DICK RODNEY:

Or, The Adventures of An Eton Boy...

BY JAMES GRANT.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

Most of the houses are built of good stone, but have all their windows iron-barred without and barricaded within, for the population (of which our shipmate Antonio was a striking specimen) consists of about thirty thousand olive-skinned Spaniards and double that number of slaves and free mulattoes, all loose, reckless, fiery and apt to use their knives on trivial occasions.

There was not a ship lying there for England, or any other craft by which Weston could have sent me home. A Spanish steam-packet was on the eve of departing for Cadiz, but being wearied by the monotony of my long voyage, I was scarcely in a mood for the sea again, and wished to spend a little more time on shore instead of leaving with her.

However, I wrote to my family by the Spanish mail, acquainting them of my safety, with the strange incident which had so suddenly torn me from them, and adding that I would return by the first ship bound for any part of England; if possible, with the Eugenie, which would probably be freighted for London.

After the packet sailed with my letter in her capacious bags, I experienced an emotion of greater happiness and contentment than I had ever done since leaving home, for the sorrow which I knew all there must have suffered, and would still be suffering, hung heavily on my heart.

As we were returning to the brig, which had now been warped alongside the mole, when passing through the street which contains the great hospital, we heard the sound of trumpets, and saw the glittering of lances with long streamers above the heads of a dense crowd of people of all shades of color—black, yellow and brown—and we had to doff our hats with due respect as they passed, for in the midst, surrounded by a staff of officers, equipped and alighted, their breasts sparkling with medals and crosses, and each of them riding with a cocked hat under his left arm, came the present Captain General of Cuba, a marshal of the Spanish army, Don Francisco Serrano de Dominguez, attended by an escort of mulatto lancers, all mounted on Spanish horses.

He was a fine-looking man, and although aged, had all the bearing of what he was, or, I should say, is—a grandee of old Castile.

On returning to the Eugenie we found Antonio the Cuban working among the crew as lustily and as actively as any man on board. Weston now offered him remuneration for the time that he had been with us, with a hint that he might find a berth elsewhere; but our castaway evinced the greatest reluctance to leave the brig, and begged that he might be permitted to remain on board, as three of our best hands had been sent ashore, sick, to the hospital.

So short-sighted is man that Captain Weston, despite the dislike of the crew and the advice of Marc Hislop, ordered that the name of Antonio be entered on the ship's books as foremast man.

Three weeks after our arrival the brig was careened to starboard, when clear of all the cargo, and had her copper scraped and cleaned, an operation which the constant rains of the season greatly retarded.

There was much in Cuba to feed an imaginative mind, and mine was full of the voyages, the daring adventures and the vast discoveries of Columbus, with the exploits of the buccaneers, whose haunts were amid these wild and, in those days, savage shores.

I thought of the gaily plumed and barbarously armed cacIques whom Columbus had met in their fleet pirogues, or had encountered in the dense forests which clothe the Cuban mountains—forests, oh, perhaps, as the days of the deluge—of the yellow-skinned women with their long, flowing black hair and with plates of polished gold hanging in their ears and noses; of the fierce warriors streaked with sable war paint and armed with cane arrows shod with teeth or poisoned fish bones, that fell harmless from the Spanish coats of mail; of the wild Caribs, who devoured their prisoners—with whom a battle was but a precursor of a feast; and of the famous fighting women—the terrible Amazons of Guadaloupe.

I thought of the story of Columbus writing the narrative of his wonderful discoveries, his perils and adventures, on a roll of parchment, which he wrapped in oilcloth covered over with wax, inclosed in a little cask, and then cast into the sea, with a prayer, and the hope that if he and his crew perished his record of their achievements might be cast by the ocean on the shore of some Christian land.

As I sat by the sounding sea that rolled into the bay of Matanzas, what would I not have given to have seen the waves cast that old cask, covered with weeds and barnacles, at my feet!

But now the plodding steam tug and the rusty merchant trader ploughed the waters of the bay instead of the gilded Spanish caravels, or the long war pirogues of the Indian warriors; and where they fought their bloodiest battles on the wooded shore, or in the green savanna, where the painted cacique and the mailed Castilian met hand to hand in mortal strife, the smoke of the steam mill, grinding coffee or boiling sugar, darkened the sky, and the songs of the negroes were heard as they hoed in the plantations, or in gangs of forty trucked mahogany logs, each drawn by eight sturdy oxen, to the sea.

