

A Nihilist Prison.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Telegraph* writes: "A short account of the celebrated casemates of the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, in which the Nihilists are confined immediately after their arrest, will, I doubt not, be perused with interest by your readers. The writer, a St. Petersburg correspondent, obtained access to the casemates by a special order from one of the Grand Dukes. The casemates are hollowed out under the Neva, and directly under the ramparts. Their only window, a little square hole protected by a thick barred grating, rises but a few inches above the level of the river. At stated distances there are iron doors opening into halls filled with sentinels, who, loaded with rifle and fixed bayonet, keep watch and ward over the unhappy tenants of the cells which open upon them. As for the tiny prisons, they are very narrow quarters, square, with stone walls and floors, and fearfully damp, the water dripping about in all directions. A chair, a table and a pallet of white wood, form the only furniture. One of the pallets was found to be covered with a bed of straw horribly foul, but even this, poor luxury as was, must be considered as an exception. The visitor was allowed entrance to a few of the cells. Their tenants were pale; they rose as he entered, according to order, but regarded him with a fixed look of despair. The writer was shown the famous cell in which was incarcerated the Princess Tarnanova, daughter of the Empress Elizabeth, who fell a victim to her rival, the Empress Catherine II., grandmother of the present Czar. This unhappy woman perished in the cell under the most dramatic circumstances. The Neva, swollen by the melted snow, suddenly rose, and the rushing torrent, dashing with overwhelming strength against the tiny window, broke in and filled the cell with water. The Princess was drowned. The cells of the great State criminals are lined with mattresses, and rings of iron are placed in the walls, to which many of them are bound when they are not strait-waist-coated. The guide informed the writer, among other things, that these unhappy men were asked every quarter of an hour if they were present. Whenever they failed to reply, they were barbarously punished. He also states that in the wall of the Emperor's room is an invisible door, communicating with a little passage, very narrow, and leading to a subterranean gallery, hollowed out under the Neva. The gallery leads to the fortress, and, in case of a revolution or of imminent peril, the Czar could disappear in a few seconds from the Winter Palace, and a few minutes after find himself in perfect safety in the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, the guns of which, in a short time, could reduce St. Petersburg to ruins. The palace of the Czar Paul I., which is now the Engineers' School, was similarly provided, but when the assassins entered his room he had not time to flee, and was struck down at the very moment when he was about to disappear behind the secret door, which was already open.

NOVEL DUEL.

A novel kind of duel was fought lately in the Indian Territory, near Atoka, between two Mexicans, cattle drivers, returning home from a drive to Colorado. One was Don Juan de la Cruz, the other Pedro Garcia, and both were in love with the same woman—a circumstance not confined to Mexico. While discussing their claims to the possession of their mistress, they quarreled—of course—and declared in the hottest of blood that the world was not big enough for both of them. They determined, therefore, that one of them must be extinguished, and were on the point of a personal encounter with revolvers, when common friends interfered, and persuaded them to adopt the native weapon—the lariat or lasso. Having taken position on the open prairie, at a certain distance apart, they wheeled their horses—they were finely mounted—and dashed toward one another, lariats snuggled in hand, and crouching on saddle to avoid the flying noose.

The lasso was simultaneously cast. Cruz missed his aim, but Garcia's lasso fell with unerring precision over the head of his adversary, who was jerked to the ground with the intent to break his neck. Cruz fortunately was thrown on his side, and would certainly have been dragged to death—for the horses were at full speed—had not the lasso snapped with the sudden strain. As it was he was seriously hurt as to be unconscious, and he may not recover. The lasso generally used in South America for capturing wild horses and cattle is dissimilar to the lasso employed mainly in Mexico. The former, a long, stout thong of skin with a leaden ball at each end, is so thrown that when it strikes neck or leg, it coils round and restrains the flying beast.

The Mexican lasso, or lariat, has a slip noose, and requires more skill in management. The lasso was frequently directed against the Spanish soldiers during the struggle of the South American Republic for independence, and also by some of the Russian tribes, during the Crimean war, against the French sentinels, but with poor success. Occasional attempts were made with the lariat upon our own troops in the Mexican war, though they were speedily abandoned, as the Americans proved much less tractable than the native wild cattle.

ORIGIN OF THE SIGN OF THE PIG AND WHISTLE.

