Wonderful Rag Carpets.

It only shows what a woman can do, says the San Francisco *Call*, and there is no disputing the fact a woman can do more, when she makes up her mind to it, than any man living. They tell of one Xerxes, who split a mountain in two with one blow of his club, and they tell of one Hercules, who did divers and sundry stupendous things, but these stories are all too flimsy to stand the test of investigation. One good woman, with a knitting needle in her hand and a few rags at her command, will accomplish more for the good of her fellow-beings in twenty-four hours than the whole catalogue of ancient heroes and demi-divinities of whom volumes have been written and cantos sung. Nor need we go away from California to find these practical female head and hand workers. At the rear of 2011 Dupont street lives Mrs. Kate Hammer and her husband, Lars F. Hammer. They are both Swedes by birth, but Americans by adoption and spirit. Mrs. Hammer has set an example to the women of California and everywhere else worthy of imitation. In their unpretentious dwelling she has a small apartment which she and her husband call their "rag parlor." It is filled with beautiful articles of her handiwork, wrought with the tatting needle, the knitting needle and a little steel hook. The product of the latter, especially, is something to excite admiration. She buys a few common jute or grain sacks, for which she pays ten cents apiece, and a quantity of such little bits of common material as dressmakers throw away as useless, for the merest trifle. With these, and the application of her genius and manual skill, she manufactures a carpet or rug which challenge comparison with the famed fabrics that are imported from the Orient.

The most conspicuous piece of work is a carpet twelve feet square, in one piece. With the exception of the base, or ground, it is made entirely of little scraps of cotton or other goods. It has a right side and a wrong side, but the figures show the same on both sides. The design represents a rural home embowered among the branches. A stream flows past the home, and in a small pond in the foreground swims a graceful black swan. The carpet has the appearance, except upon very close inspection, of heavy Axminster. It is soft to the tread and will last an ordinary lifetime. It was made by Mrs. Hammer during her leisure moments, and although it appears to represent a vast amount of labor, yet the lady says it was the pastime of her leisure hours—the hours she could spare from her regular housekeeping duties—during a period of about six months, and she does all her own housework, even to the family washing and taking care of their child. This piece of work alone, to say nothing of the lace curtains, the tidies, the ottomans and sofa covers she has wrought, does credit to the head that conceived the designs, that wrought them, and the patient, energetic will that directed the hand. It is doubtful whether she could ever realize by sale their real value; yet as curiosities and as monuments of woman's ingenuity and patient labor they are well worth seeing.

The Great Dalrymple Farm.

The great Dalrymple farm is a few miles west of Fargo, Dakota, writes a correspondent. It was the intention to make a stop at this farm and exhibit the 200 reapers in operation, but Mr. Dalrymple said to-day that the wheat was so ripe that he had to cut it last week. Hence the operation of harvesting could not be exhibited. "I am now thrashing the wheat at the rate of 1,000 bushels a day," said Mr. Dalrymple. "We send to Duluth seventy-five carloads each day. And from there we ship by water to Buffalo. The wheat is sold at Buffalo. It is all No. 1 hard, and we get for it fifteen cents a bushel more than is obtained for wheat grown in Minnesota. Ours is all spring wheat, and is mixed with softer grades and ground into flour in Buffalo."

"How many acres have you under cultivation?"

"About 30,000. There are 75,000 acres in the farm, and we are putting five thousand more acres under cultivation each year. When I came here eight years ago we bought the land with Northern Pacific stock and paid forty cents an acre for it. It is worth now on an average of $25 an acre. Eight years ago you could go four hundred miles in either direction on this prairie without seeing a house. Now you can travel the same distance without getting out of sight of a house. The available land is now all taken up, but it can be purchased, of course, at an advance."

The Northern Pacific railroad runs through the Dalrymple farm for a distance of six miles.

Southern Cotton Mills.

According to the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle's* figures, the amount of cotton used by Southern mills during the year ending September 1 was three hundred and thirty-one thousand bales. This shows that the consumption of cotton in the South has considerably more than doubled within the past four years, and that it is more than ninety thousand bales larger this year than it was last. The figures furthermore show that in recent years the consumption has increased at a far greater rate in Southern than in Northern mills.

