



Lyman E. Knapp.

Lyman E. Knapp, who is going to Alaska as governor, was born in Somerset, Vermont, November 5, 1837, and graduated from Middlebury college in the same state in 1862. In this year he entered the army, serving as captain in company I, Sixteenth Vermont regiment, Vermont volunteers, being afterward promoted to be lieutenant-colonel of the Seventeenth regiment, Vermont volunteers. He remained in the army during the whole war, was wounded at Gettysburg, at Spottsylvania Courthouse and at the capture of Petersburg. After the war he went into journalism, becoming editor of the Middlebury Register, relinquishing this position in 1872 upon being appointed clerk of the house of representatives in Vermont. After having studied law he was admitted to the bar in 1866 and was subsequently elected judge of the probate court, where he, during his ten years term, won the respect of all who had to do with him. He is sure to make an upright and good governor of the territory.

A New Jersey school teacher, anxious for the welfare of her pupils, a few years ago introduced in her school, the "school banking system." It consisted in opening a savings bank on true business principles, in which the pupils were encouraged to invest their pennies. All teachers know that a great share of the danger to the young comes from being furnished with spending money which goes indirectly for cigarettes, stomach-spoiling candy, the worst sort of reading matter, or for useless trinkets and ornaments. Her plan was to create habits of saving and economy which will wonderfully affect their whole life, and as a reward for her interest the pupils responded with an avidity which showed very plainly that she had not planned in vain. Her plan was adopted by a school in Long Island city, and in one week the savings deposit amounted to \$230, and in the three years since the plan was adopted the total in bank in this school amounts to over \$10,000. The benefit to the pupils from the habits thus formed have more than a money value, and can only be estimated when the boys and girls leave the sheltering walls of the school-room and take an active part in the world's great school.

From all appearances little opposition will be made by the Sioux to giving up nearly eleven million acres of their reservation lands. The new agreement is eminently favorable to the Indians and grants them even more than they have demanded. Barring unseen emergencies, the reservation will be open for settlement by the President within a comparatively short time. The lands of the Sioux are well adapted to the raising of corn and stock. They are thoroughly watered and compare favorably with the best agricultural lands in Dakota.

An amateur circus performance was given by society people in New York the other night, in which the elect of Gotham society posed as clowns, rode bare-back horses and jumped through hoops and over bars for the benefit of their friends. Such things suggest pictures of the declining years of the Roman empire. To those who believe that work and action are the duties of every man in the world there is something inexpressibly disgusting about such a display of well-bred folly.

The Governor of Missouri wanted his state troops to show up at the centennial parade, and advanced the money to defray their expenses to New York. Now the legislature of the bullion state refuses to reimburse him, whereupon the governor proceeds to give his opinion of legislator in general and the legislators of that state in particular. They are unmoved by his words of wrath, and calmly tell him to whistle for his cash.

THE CHINESE EMPEROR.

Selection of a Companion to the Sitter on the Dragon Throne.

In the flowery land, says the London News, the choosing of an imperial bride has no political interest; she comes from no royal house; princely or even blue blood is not a necessary qualification. She has to be selected from the "eight banners," a phrase which expresses the manchu army of Peking. We should call them the "grunts" for they are the personal defenders of the emperor. Up till very lately the emperor of China only knew of the western nations as "foreign devils" and the small states, such as the Corea, which are all in contact with China, go under the name of "tribute-bearing nations." Ambassadors from these states present tribute as feudatories, and in doing so appear before the emperor on their stomachs knocking their heads on the ground—a ceremony known as the "kowtow." The son of heaven could not condescend to ask for a companion to the "dragon throne" from any of the rulers of these insignificant countries.

It is the dowager empress who chooses the lady who becomes her successor. The dowager empress in the present case is not the mother of the late Emperor Tung-Chih. During his minority she and the empress of Hei-Fung acted as regents; on Tung-Chih's death, in 1875, when the present emperor, then a mere child, was appointed to the throne, the two ladies again took charge of the government as regents. In 1881 the other empress died. She was known as the "Eastern Empress" and the "Western Empress" continued the regency. On his marriage the emperor assumes full powers and the regent retires into private life.

The usual method by which the empress is chosen may be said to be peculiar—it is certainly unlike anything we are acquainted with in Europe. About a year before the marriage an order is issued to the eight banners commanding all girls of particular age to be sent to the palace. The rich and the poor, the halt and the lame, the deaf, the dumb, and the blind, have all to appear. One department of the government at Peking is a board of rites, which superintends all state ceremonies; in these they are guided by a book extending to two hundred volumes, which details every ceremony connected with the life of an emperor, from his birth to his death.

