PERSONS AND THINGS.

FRANK HARRIS has succeeded Mr. Escott as the editor of *The Fortnightly.*

A SON of the Mexican general Santa Ana recently committed suicide in Havana.

SIR JOHN E. MILLAIS and Sir Frederic Leigton has been elected members of the Berlin academy.

W. W. CORCORAN is having a bad summer of it. He is still housed at the Green Brier springs in virginia.

DR. DWIGHT, the newly-chosen president of Yale, is passing the summer at Wadham lodge, Litchfield, Conn.

FRED DOUGLASS will visit the historic Rhine and the Alps in the company of his accomplished wife in September.

MISS LOTTA's new cottage cost $25,000—and a Cambridge paper says with sympathy: "The poor thing couldn't afford a house"

A BIOGRAPHY of the Swiss statesman Jas. Fazy, who died eigot years ago, is soon to appear. It is said that it will be rich in revalations concerning the financial regime with which Fazy's name is connected.

MR. HOWELLS is a frequent attendent at the Music hall concerts in Boston, where he is sure to gather around him at one of the tables a choice company of congenial spirits, of which he is the brilliant center.

MISS KATHLEEN O'MEARA, the biographer of Mme. Mohl, has been visiting Newport. She is a handsome woman and is a grand neice of the late Dr. O'Meara, who was Napoleon's physician at St. Helena.

THE editor of *The Georgetown* (Nev.) *Gazette* has turned over the conduct of his paper to his wife, while he uses the pick and shovel in a mine which he is developing. He says coin is scarce and he wants a grub stake.

OUT of 100 heroines of elopements, escapades, and more serious offenses, a statistical authority says that seventy-nine are described as young and beautiful, thirteen as beautiful, and eight as occupying high social stations.

MR. KEILLEY, who hopes to tarry longer by the Nile than he did by the Tiber and the Danube, was given a gold-tipped walking-stick by some friends at Bath beach, Long island, the other evening. He is to set out for Egypt in a few days.

PRINCE PHILIP, of Coburg, the brother-in-law of Crown Prince Rudolph, of Austria, has described his recent tour around the world under the title of "Voyages et Chasses a Travers le Monde." He writes under the pseudonym of "Kariudo."

PRINCE FRIEDRICH SCHWARZENBERG recently took his degree of doctor of laws in the University of Prague. The young doctor whose father is one of the most prominent members of the feudalist party in Austria, chose for his thesis: "The Settling of Disputed Elections for the Diet."

BILL ARP and Josh Billings were made acquainted with each other several years ago by a New York bookseller. After the handshaking and the usual observations on the weather a lull in the conversation ensued and threatened to become very annoying when Josh suddenly broke the silence by exclaiming: "Arp, say something!"

THREE American horses are to be shipped to Rosa Bonheur. One was bred on the Sun river, in the Rocky mountains, another is a wild horse caught on the head waters of the Niobrara, and the third is a mustang from the Brazos river, Texas. They are designed as specimens of horses used on our frontier.

THE French papers record the death of the eminent and highly accomplished etcher, M. Maxime Lalanne, at Nogent-sur-Marne, after a long and painful sickness. He was born at Bordeaux, Nov. 28, 18[illegible]7. He became a pupil of Gigoux, obtained many medals and other distinctions, and was a Knight of the Legion of Honor.

MISS IDA E. HOWGATE, who has just been appointed to a clerkship a in the treasury department, passed the highest examination in her class, and was certified for appointment by the civil service commission. She is the daughter of Capt. Howgate, the ex-disbursing clerk of the signal-service bureau. Miss Howgate is a graduate of Vassar, and is now going to apply her education to the support of her mother.

THE prince of Wales danced till dawn at the latest ball given by Mrs. Mackay at Cowes. Mrs. James Brown Potter, in white without jewels, was the person most paid court to. "The British matrons and maidens were once more ignored by the heir apparent," says Yates, the gossip, who tells by telegraph of this scene in Vanity fair. "Mrs. Mackay herself," Yates adds, "appears to forget the very existence of the British aristocracy.

DR. WILLIAM R. DUNTON, of Germantown, Pa., whose cottage near the Saranac inn Mr. Cleveland is occupying, has been going to the Adirondacks for many seasons past. A few years ago, being run down with overwork, he spent an entire winter as well as the summer there and quite recovered his health in the woods. It was at that time that he bought the pleasant "camp" which he tendered, through Dr. Ward, to the president.

