POLOGNA, Oct. 28 .- It was only yesterday that Countess Gozzadini gave me the Commen tary on Dante, destined for Mr. Longfellow. It is only a fragment of a larger work, and printed, as is the custom in Italy, as a wedding gift for the only daughter of the Countess. latter hesitated about the propriety of giving this copy, because the letter of presentation which it contains speaks of her as "the flower of the ladies of Verona." But I wrote to her that in my last letter to you I had already mentioned the gift she had destined for our most popular poet; and, as she had no other copy e resolved, at the Count's suggestion, not to tear out the letter, but to send the book as presented to her on the occasion of her daughter's marriage. The author, Count Paolo Perez, a cousin of the Countess, and like her a native of Verona, is one of the most remarkable writers of modern Italy. I was told last evening that a great posthumous work of his has just issued from the press. Count Perez not only knew Dante by heart, so as to be able at any time to repeat the verse or passage asked of him, but was so thoroughly acquainted with all the crudition pertaining to obscure or abstruse matters touched on in the poem, or to the historical personages therein mentioned, that he could at once from memory quote all the

perfinent authorities.

Count Perez was more than a man of remarkable memory; he was a theologian and philosopher. And not only was he deeply versed in the scholastic lore of the middle ages, and able thereby to throw light on the theology and philosophy of Dante, but he was in every best sense of the word a man of his own times and country.

I send the book, I Sette Cerchi del Purgatorio

di Dante, "The Seven Circles of the Purgatory of Dante;" and, I doubt not, it will be thoroughly appreciated by Mr. Longfellow. It is a timely book. For, with the establishment of Italian independence, and the recurrence of the six hundredth anniversary of Dante's

birthday (May. 1205), the Deina Commendia began a new and wider en of popularity. Such a commentators as Control Peres, imbaed alike with a spirit that of popularity in the property of the control peres, which enables one to interpret the conceptions of the great poet, will prove welcome aids even to American students of Longfellow's Dante.

And this reminds me that I promised you an account of my visit to Ravennae to the tomb of I had persuase everythins I could by I had persuase everythins I could by my hand on in the way of histories and illustrated works, before lase foot which me wais. Status the encorable monuments which make of this once imperial city a spot sacred to Christian, philosopher, and artist. And yet I was not present to find such ruin, decay as met my eves, both within the once imperial city a spot sacred to Christian, philosopher, and artist. And yet I was not present of find such ruin, decay as met my eves, both within the once imperial city a spot sacred to Christian philosopher, and artist. And yet I was not present for an account of the branch of the branch which surround them in every direction. For I could not help receiling what this beautiful city was under the two first Cassan, and if the brillime of our Lord and account of the brillime of our Lord and account of the brillime of our Lord and account of the brillime control of the present prosperity, her incomparable position, and the decline and decay which in the of the channels giving entrance to the harbor. On my arrival at the hotel lost not a moment, but sailled forth into the strangely solitary and as streets. There was a feeling of decay and dumpness everywhere, inside and cunfavorably an invalid, or one fearful of mairria. But strolling down towards the toward tower, with a conical cap, which I know must tower, with a conical cap, which is more than the formation of the brillime of the proposition. The surfavorable proposition is a special mineral proposition, and the control of the said and the said proposition of the chann

ersais for Dante a worthy monument.

I should not—no foreigner should—venture to suggest to Italians that the admirers of their "divine poot," belonging to every land, might also consider it a privilege to help in making of the transformed church a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

This suggestion I make with all diffidence to loaving to wiser and more influential men to weigh it well, and if found preiseworthy and practical, to piace it properly before the public opinion of Italy and the divilized world.

From the tomb of the sublime singer of the middle ages we turned to the vast marshy plains, the comotery whore lie buried both the imperial suburb of Cassarsa and the once populees and busy city of Classis. Who can leave Ravenna without visiting the once magnificent but still beautiful basilica of St. Apollinaris, erected on the spot where, in the year 74 of the Christian ers, the Aposte of Ravenna suffered martyrdom?

We were sized to get beyond the wails of this city of ruins, and would not allow the coachman to stop at any of the ancient churches or historical menuments we passed on our way, so strongly did the bright, pure sir of the September morning seem laden with the exhalations of stagnant water and universal decay, How welcome, as we passed the last farmhouse in the stragging street outside the Porta Nuova, was the sight of the green fields, even though they lie so low beneath the banks of the canal which crosses Theodorie's royal highway! On we role rapidly between two deep dykes filled with lars, water covered with white water lilies, This is the site of Cassarea, the aristocratic suburb of the imperial city, where dwelf for centuries all that was foremost in rank and wealth among the Roman and the Gothis nobility, their princely residences extending on every side on the western border of the great artificial harbor separating Cassarea from Classis. The whole region in springtide and summer seemed on ever sold the stately planess of kinght and patrictian. See now the changel. The caachman siacke

our right, a most unhealthy location for the most extreme poverty or the most desperate greed. All around you extended once the magnificent harbor created by Augustus and improved by Tiberius. Here rode at anchor the grand fleets of imperial Home. Far away yonder, where looms up against the deep blue eastern sky that huge round tower with the long brown pile beneath it, were once the ship yards of Classis and the City, swarming the whole year round with seamen, mechanics, and soldiers. That is the ruinous bell tower of St. Apollinaris in Classis, reminding you forcibly, at a distance, of the Hound Towers of Ireland standing all over the land near ruined church and neglected cometery, where, pretty much as here, lie buried the hopes and aspirations of an ancient and warlike race.

