THE CLARION.

ESTABLISHED February 18, 1837.) JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, JANUARY 12, 1887. (VOL. 49--NO. 54.

THE CLARION.

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ONE YEAR, ... $1 25
6 MONTHS, ... 75
IN CLUBS OF TWO OR MORE, PER YEAR, EACH 1 00

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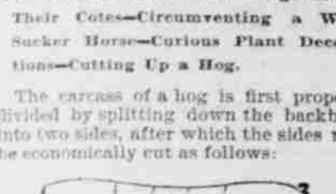
FARM AND GARDEN.

PROGRESSIVE AGRICULTURE—IN THE DAIRY—DRESSING POULTRY.

How Science Aids Farmers—Pigeons and Their Cotes—Circumventing a Wind Sucker Horse—Curious Plant Decorations—Cutting Up a Hog.

The carcass of a hog is first properly divided by splitting down the backbone into two sides, after which the sides may be economically cut as follows:



CARCASS OF A HOG.

The shoulder, No. 1 in the illustration, is cut as shown by the first dotted line. The ham (2) is cut in the direction of the curved dotted line, and the bone is sawed through a short distance from the hip joint. The small triangular rump piece (3) with or without the tail attached, is kept for a boiling piece and salted, as is the last loin piece (7). The pieces indicated by 4, 5, 6 may be used for roasting; or these may be cut up for chops and cutlets and eaten fresh; or the ribs may be taken out and the entire side, including the belly piece (8) cured for bacon. When this is not desired these pieces 4, 5, 6 can be salted for frying wet out of the pickle, in which condition they are extra nice and are termed by packers "mess pork," or when excessively fat, "clear mess pork." Then the belly piece (8) being composed of thin and alternate layers of fat and lean makes excellent bacon, the sort known as "English breakfast bacon."

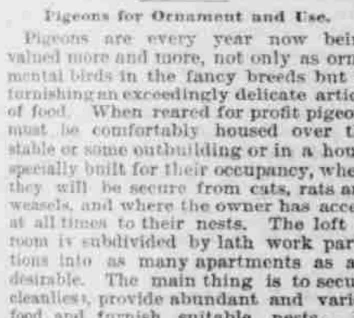
The head may be split down the face and the chops separated, salted and smoked. The ears and rest of the head are usually boiled with the trimmings of the hams and the feet and made into head cheese.

Bees and Grapes.

In a statement of experiments made at Aurora, Ills., forming a part of Professor Riley's report to the department of agriculture is described a bee proof house in which three colonies of bees brought nearly to the starvation point were confined with twenty different varieties of grapes on plates. The test was continued for thirty days. The bees showed no more disposition to attack thin skinned grapes than the other. As long as the skin remained whole they did not harm the grapes. When the skin was broken by violence they partook of the exposed juice. This experiment coincides with others made in the same direction in its results, viz., bees do not attack unbroken or whole grapes.

Pigeons for Ornament and Use.

Pigeons are every year now being valued more and more, not only as ornamental birds in the fancy breeds but as furnishing an exceedingly delicate article of food. When reared for profit pigeons must be comfortably housed over the stable or some outbuilding or in a house specially built for their occupancy, where they will be secure from cats, rats and weasels, and where the owner has access at all times to their nests. The loft or room is subdivided by lath work partitions into as many apartments as are desirable. The main thing is to secure cleanliness, provide abundant and varied food and furnish suitable nests. In and about large cities the raising of squabs for market is an important industry. Large lofts are hired at a merely nominal price and the pigeons permitted to forage in the streets at will. The result is a large number of squabs are produced for sale at an exceedingly small cost. Pigeons begin breeding at the age of nine months and breed every month in the year, except in the cold weather.



LOG CABIN PIGEON HOUSE.

It often occurs, however, that persons do not care to make a business of raising pigeons, but wish only to keep one or two ornamental varieties, in which case it is well to make the cotes or houses contribute to the ornamentation of the grounds. The above engraving represents a pigeon house of simple construction and attractive appearance. It is made of round and half round sticks of uniform size, which having been dried with the bark on, are tacked upon a box made for the purpose.

The dove cotes ought to be frequently cleaned, and it is a wise plan to paint them white, that color being very attractive to the birds and contributing to retain them when new cotes are made. A slip of wood should be placed in front of each cell for the pigeons to sit and coo on.

Pigeons are fond of all the grains, but wheat and cracked corn are perhaps most largely employed in feeding them, with occasional rations of crushed oyster shells and pounded mortar. Pigeons may be trained to return to their houses after they have indulged in an hour or two's flight by a shrill loud and prolonged whistle; after they have attended to the call some favorite food should be given them.

Various Colors in Milk.

The characteristic white color of milk has been attributed to different causes. The National Live Stock Journal claims that it is due to the casine in the milk. But milk is not generally of a pure white color. It varies in respect to shades as it does in richness by breed and feed, the latter sometimes giving different and very decided hues. As affected by breed the Guernseys give it the deepest yellow. Their milk, like their butter, is sometimes so deeply tinged as to approximate an orange red. The Jerseys, the Brittanys, the Kerrys and the Devons all give milk of high color, while the Dutch Ayrshires and Shorthorns turn out a paler product when all are living upon similar food. The cause of this difference is not easy to explain in a positive way.

It is a matter of common observation among dairymen that the yellow color in the flowers of yellow daisy and of dandelion when in full blossom is carried directly into the milk and gives intensity to its yellow shade and to the butter made from it. Carrots are well known to act in the same way and are often employed to give a deeper color to milk and butter. The juices of other plants which have a decided color of any shade are liable to, and do, occasionaly carry their peculiar tints into milk and into other animal products. Thus the coloring matter in madder, tumeric, annatto and other vegetable substances containing strongly colored juices make their impression upon milk and other secretions.

Scientific Farming Pays.

Farmers are gradually awaking to the fact that scientific farming under practical control pays, and that in the near future extensive farming will be the only kind that will stand the money test. The richest soils under crude culture and poor management fail to produce as profitable returns as do worn out soils cultivated by improved methods. In substantiation of this statement is the fact that the average of the last five harvests in the west was twenty-nine and a fraction bushels of cereals per acre, while the New England states, with good culture and liberal applications of fertilizers, yielded thirty and a fraction bushels per acre. The work of progressive men like Farish Furman, who increased the yield on sixty-four acres of scrub land from eight to one hundred bales of cotton by extra culture and generous manuring, is doing the whole country a service. But he does not stand alone in the good work. In all sections of the country progressive farmers are increasing, along with experiment stations and farms, and the result is a gradual increase of product per acre, with the margin of profit widened and the general condition of farmers improved.

Marketing Fowls.

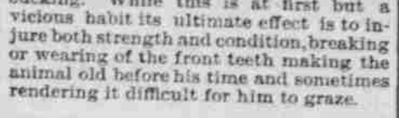
Poultry designed for market presents the best appearance when killed by cutting through the roof of the mouth to the brain with a sharp pointed knife. Dry picking is required in many markets and as a rule dry picked fowls gain the highest prices. Fowls are generally drawn but not always; this point must be decided by the requirements of the special market in which the birds are to be sold. The successful marketing of fowls, says The Poultry World, requires just three things:

1. That the fowls should be in prime condition.
2. That they should be neatly dressed.
3. That the special requirements of the market in which they are to be sold should be strictly complied with.

If these three requirements are met the fowls will bring the highest market prices and the seller will always find that his poultry will be in demand; if they are neglected they will bring a reduced price and the seller will find difficulty in disposing of them even at any price. "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well" certainly applies to marketing fowls.

