

one of the gunwales in a most constrained position, and with his head buried in a water-glass eagerly scans the bottom as he is moved slowly over it. The water-glass is simply a wooden bucket, having a glass bottom, that is held an inch or so below the ruffled surface, and in these clear waters plainly reveals all submerged objects to a depth of forty or fifty feet. As a further aid in overcoming ripples or moderate waves, each small boat is provided with a bottle of oil so hung over the bow as to slowly drip its contents into the water.

Through his magic glass the observer sees darting fish, richly tinted sea-fans and feathers, branching coral, gorgeous anemones, bristling sea-porcupines, and the myriad other curious tenants of these tropic waters. While seeing this he makes no sign, until a small dark object that, to the untried eye, differs in no respect from the loggerheads surrounding it, comes within his range of vision. Then, without removing his gaze, he reaches for the long-handled sponge-hook or rake lying behind him, and using it with one hand, quickly tears from the bottom a black, slimy mass, that he triumphantly pronounces to be a sheep-wool or grass sponge of the first quality.

## VENICE.

[Lippencott's.]

If one enters Venice by night when the moon is making a path of silver down the Grand Canal, flooding with light the palaces whose dazzling reflections in the water render it hard to tell where the reality ends and the image begins, piercing the dim mazes of the side-canal, lifting the Rialto into heights of ethereal splendor, and transforming into fairy-like structures even the little bridges, one has, of course, seen the sea-city in a way that fills and enchants. Black gondolas with a lamp at their prow steal silently out of the shadows, draw up at marble stairs for a single figure to alight, then pass again into shadow. What silence, what mystery, what beauty! Even on a night without a moon, Venice is full of charm. The familiar domes, turrets, bell-towers are etched against the dark blue star-spangled sky; the lights on the Piazzetta twinkle magically; from the Piazza comes a strain played by horns and clarionets, breathing the human passion and feeling of the moving crowds going up and down the square and the groups eating ices at Florin's; the boats hang up their blue and crimson cressets flickering in long lines across the bay; the men-of-war in the harbor send up signal rockets which seem to run along the rigging as they gem the night with violet, gold, white and scarlet; the evening gun sounds from the training-ship and around us blows the wind from the Adriatic which the fishermen say is the "sea calling."

But, in spite of the subtle beauty of these impressions, one really sees Venice only when one sees her color. Yet perhaps on coming down the Grand Canal at mid-day, one's consciousness is not so absolutely of intense color as of translucence. All the surface seem to give out vibrations of light. The water, the palaces, the

sky, the farthest reaches of the lagoons, are all opalescent.

But fairest to me was Venice one afternoon towards sunset, when I was returning in a gondola from the Lido. Midway in crossing the bay Achille dropped his oar, and for a time we floated with a feeling of being suspended between the gently heaving sea of glass and the far-off sky, each suffused with softest rose-color. In front of us was Venice, the iridescent domes and minarets of St. Marks seeming to be drawn up into the amber and crimson of the sunset, the lovely outlines intensified and etherealized. Dark and rayless the Campanile reared its solemn height above the aerial mosque, and all the many turrets and spires and towers of the city that took shape against the mellow blendings of the west. Then at our left across the sea of rose and pearl rose the Euganean hills, their pyramids, towers and cones standing out in clear relief above the shining water-line against the gem-like blue of the sky.

## NOTES.

FROM ONE or the other political party there is going to be a big demand for crow-meat less than one week-hence.

ALMOST FOUR tons of paper will be required for the 11,874,000 ballots to be used in New York state. This would seem to assure a heavy vote.

PHOEBE COUZINS is reported as having said in London (England) the other day that the time had come for the women to use dynamite if they could not "get their rights any other way. Phoebe talks like an exasperated mine owner.

THE CHICAGO patriot whose ambition wasn't satisfied until he had registered seven times in one day last week, received the judge's admonition, "Fined \$50," with the observation that seven always was his unlucky number anyway.

THE LAST child of the Emperor of Germany, at whose christening there was so much pomp and such a display of royal clemency, is not only the first girl in a family of seven, but she is the first daughter that has been born to a sovereign of Prussia in a hundred years.

GENERAL ADLAI E. STEVENSON, the Democratic candidate for Vice President, gives to the public his letter of acceptance, a synopsis of which appears in the telegraphic columns of the News today. This is the last literature of the kind the public will see for about four years.

THE FREQUENCY of burglaries in this city and the large measure of immunity enjoyed by the offenders suggest that perhaps it would promote the general welfare if the police would stop the hot pursuit of clues and begin the hot pursuit of burglars.

THIS MORNING'S dispatches announce that Col. Ham will address a Democratic rally in New York this week. Although coming from Georgia, where Gen. Weaver and Mrs. Lease fared so poorly, it is understood that for this occasion Mr. Ham will be served without eggs.

JAMES McCORMICK, of Seymour, Indiana, is within a few days of 109 years old and is not preparing for a funeral yet by any means. He claims to distinctly remember a conversation with George Washington, but lets us off without spoiling his story by claiming to have been an officer in the former's command.

J. WESLEY HILL, the clerical sermon thief who recently conferred a boon upon the city of Ogden and the Methodists of Utah by moving to another field, has been unwinding one of his gory tales on the "Monstrosities of Mormonism" before his new flock in Montana. Of course the effort is no more his own than the gabble of a parrot can be called the product of its brain; and from the published synopsis which has been received it is evident that Rev. Hill is still without the decency to use quotation marks or to tell where he got his striking passages.

WHATEVER EVILS and weaknesses may be charged against the Turks, they must be credited with at least one good idea. Every Mussulman, however high his rank, from the sultan down to the lowest dervish, is compelled to have a trade. The grandfather of the present sultan was a toothpickmaker. The boatman, porter or groom is eligible to the grade of pasha. The butcher of today may be the generalissimo of tomorrow, and the lowest slave may become grand vizier.

ONE OF our Esquimaux (lady) visitors to the World's Fair has presented her lord and master particularly and this part of the globe generally with a daughter. The offspring was duly christened Columbia Susan. Not a strictly euphonious or decidedly taking name, except the first part of it, but it shows the good sense of the parents all the same. They find in the new land a great many things they are not accustomed to and it is the part of wisdom in them to partake of the simpler ones; hence Susan, Estelle, or Gladys, or Hazel, or Gwendolin, or even Maude, might have proved fatal.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 7.—Ex-Secretary Blaine came over to the White House in a cab this afternoon, and had an interview with the President for the first time since his return to Washington.

ASHLAND, Ore., Nov. 7.—Captain Thomas Smith, a prominent Oregon pioneer, died here last week, aged 85 years. Captain Smith came to Oregon in 1851, and was a conspicuous figure in the early history of the state. He was a member of the territorial legislature and was a captain of volunteers in the Rogue river Indian wars in the early fifties. About two years ago he was stricken with partial paralysis and has been helpless since.

SIoux CITY, Iowa, Nov. 7.—Several large bands of Pine Ridge agency Sioux, who were recently paid money for cattle turned over to the government for rations, have left the reservation and are now camped near Chardon and Hay Springs, Neb., where they are buying large quantities of supplies from the railroad stores.