The many odd combinations which form the signs of our public houses, says an English paper, can generally be accounted for by the corruptions which have been introduced in the pronunciations of what was originally really intended to be represented. The well-known case of the battle at the "Boulogne Mouth" changed into the "Bull and Mouth," is an instance of this operation. It is evident that the "Pig and Whistle" is another. It was originally the "Pig and Wassail," alluding to a drinking custom introduced by the Danes, of affixing a number of pegs in the side of the bowl, each one drinking down exactly to a peg. There is a description of such a drinking vessel, found in Glastonbury Abbey, in Hone's *Every-Day Book*. Being a jovial custom, nothing could be more appropriate for a sign to a public house; and the traditional manner of representing the music-stand confirms this derivation. It is constituted of a punch-bowl, drinking glasses, and other drinking paraphernalia.

WHAT A CROW IS WORTH.

A gentleman giving evidence before a Parliamentary committee, said that in some districts the number of crows upon a farm would average at least fifty; that the birds were of great service in destroying wire-worms, and where they did not exist the farmer was obliged to hire boys to do the work of the crow, paying them at the rate of three half-pence per 100 worms. Mr. Bright inquired how much a boy could earn worm-killing, and was told 9d., but when asked if a boy made 9d. a day at the rate of three half-pence a hundred wire-worms, how many of those noxious creatures he destroyed in a day, the witness, turning restive, replied that he did not come there to answer arithmetical questions. Mr. Bright, however, was not to be put off in that way. He asked if a boy did the work as well as a crow. "A crow is worth fifty boys," was the rash reply. Then quoth Mr. Bright: "If a boy is worth 9d. a day, a crow worth fifty boys, how much is the crow worth to the farmer in money?" Not unnaturally, the gentleman lost his temper, but in vain. Paper, pen and ink were handed to him, and, after battling with the figures awhile, he announced that a crow was worth just 37s. 6d. a day to the farmer. He was then asked to inform the committee what, at that rate, was the yearly value of the bird, and, of course, could not make it less than £684 7s. 6d. His persecutor next reminded the badgered man that he had given fifty as the average number of crows on a farm, and desired him to find the aggregate annual value to the farmer of his proper quota of these useful aids, thereby eliciting the startling information that the farmer must be a gainer of over \$34,000 per annum by his half-hundred crows. Thus was the gentleman taken at his word with a vengeance!—*Chambers's Journal*.

A MALAY SUPERSTITION.

Surgeon-Major Davie, of the Buffs, in his "Medical History of the Laroot Field Force," given in the appendix to the Army Medical Department Report for 1876, mentions a curious custom which prevails among the Malays in cases of dangerous illness, which are attributed to the influence of evil spirits. The Malays firmly believe that if they can remove the evil spirits they are all right; so, with this object, they construct a miniature prahu, or war-boat of wook, complete in every way, with mast, rigging, black flag, paddles and a rudder. The boat is filled with various articles, a bag of rice at the stern and a lamp made out of a cockle-shell at the prow; the body of the boat is stuffed with cups made of leaves, containing liquors of various sorts, entrails of fowls, sweetmeats of all kinds, tobacco, flowers and copper coins. The boat is supported by a slender bamboo platform, surrounded with pendant grass, to the ends of which are tied all sorts of eatables, and at the corners the legs and wings of a chicken. About eighteen inches below the boat are figures of turtles, crocodiles and lizards made of rice, resting on a plantain-leaf, the whole being supported by four straight branches about seven feet high (the top leaves forming a canopy) stuck into a raft made of plaited reeds. Slips of bamboo are stuck round the raft with partially burned red rags tied to them. The raft is set afloat; and it is supposed that the evil spirits, enticed away by the food in the boat, leave the patient and attach themselves to the boat. Should any Malay touch this raft after it has been set afloat, he or she becomes afflicted with the disease from which the person for whose benefit the raft was set afloat suffered.

A CHINESE WOMAN UNVAILED.

