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A Winter Landscape.

A solemn silence fills the lonely woods;
The cold moist leaves lie motionless below,
The brook, in icy cloak ermined with snow,
Mute as a mask, forgets all summer moods.
The weeds, like witches weird, in tattered hoods,
Are still as death, for faint the breezes blow;
Winter's thin choir is hushed, nor oft the crow
Gives voice to the else voiceless solitudes.
Under the muffled sky broods everywhere
A soft, half-smiling gloom; all life is whist,
And nature, kneeling, makes unuttered prayer;
The world is a cathedral vast and bare,
The road a'long-drawn aisle, where, awed I list
The singing wires' loud anthem thrill the air.

The Song of the Stream.

Over the mosses and grasses
The white cloud passes,
Silent and soft as a dream;
And the earth, in her shy embraces,
Conceals the traces
Of the secret birth of the stream;

Till my threads are braided and woven,
And speed through the cloven
Channels, and gather and sink,
And wind, and sparkle, and daily,
With song in the valley
And shout from the terrible brink!

Then the whirl of the wind divides me,
And the rainbow hides me,
As I midway scatter in air;
And I bath with endless showers
The feet of the flowers,
And the locks of the forest's hair;

Till proudly, with waters wedded
My strength is bedded
By meadow, and slope, and lea;
And the lands at last deliver
Their tribute river
To the universal sea.

—*Bayard Taylor.*

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

To say that Harvey Frothingham was in a bad temper was to put the mildest form of words to express the savage mood in which he found himself one winter's evening, as he shot through the main street of the town of L——, on his way homeward. Everything had gone contrary to his wishes all the week.

Entirely ignorant of the fact that Harvey Frothingham was a man of standing and wealth in L——, pretty Josie allowed the minor facts, that he was insultingly free in his addresses, to influence her so strongly, that her dignified reserve taught him the lesson he needed; and when he sought her for his wife she refused the honor.

To add to this discomfiture, the heiress, Miss Maude Chesterton—whom he had held in reserve, that his ambition might win a wife if his love would not—had coolly informed him that she was engaged to Fred Holman.

Now, if there was one man above another who was utterly detestable in the eyes of Harvey Frothingham, it was Fred Holman.

They had both been rivals at school, where both stood well in talent, application and social position; and Fred was ever a little in advance in every study, carrying away the contested prizes far more frequently than it suited Harvey he should.

In society, Fred's handsome face, ready wit, courteous manners, and frank, sunny temper kept him ever in higher favor than Harvey Frothingham's sullen, cold disposition could gain.

And now, when Maude had been ever gracious to the son of the wealthy banker, Silas Frothingham, she answered his love-suit by the tidings that his life-long rival had won the promise to be his bride.

"And the worst of it is, it will be just the match to suit his uncle," muttered Harvey, savagely. "No fear of him disinheriting Fred now."

For Harvey knew that Fred depended entirely upon the good-will of his mother's brother, James Rutherford, a wealthy and eccentric bachelor, for his income. He had been left an orphan when a mere boy, and his uncle had adopted and educated him, and would probably make him his heir.

But the bachelor, having long ago put away sentiment, if he ever felt it, looked to Fred to make a match that would increase his fortune and social position. It was the wish of his heart to see Fred the husband of Maude Chesterton, and his wish was to be fulfilled.

Harvey Frothingham, at odds with love, would like to see his rival refused, disinherited, humbled as he felt himself humbled, since neither love nor money would accept him.

He strode over the pavement in a savage mood, and started suddenly to see Josephine Ormund coming out of a shop a few steps in advance of him. In her hand were several small packages, and her face was pale and anxious.

In a moment Harvey was at her side.

"Let me carry some of your parcels," he said, lifting his hat as he spoke.

"Thank you, I have only a few steps to go," answered Josie, hurrying forward nervously.

"You need not be afraid of me," Harvey said, noting her nervous manner. "I will not annoy you! Why will you not believe my respect is as great for you as my love?"