The members of this board are called the "officials who inquire into heaven," or in other words, they are astrologers. The horoscopes of all the girls are submitted to them to be compared with that of the emperor, to see that they agree—this is very essential in all Chinese marriages. The girls with the proper horoscope are then inspected by the empress, and a number whom she selects are kept in the palace so that their habits and their character may be better studied. The empress is thus able to judge by personal observation, and those who do not appear to be up to the desired standard are dismissed, and ultimately the bride is by this process selected. As the emperor is allowed a large establishment of wives some other girls are generally selected along with the empress.

In the present case it would seem that the dowager empress has selected her own niece as the imperial consort. Her name is Yeh-hoh-na-la. Her father is a deputy lieutenant-general. Two fourth-class wives have also been appointed, whose ages are 15 and 13. As all these ladies are manchus, they will not have the compressed feet of the Chinese. For some months before the marriage they undergo a course of instruction in their duties, and in the necessary ceremonial which is required in their new and very high position.

The marriage is called, in the language of the flowery land, "The Union of the Dragon and the Phoenix," the dragon being the symbol of the emperor while the phoenix typifies the empress. Everything connected with the emperor has the word "Dragon" attached to it, such as the "Dragon Throne," the "Dragon Robes." As first announced the marriage was to have taken place toward the end of 1887 and it was then to have been conducted in a very grand manner and involving a very lavish expenditure. But the disastrous overflow of the Yellow river caused a change to be made, as the money was required to assist in alleviating the great distress among the people.

The present emperor was born in 1871. He is the son of Prince Chun, one of the brothers of the Emperor Hien-Fung. He is thus a full cousin to the late Emperor Tung-Chih, who died in 1875. The latter died childless, thus causing a break in the direct succession of the Ta-Ching, or "Great Pure Dynasty." Tung-Chih left a will appointing the present emperor to succeed him on the throne. His name before becoming emperor was Tsai-Tien, but on becoming emperor of China a new name is always assumed, and the new ruler will be known as Kwang-su, which means "An Inheritance of Glory."

If an emperor of China should chance to have natural abilities he labors under the greatest disadvantages in their development. Every action of his life is affected by the etiquette of an elaborate ceremonial; the 290 volumes and "officials who inquire into heaven," who interpret their meaning, must swaddle up his whole existence as if he were a mummy. He has none of the ordinary intercourse which other mortals have with their fellow-creatures. All who approach him have to do so knocking their heads on the ground; on his exalted throne he is cut off from all those influences which would do to improve the heart and mind. His position cannot be better expressed than by repeating what the Chinese themselves say: "He is as solitary as a god."

The Russian Police.

From George Kennan's article in the April Century we quote the following: "There is probably no country in the world where the public power occupies a wider field, plays a more important part, or touches the private or personal life of the citizen at more points than it does in Russia. In a country like

England or the United States, where the people are the governing power, the functions of the police are simple and clearly defined, and are limited, for the most part, to the prevention or the detection of crime, and the maintenance of order in public places. In Russia, however, where the people are not the governing power, but hold to that power the relation of an infant ward to a guardian, the police occupy a very different and much more important position.

The theory upon which the Government of Russia proceeds is, that the citizen not only is incapable of taking part in the management of the affairs of his country, his province, or his district, but is incompetent to manage even the affairs of his own household; and that, from the time when he leaves his cradle and begins the struggle of life down to the time when his weary gray head is finally laid under the sod, he must be guided, directed, instructed, restrained, repressed, regulated, fenced in, fenced out, braced up, kept down, and made to do generally what somebody else thinks is best for him. The natural outcome of this paternal theory of government is the concentration of all administrative authority in the hands of a few high officials, and an enormous extension of the police power. Matters that in other countries are left to the discretion of the individual citizen, or to the judgment of a small group of citizens, are regulated in Russia by the minister of the Interior through the imperial police. If you are a Russian, and wish to establish a newspaper, you must ask the permission of the minister of the Interior. If you wish to open a Sunday school, or any other sort of school, whether in a neglected slum of St. Petersburg or in a native village in Kamchatka, you must ask the permission of the minister of public instruction.