Richard Whiteing says that the wife of the Chinese Ambassador at Paris appeared at the recent ball in Elysee unvailed. She tottered about the rooms on her little feet, a quaint, small woman, with her hair plastered down to the sides of her whitewashed face. Her husband consented to her appearance after a desperate struggle against his prejudices; for the Chinaman who knows that his wife is gazed upon unvailed is held to be dishonored. "It was funny," says the correspondent, "to see him trying to look the other way, so as not to incur the disgrace involved in the knowledge of her presence. One corner of an almond eye was fixed on vacancy, the other was watching the wife to see that she did not stumble as she walked about the rooms. The result must have been far more reassuring than the ambassador expected. Nothing happened; China was not scandalized, Europe was not convulsed. The sight of the Chinese beauty was a little disappointing. She was very handsome or the reverse, according to your way of looking at it. I have heard the most contradictory verdicts from different people. Her olive skin was covered with powder laid on as thickly as if it were a clown's face at pantomime time. She tottered about the rooms for a short time on her poor mutilated feet and then went home, no doubt to dream of what the sun and moon and the morning stars would say the next day of this awful innovation of all the Confucian proprieties.

FRIGHTFUL LANDSLIP IN CENTRAL ASIA.

The landslip which overwhelmed part of the Russian army marching against the Tekke-Turkomans, but of which little has been made known, must take rank as one of the most terrible catastrophes of the kind on record. The column was encamped in a narrow valley near Khoja-Kaleh, and not far from Kara-Kaleh, when, after heavy rains a huge mass of the mountain overhanging the camp came down and buried six hundred soldiers and many horses. The Turkomans, taking advantage of the mishap and the consequent confusion, attacked and plundered the Russian camp, compelling the remainder of the column to fall back upon Chat. No landslip unaccompanied by other natural convulsions, like earthquakes or volcanic eruptions, has ever caused such a fearful loss of life; indeed, the instances of vast displacements of surface are very rare. In 1840 there was a wonderful subsidence of surface at Axmouth, in Devonshire, when about one hundred acres of undercliff slipped down to the sea, and a reef forty feet in height was driven up through the water. There was no loss of life on this occasion, nor in the landslips at Lyme Regis in 1871, at Freshwater in 1842, or at Sidmouth in the same year. The disaster of Khoja-Kaleh, therefore, is probably unique in its horrors.

THE WHISTLING TREE.

In Nubia and the Soudan grows a species of acacia as described as existing, whose scientific appellation, as well as their popular name, is derived from a peculiar sound emitted by the branches when swayed by the wind. The Arabic name is the "soffar," or pipe; and the specific name of *Acacia*, also meaning a pipe, has been given to it for the same reason which prompted the natives to give it its local designation. The tree is infested with insects, whose eggs are deposited in the young shoots and extremities of the branches. A sort of gall-like excrescence about an inch in diameter is produced at the base of these shoots, and when the larva has emerged from this nidus, it leaves a small circular hole, the action of the wind in which causes it to produce a whistling sound like that produced by a flute or by blowing into any hollow pipe. When the wind is violent, the noise caused by thousands of these natural flutes in a grove of acacias is most remarkable. The description given by Dr. Schweinfurth of these bladder-like galls leaves it uncertain whether they are true gall-nuts or whether they are the secretion of a species of lac insects. The valuable Indian lac insect thrives on two or three species of acacia, while one variety (the *A. Arabica*) also produces a pod or gall-nut, which is useful for tanning. In either case, these natural "whistles" of the whistling tree would form a valuable article of commerce if they could be easily and regularly collected and exported.

A TRUE INCIDENT OF WEDDED LOVE.

The New Orleans *Picayune* tells this story: "Make the bed easy, Mister," said old Uncle Abe to the undertaker, who was preparing the coffin for his aged wife. "Make the bed soft and easy, for her old bones are tender and soft, and a hard bed will hurt them." He forgot for a moment—that old, gray-haired man—that she was dead; that the old bones had done aching forever. Sixty-four years had she walked by his side, a true and loving wife. Sixty-four years! Just think of it in this age of divorce! Sixty-four years had they dwelt under the same sorrows of life; together mourned over the coffin of their first-born; together rejoiced in the prosperity of their sons and daughters, and now she has left him alone. No wonder he forgot. Her loving hands had so long cared for him, for he had been the feeblest of the two. "Unlucky death do us part," said the marriage service that had united them so many years ago. Death had parted them, but the love still survived. Tenderly had he cared for her all these years, and now tenderly did he watch the making of the last bed of this still loved wife. He had bravely breasted the storm of life with her by his side, but now that she was gone he could not live, and in a few days they laid him by her side.

THRILLING EXPERIENCE WITH BARN MICE.