And before he knew exactly where his words were leading him, the young man was renewing the offer he had made before.

At the door of a small lodging-house Josie stopped and faced him.

"You have spoken so before, Mr. Frothingham," she said, gently; and because I believe you are sincere, I will tell you what I have kept secret for six months; I am already married!"

"Josie! Be quick! Why do you stand there?" cried a voice in the narrow hallway, and a man stepped into the bar of light thrown across the open door by a street lamp.

"Fred Holman!" muttered Harvey, starting forward. "Married! and to Fred Holman!"

It almost consoled him in his own disappointment to think of the hold he had upon his rival. Engaged to Maude Chesterton, and married to Josie Ormund! Fancy the proud face when she knew she had been deceived for a girl who worked in a factory. And sweeter still was it to Harvey Frothingham to think of the wrath of James Rutherford when the news reached him.

But in his triumph Harvey Frothingham had resolved to be very cautious to have strong proof of his rival's marriage before venturing to accuse, to either his uncle or his betrothed.

He had noticed the number of the house in the glare of the street lamp: "No. 28 Ralph street."

This was the entry he made in his note-book, in case his memory proved treacherous.

It seemed as if fortune favored his plans.

Only the next day, happening to go into a large fruit and flower shop, he saw Fred Holman selecting the contents of a large fancy basket of choicest fruits and rarest blossoms.

Nodding carelessly to Harvey, he wrote the address upon a card and attached it to the pretty basket.

"You will send this at once," he said, and then left the shop.

And Harvey, taking the place Fred had just vacated, read the card:

"Mrs. F. Holman, No. 28 Ralph street."

What proof was needed now? It was not in the nature of Harvey Frothingham to work openly in any scheme. A blow in the dark suited him better. Feeling sure of his position now, he hurried homeward to write two anonymous letters, that would, he fondly hoped, disinherit and utterly confound his long successful rival.

One of these venomous missives found Maude Chesterton in her pretty boudoir, trifling with some embroidery, and dreaming sweet dreams of her love and Fred Holman's sweet devotion.

She was a handsome, dignified girl of nineteen, full of all womanly sweetness, unspoiled by her great wealth.

She loved Fred Holman with the whole strength of her young heart, and she was sure that her love was returned.

The dainty work under the slender fingers progressed slowly, as Maude lay back in her deep arm-chair, looking into the glowing fire, and building castles of future happiness.

From this tender reverie she was aroused by a servant, who handed her a squarely-folded letter, awkwardly addressed, and fastened with a wafer.

Wondering who her unknown correspondent could be, she opened the paper. The same straggling hand inside met her eyes. Only a few lines were written:

"If you would have a proof of the falsehood of one you believe true, go at eight o'clock this evening to the second floor of No. 28 Ralph street, and you will find Mr. Frederick Holman and his wife."

"Anonymous!" the proud girl said, her lips curling and her eyes flashing. "It is a falsehood!"

She threw the note upon the coals as she spoke, and watched the flames curl and blacken the paper till it flashed out of sight up the chimney.

Then, with all the color stricken from her face, she took up her embroidery.

Had Harvey watched her then, he would have thought that that poisoned arrow had missed its aim.

But it was not so. The work was thrown aside, the piano rang out under her restless fingers, a novel was opened, a room was put in order; but while the calm face betrayed no secret suffering, the girl was tortured all day by the words of the anonymous note:

"Frederick Holman and his wife."

Could it be? Had the frank, brown eyes that had looked so lovingly into hers mirrored only a false heart? Was she, indeed, so far deceived?

Long before eight o'clock Maude Chesterton had resolved to prove or falsify the words that seemed burned upon her brain.

Surely, of all the world she had the best right to test the truth of such a monstrous charge against her betrothed lover.

And while she was striving to hide from any eyes the tortures she endured, James Rutherford was storming up and down his library, holding the second of Harvey Frothingham's communications in his hand.

