

A COMEDY JAIL.

Down Guardhouse in Pennsylvania That is Merely a Convenience for Prisoners.

Elizabethtown, the county seat of Essex, in the Adirondacks, possesses a comedy jail, according to the Philadelphia Ledger. It is small, having windows secured by wooden bars and a jailyard inclosed by a solid fence of three-quarter-inch boards, which a healthy male could push over with his shoulder.

MIGRATION OF THE SNIPE.

News of Lead Ore Fired at the Artful Dodger as He Wings His Way Southward.

The snipe, properly Wilson's snipe, Gallinago Delicata, but commonly known as English snipe and wrongfully called half a dozen other names, is a widely distributed species. It visits every state at some season; its northward migration extends within the arctic circle, while it is known to go southward to northern South America and the West Indies.

CARIBOU MURDER.

Large Companies That Slaughter Hundreds of the Animals in Newfoundland.

Newfoundland is probably the only country in the world where venison, salted or fresh, is a staple article of diet for the masses. The coast folk make their plans with method and deliberation, says Outing. From the harbors where they reside they gain their boats to the rivers and fords which strike into the interior.

NOVEL PRISON REFORM.

Italy Proposes Compensation for Men Who Have Been Unjustly Condemned.

A new criminal bill is about to be discussed in Italy, and it is thought in Rome that it will be passed. It proposes to concede to those found to have been unjustly condemned to prison an indemnity, to be decided upon by the courts, says a report to the Chicago Tribune.

Thomas France and John Johns, sailors in the United States navy, are full-blooded Iroquois Indians, who grew up together on an Indian reservation. They left home about ten years ago and never met until a week or so ago, both having sailed all over the world meantime.

UNDER ETERNAL SEAL

St. Pierre Entombed for All Time Under Mont Pelee's Ashes.

Detailed Account of the City's Destruction by a Priest Who Was an Eye-Witness of the Awful Vindiction.

Rev. Father Louis Leininger, a member of the Order of the Holy Ghost, who for eight years was a teacher in the College of St. Aloysius, St. Pierre, and an eye-witness of the cataclysm in Martinique, has arrived in the United States, en route to St. Mary's college, Detroit, Mich., reports the National Tribune.

"Early in April it was apparent that the volcano had been aroused from its long slumber. Detonations were heard at frequent intervals and at night vivid flashes of lightning illuminated the lips of the crater. A number of priests visited the mountain on April 26 and narrowly escaped being asphyxiated by the sulphurous smoke that was emitted from the pit of boiling lava.

"On May 7 conditions became worse. Above the noise of the thunder we could hear a sound like that of the boiling of an immense cauldron, the bubbling of the seething lava pot being distinctly heard. That night I was summoned from the city to assist at the services on the following Sunday. Morne Rouge is situated in a position where its lofty altitude gives a wide survey of Mont Pelee and St. Pierre on the plain below.

"At midnight the populace was alarmed by the renewed activity of the volcano. Shortly before dawn, however, all was calm and the people sought their beds. "At 5:30 o'clock the detonations were heard again and smoke and ashes were seen to enshroud the mountain top. I held mass in the church as usual and went to the parish house for breakfast.

"It was a few minutes before eight o'clock and I had just taken my seat at the table. Suddenly came an awful shock. A roar like 10,000 Niagaras filled my ears. I staggered to a window. It appeared that half the mountain had been lifted from its base. I saw a sheet of red flame, acres of boiling mud, rocks and ashes spread out fan-like and sink with a crash into the valley. This whole scene of horror was enacted in a few brief seconds. Morne Rouge had escaped, but St. Pierre—of its 27,000 people only one was left to tell the story of its fate.

"A few days later I left Morne Rouge. It seemed as if Providence again spared me, for in the eruption on May 20 Morne Rouge, too, was almost destroyed and the priest whom I had gone to assist and 40 nuns in the convent were counted among the victims. "The second volley from Pelee's crater, however, must be regarded as providential. It killed the ghouls, who had been robbing the dead, and buried forever the decomposed bodies, breeding a pestilence on the island that would have been little less terrible than the power of death that lurked in the volcano.

"Mr. Brentiss, the American consul at St. Pierre, was a close friend of mine, and his eldest daughter, a beautiful and accomplished girl, was one of the belles of the English-American colony on the island. I met her at a concert but a short time before she shared the fate of her family when the city was destroyed. "When I left Martinique the volcano still showed signs of activity, but no matter how long it slumbered again, I never expected to see the city inhabited and St. Pierre will forever be classed with Herculaneum and Pompeii."

SLOW PHILADELPHIA

The Funny Flings at the Quaker City Not All Well Founded.

Business Men and Politicians Are as Wide Awake and Enterprising as Those of Any Other Great Community.