A Rockford (Conn.) gentleman went to his barn the other evening to feed his cows. As he lifted the cover off his meal bin, he noticed several mice inside. Thinking to be rid of the mice and give his cat a good meal, he put down his lantern and went for the cat. She, not immediately taking in the situation, bounded out, hit the lantern and knocked it upon the floor. The lamp fell from the glass, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the oil was on fire, and running over the barn floor. The gentleman tried to stamp the fire out, but it wouldn't go out, so he managed with his feet and hands to keep it from spreading. The bin was but a little way from the hay-mow, and if he should go for help the hay would certainly take fire. In this emergency, he happily thought of the smothering process, and, taking off his coat, threw it upon the fire, and by dint of hard work succeeded in putting it out. His coat was ruined, and his hands and arms were considerably burned, but a large barn, full of stock, was saved. The moral of all of which is: Be careful with lanterns and wary of cats.

DETECTING ARTIFICIAL BUTTER.

With regard to distinguishing artificial from natural butter, M. Donny remarks, in a recent note to the Belgian Academy, that the two behave very differently when heated between 150 and 160 degrees in a capsule or test-tube. At this temperature artificial butter produces very little froth, but the mass undergoes a sort of irregular boiling, accompanied by violent jerks which tend to project some of the butter out of the vessel. The mass grows brown, but this is by reason of the caseous matter separating out in clots on the wall, the fatty portion of this sample sensibly retains its natural color. Natural butter, on the other hand, heated to 150 or 160 degrees produces abundant froth, the jerks are much less pronounced, and the mass grows brown, but in a different way. A good part of the brown coloring matter remains in suspension in the butter, so that the whole mass has a characteristic brown aspect similar to that of the sauce called *au beurre noir*. All natural butters behave thus, and it is strange, M. Donny says, that this simple method of distinguishing natural from artificial butter has not been indicated before.

IRISH POPLIN.

Singular to relate, Irish poplin, a fabric much admired abroad, is held in low esteem in Ireland. Exertions to stimulate the home trade are made in vain. The Dublin ladies will not wear Irish poplin. They will not imitate the example with which history abounds of feminine self-sacrifice for country's sake in matters of this kind that are near to a woman's heart. They have heard of how the ladies of Berlin despoiled themselves of their ornaments to help the Fatherland after Jena; they read of the ladies of Lima casting their trinkets into the Peruvian Treasury in order to keep up the fight a little longer against Chili. But they feel themselves unequal to a similar act of devotion for the good of Ireland; in short, they will not wear Dublin poplins to save the poplin trade. This contempt for everything Irish in the shape of finery—for this is really at the bottom of the Dublin ladies' disinclination to wear poplin—is so deeply rooted that it seems lost labor to try to eradicate it. And yet this beautiful fabric stands alone in excellence—nothing like it is made in any other quarter of the globe.

Wisdom is not found with those who dwell at their ease; rather Nature, where she adds brain, adds difficulty.

THE BURGLAR PANIC.

There is an aspect of a burglar panic which is far from comic. When, after an hour's peaceful sleep, one is disturbed by one's wife, one's troubles begin. We ask what she is doing. "Listening," is her reply. The suggestion that she should lie down and go to sleep is snubbed by an authoritative but alarming, "Hush." Nature asserts itself, and we again doze, to be immediately awakened by the words, "I am quite sure I heard a noise." We offer to get up and take a walk through the house to see if any thieves are in it. "Oh, no, for goodness sake don't do that," is the reply. Of course, one gets a refreshing night's rest after this little episode. On another night, at 2 in the morning, one of the dogs is heard to bark. We look round, and finding all quiet, give it as our opinion that he must have heard the gamekeeper walking round the house, or that, if some thieves had come with burglarious designs, they have been certainly frightened away by his barking. His furious noise gradually subsides into occasional melancholy "yaps," until, after a dismal howl or two, he becomes silent. At last we drop off to sleep, but in a few minutes we are once more disturbed with, "My dear, there is that dog again." On one occasion there could be no doubt that a noise had been really heard, and we had been allowed to venture forth with plenary powers. After examining the lower part of the house we had taken a dark lantern and had sallied forth and made a tour of the outside of the building. After a fruitless search for thieves and vagabonds, we had returned to our room, and just settled down again with a satisfactory sense of our virtuous and gallant conduct, when we are aroused by a violent knocking at the front door and jingling of the hall bell. On going down stairs—we may observe that not one of the servants heard the noise—we found two officious policemen at the porch, who had come with the valuable information that he had lately seen a man with a dark lantern walk round the house and enter it.—*The Saturday Review*.