In the same awkward handwriting, the same facts were stated, the same hour and place to verify the writer's words.

But the peppery old bachelor made no secret of his wrath. To have listened to him, one would have supposed that making mince-meat of his disobedient nephew was the least he intended. He called him all the pet names suggested by a furious rage; he used up all the abusive adjectives in the dictionary to describe Mr. Frederick Holman.

He exhausted every threat that he could devise; long before eight o'clock he had wrought himself up to a rage that was frightful to witness.

It was with a chuckle of satisfaction that Harvey Frothingham, secretly hidden in a narrow courtway, watched a tall, stately figure leave a carriage at the head of Ralph street, and walk to the door of No. 28.

In the quiet of the street he heard a clear voice ask the servant who opened the door:

"Does Mrs. Holman live here?"

"Yes, ma'am; second floor."

"Is her husband at home?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am: you'll find them both there."

Then Maude Chesterton entered the house, just as a short, panting man dashed up the steps, and, not pausing to make inquiry, also entered.

In the passage, Maude Chesterton, turning, as rapid steps followed her, faced James Rutherford.

"You here!" he said. "You have heard too, then, of the trick this ungrateful hound has played upon us?"

"I have heard," she answered, in a cold voice, "that your nephew's wife lives in this house. I wish to ascertain if it is true."

"We will soon see! we will soon see! Second floor. Here we are. Now, then!"

And the old gentleman's raps proved the excitement under which he was laboring.

A very pale, sweet woman opened the door, her eyes showing that she had been weeping very recently.

"Does Mrs. Holman live here?" the old gentleman asked.

"That is my name, sir."

"Can I see your husband?"

The soft eyes, full of deep trouble, were lifted.

"Is it on business, sir?"

"Very important business," was the rather dry response.

"Because the doctor said to-day he must not have any mental excitement. He is so very much worse to-day; I—I am afraid he is dying!"

And sobs broke out again.

"Dying!"

Maude Chesterton reeled into the room, and sank dizzily upon a chair.

James Rutherford, with a face white as death, said: "Dying! An accident?"

"No, sir; it is a fever from overwork."

"Fever—over-work!"

"Josie—Josie!"

If ever Fred Holman spoke, he spoke then from an inner room, and the little wife, seeming to forget her strange visitors, answered, quickly:

"I'm coming, Fred."

She went at once to the room from which the voice came, and again the two, listening intently, heard Fred's husky voice.

"Bring the last cordial, Josie. Ten drops! I am sure he knew me; but he is faint."

A moment later the same cheery voice spoke again: "Drink this, old fellow. So! See, here is Josie! Don't you know Josie?"

Then another voice—oh! so very faint!—said:

"Josie—little wife!"

A moment of utter silence followed, and then Josie said:

"There is a gentleman and lady in the other room, Fred, who want to see Frank. Will you see them?"

And Fred, appearing in compliance with this request, found his uncle vigorously fanning Maude Chesterton with a newspaper to bring her out of a fainting fit.

Before he could frame a question, his uncle said, quickly:

"Get me some water!" And he obeyed.

Then, Maude's blue eyes opened with a bewildered stare, the old gentleman continued:

"We were sent here to see your domestic felicity, and we seem to be misinformed."

"My domestic felicity!" cried Fred.

"Read that," said his uncle, handing the anonymous note. And Fred complied.

"Humph! yes," he said. "So you came to see Mrs. Frederick Holman. Well, that lady has made me a happy man;" and his eyes flashed merrily upon Maude. "But I will introduce you to my cousin's wife, Mrs. Frank Holman. Maude," he continued, with gentle gravity, "since you have come here, it will be an act of Christian charity to remain, for"—and his voice sank very low—"we are afraid the poor little woman will be a widow before the morning."

"Poor fellow!" said James Rutherford. "What is the trouble?"