A BERLIN paper informs its readers that when Bismarck was at Kissingen the other day he had himself weighed and found that the number was 208 pounds—a gain of 3 pounds over last year. Ten years ago he weighed 217, in 1877 239, and in 1879 even 243, whereupon he got alarmed and tried the "Schwenninger cure," which in three years reduced his weight to 202. While he takes the waters at Kissinger the chancellor ascertains his weight every time, and his fee to the owner of the scales is invariably 3 marks, or 75 cents. Bismarck's wife weighs only 132 pounds. The weight of his famous dog, the reichshund, and his footman, is unfortunately not given.

REST AWHILE.

I will be still to-day and rest,
I will be still and let life drift;
I am so tired that it is best
Neither my hands nor eyes to lift.
I am so tired—it is no use,
My will cannot my need obey;
O Care, I ask a few hours' truce,
I pray thee let me rest to-day.

And so, shut up in restful gloom,
I let my hands drop listlessly;
Within my dim and silent room
I would not move, or hear, or see,
Oblivion dropped on me her balm,
I fell on slumber deep and sweet,
And when I woke was strong and calm,
And full of rest from head to feet.

So, toiler in life's weary ways,
Pity thyself, for thou must tire;
Both body, mind and heart have days
They can not answer their desire.
Birds in all seasons do not sing,
Flowers have their time to bloom and fall;
There is not any living thing
Can answer to a ceaseless call.

Sometimes, tired head, seek slumber deep;
Tired hands, no burden try to lift;
Tired heart, thy watch let others keep,
Pity thyself and let life drift.
A few hours rest perchance may bring
Relief from weariness and pain;
And thou from listless langours spring,
And gladly lift thy work again.

NOAH'S ARK.

After much tribulation, Noah and his sons succeeded in completing the ark to their satisfaction, and, having floated it, they brought it next the shore, adjusted the gang-plank and fixed the time for all the chosen animals to appear for embarkation. On the morning of the appointed day Noah took his station at the head of the gangway with his long list ready for checking, while his three sons prepared to usher the animals to their proper quarters.

"Now, this proposed voyage of Noah's had excited much talk among the neighbors, and consequently many idle and curious people came down to see the departure. Among them was a worthless, ribald fellow, Eli by name, a frequenter of inns and sinful places, who made himself conspicuous as he sat on a stump and endeavored to chaff the diligent Noah.

"Think it's going to rain, hey, Noah?" he shouted, glancing around at the lowering sky.

"Certainly!" replied the great weather profit, briskly beginning work. "Two lions, tally!"

"Much?" queried his interrogator.

"Biggest rains yet. Two bears, tally! but I warned you long since. Don't bother me now at the last minnit, I'm busy. Two Guinea pigs, tally! Stop crowding so, you beasts. There's lots of time," and the good man motioned the pressing animals back with his style.

"Want any help?" ventured Eli.

"No-pe!" Two tigers, tally!"

"I'll ship cheap."

"Lemme 'lone; I'm busy. Two panthers, tally!"

"Taking any passengers?"

"No!" thundered the exasperated seer, but mastering himself, continued in milder tones: "Two antelopes, tally!"

"Better try and make a little that way. You're going too much on live freight."

"Two sheep, tally! Can't you keep still?" implored the prophet.

"I'd like to work my passage," persisted the obnoxious man.

"I won't take one fool. Two goats, tally!"

"O, we'd make a pair," so that's no excuse."

"Two hogs, tally!" cried Noah, ignoring the wicked man.

"Um. I don't think it's going to rain much anyhow," the worthless fellow hazarded, glancing around at the sky.

"I hope you'll find it is," replied the checker vindictively. "Two eleph—!"

"Ah, there! Look out, Noah!" suddenly yelled the discordant Eli. "Those elephants are smuggling goods on you."

"Where?" cried the startled Noah, scrutinizing the animals for contrabands.

"In their trunks," replied the trifler, and all the wicked people lining the shore set up a shout at the disconcerted weather prophet.