A DUEL ON HORSEBACK.

The Earl of Glencair challenged Lieutenant-General Sir George Munro for grossly opprobrious language used by him toward the Highland troops, as being "no other than a pack of thieves and robbers." They met in a field near Dornoch, "by gray daylight." They were both well mounted on horseback; each of them were to have one pistol, after discharging of which they were to fight with broad-swords. The pistols were fired without doing hurt. They then engaged with their swords, and after a few passes, my Lord had the good fortune to give Sir George a sore stroke upon his bridle-hand, whereupon Sir George cried out that he was not able to command his horse; and 'I hope,' says he, 'you will fight me on foot.' 'Ye carle,' says my Lord, 'I will let you know that I am a match for you either on foot or horseback.' Whereupon they both alighted, and at the first bout my Lord gave him a sore stroke on the brow, about an inch above his eyes, which bled so much that he could not see. His Lordship was going to thrust him through the body, but John White, his man, pushed up his sword, and said, 'You have enough of him, my Lord.' His Lordship, in a passion, gave John a stroke over the shoulders, and then took his horse and came to his quarters. Munro and his brother went to headquarters, but with much ado, for the bleeding at head and hand." Their only attendants as seconds were Lord Glencair's trumpeter and valet—his man John above mentioned—and Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Munro, a younger brother of Sir George.—*Notes and Queries*.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Says the *Leadville Democrat*: Three days ago an old man arrived in this city. He came direct to Leadville from Warsaw, in the old world, and his name is John Janowetz. Mr. Louis Janowetz, proprietor of the Keystone Hall, on Chestnut street, is his son. The noticeable facts about this old gentleman's long journey are that he never away from his native city before, that he is a very old man to be in Leadville, and that the long journey was undertaken partly to visit his son and family and partly to satisfy his curiosity, craving to look upon a great American mining camp, of which he had read so much. Mr. Janowetz can neither speak nor understand English, but to his son, in the tongue of his native land, he expresses his enthusiasm at the sight of a great city, with a history running back but two years. In the city of Warsaw a building has been built, or one even repaired or altered in all that time. In fact it has been nearly two hundred years since the last building was put up in the city of Warsaw. Coming directly from the ancient into the new, the old gentleman's expressions of surprise can be easily imagined.

SLIM.

In Houston, Texas, the other day, at the Pinafore matinee, a long, gaunt individual with legs as thin as whittled matches, came into the theatre, and stood in front of some gentlemen, shutting out their view of the stage. One of the party said: "If you guess what that is before us I'll put a label on it." "It's a plumb line somebody has dropped down from the family circle," remarked another, and the thin man began to move aside. "Next to boarding-house soup, it's the thinnest thing I've seen," said a third party, and the slim man got uneasy and sat down.

A CHILD'S TOYS.

I was present the other day, at Rome, when the cinerarium of a boy, a certain Hylus, page to Tiberius, was discovered. His poor little bones had been inclosed in a vase together with his favorite toys. There was a small terra-cotta chicken, painted in bright colors, and a fragment of a puppet, in the shape of our pulcinella, with clay bust, arms and legs of wood. The wood naturally was gone. Who would have thought that these miserable playthings of an obscure child should have, centuries after, the unexpected honor of being exhibited in one of the most famous museums of Europe?—*The Athenaeum*.

The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued obscurity.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Philadelphia has a cookery club.

Canada has a three by two inch newspaper.

There are five thousand Germans in Leadville.

A ton of gold makes a fraction over a half-million of dollars.

The game of cricket has been a diversion for more than 500 years.

Nearly 30,000 persons are employed on British and Irish railroads.

Cats, says a recent traveler, are fattened and much esteemed for food in Bolivia.

A Philadelphia woman owns the largest colored diamond ever brought to America.

The apple tree is very tenacious of life; many are known to bear fruit at the age of two hundred years.

A high-soaring eagle in Hampton county, South Carolina, was struck by lightning in the clouds, the other day, and fell dead to the earth.

New Jersey oysters are now being shipped to England, France, Holland and other points of Europe. The demand is constantly increasing.

Suits of white ash furniture, carved almost to a wooden lace, are much admired, and employ the talents of decorative wood carvers to a profitable extent.