"Over-work. He thought he could increase his small salary by toiling over fine engravings in the evening, and he broke down. I never knew of his marriage till last week, when he wrote me a painful note, begging me to care for his wife if he died. I came here at once, and was fortunate enough to win poor little Josie's sisterly confidence and affection. Maude, if the great trouble we fear comes"—

"I will be her true sister, Fred!" interrupted Maude.

Here was a deep silence of several minutes; then Josie, very pale still, crept softly into the room.

"He is asleep!" she whispered. "The doctor said if he slept he would live!"

And when she broke into hysterical weeping, Maude held her close in loving arms, whispering that she must let her stay and comfort her, for Fred's sake.

Nearly eleven o'clock came, and still Harvey Frothingham waited, half-frozen, in the dark courtway, to see the discomfiture of his rival. Then his patience was rewarded by seeing Fred and his uncle come out of No. 28, arm-in-arm, evidently the best of friends, and enter Miss Chesterton's carriage and drive away.

Not until the day of the wedding, when he saw Josie an honored guest, and was introduced to Mr. Frank Holman, did Harvey Frothingham understand the slight mistake he had made.

The Octopus.

Though all the octopods, large or small, can swim freely at will, such is not their habit; they prefer to lie concealed, or partially so, on the side or in the clefts of rocks. There the octopod's body is protected from the attacks of other animals, while it can extend its long feelers in search of prey, of which fish, mollusks, and crustaceans are the principal objects. Its movements, when an object of food is perceived, are marvelously rapid, swifter than the flight of an arrow from the bow of an experienced hunter. The long, flexible arms grasp the victim; its hundreds of suckers, acting like pneumatic holders, make escape impossible; and, as the long arms draw the object nearer and nearer, the other shorter arms add their multiplied disks, forming "a perfect mitrailleuse of inverted air guns, which take horrid hold, and the pressure of the air is so great that nothing but closing the throttle-valve can produce relaxation." This throttle-valve is the neck as we have before described. Those lengthy appendages, the limbs, are rather in the way when the animal is swimming, and would act as drag-anchors if left pendent; but the octopus usually draws them close alongside, whence they extend in a horizontal position, acting the part of a tail to a kite. It propels itself by drawing in and expelling water through its locomotory tube. The octopus swims backward, and it has been remarked that it changes its color to a darker hue when it starts out for a swim.

This change of hue, apparently at will, is one of the most peculiar characteristics of the octopus. It may be considered the chameleon of the sea. Its ordinary color when in repose is a mottled brown; but if irritated it assumes a reddish hue, approaching to purple. Nature seems to have been almost superfluously careful in furnishing this animal with protecting elements; for this coloring matter, which resides between the inner and outer skin, enables it even to assume the color of the ground or rocks over which it travels, so that one can hardly say what color it is before it may have changed to something quite different. When exhausted after a battle or a struggle to get out of a trap, it turns pale like a human being.

Others besides Victor Hugo's hero have had a chance to test the strength of these devil fishes. Major Newsome, R. E., when stationed on the east coast of Africa in 1856-57, undertook to bathe in a pool of water left by the retiring waves. He says: "As I swam from one end to the other, I was horrified at feeling something around my ankle, and made for the side as speedily as I could. I thought at first it was only sea weed; but as I landed and trod with my foot on the rock, my disgust was heightened at feeling a fleshy and slippery substance under me. I was, I confess, alarmed; and so apparently was the beast on which I trod, for he detached himself and made for the water. Some fellow bathers came to my assistance, and he was eventually landed. * * * As the grasp of an ordinary-sized octopus holding to a rock is not less than thirty pounds, while the floating power of a man is between five and six pounds, I believe if I had not kept in mid-channel it would have been a life-and-death struggle between myself and the beast on my ankle. In the open water I was the best man; but near the bottom or sides, which he could have reached with his arms, but which I could not have reached with mine, he would certainly have drowned me."—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Canning Fish-Balls.