For a time the embarkation went forward without disturbance. Eli slowly ate a huge slice of watermelon, and silently contemplated the proceedings while the people discussed the sight. Having finished the melon, Eli threw the rind to a cow, wiped his mouth on the back of his hand, and shouted: "Look out, Noah, there go two female doves in on you!"

"Stop! you doves," cried Noah, hurriedly erasing the tally mark. "Now don't you try that game on me, and he shook his style indignantly.

"But, father, the bird insists he's a male, cried Japhet, who was versed in the language of fowls, and who had rushed up on seeing the commotion.

"Don't you believe her," vociferated Eli. "She's fooling you. I guess I know a she bird when I see her."

"Um!" faltered Noah, beginning to perspire in his quandary, "this is serious and must be settled at once, or we shall ultimately be in difficulty."

"Yi!" balled the exultant Eli; "can't you tell a male from a female bird? Sho! I don't believe you know whether it's going to rain or not."

"How am I to know anything?" groaned the perplexed Noah. "I'm only good on weather probabilities. Help me out there, Eli, will you, that's a good fellow, and I will remember and see if I can't find a place for you when the cargo's all aboard."

"Well," drawled the mollified Eli, "in that case I don't mind telling you the secret. It's a very old method, though, and so simple that I'm surprised that such a weather sage as yourself never discovered or heard of one."

"What is it?" asked the anxious Noah. "We'll have to pay closer attention to these birds, or there will surely be trouble."

"Well, now," cheerfully replied Eli, "pull its ears, and if *he* squeaks it's a he, and if *she* squeaks it's a she." And while the idle people hoarsely laughed the discomfited patriach angrily shook his fist at the low man.

And while Noah and his sons were debating how this difficulty should be settled, the attention of Eli was caught by the lamentations of four kittens, piteously meowing to accompany the departing parents. The mother softly bewailed the *ultimatum* of Noah, which peremptorily declared that only two of a kind should embark. Eli, who had been eyeing the line while Noah was trying to escape from his predicament, now quickly slid down from the stump on which he had been sitting and approaching the disconsolate family made signs that he would assist them. A pair of opossums were sympathizingly gazing upon the meowing group, and going up to them Eli made signs that the kittens should be admitted into the pouch of the female and be smuggled aboard. The kittens had hardly been placed in concealment when the long procession of animals began moving once more. Noah and his sons having concluded that all questions relating to the sex of birds should be referred to the eagle, and that arbitrator having perched upon the gunwale, the embarkation proceeded.

"Twig the canines, Noah," yelled Eli. "Those dogs are full of fleas; better pitch them overboard than save such a lot of vermin."

"Great Scott! and I was only to take two of a kind! Why didn't somebody tell me about those infernal fleas before it was too late. Now the whole human race will be pestered by fleas and I will have to bear the blame. I wish I was dead." Then, choking with choler, he returned to his labor. "Two monkeys, tally!"

"Hi!" howled Eli, that ain't fair; you're making a family of it."

Noah, in a paroxysm, threw his style at the head of his tormentor and shouted:

"Ham! Ham! Come here, quick! You are the biggest of your brothers, Go over there and thrash that knave, Eli. Do anything to him; only get rid of him."

"Father," replied Ham. "I dare do anything reasonable, but remember Eli is the bad man of his tribe. He'd only enjoy sousing me in the river. But if you desire it I'll argue with him from the deck."

"Argue nothing, Ham," moaned Noah. "I can do the arguing for the family. Take your brothers there and drive him away. Pummel him soundly. Go, Ham."

"Nay," answered the son; "the wicked triumph ever in a fight which the righteous know little about. He would drown us all before the flood and our work would come to naught. Reason with him, my sire."

"Reason be blowed," groaned Noah; "this is not a time to reason."

