

My Baby Sleeps.

The baby sleeps—why will ye moan and sigh,
Ye parents? let her rest;
The pale loved face that 'mid the flowers lie
Speaks to your aching breast:
"My lot is light; oh, wherefore weep?
I lay me down in peace and sleep."
The baby sleeps.

The baby sleeps—how blest she slumbers on,
Unconscious of alarm!
That "hush, hush, hush," unstrain'd, has
Down

No early ill could harm;
A mind pure, a sinless breast—
This hush, hush, hush, on which to rest—
The baby sleeps.

The baby sleeps—earth's joys or cares no more
Will break that sweet repose;
Yet know ye not what might have been in store
For her of bitter woes.

Nor summer's fierce and sultry heat,
Nor winter's chilling sleet,
The baby sleeps—
And oh! how bright the morn that greets her
Sight

When the brief rest is past!
He Who, unbound in His will,
Soothed fears, lives and comforts still—
The baby sleeps.

The baby sleeps—the last sad kiss now press
Upon her lips so still;
The Father, 'tis His will, in sore distress,
For, mother, 'tis His will,
And as ye hear the solemn knell
Sing ye the hymns she loved so well!
The baby sleeps.

The baby sleeps—now, Father, take her home:
These be her days.
No broken stars look down from heaven's dome:
Which o'er her tenderly,
And, oh, ye winds, breath soft and still,
Beneath this treasured flower deck'd hill—
The baby sleeps.

The Phantom Light.

A THRILLING GHOST STORY.

It was about eleven o'clock at night,
Nellie and I were sitting by the bow
window in our drawing-room, which she
had thrown wide open. The day had
been most oppressively hot, but now a
faint breeze was coming in from the sea,
and refreshingly welcome after the sultry,
stifling heat of the day.

It was quite dark—that soft, velvety
darkness that belongs only to a perfectly
cloudless night.

Just below our window lay
the yard or two of garden, then the long,
straight line of the promenade, with its
asphalt walk and drive dimly defined by
a shadowy row of white posts connected
by ornamental chains. Beyond the em-
bankment lay the wide, desolate waste
of sands, stretching away for miles on
either hand.

The tide was far out, so far out that
only a sort of pale gray gleam on the
horizon showed where the sea was just
beginning to creep over the shoals and
sandbanks off the Southport coast.
Seven miles away to the right, across the
estuary of the Ribble, the steady light
from the Lytham lighthouse kept vigi-
lant watch and ward over the dangerous
Horse Bank; that treacherous, dangerous
shoal, which many a good ship had
gone to its doom of shipwreck and
death.

Nellie was leaning out of the window,
her elbow on the sill, her eyes fixed on
the misty, soft darkness outside. It was
as dark inside as outside; we had no
thought of lighting the gas that long
summer evening.

"How still it is!" she said, dreamily.
"What a spell of solemn silence the
night has on everything!"

As if to contradict her words, a faint
sound like a far off voice seemed to rise
from the sands below, and swept by with
a prolonged, mournful cry.

"What is that?" she asked, startled.
"Some one calling down on the
sands," I said. "The intense stillness
carries the sound a great distance at
night."

"I heard such a wild legend this
morning," she went on, presently, "con-
cerned with those great deserts of sand
that stretch over toward Lytham. Old
Joe, the boatman, says they are haunted
by a phantom voice."

"How thrilling!" I remarked, scepti-
cally. "What does it say?"

"Don't scoff, Jean," said Nellie, a lit-
tle wrothly. "It is a most pathetic,
dreadful legend. Years ago, before
there was a town here at all, people used
to cross the sands between here and
Lytham on horseback. One stormy evening
a traveler had crossed as usual, and had
almost reached the shore, when sud-
denly a bright light appeared, hovered
for a moment over a spot a yard or two
away, and then vanished. At the same
moment a piteous, unearthly cry echoed
all around. The horse became wild with
terror, and broke loose, throwing his
rider to the ground. When he recovered
himself, he found, lying on the ground
at his feet, the body of a beautiful young
girl. She was quite dead, with a ghastly
wound in her side, from which the blood
had flowed all over her white dress.