For several years past a firm in this city, says the Boston *Advertiser*, have sought to discover a method by which minced fish, or fish-balls, could be canned so as to retain its original freshness and that peculiar flavor that is supposed to be one of the secrets of the cook's art. After months of trials they at length succeeded in producing an article, composed of butter, fish and potatoes, that had the flavor of the old-fashioned New England fish-balls, and that would bear transhipment around the world and retain its virtues in any climate.

The fish are killed by being stuck in the neck, and are hung up until every drop of blood is removed, and the napes are carefully scraped and cleaned. When salted and dried, it is equal to the best Phillips' beach fish. The best Nova Scotia potatoes are used, and, instead of pork fat, the best Vermont and New York butter is contracted for at the dairy. The fish-balls are packed solid in tin cans, and hermetically sealed, after which they are put up in cases of ten dozen each, when they are ready for the market. The first sale was made in New York last May, and to such an extent has the business grown in nine months that the firm employ a force of 250 men and women in preparing and packing the fish-balls, and sixty tinners in making the cans. Since the first of September 20,000 bushels of potatoes have been used, and the codfish comprises several hundred quintals. The goods are shipped by the car-load to Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, Pittsburgh, and other Western points. A case of the goods was on exhibition at the Paris exposition, for which a medal was awarded, and orders have been filled for France, England, Scotland and South America. A few weeks ago an order was received from Turkey, and the firm has received one from China. The business has outgrown the most sanguine expectations of the proprietors, and it will soon require additional room and a larger force to fill them. This article of food has only been offered to the public for a few months, and in every case orders have been duplicated, and a steadily-increasing demand is reported by the grocers who have retailed it. It is as popular in England, France and South America as it is on Cape Cod, and seems likely to become quite as famous abroad as American cheese.

HOW THE CHINESE MARK TIME.

Some Very Curious Excerpts from the Latest Official Almanac.

The Chinese *Official Almanac* is issued annually in December, and is carefully prepared by the board of astronomy, an important body, imperially appointed, presided over by a prince of the royal blood, and equal in dignity to any other government body in the empire. The almanac is bestowed as a special act of grace by the emperor on the Coreans, Loochoosans, Annamites and other tributary states. As this publication is so highly respected by the Chinese, it may fairly be considered as the representative of the highest state of astronomical science reached by them. A large part of the astrological portion of the almanac is intended for a "practical guide in the common affairs of life." A translation is given of the admonitions for the first days of the current year, as follows:

The first day is favorable for sacrifice and for entering school; at noon it is allowable to bathe. It is unfavorable for starting on a journey or exchanging residence.

The second day is favorable for sacrifice and bathing. It is unfavorable for starting on a journey, removing or practicing acupuncture.

The third day: there are no indications.

The fourth day: may receive or make visits and cut out clothes; at seven A. M. may draw up contracts, barter and make presents. May not go on a journey or break ground.

The fifth day: may visit, bathe, shave and clean up; may not plant and sow.

The sixth is favorable for sacrifice, visiting, taking on a new servant, starting on a journey, removing, marrying, repairing, breaking ground; at three A. M. may draw up contracts, open shop, barter, send presents, seal, test the soil and bury.

The seventh day: may level roads, but must not start on a journey.

The eighth: may sacrifice, memorialize, enter office, assume ceremonial clothes; at five A. M. may sit toward the southeast; also favorable for conjugal union, visits, weddings, taking on a new servant, starting on a journey, erecting uprights and putting on crossbeams, building, removing soil and burying.