How to Treat a Crib Biter.

Among the many annoying vices horses indulge in is that of crib biting and wind sucking. While this is at first but a vicious habit its ultimate effect is to injure both strength and condition, breaking or wearing of the front teeth making the animal old before his time and sometimes rendering it difficult for him to graze.



HITCHING ROD FOR CRIB BITER.

Readers who may be so unfortunate as to possess animals with this troublesome habit are advised to try the hitching rod represented in the engraving whenever it is desired to fasten the horse to a post. It consists of a piece of hickory, white oak or other tough wood, about twenty-four to thirty inches, thickest in the middle, where it ought to be an inch in diameter. A ferule with a ring is fastened to either end. In one ring a snap hook is placed while a short leather strap is passed through the other by which the stick is fastened to the post. A horse thus hitched cannot possibly reach the top of the post with his teeth, and, as every farmer knows, a crib biter cannot draw in the air or "suck wind" unless he has some projecting object that he can lay hold of with the teeth.

It need hardly be added that a crib biting horse when in a stall ought to be hitched with two straps one at each side of the stall and so short that he cannot reach either side to take hold of the rail or partition. Place a swinging feed box before an animal so secured and he must perforce suspend the vicious habit.

A Miniature Oak Tree.

If you want a pleasing and interesting object on your mantel shelf try growing an oak tree in a bulb glass. Suspend an acorn by a thread within half an inch of the surface of some rain water contained in a hyacinth glass, and permit it to remain undisturbed a few months, when it will burst and throw down a root into the water and shoot upward its straight and tapering stem with beautiful green leaves. These miniature trees live but a few months, but during that time afford considerable interest.

Growing Bulbs in Water.

The present is a good time to grow bulbs in hyacinth glasses for indoor decoration. The dark colored glasses are best, and single haycinths and narcissus the favorite bulbs. Place one bulb in each glass so that it will barely touch the water and set in a dark place. As soon as the roots have made fair growth expose the glasses and their contents to the light. Put into the water, after the bulbs have begun to grow a little, sulphate of ammonia. Change the water as it becomes impure and keep the glass sufficiently full, so that the bulb will always touch the water.

Facts Farmers Ought to Know.

Salt will absorb odors. Where is yours kept?

Warming the drinking water for milch cows pays in winter.

Leaves make a cheap and convenient bedding much liked by pigs.

It is not the largest hog that pays, but the one that makes the largest quantity of pork in the shortest time and on the smallest quantity of food.

A good way to keep cellars and rooms free from mildew is to close them tight and burn sulphur in them, not opening the doors and windows for an hour or two.

Many cider makers affirm that cider made in December is better and keeps in good drinking condition longer than when made earlier in the season.

Dr. William Mitchell, of Ohio, prefers clay floors for his houses, after having tried all other kinds.

Pounded oyster shells, clam shells or ground bone are among the best materials for furnishing lime to fowls.

Experiments at the Maine Agricultural station have demonstrated that about 8 per cent. more of the organic matter of ground corn is digested than of the whole grain.

In training young horses much time in the heavy work of a farm may be saved by the cultivation of a good walking gait.

HOW TO EAT WISELY.

What Food is Best—The Three Great Sources of Mischief—Meals.

As a universal rule in health, and with very rare exceptions in disease, that is best to be eaten which the appetite craves or the taste relishes. Persons rarely err in the quality of food eaten; nature's instincts are the wisest regulators in this respect. The great sources of mischief from eating are three—quantity, frequency, rapidity, and from these come the horrible dyspepsias which make of human life a burden, a torture, a living death. By eating fast, the stomach, like a bottle being filled through a funnel, is full and overflowing before we know it. But the most important reason is, the food is swallowed before time has been allowed to divide it in sufficiently small pieces with the teeth; for, like ice in a tumbler of water, the smaller the bits are the sooner they are dissolved. It has been seen with the naked eye that if solid food is cut up in pieces small as half a pea, it digests almost as soon, without being chewed at all, as if it had been well masticated. The best plan, therefore, is for all persons to thus comminute their food, for even if it is well chewed the comminution is no injury, while it is of very great importance in case of hurry, forgetfulness or bad teeth.

Cheerful conversation prevents rapid eating. It requires about five hours for a common meal to dissolve and pass out of the stomach, during which time this organ is incessantly at work, when it must have repose, as any other muscle or set of muscles, after such a length of effort. Hence persons should not eat within less than a five-hours' interval. The heart itself is at rest more than one-third of its time. The brain perishes without repose. Never force food on the stomach. All are tired when night comes. Every muscle of the body is weary and looks to the bed; but just as we lie down to rest every other part of the body, if we by a hearty meal give the stomach five hours' work, which in its weak state requires a much longer time to perform than at an earlier hour of the day, it is like imposing upon a servant a full day's labor just at the close of a hard day's work. Hence the unwisdom of eating heartily late in the day or evening; and no wonder it has cost many a man his life.

Always breakfast before work or exercise. No laborers or active persons should eat an atom later than sundown, and then it should not be over half the midday meal. Persons of sedentary habits or who are at all ailing should take absolutely nothing for supper beyond a single piece of cold stale bread and butter, or a ship biscuit with a single cup of warm drink. Such a supper will always give better sleep and prepare for a heartier breakfast, with the advantage of having the exercise of the whole day to grind it up and extract its nutriment. Never eat without an inclination.—Hall's Journal of Health.

Coffee Taverns in New York.

There has been a good deal of talk lately about setting up coffee taverns in New York on the plan now common in London. None of the papers seem to be aware that our German fellow citizens have been a good many years ahead of us in this commendable work. Ever since I owned my own time in New York I have been familiar with certain cozy quarters over on the east side, where, at the price of a dime one may linger an afternoon away over a cup of coffee and more papers and magazines than one can get through by the hardest kind of reading. Thousands of men who never enter the beer shop while away their evenings in these places. Chess or dominoes help literature to eke the entertainment out, and one can munch cake or biscuit or bread and cheese, if one is hungry.

The same sort of places in other sections of the town would undoubtedly gather a profitable clientele. But, like these, they must be attractive in appearance and comfortable in their appointments. The handicap to philanthropic experiments of this order with us is that we make them ugly and cheap looking. Men do not like to be reminded that they are regarded as too poor to have any elegance wasted on them. You must give them as cheery a welcome as the barroom does if you want to convert them to coffee.—Alfred Trumble in New York News.

SILENCE may be golden, but it doesn't necessarily make a millionaire out of a mute.—Philadelphia Call.

Notes From the I. I. & C.

COLUMBUS, Miss., Dec. 30, 1886.

EDITOR CLARION: There is one department in the Industrial training of the I. I. and C., which needs to be seen in operation, to be fully appreciated. This is modeling, free hand drawing and designing, as taught by Miss Sallie McLaurin and Miss Hutchinson. The pupils began last session with straight lines. At the end of a session and a half we find them so far advanced that the progress seems to have been wrought by magic, instead of persistent perseverance under best teaching. However, there is magic in both.

