph or mail, or by any other means, without first having submitted my manuscript to the officer commanding the expedition, or to such officer or officers as he may delegate that power to. I further agree that any failure to keep this pledge will expose me to the rigors of martial law.

This document was signed by all the correspondents attached to the expedition. When Farcy's turn came, he took the pen, but it was with evident reluctance that he signed. When he had done so, he said to Foremol:

"General, I sign this document only because I am forced to do so; because without doing so, I could not fulfill my duty as a correspondent; because, without doing so, I could not accompany the expedition. But I warn you, sir, that I shall speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, touching such matters as may come under my observation." And with a defiant glance at the general, Camille withdrew.

The old general gnawed his grizzled mustache to conceal his wrath. He did what, perhaps, most men would have done—he set a spy to dog the footsteps of Farcy.

The expedition was successful. Two evenings after the spy detected the journalist under a disguise, quitting the camp. He followed and saw him deposit a large envelope in one of the minor postoffices upon the frontier. He was at once arrested and conducted to Foremol's headquarters.

"Ah!" said the general, "at it already, my fine fellow? Well, what have we here?" and he seized and broke open the envelope. "Hum—addressed to *La France*. Evidently some correspondence which you were sending without my knowledge."

"Yes, general," said Farcy, calmly. "Let us see what it is," said Foremol, as he began to peruse the letter.

"General," said Farcy, coldly, "permit me to remind you that you are violating private correspondence."

"Private correspondence? Bah!" retorted Foremol. "Very private, indeed! All Paris would know it in another day!" and he resumed his reading. There were some severe strictures in the letter upon the conduct of the campaign. Foremol's reading was interrupted by coughs, and when he finished he was purple with rage.

"So," said he, grimly, "you consider yourself competent to judge of the operations of a general in the field, do you? Well, sir, you shall have a taste of martial law to add to your knowledge of military affairs."

Farcy declined to defend himself. A court-martial was immediately convened. Its proceedings were summary—its sentence short: "Camille Farcy is condemned to be shot at six in the morning."

It was then midnight. The doomed man was placed in charge of a lieutenant and a squad of soldiers, put upon a special train, and was borne swiftly into the capital city, where the execution was to take place.

At half-past five o'clock the train dashed into the city. It passed under the walls of the palace where Albert Grey, the governor-general, lives in state. The windows were brightly lighted, and the strains of a waltz were borne to the ears of the prisoner. The governor was giving a ball.

"You have half an hour in which to prepare for death," said the lieutenant, compassionately. "Would you like to have me send for a priest?"

"I suppose," said Farcy, "you will grant my last request?"

"Yes."

"Then let me go to the ball, I would like to have a waltz before I die."

The officer bowed, and repaired to M. Grey's palace.

"His request shall be granted," said the president's brother. "Who could refuse a dying man's request? Bring him here; he shall dance with my daughter."

And it was done. The last moments of his life were spent on a ball-room floor.

At six o'clock the officer spoke.

"The file is waiting," said he.

"Let us go," said Farcy. He saluted the dancers and withdrew. When he reached the ground where the file was waiting him, he refused to allow his eyes to be bandaged, and demanded permission to give the word of command.

"May all journalists do as I have done," said he; "it is their duty." Then, folding his arms, he cried:

"Fire!"

The crash of the muskets rang out on the morning air. Camille Farcy fell dead, pierced with balls.

The vengeance of General Foremol was accomplished.

Utilizing the Festive Mosquito.

The idea may soon be forced—such are the works of science—to regard even the mosquito as a blessing in disguise. Dr. Carlos Finlay, the Cuban physician, believes that he has demonstrated that inoculation with yellow fever may be aided by the sting of the Cuban day mosquito, and that the fever thus imparted will vary in duration and intensity in proportion to the number of punctures and the quantity of poison retained by the insect's sting. Results already obtained lead him to think that a form of the disease may be given by one or two mosquito bites which will be free from danger and will render the subject of the operation secure against a severe attack of yellow fever.—*Medical News*.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL

According to a French authority, the vibrations caused by a moving railway train a mile distant may make the use of delicate astronomical instruments impossible for the time being.