"The traveler staggered away to the
nearest house, got assistance, and had
the girl's body laid in an upper room.

"That night an awful storm arose. A
ship was wrecked on the Horse Bank,
and only one man, the captain, saved.
He was taken to the same house where
the traveler had already found shelter,
and, by some mistake, was put into the
room where the murdered girl was lying.

"At the sight of her he gave an appalling
cry, and fell down senseless. When
he recovered he was questioned, and con-
fessed that the beautiful young girl was
his wife, whom in a moment of rage and
jealousy he had stabbed to the heart and
cast into the sea. And the sea had given
up her dead, and the waves had cast him
on shore, and the murderer and his vic-
tim were face to face. And now they say
the voice of the murdered girl haunts the
place where she was found. It seems to
rise from the sands and goes echoing and
wailing along, calling, calling, as if in
mortal agony. The old boatman says
people have followed it, believing some
one was in peril, and have been lured on
and on, till the tide has overtaken them,
and they were drowned."

"What a horrible tale!" I said, with a
shudder. "I wish you had not told it
to me."

"And he says," went on Nellie, un-
heeding my remark, "that whoever hears
the voice is in risk of great peril or dan-
ger, or some kind of sorrow or trouble is
about to happen to him."

"Isn't it a stunning dodge?" said the
shadow, in most unghostly slang. "You
see, Jack, this asphalt's first-rate to
practice on; but a fellow has no chance
in the daytime for those confounded car-
riages; so I rigged out this dark lantern
and fastened it to my bicycle, and I can
spin along in peace now."

"Take care you don't spin away the
wits of all the old maids on the prome-
nade," returned the other. "You look
most horribly like some goblin from the
lower regions, with your dark lantern
flashing in front, those noiseless wheels
and your long legs and arms spread out
like great wings behind."

The other laughed.
"The old maids are all fast asleep
long ago, bless their old eyes!" he re-
turned, irreverently. "But I say, Jack,
the match for the four oars will have to
be put off to-morrow; we are going to
have an awful storm. Listen! How
the wind sighs and moans among the
girders of the pier! It sounds for all
the world like some one calling out in
distress, and it's a sure sign of rough
weather. What a rage Gregory will be
in if—"

The two old maids had heard quite
enough. Nellie and I looked at each
other rather sheepishly, it must be con-
fessed, and then burst into a hearty
laugh.

We kept our places by the window,
looking out into the deep velvety dark-
ness, with the far-away solitary light
from the lighthouse gleaming like a red
spark.

Suddenly, while we sat, the sound of a
voice rose up again from the lonely
sands, a moaning, piteous voice wailing
and imploring as if in unutterable dis-
tress. It seemed to mingle with the
boom of the distant sea, now rising, now
falling, a lonely desolate wail, thrilling
through the darkness like a soul in mor-
tal agony. It was dying away in the
distance, in a low, faint sob, when Nellie
suddenly sprang back into the room.

"Oh, Jean, look!" she cried. "Look,
the phantom light!"

I leaned out of the window and gazed
out along the promenade. Flashing
through the somber darkness like a great
star was a brilliant beautiful light. It
came rapidly toward us from the right,
apparently floating in the air, and illu-
minating the space before it for several
yards. It advanced very swiftly, with a
steady, forward motion, floating along
about a yard from the ground. As it
came nearer we perceived, looming dimly
behind it, a giant shadow, weird and
grotesque, with outspread wings and
misty, undefined form, while a sharp
rustling, whirring sound accompanied its
progress.

As the phantom approached the desolate
moaning rose again from the sands
and swept along in low, shuddering cries,
dying away sad and piteous as before.
With the last faint sound, the light leaped
up for one second into intense brilli-
ancy and disappeared.

"Oh, Jean!" cried Nellie, fearfully. "What
is it, Jean?"