The writer gives a few more items and comments as follows:

And so it goes on for nearly every day in the year. Enough has been translated to show the excessive childishness and absurdity of this, the principal part of the imperial almanac. On the seventeenth one may be treated for illness and open caches of provision. On the twenty-third it is allowable to pull down old houses and walls, but drains must not be opened or wells dug until the twenty-seventh. Arrests should be made on the fifteenth; this is the only favorable day in the month—a very satisfactory arrangement for criminals. There are four days in thirty on which one may cut out clothes, and the same number on which one may sweep and clean up. It is advised to shave on the fifth, twenth-third and twenty-ninth, and to bathe seven times in the month. Unfortunately, the intervals between the bath days are unequal, and the believer in the almanac must wait from the fifth to the thirteenth and from the fourteenth to the twenty-third. Besides, on the first, bathing is favorable at an inconvenient hour—viz., noon; the hour on the twenty-ninth (five o'clock) is much better.

These indications seem too silly to affect sensible men, yet while the Chinaman is not only sensible, but actually shrewd and keen, he guides most of his more important affairs by the almanac. The poorer classes watch the almanac carefully, and marry, bury and do other things only when it advises, and it is to be feared that the better educated do not start on a journey nor enter office except on favorable days, though it is to be hoped they bathe, shave and clean much oftener.—*American Journal.*

Trichinosis.

This is a parasitic disease, caused by eating pork infested with minutest hair-like worms, called trichinæ. It is only since 1860 that the disease has been fully investigated and understood, but it can now be traced back, under other names, at least two centuries. Since the above date it has been recognized wherever pork is eaten raw or imperfectly cooked; and there have been many epidemics of it.

The trichinæ, after passing through the stomach, rapidly multiply in the intestines, and thence they work their way into the substance of the muscles generally and of the internal organs, where they soon roll themselves up into coils, like worms of the earth.

If comparatively few trichinæ are taken into the stomach, either because the pork is but slightly diseased, or is eaten sparingly, or the meal is not repeated, the disease is light and soon over.

In severer cases there is vomiting; diarrhea, followed often by obstinate constipation; profuse sweating; fever; great pain in the limbs; difficulty of chewing, swallowing and breathing; hoarseness, often with entire loss of voice; neuralgic attacks and sleeplessness, except in children, with whom the opposite condition of stupor prevails.

In the milder cases the patients begin to recover in five or six weeks; in severer forms, convalescence is deferred for four months, while the full strength is not restored for a much longer time. A fatal termination is very common, generally from paralysis of the respiratory organs. In children, recovery is the rule. No means have yet been found to destroy the trichinæ.

American hogs seem to be especially liable to the disease. They should be sold for the market, home or foreign, only after legal inspection. But thorough cooking kills the trichinæ. Lard, of course, having been subjected to a high heat, cannot contain them.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Lake's Mysterious Sounds.

Manitoba lake, which lies northwest of Fort Garry, and has given a title to the provinces formed out of the Red river region, derives its name from a small island from which in the stillness of the night issues a mysterious noise. On no account will the Ojibway Indian approach or land on this island, supposing it to be the home of the Manitoba, the "Speaking God." The cause of this curious sound is the beating of the waves against the "shingle" or large pebbles lining the shores. Along the northern coast of the island is a long, low cliff of fine-grained, compact limestone, which under the stroke of a hammer clinks like steel. The waves beating on the shore at the foot of the cliff cause the fallen fragments to rub against each other and to give out a sound resembling the chimes of distant church bells. The phenomenon occurs when the gales blow from the north, and then as the winds subside, low, wailing sounds, like whispering voices are heard in the air. Travelers assert that the effect is impressive, and that they have been awakened at night under the impression that they were listening to church bells.—*Helena (Mont.) Independent.*

Old buttons are in demand in Paris as articles of parlor ornament, and large prices are paid for those in steel, jasper, silver, pebbles or Alencon diamonds.

THE DUELS OF THE PAST YEAR.

Men who Met on the Field of Honor, and What they Quarreled About.

Jan. 12.—At the junction of the A. and G. and S. and C. R.R., three miles from Savanna, between Walter A. Harley, lawyer, and Robert Vishburn, ten paces, Colt's revolvers. Harley killed; cause, politics.