These facts are proof that the South is making rapid strides in the manufacture of its great staple. The prosperity already attained has given a lively impetus to the construction of new mills in various quarters and the enlargement of the capacity of the old ones. In doing this the Southern States are simply developing an industry for which they have peculiar natural advantages. They have it in their power to make the South a great cotton manufacturing center, and it is a matter for national congratulation that they are moving with encouraging progress in that direction.—*New York Herald.*

Ill Health Due to Ignorance.

"The first wealth is health," wrote Emerson, and in this terse little sentence is concentrated the ethics and economy of sanitary science. Some years ago Gail Hamilton vigorously declared that a woman of twenty should be as much ashamed of being dyspeptic as of being drunk," and not less radical was the address of Dr. Hunt, of New Jersey, at the Social Science congress, who relegated physical disease to a similar place that would be assigned to defective morals. It is undoubtedly true that a large percentage of ill health is due to lack of intelligence if not to a lack of morality. It is also true that a large proportion of people do not even know what health is, in its true sense. Good health is a positive condition, not merely the negative one of being free from actual pain or disease. Good health is the inevitable result of true conditions, and as it is the first wealth and the first requisite of success in every undertaking, these conditions deserve careful study and consideration.—*Boston Traveller.*

Cost of Travel in Europe.

Austria is the most expensive country to travel in. Hotel bills in Vienna are higher, on the average, than in any other European capital. Italy is cheap, when you strike a bargain. France is reasonable, and here also you must bargain, but in Germany one will find living very cheap. In Dresden for $1 a day capital board can be obtained, and in Munich the same. Switzerland is moderately cheap. Along Lake Geneva first-class accommodations can be had for $1.50 to $2 a day. Travel in the eastern countries is expensive. From $3 to $5 a day for hotel expenses are the usual rates in Cairo and Alexandria. Another heavy expense in Egypt is the dragoman or interpreter, for which $1 to $2 per day must be added.

Railroad and cab fares are a very important item. Second-class coaches in England are good enough for anybody, and cost about three cents a mile. In Germany the rates are the same, although the accommodations are not quite so good. In Belgium three cents a mile is charged for first-class, two cents for second-class and one and a half for third-class. In Holland, the land of dykes, fares are higher, and two-thirds of the railroads are run by the government. Cabs are cheaper in Germany than in England. In France they are reasonable, but in Naples one can ride from one end of the city to the other in a cab at a three-minute pace for fourteen cents, and it will cost no more whether you put three in a cab or one. In England it will cost twenty-five cents for half the distance, and in Germany about the same.

Novel Remedy for Consumption.

A musician writes to the Chicago *Times:* Women are daily acquiring business qualifications long considered beyond their reach, and I do not doubt that their scope will soon include playing in bands. A day or two ago I read an account of some experiments with brass instruments in Germany. Some doctor there, the name of whom I forget, said blowing horns would cure consumption if practiced before the disease had taken firm hold. They got some ladies to try the plan, and nearly half the number recovered. I attribute the good health of my wife to the same practice. When I married her she was very delicate, but now she tips the beam at 187, the gain being the result of her efforts with a cornet. She has been playing for thirteen years, but can't make good music, simply because she has no musical talent. It is amusing to see a woman learning. How she draws long breaths and puffs out her cheeks, and blows and blows as if she were a bellows in a blacksmith shop and the fate of the world depended on her getting the fire glowing. They'll take a cornet, for instance—an instrument difficult to handle properly—and exhaust all their breath at a spurt, then gradually rise to the tips of their toes while elevating the cornet above their heads, looking for all the world as if they were trying to force wind from their shoe-tops.

The Crater of Mount Tacoma.