The Greenland whale has a mode of ingestion somewhat unique, gulping great volumes of water into its mouth, and then straining out, through its whalebone sieve, the smaller animals which the water may contain.

There is a sort of vine which grows in Cochinchina from a tuberous root. Its stem dies down annually in November, and shoots out again in March. From its fruit a kind of wine is produced, which M. Sambuc has examined, and has found its acidity to be high.

A French savant, Mons. Forel, affirms that during the months of July and August last a red halo or corona surrounded the sun, which, though difficult to see at low altitudes, became quite brilliant at 600 feet above the sea. He witnessed the phenomenon several times from heights ranging from 3,000 to 10,000 feet.

The highest velocity that has been imparted to shot is given as 1036 feet per second, being equal to a mile in 3.2 seconds. The velocity of the earth at the equator, due to rotation on its axis, is 1,000 miles per hour, or a mile in 3.6 seconds; and thus, if a cannon ball was fired due west, and could maintain its initial velocity, it would beat the sun in its apparent journey around the earth.

After a visit to some of the Alaska glaciers, Mr. Thomas Meehan states that beneath the Muir glacier, said to be 400 miles long, flows a rapid torrent, which he estimates to be 100 feet wide and four feet in average depth, and which runs summer and winter without interruption. At its termination the glacier hangs over the sea, and gives off icebergs. Mr. Meehan remarks that the great ice-shelves have their lakes, rapids, waterfalls, hills and valleys; that the waterways change their courses at times through melting; and that melting progresses freely in the sun's rays, but not in the shade.

Women Bull Fighters.

A bull fight of a novel kind took place at Tarragona on Sunday last, the performers being women clothed in the male torera suit. The bulls were all young and full of fire. The first one let into the arena made straight for one of the toreras, and sent her spinning in the sand several yards off. A second torera rushed to the rescue with her capa, which she waved before the bull to draw off its attention from her discomfited colleague. The bull accepted the challenge at once, and with a rapid twist of the neck caught the banderilla and sent her flying. She fell on her face, and followed the previous torera in her retirement, bleeding from several scratches. The third torera then advanced; but no sooner had the bull caught sight of her than he bounded toward her and tossed her. After this the bull took a quiet walk around the arena, waiting for fresh sport. No further competitor entering the list, the crowd began to show signs of impatience, which grew at every moment, until they finally began breaking up the seats and throwing bricks into the arena, yelling anathemas at the cowardice of the torera company. The stewards then announced that the money would be returned. This was done partially; but the cashier's office suddenly closed, that official having bolted with the rest of the takings.

A scene of indiscreet uproar occurred when the fact became known, and the work of demolition was pursued with increased fury. The gendarmes were called in to restore order, but only succeeded in adding to the general confusion, in which they were roughly handled. The arrival of three companies of infantry enabled the managers to clear the amphitheatre. The most extraordinary part of the affair is that, undeterred by the fate of the first company of toreras and their manager, who were marched off to prison beside, the workwomen of the tobacco factories of Madrid are preparing to give an exhibition of their prowess, and a troupe is organizing to do the round of the arenas in all the principal towns of Spain.—*Galignani's Messenger, Paris*.

The Washington Monument.