In desperation, Noah called his other sons, and a consultation was held. The wicked peopie lining the shore, tiring of the embarkation, now began to seek amusement by throwing stones among the animals and creating confusion by teasing and starting fights among the larger and fiercer beasts. A wanton man standing near a pair of buffalo, who were quietly moving forward, preceeding a pair of hippopotami, suddenly jabbed a stick into the haunch of the nearest buffalo, and, turning quickly, gazed unconcernedly down the river. The buffalo wheeled briskly on receiving the thrust, but no one appeared to be the offender but the tusk-bearing hippopotamus in the rear. Hardly had the buffalo faced to the front when the jab was repeated. This time the animal bounced about in a rage and glared at the stolid hippopotamus, who tranquilly gazed back. The buffalo, swallowing his ire once more, faced to the front, only to be severly jabbed again. This was too much; the incensed animal let both heels drive straight into the face of the tranquil hippopotamus. That animal emitted one terrific bellow and drove right into the enemy. The charge of the huge beast bowled over the whole line of animals. Pell mell they all went, hustled, crammed and jammed against the ark, up the gang-plank and over the deck of the vessel. The terrified animals, endeavoring to escape the awful crush, carried Ham and Japhet headlong over the opposite side of the ark. Noah and Shem were lost amid the confused mass of struggling beasts. The battered form of each was finally seen endeavoring to climb upon the gunwale. Having straddled this position, Noah called to Japhet, had crawled up the bank, to reform the broken line. Ham seized the dangling leg of his ancestor, and, pulling himself into the ark, he began expostulating: "Father, it is useless to go on in this fashion. That last move of the wicked has driven almost all the animals abroad. Why cannot we cut adrift and sail? We have a goodly number abroad safe and sound, whereas if we proceed we may lose what we have, and our labors will have been for naught. Again, if—"

"Oh, Noah, you haven't any mules. What'll you do your ploughing with?" shouted Eli.

"That's a fact," said Noah, and he plumped down on the deck in despair. "Why didn't that double-skulled Shem think of it! Say, Eli, won't you hunt up a pair and bring them down here right away—that's a good fellow."

"Ha, ha!" and Eli laughed till he fell off the stump backward. "Mules—oh, Noah, what you don't know about natural history would fill that dizzy old ark iteslf. Mules! Oh, hold me or I'll die."

The patriarch stared for a moment, and then his face grew scarlet. He reached for his gun, drew his hand back, extended it again toward the weapon, and then with a hurculean effort turned his back to the shouting mob on the shore, saying, *sotto voce*, "I'm *mighty* glad Eli is going to be drowned!"

"Hi, Noah!" shouted Eli from his stump, "ready for another batch for your old menagerie. Hurry up, more emigrants a-coming."

"You, Eli, you—you—vagabond, get down off that stump and clear out, or I'll have an officer come and remove you."

"Ya! you'll have an officer here soon enough," bawled Eli, tauntingly. "I heard all your creditors had put their bills in Joshua's hands for collection, and he'll be here before you know it and seize your ugly old craft. Rightly, too, for trying to bamboozle all these ignorant animals and gull them off on a traveling show."

"Father, let us be gone," again pleaded Ham. "See, the wicked have stirred the remaining animals to rage and some are tampering with the gang-plank." The brothers echoed Ham's prayer. Noah glanced uneasily up the valley-path, where a man was seen rapidly approaching. "Well, be it as you say," he answered, gloomily. "Cast over the gang-plank."

When the deserted animals on shore, the mastodon, unicorn and others destined to perish from the face of the earth, saw these signs of departure, the roaring, snorting, bellowing and howling were tremendous, and it was fully echoed from the inside of the ark as the crowded animals began to feel the novel motion of their refuge. The dissolute people shouted and hooted with great clamor, but Noah and his sons, though very pale and much excited, strove zealously to put a gulf between themselves and the wicked.

"Over she goes, boys!" cried Noah, seizing the tiller, while his crew of sons labored at the gang-plank. As the ark swung clear of the shore, Noah wiped his despondent brow and muttered: "Blank the flood, anyhow; I'll stay behind next time and drown."—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Our Indians—A Suggestion.

The Indians in our souhtern borders are reported to have a habit among them of tightening up their belts whenever they miss a meal. That is, if they miss breakfast they tighten up the belt one hole. If they miss dinner they repeat the tightening, thus seeking to diminish the size of the cavity on the inside of them, which is usually filled up at meal times by eating, by pressure from without. Those familiar with the Indians and their way of life hold that the practice is a good substitute for the missed meals, but it is only for temporary benefit. You can't go on always drawing in the belt. The worst will come at last; yet it does help some, so they say, and that being the case, the *Herald* in its solicitude for the welfare of certain United States officials who will be deprived of a hearty meal or so, through Congress cutting down the Utah appropriations, calls the attention of those certain officials of this practice among the half-starved Southern Utes. Draw up your belts, gentlemen, a hole or too, and console yourself with the reflection that republics are ungrateful to their servants any way.—*Salt Lake Herald.*

IS IT PERPETUAL MOTION?