Mount Ranier, otherwise known as Mt. Tacoma, in Washington Territory, has been ascended but twice—the first time, six years ago, by Hazard Stevens and J. H. Van Trump, and the second time, only last week, by Messrs. Langmire, Van Trump, Bailey and Ewing. They camped over night in the crater, amid fleecy clouds of smoke and steam. The rocks in the crater were so hot that they could not be touched without burning their hands. Of all the peaks in the northwest, Mount Tacoma is considered the most difficult of ascent. A Washington Territory correspondent, in a recent letter to the San Francisco *Chronicle*, speaking on this point, says: Two persons claim to have scaled the mountain to the very summit. Notwithstanding their assertions, the story is very generally discredited. It is thought no human foot has ever pressed those lofty regions of everlasting arctic rigor. The ascent is considered beyond the power of human achievement. Indians who have lived a great many years near the peak, and who ought to be personally conversant with the difficulties and perils of the ascent, affirm that it is impossible for any one to reach the top. The distance is so long, the obstacles so great, and the cold is so intense, that no person, however inured to toil, hardship and exposure, could accomplish the trip and return in one day.—*Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise.*

The Mosquito at Close Quarters.

The *Forest and Stream* says: Viewed through the microscope the mosquito presents a picture of mechanical ingenuity as marvelous in execution as it is devilish in design. In the bill alone, which seems so fragile to the unaided sight, there is a combination of five distinct surgical instruments. These are a lance, two meat saws and a suction pump. The fifth instrument I have forgotten, but labor under the impression that it is a portable Corliss engine to run the rest of the factory with. I know that the hum of the mosquitoes in the cottonwood thickets along the lower Mississippi reminded me constantly of the hum of a manufacturing village, and I have walked back several times looking for a town before I could convince myself that the buzzing I heard was made by mosquitoes, with their engines running to sharpen their saws. When the insects operate on a man, the lance is first pushed into the flesh, then the two saws, placed back to back, begin to work up and down to enlarge the hole. Then the pump is inserted, and the victim's blood is syphoned up into the reservoir carried behind, and finally, to complete the cruelty of the performance, the wretch drops a quantity of poison into the wound to keep it irritated.

The First Five-Dollar Greenback.

Major G. W. Candee, paymaster of the army, is the fortunate possessor of the first five-dollar greenback ever issued. It bears the date of March 11, 1863, and is marked "No. 1 of series of A," with the initials of William H. Seward in the northeast corner. The major came into possession of this valuable relic in 1876, the bill being discovered among the money sent on to pay General Custer's command the last time these poor fellows were permitted to feel the subtle texture of the root of evil. The major has been offered several hundred dollars for the great treasure, but will not part with it for any amount. It is well preserved and inclosed between two panes of glass.

A Race of Giants.

A party of Italian scientists have returned from an expedition to the South Pacific, having proved to their own satisfaction that a race of giants once existed in Patagonia. In wandering over Terra del Fuego they found human bones of marvelously large size.

In the three fan districts of Japan 100,000 persons make fans.

THE SPOOPENDYKES'

Desperate Struggle With a Car Window.

"My dear," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, fanning herself vigorously and looking anxiously around the car. "My dear, don't you think it is awful warm here?"

"Open the window, then?" suggested Mr. Spoopendyke, plunging deeper into his paper and settling himself comfortably.

Mrs. Spoopendyke gave a few faint tugs at it, and then relinquished the job.

"Feel better, now?" asked Mr. Spoopendyke, without looking up. "Does the pure air appear to have any—hello! Why don't you pull up the window?"

"I can't," responded Mrs. Spoopendyke, with another effort. "See, it's stuck!"

"Press your thumb on the catch, and then raise the sash," said Mr. Spoopendyke. "Give it a hard jerk, that'll loosen it."

Mrs. Spoopendyke followed instructions, split her glove, knocked the skin off her knuckle, and then set down in a high state of perturbation.

"That the best you can do?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke, springing to his feet and going for the window. "Now, you watch me do this, and another time you'll know how."

He gave the window a wrench, but it firmly resisted.

"Won't, eh!" he growled, hammering the sash with his fist and pulling again. "Got some kind of a notion that this is the Fourth of July, and the right season of the year to manifest independence, haven't ye? Come up!" and his finger slipped off the lock, leaving a piece of the bark behind. "Oh, ho!" he roared. "Bite, do ye? P'raps ye think some dod gasted woman, with a wax thumb, is working this hoist! It ain't, I tell ye, nor it ain't any infant with its measly hands clasped in prayer! This is Spoopendyke who is engineering this particular lift, and ye're going through the top of the car!"