The workmen who are putting the finishing touches to the Washington monument have to work very slowly and carefully, writes a correspondent of the Philadelphia Record. They are experts in high altitude work, and think no more of a high wind at 500 feet than would a member of the Alpine club. But the work must be done with the greatest delicacy, and so cannot be done rapidly. Nevertheless, Colonel Casey thinks that it will be finished in time for the celebration of its completion on the 22d of February. The keystone is already in place, and the capstone will soon be hoisted to the top, there to be placed in position. Meanwhile, a neat little trade is driven by some of the workmen in pieces of the granite of which the monument is composed, every one of which is credited to the capstone in order to enhance its value. They have drawn the outline of the monument on some of the pieces and find no difficulty in getting fifty cents apiece for them. In a stationery store down on Pennsylvania avenue you can buy more expensive bits of the monument with flowers and even pictures of the monument painted on them by hand. These bring from seventy-five cents to \$2.50. They are the most popular souvenirs of the day. But they have really very little relation to the monument itself. They are simply chips from the granite brought here to be placed in it. Whether it was so placed or not must always be as to any particular piece very problematical. Colonel Casey makes a very proper comment on the generally received idea that when the monument is "finished" in February it will be really completed. Of course, the only thing that will be "finished" in February will be the stone work. The trimmings and furnishings will be added next spring and summer. When actually completed it will have all the modern conveniences—an elevator or two, electric bells, electric lights, and what not beside. But there will be no twopenny gimmicks on the top. It will be severely simple—a good deal like the country's father, despite the stories that they tell about him over the river.

TALES OF THE FUNNY MEN.

STORIES TOLD BY AMERICAN HUMORISTS.

Fresh Eggs Wanted—Simple Enough—A Bad Subject—The Story of Smith, of Paris.

Gilhooley and Gus de Smith entered an Austin restaurant and sat down at a table.

"What will you have, gentlemen?" asked the obsequious waiter.

"I'll take three boiled eggs," said Gus.

"And you, sir?"

"I'll take the same, but be sure and have mine fresh," said Gilhooley.

The waiter goes to the speaking tube and calls out:

"Six boiled eggs, three of them have got to be fresh.—*Siftings*.

Simple Enough.

Beautiful Blonde—"Well, dear, it is your turn now. This paper says that brunettes will be the most popular this season."

Beautiful Brunette—"That's nothing unusual. You blondes have things your own way during the summer, but every fall there is a revulsion in favor of the brunettes."

Beautiful Blonde—"Yes, I have noticed that. I wonder why it is."

Beautiful Brunette—"Cold weather does not redden a brunette's nose.—*Call*.

A Bad Subject.

Colonel Mateland was recently appointed agent of a well-known life insurance company. The high standing of the colonel, and his excellent qualifications as a business man, immediately secured for him a remunerative run of business. The other day, while sitting in his office, a healthy-looking young man entered and said that he would like to have his life insured. "I am in something of a hurry," said he, "for my friends are waiting for me there at the door. I want a ten thousand dollar policy."

The company's physician, who was present, pronounced him sound, and the policy was soon made out. Several days later, a man met the colonel in the street and said:

"What business did young Blums have with you the other day?"

"Had his life insured."

"And you insured it?"

"Of course. Why shouldn't I? He is in good health."

"But I believe he will die suddenly."

"We have an eminent physician to decide upon such possibilities. What makes you think he will die suddenly?"

"Oh, it's nothing to me, colonel. If your physician knows, all right. The young fellow requested that he be allowed to go out and settle up his private affairs, and the judge granted it."

"The judge?" gasped the colonel.

"Yes, the circuit judge. You see the young fellow is to be hanged next Friday."—*Arkansas Traveler*.

Smith of Paris.

In our city there was a large number of Smiths. One of our Smiths had the appellation of "Smith of Paris."

All have heard of the Column Vendome of Paris, an obelisk of great height, with the figure of Napoleon I. on top; the same that was torn down by the mob of the Commune during its brief but fierce reign after the Franco-German war. The radicals of Paris thought nothing short of hammering Napoleon down would do.

After the July revolution in 1830, the figure was first hoisted up on the obelisk, and there was to be a great pageant gotten up by King Louis Philippe and all the world was invited to come to Paris and see the show. Among them came Mr. Smith of our city. He set out with a large party, but he and a friend neglected to engage rooms. So when they arrived in Paris the evening before the grand opening they found every respectable hotel full. Six hours were they driving over Paris to find a room, any room, merely to sleep in. At last, in a dingy house in the suburbs, a landlord said he had one bed left, but the room was not very elegant. "No matter, no matter?" shouted Smith; "let's have it at once!" They were terribly fatigued, hastily surveyed the bed, scarcely took a look at the room, and tumbled in. In a few minutes they were sound asleep.