The Invention of an Ohio Man Who Expects to Revolutionize the World.

An Electrical Machine Which He Claims Will Run Until It Wears Itself Out.

Mystery of Force.

For half a century, writes a Mansfield, O., correspondent of *The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*, D. M. Cook has been a familiar figure in Richland county, and has been marked for his singular inventive genius. In 1850, when a young man, he became impressed with the wonders of electrical science, and then became enamored of its study. He began to delve into the unknown of this hidden force, and for thirty-six years in alternately brilliant and adverse circumstances has trodden over this field till there is no nook or corner with which he is unacquainted. He commenced his studies at a time when little was known of electricity, and by a pursuit of knowledge in that direction with unbounded zeal, he has not only kept apace with the wizards of the day, but has so far gotten in advance of them that his assertions are almost accepted as altogether incredulous.

But no matter whether his claims seem wonderful and almost beyond belief, they are worthy of credence, for he must be placed in the list of successful inventors. In 1852 he conceived and constructed a device that revolutionized the manufacture of sorghum sirup. The device was called an evaporator, and was used to make sirup from sorghum. His principle was to run the juice across a heated surface in zig-zag rows till the juice would run out as a pure sirup ready for the table, the water being evaporated in its passage, and the impurities being thrown to one side. On this he received letters patent in 1858, and in 1859 a company began the manufacture of the same. Thousands and thousand were dispposed of, varying in price from $25 to $35, over $4,000,000 being realized, on which the inventor got a handsome royalty. Through this he derived quite a fortune, although a portion of it he spent in improving and introducing the device. Even to this day a firm in Cincinnati is engaged in the manufacture of this same evaporator, from which the members of the firm made themselves rich. Cook, however, several years ago lost his right to the royalty by some means or other, and has not been drawing anything from that source since.

Save for this slight diversion, Mr. Cook has not experimented in any field outside of electricity since thirty-eight years ago to any considerable extent, but in this direction he can be said to have spent the greater part of his life.

For a while he sought to solve the question of cheap power, light, etc., by producing the proper current by means of a battery. He invented a battery of peculiar value for telegraph purposes, which was in use for a long time at Crestline, on the Western Union, and until the discovery of the cheap gravity battery that is now in use. But Mr. Cook long ago concluded in his own mind that in dynamic electricity lay future success. Accordingly he cast aside the battery as a secondary affair, and set about to experiment with dynamos of novel and peculiar construction.

For several years past he would occasionally meet me and speak of his discoveries in the electrical field, but would say that he had not yet secured the results he was after. He would tell me: "When I get my experiments completed I want to show you what will revolutionize the world. I propose to make a perpetual electric generator or motor which will propel itself by its own current, the resistance of the generator proper being only about 10 per cent. of the rotary power of the electric engine upon which the current of the generator acts."

This assertion was sufficient to shock an ordinary person's nerves, but I accepted the statement with much allowance. However, I became interested and kept watching results.

Last November Mr. Cook came to me and said: "I have at last met with success. I have found the principle that I have been hunting for so long. I can now start a dynamo to going, and it will never stop except by the wearing away of its own parts. Not only will it run itself by its own current, but also produce power enough, according to the size of the engine, to run any machine in the world."

"Perpetual motion," I suggested.

"More than that," he replied. "It is perpetual motion with only 10 per cent of the force used, leaving 90 per cent for power to be utilized as is desired. Not only that, but more; one helix of my dynamo will produce light in proportion to its size while the other is making the current that runs the engine. It will serve to heat your house, so that instead of having stoves and grates, little wires will run through your rooms, and on your parlor table will be a highly burnished apparatus containing wires, etc., which will keep the temperature of the house at whatever point you wish."

"What will be the cost to run it?"

"Nothing. As I said, start it, and it will go. Heat, power, and light produced by one machine, for absolutely nothing."

I looked at him to see if he was there yet, and if so, whether he was mad, in earnest, or joking. He laughed at my astonishment, and said: "I am now making a model, and when far enough along I will show it to you."