The water lillies, innumerable on each side of the road, are opening their lovely white bosoms to the noonday sun, and the banks of the dyke are covered with blue and purple clusters of wild flowers. On some of the adjacent rice fields the grain is just ripening; on others the stubble alone peops above the shallow waters. Presently we pass a farmbouse, and quite near it aspacious platform on which a dozen men and women, with wooden shovels, are toxsing and winnowing the rice, favored by the brisk morning breeze. Near thems man, with an oldfashioned flait, is threshing a large heap of maize, and a boy is shovelling away the grain, looking like burnished gold in the sunlight.

BERNARD O'REILLY. NEWS FROM MENLO PARE.

Mr. Edison Actively Preparing for Monlly Practical Tests. " Have you heard the news, Mr. Edison?"

said a workman on Tuesday night as the great light maker was going the rounds in the Menlo Park shops.
"What about—the pump?" "Yes. It made me jump three feet." "I jumped three and a half," said the elec-trician. Then, turning to the visitor, he ex-

big pump, the delay in constructing which had

plained that the cause of the exuberance was a telegram just received, that announced that the

so hindered work in the shops, would be shipped on Wednesday from Philadelphia. The big pump will not supply the only lack in the machinery necessary for that grand illumination that has been in prospect for several months. That 1,550 -horse-power dynamo

machine, the largest ever made in the world, is not finished yet. Its bed has been put in place, and other parts will be received in about ten

machine, the largest ever made in the world, is not finished yet. Its bed has been put in place, and other parts will be received in about ten days. It will take another ten days to get things in working order.

Wire for nearly eight miles of mains has been laid, and 800 lamps will all be put up as soon as they can be made. "I can make a car lead of lamps a day, as soon as we get under way," said the inventor.

Edison is cool and philosophical through all the vexatious delays that he experiences at every turn. "I worked two years, night and day, on the quadrupiex telegraph invention," he said. "It worked perfectly in the laboratory experiments, but when we came to apply it in New York and Boston it wouldn't work for a long time. A simple thing like the telephone took me two years, and then it was sprung on the public at half-coek. The result has been repeated changes and improvements in their construction. The light as different thing. It is going to be all that it should be commercially, from the start. I don't want to leave any room for improvements."

On a line of temporary wooden posts near the railroad track about forty lamps of sixteencandle power are burning with a bright, steady glow every night. A dozen more are up nearer the works, and in Mr. Edison's house eighteen of the horseshos tips are on the chandeliers.

Stap to the door and keep your eye on the row of lights," said Mr. Edison.

All ready."

The inventor turned a small wheel. The place was in darkness in a twinkling. He gave the wheel a reverse turn, and the firty lights popped up at the same instant.

Those lamps out there are all sorts of odds and ends put up by the boys." Mr. Edison explained, and we are not trying to make an exhibition with them. When we get all the lamps up we will give reality practical tests."

Mr. Edison's residence has been lighted by electricity slince election night. There are eighteen burners in the different rooms, seven being in one room. Each lamp is provided with a key or thumb sorew like that on an ordinary ga

OCCULT MME. BLAVATSKY.

The Pioneer, a newspaper published in Alahabad. India, brings us the latest intelligence of Mme Blavatsky and the little party that left New York two or three years ago for India. Commenting on the remarkable occurrence which follows, the Pioneer, which seems to be the principal journal of the city, says that while it s not within the province of a merely secular newspaper to discuss "the various tales of wonder connected with Mme. Blavatsky's powers that have freely been circulating about India among persons interested in occult research, within the last twelve months," yet the particular instance it presents is authenticated by "nine witnesses, all well known in Simla society." They are, it adds, "of unimpeachable

particular instance it presents is authenticated by "nine witnesses, all well known in Simla society." They are, it adds, "of unimpeachable character." The story is as follows:

On Sunday, the 3d of October, at Mr. Hume's house at Simla thera were present at dinner Mr. and Mrs. Hume, Mr. and Mrs. Sinnest, Mrs. Gordon, Mr. F. Hogg, Capt. P. J. Maittand, Mr. Beatson, Mr. Davison, Col. Cleott, and Mms. Blavatsky. Most of the persons present having recently seen many remarkable occurrences in Mms. Blavatsky's presence, conversation turned on occult phenomena, and in the course of this Mms. Blavatsky asked Mrs. Hume if there was anything she particularly wished for. Mrs. Hume at first hesitated, but in a short time said that there was something she would particularly like to have brought to her, namely, a small article of jewelry that she had formerly possessed, but had given away to a person who had allowed it to pass out of her possession. Mms. Blavatsky thensaid if she would fix the image of the article in question very definitely in her mind she, Mms. Blavatsky, would entienvor to procure it. Mrs. Hume then said that she widdly remembered the article, and described it as an old-fashioned breast brooch set round with pearls, with glass at the front and the back made to contain hair. She then, on being asked, draw a rough sketch of the brooch. Mms. Blavatsky then said she hoped the brooch is to make the shall in two classrette papers and put it in her dress, and said that she hoped the brooch might be obtained in the course of the evening. At the close of dinner she said to Mrs. Hume had not paper packed, consisting of two cigarette papers was found to contain a brooch exactly corresponding to the paper, when said that the brooch fall into a star-shaped bed of flowers. Mrs. Hume led the way to such a bed in a distant part of the garden. A prolonged and careful search was made with interne, and ever seen or head of this brooch. Mr. Hume had not thought of the party except for papers, was found to the power than a p

BUSINESS BY TELEPHONE.

ome of the Possible and Probable Things that Can be Done with a Little Patience. " Halloo!"

"Halloo!"

" Can you connect me with The Sun editorial rooms?" "I'll try," was the faint response.