And so, in a creek of the bay—the same place where the Dutch Admiral Heyn sank the Spanish plate fleet—I was wont to sit dreamily for hours, with the murmur of the waves in my ears, with the buzz of insects and the voice of the mocking-birds among the palmettos, while watching the sails that glided past the headlands of the bay on their way to the Bahama Channel or the great Gulf of Florida.

This was my favorite resort. A wood of cocoanut and other trees shaded the place and made it so dark that I have seen the fire-flies glance about at noon. The cocoas are about the height of Dutch poplars, and are covered with oblong leaves, which, when young, are of a pale red. As spring drew on, the branches became covered with scarlet and yellow flowers.

Over these the vast corral tree spread its protecting foliage, whence the Spaniards, in their beautiful language, name it La Madre del Cocoa, the smallest of which has at times a thousand lovely scarlet blossoms.

CHAPTER XVII.

An Evil Spirit.

We sailed from the Bay of Matanzas at 2 o'clock a. m., on the 3d of April, bound for the Cape of Good Hope, which we were fated never to reach.

The Eugenie had been freighted for that colony with a rich cargo of fine lasses, sugar, coffee, and tobacco, and arrangements had been made that from Cape Town she would be chartered for London. Thus I had a fair prospect of seeing nearly a half of this terrestrial globe before I repassed my good old father's threshold at Elsmere.

I earnestly hoped that we might encounter no more waterspouts or tornadoes, as they were not at all to my taste, but from other causes than phenomena or the war of the elements it was my fortune, or, rather, my misfortune, to undergo such peril and suffering as were far beyond my conception or anticipation.

By 8 o'clock on the morning of our departure the light on Piedras Key was bearing south by east, sinking into the waves astern, and going out as we made a long farewell to the lovely shores of Cuba.

Three of our men had died of yellow fever in hospital, so we sailed from Matanzas with ten able-bodied hands, exclusive of three ship boys, the captain, first and second mates.

In the waters, after the rainy season, the sky is so cloudless in the forenoon that the heat of the sun becomes almost insupportable; thus we were soon glad to resort to the use of windsails rigged down the open skylight to an awning over the quarter-deck for coolness, and to skids for the prevention of blisters on the sides of the brig; but in the starry night the land-wind which comes off these fertile isles, laden with the rich aroma of their spice-growing savannas, is beyond description grateful and delicious.

Without any incident worth recording, we ran through the sea of the Windward Isles, thence along the coast of South America, and when we approached the calm latitudes, as that tract of the ocean near the equator is named, we became sensible of the overpowering increase of heat, while the breezes were but "fanning ones," as the sailors term those which, under the double influence of the air and motion of the hull, are just sufficient to make the lighter canvas collapse and swell again.

We were soon aware of other annoyances than mere heat, for now it seemed as if there was an evil spirit on board the Eugenie, and that nothing went right within or about her.

The crew sulked and quarreled among themselves as if the demon of mischief lurked in the vessel, and daily something unfortunate occurred. Halyards or braces gave way, by which the yards were thrown aback, and in one instance the brig nearly lost her mainmast. Standing and running rigging were found to be mysteriously fretted, and even cut, as if by a knife; and then the crew whispered together of Antonio el Cubano—that horrid, dark, mysterious fellow, whose character none of us could fathom.

Twice our compasses went wrong, and remained so for days, and before the cause was discovered the Eugenie had drifted far from her course.

This varying was inexplicable, until Hislop, who set himself to watch, and frequently saw Antonio hovering near the binnacle at night, unshipped the compass box and found there were concealed near it an iron marlinspike on one side and a lump of tallow on the other, either of which was sufficient to affect the magnetic needle.

After their course was set the compass worked as well as before. The crew were strictly questioned; all vowed total ignorance of the transaction, and Antonio summoned every saint in the Spanish calendar to attest his innocence, but none, however, appeared. The crew now felt convinced that, inspired by some emotion of malice or mischief, he alone was the culprit; and if not loud, their wrath was deep against him.

These variations of our compass set the busy brain of Marc Hislop to work, and in a day or two he declared that he had discovered a plan for preventing the repetition of tricks so dangerous by insulating the needle so as to protect the compass from attractions false or dangerous.

I am uncertain whether he perfected this experiment, but Antonio soon went to work another way; for one day, when he was supposed to be busy in the maintop, he shouted, "Stand from under!" and ere Hislop, who was just beneath, could give the usual response, "Let go!" a heavy marlinspike, the same which had been found in the binnacle, slipped from the hand of Antonio and fell crashing through the topgrating.