With this exordium Mr. Spoopendyke planted his hat firmly on his head and tugged at the window until his face looked like the danger side of a switch target.

"Never mind, my dear," pleaded Mrs. Spoopendyke, watching the proceedings with considerable apprehension. "It isn't as warm as it was, and I don't care about having it up."

"It ain't, eh!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, bracing himself for another attack. "I s'pose you've got some kind of an idea that this is a sort of refrigerating process I am going through! May be you think this process is calculated to precipitate an early frost and ruin the peach crop! Let go your dod gasted hold on the side of this measly palace coach, and give the free air of nature a chance!" he continued, apostrophizing the window, and then settling down to a steady endeavor, he hung to the window like a mashed fly.

"Perhaps it is stuck at the top," suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke, who, like most women, regarded feminine advice as equal in all respects to masculine muscle.

"No doubt of it!" squealed Mr. Spoopendyke, turning suddenly on her. "Somebody has been here and screwed it fast to the roof! P'raps he's up there yet, holding on to it, but if he is, he'll think a steam jack machine is working underneath him! Look out up there, she's coming! Brace yourself for your flight to the spheres, for Spoopendyke has got a grip on now that'll last till something gives way!" and the worthy gentleman took hold once more and toiled, while his wife dodged suspender buttons and back strap buckles.

"I think I saw it move," she remarked, encouragingly.

"Did, did ye!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, whose hands were numbed by his exertions. "Did ye notice which way it went? What'd ye do to the measly thing when you tried it?" he demanded, a new idea occurring to him. "Don't ye know ye broke it when you were fooling around here? Come up, will ye? Oh, linger not, but come, oh, come, come up, come up with me!" and throwing himself into his job with a despairing onslaught, Mr. Spoopendyke missed his hold, fell over backward into his seat, where he sat looking at his distressed wife, the picture of baffled energy.

"That what ye wanted?" he hissed between his teeth. "Have ye accomplished your dod gasted design? Got any more chores ye want done before they begin to measure me for a shroud?"

"Don't bother about it, dear," purred Mrs. Spoopendyke, patting his hand tenderly. "I'd rather have it shut than open, for it isn't half so warm as I thought it was."

"Then what'd ye want to make such a fuss about?" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, still writhing under the sting of defeat. "If you're cool enough, what'd ye hoist me up there like a hired man for? Oh, you're cool enough! If I had your temperature, I'd fit myself up with a band of music and a barroom, and hire myself out for a summer resort!"

"I don't care," soliloquized Mrs. Spoopendyke, as a brakeman stepped up and opened the window with a little jerk. "My husband may not be very strong, but he's willing. And the next time I want a window opened, I'll have it done before we leave home," and Mrs. Spoopendyke arranged her hat and devoted the rest of the day to the cinder in her husband's eye.—*Stanley Huntley.*

Florentine Funerals.

"A Foreigner in Florence" says in the *Century;* The dead are carried to their last resting-place at night. No one must be shocked during the day, while in the midst of sunshine, and light and gayety, by a reminder of our inevitable doom—by a thought of how some day there will be no sunshine or gayety for us in this bright world.

A funeral in Florence is one of the saddest of sad spectacles, with its procession of priests and boys in draggled gowns that once were white, carrying large candles, which drip their waxen tears along the road—or would do so, if they were not caught as they fall in little cups, carried by more boys and priests, chanting, or rather whining monotonously, as they step briskly along, with a most indifferent air. One can judge somewhat of the wealth of the departed by the number of candles furnished. The shorter the purse, the fewer the candles, until at last the very poor are thrown into a cart, carried outside the gates of the city, and shuffled into a pit, one on top of the other—a sight to make the angels weep!

One of the most grievous characteristics, to me, of a Florentine funeral is the absence of any relative or friend of the deceased. Not one creature who loved or cared for him to follow him to his journey's end, or to shed one tear over the grave of a lost companion; left, to be almost thrown into the ground by a few priests, who sometimes, it is to be feared, look upon the ceremony as a disagreeable, though profitable task, to be got over as soon as possible.

The shipments of California fruits to the East are so remunerative that more attention will be paid to the business.