Ting, ting ting the little gong on the tele-phone instrument sounded a few seconds afterward, giving notice that the circuit was closed. The message, being an experimental one, was short. The sender was in an up-town office of the American District Telegraph Company, and had taken advantage of a new branch of the business of the company. A pink card near the

instrument read:
THIS TREEPHONE FOR PUBLIC USE In taking with subscribers of telephone exchanges in New York city, Brooklyn, Yonkers, and Coney Island, N.Y., and Jorsey City, Newark, Paterson, Orange, and Elizabeth, N. J., apon the personal business of the person actually using this telephone, or of such subscriber, and for no other use or purpose winstaver.

Totas
In every case to be prepaid to the American District For use for five minutes conversation with any sub-

scriber.

In New York city. 20c. In Elizabeth, N. J. 40c. in Brooklyn. 30c. in Orange, N. J. 40c. in Jermy City, N. J. 35c. in Yorkers, N. Y. 40c. in Newark, N. J. 35c. in Yorkers, N. Y. 40c. in Paterson, N. J. 35c. in Unney Island, N. Y. 45c. in Paterson, N. J. 35c. in Unney Island, N. Y. 45c. in the telephone cannot be used for transmitting stock or market quotations, or news for sale, publication, or distribution, nor for calling messengers, nor for sending or receiving any message which is to be or has been transmitted by telegraph.

"That's what I call a convenient accommoda-

tion," the manager remarked. "I should think so, for some persons. How

long has this part of the business been in oper-"Since last Saturday."

"Done much?"
"Not yet. 'Tien't generally known, I guess." "Are these instruments in all the offices of the District Telegraph Company?" "Almost all."

"And they can be used any hour of the day or 'Yes, with a few exceptions."

"And by anybody ?"

"Certainly, if they pay the toll." How about subscribers to the telephone?"

"They must pay the same as an outsider This is intended for sending messages more than anything else. Take, for instance, a merchant who is up town here, and wants to send a message to his office down town. He hasn't the message to his office down town. He hasn't the time to go down, and he doesn't want to send a written message. He drops in here, pays his toll, calls up his office-supposing, of course, that he has an instrument in his office-and talks to his partner or chief clerk as easily as if he was standing beside him. He knows that his message is understood and is satisfied. Now, say, if a lady wishes to tell her husband to come home carly in the evening because she expects company at dinner. Why, it's the easiest thing in the world for her to come in here or some other office, and talk to him. I suppose in time you'll not be able to count the combinations that can be made with the telegraph, telephone, and messenger service."

in time you'll not be able to count the combinations that can be made with the telegraph, telephone, and messenger service."

"Even go into private houses?"

"And call persons at every hour?"

"And call persons at every hour?"

"And extend your system of waking persons
up in the morning that was described in The
Sun a few months ago?"

"Of course; but that waking business is for
conductors, watchmen, and the like. But if a Of course; but that waking dusiness is for conductors, watchmen, and the like. But if a merchant, banker, or anybody with a telephone in his house, wanted to be called up carly, it would be very easy to ring the bell on his instrument and call him up. It might need a big gong for some persons, but perhaps somebody will invent a machine that can be attached to a man's leg or arm and be twitched by electricity."

strument and call him up. It might need a big gong for some persons, but perhaps somebody will invent a machine that can be attached to a man's leg or arm and be twitched by electricity."

"You said that the telephone instruments are in almost all your offices?"

"Yes. At 98 Bread and 91 Wall street they can be used until 6 P. M., at 270 West Thirty-fourth street and 77 Eighth avenue until 9 P. M., at 1,369 Third avenue until midnight, and at all hours, day or night, at 18 Broad street, 68 Fulton street, 239, 407, 575, 791, 946, and 1,227 Broadway: 270 West Twenty-third street, 554 and 1,078 Third avenue, 666, 819, and 1,002 Sixth avenue, and 208 East 125th street. Those, it is thought, are the most convenient offices for the customers who will be likely to use the telephone.

"Can a subscriber of the Metropolitan Telephone and Telegraph Company call up the manager of a district telegraph company and give him a message to send out?"

"Oh. no. That, as I understand it, belongs to the District Telegraph Company. If a man has one of our calling instruments in his office there is no need of using the telephone. The company may hereafter make arrangements for calling for messengers by telephone in case there is no calling instrument. About the only business we, the managers of the offices, can do by telephone is selling theatre tickets."

"Yes: we have for sale seats in all the theatree except Daly's. What I mean is that certain seats are set apart for us overy day, and we can sell them. We—

He was interrupted by a young lady who had entered and asked if he had any reserved seats for the opera in the Academy of Music. His assistant ticked for a few seconds on an ordinary telegraph instrument connected with the headquarters of the company, and the answer was that a box with seats for four could be engaged. The manager picked up a book of diagrams of the Academy of Music where the box was located. The lady said that she would take the box. An order on the box office, but it was in use just then.

"That is one way in

soats soil are sent to the theatres, and we are responsible for the seats marked on the records."

But some of thetheatres advertise that seats can be secured direct by telephone."

'I know they do, but everybody hasn't a book of diagrams, and unless a person has been in the theatres often he or she will not know exactly where the secured seats will be. Now, say, if a man wants to engage our seats by telephone. He asks the manager of the nearest office about it, and if the location of the seats is satisfactory, the manager fills out an order for the seats and sends it by messenger to the man's office, where he pays for the seats and fifteen cents extra, besides the rate for the messenger service, and even then it is cheaper than buying of speculators, especially if a man doesn't make up his mind to go until two or three hours before the theatre is open. Oh, in time, a man can engage seats for the opera, send notice to his wife to be ready to go, invite friends to go with him, call a carriage to take him home and to the theatre, and order a supper without leaving his office, and there's no telling how much easier it can be done."