If you wish to give a concert or to get up tableaux for the benefit of an orphan asylum, you must ask permission of the nearest representative of the minister of the Interior, then submit your programme of exercises to a censor for approval or revision, and finally hand over the proceeds of the entertainment to the police, to be embezzled or given to the orphan asylum, as it may happen. If you wish to sell newspapers on the street, you must get permission, be registered in the books of the police, and wear a numbered brass plate as big as a saucer around your neck. If you wish to open a drug-store, a printing-office, a photograph-gallery, or a bookstore, you must get permission. If you are a photographer and desire to change the location of your place of business, you must get permission. If you are a student and go to a public library to consult Lyell's "Principles of Geology" or Spencer's "Social Statics," you will find that you cannot even look at such dangerous and incendiary volumes without special permission. If you are a physician, you must get permission before you can practice, and then, if you do not wish to respond to calls in the night, you must have permission to refuse to go; furthermore if you wish to prescribe what are known in Russia as "powerfully acting" medicines, you must have special permission, or the druggist will not dare to fill your prescriptions. If you are a peasant and wish to build a bath-house on your premises, you must get permission. If you wish to thresh out your grain in the evening by candle-light, you must get permission or bribe the police. If you wish to go more than fifteen miles away from your home, you must get permission. If you are a foreign traveler you must get permission to come into the Empire, permission to go out of it, permission to stay in it longer than six months, and must notify the police every time you change your boarding-place. In short, you cannot live, move, or have your being in the Russian Empire, without permission.

In the Rain.

I stand in the old gray weather, In the white and silvery rain, The great trees huddle together, And sway with the windy strain. I dream of the purple glory, Of the rosiest mountain height, Of the sweet-to-remember story, Of a sunset and dear delight. The rain keeps constantly raining, And the sky is cold and gray, And the wind in the trees keeps complaining, But the gray and the blue are haunted By a beauty akin to pain— By the sense of a something wanted That never will come again. —Wm. Wetmore story.

Life Afraid of Rats.

I learn from most reliable authority that Elijah Whitfield Halford, private secretary to the president of the United States, is awfully afraid of rats. He will face a tiger in the jungles of Indianapolis or a dog on the highway to Washington without flinching, but when it comes to rats, Elijah runs, and the white horse is swarming with them. This friend of Elijah's tells me that after the fire in Chicago, when they were both residing there, the streets of the city were full of rats, which had been driven into the streets by the destruction of their homes, and he says the reason Elijah went back to Indianapolis was the terror these rodents constantly excited in his breast.

While walking along the street one night with Elijah he was amazed to see the latter give a jump and a shriek, and start off at a quick pace and in a manner that reminded him of the incident in the scriptures where the evil one entered into the swine and they all ran violently down into the sea and were drowned. He followed after 'Life at the best speed he could make, and finally overtook him, when he asked for an explanation. "Didn't you see that rat?" said Mr. Halford.

"No," replied the friend, "I didn't see any rat." "Well, I did," responded Elijah, "and I always scream and run when I see them. I can not help it."—Minneapolis Tribune.

The opium smokers of New York had a ball the other night and the behavior of those present was morbidly that has been seen in many a day.—Detroit Free Press.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

BY MRS. BOWSER.

I wanted to send off for a lady's fashion magazine, and on a dozen different occasions I begged of Mr. Bowser to write the letter and send off the money. He kept promising and neglecting, man-like, but one evening he said:

"Give me the name of that magazine and I will get a letter off to-morrow." "It's gone," I answered. "Who sent it?" "I did." "Humph! Do you mean to tell me that you wrote a business letter?" "I do. I ordered the magazine and sent in a year's subscription." "What did you write?" "Oh, in the usual form." "And chucked the \$2 into the letter, I suppose?" "Yes, sir."

"Well, that's about what I should expect of you. You'll never see either money or magazine again." "I won't? Why?" "Because, in the first place, it stood just as good a chance of going to some machine shop as to a magazine office, with your style of directing an envelope; and because, secondly, if some postoffice official doesn't steal the money, they will gobble it at the end of the route and swear they never got it. Mrs. Bowser you are as simple as a child."

"But it may come all right." "Yes, and we may discover a box of gold in the back yard. There's but one way to do business." "How's that?" "See this P. O. money order for \$38? I am going to send that to Boston to-morrow. It will go straighter than a crow, and there is no cause for worry. However, it's useless to try to learn a woman how to do business."

