

drawing heavily on the manhood of the east. From this all the old states have suffered. Massachusetts seems to have lost more than any.

There are parts of Northern Ohio which are portions of New England removed. Massachusetts shows the loss and Ohio the gain. Another curious fact is that while over the country more boys than girls are born, in the cities and towns there are more girls. Between the ages of 5 and 17, inclusive, there are 4680 more boys than girls in New York County, 1708 more in Kings County, 2725 more in the city of Baltimore, 1013 in Suffolk County, Massachusetts (Boston), 2003 more in Cook County (Chicago), Illinois; 2131 more in the city of St. Louis, 2071 more in Philadelphia County, and 2633 more in the parish of Orleans. All these cities, except New Orleans, are in states where more boys than girls are born.

In Georgia there are 137 counties, and in all but twenty-six of them there are more boys than girls. These twenty-six counties include the eleven large towns and cities. Strange that not one of the cities should be left out. Stranger still, the excess of girls is about in proportion to population. Savannah leads off with 528 more girls than boys; Atlanta, 385; Augusta, 303; Macon, 154; Columbus, 131; Cartersville, 122; Rome, 50; Athens, 50; Albany, 16; Griffin, 11, and Americus, 7. Savannah, though she has a somewhat smaller population than Atlanta, has a larger excess of girls. This seems to be peculiar to old cities. It is so with Baltimore, New Orleans and New York. The excess is greater in New Orleans than anywhere else. Is this a peculiarity of the French? The facts present a fact worth studying. Are there fewer men in the cities than in the country?

WILL THE TOWER BRING STORMS?

The Eiffel tower is said to have changed the climate of Paris. As a matter of fact there has been, coincident with its existence, a marked climatic alteration. We have an amount of sultriness, followed by heavy rainfalls and thunder-storms, which is, to say the least, abnormal. Nights are hotter than I ever felt them before, and New Yorkers find them quite as hot as any they remember in their own city. It is true that apart from the sprightly crowd at the Champs de Mars there is something peculiarly exhilarating in the atmosphere there. Is this because the tower is, like Jupiter, a collector of clouds charged with electricity and productive of thunderbolts? Scientists have not yet said their say. But it stands to reason, says a Paris letter to the *New York Tribune*, that when the key at the end of Franklin's kite-string was able to draw down a thunderbolt, the vast mass of iron which springs to the height of 380 yards into the sky, rather in the form of a steeple than a tower, ought to suck to it electricity in proportionate quantities and from great distances.

I have been a good deal to the Champs de Mars and never lost an opportunity to mount the tower. I have noticed from it that it is the rendezvous—to speak in a figure—of storm spirits, and, indeed, a kind of vortex into which they rush. When they do this they get unruly and behave like made things. As the witches say in Macbeth, they meet "in thunder, in lightning, and in rain." Nevertheless, there has not been a single electrical accident on or about the tower. Last Sunday I was perched high up there when the winds beat and the rain fell in deluges, and the thunderbolts went flying about, but somehow were impotent to do mischief. It was very curious to note how the storm-clouds rose, advanced, met, played their furious pranks, and, when a good deal spent, danced off again to collect fresh strength. As I saw the biggest of the white clouds and its dusky forerunner approach I climbed to the highest platform of the tower, and was hardly there when it was upon the giant with a crash of thunderbolts and a deluge of rain which I thought must sweep me off, notwithstanding the solid but low parapet. A sailor would have said: "What tremendous seas we ship!" For perhaps five minutes the rain formed a dense curtain and nothing was visible at a short distance. Then the upper atmosphere cleared and I was above the storm. I could see the other isolated clouds forming junctions, and there was, in the way of lightning, a fine pyrotechnic display. This lasted for perhaps half an hour. The storm-clouds then careered north, deluging, as I have since heard, the north side of Paris, and shivering trees. At Montmartre it divided, or forked, one part going on toward the southeast and the other north toward Montmorency. I also noticed that white contingent clouds arose in the direction in which the storm was going, and made for it, and that by the time the eastern section got to the horizon it took menacing proportions.—*Chicago Daily News*.

HOW THE PIANO GREW.

The piano, as we see it to-day, is the growth of centuries of invention, says the *Musical Courier*. In its infancy it was a harp with two or three strings. From time to time more strings were added, and after a while the cithara was born. The cithara was in the shape of the letter P and had ten strings. It took many centuries for musicians to get the idea of stretching the strings across an open box, but somewhere about the year 1200 this was thought of, and the dulcimer made its appearance, the strings being struck with hammers.

For another hundred years these hammers were in the hands of the player, and then some genius invented the keyboard, which, being struck by the fingers, moved the hammers. This instrument was called a clavictherium of keyed cithara. This underwent some modifications and improvements from time to time. In Queen Eliz-

abeth's time it was called a spine because the hammers were covered with spines of quills, which struck or caught the strings of wires and produced the sound.

From 1700 to 1800 it was much enlarged and improved, and called a harpsicord; and this was the instrument that Lady Washington, Mrs. Hamilton and the first ladies of revolutionary times played on. In 1710 Bartolmeo Cristofoli, an Italian, invented a key or key board, such as we have now substantially, which caused hammers to strike the wires from above, and thus developed the piano. In the last 150 years there is no musical instrument which has so completely absorbed the inventive faculty of man as the piano. At the present day the upright piano has the field almost entirely to itself, and has reached such a high grade of perfection in shape, tone, and appearance that there would appear to be no possibility of further improvement.

THE QUEEN PROMPTED HER.

"A delicious story, for the accuracy of which we can vouch," writes a correspondent of the *St. James's Gazette*, is "going around," anent Mr. Irving's and Miss Ellen Terry's visit to Sandringham. It appears that all was going beautifully with the "Merchant of Venice"—her Majesty seated in front, stick in hand and all attention—until Miss Terry's time came as Portia to deliver her great speech about "Mercy."

We all know how she does it, advancing toward the Jew and making a marked and peculiar pause before delivering her oration. The kind Queen, who was all attention, and had probably been carefully instructed in her own youth by the Duchess of Kent or her good governess in Shakespeare's "tit-bits," was eagerly following the gifted actress, but quite mistook the pause for some sudden failure of memory. Fancy Ellen being overawed by her Majesty into forgetting her part! So the Queen began prompting her quite low: "The quality of mercy," etc., but Miss Terry did not take the cue, and her Majesty then repeated rather more loudly and encouragingly. "The quality of mercy is not strained." This was almost too much for Miss Terry, but with a violent effort to suppress her twinkling merriment, she controlled herself and gracefully accepted her cue from her most gracious sovereign. Good Queen Bess, we know, used to shout at the preachers and correct them openly in theology when they preached before her, but this is probably the first time that an actress has ever been honored by having a queen and empress as stage prompter.

"I like the click of type in the composing stick of the printer better than the click of the musket in the hands of the soldier. It bears a leaden messenger of deadlier power, of sublimer force, and surer aim, which will hit its mark though it is a thousand years ahead."—*Chapin*.