The electric light has been tried in ball rooms abroad and found delightful, giving a shadowless, bright light, without heat, so that the rooms are delightfully cool all night.

Special bouquets prepared for the decorations at a recent wooden dinner party were little baskets inscribed with the dates of the wedding and the celebration, and filled with roses.

A Massachusetts physician says that a healthy child may, perhaps, safely enter the primary school at seven years of age, but, if nervous or inclined to talk or be restless in sleep, better wait another year.

The ex-Empress Eugenie has ordered of the sculptor Boehm a marble group of life size representing the Prince Imperial lying dead on the ground, partially wrapped in his cloak, while an angel is crowning him.

A proud man who failed in business and found his assets would pay only fifteen cents on the dollar, insisted, for the looks of the thing, on paying twenty-five cents, even if he had to make up the difference out of his own pocket.

In 1856 the Mississippi River steambot Effie Alton ran against the Davenport, Iowa, bridge and went to the bottom. Recently an iron safe, containing several thousand dollars was raked up from the bare bones of the wreck.

McKeen was compelled, while a loaded pistol was levelled at him, to marry Miss Moore at Leavenworth, Kan. He contested the legality of the marriage and the courts declared it null and void. Then he voluntarily had the ceremony repeated.

The darkness of death is like the evening twilight; it makes all objects appear more lovely to the dying.

"A smoke-consuming device" has been made successful by David Sinton, of Cincinnati. Three arches placed under the boiler arrest the smoke, which, before it passes the third and lowest arch, becomes incandescent. There is a saving of twenty per cent. of the fuel.

A tramp found a woman alone in a Vermont farm house, and threatened to kill her if she did not give him five cents. "Well, here it is," she said, showing the coin, "but I guess I'll shoot it to you, and she dropped it into the barrel of a shotgun. The fellow did not wait to take it.

At a recent performance in London, of a play wherein a mother has a terrific combat with two ruffians for the possession of her child, a large Newfoundland dog, which had been taken into the pit by its owner, a steamboat engineer, leaped over the orchestra, and, landing upon the stage, seized one of the fellows, and was with great difficulty removed. The dog had been a companion of children.

There have been graduated at Yale College four signers of the Declaration of Independence, 44 United States Senators and 140 Representatives, 15 foreign ambassadors and 16 Cabinet officers, one Chief Justice of the United States (Judge Waite), 29 State Governors and 10 Lieutenant Governors, 65 Presidents of colleges and 250 professors, together with four Presidents of theological seminaries. The lexicographers, Webster and Worcester, were also Yale men.

The comparative force of gunpowder and dynamite was discussed by two miners at Tunka, Cal. They agreed as a test, to explode certain quantities of the substances under two planks, the friend of gunpowder to stand on the dynamite plank and the friend of dynamite on the other. The trial was made in the presence of an interested crowd of spectators. It resulted in a broken leg for the man who was lifted ten feet into the air by the dynamite, and unaccounted bruises for the one whom the gunpowder threw against the trunk of a tree.

An exchange says: "The girls in the principal cities in this country are noted as follows: Albany, the sweetest and most substantial; Boston, the most intellectual; Baltimore, the handsomest; New York, the gayest and most expensive in dress; Washington, the most airy; Philadelphia, the most refined and ladylike; New Orleans, the most trifling; Cincinnati, the gayest flirts; Louisville, the proudest; Cleveland, the most graceful and entertaining in conversation; San Francisco, the most indifferent; Hartford, the best musicians; Rochester, the longest hair."

LITTLE BOBBY, aged 3 years, has attended Sunday-school one or two months. He is an apt scholar, and gives early promise of bearing rich ethical fruitage. At play with an older brother the other day, his original Adam so far got the better of him as to cause him to clinch his little fists and strike his brother. Brother Tom was about to retaliate with his more formidable weapon, when Bobby cried out: "No, no, no! Teacher says no n't strike back when oo is hit."

AN ENGINEER'S HEROIC ACT.

Two freight trains on the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad came into collision near Cameron Mills. Chris. Dean was engineer on one of the trains. Both he and his fireman were fastened beneath the wreck of their locomotive. Dean was held by one of his legs, which was caught by the fire-box of the engine. His fireman was nearly buried under the pieces of the wreck. When the men were discovered, Dean had managed to reach his tool-box, and was endeavoring to extricate the fireman. When he saw the men who had come to their aid, Dean shouted, "Help poor Jim; never mind me." The fireman was extricated as soon as possible, and in an unconscious condition. Dean was then taken out. It was then ascertained that during all this time he had been working to relieve the fireman the fire-box was burning his leg to a crisp. It was literally roasted from his knee down, and had to be amputated. The fireman died, but it is thought the brave engineer will recover.