Feb. 3—A. J. Nicolopulo and George Villere fought with swords at Montgomery station, on the N. O. and M. R.R.; Nicolopulo wounded in hand.

Feb. 26.—In Charles City county, Va., forty miles from Richmond, Thomas Wilcox and Richard Walker, dispute about lands adjoining; two shots fired and Walker fell; Wilcox slightly wounded in the arm. Both parties were arrested. After the first shot Wilcox said: "Hold on, my pistol is out of order and won't fire." "All right; I'm not in a hurry and I'll wait," was his opponent's reply.

March 7.—At Panton, near University of Virginia, B. T. Johnson, Jr., and Mr. Cockrell fought with bowie knives; Cockrell called Johnson a liar over a game of billiards; the young men were aged about twenty-two; neither party hurt.

March 28.—At Eastville, Va., Sidney Pitts and A. P. Thomas fought with pistols, to settle a quarrel about $20; two rounds at six feet apart. Pitts was killed, and Thomas fatally wounded.

July 4.—On Luxembourg frontier, Jorres Cacedo, minister to Belgium from San Salvador, and Medira, minister from Guatemala. Cacedo wounded in shoulder. Dr. William Aubery and Adolph Flummer; Colt's six-shooting pistols; near Latonia Springs, Kentucky; one shot. Dr. Aubery wounded in foot. Quarrel about a lady; fifteen paces.

July 14.—The Rev. Dr. Wade Heil, Baptist, and Andrew Scroggins, son-in-law, fought duel, ten paces, in Rutherford county, N. C.; Scroggins spanked Dr. Heil's daughter and the doctor reproved him. A quarrel and fight ensued, doctor coming out best. Scroggins challenged, the reverend declined. Scroggins vowed revenge, if he poisoned his coffee. The reverend was armed. They met on horseback. Major—"Ha, I've got you now." The reverend—"Keep cool." Major—"Ten minutes to say your prayers." The reverend—"Well, sir, I'm ready," drawing derringer. Major—"And so am I may the Lord have mercy on us both," and fired, with no effect. The reverend fired and killed Scroggins.

Aug. 1.—R. S. Sullsbury and J. S. Iverson of Augusta, Ga., met on Carolina side of river and exchanged shots; nobody hurt.

Sept. 14.—John Riley and unknown man, at Catholic cemetery, San Francisco, ten paces and advance; Riley wounded; refuses to tell.

Paris, Nov. 21.—A duel with pistols between M. Gambetta and M. de Fourton, arising out of the passage in the chamber of deputies on the 18th inst., when the latter was unseated, was fought to-day at Plesses Picquet. They fought at thirty-five paces. Only one exchange of shots was had, and neither party was hurt.

Columbia, S. C., Jan. 2.—A duel was fought last Monday night near Bishopville, the principals being Mr. Cantey, of Camden and Mr. Cash, of Cash's Depot. Two shots were exchanged without effect.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

A Model New England Farm.