They slept the sleep of innocence, and many hours passed over their closed eyelids. Finally Smith woke up, but seeing no daylight nor hearing any noise on the streets, he recollected the fatigue of the evening, turned around and took another nap. After a while his friend awoke. It occurred to him that he had been sleeping sound and long. He concluded to have another nap after so much trouble. In twenty minutes Mr. Smith moved again, and finding all still, listened if Mr. Jones, his friend, was awake. He found he was. "Jones," he said, "couldn't you get up and look out of the window?" "I will," said Mr. Jones, and felt around the room for a window. Finally he found one and opened it, looked out and said: "All pitch dark yet Smith—not a ray of dawn—it must be quite early—nor any matches—forgot all about them in the fatigue last night—and the repeater has run down, too!" So back to bed.

Gradually they heard noises and voices. "It's queer," said Smith, and got up to go for the window. He opened it, and all was pitch dark yet. He heard somebody knocking, and asked: "What time is it?"

"Just half-past ten."

"What?" shouted his friend, "half-past ten?" and the Vendome inauguration comes off at ten o'clock, precisely! Why didn't you waken us?"

"Ah, messieurs, very, very sorry, but you did not leave orders."

By this time Smith had approached the door and opened it. Daylight fell in copiously from the outside, illuminating their lodging place. The "window" was a cupboard with glass doors. The apartment had no windows.

They did not witness the grand celebration, and left Paris in disgust. It was a sore disappointment, but Mr. Smith was not to be put down so easily. He was going to Paris again on the very first occasion there would be a show, and he would arrange quite differently.

The day came when the ashes of Napoleon I. lately brought from St. Helena were to be deposited at the Dome of the

Invalides. Thousands were again streaming into Paris. Mr. Smith and friends this time were easily ensconced in apartments in a hotel near the scene of the ceremonies. In due time he secured a good place from which he could view the cavalcade. The solemn music came nearer and the tramp of the battalions; the people pressed closer and closer. Little elbow room was left. Most people had their hats off. The casket with the precious ashes came in sight. All heads were uncovered and the awe was great; only Mr. Smith's head remained irreverently adorned. "Hat off! Monsieur!" said a voice behind him. "Hat off!" Mr. Smith tried to comply, but he couldn't move an elbow quick enough. A stick came down upon his hat; a blow, and the hat went still further down over the back of his head, covering the ears and the nose; there it stuck. Mr. Smith was enveloped in darkness. Some laughed and some cursed. All thought it served him right. Only when the crowd dispersed could he raise his arms and push up his chapeau, and regain daylight. But the ceremonies were over then and the people were going home. Smith left in disgust a second time.

And that's the way he gained his appellation of "Smith of Paris."—*Detroit Free Press*.

A Woman's Rattleskin Scalp.

"The account headed 'Nature's Eccentricities,' in last Tuesday's *Telegram*," says a gentleman writing from Middlebury, Schoharie county, N. Y., "of the boy in Morris, Ill., on whose arms goose feathers grew, has been read with a great deal of interest by several of my neighbors. I think, however, that we have a 'freak of nature' near this town which is even still more remarkable. The story of it will be perhaps laughed at by physicians and scientists, but ridicule cannot affect a fact. All the phenomena of the human body are not by any means understood by science, and probably never will be. It is very easy to verify the truth of what I am about to write you."