I visited the rooms of Misses McLaurin and Hutchinson a few days ago, and although I expected great things, I was not prepared to see what was shown me. The original designs in oil-cloth patterns, carpets and wall papering were beautiful. The exhibit in conventional work was extensive and splendidly executed. The pupils had woven the flowers of their choice into conventional designs. On the same papers were to be seen the flowers, leaves, stems, seed, all done in natural colors. These showed the most artistic conception and the most graceful and careful finish. Each piece shown me would serve as a lovely pattern for any suitable cloth or lace, or would have been beautiful in any style of decoration. I doubt if anywhere in the South such admirable work can be seen of this character. I saw also a fine collection of free-hand drawings and paintings. There were clusters of autumn leaves, whose coloring was especially admirable. One piece representing a bamboo vine attracted special praise. Another piece representing clusters of pepper with the green and red pods, the leaves and tiny white blossoms, was exceedingly natural. There were to be seen in this line nearly every flower familiar to Southern gardens and many other things, all finely copied from nature.

A very interesting display was the clay modeling. Barrels and tubs of clay showed where the apt fingers of the girls had been mixing and working the clay into proper shape for modeling. There were arranged on shelves many finished specimens of the girls' work. In the vegetable line were to be seen cabbages, turnips, beats, sweet potatoes and every other sort you can imagine; there were also all the fruits. Besides this there were leaves, flowers, branches of oak, sprays of ivy, etc. These clay specimens were completed during the lessons of the last few weeks. If the State could see them the I. I. and C. would have enthusiastic praise, and it would be even more firmly set in the esteem of the people.

The close of this session will show great progress in the arts of modeling and designing. The patrons of the College who have daughters studying these industries have cause for congratulation that the teachers, Misses McLaurin and Hutchinson, are so pre-eminent in their professions.

MOLLIE MCGEE SNELL.

FOR THE CLARION.]

A BOY'S DIARY.

BY IDA TYNES HARVEY.

I am going to keep a diary. I heard Squire Meeks tell pa only two days ago that all smart men kept diaries; and he started one when a young man. Now if he had started one when a boy like me, he might have been Bob Taylor, of Tennessee, or Henry Grady, of Atlanta. Anyway, if keeping diaries make men smart, it will make boys smart, too, so by the time I am as big as pa I will buy a ship and sail away like Mr. C. Columbus and discover a new America where boys are treated respectably. Here they have no peace of their lives. You have to give an account of deeds done in the body just the same as if it was judgment day. I don't like this close questioning. It makes a boy unreliable. Some folks think boys have no business with eyes and ears, and when you tell a boy what to say, and he says it, they are mad. Just like ma was yesterday, when Mr. Puffbox called to see Sis. Ma told me to go down and tell him Sis. was not at home. I went as straight as I could, and said, "Mr. Puffbox, Ma says Sis says she is not at home." Ma was a the head of the stairs and heard exactly what I said. I knew that was not telling things to go heaven on, but ma said tell it and so did I. When the front door closed, ma says, "Ja-key." Now that is my name, and I don't mind being called by it, but when ma kinder divides it and takes it in her mouth like it wasn't fit for a decent boy to have. I kinder feel billious, for I know from experience what such accenting means. I walked up stairs and followed ma into her room and she shut the door.

The next day the school teacher asked me why I took such a strange position why I did not sit like the other boys. I told him it was for the want of something to sit on. As I said just now, a boy that keeps out of trouble has no use for eyes and ears.

The day ma had the Toppots to dine with her, I was down in the kitchen and saw the cook skim three flies out of the pudding; one got stirred under before she could shove him off. When the company was at the table and ma was pouring the coffee into the new tea-cups she gave such a big price for, and pa got all-firing mad about, but ma said they were "style" and she must have them if pa plowed up the place. Everybody was enjoying the nice things ma had been all the week cooking, when Mrs. Toppots patted me on the head and said, I was an "uncommonly bright boy," and asked me how I was "enjoying the pudding." I told her it was much better than I thought it would be when I saw cook "stir in the fly." She kinder coughed and put her napkin up to her mouth like she had something in it that was hot, and pushed her plate to one side. Pa seemed to be looking for something on the floor. Sis looked white and scared, and ma turned red in the face. I could not imagine what was the matter. I thought we were all poisoned; but I knew we were not at a Sunday School picnic, so I felt relieved, and says, "Mrs. Toppots, have some more pudding." "Ja-key," says ma, "go right up to my room and remain until I call for thee." It was not the number of words used—they were few—but they spoke volumes. The pudding in my mouth refused to go down as I stole from my chair, and my shadow in that room was a thing of the past. The Venitian mirror in ma's room, with its velvet and lace hangings, reflected the form of a poor, uneasy boy. You would have called yourself a cheated man if you had swapped a raw-boned, sore-back Texas mustang for a Kentucky racer if I had been thrown in as boot, you would have gone home weak and tired with your bargain. The next half hour to me was one of anxiety; but it settled down to a sad certainty when ma came in. She closed the door. For the next fifteen minutes you might have thought some one was tallying scores for a base-ball game, or that a Charleston earthquake held possession of that one room of our house; but such was not the case; there was not a soul in that room but ma and me—just us two. Ma seemed to get sorry and held up, and says, "Ja-key, do you think you can control your tongue now?" "Yes, mam," says I, "He that keepeth his mouth and tongue, keepeth his soul from trouble." "Ja-key," says ma, "Yes, mam," says I. Ma looked tired and I did not feel like arguing.

Not only my soul seemed troubled, but the rest of me felt considerably troubled too. "Ma," says I, "I am going West." "Ja-key," says ma, "if you say 'go West' to me again you will find your remnants so scattered over that back yard, there will not be enough of you left to go West or East either." I don't know what ma meant by "remnants," but I guess I won't go West.

All this comes of a boy having eyes, and the same eyes Janey Stokes said were so beautiful the morning I scared the milk cow out of the road and helped her off the fence and walked by her to school. She said anybody to look in my eyes could tell I was a brave boy. I would hate to be blind and deaf, but I'll be blest if it would not be a relief, for with ma on one side and pa on the other, I am wearing away like a consumptive. Pa is an awful popular man. He says it is proved by the important offices he holds. He is deacon of the church, leader in prayer-meeting, door-keeper in the Knights of Honor, an alderman and street commissioner. The business of these last three offices has to be attended to at night. Pa says it jirks his heart-strings to leave his dear family seven nights in a week, but his position demands it and he is a martyr for the sake of the public good. Ma says this is all "stuff," and pa looks uneasy when ma questions him about what goes on at the meetings, and tells him his breath smells like a mixture of parched coffee and red pepper.

When the Knights of Honor had their big charity ball down at Slylick, pa said he wanted to go. Ma said he would go down there and spend more money than he had any business. Pa told her to say no more, and he would take a little book along and set down everything he spent, and give her all he brought back. This seemed to please ma, for pa had twenty-five dollars, and said it would not take no more than half that for his expenses. When pa was gone ma told sis, if pa brought as much as ten dollars back she bet she wore a bonnet next Sunday a sight finer than Mrs. Highflyer's new one. Pa staid two days over his time, and came home without a cent. He was so sick and broke up, with the duties his popularity brought on him he said that ma did not have the heart to upbraid him. Pa did not go out for nearly a week, but lay on the lounge in ma's room and talked of the comforts and blessings of home until ma would wipe her eyes with her apron. Pa showed ma the little book with everything set down. He had to pay big prices for meals, and extra for coffee, he had to pay a dollar for one pocket handkerchief and two and a half to get his boot mended. Ma said she thought his boots were new, but he said they ripped anyway. Ma said she did not see why the Knights of Honor selected a place for their ball where everything was so dear. Pa said they would not get his money next time; he would stay away and they would miss him, too, for he was so popular.