RAFTING ON THE DELAWARE.

A flun from Equinunk, Pa., to Trenton on

Almost Bare Ground PORT JERVIS, N. Y., Dec. 2.-Daniel Lord steered to Easton during the recent freshet in the Delaware River two rafts of toggle timber. loaded with 25,000 feet of ash and basswood for Daniel Crosbie. He left Equinunk, Pa., on Friday, Nov. 12, at about 10 A. M., and run that day to Ten Mile Biver, five miles below Narrowsburgh. The next day, the 13th, he run to Death Eddy, four miles below Milford, reaching there at 10 P. M., and stopping there for supper. As it was moonlight, and not knowing how long the freshet might last, he determined to put out again that night. Accordingly at 11 o'clock he started, and ran to Shoemaker's Eddy, twenty-six miles further down, arriving at 4 o'clock next morning. Here he breakfasted. At 5 o'clock he started again, and at 9 o'clock that night reached Lautz's Eddy, six miles above Easton, and 100 miles from Ten Mile River. The latter distance he traversed in two days and one night, stopping twice to cat. The next morning he went to Easton and unloaded the ash and basswood, lashed on another toggle, making a fleet 20 feet long and 65 feet wide. With this he left Easton at 3 P. M., and arrived in Trenton at 9 the next night stopping over night at Upper Black's Eddy. Many light rafts were stuck and stove along the river, so that only twenty reached Trenton. Mr. Lord had many strange experiences on this voyage, on what he terms "almost bare ground." at 10 P. M., and stopping there for supper. As

Rather Mixed.

James Brady, a small, shrill-voiced boy, counted the stand before Justice Smith in the Jefferson Market Police Court, one day last week. The Justice was

Market Police Court, one day last week. The Justice was lost in thought, but he caught semething of the words: "Please, mister, a dorg bitted me."
"Where!" the Justice asked, without looking up. "In me arm."
"Whose dog was it?"
"It's Mickey Culinan's dorg."
"It's Mickey Culinan's dorg."
"It's Mickey Culinan's dorg."
"De man didn't bite me. De dorg done 'em."
"Yes—ah—yest right you are."
Justice Smith was mean lost in thought for a moment. Then he asked:
"Where did you say you hit the dog?"
"Bit do dorg! me bit he dorg? De dorg bitted me."
"Ah. I se, now. Things are rather prixed, ain't they? Beep aside and get a warraut."

FUGITIVE PANCIES.

Little Girls. Gently treat the little ones, For the darling lasses Soon will grow to maldenhood—

Time so swiftly passon. Gently treat the little ones, Kiss the blooming baby; In the years to come, she will

In all my life I never Behald such pretty feet, So delicately fashioned, se shapely, so complete.

I wonder who is listening For their daintly little beat? I ween he thinks their music

To gain her passing fancy 'twas I swore, In language set in tender vows and sighs, I loved her more than man e'er loved before; And she believed my lies. Although she loved me not, her heart was stirred With pity for my wild, fletitious woe, And never in my love-life have I heard

Too Often the Case

What had I done had she not answered No. Why, married her, of course! 'Tis nothing queer One sees false-hearted lovers marry so A thousand times a year.

Twas Ever Thus.

We love those fondest whom we do not win. The moon-illumined walks we never tread are loveller than those we journey in. The girls we woo are not the girls we wed.

The shadow o'er the substance will prevail Until this visionary race is dead;
And too ambitious love will ever wall: "The girls we woo are not the girls we wed!"

She gave me a wreath of smiles, dkl she, That I evermore thought to wear; Before she cruelly strangled me With a braid of her scented hair.

Before they densed me in reiment white And laid me here under the mound, No sleep I knew through the livelong night; But sweet is this sleep and protound

Little I care for the world above. All mindless and blessed below. Little I care for the ways of love, And love's untranslatable worl

Throwing Stones.

" I love my child," the actress wrote: "My duty is to guide
The child I bore; and in my arms
The child I love shall hide— Shall hide from missiles cast at me, Because I have so odd A con-cience that I choose to rear The child I took from Gud."

There is a sin from which us all That is its own worst punishment, Itself its sole reward

To man: "If sin you must, Go, then! and come again; but leave The woman in the dust !" Ah! who can know, save Him Allwise, Who watches from above

The awful hazard women dare Or tell how many a craven heart, To shield his own had name, Has caused a woman's trustful love To bring her lasting shame? To her who, when the dream has passed.

Finds herself left alone, And in her crushed, repentant heart A yearning to atone, Heaven, more puriful than man Who erst upon her smiled, By love to win her to uself May send a little child.

Then, if the lonely mother's heart Accepts the gracious gift; And if the charge she dared to take She does not dare to shift; Shall we, untempted and untried, To case and virtue born, Visit upon her shrinking head

Our unrelenting scorn? Truths other men have learned, And walked by what colestial light

In other bosoms burned; We, whose sublimest duty is To do as we are bid; How shall we judge a soul from which The face of God is hid?

Know you the loneliness of heart That courts release from death ? That makes it burdensome to draw Each alow, successive breath ? That longs for human sympathy,

Until, when hope is lost A respite from its agony
It buys at any cost? Of erring human nature, we

We all are vain; we all are weak, And quick to fly from care, And if we keep our footing, Or seem to rise at all, Twere well for us with charity To look on these who fall.