Those who have grown accustomed to the almost proverbial expression, "As slow as a Philadelphian," have never gone beyond the humorous consideration of the matter, writes Dr. William Ellis Trings, in the Chicago American.

The newspapers have made it the brunt of humorous thrusts, the theme has furnished food for caricaturists on occasions when more momentous problems have lain in slumbering quiescence, lecturers have scored introductory points about it, and knights of the "heel and clog" have come to resort to it as a vindication when old and venerable gray-haired jokes have failed to find market in the playhouses of the beautiful city of homes.

So far has this over-indulgence of a well-taken criticism extended, that one may hear in England and as far away as the orient, stories invested with ridicule for patient Philadelphia, the long-suffering and never-complaining home of as lovely and loving a community of people as God ever made.

A certain lecturer in Scotland, commending the disposition of his family said: "I have three children living, and one in Philadelphia, Pa." A well known long distance walker athlete, losing the championship in a time walk from Washington to New York, consoled his defeat and amused his admirers by declaring that he was far ahead of his old-time record, when, on arriving in the city of Philadelphia, his feet went to sleep, and he was unable to proceed further with his accustomed agility.

The members of a flourishing baseball team, on alighting from the train, each appeared armed with a gigantic alarm clock which they proceeded to carry about the town to keep them awake.

"A still more unfortunate, but actual occurrence is the one recorded in the undertakers' journals that Philadelphia is the only city in the world enjoying the distinction of having had one of its citizens run over and killed by an undertaker's hearse.

Actors appease the fancy's fickle foibles by informing us that they come to Philadelphia and tell jokes one season, returning the next to find they have just penetrated the slumbering perceptions of the easy-going citizens. And thus, Philadelphia becomes the poet's theme, the joker's jest, the caricaturist's hope, while its unvanquishing millions are born, live and die in the deepest affection for the place, unmindful of the thrusts, and not infrequently enjoying them.

I have seen consumptives deliberately refuse the offer of home and comfort, with an almost indisputable assurance of restoration to health and, certainly a longer life, in the mountain air of the south, southwest and Colorado, that they might remain in the city of their love and die there—seemingly perfectly contented. In two cases particularly I know that each could have had every luxury that wealthy and anxious friends and relatives would have tendered to go away into the land of oxygenous air and balmy sunshine, but they refused to leave—the one dying when the winter came, and the other lingering to-day, held by the barest thread of existence that is worse than death.

Now, there is a serious and a scientific side to the fact of Philadelphia's slowness as a body of people. It is noticeable that the men who control wealth, who handle great corporations and engage in vast business enterprises therein, are alive to their business' best interests, and comprise as wakeful a set of men as one wishes to find in any municipality in the world. This is particularly noticeable in the political affairs of Philadelphia.

Those who engage in the actual control of the vast city's interests take occasional opportunity to assure the world that there is nothing slow about the politicians of that town. The voters are just the contrary—let a man in authority betray every sense of honor and fidelity to his constituency, and they will re-elect him as long as he shows his allegiance to the powers that be. This signifies subservency—servile submission—whether it be good or bad. The same is true in business. While it is not done, I add, to the honor of Philadelphia business men, yet a business man who desired could exact almost any honest condition of employment from his hard-working artisans, and they would humbly submit to it rather than run the risk and dread of a lost position. This is said in no disparagement—it is simple truth.

Domestic Point of View.
"If there was anything upon which Mrs. Upjohn prided herself it was her coffee. It was always rich, black and strong, and she trusted the making of it to none but her own fair hands.

PLAGUE OF LUXURY.

How It Has Fallen Upon the People with Prosperous Times.

With the Introduction of Modern Conveniences and the Country's Growth in Riches, Even the Plain Dweller Lives High.

The growth of luxurious living in America was very slow during the first 50 years of the republic. Indeed, up to the breaking out of our civil war the inequalities of fortune were not so marked as to make those who lived sumptuously according to the standards of those days seem so far removed from the merely well-to-do as to be almost in another world. In the earlier days, any sober and industrious man could prosper, even though he did not perform merely manual labor. There was work for every one to do, and no one was more in demand than Mr. Jock-of-all-trades, who now walks superfluous in the dusty highway, with no one to applaud his adaptability, none to need his ingenious services. Food was plenty, land was cheap, rents were low. Be honest and you will be happy, was not mere cant; it was the solemn and the grateful truth. Pretty nearly every one lived well, but pretty nearly all lived plainly. With better houses, with better water supplies, with improved lamps for illumination and then with the introduction of illuminating gas, and most of all with the greater wealth which came at the end of the civil war, the growth of luxurious living began taking tremendous strides. Luxury with poor light after sunset, luxury with few of the means of personal cleanliness, does not mean much to us nowadays. Why, a man in a Harlem flat at \$600 a year can command more of the kind of luxury just mentioned than say the dissolute Charles II. ever dreamed of. But the wealth that comes with new fortunes to new people was really what began the race which may be called the Millionaire Stakes for all ages, says a writer in Ainslee's Magazine.