"Let any one go up to Polly Hollow, a little settlement among the mountains, about four miles east of Middleburg, and ask for Mrs. Jane Flagg. She is a widow about forty-five years old, and lives in a tumble-down shanty near the edge of the woods, on the upper side of the narrow valley. Eight years ago she was attacked by a peculiar disease of the scalp. At first her head was covered with small ulcers, while almost all her hair fell out and would not grow again. The disease gave her such torment that life for over a year was only a burden. Finally she went to a herb doctress, an old mulatto woman, who then lived two miles further up the mountain road, but who has died since that time. This old hag, who bore the reputation of being a witch, told her to gather certain herbs from a graveyard at midnight, boil them, and then mix the decoction with the blood and macerated skin of a freshly-killed rattlesnake and rub her head with the ointment thus made. The sufferer blindly followed this advice, gathered the herbs as directed, and then began looking for a rattlesnake. She offered \$1 for one, and two young men went up to the Niskawaug mountain, killed one and brought it to her. Then she mixed all the ingredients together and rubbed the abominable mixture upon her scalp. Within a week the ulcers began to heal. She was overjoyed at this result, and continued to rub on the mixture oftener than ever. Within a month from the time she first began using it the disease had entirely disappeared, leaving the entire scalp covered with healthy hair. All the neighbors marveled greatly at the cure, and the old mulatto doctress suddenly found herself famous in a small way."

"But you can imagine everybody's astonishment when, after about six weeks longer, the healing on her head began to drop off and revealed the startling fact that the woman's head was covered with rattlesnake skin. There could be no mistake about it. The hard, shining scales and the peculiar markings were exactly like the skin of that most deadly of serpents, the rattlesnake. What strange effect the blood and fractured fragments of the skin of the reptile she had used to make the lotion had produced upon her scalp so as to make rattlesnake skin grow up in place of the natural skin I do not pretend to explain, nor do I believe any one can. But, nevertheless, it is a fact, as any one who will take the trouble can see for himself."—*New York Telegram*.

Caprices of a Despot.

Ivan the Terrible, of Russia, forgot neither his devotions nor his diversions. His palace alternated with prayer and carousing. For his pastime bears were brought from Novgorod. When from his window he saw a group of citizens collected, he let slip two or three of these ferocious animals, and his delight on beholding the flight of the terrified creatures, and especially on hearing the cries of the victims, was unbounded. His bursts of laughter being loud and long-continued. To console those who were maimed for life, he would sometimes send a small piece of gold to each of them. Another of his chief amusements was in the company of jesters, whose duty it was to divert him, especially before and after his executions. But they often paid dearly for an unseasonable joke. Among these jesters none was more distinguished than Prince Gvosdof, who held a high rank at court. The czar being one day dissatisfied with a jest, poured over his head the boiling contents of a soup basin. The agonized wretch prepared to retreat from the table, but the tyrant struck him with a knife, and he fell senseless and weltering in his blood. Dr. Anvolf was called.

"Save my good servant," said the czar; "I have jested with him a little too hard." "So hard," said the doctor, "that only God and your majesty can restore him to life, he no longer breathes." Ivan expressed his contempt, called the deceased favorite a dog, and continued his amusement. Another day, while he sat at table, the Voyvod of Staritz, Boris Titof, appeared, bowed to the ground, and saluted him after the customary manner. "God save thee, my dear voyvod! Thou deservest a proof of my favor," said the czar, and he seized a knife and cut of an ear. Titof thanked him for the gracious favor, and wished him a happy reign.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Children's hats are not so large as were those of last winter.

The changeable bison cloths are called by the pretty name of chameleons. Wedding cards and invitations are very plain and unpretentious in style.

Chinese primroses are excellent window plants for the dark days of winter.

Elegant costumes are again made of corded silk combined with broadened silk.

Tall pot plants in bloom, set on stools on each side of the fireplace, ornament English drawing rooms.

Imported hats for young girls have beaver crowns and felt brims with three or four runs of stitching.

When the Russian waistcoat is used in a basque, the back is usually cut postillion, although it is sometimes round.

The new embroideries, braids and cords show gold, silver and steel threads combined with those of silk and wool.

Flowering bulbs of all kinds are now in demand for indoor culture. Hyacinths, tulips and narcissus are most popular.

New photograph albums have silver legs and a cover that automatically becomes an easel that holds up the pages one by one.

The new sets of braid ornaments are so made as to cover the whole front of the waist and extend around the neck and down the back.

The richer sorts of brocade are used to trim cloth suits in the same manner as velvet, and they are almost as becoming; those of curled, uncut velvet are the prettiest.

Striped skirts are made up with the stripes extending diagonally across the apron, but are so plaited in the back as to hide the red stripes under those of the darker color.