Three or four days went by, and then he suddenly inquired: "Have you heard from that magazine, Mrs. Bowser?" "Not yet." "I suppose not. When you do hear please let me know. After forty or fifty experiences of this sort you may learn how to do business."

Two days later he asked me again, and I was then able to show him a letter acknowledging receipt of the money, and a copy of the magazine. "It seems to have gone through," he said as he handed the letter back, "but that was owing to Providence. Probably the parties had heard of me and hesitated to defraud you for fear I'd raise a row."

"What about the order you sent off, Mr. Bowser?" He jumped out of his chair and turned pale and gasped: "By gum! but I'd forgotten about that! I ought to have had an acknowledgment three days ago."

"Can't have been lost, eh?" "No." "It was the only proper way to do business, wasn't it?" "Of course it was, and of course it got there all right. I'll probably get a letter to-morrow." "When the morrow came I asked him if he had heard from his order. "Not exactly," he replied, "but I am certain that it got there safe."

"But they ought to acknowledge it." "Yes." "There is but one way of doing business, Mr. Bowser. When I send off money I receive an acknowledgment of its arrival. You are sure you sent it?" "Sure I sent it? Do you take me for a lunatic, Mrs. Bowser?" "But it's so queer." "I don't see anything so queer about it. I wrote again two days ago, and I shall have a letter to-morrow begging my pardon for the delay."

A letter arrived next day. I saw by Mr. Bowser's perturbation when he came home that something was wrong, and he finally handed me a letter. It read:

"No postoffice order has been received from you. Please do not try any more chestnuts on us." "But you did send it," I protested. "Of course I did." "Directed your letter all right?" "Certainly." "Stamped and posted it?" "Look here, Mrs. Bowser, you talk as if I didn't know enough to get aboard a street car and pay my fare!" "But it's so queer. There is but one business way of doing business, Mr. Bowser. After forty or fifty experiences of this sort you may learn how to do business."

He glared at me and was too insulted to reply. He went to the postoffice and made complaint, and for the next two weeks that lost order was the topic of conversation. The officials sought to trace the letter, and Mr. Bowser made affidavits to this and that, and the hunt was still going on when, in dusting off his secretary and straightening up his loose papers, I found a letter sealed and addressed to the Boston firm. I had no doubt it contained the missing order. I quietly handed it to Mr. Bowser as he came up to dinner, and his face turned all colors before he could open it.

"Mr. Bowser," I said, "you man folks have curious ways of doing business. It is singular—" "I'd like to know how this letter got here!" he demanded. "You left it here, of course." "Never! Because I scolded you about your careless way of sending off money, and because you wanted to get even with me for it, you took this letter from my pocket and detained it. Mrs. Bowser, this is the last straw to the camel's load! Do you want alimony or a lump sum?" "Next day he was all right again, and he even stopped at the sale and brought me up half a dozen pairs of gloves."—Detroit Free Press.

A Realistic Play.

The one thing which seems to commend itself to a certain class of theater-goers—who, unfortunately, it would appear, are in the majority—is the number of "real" things introduced in the play. Real tanks of real water, real horses, real fire engines, real base ball players, real dogs, real prize fighters and real burglars are but a few of the real persons and objects

brought before a long suffering public in a certain sort of plays. About the only real thing that has been rigidly excluded from this class of plays has been real actors.

The great success of Messrs. "Splice" Hennessy and "Kid" McCoy, the real burglars now playing a profitable engagement in a local theater, led them, it is understood, some time ago to think seriously of producing a play of their own shortly in which everything will be real. Accordingly they began to collaborate, and it is reported that their play is practically complete, but little remaining except to arrange part of the cast and map out the route. Mr. Hennessy himself will manage the play, while Mr. McCoy will assume the part of the leading burglar and star. The play will open with a splendidly mounted tank scene in which the tank will cover the entire stage and be fairly overflowing with real water. High above will be a real suspension bridge. A real tug will be steaming about the back of the tank and a couple of real barrels and a real silk hat lost by a real Brooklyn man will float past. Suddenly Mr. Steve Brodie will appear on the bridge and leap into the tank. Mr. Brodie having been secured as "first jumping gent." as Mr. Hennessy puts it. The engagement of Mr. Brodie as leading jumper, Mr. Hennessy, with pardonable pride, says he considers remarkable managerial enterprise. He trusts that it will not materially reduce the receipts of Booth, Barrett and Modjeska in their contemplated tour. Mr. Hennessy desires that Art may be successful in whatever form it may appear.