Before these stakes were opened there were a few fortunes in this country. Some were made in the trade with the east, some were made in strictly domestic commerce, some were founded in piracy, and other adventures by sea, but the greatest number and the most stable were those which came from the shrewd investments in land which were enhanced in value by the growth of cities. Even up to the time that the newly rich began to splurge, the owners of the fortunes just mentioned were pretty generally tolerably plain people, who lived very quietly and looked upon those who made unusual display as too vulgar to come inside the sacred pale which called itself society. In New York, this class of people at the time mentioned lived in the neighborhood of Washington Square; in Philadelphia, toward the foot of Walnut street, and in Boston, in that ever sacred Beacon street. They were slow but sure. They had no doubt about their position, or the propriety with which they maintained their dignity. They did what they pleased, but they did not please to be in the least fantastic, theatrical, ostentatious or conspicuous. And until the newly rich had arrived, with the manifest intention to stay permanently, there were none with either the ambition or the ability to dispute this supremacy, which was maintained not by an aggressiveness, but by the passive power of inertia.

ADVICE FOR A WAITER.

How a Diner Made Sure That the Man Would Remember Him Next Time.

One Chicago man, laboring under the disadvantage of extreme procrastination, recently found a novel way of informing an arrogant waiter that his method of serving was wholly unsatisfactory, says the Chicago Tribune.

The meal had been an exasperating one. Whenever the waiter was wanted he could not be found. When he was not wanted he was hovering about the table attempting to hear what was being said. The host and his friends had been compelled to ask emphatically for every accompaniment of the meal, even down to knives, forks and spoons, so by the time the coffee and cheese had been shoved aside they were in anything but a pleasant frame of mind. Still, throughout the meal the man who was doing the honors retained his composure, and did not once find fault with the waiter in the latter's presence. But he was reserving his ammunition for future delivery.

BACHELORS IN LEAD.

More Single Men Than Spinsters in the United States.

Interesting Facts and Figures on the Subject Gleaned from the Recent Census.

A careful reckoning of the number of men in the various states of the union who are available matrimonially has just been finished by the census office. It finds that in the aggregate there are 6,728,779 bachelors of 21 or over, and makes record of the remarkable fact that there are at present in the United States 2,500,000 more single men than single women of that age and above.

The exact figures are 3,198,446 maidens, so that the latter are in the minority of 2,531,333. In other words, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer, there are 2,531,333 unattached males who could not possibly get wives unless they fell back upon the widows or girls under 20.

New England has always been supposed to be overburdened with single women, and yet the census reckoning shows that there is not a state in the group which has not more bachelors than spinsters. Even Massachusetts, long declared to be the chosen home and resort of the old maid, has a slight overplus of unmarried men, the figures being 282,932 single males, against 277,711 females similarly situated. Maine has 60,478 bachelors, against 43,790 spinsters; New Hampshire, 38,713 bachelors and 30,554 spinsters; Vermont, 29,132 bachelors and 19,749 spinsters; Rhode Island, 41,945 bachelors and 39,405 spinsters, and Connecticut, 94,158 bachelors, against 74,731 spinsters.

It is clear from a glance at the census figures, however, that the unmarried women of the east ought to migrate to the great and growing west, where the available supply of husbands is relatively enormous. Just think of California, for example, where there are 235,394 bachelors and only 88,735 maidens of 20 and upward.

But the opportunity in Idaho is much more attractive, the single men numbering 23,421 and the spinsters only 3,559. Montana is another state rich in chances of marriage, its bachelors numbering 55,457, against 7,569 spinsters. Oregon has 60,823 bachelors and 16,773 maidens; while Washington claims 50,014 single men and 15,318 women. But the banner state for bachelors is Wyoming, which has 2,347 spinsters, against 29,927 unmarried persons of the sterner sex. It must be very difficult for a woman to become an old maid in Wyoming.

THE POPULATION OF CHINA.

Eighteen Provinces Have 426,000,000 Souls, Says the Very Best Authority.

The assessment of the war tax has given the Chinese government an opportunity of obtaining with approximate accuracy a general census of the empire. The data now given will, no doubt, cause much surprise, inasmuch as the figures go to show that the present population of China is comparatively very little in excess of that recorded by various European statisticians half a century ago, says the London Standard. We know, however, that at that period, and even later, it was a matter of infinite difficulty, if not a sheer impossibility, to obtain anything like authentic information concerning the population of China. By some writers this was given as 350,000,000, by others as 400,000,000 and 450,000,000. We now learn, on the very best authority, that the Chinese population of to-day numbers about 426,000,000 of souls, including 8,500,000 in Manchuria, 2,580,000 in Mongolia, 5,430,020 in Tibet and 1,200,000 in Chinese Turkestan.