Mme. Sophie Kavalovsky, a Russian, born Countess Karvin-Krakovsky, holds the chair of doctor of mathematics in the Stockholm university, Sweden. She is only thirty years of age.

Haircloth is still the best material for bustles, nothing superior either in durability or elasticity having been invented. It is never cheap, but it costs less in the end than materials far less costly.

Clock novelties include one modeled on the cuckoo plan, only instead of the cuckoo coming out when the hours strike, a raven appears and gives as many "caws" as there are beatings of time.

Even cloth suits are now made with a square opening at the throat, but they have a high collar, and the space between the top of the waistcoat and the collar is filled by a cravat knot of a contrasting tint.

English women have discovered that a rather small mirror may be made almost as useful as a large one if set on an easel in the dressing-room, and that an old easel painted brown or black is a good substitute for one of solid walnut.

The newest English fur capes have a bow with ends sewn around the throat, and they are called Mary Anderson. They are very warm and fit so closely about the throat that it is not necessary to wear a silk kerchief under them.

Waists which seem to be tied together are among the novelties of the season. The linings are buttoned and the plaited outside is crossed by ribbons tied in knots, which the wise woman sews, and fastens with concealed hooks and eyes.

Pillow-cases and sheets of colored surah, with a silk broche coverlet lined with satin, is the latest fancy among invalids who receive in their bedrooms. The invalid must, of course, wear a wrapper to harmonize with the colors displayed in the bed furnishings.

The Japanese girl, when she goes into company, paints her face white, her lips and the corners of her eyes red, with two slate-colored spots on her forehead. She would be thought immodest if she did not do so, as being so concealed as to think her complexion did not need improvement.

Gold and silver are in both ground and figure of the brocades, and by dexterous weaving some are made to look burnished and some unburnished, so that the whole looks like goldsmith's work. The figures are very large and not only flowers and palms but Oriental vases and jars are found among them.

Among the latest costumes is one made of biscuit-colored cloth, trimmed round the plaited skirt with a wide band of mahogany-brown velvet. The hat, collar, cuffs, and band round the edge of the basque were also of the velvet. The Waldeck is a nice little cloth jacket, braided in circles which gradually decrease in size as they recede from the buttons down the front. This makes the design very becoming to the figure.

Who Mrs. Grundy Was.

Who was Mrs. Grundy? It seems strange, indeed, that so little should be known about the antecedents of Mrs. Grundy, who is always so anxious to know about other people; but the fact must be admitted that Mrs. Grundy's origin is enveloped in the profoundest mystery. Nobody knows who she was or how she first entered society. She was not even a character in a play, like the immortal Mrs. Malaprop. She first made known her existence to the public on the 8th of February, 1800, in a drama entitled "Speed the Plow," by Thomas Morton, where one of the characters alludes frequently to her mysterious influence by the words, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" Beyond this nothing is known of her. There is, of course, the possibility that she was the wife of Solomon Grundy, of the nursery rhyme, who was born on Monday, christened on Tuesday, etc., and got through his existence on Sunday; for the rhyme expressly says that Solomon was married on Wednesday. Perhaps Solomon Grundy was a solar myth, and Mrs. Grundy something of the same kind. Thomas Morton is, unfortunately, dead, and he has carried his secret to the tomb; and once more the world, which knows so little about its greatest men, will be deprived of all further knowledge of one of its most interesting women.

Congress chose the present site of Washington for the seat of government by an act of July 16, 1790.

WISE WORDS.

A talent may be perfected in solitude; a character only in the world.

He that can please nobody is not so much to be pitied as he that nobody can please.

The world is apt to coo in your ear like a dove when you are rich, but if you happen to be poor it kicks like a mule.

The same things sometimes are honest and dishonest; the manner of doing them and the end of the design makes the separation.

You may safely commit the child's clothes to the servant, but the rest of the little one you had better take care of yourself.

Have your courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears; and your contempt for dishonest duplicity by whomsoever exhibited.