"I don't know," I replied, a feeling
of unaccountable dread and horror taking
hold of me. The very demon of
fear seemed to possess my senses, an icy
grasp of terror laid hold of my heart.

The air outside seemed to have become
suddenly clammy and cold, a chilly eerie
wind crept in at the window. The very
darkness seemed filled with shapes,
hideous and impalpable, at which I
dared not look, lest they should take
form before my eyes.

"There it is again!" shuddered Nel-
lie.

And with unutterable dread we saw
the brilliant star-like light again floating
toward us, this time from the right hand.

It came swiftly, with the impalpable
fantastic shadow in the air above it, and
when exactly opposite, vanished.

We sat paralyzed with terror, not dar-
ing to move, a horrible benumbing ter-
ror seizing our hearts.

This phenomenon happened several
times, the light alternately appearing
from the right and left, and always van-
ishing when exactly opposite to us, and
always accompanied by the moaning
voice.

Again the low wailing sounds from the
sands, profoundly melancholy, inexpressi-
bly mournful, like nothing akin to hu-
manity. No words were uttered, but the
agony of the tones was like a voice from
the grave.

"Jean, Jean, here it is again!" cried
Nellie, cowering in my arms.

And once more the brilliant phantom
light appeared. This time it came on
more slowly, glancing to and fro un-
steadily, while the shadowy form behind
seemed more grotesque and misty than
ever.

"Oh, Jean, if it is true! If it comes
to foretell some loss, some trouble!"
sobbed Nellie, in tears.

"Hush, hush, dear!" I tried to say,
reassuringly. "It cannot be. Sorrow
may come to us if God wills it, but not
through—"

"I say, old fellow," shouted a voice
down below in the darkness. "You'll
frighten somebody into fits with that
lantern dodge of yours. You and your
confounded bicycle look like some horri-
ble ghostly specter, ditting along in
the dark. You gave me a precious start,
I can tell you."

Nellie and I jumped to our feet, and
gazed incredulously out of the window.
Down below in the road, a yard or two
to the right, the phantom light stood
stationary at last. In the glare before it
a young fellow was standing, white be-
hind loomed the fantastic, mysterious
shadow, robbed of all its terrors in a mo-
ment.

It is mean to sneer in your
when a woman slips down
rush to her assistance with your
eyes, and tell her how sorry you

The Parisian Poste-Restante.

Another very curious division of the
Parisian post-office is that of the poste-
restante. The passion for intrigue that
forms so prominent a feature in Parisian
social life finds there an ample field for
its manifestations. Thither come wives
that write to other men than their hus-
bands, husbands that correspond with
other ladies than their wives, schoolboys
that hazarded a declaration of their feel-
ings to Theo or to Croizette, etc. One
strict law of this department is, that no
letter shall be placed in the hands of any
one save the person to whom it is ad-
dressed. Thus, if a jealous spouse comes
to find out if there are any letters for
his or her suspected wife or husband, the
only response obtained will be: "That
is none of your business." A story is
told how, on one occasion, a gentleman
violently excited entered the office,
dragging rather than leading with him a
young and very pretty woman, who was
pale as death and trembling from head
to foot. Indicating his terrified com-
panion by a sign, he said to a clerk in
attendance: "My wife, Madam V.,
wishes to know if there are any letters
for her?" The impassive official took
down the packet of letters marked V.,
ran them over and answered: "There
are none, sir," evidently much to the
relief of the lady. An hour later she
returned alone, through still pale and
agitated. The moment she made her
appearance the clerk took from the packet
a letter bearing her name and presented
it to her. She commenced an eager
speech of thanks, which was cut short
by the simple announcement: "The
person to whom a letter is addressed has
alone the right to receive it."

The poste-restante often serves as a
trap to catch the smaller class of male-
factors, such as runaway wives or de-
faulting bank clerks. Such gentry usu-
ally come to Paris as a secure hiding
place. Their names are communicated
to the police, and through them are
placed upon a list, called the yellow
list, of the post-office. If one of these
persons ventures to the post-restante to
claim a letter, the name given is repeated
by the clerk in a loud tone—a very sim-
ple and natural proceeding, and one that
awakens no suspicions. But its object is
to give warning to a detective concealed
in a back room, by whom the culprit is
immediately followed, and soon after he
is in the hands of the law.