The matter was not specially discussed after that, although he would frequently bring up the question, until a day or two ago, and I had serious doubts whether he would ever show the device to me. I thought of Keely and his motor, and felt that the results Mr. Cook professed himself able to obtain were such that he would keep secret his machine, if he had any, in order to mystify the public. My surprise may be imagined, therefore, when Mr. Cook came to me a few days ago and said: "I believe I will show you my electric engine and generator. I am far enough along now to show you how the results are accomplished."

A time was fixed, and at the appointed hour Mr. Cook called and took me to his farm, about three miles south of Mansfield. As an excuse for a heavy crop of weeds in a fine field, where hundreds of bushels of wheat should have been harvested, he explained: "I have been so busy with my researches that I have been unable to put out any crops. I could get nobody to attend to the farm, and therefore it is a barren waste. I succeeded in getting a few acres of oats planted, and that, with a small potato patch, will be all I derive this year from this fine tract."

Here he lives, as he has lived for years, with a wife and 14-year-old daughter and his wife's sister. The latter is his enthusiastic assistant, and has helped him in many long years of toil. Distant from the house stands an old shop, wherein is hidden the secrets of his life. No stranger ever enters here, for it is herein that are contained the results of thirty-six years of labor. This seclusive rule has been almost invariable, having been broken but half a dozen times in over a third of a century. Several electricians and two or three others of known integrity have been admitted, but only after signing an ironclad agreement not to reveal, patent, or cause to be patented or improved without his consent any of the parts shown to them.

The shop is dilapidated, as is the rest of the farm, so much is his mind taken up in the pursuits of his studies. The rear is used as a shelter for his trusty old horse, who has done near thirty years of royal service, while the front part is devoted altogether to his laboratory.

The agreement signed, Mr. Cook led the way to the door, but before unlocking it grasped me by the hand and had me renew the promise made in the written agreement. This done, I was ushered into the mysterious room. I was bewildered by the appearance of the place. The room was large, and everywhere hung bundles of wire. Magnets of all shapes and sizes hung about the walls and were scattered on the floor in confused heaps. In one corner was a huge machine, with large coils and magnets, which Mr. Cook told me was the first machine he attempted to make. But in the center of the room sat the pride of his life. I saw at a glance that this mysterious man had not waisted his time and fortune. He had branched out from the beaten track, and had produced a machine that differed in all respests from dynamos of present construction, except in that he also used wire and iron.

"This," said he, "is my perpetual electric generator and engine. I will call my assistant and show you how it works."

The machine was rudely constructed, for Mr. Cook made it all himself with a few old tools that had done too much service already. Parts of it were made of wood, and the whole was not put together in a very artistic manner, but it demonstrated his discoveries, and that was his only purpose in its construction. This model weighs three hundred pounds, and Mr. Cook said by the hand-power of one man could be generated current sufficient to light up from thirty to fifty sixteen candle-power incandescent lamps.

His assistant having arrived, who by the way is a young lady of handsome appearance, the work of demonstration began. I tested the current in several ways and found it very powerful. Having made electricity somewhat of a study, I was surprised at the simplicity of many of the principles. The manner in which he expects to get the results heretofore mentioned is theoretically correct, and there is no mechanical difficulty which he has not already overcome.

After examining the machine carefully in all its parts, I was conducted to an adjoining room, where, on a table, sat a smaller model of more accurate make. It contained a much better arrangement of the parts, and from what he told me I am compelled to believe all that Mr. Cook had told me. I asked him why he had not sought capital to develop his theories more rapidly, when he replied that he had not heretofore been ready. He said:

"I wanted to complete my labors, so that I could say my work is done. I desired to give to the world a machine perfect in every particular, that would settle forevermore the question of cheap power, light, and heat. Up to now my work was not finished. I am now almost done. Within a very short time I shall be able to show to all mankind that I have a machine that will revolutionize the world. When I can exhibit a running model, which I can in a few days, then I will be ready to consider the many propositions that I have already received."

FRESH CIGARS.

The Newest Craze Among Users of the Weed.

"I want you to try this cigar," said a gentleman yesterday, as he handed out a fine-looking specimen of the weed. It was a good one, and the smoker said so.