Shantung, with a population of 38,247,900, is the most densely inhabited province of China. Kiangsu, in which Shanghai is situated, has a population of 1,398,235. In density of population Shensi, with 50,146 inhabitants to the square kilometer, may be compared with Hungary, and Fukien and Hupeh with England. Chi-chi with France and Yunnan with Bulgaria. On an average, China proper, i. e., the 18 provinces, is not much more thickly populated than the German empire. The four great Chinese "outlands," consisting chiefly of steppe and wilderness, are very sparsely populated.

Natural Gas as Fuel.
"About the only people in any of our cities who do not feel concerned over the price of coal or wood are those in the towns where natural gas is used for fuel. No strikes ever disturb them in the use of that kind of heating material, and there are 4,000,000 people in this country who are benefited by it.—Boston Transcript.

A REMARKABLE SECT.

Russians in Manitoba Who Are Possessed of a Strange Craze.

Refuse to Use Lower Animals for Any Purpose and Place All the Burden of Labor Upon Their Men and Women.

Strange fancies sometimes take possession of religious sects, but the strangest of all is probably the distressing mania that has enthralled 5,000 Russian Doukhobors, who have located in western Manitoba, says a special to the New York Times from Yorktown, Manitoba. In the Swan river district the government is apprehensive for the remarkable craze that has taken possession of these colonists. A visit to the community showed that the rights, scenes and the horror depicted were almost beyond conception.

It is well known that the Doukhobors are adverse to shedding blood. This is the reason why they emigrated from Russia, and it is also the reason why the Canadian government exempted them from military duty as inducement for their location on the prairie lands of the west. As to what they should eat, this was purely a personal matter, but, as it appears, it was one of the features that was overlooked by the government that will cause immense trouble.

In this country a man may eat what he chooses, and if his religion dictates that he shall conform to a vegetable diet, such beliefs are respected. All might have been well had this state of affairs been confined to vegetarianism, but the Doukhobors' religion does not appear to be a finished product. It has been constantly undergoing changes. From the belief that it was a sin to eat meat, it seems a long jump to reach the conclusion that it is wrong to eat animal products, but these people have now given up drinking milk, eating butter, cheese, eggs, etc., and the cows, oxen, goats and fowl are increasing and multiplying, and waxing fat, while the people are on the verge of starvation.

Having reached this absurd position, it was but a step to another and more ridiculous one. If it were wrong to eat the flesh of animals, the same line of reasoning made it comparatively easy to condemn the use of leather harness made from the hides of God's creatures, and then followed the condemnation of woolen clothing, because wool grown on the bodies of sheep, which also belonged to the Lord. The next step was still more sweeping in its effect on their economic condition. It was to make serents of any of the lower animals, to use them for beasts of burden or for any other purpose.

They had the courage of their convictions, and at once turned out their horses, cattle and sheep, driving them to "God's Hill" to forage for themselves, placing all the burdens of farm life on their own shoulders. For all drawing purposes, such as hauling heavy loads on wagons, men take the place of horses and oxen. Twelve or 14 men hitched to a plow suffice for this purpose, and it is the only method employed by them in the cultivation of the soil. Women, even, are employed in this manner, though when coming into town men only are seen hauling the wagons and buggies. Every day in the streets of Yorktown dozens of men may be seen drawing wagons, hauling what little produce they may have for sale, and carrying back to their farms flour and other necessities.

The Doukhobors are clad exclusively in cotton clothes and wear rubber boots or shoes knit or woven with binder twine, which they buy for the purpose. Their food consists of bread and water, and such vegetables as they grow, and wild berries and herbs which they gather. Their farms are neglected and their stock, of which they have much, is running wild in the hills, where it will all die during the winter, or be appropriated by those who are not of their religious faith, and who will at least give the stock shelter.

With the advent of cold weather starvation and disease must certainly follow, and they appear to know this, for they have been in correspondence with authorities in southern California, Nevada, Arizona and Australia, with a view to emigration to a warmer climate where the conditions would enable them to subsist on the soil without trespassing on the possessions of the animal kingdom. It is needless to say that no one wants them, as they are still in Manitoba, an elephant on the hands of the government that brought them from Russia a few years ago to develop the prairie land of the west.

Feminine Insurance.
"It's only a matter of time," remarked the shoe-clerk boarder, who reads the scientific page in a household magazine, "until all our engines and that sort of thing will be run by heat drawn from the sun."

"What will become of the poor farmers when that time arrives?" asked the girl with the lemon-colored hair, who presides over the ribbon counter between meals.
"The farmers?" queried the shoe clerk, after the manner of a person up a tree.
"Yes," said the fair ribbon demonstrator, "if all the sun's heat is to be used to run engines, won't it make the weather too cold to raise eggs and other such things?"—Chicago Daily News.