more on Isle Royale than were ever found in all other portions of the copper district combined. All over the island the evidences of the copper veins, having been worked by a prehistoric race, are found in abundance, not only in the pits themselves, but in the shape of vast numbers of stone hammers, and an occasional copper implement. These are the only relics the ancient miner left behind him; neither the vestige of a habitation, a grave, or a skeleton, has ever been found. Among the Indians who have inhabited this region from the advent of the white man in the seventeenth century, neither legend nor tradition exists to give the faintest clue to the identity of these ancient miners. At the Minong Mine, McCargoe's cove, there is an aggregation of these ancient pits extending over a length of nearly two miles, and covering an average width of four hundred feet; the successive pits indicating the mining-out of the belt, which is solid rock, to an average depth of at least twenty feet. Scattered all over the intervening ground are thousands of battered stone hammers, many of which have been grooved by manual attrition or impact, in order to fit them for the with handles with which they were undoubtedly supplied. The process of mining seems to have been to heat the embedding rocks by building fires on the outcrops of the veins or belts, and then partially to disintegrate the rocks by the contraction produced by the sudden throwing on of water, completing the removal of the native masses by knocking off the adhering particles of rock with the stone hammers (a modified form of this treatment has been experimented with of late years at some of the mines on the lake). This is proved by the presence, in all of the ancient pits, of large quantities of charred fire-brands and numberless stone hammers, the latter showing unmistakable evidence of long use.

That generation of miners has disappeared; but whence they came and whither they went, is a secret which will long puzzle men. In silence and solitude the isle probably slumbered until some time in the seventeenth century, when it was explored and mentioned by the early Jesuit missionaries; and again, in 1846, it presented a scene of considerable activity, since which time affairs have not prospered so well. Opinions are current, however, that in time, Isle Royale will hold up its head among the proudest of copper-producing regions, for it seems possible, if not probable, that the same belt of conglomerate rock which is worked by the Calumet and Hecla mines, outcrops at Isle Royale.

Noticeable Articles.

The Contemporary for November opens with an interesting article, in excellent English, on the present aspect of French politics, by Jules Simon, himself a prominent French politician. "France as a whole," he says, "has a perfect dread of the red flag, and of everything which reminds her of 1793." And, again, "She has not forgotten Sedan; the Bonapartist party is crushed for the moment, and it is doubtful if it can ever rise again." As a result of the recent election, "all our Paris deputies will be either Communists or Radicals. It is not a pleasant prospect," but "Paris is no longer France; it is only Paris; henceforth a riot in Paris does not mean a revolution in France. Even a mere Parisian riot has become, if not impossible, at least in the highest degree unlikely." One gathers from the paper that France is making real, if slow, progress toward becoming a firmly established republic; and yet one dares not prophesy about France.

From French politics the reader passes to "Recent Observations on Ants, Bees, and Wasps," by Sir John Lubbock, who knows their ways so well and very surprising ways they are. The ways of Servians and Bulgarians just now are very like those of angry wasps; and whoever wants to understand the position of affairs in Eastern Europe, will turn to a paper on the "Position of Greece in the present Crisis," by a Greek statesman, and read it in connection with one in the Nineteenth Century on the "Coup d' Etat in Eastern Roumelia."

The most amusing paper in the Fortnightly is "A Retrospect," by Mrs. Lynn Linton, the novelist, a collection of her own reminiscences. As a child she lived in Rochester, in the very house, on Gad's Hill, which Dickens afterward occupied. She knew the original of the elder Mr. Weller. "Old Mr. Weller was a real person, and we knew him. He was 'Old