The iron bar crashed into the deck at the feet of Hislop; whether this occurred by inadvertence or design we knew not, but the Scotsman thought the latter.

"That rascally Spanish picaroon will work us some serious mischief before we overhaul our ground-tackle or see the Cape," said Weston, who was engaged by this new incident, and the narrow escape of Hislop, for whom he had a great regard.

"Aye, he has a hang-dog look about him that I never liked," replied the latter. "He seems to be always down by the head, somehow. We should have left him in his skiff, just as we found him, like a bear adrift on a grating, or a pig in a washing tub."

On another occasion he injured Will White, one of the crew, by letting the topmaul fall from the foretop, where it usually lay, for driving home the fid of the mast.

His dreams again became a source of annoyance to all in the forecastle bunks; and on being closely and severely questioned by Captain Weston and the men as to whether he had ever killed any one, by accident, or otherwise, after being long badgered, he drew his ugly knife from its sharkskin sheath and replied sullenly:

"Only a Chinaman or so, when in California."

"Well, I wish you would clap a stopper on your mouth when you go to sleep, or turn in out of earshot in a topgallant studding sail—as far off as you choose, and the further off the better," said old Roberts, sulkily, after the ravings of the Cubano had kept him awake for several nights.

"You seem to dream a great deal, Antonio," said Weston, with a keen glance, beneath which the Spaniard quailed.

"Si, Senor Capitano," he stammered.

"How is this?"

"I am very fond of dreams," he replied, with a bitter smile on his lip and a scowl in his dark eye.

"Have you pleasant ones?"

"I cannot say that they are always so, but I should like to procure them."

"Shall I tell you how to do so?" shipmate?"

"If you please, senor," growled the Spaniard.

"Go to sleep if you can, with that which is better than the formula of prayers, which at times you pay out like the line running off a log reel."

"And what is it you mean, mio capitano?"

"A good conscience," replied Weston, with a peculiar emphasis.

A black scowl came over the Spaniard's swarthy visage, as he touched the rim of his hat, darted a furious glance at his chief accuser, the white-haired seaman Roberts, and to end the examination walked forward.

(To be continued.)

How It Feels to Be Hanged.

In the Wide World Magazine, Richard Hicks, an old-time actor, tells of his narrow escape from being hanged on the stage of the Queen's Theater, Dublin. He was playing the part of Achmet, a particularly villainous character, who, after a long career of crime, is, to the general satisfaction of the audience, captured by two British soldiers and promptly hanged. "One night, while struggling with my captors, the rope slipped from my shoulders and knotted itself round my neck. Just as I was being hauled up," says Mr. Hicks. "Never shall I forget that awful moment. Directly I felt the tug at my neck I gave a convulsive kick and tried to shout 'Stop!' but the word could not escape from my twitching lips. I could only make a gurgling noise. Frantically I kicked and struggled. Pain there was none, strangely enough, beyond a choking, suffocating sensation, and I could hear the tumultuous applause of the audience, who were hugely entertained with what they imagined was my realistic acting. Then a terrible sensation, like molten lead rushing down my spine, pervaded my body, and I thought my legs were bursting. I gave another mighty struggle and strove—ah! how I strove—to scream. I seemed to behold a mighty rush of green water, and my ears were filled with the roar of a cataract. I have a dim recollection of seeing a great crimson sun shining dimly from behind the waterfall, and I can remember falling indefinitely through space. Two days afterward I recovered consciousness, and then I suffered indescribable agony. The suffocating sensation still remained, but it was accompanied by an unquenchable thirst, not to mention fearful pains in my body and limbs."

The Prince's Defence.

Prince Louis Esterhazy, military attache of the Austrian embassy at London, was recently traveling alone on an English railway when an elegantly dressed woman entered the carriage. Presently she dropped her handkerchief and employed other expedients to start a conversation, but without avail, for the prince tranquilly smoked his cigar and took no notice of her. At last, as the train approached a station, the woman suddenly tore her hat from her head, disheveled her hair, and, as the train came to a standstill, put her head out of the window and screamed for assistance. The railroad officials hurried to the scene, and to them the woman asserted that she had been terribly insulted by the prince. The prince did not stir from his seat, but continued tranquilly smoking his cigar, and the stationmaster exclaimed: "What have you got to say to the charge?" Without the slightest appearance of concern the prince, who was seated in the further corner of the carriage, replied: "Only this," and with that he pointed to the cigar which showed a beautiful gray ash considerably over an inch in length. The station-master was wise in his generation, and on perceiving the ash in the prince's cigar, he touched his hat, said quietly, "That's all right, sir," and arrested the woman instead.—Argonaut.