"That was made on Friday," said the gentleman. "I got it in Reading. There's a cigar manufacturer there who does nothing but make fresh Havana cigars, at $7 a hundred, to be smoked at once. The idea is all the rage there, and he has as much as he can do. On Saturdays, especially, he has more than he can do. Persons order cigars made on Saturday to smoke on Sunday. Queer idea, isn't it? I ordered a box just to try them, and I find they're ever so much better fresh."

"I don't know of any such a thing in Pittsburgh," said one of the most prominent cigar-dealers and manufacturers last evening, "but I don't see anything wrong in it. We have to keep all our fine imported cigars fresh. We couldn't sell them if we didn't.

"But how do you keep them fresh?"

"Well, you see this case here. The lowest priced cigar in it is three for a quarter. All these boxes sit on tin boxes, which contain water."

"These boxes are made in New York," he continued, "especially for this purpose. They have a sheet of heavy felt inside of them, which we keep moistened with water. It does not do to make them too wet, for then the water would get into the cigars and they would turn moldy. They must be watched all the time to see that they are kept just moist enough Cigars that are not in the case we keep in an air-tight, zinc-lined box. A Havana cigar must never be allowed to dry out; it spoils the flavor. That, at least, is my judgment, and that of all the best judges of a cigar. A cigar that has any Havana in it must be smoked when it is moist. It is not that it burns up too rapidly when dry, but it loses the delicate flavor. A cigar that has no Havana in it is better the older and drier it becomes, and it must be kept away from moisture. You see in this case there are no water-boxes. There are some good cigars here, but they have no Havana in them.

"A man who buys 100 fresh cigars with Havana in them must be a rapid smoker, or have a good many friends, if they will keep fresh for him until they are all gone, unless he takes care to keep them moist. That Reading man has probably got a new scheme, and has succeeded in making it the fashion. There's a great deal in getting it to be 'the thing' in any such plan. The best judges and lovers of good cigars that I know of prefer to buy what they want each day, as they can be more certain of having them just to suit their taste."—*Pittsburgh Post.*

The Power of Perfumes.

It has been shown that the odoriferous molecule of musk is infinitesimally small. No power has yet been conceived to enable the human eye to see one of the atoms of musk, yet the organs of smell have the sensitiveness to detect them. Their smallness can not even be imagined, and the same grain of musk undergoes absolutely no diminution in weight. A single drop of the oil of thyme, ground down with a piece of sugar and a little alcohol, will communicate its odor to twenty-five gallons of water. Haller kept for forty years papers perfumed with one grain of ambergris. After this time the odor was as strong as ever. Bordenave has evaluated a molecule of camphor sensible to the smell to 2,262,584,000th of a grain. Boyle has observed that one drachm of asafetida exposed to the open air had lost in six days the eighth part of a grain, from which Keill concludes that in one minute it had lost 1-69120th of a grain.—*Liverpool Post.*

THE EXECUTION OF MAXIMILIAN.

How the Emperor and Gens. Miramon and Mejia Met Their Fate.

The moment had come; each of the condemned men mounted the carriage which awaited them, and they traversed the streets of Queretaro in the midst of a motley multitude, who, respectful and afflicted, crowded round on their passage; handkerchiefs were waved, and now and again a sob would reach the prisoners' ears. The condemned men bowed on each side as they recognized in the crowd many a familiar face. Some minutes before 7 o'clock they arrived on the Cerro de las Campanas, a little more than half a mile distant from the town; here they descended from the carriage, walked on foot half-way up the hill called Cerro de las Campanas, and turned their backs against a clump of cactus. The general in command of the troops, S. Gracia de Leon, caused an order of the day to be read, making it a penalty of death for any person who should try to prevent the execution; and the prisoners were then given leave to address the crowd. The sun was by now high in the blue sky, glowing over the profound azure of the lofty mountains and bathing the valley with an intense flood of light and heat. The Cerro, like an immense rock thrown in the valley, stood forth bare and yellow-looking, green in places, with patches of cactus and nopals; a square of four thousand men surrounded the base of the hill, with its regular lines and its uniforms and bayonets glittering in the sun. Outside the medley of the undulating crowd, toward the east appeared the lines of the white houses of Queretaro, all nearly covered with foliage and surmounted with numerous cupolas and crosses; in the far distance the dim, bluish outline of the Cordilleras. The officer in command of the file of execution approached Maximilian and asked his pardon for having to fulfill his duty. The emperor distributed several pieces of gold bearing his effigy to the soldiers, recommending them not to aim at his face. He then embraced Gens. Mejia and Miramon, and as the latter had placed himself on his right, he said to him aloud: "Brave men should be respected by their sovereigns to the brink of the grave. General, pass to the place of honor." Miramon stepped to the center. Then with a firm voice, the emperor addressed the crowd: "Mexicans! Men of my race and origin are born either to make a people's happiness or to be martyrs. God grant that my blood may be the last shed for the redemption of this unhappy country. Long live Mexico!" Immediately Gen. Miramon, at the top of his voice, as when he commanded his troops on the battle-field, cried: "Mexicans! Before the court-martial my defenders only sought to save my life. At the moment I am about to appear before my God I protest against the name of traitor which they have thrown in my face to justify my condemnation. Let this spot of infamy be removed from my children's name, and God grant that my country may be happy. Long live Mexico! Gen. Mejia raised his eyes toward the heavens: "Very holy mother, I beseech thy Son to pardon me, as I pardon those who are about to sacrifice me." A volley rang out from the file of soldiers, and, amidst the cloud of smoke, which slowly drifted away, Maximilian appeared writhing convulsively in a pool of blood, and groaning: "*Hay Hombre!*" The *coup de grace* put him out of his agony.—*Paris Figaro.*