Whims of Celebrated Men.

Some amusing features from the lives of celebrated men have been brought together by a German writer. Auber wrote on horseback; it was not possible for him to write in any other place than in Paris, however beautiful another residence might be, and however many attractions it might offer. Adam composed best when he lay, with his clothes on, in bed, and showed as great antipathy to all landscape beauty as love to his cats. The same antipathy to all natural beauty is charged to Donizetti, who always slept when upon a journey, when he should have given his attention to the romantic scenery of Switzerland and Italy. Cimarosa could not write without having a lot of friends around him, with whom he kept up an active conversation about art matters. Sacchini's train of thought was interrupted when his cats did not play their antics upon his writing-desk. Sarti could only become inspired in a room without furniture, and which was dimly lighted. Spontini could only compose in the dark, and Meyerbeer composed best during violent thunderstorms, under the roof of his house. Salieri gained his inspiration while he walked quickly through the streets filled with a human throng, meantime eating a great quantity of confections. Haydn, in order to compose, sat in a soft arm-chair, with his gaze directed to heaven. Gluck composed in the open air best, in the glaring sunshine. He liked champagne by his work, and gesticulated very violently, as if he were an actor on the boards. Handel wandered in the churchyard, and when he wished to become inspired he sat himself down in one corner of it which was shaded by weeping willows. Mozart gained his inspiration from reading Homer, Dante and Petrarch; Verdi must read passages from Shakespeare, Goethe, Schiller, Ossian and Victor Hugo. Schiller inspired his muse by the smell of rotten apples, which he kept constantly in his desk; beside this, he liked to live amid surroundings corresponding to the subject on which he worked. When he wrote the last act to "Mary Stuart," he had his servants clothed in black; and so long as he worked on "Wallenstein" he neglected no review or other military spectacle, and at home his wife must sing battle pieces to him.

Goethe loved to have plastic works of art before him as he wrote. Jean Paul replenished his ideas while taking a walk, and drank a glass of beer now and then on the way. In writing he liked the strong smell of flowers. Herr von Kleist worked with great difficulty, and when he made poetry it was as if he had a conflict with an invisible fiend. Just the opposite was the case with father Wieland. In making his poems he trilled a lively song, and sometimes would spring away from his work, and cut a caper in the air. Burger, the immortal poet of Leonore, is said to have whistled street songs as he wrote his verses on paper. His conversation in such moments is said to have been obscene. Holderlin was often found crying when he composed poems. Similar things are said of the French romance writer, Lafontaine. His wife once found him before his writing desk swimming in tears. "Oh, it is too sad," he sighed. "It don't go at all," he sobbed; "I am still in the first volume." Matthison wrote his poems by moonlight, while standing at the window. Lamartine wrote his best things in the morning, before breakfast, while sitting before the fire. A contemporary of Dumas wrote thus: "The writing-desk of Alexander Dumas presents a picture of classical disorder. The study floor is covered with books and papers, behind which he is seated, formally barricaded. Also a quantity of dogs, cats, poultry, pigeons and singing birds are to be seen around, and these he feeds, strokes and keeps out of mischief while he is writing. In the background stand a number of printer's devils waiting for copy, and booksellers and such people, who have business with him. He writes very rapidly, and carries on, very often, a conversation at the same time. He is very negligent in his dress."—*Phrenological Journal.*

The Festive Crocodile.