The Rise in Silver.

Dr. Linderman, in the course of an in-
terview, fully reported in the San Fran-
cisco Chronicle, attributed the rise of
silver to the heavy purchases of coin
which the United States government has
been making in London and on the
Pacific slope, and the enormous demand
for silver in China. The future of the
silver market would depend, he said,
mainly upon the legislation of the United
States and Germany. "There is now,"
he continued, "about \$1,000,000 worth
of bullion at the mint waiting to be
converted into trade dollars. The govern-
ment will need hereafter about \$1,500,000
in silver monthly, and it is probable that
no more purchases will be made abroad.
From \$12,000,000 to \$15,000,000 is likely
to suffice for the silver demands of China.
If the market continues as good in China
as for the last four months there is no
doubt that much Mexican bullion will
come to San Francisco and be shipped
hence to Chinese ports. India is likely
to consume \$35,000,000 yearly, or about
half the annual silver product of the
world. I do not think the double stand-
ard would be a good thing for this
country. I think we should keep the
gold basis, with subsidiary silver for com-
mon use, fixing the amount for legal
tender at \$10. We have now, as I esti-
mate, in this country \$150,000,000 in gold
and less than \$40,000,000 in silver, ex-
clusive of plate. Of this amount, there
is from \$25,000,000 to \$30,000,000 in sub-
sidiary coin, and from \$6,000,000 to \$8-
000,000 at the mints."

The Dying Lion.

A French officer who has served many
years in Algeria writes an interesting ac-
count of a dying lion. Fangless, covered
with mane, and blind, is the king of
beasts on approaching the close of his
reign. When not lying mournfully pro-
strate and alone in some sheltered nook
or behind some friendly mound over-
grown with shrubbery, he feebly skulks
within a small circuit of his lair in quest
of a morsel of prey, which in his de-
crepitude he rarely succeeds in obtain-
ing. At this stage of his career, if his
scout does not utterly kill him, his sole
resource for nutrition is an occasional nest
of field mice. Inferior animals smell
at him fearlessly, and paw him with in-
solence, for the forest monarch, dethroned
by disease, is incapable of resistance.
Often the rustic Arab comes upon his
majesty in his utter helplessness and
ends his troubles with a blow of a club.

The Oil Field.

At this time, says an exchange, the en-
tire yield of crude petroleum suitable for
the making of illuminating oil is about
27,000 to 28,000 barrels per diem, of
which two-thirds go to the foreign
market. That is at least 10,000 per diem
less than the yield of eighteen months or
two years ago, and producers expect a
still further decline during the winter to
22,000 or 23,000 barrels per diem. The
production of to-day is actually not
equal to the consumption, and the deficit
is felt more and more as the excessive
oil stocks are being worked off, so that
there seems no reason to doubt the
legitimacy of the advance in price of re-
fined oils from the 10¢ to 11¢ of near two
years ago to the 26¢ to 27¢ of the present.
There are no more of the great flowing
wells pouring out hundreds of barrels
daily. The borings have been pushed
down successfully through the first, sec-
ond, third and fourth sandstones until
they have gone to enormous depths; tor-
pidous have from time to time broken up
the hidden reservoirs in the bowels of
the earth and temporarily improved the
yield; new wells have been sunk with
varying, but generally very moderate
success, powerful pumps have been in-
vented and applied, still a diminution of
the supply. At the rate of decrease in
production which has been maintained of
late years—with the exception of the tem-
porary improvement effected a year
and a half or two years ago, when the
oil wells were generally stimulated to un-
wonted activity by the exploding of
dynamite torpedoes in them—it will take
the world only a short time to work a
point when oil will be scarce. It is
hardly to be expected that the wells will
all absolutely dry up and yield nothing
in that time—although they may do so.
Vigorous pumping, lucky finds of new
wells, and judicious doctoring of old
ones, will doubtless afford some oil for
almost all time, but it will be scarce, and
consequently dear. Up to thirty cents
per gallon, kerosene is the cheapest
illuminator of equal effectiveness that
the world knows. Up to sixty cents it
will still be cheaper than candles at
eighteen cents per pound. But beyond
that figure it must bear a fancy price.