JUDGE ZUBIA'S DECISION.

Why the Meican Jurist Held Cutting as Guilty of a Crime.

CITY OF MEXICO, Aug. 13.—The *Diario*, the official government organ, to-day contains important documents regarding the Cutting case, including the full text of the decision of Judge Zubia at Paso Del Norte, which show clearly and unmistakably that the court held Cutting for a crime begun on Mexican soil, and continued simultaneously in Texas and Mexico. This puts a new phase on the case, as it shows Judge Zubia regarded the case as one continuous act. In passing sentence on Cutting, the judge said the basis of the criminal proceeding against the defendant was the first proof before him that he had committed an offense classed as a crime by the law, the evidence of which was afforded beyond dispute, by a publication which appeared in *El Centinella*, on June 6 last, a paper published on Mexican soil; secondly, that although it was true there was an act of conciliation which would have satisfied the offended party had it been complied with, it was also true this act of conciliation was not fulfilled and, therefore, the crime still stood; third, proof of lack of compliance with the aim of conciliation is found in a communication printed by Cutting in the El Paso *Sunday Herald* in which he renewed his defamatory charges against Medina, and at the same time published an article in *El Centinella* on Mexican soil, in which he suppressed the capital letters and put the name of Medina in microscopic type in order to make its reading difficult; fourth, the renewal of the charges did not constitute a new offense but was confirmation of previous charges; fifth, this being so the criminal responsibility of Cutting arose from the publication in *El Centinella*, which was renewed in a Texas paper, his renewal or ratification not constituting a new crime which should be punished with a different penalty than that which corresponded to the first publication.

The judge further says: "Even supposing, without conceding it, that the crime of defamation had been committed in Texas, the fact that Cutting had in Paso del Norte copies of the El Paso *Sunday Herald* of which Medina complained, and which were by order of the court seized, on the premises of Cutting on Mexican soil, constitutes properly a consummation of the crime according to the penal code."

Judge Zubia lays special emphasis on the fact that Cutting actually circulated on Mexican soil his renewal of the libel published in Texas, and declares that were the case reversed he would be punishable under the present code in Texas.

A. P. Cushing, an American lawyer, sums up Zubia's decision thus: Cutting was convicted of a repetition of the libel first published in Mexico and reprinted more virulently in Texas, which he then brought over and distributed in Mexico and it was the distribution in Mexico of the second libel and not the printing of the same in Texas for which he was convicted, the libel having been read by three or more persons, as required by the statutes of the state of Chihuahua. Cutting pleaded in bar to the jurisdiction of the Mexican court that the paper had been printed in Texas. He did not, however, deny that the paper had been circulated on the Mexican side, which was a fact, numerous copies having been seized there by order of the court. This aspect of the case takes away the phase of a conflict of law of the two countries. The publication of a full text of Judge Zubias' decision is regarded here as putting the case out of international controversy.

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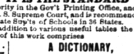

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