With its short legs out of sight in the ooze, its murderous snout sunk to the upper jaw, a tangle of river drift caught upon its shoulders, and the tail perhaps lying in a pool of water, the bulky reptile looks so harmless that birds sit twittering upon its armor, and hunt among the crevices of the fungoid-grown and slimy scales for insects. Its very size disarms suspicion; the outlines become indistinct, the complete monster indistinguishable. And a crocodile's patience for mischief is prodigious. Hour after hour, and all day long, the abominable fraud lies in its place without a sign of life. Natives going to their work in the morning look down from the bank and see the birds flitting about the dark object at the water line in pursuit of the swarming mud-flies that are attracted to the brute by their keen sense of smell; but, familiar as they are with the wiles of muggur and gharal (as they call the blunt and the sharp-nosed crocodiles respectively), they are deceived to the last, and go on their way to the field or shop thinking it was only driftwood that they have seen. If it had been a dead body, bullock or tattoo, washed up by the river, the vultures would have been close by, patiently waiting for the carrion to ripen in the festering heat, and the crows would have been there too, hopping on and off it impatiently, trying the tough hide here and there with their beaks, and cawing and croaking in discontent with their baffled appetites. But by-and-bye, if the crocodile will only hold out, or unless some one passing halloos to it at a venture—"just to see if it is a muggur or not"—there will come along the water's edge a hungry, pariah dog, trotting in an aimless, shuffling way, and sniffing as it passes at everything in the line of drift, with its head turned toward the river, and away from the crocodile. And so, trotting along, thinking only of chance offal, it comes up to the waiting brute. A sandpiper, startled by the splashing of the dog's feet, tumbles up with a sharp cry from under the shade of the reptile's side, and the pariah stops dead, startled as the bird, watches it flit along the shore and resettle a few yards further on, and then resumes its jog-trot, or rather, it has just made up its mind to go on, when suddenly the ooze all around it seems to heave up, and in a shower of mud there is an instant's vision of a huge pair of jaws, glistening with white teeth, and then a crimsoned ripple on the river, and the tragedy is complete. The native thinks he heard a dog yelp and turns his head. There is only a scared sandpiper wheeling in the air.—*London Telegraph.*

The Largest Cattle Ranch.

Charles Goodnight has the largest cattle ranch in the world at the head of Red River, Texas. He began buying land four years ago, getting 270,000 acres at thirty-five cents an acre. The price has risen to $2 an acre. He is still buying. He controls 700,000 acres. To inclose his lands 250 miles of fence is required. He has 40,000 cattle.

THE PLAGUE AT SEA.

The Tragedy of a Ship's Crew Stricken with Yellow Fever.

In the gray light of a July morning we made a sail dead ahead, close upon the outskirts of retreating night. In twenty minutes we heard the report of firearms from her deck and saw that her flag was at half-mast in token of distress. A murmur of excited sympathy ran through the great throng on the deck of the ——ic. There was another, of disappointment, when the purser told us it was a Spanish brig. It was as if we had wasted our compassion—an impulse natural to the Saxon breast, born of the fierce blood of those who peered through the stormy passes of the Alps into the Elysian fields of Latin foes.

The steady throbbing of the screws slackened and ceased as we closed upon the quarter of the helpless brig. In a light western air she lay with topsails backed and her jibs and spanker idly awaying to and fro. Four men were upon her deck, and as we approached, lowered a boat astern, hauled it slowly alongside, and entering it left the ship. She was apparently deserted. They rowed painfully toward our steamer, and we gathered on the port side, where the rope ladder had been hung, to catch the first glimpse of their faces. This we could not do; the four wore wide sombreros and bent to their oars feebly but persistently, never looking up. Our captain hailed them impatiently—they only waved their hands between the dippings of the oars. They were now alongside, and the bow oarsman clutched the ladder and began to climb to the deck. Two others followed him, all three hanging like spiders on the narrow way, resting at every round. The most intense excitement was visible in every face that watched them from the —ic's deck. Our captain hailed them from the bridge, and as before each man waved a hand in a mechanical way. Then the captain came to the ladder awaiting their coming. The fourth man sat still in the boat, but those who noticed him saw him bending forward as he sat until the broad brim of his hat touched the gunwale, and the black locks of his hair showed from behind. He seemed helpless or asleep, but attracted little attention as the others climbed closer to the deck.

At last the uppermost had his hand upon the steamer's rail; a few more steps and he would be on deck. A hundred hands were ready to aid him in what seemed a task beyond his power. But the captain thrust them all away, and reaching forward lifted his hat from his head. A general exclamation of horror broke from our eager group. There, not two feet from the rail, looked upward the visage of death—a yellow, shriveled face, and eyes that burned with the weak and cruel fire of wasting life. Long and matted hair and mustache sweeping down made the picture beyond fault. It was the look of the baser man, after the divine and human elements of his nature die away in hunger, thirst or bodily distress, leaving in his useless frame the reptile only, from whose depths the strict Darwinians claim ascent. An impulse of terrible dread seized all who looked upon the sallow face, askant in all the fear of sudden death.