Things were mighty pleasant, and might have remained so if it had not been for me. Pa got well and went down town. Ma sent me to the drug store for half a pound of black pepper. Pa was standing with his back to me, talking with a stranger and laughing fit to kill. I kinder walked slow, when I heard pa say he knew Slylick was the cheapest place he ever struck; if it hadn't been, he would have been "strapped" two days before he was. How, with the "buggy rides," "French teas" and "operas," he carried the girls to, he just did have money enough to get home. When I got back with the pepper ma was abusing the people of Slylick with a sharpness of three-day-old cider. She said they were just next to robbers, to take the money from a poor, hard-working man that was needed for the support of his family. She had that same old bonnet to wear, although she had been down to the milliner's and picked out the very one she wanted. Now, if there is anything I hate, it is to hear people abused behind their backs. I felt indignant and spoke up and says, "Ma, you are mistaken, for I just heard pa say they were the best and kindest people he ever met. He says he had 'five buggy rides, carried three different girls to the opera, drank more wine, smoked the best cigars and had a bigger time than any man there.' When he settled up he was four dollars and sixty-three cents behind, and the proprietor gave him a receipt in full. Now that is what I call doing the handsome thing by a man, if he is a stranger." If a bomb from a Chicago Anarchist had fell and busted right in the room, ma wouldn't have looked any worse. "Is that so, Ja-key?" says ma. "Yes, mam," says I. "I hope you think better of the Slylick people now, ma." "Better of the people, but worse of your pa, Jakey," says ma. Then she began sitting the chairs back against the wall, pushed the center table into the corner of the room, and seemed busy preparing for something—I did not know what. I suddenly thought it time to go to school.

When I came home at dinner the first thing I saw was pa coming round the corner of the house in a big hurry. He did not have on any hat; one suspender was gone, and he looked tired and weak. He seemed fresh from the field of action. There appeared to be no agreement of commanders, and he was in full retreat, but the flag of truce about a quarter of a yard behind him fluttered to the breeze. When his eye fell on me he seemed to realize the situation. With one hand he staid the waning strength of his last and fast weakening suspender, while with the other he deftly furled the flag and tucked it out of sight, and gently called my name. To me the tone seemed more ominous than the rumbling sounds of Mount Vesuvius. I followed as he turned his steps toward the wood-shed, for I saw the sudden light of the firm determination playing over his countenance and knew my company was a necessity. Here we will let the curtain fall, my beloved diary. Your sweet presence has done much to soothe and alleviate the sufferings of a broken heart. But I find the stinging effects of a well-wielded shingle ever present with me. For the present I will say, good-bye.

JAKEY.

CURIOUS ELECTRICAL PHENOMENON.

A Strange Meteorological Occurrence in Venezuela—An Official's Account.

The following brief account of a recent strange meteorological occurrence may be of interest to your readers as an addition to the list of electrical eccentricities:

During the night of the 24th of October last, which was rainy and tempestuous, a family of nine persons, sleeping in a hut a few leagues from Maracaibo, were awakened by a loud humming noise and a vivid dazzling light, which brilliantly illuminated the interior of the house.

The occupants, completely terror stricken, and believing, as they relate, that the end of the world had come, threw themselves on their knees and commenced to pray, but their devotions were almost immediately interrupted by violent vomitings, and extensive swellings commenced to appear in the upper part of their bodies, this being particularly noticeable about the face and lips.

It is to be noted that the brilliant light was not accompanied by a sensation of heat, although there was a smoky appearance and a peculiar smell.

The next morning the swellings had subsided, leaving upon the face and body large black blotches. No special pain was felt until the ninth day, when the skin peeled off, and these blotches were transformed into virulent raw sores.

The hair of the head fell off upon the side which happened to be underneath when the phenomenon occurred, the same side of the body being, in all nine cases, the more seriously injured.

The remarkable part of the occurrence is that the house was uninjured, all doors and windows being closed at the time.

No trace of lightning could afterward be observed in any part of the building, and all the sufferers unite in saying that there was no detonation, but only the loud humming already mentioned.

Another curious attendant circumstance is that the trees around the house showed no signs of injury until the ninth day, when they suddenly withered, almost simultaneously with the development of the sores upon the bodies of the occupants of the house.

This is perhaps a mere coincidence, but it is remarkable that the same susceptibility to electrical effects, with the same lapse of time, should be observed in both animal and vegetable organisms.

I have visited the sufferers, who are now in one of the hospitals of this city; and although their appearance is truly horrible, yet it is hoped that in no case will the injuries prove fatal.

WARNER COWGILL.

U. S. Consulate, Maracaibo, Venezuela.—Scientific American.

THE consumption of lead-pencils in the United States is placed at 250,000 a day. If every woman who uses a lead-pencil were to sharpen her own the consumption, it is estimated, would amount to about 250,000,000 a day.—N. Y. Mail.

THE Boston Transcript tells of a spinster in that town who says that she wants to get married because the Bible says "there is none good, not won."

A REAL ROMANCE;

—OR,—

THE LOVE STORY

—OF—

Myra Clark Gaines!

—BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.—

[Written for The New York Waverly, and published in THE CLARION by permission.]

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

Mr. D. arose from the table, evidently much annoyed. Myra's heart beat quick. Why should she tremble, why should every nerve in her slight frame thrill so, if the stranger were no more to her than a hundred others had been? Why was it that the laugh died on her lip, and all her courage fled, when she saw the displeasure so strongly marked in her father's face.

Was the young girl awaking from her dream? did she begin to feel how truly, how ardently she loved? or was the rosy veil but half lifted from her heart?

She cast a supplicating glance at her mother, and her look was answered by one of sweet and undisturbed affection. That feminine and lovely woman could sympathize far better with the sweet, wild feelings that broke so eloquently, that moment, through the troubled eyes of her child, than with the stern displeasure of her husband.

She arose from the breakfast-table and glided from the room, making a sign for her daughter to follow.

"Stay," said the master of the house, addressing Myra, as she was turning toward her own room. "I would ask a single question, and then let us have done with the impostor, for, doubtless, he is such."

"No, father, no; I would pledge my life for his honor; he is no impostor," exclaimed Myra, as her father led the way to a little study that opened from the breakfast-room.

"As you would have done for the gentlemanly old man with the Bible, I dare say," was the half-humorous, half-ironical rejoinder. "But answer my question, Myra: has this young man ever presumed to lift his eyes to you as an equal? has he ever uttered a word that might lead you to suppose that he thinks of you save as a stranger.?"

"Indeed, papa, he never has—far, far from it. When other young men have overwhelmed me with flatteries; when, as your heiress, homage of every kind has been lavished upon me, he alone was silent. Always respectful, always kind, he has never, for one moment, taken the attitude often assumed by other young men who could not boast a tithe of his merit. He has seldom spoken to me of himself—never has the word love passed between us."

"You are eloquent, Myra, alike in the praise and in the defense of this stranger."

"I speak but the truth, papa."

"Well, I am glad of it. The whole affair can be more readily dismissed than I supposed. Now go to your chamber, and think no more about it."

"Think no more about it;" truly it was a request easily made, but how impossible to obey. Why, the very thought of that stranger youth had henceforth the power of an angel spirit which might steal down and trouble the still waters of her heart forever. Myra knew not even yet that this spirit took the form of love.

She entered her boudoir again, and flung herself upon her couch, but how changed were her feelings—the sweet dream, so tranquil, so full of rosy content, was swept away like a cloud. Her heart was in a tumult, her cheek burned, her eyes filled with tears. She felt indignant that her father should, for one moment, hold a doubt of the being in whom she put such perfect trust.