Necessity of Coolness in Danger.

Panic is, of course, one of the things
against which it is most easy to preach,
but which it is most difficult to preach
down. Still, if it could be got into the
heads of all people in their cooler hours
that, in case of an alarm of fire in a
theater, the principal danger to the au-
dience comes from themselves and is in
their own control, it is probable that,
even under the influence of sudden excite-
ment and fear, many who now would
show a bad example might then show a
good one. Not very long ago a sudden
alarm took place in one of the best of the
Paris theaters. It was not an alarm of
fire, it was only a clattering and crash-
ing among the branches, chains and
lamps of the huge glass chandelier which
hung from the roof. Those who were
under the chandelier thought it was com-
ing down on them, and made wildly for
the doors. The theater was well enough
constructed, and had many outlets, but
in an instant some of the passages were
completely jammed and choked by ex-
cited people. Luckily a single in-
stant was enough to allow one of the
performers on the stage to see and ex-
plain the whole cause of the alarm, and
to convince the fugitives that there
was no danger. The whole stampede
was set going by the sudden pattering of
hailstones through an open window
among the metal and glass of the chan-
delier. In that instance the alarm was
but momentary, and in many parts of
the house was unobserved. Yet it was
evident to all cool observers that had it
lasted only a few seconds longer and
been allowed to spread, the passages
and doors would have been hopelessly
choked by a panic stricken crowd, and
some loss of life most infallibly have
occurred.

The Russian Army.

The active military forces of Russia
are divided between the European army
and the army of the Caucasus. The for-
mer has forty-one divisions of infantry,
supplemented by an equal number of
artillery brigades, and six brigades of
sharpshooters. Each division contains
about twelve battalions. These figures
represent a total for the European army
of 544,000 soldiers, with 1,340 cannon,
and 328 mitrailleurs. The troops em-
ployed in the Caucasus comprise
divisions of infantry, as many brigades
of artillery, and one brigade of moun-
tain artillery, aggregating 92,000 men,
about three hundred cannon, and some fifty mit-
railleurs. The available strength of Russia
in the impending conflict may be set
down at more than seven hundred thou-
sand combatants, about twenty-four hun-
dred cannon, and some four hundred mit-
railleurs. The entire war footing of
Turkey does not exceed three hundred
thousand men.

A Brave Footman.

An English clergyman at St. Leonards-
on-Sea has a brave footman. Early in
December burglars tore out a bar from
the boot-room window and entered the
parsonage. The footman slept near the
parsonage, and was disturbed by hearing
something fall. He opened his door, and
seeing a light in the parsonage, went out,
taking a sword stick. He shouted out:
"Who is there?" and immediately a
man with a blackened face put his head
out of the parsonage door and whistled.
The footman sprang forward and struck
the man twice on the head. The burglar
ran toward the outer doors, carrying
part of the plate in an apron, but being
struck by the footman, he fell between
the doors and dropped his plunder. The
next moment the footman himself was
struck violently on the head and arm by
another man from behind. The men
then ran out of the back door, which
the footman bolted, and went for his
master. In the parsonage was found the
rest of the plate collected and ready to
be carried off. The only thing taken
was the footman's watch and chain.

A MYTHICAL CITY.—The county clerk
of Grayson county, Texas, publishes a
statement relative to the Ohio, Kentucky
and Texas Land Company, which has
been flooding the country with circulars
and advertisements of their scheme.
The company offer lots in Mineral City
at \$1 each. The clerk says they own no
land in the county, and that Mineral
City is a myth—that there is not a house
in it or a man living in it. It is believed
that the company has disposed of over
100,000 lots in this paper town.