An Outrage.

Tenant—Some of the plaster in my kitchen fell down last night, and I want you to replace it. Landlord—What caused it? "The man who occupies the floor above sneezed." Landlord—Well, some people think because they pay rent they can carry on just as if they lived in a hotel.

Colorado's Mountain Peaks.

There are 110 mountains in Colorado whose peaks are over 12,000 feet above the ocean level.

Snakes in South Africa fear the secretary bird, and will even crawl away from its shadow. The bird can easily kill a snake twice its size.

SCENES IN PANAY AND ILOILO

Second City of the Philippines an Important One.—The Fortifications About the Town are Primitive and Unimportant, Practically Destroyed by Successive Earthquakes.

The capture of Iloilo by the American troops under General Miller recently is a severe blow to the Filipinos' resistance to American control. It means the cutting off of the main source of the insurgents' supplies, besides the capture of the second largest city in the islands.

Iloilo is in the southern part of the island of Panay. It is on the sea and is built on a low, marshy land. It is the capital of the province in which it is situated. It is also one of the principal seaports of the colony. The harbor is exceptionally good, being well protected by the island of Guimaras, which lies just beyond. The island is much higher than the mainland, with which it forms a kind of funnel, so that there is a constant breeze, which makes Iloilo much cooler and healthier than Manila. During the spring months the whole town is covered with water.

Iloilo is a manufacturing town. Its principal product is pina, a fine cloth made from the fiber of the pineapple leaf. Just another fabric made from silk and woven into various colors is also manufactured here.

The country around the town is very fertile, and is extensively cultivated. The facilities for transportation to and from the interior of the island are very poor. This, of course, is a great bar to the development of the commerce. However, over 1,000,000 piculs of sugar are raised around Iloilo, also a great amount of tobacco; much rice, too, is raised here. The town is doubtless destined to become a great commercial center. It is about 250 miles from Manila. Typhoons are not uncommon, though earthquakes are infrequent. Most of the traders are Chinese mestizos. Some of them are very wealthy.

The port of Iloilo is of recent date. Its opening being wholly due to foreigners. The produce shipped from there comes mostly in American sailing vessels to the United States. Iloilo has become the shipping center for crops of sugar and sapan wood of the Islands of Negros and Panay, and the opening up of this port has greatly encouraged agriculture in the Visayas district. Manila is too far away. The Iloilo district includes the large islands of Panay, Negros, Cebu and others, and has a second port of rising importance, Cebu, on the island of that name.

Iloilo is fortified like Manila by massive walls, somewhat shaken and cracked by earthquakes. They run for about a mile along the bay and an equal distance along the river, and connect around on the land side by an artificial curve, giving the enclosed space a nearly triangular form. Outside of this landward barrier there was originally a deep moat, into which water could be let from both river and bay. It is still there as a broad ditch, clogged with unwholesome deposits.

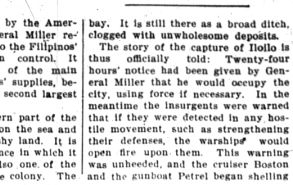
The story of the capture of Iloilo is thus officially told: Twenty-four hours' notice had been given by General Miller that he would occupy the city, using force if necessary. In the meantime the insurgents were warned that if they were detected in any hostile movement, such as strengthening their defenses, the warships would open fire upon them. This warning was unheeded, and the cruiser Boston and the gunboat Petrel began shelling the enemy's position. A force of forty-eight sailors from the Boston were then landed under fire of the warships' guns and took formal possession of the town. When the sailors landed, the insurgents began evacuating, after setting fire to the town.

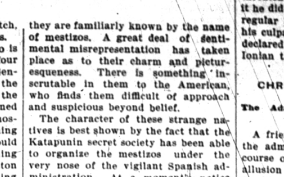
Shortly after the landing of the sailors General Miller's brigade, consisting of the Eighteenth infantry, battery G, of the Sixth artillery, and First Tennessee infantry, disembarked from the transports. They found that the native part of the city had been completely destroyed by fire and the German Consulate, the former American Consulate and two other foreign buildings had also been burned.

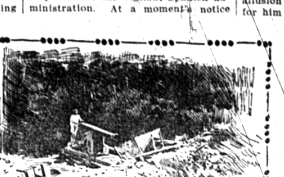
In burning the town the natives only did what they threatened to do some time ago in case the Americans should land. The failure of the insurgents to make a stand was no surprise to the Americans.