Thus musing with herself, the young girl spent an hour of disquiet, when her reverie was disturbed by a servant, who informed her that Mr. Whitney was in the drawing-room. Her first sensation was a thrill of joy, such as had long, unconsciously, followed his approach. The next was a feeling of reserve, a shy, half-distrustful sensation, such as had never possessed her warm, frank nature before.

She went down, not, as had been her want, with the step of a gazelle, and with a glad smile sparkling in her eyes and on her lip, but with a lingering tread and eyes veiled by their snowy lids and dark lashes. She entered the drawing-room so gently that its occupant did not at first observe her.

He stood by a marble table, near the window, turning over some books that lay upon it. The light which fell over him was subdued by many a glowing fold of damask that swept over the windows, thus giving the dim look of marble to features so perfectly classical in their outline, that but the thick waving hair, and the glow of life that pervaded them, the head might have been taken for that of some antique statue. To these manly attractions was added a figure, tall beyond the ordinary standard, sinewy, athletic, and yet full of subtle grace.

While he thought himself alone a look of tranquil repose lay upon young Whitney's features, but the moment he lifted his head and saw the fair girl who stood hesitating by the door, the whole character of his face changed; a glow of animation lighted up his face, and he came forward with all the eager cordiality that her previous frank bearing had always warranted.

Myra hesitated before she reached forth her hand, and when she did place it in his, it quivered like an aspen. The young man looked earnestly in her changing face, and then led her to a seat, himself a prey to all the quick apprehension that her unusual restraint was calculated to inspire. A few commonplace words were spoken, then both became silent and preoccupied.

At length Myra observed that her father had returned home that morning, but she blushed while saying it, as if the young man could have guessed at the conversation that had given so much pain to herself.

A vague idea of the truth did evidently flash across the young man's mind, for he turned another long and earnest look upon her face, which was now glowing crimson to her temples, and when he turned his eyes away, the faintest possible smile stole over his lips.

"It is," he said, with a faint sign—"it is now more than two months since I arrived in Philadelphia. All that time your mamma has received me as a guest. Perhaps I should not have accepted this hospitality without first convincing her that I was not unworthy of it; but I found it so sweet to be taken on trust, so flattering to be valued for myself alone, that I had almost forgotten the reasonable demands of society. I ought long since to have convinced her that it was no impostor to whom her kindness had been extended."

"Impostor!" exclaimed Myra, with a smile that told how impossible she thought it that even suspicion should be attached to him.

"What if I were to be suspected as such?" added Whitney, with an answering smile.

"I would not believe it—I would believe no wrong of you, though your own lips asserted it!" was the generous reply.

The color swept over young Whitney's face, and there was something in his eyes that deepened the crimson on Myra's cheek; but he only answered, in a low and earnest voice:

"I thank you; with my whole heart I thank you for this confidence."

Then, after a moment's hesitation, he took from his pocket several letters which, with a hand that trembled somewhat, he presented to the young girl. She took them to the window, and, half shaded by the curtains, began to read, rejoicing in the obscurity, for she felt a terror that the quick beating of her heart might become visible.

The letters were from several of the first men in America—and whose autographs had become familiar to Myra upon the public records of the land. Nothing could have been more ample than the testimonials that these men gave of the high worth, talent, and position sustained by young Whitney.

Myra read these letters with a feeling of proud triumph. Her trust in him was sustained; she had never distrusted his worth, and in her hand she held the proud power of crushing every doubt that her father might have had. Merit to which the highest and purest in the land bore such testimony could never again become the subject of dispute.

She returned to Mr. Whitney. The generous enthusiasm that wholly possessed her beamed in every lineament of a face lovely in itself, but most remarkable for a quick and brilliant expression seldom equaled in the human countenance.

"Mr. Whitney, may I retain these only a short time? My father—he will be pleased to see them."

Myra was petite and slight in her person, almost as a fairy. As she stood clasping the letters between her hands, and with her eyes uplifted toward him, those eyes, so brilliant with every feeling of the heart, a prettier contrast with his tall and stately form could not well be imagined.

"Certainly; do with them as you please," he said; "but you must not allow your father to suppose that I exhibit them for ostentation."

"Oh, he will not think that!" cried Myra, extending her hand, for her guest was about to take his leave. "He will never think anything that is not noble and good of you, I am sure."

"To morrow, then—to-morrow I will call for the letters."

"Yes, to-morrow," replied Myra; and while a servant opened the door for her guest, she entered her father's study.

Mr. D. was seated by his escritoire, reading some papers. He looked up as Myra entered, and smiled kindly upon her.

"What visitor have you had?" he inquired, folding up the paper in his hand. "Did I not hear some one go out a moment since?"

"Yes, sir; it was Mr. Whitney."

Mr. D. tossed the paper he held upon the escritoire, and his brow contracted.

"Mr. Whitney again! Have I not told you, Myra, that no man of whose character I am not well informed shall visit my house? How can you thus receive a person of whom you know nothing?"

"But, papa, I do know all about him, now, and so may you; only read these letters, and you will find that his family is as good as ours; his character irreproachable; his position everything that can warrant the acquaintance he has sought."

Mr. D. took the letters very coldly, and without another word proceeded to read them. Myra watched his countenance with a palpitating heart. The frown remained immovable on his forehead, and his mouth relaxed nothing of its stern expression. Coldly and deliberately he read the letters through; laid them down one by one, and then placing his hand upon the parcel, turned to his daughter.

"What proof have we that these are not forgeries?" he said.

Myra's heart swelled indignantly. She could hardly force herself to answer. It seemed as if her father had determined to receive no evidence in favor of the man, against whom he had taken a prejudice that, to her warm nature, seemed most unjust and causeless.

"The handwriting, the autographs, are they not genuine? are they not sufficient?"

Mr. D. took up one of the letters and examined it closely.

"The letters may be genuine; but what proof have we that this young man came by them honorably—in short, that his name is Whitney, or that he is at all the person for whom he represents himself?"

"Oh, papa, this is too much! Only see this young gentleman yourself, and then judge if he can be suspected of obtaining those letters by dishonorable means."

Myra waited for some answer to her appeal, but he coldly took up the paper he had been reading as she came in, and seemed to cast the subject of conversation from his mind. Myra went to her chamber with a heavy heart; she felt chilled and hurt by her father's coldness; perhaps, too, there was in her heart a feeling of disappointment regarding Whitney also.

In the slight mystery that had, up to that day, enveloped him, her ardent fancy had found something for the imagination to dwell upon. In the generosity of her youth she had rather hoped that he might prove one of those rare geniuses that struggle from an obscure origin and through poverty, to the intellectual and moral eminence which alone she prized, and which she was certain he had attained.

Perhaps some vague fancy of relieving his poverty by the wealth which, as her father's heiress, she must one day possess, had formed part of the day-dreams which of late had haunted her.

Certain it is that a sensation of regret mingled with the sadness that her father's settled disapprobation had cast upon her spirits. She felt almost grieved by the proof that, even as a friend—for she had not allowed her thoughts to range beyond that gentle character—Whitney, from his worldly position, would never require a sacrifice from her.

The next day Whitney called again—called to take leave. He was about returning to his native State, and had only a moment in which to utter thanks and farewell to the friends whose kindness he should never cease to remember with gratitude.

In a few months—it might be weeks—he would again visit Philadelphia, and to renew the acquaintance he had made would be one of his sweetest hopes till then.