And if our hands are strengthened, And if our lips can speak,
'Twere well if with them we might help
Our brothers who are weak.
And well if we remember God's love is never gradged. And never sit in judgment, If we would not be judged.

Three Things.

Three things, eternal as themselves, are seen By the all-watchful stars, upon this earth, Though cities vanish, and great faiths lose worth. Though oceans roll o'er valleys that have been, and glaciers stand where once the hills were green; Though silence lingers where there late was mirth. And kingdoms fall, and mighty wars make dearth let overmore those sentinels do lean

From the far heights that men call heaven, and see Two lovers kissing, in some sheltered place, a woman with a child upon her knee, And a sad mourner bending o'er a face Whereon is set God's precious seal of rest. On all they smile, and know the last is best.

The Blind Spinner. From the Standard of the Cross.

Like a blind spinner in the sus, I spend my days: I know that all the threads will run Appointed ways,
I know each day will bring its task,
And, being blind, no more I sak. I do not know the use or name
Of that Lapin.
I only know that some one came
And laid within
My hand the thread, and said, "Since you
are blind, but one thing you can do." Sometimes the threads so rough, and fast,
And tangled fly,
I know wild storms are sweeping past,
And fear that I
Shall fall, but does not try to find
A meer place, since I am blind. I know not why, but I am sure
That tint and place
In some great fabric to endure
Past time and race
My threads will have. So from the first,
Though blind, I never felt accurated. I think perhaps this trust has sprung From one short word
Said ever me when I was young—
So young I heard
It, Knowing not that ded's name signed
My brow, and scaled me Ha, though blind. But whether this be seal or sign Within, without,
It matters not; the bond Divine
I naver doubt.
I know He set me here, and still,
And glad and blind, I wait his will; But listen, listen, day by day.

To hear their tread:
Who bear the finished web away.
And cut the thread.
And bring 'sod's message in the sun.
"Theu poor, blind spinner, work is done." Рипринск Ввоока. From the Albany Evening Times.

From the Allemy Ecening Times.

The was the prettiest girl, I ween,
that morial eyes had ever seen,
tier name was Annabel Christine,
ther health were briefly with handoline,
tier choiks were smoothed with vascine,
ther teeth were brushed with fine dontine,
ther face was wasfied in coaline,
ther gloves were cleaned with gasoline,
the wore a dress of granadine,
tooped o'r a skirt of brilliantine.
The pettirent was bomburine,
ther both was slid by a kid bottine.
Ther wounds were healed with cosmoline,
the saids away from Museatine,
In a ship they raid a brigantine;
The three with a cay matthe.
Till they reaction the Kenublic Argentine,
Where they were married by the dead.
And lived on obesinargarine.

HIGHLY INTERESTING INTELLIGENCE. THE OVER-PEOPLING OF INDIA.

From the Detroit Post.

Little Saliie Waters
Sitting in the san,
Crying and weaping
For a young man.
Oh! rise, Saliie, rise,
Wipe your eyes with your frock.
That's sung by all the babies
That are living in our block.

On with the dance, let joy be unconfined.

A VOLCANO IN THE ROCKIES,

A Signal Service Observer's Description

the Eruptions of Pike's Peak.

From the Colorado Springs Gazette.

The probability of a volcano existing in the Rocky Mountains has never entered the minds of our citizens. Conclusive evidence that such a thing does exist, and not very far from Colorado Springs, has recently been furnished us by Sergeant O'Keeffe of the signal service. The first knowledge that was given us of this peculiar and newly discovered phenomenon was reported has Saturday afternoon, and since that time a Gastle reporter under

from Colorado Springs, has recently been furnished us by Sergeant O'Keeffe of the signal
service. The first knowledge that was given
us of this peculiar and newly discovered phenomenon was reported last Saturday afternoon,
and since that time a Gazetic reporter, under
the guidance of Sergeant O'Keeffe, visited
the scene of what proved to be one of the
most wondrous discoveries ever brought to
light in this mountain region. Noarly all of the
efficients of Colorado Springs have seen or read
of the cratter, which is located near the summit
and just west of the Peak. It has always been
conceded by savants that this self-same crater
had in times gone by been the scene of a terrible cruption, as particles of lava had been
discovered in the crevices of the rock adjoining
it. Those who have investigated more closely
the various formations which are peculiar to
a volcanic mountain generally have affirmed
that there are plenty of evidences to show
plainly that the Pick's Peak crater has in its
centre a circular or cup-like opening through
which lava has certainly been emitted.

It was on the night of the 29th of October that
the crater first displayed any signs of volcanic
activity. Surgeant O'Keeffe was aroused from
his slumbers by a dreary dolorial sound which
apparently emanated from beneath the signal
station. His first convictions were that it was an
earthquake, but this impression was soon dispelled by the fact that the sound still continued
without any signs of a jar. The Sergeant concluded to investigate the cause of this mysterious sound, and he and his assistant, Mr. F. L.
Jones, dressed themselves and started out in
search of the cause. They had barely stepped
over the door still when a bright flash, at first
thought to be lightning, surmounted the summit of the October when the summit of the October when the summit of the Peak. It was only of a second's
duration, and the Peak was again clothed in
darkness. From this time on the solumin peak
was again restored. The following lay
Sergeant O'Ke

What masks, what dances To wear away this long age of three hours

An Unterest Result of Good Severament Something About the Latest Pastronable From the Landon Bonomist.