Extraordinary Wheat Culture.

A correspondent of the San Francisco
Bulletin says: It has been my good for-
tune during the past six months to wit-
ness the growth and yield of wheat,
planted and cultivated in a way new to
most people, of which I propose to give
you a statement. D. O. Bissell, who re-
sides in Goose Lake valley, Modoc coun-
ty, California, is a practical as well as a
theoretical farmer. He holds that the
old mode of wheat raising—that is, of
sowing from 100 to 150 pounds of grain
per acre—is wrong, contrary to the true
principles of agriculture, an unnecessary
waste of seed and exhaustive to the soil.
In conversation with a party of friends
(farmers) he presented that proposition,
stating further that he could raise forty
bushels of wheat to the acre from one
pound of seed. The idea being scouted
as impossible he offered to wager \$20
that he could do it. The wager was ac-
cepted, whereupon Mr. Bissell, on the
eighth day of last April, proceeded to put
his proposition to the proof by having
one-eighth of an acre carefully measured
in the presence of witnesses. It was
subdivided into spaces about nineteen by
thirty-seven inches apart, and two ounces
of seed were sown, the seed having
been carefully weighed, the grains
counted, and the ground spaced so as to
take but one seed in each place. It was
then irrigated and cultivated like Indian
corn.

Now for the result as harvested in the
latter part of September. The number
of heads per stool was from sixty to 118
well developed heads. I send you a
sample stool, one of many from the plot,
which contained 135 heads, 118 of which
were fully developed. The number of
grains per head in this stool was eighty.
Over one-half yielded 100 grains each.
Owing to an accident Mr. Bissell failed
to get the accurate weight or measure-
ment, but making all due allowance for
that wasted the yield was ten bushels, or
at the rate of eighty bushels per acre,
four times more than the proposition called
for.

Now compare the above result with an
average crop sown broadcast. I am as-
sured that the average number of heads
per stool in an average field of wheat,
sown broadcast, is not over five or forty
grains each, which would be less than
thirty-three bushels per acre, if all the
seed grew. What becomes of the seed?
In the field where this plant grew, there
was sown broadcast at about the same
time 100 acres. It was irrigated, as was
the other, and harvested at the same
time. It was put in good shape, had
the best of care, and at an expense of
\$300 for seed alone. The yield was not
over twenty bushels per acre, or 2,000
bushels for the crop. Mr. Bissell in-
forms me that he will plant thirty-five or
forty acres next spring, using the seed
planter and cultivator instead of the
broadcast sower. The facts I have given
can be well attested, if desired. Should
any further information be wished it will
be furnished by addressing D. O. Bis-
sell, Willow Ranch, Modoc county,
California.

I have written the above facts in the
interest of the agriculturists of the coun-
try; have been this particular in details
hoping others may be stimulated thereby
to profit by the information given. To
the Grangers I would say, make this
method of grain raising the subject of
discussion in your lodges and trial on
your farms. A few successful trials,
such as witnessed by the writer, would
revolutionize the mode of grain growing
in this country and remove from the
farmer the heavy burden of annually
providing 100 to 150 pounds of seed per
acre for his crop when one and one-half
to two pounds, allowing for wastage in
planting, would be all that need be re-
quired. With such a system how soon
the mortgages would be lifted from the
farmers—the incubus of debt crushing the
farmer into the soil he cultivated; how
soon it would be abolished!

\$2,000,000 Worth of Eggs.

The steamer City of Peking, which ar-
rived at San Francisco, brought an in-
voice of Japanese silkworm eggs, con-
sisting of 1,872 cases, the value of which
approximated \$2,000,000. These eggs,
in which a large trade has been carried
on between China and Japan and Europe,
have heretofore passed through in very
meager quantities, and then only as ex-
periments. Dampness is destructive to
the eggs, and for that reason their storage
in the vessel was made a special care.
The cargo in question was packed on the
steerage deck at amidships, the warmest
and driest place on the ship. A bamboo
fence surrounded the cases to keep them
in position, and superfluous heat was
prevented by a current passed through a
passage two feet wide among the cases.
The precious cargo was shipped on the
Central Pacific cars for New York, and
will be shipped from that port to Europe
by steamer for England, France and
Italy.