The captain motioned back the man. He trembled like a leaf and spoke for the first time:

"We are dying, senor."

"Of what?"

"We do not know."

But the captain knew, and we shrunk as if from flame at the words:

"They are dying of yellow fever."

If we had doubted this the next moment would have proved his judgment right. The man remaining in the boat rose suddenly from his seat with a quick, sharp cry, "Santo Dios!" and fell upon his back dead.

The captain ordered the others back, promising aid on board the brig. They swore they would never return, and began climbing with the haste of desperation. Never will I forget the struggle that ensued. The leading Spaniard, clinging with both hands to the rail, held back by the broad hands of the captain, seemed the active personification of the plague, doing battle with the lives of all on board. He was like one mad; he cursed and snapped his teeth, filling the air with bitter oaths, drawing his feet under him to the highest round he could reach, and throwing all his strength into a fatal effort. He made it, and was thrust down again by the same strong hands. But his feet had been drawn as close to his body so that they slipped from beneath him—and for a single instant he hung above the others. Then he fell, striking the next man and the third, and carrying them with him into the sea. They sunk like plummets; in a moment more there were but three broad hats floating upon the place of their descent.

The captain consulted with his first officer, a well-thrown pig of iron crushed through the bottom of the boat, and the bell rang out, "full speed ahead."

When the sun came up the Spanish brig stood for an instant against the disk and disappeared in the dazzling radiance of its later rays.—*C. F. Allen, in New York Graphic.*

Domestic Economy.

There is much more room for choice in the administration of even a small income than one is apt to believe at first thought. It is not the luxuriousness of wealth that is enviable, but the broader and more various outlets and inlets which it offers for life. Every income may be studied with reference to these possibilities, and the result will often be surprising. An hour's serious consideration of so serious a subject as the uses of money, with last year's expense book beside her, and pencil and note book in hand, would, perhaps, suggest to almost every house mother some portion of her economy in which she might wisely turn over a new leaf. If she has not a well-kept account book to refer to that is the first leaf to turn. Comfort and elegance in dress, table service, furniture, equipages—all the surroundings of our lives—these are good and desirable when they do not involve the sacrifice of anything more important; but is well to remember that they are not to be the chief objects of life, nor the ends for the attainment of which homes are ordained. If we do not desire for our children better things than these, if we do not assume for them higher responsibilities, we are promoting that dangerous tendency toward an exaggerated respect for wealth, and a corresponding depreciation of character, which is the growing peril of our nation and our time. As American mothers, let us, while considering the division of time and the apportionment of income, not forget in the maintenance of health and comfort in our households, the equally important claims of intellectual life, religion, social development, human helpfulness, and the high ideals of a pure pursuit of truth and beauty.—*The Continent.*

M. A. Mills has growing on his place in Orlando, Fla., a gourd vine which measures 192 feet in length.

Changes on Land and Sea.

That the falling drop will wear away the stone, is a saying which few adult persons have not been able to verify by observation; but it is not so generally understood that falling drops of rain will wear away a mountain or wash away a continent. Rain, frost and ice have ground down the summits of the loftiest mountains; and there are few high peaks now in existence which have not been much higher, and which are not being steadily leveled by atmospheric agencies. In colder climates solid glacier rivers are also found, which moving imperceptibly, but with irresistible force, hollow out valleys and grind down the superincumbent rocks. The sea also devours the land rapidly. Furthermore, innumerable rivers, streams and springs are perpetually loosening the soil, rasping down the rocks with sand, and bearing off billions of tons of solid matter to the sea-bottom, where the whole mass is squeezed by the terrific hydraulic pressure into stone, marble or solid strata of some kind. The Mississippi alone carries annually to the sea 812,500,000,000 pounds of mud. All the habitable land of the globe is being continually ground and wasted away—planed down to the ocean-level; while the sea-bottom is being as steadily filled up. The deposit of foraminiferal shells alone—not including other remains—is sufficient, as Huxley has calculated, to create a bed of limestone in the bottom of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans 800 feet thick supposing these oceans to have existed for only 100,000 years.