What masks, what dances
To wear away this long age of three hours
There are about lifteen teachers of dancing in Detroit and some half dozen schools and neademies where the science of rythmetic motion is expressed in characterizes and heel and toe movements, and where awakward youths go through aronies of bashfulness with their eyes gived to their feet and their elbows balanced at right angles like the wings of a trussed fowl, for dancing is no longer a mild and swaying motion to the sound of slow musteer rapid whirl-about in which the dancer spins like a top. The new dances demand an immense amount of energy, hard work, and dislocation of all the members, so that a good dancer of modern dances has all the accomplishments of a contortionist and the grace and flexibility of a Graco-Roman wrester. Indeed, it is only those who are elegand dancers of the round dances who can acquire with any degree of proficiency the new glide steps of the ripple, raquet. Sallie Waters, Rockaway, oralle Knickerboker, and new glide. There is a peculiar swaying to one side which is caused by extending one foot stdewars and balancing in that direction, then recovering by bringing the truant foot back with a step that is very hard to acquire, but when ones acquired is the very poetry of motion. The much talked of raquet is a society dance that amons round dances takes the lead. It is very attractive to the eye, and those who dance it well form the best picture ever seen on a ball room floor. The movement, which is only to be described by the rocking motion of a cradic, is the ideal of grace, but, naturally, cannot be acquired easily by persons who are unable to bend sideways. The swaying motion is continued through the entire figure, and the further the couple can lean over and the quicker ley ean gain their equilibrium, the more expert and accomplished they are.

The Sallie Waters is a hop, stip, and jump step, with a jig attachment, and a clog dance combination in the heel tap. It derives its name from a recent song called. The Bable

The lecture on India delivered by Mr. W. W. Hunter in Edinburgh, on Tuesday, deserves the carroll attention of the condition of our Indian, empire. Mr. Hunter contends—and on this profit his facts are past dispute—that India has always been a poor country, in which military is the profit of the profit of the condition of the condition of our Indian, and unable in a year of drought or flood, or deficient crop from any cause, to avert famine. This, its condition under its native green eagervarien, that during the century of our rule we have stopped war, foreign and intestine, put down itsorder, prohibited infanticide, limited the area of epidemics, such as the peasant property, so secure that the natural isadency of the people to increase has had fair play. They are a profit people by nature, or they could not have filled up a continent as they young, and they are as body fairiy moral people, who take great care of their children and rear large or moderate families. We saik know what two centures have done in the war what two centures have done in the analysis of the that analogy, and of our remark on the quick recurrence of Indian generations—most men being grandiations at 35-we may taking fluored the period of our rule the population of Bengal has increased threefold, and that of all India at least two folk, perhaps more, for while the avertage of least two conductions and the propose of the profit of our rule the population of Bengal has increased threefold, and that of all India at least two folk, perhaps more, for while the avertage of the substance for the propose of the period of our rule the population of Bengal has increased threefold, and that of all India at least two folk, perhaps more, but the substance for that purpose on the outer will be substance for that purpose on the outer will be a substance for that purpose on the outer will be a substance for that purpose on the outer will be a substance for that purpose on the outer will be an outer to the substance for that purpose on the outer will be no The cradle is one figure of the raquet, the swaying motion like the rocking of the cradle—and is as preity and poetic as a picture. The Knickerhocker is in 1-2-3-4 step from side to side, and is too tiresome to last long.

A new quadrille is easied "The Polo," and will be popular this winter. There is more balancing in quadrilles than has been the fashion of late years and less stately walking about, after the style of the old minusts of Washington's day, but whether it is an improvement or not would be hard to say. The practice which some young people seem to patronize of clasping each other round the waist or shoulders with a vigorous grip, in which the hands look muscular and obtrusive, does not seem to be quite necessary, any more than it is to clutch the fabric of the dress as if holding on for dear life. It is noticeable among neo-phyles that the gentlemen are more embarrassed than the ladies, and what they lose in self-possession they make up in vigor; but it is the ineigrant dancers who pound the hardest and are tired out the soones.

The Rockaway is a long silde step heel and too, the old polks size with variations and the conventional silde steps. The ripple calls for special music. It is a very pretty dance, and less tiresome than any of the others; but it requires a graceful, siender ligure and flying feet.

The old polks has gone out, by name, at least; so has the redown and the mazurka and the Highland scottische, and the waltz, as it used to be. The walking step is much faster in the glide than formerly. Dancing, to be anything now, is fast and furious, and not the slow promenade it has been for some years. The side motion is a decided innovation. Dancers do not hop up and down with the springy motion of the knee, as in the old waltzes, when people who are all nequalitied, and have them attend a dancing school under the name of "Mrs.—" so less, "where they long to discovery when the second the second of the grentens of the fluential hadies to get up a class of young people who are all nequalitied

The Pear Tree Blight.

The Pear Tree Bight.

Prom the American Journal of Microscopy.

Among the papers read before the American Society of Microscopy at Detroit, in August last, was one on "The So-Called Fire Bight of the Pear and Twig Bight of the Apple Tree." by T. J. Burrill, Professor of Botany and Horticulture at the Illinois State University. He says that various theories have been advanced, and one by one disproved, except the one of fungus growth. He has made extended investigations as to the cause and character of the disease, experimenting with a large number of trees, including the quines, tear, and apple. He concludes that the exciting cause of the disease is a living organism which produces fermentation in the carbonaceous compounds, starch, &c., in the cells of the plants affected.