The Dying Lion.

A French officer who has served many
years in Algeria writes an interesting ac-
count of a dying lion. Fangless, covered
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or behind some friendly mound over-
grown with shrubbery, he feebly skulks
within a small circuit of his lair in quest
of a morsel of prey, which in his de-
crepitude he rarely succeeds in obtain-
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scout does not utterly kill him, his sole
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27,000 to 28,000 barrels per diem, of
which two-thirds go to the foreign
market. That is at least 10,000 per diem
less than the yield of eighteen months or
two years ago, and producers expect a
still further decline during the winter to
22,000 or 23,000 barrels per diem. The
production of to-day is actually not
equal to the consumption, and the deficit
is felt more and more as the excessive
oil stocks are being worked off, so that
there seems no reason to doubt the
legitimacy of the advance in price of re-
fined oils from the 10¢ to 11¢ of near two
years ago to the 26¢ to 27¢ of the present.
There are no more of the great flowing
wells pouring out hundreds of barrels
daily. The borings have been pushed
down successfully through the first, sec-
ond, third and fourth sandstones until
they have gone to enormous depths; tor-
pidous have from time to time broken up
the hidden reservoirs in the bowels of
the earth and temporarily improved the
yield; new wells have been sunk with
varying, but generally very moderate
success, powerful pumps have been in-
vented and applied, still a diminution of
the supply. At the rate of decrease in
production which has been maintained of
late years—with the exception of the tem-
porary improvement effected a year
and a half or two years ago, when the
oil wells were generally stimulated to un-
wonted activity by the exploding of
dynamite torpedoes in them—it will take
the world only a short time to work a
point when oil will be scarce. It is
hardly to be expected that the wells will
all absolutely dry up and yield nothing
in that time—although they may do so.
Vigorous pumping, lucky finds of new
wells, and judicious doctoring of old
ones, will doubtless afford some oil for
almost all time, but it will be scarce, and
consequently dear. Up to thirty cents
per gallon, kerosene is the cheapest
illuminator of equal effectiveness that
the world knows. Up to sixty cents it
will still be cheaper than candles at
eighteen cents per pound. But beyond
that figure it must bear a fancy price.

Necessity of Coolness in Danger.

Panic is, of course, one of the things
against which it is most easy to preach,
but which it is most difficult to preach
down. Still, if it could be got into the
heads of all people in their cooler hours
that, in case of an alarm of fire in a
theater, the principal danger to the au-
dience comes from themselves and is in
their own control, it is probable that,
even under the influence of sudden excite-
ment and fear, many who now would
show a bad example might then show a
good one. Not very long ago a sudden
alarm took place in one of the best of the
Paris theaters. It was not an alarm of
fire, it was only a clattering and crash-
ing among the branches, chains and
lamps of the huge glass chandelier which
hung from the roof. Those who were
under the chandelier thought it was com-
ing down on them, and made wildly for
the doors. The theater was well enough
constructed, and had many outlets, but
in an instant some of the passages were
completely jammed and choked by ex-
cited people. Luckily a single in-
stant was enough to allow one of the
performers on the stage to see and ex-
plain the whole cause of the alarm, and
to convince the fugitives that there
was no danger. The whole stampede
was set going by the sudden pattering of
hailstones through an open window
among the metal and glass of the chan-
delier. In that instance the alarm was
but momentary, and in many parts of
the house was unobserved. Yet it was
evident to all cool observers that had it
lasted only a few seconds longer and
been allowed to spread, the passages
and doors would have been hopelessly
choked by a panic stricken crowd, and
some loss of life most infallibly have
occurred.

The Russian Army.

The active military forces of Russia
are divided between the European army
and the army of the Caucasus. The for-
mer has forty-one divisions of infantry,