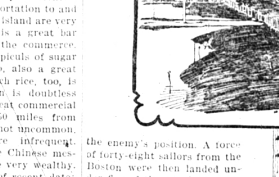
The real nationality of the natives of Panay is mostly Malayan or half caste descendants of Malayans, and they are familiarly known by the name of mestizos. A great deal of sentimental misrepresentation has taken place as to their charm and picturesqueness. There is something insufferable in them to the American, who finds them difficult of approach and suspicious beyond belief.

The character of these strange natives is best shown by the fact that the Katapunin secret society has been able to organize the mestizos under the very nose of the vigilant Spanish administration. At a moment's notice the entire native population on the island can be turned into an officered army, divided into regiments and armed with bolos and rifles. For years back the native troops in the employ of the Spanish government have been secretly handing out firearms to unattached natives, stealing their guns in such small quantities that their loss has not been especially noticed by the officials. The mestizo as a warrior is not large, but he is endowed with all the mad ferocity and fanaticism of those Sudanese dervishes who flung themselves recklessly upon the guns of Kitchener at Omdurman.









POISONED CIGARS.

A Famous English Murder Mystery in Which They Were Used.

The famous Botkin and the more recent Cornish poisoning cases recall England's equally famous mystery of twenty-four years ago. Two members of a great club in Manchester, both men of position and keen politicians, each received, apparently as a New Year's gift, small boxes containing a few cigars of the very highest quality apparently. Both were taken fearfully ill after smoking, and one of them subsequently died. The cigars were found to be loaded with poison, and it was said that the man who recovered only did so because he used a cigar holder. The facts were at first hushed up, because, as was said, the suspected sender, whose motive was revenge on account of a lady, was a man of wealth and power. But this subject was cleared, and the mystery was deepened by the following circumstances: A rich Manchester merchant, traveling one day in a railway car about the time of the incident related, got into conversation with a most agreeably and highly cultivated stranger, who finally offered his cigar case. The Manchester man was found at Leeds almost unconscious, and the only occupant of the carriage. He grasped in one of his convulsed hands the cigar he had been smoking, and after analysis showed it to be identical with the others. He recovered, but the stranger was never discovered.

ALLOWANCES FOR GIRLS.

If it be essential and necessary that girls should be well acquainted with all matters connected with the management of money, then there can be no better method adopted for enabling them to become thus acquainted with those matters than by granting them a weekly or monthly allowance of such amount as their parents or guardians may be able to afford. But if such allowance is granted it should be given to cover certain specified expenses, such as dress and other personal necessities.

An allowance is not a mere privilege, but, in a certain sense, a girl's right. To withhold it is an injustice not only to the girl but to the man whom she may marry and whose money may be intrusted to her care to spend wisely. Indeed, it might be said without hesitation that it is a father's duty to see that his daughters not only understand the value of money, but the difficulty of earning the same.

It was the poet Young, a somewhat dismal and lugubrious author, who told us in his "Night Thoughts" that "we take no note of time but from its loss," and to this may be added that they only know the value of money who have not got any. A girl who caters for herself will have an opportunity of showing her individual taste, and it gives her a feeling of self-reliance.

The English Language.

There are now over 250,000 words in the English language acknowledged by the best authorities, or about 70,000 more than in the German, French, Spanish and Italian combined.

Something to Be Proud Of.

The pride of the life of the late Mrs. Elizabeth Skeats of London was that she was the mother of six policemen.

PECULIAR ENGLISH CUSTOM.

No General Introduction at a Dinner or House Party.

The most part of the English usages some of us copy, and the rest of us can get used to, but there is a feature of formal dining there which is different. I refer to the failure to introduce all the company to one another. There are no general introductions at an English dinner, or even at a house party in the country. If all the guests are acquainted there is no need to introduce them, but if they are strangers they must remain so, or trust to chance or personal magnetism for making acquaintanceships. Every man is introduced at a dinner party to the lady he is to escort to the table. There it stops. It is a custom which has some close relation to the experience of an ancient race through many centuries. I leave the reader to analyze it.—From "English Characteristics," by Julian Ralph, in Harper's Magazine for March.

History Told in Knots.

Tying knots in the handkerchief to jog one's memory had its origin in China thousands of years ago. Before writing was invented in that country, which did not happen until 3000 B. C., memorable and important events were recorded by long knotted cords. The most ancient history of China is still preserved as told by these knots. When Emperor Tschang Ki invented writing the entire system of "knotting" was abandoned. And to-day the memory knots made by us in handkerchiefs are the only surviving descendants of that ancient custom.