Prof. Burrill has discovered bacteria in the fermenting julices of the diseased twigs. He believes that these organisms are the destructive agents which destroyed by formentation the starch in the cells and produced a deadly virus. He gathered a small quantity of the fermenting julices of diseased twigs and experimented by inoculation of healthy trees. He found that application of healthy trees. But by pricking the bark with a needle dipped in the virus he was able to inoculate healthy trees. He made experiments upon sixty-six trees of the pear, apple, and quince. Inoculation was succeeded in 65 per cent of the pear. 20 per cent, of the apple, and 100 per cent, of the quince. He exhibited a small vial of the deadly virus in solution, which contained the living bacteria. He said that there was enough to destroy a whole orchard. He regarded the diseases as one of the bark. It is evident that the only remedy for the disease; is the cutting of the affected branches and destruction by fire. Otherwise the fermenting fluid will involve new and healthy bark and slowly destroy the tree.

It is probable that Prof. Burrill has discovered what occurs in the progress of the disease, but the ultimate cause. Ilke the cause of yellow and healthy bark and s From the American Journal of Microscopy

A Bying School Girl's Last With.

A Bying School Girl's Last Whh.

From the Detroit Free Press.

At one of the public schools in the northwestern part of the city the puplis are spurred
to good behavior and study by cards of merit, a
day of parfect behavior and study being recognized by a fanciful small card. Twenty-four of
these cards entitle the pupit to one larger and
more ornamental card. Among the pupils was a
sweet little girl Tyears of age, whose pretty
ways and devotion to her lessons had won for
her the love and admiration of her school associates, and at the close of each day her name
was sure to be read from the roll of honer. A
few days since her seat at school was noticed to
be vacant, and regrets were expressed on all
sides, as it was the first "absont" marked
against her. The next day one of her little
schoolmates brought word that she was detained at home by illness. On the third day the
teacher received the following note:

My daring little girl is very sick, and, as I fear, is
dent. My dering little girl is very sick, and, as I fear, is dying. She has received twentieth the of the small cards of meris, and has asked me to send to you to see if you will not send her one of the larger cards. As sick is sure she would have been awarded the two cards necessary to receive the larger one, had she been able to attend school.

The note was road to the pupils, and for a

The note was read to the publis, and for a time the sense presented in that school room was most affecting. Not only was one large card sent to the dying pupil but eight of them were taken to her by her teacher, and those cards—the full complement possible for the term—were with the child and seemed a source of infinite comfort to her up to the time of her death. The child was buried on Thursday, and prominent among the many decorations upon the little casket wore the cards of merit, pathetically typical of the buried hopes, joys, and ambitions of the little one whose last dreams were of success. were of success.

The Commissioners of Charities and Correc-

tion will next week provide 50.000 tons of goal for dis-tribution among the poor. By dire tion of the Board, Mo. William Blake, Separatendent of Outdoor Relief, will choose a number of insectors to visit the residences of the applicants, and report upon the secret of their chimals occurrity. The cost will be given by tour and buff tons.

AN EPISODE OF BORDER LIFE. What OH Inspector Russey of Pittsburgh Saw in a Mining Town in Colorado. From the Pilleburgh Post.

"Wake up, Ramsey!" called out a companion of mine one morning at an early hour; wake up or you will mise the lynching." I had gone to bed at an early hour, tired and sleepy, and had heard nothing of the myder which had been committed during the night.

"Hullo! Jim, is that you?" said I. "When does the thing take place?"

"Pretty d-d quick," asswared my friend.

So hurriedly doming my clothes I sauntered out and found my "bunky" willing at the does of the sharty. We walked up street a short discussed in the out of a gambling hell we pushed through and entered the saloon, where we found a Coroner's jury impaneled and about to begin their investigation. Two tables, used for dealing fare, had been pushed together, and on them was stretched the dead body of a police officer. I had known him well, He was a splendid specimen of manbood, fully six feet six inches in height, and built in proportion, a quiet, inoffensive clizon, but athoroughly good offleer, On the too of the body in a control of hist-inch rope, neally rolled up, with a langman's noose a neally rolled up, with a langman's noose at one ond. As we entered the Coroner called the first witness, who, having been sworn, stated that on the evening pravious he had been in the gambling saloo of Jim Beggs, where two follows were playing eards. During the game they quarrelled about only the beggs to be dead to gambling, and both got up from the table and only the game they quarrelled about the officer through the heart." The witness had proceeded thus far, when a strauping big fellow, clad in a red flannel shirt and with pagnalous, stuck into his bootlegs, a broadbrimmed hat half hiding his dark eyes, quietly walked up to the dead body, and taking hold of the coil of rope, said: Boys, that's enought submitted to the examination. The lynchers, finding the strent had been and to the coil of rope, said: Boys, that's enought th

grasped the rope, and thus released the strangulation.

That won't do, Jim," cried the leader, and they let the dangling victim down again and speedily tied his hands behind him, and again elevated him, where he hung for nearly an hour. After it was ascertained that their victim was dead, the "committee" sent for a photographer, and had a photograph taken of the entire "gang." In the foreground the committee could be seen—every face easily recognized—while just behind them was the dangling dead man, his diamonds and jeweiry shining in the enry morning sun, and above him sat the assistant hangman, evidently proud of his station. The entire proceedings were as quiet as could possibly be; not a word or shout could be heard. The companion of the murderer was given six hours' time to get out of town, and was met some two miles away by some of his friends, who asked him where he was going.

"Oh, the boys gave me six hours to get out of town," said he, "and I am now five hours ahead of time."

This was my first initiation, into Western life.

This was my first initiation into Western life

SPORTSMEN'S PERILS.

Sunday hunting brought William Gillett of Maplet Pa., to grief. William Fuller, his companion, affued a duck, but shot off Gillett's arm. He is a poor coal min Frederick Burt, a boy aged 12, of Pelham, N. H., would insist upon putting a leaded gur into the wagon, breach first, though cantioned to leave it alone. They buried the boy on Wednesday last.