Myra heard all this with that quiet and gentle dignity which no surprise could wholly conquer.

She saw that her guest was agitated, that he was not taking leave of her with the indifference of a common acquaintance; and with that deep trust which true affection gives to the heart, her thoughts turned to the future. A few broken sentences passed between them, and then Myra went to her father for the letters that he had locked in his escritoire the day before.

"I will bring the letters myself," was the cold reply which was given to her request, and Myra returned to the drawing room pale and agitated, for there was something in her father's manner that filled her with vague apprehension.

A few moments elapsed, and then measured footsteps in the hall made the young girl's heart beat quick as she listened.

They approached the drawing-room door; it was opened, and with a cold and stately politeness, Mr. D. entered, holding the letters in his hand. He approached Mr. Whitney, who had risen to receive him, and now resumed his seat.

"Sir," he said, gravely drawing a chair and seating himself opposite to the young man, "there are the letters with which you have honored me; they are perfectly satisfactory."

There was something so chill and cutting in the measured tones and unbending courtesy with which this was said, that it had all the effect of an insult without yielding an excuse for resentment.

Whitney took the letters, and the color mounted to his temples. "I trust," he said, "that there is nothing in the letters, or in the manner of presenting them, that could give offense?"

Before answering, Mr. D. turned his eyes upon Myra, who sat pale and dismayed in a corner of the sofa, and made a motion of the head that she should leave the room.

The young girl arose trembling in every limb, and left the room; but while she stood upon the threshold struggling for strength to move on, her father spoke. "May I ask you, sir, why those letters were presented to my daughter?"

Whitney's voice was low but firm, as he answered:

"I have received much kindness from your family, sir, within the last two months, and could not leave the city, as I am about to do, without giving Mrs. D. and your daughter all the proof in my power that their hospitality had not been unworthily bestowed."

"And was this your only motive sir?"

"It was my only motive."

"And have you not presumed to place yourself on an equality with my daughter? Have you not taken advantage of her youth and my absence to ingratiate yourself in her favor? In short, sir, have you not presumed upon the hospitality awarded by my wife, and offered address to my child, every way distasteful to her family?"

"No, sir, no, I have not thus presumed."

Myra heard no more—a sharp sense of humiliation, a thousand confused thoughts flashed through her brain, and with a pang at her heart such as she had never dreamed of before, she darted up the stairs. White and gasping for breath, she paused at the top, made a grasp at the baluster for support, and, for the first time in her life, she fainted upon the floor.

Humiliating and bitter, indeed, were the thoughts that flowed through the young girl's mind, when she awoke from her swoon and found the sweet face of her mother bending over her; proud and keenly sensitive, she felt as if the dignity of her self respect had been irretrievably outraged. Never in this life had young Whitney spoken to her of love, and in all her thoughts of him, the idea of passion had never once mingled.

But now she felt in her innermost heart that something stronger and more powerful than mere friendship had driven the blood from her heart when she heard him so cruelly arraigned for feelings and hopes that he had never breathed, perhaps had never felt.

This knowedge of her own heart, thrust so rudely on the young girl, was but another pang added to her outraged pride, and for days not even the sweet and soothing care of her mother had power to console her.

In this state of feeling, Mr. D. left his child and retured to his legislative duties. The very day after his departure from home, there came a letter for Myra—a letter from the man who now occupied her every thought. She broke the seal in the presence of her mother, and read such words as made her heart thrill and her pale cheek glow again.

"Nothing but the harsh words of your father would have given me confidence to address you so," the letter said; "but there was something in those words, cruel and cold as they were, that gave me the first gleam of hope I have dared to entertain—hope that the great love I feel for you might be returned. Say only that this hope—it is faint and humble—will not be thought presumption, and surely some means can be found by which the prejudice which your father exhibits against me will be removed."

She loved, she was beloved. The weight that had bowed down her pride was swept away by that letter, like mist before a glowing sun. A hopeful and joyous creature was Myra, and her light heart shook off the trouble that had oppressed it as a wild blossom casts the dew from its petals. She answered the letter. Modestly and with sensitive reserve, she veiled the affection that thrilled at her heart as she wrote to him for the first time, but still Myra answered her lover's first letter, and in all this her confidant was that loving and gentle mother.

"Let us hope for the best, my child," the fond woman would say. "When your father knows his worth, as we do, and is satisfied that you love him truly, then he will relent. We have but to wait."

They did wait, and in the meantime letter after letter came and went, thus linking those two young hearts more and more firmly together.

Mr. D. came home at length, and now the true reason of his dislike to Whitney became manifest. Myra was intended for another. Wealth and station, every thing that could win the sanction of a proud man, was in favor of her father's choice, and on the very day of his return he explained his intentions and his wishes to the young girl.

"You shall have a noble fortune, my child," he said. "Few ladies in America shall give so fine a property to a husband."

"Father!" answered Myra, and it was wonderful how mild and firm the young girl remained, knowing, as she did, how powerful were the interests she opposed, with her fragile strength—"Father, I can not marry this man. I do not love him, and will never commit the sin of wedding without affection."

The young girl was very pale, but there was a mild firmness in her eye that revealed all the pure strength that sustained her. She paused, drew a deep breath, and while her father stood gazing upon her, dumb with astonishment, she added:

"I will never marry any man but Mr. Whitney, for while he lives I can never love another."

And now that it was over, Myra began to tremble: for there was something terrible in the fierce and pallid rage that held her father for a time mute and motionless before her. At length his lips parted, and his eyes flashed.

"Whitney! the ingrate, the impostor, you love—you would marry him against my consent?"

"No, I will never marry any man against your consent, papa," replied Myra, bursting into tears; for her strength had been taxed to the utmost, and she was not one to brave a parent's wrath unmoved. "I can remain single, and will, if you desire it; but with the feelings that I have for Mr. Whitney, it would be a sin should I give one thought to another."

Mr. D. gazed on the pale, earnest face of his child as she spoke, but there was no relenting in his face. Anger, scorn, a thousand wrathful passions broke through its pallor, and he answered in a voice of cutting scorn:

"And this man, you told me, had never breathed a word of love to you in his life."

Myra was about to acknowledge the letters that had passed between Whitney and herself, for there was a seeming justice in the proud man's taunt that cut her to the heart; but she thought of her mother, of the self-sacrificing mother who had so generously risked the displeasure of her husband in sanctioning the letters her child had received, and she only answered, "I can never love another, papa."

Mr. D. turned away, and began to pace the room. His lips were pressed forcibly together, and uncontrollable passion seemed burning in every vein of his body.

"Thank God!" he muttered, turning furiously upon the terrified girl—"Thank God, no drop of my blood runs in your veins."

"Papa! O papa! this is terrible. Why, in your anger against me, say things that are as cruel as they are without foundation?" cried Myra, starting to her feet, and approaching her father.

"Without foundation! It is true, girl, I say it is true. You are not my child!"

She did not believe him. How could she, poor girl; with the household links of many a happy year clinging about her heart? One word could not tear them away so readily, but the very thought made her pale as a corpse, and every nerve of her delicate frame trembled. A reproachful smile quivered over her lips, and she laid her hand upon the stern man's arm.

"O, father! I know that you are only angry; but this is too much. It would kill me to hear you say that again."

Mr. D. turned. Anger was fierce within him still, and he took no pity on that pale and tortured girl.

"As there is a heaven above, you are not my child! I can prove it—have papers in the house that you shall see."