Fortunately the tax assessor is unable to list our kisses.

CHRISTENED FOR DEWEY.

The Admiral Puts on the Size of His Hat.

A friend of Dewey's recently joined the admiral at Manila and in the course of conversation made laughing allusion to the many articles named for him since May 1. He writes that his recital pleased Dewey, and his bright eye twinkled as he replied: "I did not imagine that a little target practice before breakfast on the 1st of May would bring a new adjective into the language, but look here, I have a Dewey watch, and it's a number one watch, too, with a case made from the Maine." Then he continued, "One of the manufacturers who had named a hat after me wished to send me one, and wrote me asking what size I wore. 'And your reply?' I asked. 'Oh, I told him the same size I wore before May 1.' It is not often the privilege of mortals to have informal conversation with a live hero and go away carrying back to your private life the ideal that you cherished. Dewey is the typical, genial, natural American. He is a nervous, quick-witted man, who eschews publicity and who has no "side" to awe and overawhelm his inferiors in rank and importance. One goes out of his presence carrying the memory of having known a man, the idol of 70,000,000 of people, without having been made to feel the insignificance of being but one of those millions. He is an American of Americans—not a demi-god for one to have bended his knee to the hem of his garment.—Washington Post.

TRIFLES.

Little Things That Make All the Difference in the World.

"Possibly I have a streak in me that's not common to the race," remarked a local philosopher as he was enjoying his lunch, "but I find that what might be put down as trifles frequently affect my sentiments as well as my actions. Take this pumpkin pie, for instance. It carries me back to the old farm with its orchards, the scent of the clover fields, the wild berry patches, the pure air, the innocent life, and the superb health which best fit a man for the battle of life. And the pumpkin is the homely symbol of all that is stanchly loyal. Ever think of that? Cherries, apples, peaches and berries may fall, but I never knew a year at home, when we couldn't have pumpkin pie, and it's a moral tonic to me every time I eat it. That's only one instance of the peculiarity I mention. One famous writer said that he never wrote better than just after having a clean shave. There's a good deal in it. The man who feels that he's all right in his appearance has a fuller and cheerier swing in his language as well as his actions. No man can escape more or less depression if not satisfied with himself so far as he challenges the opinion of others, and his elation is correspondingly greater when he thinks that he is beyond the reach of carping criticism. It I feel that I am losing my domestic grip at home I go to some good play at the theater, or read a book that brings out the traits of a good father and husband in their most admirable light. It sets me right and makes a better man of me. Look after these little things in life and see what a difference it will make."

SOUNDLY THRASHED

Were the Spartans for Growing Unreasonably Fat.

Among the ancient Spartans everything was considered secondary to military efficiency, and with a view to securing this, the boys and men were by law kept in a continual state of "training." No deformed child was allowed to live; the boys were taken from their homes and subjected to military regulations at the age of 7. They were compelled to wear the same single garment winter and summer. At 20 they joined the ranks, and from that age until they reached 60 were required to dine at the public tables, where only a certain quantity was supplied for each man. The magistrates interfered in absurdly small matters. They regulated the degree of fatness to which it was lawful for any citizen to extend his body. Those who dared to grow too fat or too soft for military service and exercise were sometimes soundly flogged. Aelian, in his history, relates that Nauclis, son of Polytus, was brought before the Ephores (magistrates) and the whole assembly of Sparta, and "his unlawful fatness was publicly exposed, and he was threatened with perpetual banishment if he did not bring his body within the regular Spartan compass and give up his culpable mode of living which was declared to be more worthy of an Ionian than a Spartan."

Horseless Carriages of Old.

During the reign of Louis XV. of France a horseless carriage was invented by one Vaucanson, run by a spring that was wound up like that in a watch. The duke de Mortemart and Mr. De Luxum rode in it round a court in Paris, but the Academy of Sciences decided that it could not be tolerated, and the thing was dropped.

Smoothed by Oil.

Oil to calm the waves was used on an unusually large scale during the recent gales in the English channel. The water breaking over the Folkestone pier made it difficult for steamers to enter the port till some one thought of pouring a few gallons of oil into the harbor, when the seas immediately became smooth.

Free Cremation.

Bale, says La Suisse, Geneva, has had its own public crematory for just one year. The construction thereof cost 93,702 francs, and during the year there have been only seventeen cremations, so that each one has cost the state 302 francs. Both cremation and interment are absolutely gratuitous at Bale.