Were it not for internal forces the time would come when all existing land would be leveled with the ocean, and thereafter planed down still further by the action of the waters, so that the entire globe would be one shoreless ocean. The coral islands would form no exception; for the coral-builders cannot live above water, nor could their islands ever have reached the surface but for subterranean upheavals. Thus the tendency of the world's crust is to become uniformly smooth and level, and to surround itself with an envelope of water. But within the earth enormous forces are constantly at work to counteract this tendency—forces which manifest themselves in volcanic action, in seismic action and in other and even more mysterious actions.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

Oddities of Dutch Cities.

Amsterdam and Rotterdam look like no other cities in the world. They have hydrocephalus, like Venus—oceans of water everywhere. Amsterdam is built on some eighty islands, connected by some 300 bridges across the muddy ditches they call canals. The buildings are all of unpainted brick, with their gable ends to the street, and they are erected, like those of Venice, on millions of piles driven into the mud. But this alluvial deposit is not so firm as the sandy sediment in the Adriatic lagunes, and so it happens that almost all of the houses here and in Rotterdam are out of plumb. You cross a bridge and instinctively hesitate to advance, for it seems as if the buildings ahead were about to tumble down and crush you. On both sides of the street they bend outward toward each other, so that their cornices are two or three feet nearer than their bases. You gather courage and proceed, and further on you see other houses bowing. Here is a tall toppling chimney, and around it in circle are various houses saluting it. None of the buildings seem to fall down—at least I did not detect any in the act—but they rise and engage in their bricky salaams at almost every angle from the perpendicular, and in utter disregard of the feelings of wayfarers. Crazy little steamboats traverse the dirty little canals; great brick warehouses boldly bend over and look down into their turbid mirrors; merchantmen from Java stick their yards up through the branches of sycamore trees upon the banks; here and there ships climb up the ladder-locks; here and there windmills churn the air and pour the water out into the sea. This is a queer old town. But I should think the Hollanders would wash their canals.—*W. A. Croffut.*

An Eccentric Physician.

For the past thirty-five years there has resided on Jefferson street, in the city of Dayton, Ohio, an eccentric physician of the "yarb" practice, who has succeeded, with all his peculiarities, in obtaining quite a number of patients. At this time he must be eighty-five to ninety years of age, is bent with age, and yet moves with alacrity in his calling. His sign would indicate that there is no use of any one dying, which reads:

"Not one of my patients has died in twenty-five years."

To this sign there is an annex, which is attached to the top, and which is raised when a funeral procession is passing his door, on which is printed the words:

"Not My Patient."

Still below the first sign he has courted the Muses and made an addition, which says:

"No pay, no cure;
Half pay, half cure;
Full pay, work well done;
And cures are wrought such as can be done by none."

Many strangers who visit Dayton not only walk around to take a look at the doctor, but also to read his sign. Every year or two he obtains some horrible woodcuts referring to the death of prominent citizens—some his nearest neighbors—showing the terrible manner of their early deaths, which might have been prevented if they had only applied to him for skill. The cuts are of the cheapest style, while the figures in the coffins and the the mourning widow and children are monstrosities to contemplate as an artistic work.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Cairo by Night.

At every fifty yards or so blaze huge bonfires of sulphur and tar, one instant lighting up the street clear as day, as a mass of flame shoots into the air, and leaving it dark as pitch in the next, as fresh fuel is thrown on and volumes of sulphurous smoke roll forth. The town has a deserted look, and few people are about the streets. Here a couple of Arabs with their long falling robes move silently along, there a patrol of English police, mounted on their big English horses, clank down the center of the road. At the door of a brasserie or cafe sits one of the waitresses, exchanging a few words with some French or Italians.

Hard to Pronounce.

A young Scotchman named Carmichael was recently taken to a Polish party and introduced to the Misses Czartoryska, Dzialuska, Cicchanowiecka, Dzierbitzka, Poradowsky, Bielikowitz, Zamoyski. These Polish ladies could not manage his name at all, and gave it up in despair, exclaiming: "Car-mi-chael—oh, no; it is impossible. How absurd for a charming young man to have a name that nobody can pronounce!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

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