The other act will follow in rapid succession. A smaller tank will be introduced in the third in which some person from the audience who really wants to commit suicide will leap in and be rescued by a real policeman. There will be a street scene in which a real street-sweeping machine will be introduced. It will be the first appearance of the sweeper on any stage, though it has been rehearsing for some time. There will be a real letter-box fastened to a lamp-post, and the audience can step forward and mail their letters, as a real letter-carrier will come along and get them in the last act. A real street-car will have a collision with a real ash-cart and the drivers will indulge in a real fight. A man who has swung a bunch of shoe strings at Broadway and Vesey streets for two years will appear as a shoe-string peddler. He will be blown up by a real subway explosion in the fourth act. There will be a real cooking-maid, and a real Texas stage robber will "hold up" the orchestra.

At the end of the act there will be a real fire scene. A man now serving a ten-years term for arson at Sing Sing, but whose sentence will expire before the first night, will come in and in full view of the audience set the theatre on fire. It will be burned to the ground, and as the delighted spectators escape, their pockets will be picked by real pickpockets, those having orchestra seats being sand-bagged in the lobby, while patrons of the dress circle and balcony will be run over by the real fire-engines coming to attempt to subdue the conflagration. The cost of procuring a new theatre for each performance will be great, but Manager Spike is not a man to falter at expense.—Texas Siftings.

The Teacher Let Him Alone.

It is universally admitted that the small boy who has a penchant for bugs, and insects, and reptiles is the worst variety of boy. There is one of this sort in Atlanta who is an ornament to his particular order of small boy. He spends his afternoons and all of his spare time, of which he seems to have a good supply, in foraging in the country for bugs and lizards. Every morning he takes in his pockets to school the results of his last raid. Monday the specimens of insectiferous and reptilian life that he can fish up from the depths of his trousers pockets are many and varied and awful to touch and look at. Last week the teacher took an inventory of the bugs and beasts found in his pockets, or that escaped therefrom and terrified the other children—and the teacher. There were several varieties of beetles, pigeons with broken wings, English sparrows, butterflies, devil-horses, slugs, snails, earthworms, lizards, a snake or two, and an occasional frog, damp and cold. One day he slyly opened the flap of his pocket, and then went on in his hard, resolute effort to make his teacher think he was studying. After awhile the teacher noticed a grasshopper hopping agilely from desk to desk amid the titter and a tee-hee of the scholars. A chase was begun, when another grasshopper was seen, then another, and they were everywhere hopping all over the room and sticking their sharp feet in the little girls' hair, frightening them half to death. "Come here!" shouted the teacher to the tender-lover of insects, as she reached for a ferule.

"Give me your hand sir." The naturalist held out his hand as if he was a martyr to science. The teacher was about to seize it when she caught sight of two green eyes that flashed at her from the boy's hand and a sharp forked tongue that seemed to dart into her face. The boy had a snake coiled around his arm. He was not feruled and the teacher has not felt well since.

—Atlanta Journal.

Just Filled the Bill.

Farmer Hayseed—Mister, I want you to go light on me. I came down from Ulster yesterday to see the sights an' b'gosh all I've got left out of a \$10 bill is a dollar an' four cents and my ticket ter git home with.

Cavaire (a restaurant keeper)—All right, old man. You had some bread and milk and a piece of pie.

"Yes, sir."

"That'll be just a dollar four."—Time.

"Talk about cheap postal rates. I've seen 125 pounds go for a two-cent stamp," remarked Mr. Keepient. "When was that?" said Mrs. K., laying down her paper. "This morning, my dear, when you went to the corner drug store for a starp."—Chicago Herald.

WINGED MISSILES.

Extensive experiments in steel making are to be made in Birmingham, Ala.

Five of the seven members of the Vermont Supreme court were born in 1835.

P. T. Barnum has given Jumbo's skeleton to the New York Museum of Natural History.

It is stated that a cunning factory, to employ 300 hands, is to be started at Hawthorne, Fla.

A Mississippi company has received an order for 40,000 wooden butter dishes from a St. Louis house.

Keely, of motor notoriety, thinks he has discovered the missing link to make his mysterious machine operative.

A papal rescript will be issued giving the new Catholic university at Washington a monopoly of the superior education of the clergy in America.

The collectors of customs in Nova Scotia have received orders to issue licenses to American fishermen under the *modus vivendi* up to the end of this year.