A CONSCIENTIOUS MAN.

Tommy day, over at the Alameda baths, a fother and retiring-looking man waited until the superintendent was disengaged, and then said to him: "I do hate to give any one trouble, but have you got a long stick or pole of any kind you could lend me?" "No, sir; I told you so ten minutes ago," snapped the overdriven official. "So you did," replied the man, "but I thought I'd ask you just once more. I guess now I've done my duty in the matter. Don't you think so?" "What matter? What on earth are you talking about?" "Why, your seal, my mother-in-law died off down there at the deep end about half an hour ago, and as she hasn't come up yet, I thought I'd like to tell my wife that I had sorter jabbled round on the bottom for her a while, anyway; but if I can't, why I suppose I can't, that's all." And pensively writing her address on a tag, to be tied to the old lady when she came up, the conscientious man walked thoughtfully away.—*Derriek Dod*.

A HINT TO UNDERWRITERS.

Says the *American Manufacturer*: At the Crescent Steel Works, in Pittsburgh, a steam pipe two and one-half inches in diameter, carrying from ninety to one hundred pounds pressure, was laid underground about three years ago, encased in common pine boards about one inch thick. One day recently occasion was had to dig up the pipe, and the whole length of the wooden drain was found to be charred and apparently burned, about three-fourths of the thickness of the wood, the other portion being partially rotted. The whole inside of the drain was turned to charcoal, with here and there spots or white ashes, showing that ignition had actually taken place. It seems probable that if the casing had not been excluded from the air by the earth covering it, it would have blazed and been entirely consumed. It is generally believed that a steam pipe cannot set fire to wood, but this case seems to prove the contrary, and it may explain the origin of so many mysterious fires.

HOW TO COUGH.

To some persons coughing is harmless, but to others it is fraught with many dangers. It is, therefore, important to teach those liable to be injured by severe or prolonged efforts at coughing how they may accomplish their purpose easily, safely and quickly. Dr. J. M. Fothergill lives: "It must be insisted upon that the chest be well filled with air before the cough is let loose—that is, the reflex act must be inhibited by the action of the will, until the chest be well filled with air before the cough is let loose. Such full inspiration is effective, not only in removing the source of irritation, but it usually causes other masses of mucus to slide from their seat, and thus to set up further cough for their removal. But, if the full inspiration plan be followed, these masses are readily and quickly expelled." Of course, these directions are of use only in such coughs as are for the purpose of removing some offending matter from the air-passages.

EXACTNESS.

There is nothing like exactness. An officer having to proceed on duty from one station to another, in making out his claim for traveling expenses, put down the item, "Porter, 6d.," an item struck out by the War Office. Not being inclined to be de-frauded of his sixpence, the officer informed the authorities that the porter had conveyed his baggage from one station to another, and that had he not employed him, he must have taken a cab, which would have cost 18d. In reply came an official notification that his claim would be allowed, but instructing him that he ought to have used the term "portage," instead of "porter." He was determined, however to have the last word, and wrote back that he was unable to find any precedent for using the word "portage," but for the future would do so, and at the same time requested to know if he was to use the term "cabbage" when he meant "cab."—*Chambers's Journal*.

THE HUMAN FIGURE.

The proportions of the human figure are six times the length of the feet. Whether the form is slender or plump, the rule holds good; any deviation from it is a departure from the highest beauty in proportion. The Greeks made all their statues according to this rule. The face, from the highest point of the forehead, where the hair begins to the chin, is one-tenth of the whole stature. The hand, from the wrist to the middle finger, is the same. From the top of the chest to the highest point of the forehead is a seventh. If the face, from the roots of the hair to the chin, be divided into three equal parts, the first division determines the places where the eyebrows meet, and the second the place of the nostrils. The height from the feet to the top of the head, is the distance from the extremity of the fingers when the arms are extended.

A CLEVERMAN'S wife had impressed upon her little boy the necessity of ejecting the skins of grapes, and a few days afterward she told him the story of Jonah and the whale. "The whale is a very large monster," said the mother, "and he swallowed Jonah." "Did he swallow other men, too?" asked the little boy. "Well, I suppose he did," continued the mother, who was somewhat in doubt; and, while she was hesitating about the continuation of the story, the boy interrupted, "And, mamma, did he spit the skins out, too?"

