

pawned their coats and women their jewels, that they might buy a chance in the magical No. 57. In one day no less than seven thousand telegrams were received, asking for chances in the supposed lucky number. Up to the time of drawing there were sold no less than one million nine hundred and thirty thousand, four hundred and forty hazards on No. 57. At length some began to fear that the business might be overdone, or that it might go wrong after all. Terrible were the threats that were made against the poor chairmaker in case they were unsuccessful. Owing to these threats and for fear of a riot the police were all ordered on duty, and a company of soldiers was placed in position in various parts of the city. When the drawing took place, it was found that 56 was the lucky number and that 57 drew no prize whatever. Who can depict the grief, the despair of the poor, degraded, superstitious, priest-ridden people, or the curses, loud and deep, of those who consider themselves high in society, but who are given to pernicious gambling? In this connection, how simple and yet how grand is Paul's description of apostate Christendom, "And they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables."

Nothing shows better the frailty of the thread on which the peace of Europe hangs than the ill-concealed anxiety in diplomatic circles in respect to the affairs of Crete. This island has barely 200,000 inhabitants, pretty equally divided as regards religion into Mohammedans and nominal Christians, but all belonging to the Greek race. However, the Cretan Mohammedans, like their co-religionists in Bosnia, have become converts to Islam only to gain the favor of the Sultan. From time immemorial the Cretans have been hard to govern. They have an unconquerable aversion to paying taxes, and an extreme fondness for faction fights which have been quite frequent since they have had their own legislative assembly. In former times, whenever the Cretans showed themselves too boisterous, the Sultan sent an army to Crete and settled the matter by cutting off a number of infidel heads. This time-honored custom cannot now be indulged in, as the events of the last Russo-Turkish war convinced the Porte that there is danger in employing these high-handed measures towards its Christian subjects. Under these circumstances the Porte seems now willing to sell the island to whoever is disposed to buy. The only buyer, however, is the Greek government, which is not over-burdened with a supply of ready cash. If there was not such a vast amount of inflammable material in Europe, the troubles in Crete would attract small attention. The most natural solution of the problem would be to transfer the island to Greece, which is its manifest destiny. At present it seems quite possible that British capitalists may become guarantees to the Porte for the purchase money, and thus avoid a premature open-

ing of the Eastern question, while at the same time strengthening British influence in the Mediterranean.

The rush to the Paris Exposition still continues. It seems impossible to give an adequate idea of the vast numbers that swarm over that vast space known as the Champs de Mars. During the past week Paris has been visited with frequent showers, which have converted the streets into rivulets and the squares into miniature lakes. On some days, the rain fell in torrents continuously for hours; yet each day the number of visitors at the Exposition, exclusive of the vast army of attendants, exceeded one hundred thousand.

On the 27th of July, Hon. W. F. Cody, more commonly known as "Buffalo Bill," gave a dinner to Mr. Russell Harrison, son of the President of the United States. Such a dinner in such a style has perhaps never been seen before. It was served in one of the large cowboy tents, which had been fitted up for the occasion with flowers, flags, moose, elk, deer and buffalo horns, and all sorts of trophies from the wild regions of North America. As for the dinner itself, it was truly wonderful. There were genuine Yankee clam chowder, Boston brown bread, baked beans with a flavor of savory pork, also corn bread, mush and milk, and pumpkin and custard pies. Quite a number of French gentlemen and ladies had been invited to the dinner, and these were surprised as well as enthusiastic over the, to them, novel American dishes. Such expressions as "Vive l'Amerique," "Vive Columbia," "Mille tonnerres," and other peculiarly French expressions were often indulged in. The entertainment closed by singing "America." Mr. Harrison is a genuine westerner, being a resident of Montana, and long before his father entered the White House he was on his own hook the president of an important cattle association.

While this was going on at Paris, quite another and different scene was transpiring across the channel. At Buckingham Palace, amid all the splendid pomp of royal ceremonial, Princess Louise Victoria Alexandra Dagmar of Wales was married to Alexander William George Duff, Earl of Fife. The bells of London rang their merriest peals. During his many years' experience of "that fierce white light that beats upon a throne," the Prince of Wales has day by day been gaining a firmer and more lasting hold upon his future subjects. While in some countries the monarchical idea has been steadily growing older toward decay, in Britain it has been taking new and stronger root.

By his side has been a woman whom as Bacon said of Elizabeth, "Nature made a sovereign and accident a queen to be." With a gracious charm no foe to thrones could possibly resist, with the radiating kindness of a truly royal heart, this princess, this wife, this mother is more loyally loved in Great Britain with each succeeding day.

This is the first time the family

ties have been sundered by marriage. The occasion is not without its solemnity. There are epochs in the life of all when, however much the dominant sentiment may turn to congratulation and rejoicing, there is still an under-current of reflective seriousness which cannot be wholly ignored. Such an epoch has now been reached in the life of the Prince of Wales.

The marriage bell is ever a joyous sound, but when first heard for the wedding of a child, it tolls the knell of the parents' departing youth. So it is, and so it must be. A daughter has gone forth to become a wife. With kind words toward the bride, with good feeling toward the home she leaves and the home she will adorn, the British nation wished their princess well.

The evening before the marriage of the princess there was another event which deserves to be remembered. In the vast and magnificent hall of the National Liberal Club was given a splendid and enthusiastic reception to Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone on the occasion of their golden wedding. To describe the adornments of the hall, which for the time being was changed into a wilderness of flowers, or the vast crowd of more than twelve thousand of Britain's noblest sons and daughters that came through the driving rain to show their good will to the great statesman, would require a long chapter. Then the presents, especially the album, which contains an illustrated history of Mr. Gladstone's domestic and political life, would require another chapter. The words of the great ones there assembled, so full of wisdom and hope for the good of the British empire, deserve a thoughtful consideration. Especially so the closing words of Mr. Gladstone's address. He said: "Ladies and gentlemen: I shall not feel it necessary to introduce topics that will give pain to anyone; but I will venture to say that you can never be without abundant comfort and consolation. Your principles advance, not only at the time when you are in possession of political power, but likewise when you are excluded from it. Your work never ceases, but is always advancing from stage to stage, and humanly speaking you are independent of the leadership of any man. An internal and undying energy belongs to the cause itself, and you may rest assured that under the favor of Providence, as it has advanced, so it will continue to advance, and generation after generation will be its rejoicing witnesses."

J. H. WARD.

EUROPE, Aug. 5th, 1889.

THE value of a subterranean water supply is just about to be realized by the residents of South Dakota. The artesian wells which have been drilled in such large numbers during the past few years fully demonstrate that there lies underneath extensive districts in that region a vast reservoir of the purest water, which the people may draw upon at their own sweet will. This is a blessing for which they cannot feel too grateful.