A faint cry burst from Myra's lips. She staggered back and fell upon a chair, her eyes distended, and fixed widely upon the stern man, as if she searched in those angry features for a contradiction of the words he had spoken. She saw nothing there to relieve the doubt that ached at her heart.

"Not my father? mamma not my mother?" she murmured, and the tears began to rain over her white cheeks. She suddenly clasped her hands and stood up.

"Then whose child am I?"

Mr. D. sat down; the angry fire was fast going out of his heart, and it could sustain him no longer. Regret, keen and self-accusing, took possession of him then. Love, pity, every tender feeling that had so long enlinked that young girl to his heart, all came back like birds to a ravaged nest.

He would have given worlds for the power to annihilate those ten minutes of his life, when one fierce gleam of anger had unlocked the hoarded secret of years. He turned his eyes almost imploringly on the trembling girl. His proud lip quivered, his hand shook as he rested it on his knee.

Myra crept toward him, heart broken and wretched, beyond all her previous ideas of wretchedness. She laid her hand upon his shoulder, and bent her face to his as she had done many a time in her childhood, when some small trouble oppressed her. But oh! how unlike her sweet childhood were those agonized features!

"Father—father!" she said, and her voice bespoke in its low and thrilling tones all the anguish he had inflicted—"Father, tell me, whose child am I?"

"To morrow, to-morrow!" said Mr. D.; 'I can go through no more to day."

"But is it true that I am not your child?" said Myra, still hoping against hope.

"It is true!" he answered; and rising from his seat with an unsteady step, he entered his study.

A moment after, Mrs. D. met Myra on the stairs. One glance in her face was enough. "Myra, daughter!" she exclaimed: "what is this? You are as white as death—you tremble."

"Mother—mother!" burst from the lips of the young girl, almost with a shriek; "they tell me that I am not your child!"

Mrs. D. was struck motionless. Marble could not have been more coldly white than her face and hands.

"And who—who has told you this?" she faltered.

"He told me himself—papa—he has the proofs. Mother, mother, say in mercy that he is only angry—that it is not so!"

With a wild gesture, and a burst of passionate tears, the unhappy girl cast herself into her mother's arms. The poor lady trembled beneath the weight of that fragile form. She wove her arms around it; she pressed kiss after kiss upon that forehead with her cold and quivering lips.

She strove, by the warmth and passion of her maternal love, to charm away the pain and the truth from her daughter's heart, but she said not in words, "Myra, you are my child," and the young girl arose from her bosom utterly desolate.

The morrow came, and Myra stood by her father in his study, for he was still a father to her. The escritoitere was open before them, and a large pocket book, with the seal wrenched apart lay upon the lid.

Mr. D. sat with his head bent and shading his troubled forehead with one hand.

Myra held a letter in her shaking grasp—a letter addressed to the man whom she had always deemed her parent, and signed by Daniel Clark. She could not read; the words swam before her eyes, but she laid her finger on the signature and said in a low and husky voice: "This name—Daniel Clark—he was godfather."

"He was your father!" replied Mr. D. "Read, read for yourself."

Myra forced her nerves to be still. With desperate resolution she kept her eyes upon the writing. Every word of that letter contained proof that went to her heart. She was the daughter of Daniel Clark.

[To be Continued.]

The Uproar of Retreat.

Somebody's guns thundered away for a few short minutes and then came the fitful rattle of musketry, and before I could get into the saddle there arose the ceaseless roar of the terrible storm, says O. O. Howard in the *Century*, describing Stonewall Jackson's flank attack on Chancellorsville.

I sent out my chief staff, Col. Asmussen, who was the first officer to mount—"The firing is in front of Devens; go and see if all is in order on the extreme right." He instantly turned and galloped away. I mounted and set off for a prominent place in the rear of Schurz's line, so as to change front to the northwest of every brigade southeast of the point of attack, if the attack extended beyond Deven's right flank; for it was divined at once that the enemy was now west of him. I could see numbers of our men—not the few stragglers that always fly like the chaff at the first breeze, but scores of them—rushing into the opening, some with arms and some without, running or falling before they got behind the cover of Devens' reserves, and before Gen. Schurz's waiting masses could deploy or charge. The noise and the smoke filled the air with excitement, and to add to it Dieckmann's guns and caissons, with battery men scattered, rolled and tumbled like runaway wagons and carts in a thronged city. The guns and masses of the right brigade struck the second line of Devens before McLean's front had given way, and, quicker than it could be told, with all the fury of the wildest hail-storm, everything, every sort of organization that lay in the path of the mad current of panic-stricken men, had to give way and be broken into fragments.

My own horse seemed to catch the fury; he sprang, he rose high on his hind legs and fell over, throwing me to the ground. My aid-de-camp, Dessauer, was struck by a shot and killed, and for a few moments I was as hopeless as any of the men who were speeding without arms to the rear. But faithful orderlies helped me to remount.

I rode quickly to the reserve batteries. A staff officer of Gen. Hooker, Lieut.-Col. Dickinson, joined me there; my own staff gathered around me. I was eager to fill the trenches which Barlow would have held. Buschbeck's second line was ordered to change front there. His men kept their ranks, but at first they appeared slow. "Will they never get there?"

Dickinson said: "Oh, general, see those men coming from that hill way off to the right, and there's the enemy after them. Fire, oh fire at them! You may stop the flight!"

"No, colonel," I said, "I will never fire on my own men!"

The Niagara Whirlpool.

The whirlpool, well called "the angriest bit of water in the world," is three miles below the great Falls of Niagara. At this point the river, bending toward the Canada side, is contracted to a width of about 220 feet. The waters rush violently into a deep depression in the steep cliff that rises on the Canada side, then they emerge, turning back almost at a right angle to the American side. This spot seems to be a portion of the bed of an ancient channel. Here the angry waters boil and churn with a fierceness almost incredible. The waves are never at rest. They toss and whirl and toy with the heaviest timber. It makes one dizzy to look at the fierce tumult of the waves.

The great maelstrom covers a space of about a quarter of a mile square. Its depths are enormous and unknown. One thousand feet of cord was found too short to reach the bottom. The whirlpool is in the form of a large circle. The average force of the volume of water moving through the canon above is 185,000 feet square. This compact mass of water moves with incredible swiftness, entering the whirlpool on one side, spinning around like a top, and then passing madly on.—*Philadelphia North American.*

The Chances of Matrimony.

A man who has studied the various phases of the matrimonial market has come to the conclusion that every woman has some chance to marry; it may be one to fifty, or it may be ten to one she will. Representing a woman's entire chance at 100, he has made out the following table to show the chance at certain points of time:

	Per cent.
Between the ages of 15 and 20 years,	14 1-2
Between the ages of 20 and 25 years,	52
Between the ages of 25 and 30 years,	18
Between the ages of 30 and 35 years,	15 1-2
Between the ages of 35 and 40 years,	3 3-4
Between the ages of 40 and 45 years,	2 1-2
Between the ages of 45 and 50 years,	5-8 of 1
Between the ages of 50 and 55 years,	1-4 of 1

After 60 it is one-tenth of 1 per cent, or one chance in 1,000.—*New York Mail and Express.*

THE word "seismic," just now so prominent in the description of earthquake phenomena, is from a Greek word meaning "to shake." Without stretching things, an attack of malarial fever might be called his seismics.—Springfield (Mass.) Union.

Santa Barbara's Celebration.