Extemporaneous Utterances.

We see that at the school commencement a favorite selection is Ingersoll's "The past rises before me like a dream." It is credited to his address to the soldiers at Indianapolis. The first time he delivered it was in this city at the unveiling of the soldiers' monument, several years before the celebration at Indianapolis was thought of. It was recognized then as a very fine effort, and the celebration was a local affair, and although it was reported in the papers here and the speech given pretty fully, it attracted no special attention and in a short time was forgotten. When he delivered it in Indianapolis some of the Peoria people thought they recognized their old friend, and they went to the files of the papers, and there, sure enough, was "The past rises before me like a dream" in pretty much of its old coloring. He had brushed it up some, trimmed it down and made some verbal changes; but to all intents and purposes it was the same speech. Those who listened to him in Indianapolis thought it was the sudden inspiration of the moment. The fact of it is, the inspiration of the moment is quite as likely to make a fool of a man as it is to put him on his mettle. A man does his best work when he has the time to prepare it, and the better he prepares the better he does it as a general thing. A friend of Ingersoll in this city relates that four years ago before he went to Cincinnati to nominate Blaine, he went into Bob's office one afternoon and found Ingersoll walking the floor. As the other approached Bob turned around and said: "Like a plumed knight he entered the lists and took the tongue of slander from the throat of treason." The friend did not know what he meant, but when Bob went to Cincinnati and nominated Blaine he saw that even then he was coming over in his mind what he should say. Those who saw him then fancied that he went up in the heat of the moment and uttered the first thing that came into his head. The fact was that on the top of all his study, the night before, E. C. Ingersoll, his brother, and R. H. Whitford insisted that he should carefully prepare himself. He sat down at a table in their room in the Burnett House. There he wrote the speech that is now historical, gathered up the sheets, read them over and left them. The late John T. Harper, who was present, put them in a place by themselves, intending to preserve them as a souvenir. While they were gone to the convention, however, the ubiquitous hired girl came into the room and "put it to right," and carried the papers away. This is about the way with all extemporaneous speeches, although Bob is a man who needs as little preparation as any one.—*Peoria Journal*.

Business Maxims.

A prominent merchant has compiled the following maxims for his own inquiry and experience:

1. Choose the kind of business you understand.
2. Capital is positively required in business, even if you have real estate outside and credit ever so good.
3. One kind of business is as much as a man can manage successfully. Investments on the outside do not generally pay, especially if you require the money in your business.
4. Buy cautiously and just what you want, and do not be persuaded to purchase what you do not need; if you do, you will soon want what you can't buy.
5. Insure your stock; insure your store; insure your dwelling, if you have one. If the rate is high it is only because the risk is great, and of course you should not take the risk yourself. A business that will not pay for insuring will not justify running.
6. Sell to good, responsible parties only. Sell on a specified time, and when you money is due demand it; do not let the account stand without note or interest for an indefinite period.
7. Sell at a reasonable profit and never misrepresent to effect a sale.
8. Live within your income; keep your business to yourself; have patience and you will succeed.
9. Competition is the life of trade, but in trying to run your competitor out of business be careful you do not run yourself out.
10. Advertise your business in your home paper. It pays to patronize the printer.

SINGULAR RECOVERY OF AN ANCHOR.

The steamer Florida, on her way to Savannah, was caught in a storm of Cape Romano, and had to put into one of the many bays on the coast of Florida. She cast her anchor and made everything snug, but the storm continued to increase until her cable parted, and she drifted about a mile out. As soon as steam sufficient was raised to force her against the wind, she put back, and again cast anchor. After the storm was all over, they hauled in the anchor, and brought up with it, hanging to one of the flukes, the one lost the day before, showing that the second anchor was cast in identically the same spot, something which could not have been done intentionally once on a thousand trials, having nothing to guide them except landmarks.—*Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer*.

MURDERED BY BRIGANDS.

Horrible news comes from Sicily. Brigands carried away a son from his father, at Valle della Vita, promising to restore him on payment of 6,000 francs. The father gave information to the police, and by their activity the brigands were discovered, and a cave near Calabellotta was named as the place where the boy was to be found. The father and soldiers, on