

tree," or "Adam's tree." A mackereel sky provokes the saying: "We shall have wind, Adam's tree putting forth leaves." If the leaves appear in the afternoon it is a sign of fine weather; if early in the morning, of storm. The serpent that gnaws the roots of the Yggdrassill seeks the destruction of the universe. When the roots are eaten through the tree will fall over; the end of all things has come. The old English Maypole is the same tree, bursting into beauty and foliage in the spring. As our Anglo-Saxon forefathers regarded, with the Norseman, the ash as the world tree, and the ash is deciduous, they kept the festival of its restoration to vitality. The Germans took the evergreen alder as the symbol of the ever-living tree of the world's life. Yet they also keep some festival analogous to our Mayday.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

#### The Empress of Japan.

The London *Mode of Fashion* says that the Empress of Japan is at the head of a powerful movement for bettering the condition of the women of that country. She has established a college for women at Tokio, under the management of a committee of European and American women. The standard of education is very low, especially in the country district, and it is hoped that this college will prove a valuable aid in raising the women of Japan to a higher level. In one of the London hospitals there are now three Japanese ladies who are going through their training as nurses, with the intention of returning to their own country when qualified and teaching their own country women.—*Detroit Free Press*.

#### A Race of Dwarfs.

A representative of a very curious type of aborigines who dwell in a mountainous district in Guatemala, Central America, recently arrived in Philadelphia on a steamship from Aspinwall, in charge of Senor Arceaga, of Central America. The native represents a race of people hitherto almost entirely unknown, and the attention of several scientific societies in New York is to be called to him within a few days. The dwarf is not brought to this country for exhibition at a museum or elsewhere, but as an ethnological curiosity for scientific men to examine. The dwarf is 3 feet 8½ inches in height by actual measurement, but a remarkable specimen of humanity. His head measures 26¼ inches in circumference, and an American hat, size 8½, could barely be forced upon his head. A mass of long, straight, thick black hair covers his head in a thick shock and down almost to his neck. His skin is of a deep copper color and his features flat, like those of a negro race. But he has not the expression of a negro, nor the color.

He is undoubtedly of Indian extraction, but such an enormous though not ill-proportioned head set upon so diminutive a body makes a strong contrast, and his little arms, short legs and body add further to his peculiar looks. The Indian, or

whatever he might be called, is a powerfully built man when his size is taken into consideration—in fact he is a veritable little Hercules. His feet are five inches in length from heel to toe, and his fingers measure from two to two and one-half inches in length. His great peculiarity, however, is his face. His eyes are so widely separated as to leave room for the eyebrows to grow down on each side of the bridge of the nose and still leave a space between them and the corner of the eyes. He is forty-two years of age and is a priest of his tribe. In speaking of the dwarf, Senator Arceaga told a Philadelphia *Telegraph* reporter that during fourteen years sojourn in Central America and Guatemala he had heard of these little people and determined on his leaving the country to get a specimen and bring him to New York for the scientific world to see. He journeyed to the mountain home of the tribe of dwarfs, and after much bargaining secured the man he now has with him.

He says that the only other representative of the race ever seen by white men was a brother of the man he now has who was brought to New York many years ago but who died soon after landing here. These little people are semi-civilized and all speak Spanish, which is the language of the country.

#### Mrs. Cleveland and the White House.

It was one morning in the bedroom before the President's plans were settled, says a Washington letter to the *New York Times*, that Mrs. Cleveland talked frankly and sensibly about herself as mistress of the White House. "Four plans were fixed I should be glad," she said, "it would, of course, be a little relief to know where we shall live. But I am sure people can not understand how I feel about leaving the White House. They think it hard, I suppose, for me to give up the life here because I am young. But it is because I am a young woman that I feel less regret. If I had lived half or the greater part of my life before coming to the White House I know I should have more regret about leaving it. All of the women who have been here before me were older than I am. Most of them had a great deal of a woman's life before being called to this position, and I think they must have been more sorry to give it up than I can be. You see," with a smile of charming frankness. "I have not had my life yet. It is all before me—the real life and the real home. After my father died we had no settled home, my mother and myself. I was at school and then, you know, soon after came to the White House. I can't tell you how much I desire a home of my own. Oak View has given me some idea of a home life, but even there I have felt that it was only for a short time. Perhaps if this desire had not grown stronger and stronger I should feel more regret. As it is I am not saddened by the thought of leaving the White House. One thing, though, would make me very sad—if any change should be made in this beautiful house. It is to me, with all its asso-

ciations, the most beautiful house in the world. No other White House could ever be the same to the people, I am sure. If there must be anything new let it be executive offices, but never a new White House. It is not only the beauty of the old house that I love, but I have a feeling of reverence for the past. There has seemed in the busy life here so little time for me to think of its history and the people who have been here before me. But sometimes, when I am alone, and walk through the rooms and think of the men who have been presidents and of their wives, the grand old house gives me a feeling of awe. Oh, I could not bear to think of it as changed and different after I leave it. I want to think always of it as it is now and I know it—the White House of the people and the President's house."—*Ex.*

#### Degraded by Drink.

In 1873 Miss Elizabeth Hawley, then a bright-looking, intelligent girl of 17 years, taught a class in the Clement Grammar School. At the same time she presided over an infants' class in the Trinity Church Sunday school, the members of which esteemed her very highly for her many good qualities.

After two years' service as teacher in the public schools Miss Hawley resigned her position in 1875 to marry a ship-chandler's bookkeeper named Thompson, who has wealthy relatives residing at Cheyenne, W.T. For some time the couple moved in good society here, but suddenly they were lost sight of, and Mrs. Thompson was forgotten. Yesterday she appeared before the insane commissioners, on complaint of her aged mother, who charged her with habitual drunkenness.

Mrs. Thompson, when questioned relative to her sad history, exhibited great intelligence in her replies. Though only 33 years of age, her gray hair and wrinkled features gave her the appearance of a woman of sixty. She tearfully admitted that an insatiate desire for liquor was the cause of her downfall.

"When I ceased teaching, to marry my husband," said she, with emotion, "I had a happy future before me. I was in possession of a little property in Alameda, but shortly after our marriage my husband began drinking, and soon our little all disappeared. I began to drink at my husband's solicitation, and soon the day came when I began to drink to excess. After the birth of my two boys, the eldest of whom is 10 years old, I made a desperate effort to throw off the deadly habit, but failed. Here I am, at last, locked up like a felon—a miserable wretch! I never thought I would come to this; never!"

Mrs. Thompson said that she was willing to go to the asylum, as she was in hopes that a prolonged abstinence from liquor might cure her of her inordinate craving for it. Her two children, she said, are being cared for by her mother, and her husband deserted her seven months ago to work in Cheyenne, where he now is. She will be sent to Stockton today.