There is no use of money equal to that of beneficence; here the enjoyment grows on reflection, and our money is most truly ours when it ceases to be in our possession.

He that envies makes another man's virtue his vice, and another's happiness his torment; whereas, he that rejoices at the prosperity of another is a partaker of the same.

It is very much harder to wait through long and weary years than to do the heaviest work, but, the discipline being severer, so may the lessons learned be deeper and sweeter.

Educate all the faculties and propensities of children; but, above all, see that the conscience, the balance-wheel of the moral system, is trained into perfect accord with principles of positive truth and absolute justice.

A great deal of talent is lost in this world for the want of a little courage. The fact is that, to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand back shivering, and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can.

How frequently is the honesty and integrity of a man disposed of by a smile or shrug; how many good and generous actions have been sunk into oblivion by a distrustful look, or stamped with the imputation of proceeding from bad motives by a mysterious and seasonable whisper.

Mechanical Modes of Worship.

One of the earliest and most characteristic sights to be visited by every new arrival in the town of Tokio is the great popular temple at Asakusa, to me a most fascinating spot, and one to which I returned again and again with ever new interest. Among the many attractions, all within the temple grounds, stands a very handsome five-storied pagoda, painted deep red, and with picturesque projecting roofs. That naturally drew me thither. Very near this tall, quaint building stands a small, neglected temple, with nothing externally attractive to invite the inspection of the foreigner; and, as the door is generally locked, no one, so far as I could learn, had ever had the curiosity to enter, and the windows are so closely barred that little can be discerned by peering through them. That little, however, proved to me that this small temple had been built solely to contain one large object so strongly suggestive of the Thibetan prayer wheel that I felt convinced I had found the object of my search. After considerable delay a very courteous young priest procured the key, opened the great door, and revealed a most beautiful specimen of the Scripture wheel about ten feet in diameter and twelve in height, of the richest scarlet and gold and black lacquer. The actual cylinder is encompassed with tall, slender pillars supporting a beautiful wide canopy of lacquer, while the base rests on a stone pedestal of carved lotus leaves—the invariable symbol round the throne of Buddha—the Jewel on the Lotus. This cylinder is, I think, hexagonal, and the hand-some panels form six doors for the different compartments of this ecclesiastical bookcase, wherein rolled scrolls are arranged in upright order. These treasures are kept securely locked, which, however, now lessens the merit acquired by the devout, who (by the aid of spikes projecting from the base, as from a capstan) cause the heavy machine to revolve, sunrise on its own axis.

Afterward I spent several days in this small temple, to secure a careful drawing of an object at once so curious and so beautiful. While I was at work, various Japanese came in, chiefly to see what I was doing; several gave the wheel a turn, apparently as an excuse for having come in, but evidently without one grain of religious feeling connected with it. Even the priests seemed anxious that I should understand it was only a curious relic of an obsolete superstition. In fact, of all whom I saw approach the wheel here or elsewhere in Japan, I only noticed one who appeared to be in earnest, and he was so in very truth—working out a solemn task with resolute purpose—a weary man and heavy laden, for he carried a heavy burden fastened on his shoulders, and was too much absorbed to remember to lay it down.—*Contemporary Review*.

The First Bank.

It is one of the most remarkable phenomena that the first bank ever established won a success unequalled in later times. The Bank of Venice had its origin in 1171, from a forced public loan, raised to fight a fleet, and is the first appearance of a public funded debt. Every citizen was obliged to contribute the one-hundredth part of his possessions. The persons assessed were then organized as a Chamber of Loans for their common protection and for the receipt of the yearly interest of four per centum. Subsequently its creditors were permitted to transfer their claims in whole or in part. The government, finding that these transfers were in demand, reduced the rates of interest until no interest was paid. Afterward it sold cash inscriptions of credit on its books. Those inscriptions cost gold, but were not convertible into gold. As a matter of fact, although termed a bank, its issues were government paper, and its business was carried on solely for the benefit of the public treasury. This bank is still one of the foremost financial institutions in the world. For two hundred years the Bank of Venice stood alone.