The people of Santa Barbara, Cal., have been celebrating the centennial of the mission at that place. A feature of the festivity was the procession, which surpassed in picturesque grandeur anything of the kind ever witnessed on the coast. Four thousand people joined in the procession, while nearly 10,000 spectators witnessed it. The procession was headed by a band of horsemen uniformed and armed similar to the Spanish cavalry of a century ago. Following were carts such as were used in early times, loaded with rude wooden plows and other implements used by the natives, and drawn by oxen. There were in the procession a number of Indians, some of whom were 80 years old, while many participants were dressed in the Spanish costumes prevalent in the olden times. The procession represented different stages of progress during the past century in dress and in the improvements of agricultural and mechanical implements, and presented an impressive scene.—Chicago Herald.

A Story Without End.

We are half a mind to begin to write a story that may never end, founded on facts that are ever obvious. Hippodromus, taking his morning walk in the streets of Lucignano, comes upon Theodectes, a laborer, and says to him: "Why are you always at work?" Theodectes answers: "I am always at work to get money to buy food to give me strength to do more work that I may get more money to buy more food to get more strength to do more work to get more money to buy more food to get more strength to do more work to get more money to buy—" This is the beginning of the story without end, and the facts on which it is founded are without end also.—Winsted (Conn.) Press.

A Mechanic's Success.

Some years ago a mechanic near New Haven was riding in a railway train and was jolted and jarred as in the early days of travel passengers were apt to be. He didn't fret and fume as the other passengers did, but began to study and experiment with a view to making a spring that would reduce the jolting to a minimum. He at last succeeded, and his spring was adopted by every railroad in the country. He is no longer a poor young mechanic. His name is Carlos French, and he has just been elected to congress from the New Haven district.

Chinese Pheasants a Pest.

There is talk of introducing a bill at the next session of the Oregon legislature to repeal the law protecting the Chinese pheasants shipped to this country by Judge O. N. Denny. Both hunters and farmers have grievances against the foreign birds, which, they claim, are becoming a pest. The former claim that the Chinese pheasants have driven all the native grouse and pheasants away, and but few can be found where a few years ago they were as thick as crows in cornfield. The farmers say they infest grain fields and make short work of growing crops.—Cleveland Leader.

Kalamazoo's Celery Business.

It is reported that the celery raising business, for which Kalamazoo has become famous, is being largely overdone there. Every inch of available marsh land has been converted into celery beds, and the search for more land continues. It is not alone the quantity raised that hurts the business, but the quality, which is deteriorating on account of the anxiety of the growers to get as many stalks on the market as possible. There is talk of organizing an association of growers to limit the quantity and keep up the quality.—New York Sun.

There has been an unusual eruption of little, shivering pet dogs on our streets lately. They are queer, wonderful figures, with big eyes and sharp snouts, and look as much like rats as anything else. They come from old and New Mexico, and, though there are several varieties of them, hairy and hairless, there is no particular variation in their fragility and utter uselessness. The fanciers assure me that they never live long in our climate. This addition to the list of international pets is probably due to the opening of railroad communication with Mexico. Tourists buy the little brutes as curiosities, and residents ship them to friends in the states as souvenirs.—Alfred Trumble in New York News.

Ready for a Crash.

Everybody in England is raising money, in fact, with a view to an armed crash in the spring. Churchill is going to ask for a big supplementary vote of credit soon after parliament meets to increase the navy and fortifications of Aden, Cyprus and Port Hamilton, and give the government a full hand for hiring cruisers if the necessity arises. There will also be a proposal to augment the Indian army. It is not likely that there will be much opposition to these projects, since it is recognized by all parties that a stormy time is ahead.—Chicago Tribune.

Banqueting Gen. Sherman.

Now that Gen. Sherman has come to New York to live, he will probably be seen at most of the public banquets, for he is an ardent lover of that sort of thing. He is a good eater, a moderate drinker and a fluent speaker. He has no end of anecdotes at his tongue's end. The general is brimful of good fellowship, and he loves to eat and drink and smoke and fight his battles over again in the company of good friends.—New York Times.

A Very Funny Appeal.

Anecdotes of the irrepressible Col. Fairman, who came to the cold northwest to kindle the spirit of art among an uncultivated people, are still numerous. While in Paris the colonel once displayed a painting on one of the prominent boulevards with the following inscription under it: "Rejected by the jury at the academy. Now let the people judge." Paris laughed itself well over the very funny appeal.—Pioneer Press "Listener."

Clairvoyance Explained.

Many wise people have indulged in wise speculations as to how so-called hypnotic persons are apparently able to see through opaque objects. Scientist Bargeon, who investigated some boys who could read the number of a page when a book had been open, but with the back toward them, came to the conclusion that the subject saw the numbers reflected in his own eyes.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Want to Know the Time.

One of the features of a Thanksgiving service in a Minneapolis church was a strikingly beautiful cornet solo. After the service a reporter asked the organist the name of the piece. "It is beautiful, you say," said the musician, cautiously, "but it is so particularly secular that the good Presbyterians here would be shocked if they knew what it was." This answer was printed, and now all Minneapolis is trying to find out just what that cornet player played.

Gold Lands in Africa.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat, referring to a contract recently made between a London mining company and an American manufacturing firm, says it is one of the most remarkable on record. The company proposes to work extensive gold lands in Africa, and needing a large lot of machinery, inquired in all the large cities of Europe and America, and finally placed its order with an American firm. There are to be six stamp mills, complete.

Doctor and Lawyer.

St. Louis has a physician who guarantees to cure almost any disease for a good round sum, which must always be paid in advance. Of course he often fails, and then the patient wants his money back. The doctor employs a lawyer for just such emergencies, and pays him $5,000 a year salary. The lawyer is so skillful in pacifying angry patients and compromising with implacable ones that the doctor is able to make about $8,000 a year above all expenses.—New York Sun.

Cure for Snake Bite.

Ida Newman, of Quihl, Tex., was bitten by a snake and died, and Maj. Henry Brown writes thus to The Pearsall News: "I read in your last issue of the death from snake bite of little Ida Newman, of Quihl, and my heart almost bled for her parents, under the belief that if they had immediately applied a warm, wet poultice of tobacco the little innocent would have survived. Two just such bites were overcome in just that way near me at Belton in 1858."

An Odd Silver Dollar.

Milkman David Whitney is the possessor of a silver dollar on which the head of the goddess of liberty stands at right angles with the "buzzard" on the other side, as if the old lady had been knocked down and the bird was about to commit an assault upon her. At the Birmingham bank the specimen was pronounced genuine, but entirely unique and unexplainable.—Ansonia (Conn.) Sentinel.

Destitution in the Mountains.

There is said to be much destitution among the whites in the mountain region of Giles county, Va. Many people live in open cabins, which afford less protection to their occupants than do the barns and other buildings in the North to the shelter of live stock. In winter the women and children are without shoes and stockings, and have scarcely sufficient clothing to cover them.—Chicago Times.

Superstitious Negroes.

Several years ago a young girl near Aiken, S. C., was in the act of placing a pitcher on a fence post when she was struck by lightning. Since then the pitcher has remained on the post, safe by superstition from the touch of negroes, who believe that the person who touches it will be paralyzed. Storms and cyclones and earthquakes have passed it by, and although the post is rotten and the pitcher is fast crumbling with decay.

Royal Newspaper Writers.

The Princess Louise has made several drawings for The Youth's Companion to illustrate an article on "Salmon Fishing on the Cascapediac," by the Marquis of Lorne. They will give the money which the articles bring to help poor Irish and Scotch families to emigrate to Canada.—Brooklyn Eagle.