A shortage of \$10,000 has been found in the accounts of Martin R. Goldworthy, manager of the Standard Oil company for the Lake Superior region. He is now at Toronto, Ont.

The New York Knights of Labor have asked Secretary Windom to prevent the landing of silk weavers alleged to be on their way, under contract, from Switzerland.

The Kentucky court of appeals has just decided that the property which a woman has bought and paid for with money earned by herself is liable for the debts of her husband.

The American Sugar Refinery of San Francisco has raised the prices of all grades of their sugars one-quarter of a cent per pound, and the California refinery made a raise of one-eighth cent per pound.

Residents of Hyde Park, a part of Scranton, Pa., are greatly alarmed; the mine underground the town having sunk for the second time. The cave-in is over the central and business portion of the town.

The acquittal of engineer Major of Wilkesbarre, Pa., ends the Mud Run disaster trials, the three persons accused having all been acquitted, and the record standing that nobody was to blame for the loss of sixty-one lives.

The tall female hat now so agitates the minds of the male frequenters of the London pits that it is proposed that the pit should be divided like a Quaker meeting-house, the men sitting on one side and the women on the other.

A masculine beauty show is being arranged at Vienna, of which women will be the judges, and prizes will be awarded to the handsomest man, the man with the finest mustache, the man with the biggest nose, and the man with the largest bald head.

The employees in the machine shops of the Pennsylvania railroad company at Altoona, Pa., have been notified that nine hours would be considered a day's work hereafter, with a half holiday on Saturdays. This will affect about four thousand men.

It is reported that a sensation has been caused at Ottawa, Ont., by the issue of President Harrison's proclamation declaring Behring's Sea a closed sea. The action of the United States government proved a complete surprise to the members of the Dominion government.

Two Scotch tramps, man and wife, make a good living out of the baby. "We just gets 'im christened," explains the man, "in all the towns we passes, and then, you see, parson makes us all comfortable w' summat to eat and money for beds. On days orful bad we has to do 'n twice.

The bagging trust or pool, which caused a good deal of excitement and excited much opposition on the part of cotton planters, and others last year, and which expired by limitation last December, it is announced has practically been organized, and will be run or managed by the same parties as before. It is not believed that prices will be pushed up so high as before.

Four years ago a boy and a girl of York, Pa., each 6 years old, asked a gentleman to marry them. To humor them he read something out of an almanac and told them they were united. The boy's family moved to Baltimore, but he still writes to his "dear wife." In his last letter he says: "I don't know whether you would know me now or not, because I am wearing long pants."

Postmaster General Wannamaker has issued an order directing all clerks in the office of the first assistant postmaster general and such as may be required in the other bureaus of the department, until otherwise directed, to begin work at 8:30 a. m., instead of 9 a. m., as heretofore, and remain at their desks until 6 p. m., instead of four o'clock. The clerks in the dead letter office are also required to work now in arrears if that division is brought up.

Since the 4th of March the president's mail has been very heavy, aggregating from six to seven hundred letters daily, and on some days running as high as a thousand. President Cleveland's letters rarely exceeded three hundred a day. Many of the communications sent to President Harrison are intended for other persons, several of whom are utterly unknown to him, the correspondents probably thinking that letters addressed to the care of the president will undoubtedly reach their destination.

The secretary of war has prescribed regulations governing the issue of arms for military instruction at colleges, under which each college or university where an army officer is stationed, will be allowed two 3-inch rifle guns of wrought iron, valued at \$450 each, two cartridges and limbers and appurtenances, 150 Springfield cadet rifles and a corresponding number of bayonet scabbards and appendages. The colleges are required to give bonds equal to double the value of the arms furnished. Ammunition will be supplied as follows: One hundred blank cartridges and 500 primers for 3-inch gun, and fifty rifle-ball cartridges for each cadet engaged in target practice.

Leading textile manufacturers of the country have taken steps to endow a school in this country where designing weaving, dyeing and finishing may be taught as in the best foreign schools. The object is threefold—to elevate the character and improve the style of American fabrics to render domestic manufacturers independent of European art and skill in the production of high-grade goods, and to emancipate American industries in this department from the despotism of trade unions, which do not allow more than one apprentice to a certain number of weavers. Negotiations have already been made with competent teachers from abroad to assume charge over the various departments. The possessor of the secret of the celebrated Franclinton dyes, Jules Franclinton, has been secured.