John Doe of Fredericktown, Mo., will find some diffi-cuity in future as to manual labor. He went lunning and, while leaning on his musket, it was accidentally discharged, learing both hands into shreds. Edwin Coolidge of South Framingham, Mass, wenduck shouting got excited, upset the boat lest a \$172 gun, and would have lest his life but for a young mannant Fales, who put out after him in a boat.

While string on a fence the gun of George W. Mitchell of Cynthians, &v., slipped and fell, the trigger struck a rail, the gun was discharged into George hand, and it was forn to slireds. His foneral followed on Sunday. was form to shreds. His foneral followed on Sunday. The coon that Joseph Boors, a boy of 17, of Weare, Mich., shot while hunting, was not dead when he went to pick him m, and he struck it with the butt of his gun, The coon still lives, but they buried Joseph on Tuesday, A Knights of Pythias club of Alton, III., were unexpectedly called upon to bury Charles Alt, a young mochanic. He went out hunting on Wednesday, and attenuated to draw his gun from the wagon with the muzzie toward him.

Re toward him.

William L. Hamon of Mount Vernon, Ohio, while huntims set his gun against a folios while he rested. The rail that the gun we discharged, and Hamon has a mutuated the gun we attacharged, and Hamon has a mutuated cost him his life.

Burton Smith of Danbury. Conn., has put away his hunting traps forever. He is but 16 years of age, yet he hunting traps forever he is but 16 years of age, yet he hunting traps forever. He is but 16 years of age, and on Thursday the county his abeliance four years ago, and on the second his face.

hose left his face.

While William Walker of Peru, III, was riding in his waron to the hunting district for a day's short the cut was accidentally discharged, tearing away his shoulder. The hores in his fright ran away and, breaking both legs, was necessarily shot.

was nucessarily shot.

Thomas Wolfert, living at Wolfert Station, New Jersey, was having a rare day's aport hunting on Wednesday, when a young gunner came along, took aim at a bird in the first fire. Funeral on Friday.

Urish Grider of Marietta, Pa., went with his triend, John E. Hoffer, hunting for anything. After Grider had shot all the small feathers he could find, he aemientally her the small feathers he could find, he aemientally highly the shot all the small feathers he could find, he aemientally highly shot from his head and face.

Ex-Shoriff Williamson of Liverpoot, Pa., while hunting laid, himself down to look into a hollow tree and, while in that position, drew his sun toward him by the barrels. The hunter is now without his left loc, and is busy in feel picking short from other parts of his body.

picking shot from other parts of his body.

A decreams running directly toward Absolom Armst of
Bushkill, Ph. as he sat at the camp free. In the excitment of the surprise he received for his gun ear-elessly,
and running, sumbled and fell, when the gun was discharged. His contrades carried his body bone.

Figeon shooting was a favorite ammement with John
Doian of Winnington, N. C. Two weeks ago, while leading
his gun, it was accidentally discharged and which of his neck
and face. His funeral took place a few days after.

rod, nowder, and shot through the loft side of his neck and face. He funeral borty, N. T., did not return from his unusing excursion when hight came on, and failed to make his appearance the next day. On Wednesday he was funish dead beaden a log, his dor lying by his sale, and the back of his head shot away. He had Just passed his twentesth birthday.

Bit Frederick, an East Coventry, Pa., lail of eighteen summers after blazing away at a ribbit with one barret of his gun, proceeded to relead. He somehow slipped, when off went the other barret of his gun and with it twent of the state of his gun, proceeded to relead. He somehow slipped, when off went the other barret of his gun and with it twent of the season. The same of the season.

Charles Rokes and David Hutchinson of Chester, Pa., went duck shooting in a boat. Hutchinson that a pocket pation well loaded with whiskey and used it oftener than he did his gun. He concluded to change places with Stekes, appsized the boat, and went to the bottom of the river, when the sport changed from bunting to fishing. Funeral after the Coroner flushed his labors.

Bear hunting has its exhilarating characteristics. Fritz Wolfkin came acress two hig cinnamon fellows on Friday near Deadwood. When Fritz was found his head was nearly ripped from his shoulders, both his arms were livoken, his lower jaw, hose, and one eye were connicted for the first his lower jaw, hose, and one eye were connicted for the first his lower jaw, hose, and one eye were connicted for the first his lower jaw, hose, and one eye were connicted for the first his labors of the river. All the first has experience with the brutes, calling it a splendid fight. It Courae following the first distribution of guing rabit hunting he might not now be employed picking about from his face. After shooting our rabiful, he sat on a rail sense releading the empty harred his document of the loaded one was still raised. A bloken witst and edistigured face are likely to end the season with him.

The Northampton Bank and its Robbers. It now looks as if the men who committed the

with the bank directors. Scott and Dunian are in the Charlestown State prison undergoing scatteres of twenty years each, and Droper is in the Northampton ball awaits one trial. It is said that his tail has been reduced from out tial. It is said that his tail has been reduced from \$55,000 to \$5,000, and he has written to his Brooking friends that he expects to be with them soon. This hing-lays long age offered to relatin everything but the freedy cash in consumptation of a commutation of the same tens so seem to Dunian and semency in the case of Fraper but he reduces the Massachusetts Round of Farefolis Raw positively refused to recommend these criminals to Facebanes to Research with Round of Farefolis Raw positively refused to recommend the secrements of the comments of the same times that the same times than who are friendly invared the bank may been clusted to places in the Konrd of Partons, and it is confidently to places in the Konrd of Partons, and it is confidently to places in the Konrd of Partons.