Mr. Burnett, the owner of the three hundred acres in Southboro, Mass., known as Deerfoot farm, makes a specialty of breeding, raising and fattening hogs, and converting them into various articles of food, and of the products of the dairy. The conversion of the carcasses into hams and bacon, and the manufacture of sausages and lard are carried on in the most systematic manner and on an extensive scale; extra pains being taken to produce for the private consumption of customers in Boston, New York and Philadelphia, the choicest and most palatable articles. Mr. Burnett raises about 350 hogs annually, and purchases from the farmers of Vermont 1,500 fat Berkshires, which make the best pork. After being dressed, the hogs are kept in a refrigerator for forty eight hours, when they are cut up, the hams and bacon cured in the most approved manner, the lard tried out and canned free from adulteration, and the pork packed in kegs of fifteen and twenty pounds weight; the sausage meat chopped by machinery and seasoned with the best quality of sage and pepper that can be obtained, and then made into sausages. Mr. Burnett's bacon has taken the place of imported English bacon in the Boston market, and has become so popular in Philadelphia that one dealer has offered to take the entire product of Deerfoot farm, which amounts to 300 sides a day, while 3,000 hams are cured annually. The product of sausages averages about 1,000 pounds a day. Another specialty of Mr. Burnett is the canning of pigs' feet, which are sold largely in the season to yachting parties. The piggery at Deerfoot farm is an extensive affair, located at some distance from the main buildings, and consists of a building eighty by forty feet, with a wing sixty by twenty feet, containing pens, in which were seen about 250 swine of all ages, from the sucking pig to the hog ready for the scalding vat. The animals are fed twice a day, on a cooked mixture of two-thirds corn meal and one-third ground oats, which Mr. Burnett has demonstrated to be the most profitable food for fattening hogs. In the dairy, the Devonshire process of producing clotted cream is used. New milk, scalded, is placed in long, large pans, which are placed under a refrigerator, where it is cooled rapidly, the temperature being reduced in three hours from 100 degrees to thirty-two degrees, and cream raised to the thickness of three-fourths of an inch, which ordinarily required forty-eight hours. This cream will keep sweet several days, and is sold for sixty cents a quart to Boston families. Mr. Burnett also manufactures from 250 to 300 pounds of butter a week from the milk of fifty cows, of which twenty-five are thoroughbred Jerseys, The butter readily sells at seventy-five cents a pound.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Bold Operation.

Prof. Alan T. Smith has performed a most difficult and dangerous operation on the nine-year-old son of Mr. S. J. Hopkins, of Cambridge, Md. Ten months ago the child swallowed a tin ferrule from an umbrella. The ferrule, which was open at both ends, after going some distance down the throat, caught, in the anterior wall of the esophagus pressing against the windpipe, giving rise to serious trouble. All efforts to extract it were unavailing. The child was brought to town some days ago. Prof. Smith, finding that the obstruction could not be reached by means of any of the forceps in use or that could be devised, on account of it being imbedded in the mucous membranes and the difficulties of its position, forced his fingers down the child's throat and extracted it in that way. To do this, the child had to be held by the heels, head downward. It was completely suffocated for the time being by the operation. Artificial respiration had to be resorted to, which, after some time, brought him to a normal state. The child is now doing well.—*Baltimore Sun.*

After Grizzlies.

A letter from Bismarck, Dakota Territory, tells of the arrival there of a Mr. Leasure, who had been hunting in the Judith basin and the Muscleshell valley. Leasure was with Messiter, the English sportsman, part of the time. They had their experiences. The grizzly bear is the big game. He is an ugly enemy at short range. The boys were always on the alert for his approach. One misty night Leasure and his companion were startled by a specter moving slowly toward their campfire after the up and down movement of a grizzly. It was not a safe investment, but the hunters thought they would lodge two bullets fore and aft of the brute. They fired, and both bullets passed through the animal where they aimed. It turned and disappeared. Next morning the boys went in search of their wounded grizzly. They found him. He was their old gray pony, who had broken loose from his picket and was grazing in the direction of the camp. The wounds were not serious, and the pony soon recovered.

A few years ago three men in six weeks killed 1,500 deer in the Big Snowy mountains. They killed them for their hides. It was probably the most successful slaughter of the forest innocents that ever occurred in this section. When Messiter and Col. Pickett of Kentucky started into the Judith basin on their fall hunt, their first experience was with a big grizzly, which suddenly charged them from the woods. The hunters and their two guides were on horseback. The horses were frightened, and the riders unable to take aim. The bear would charge one horse and then another. Volley after volley was fired at random. The horses pitched about, and the bear entered into the fun with all the spirit of his great nature. The crack of the rifle amused him. He would run back into the wood, and then bounce out again, taking after the nearest horse. A rifle shot from his side or rear would make him turn and charge in the direction of the enemy. The fight was kept up for hours, when darkness terminated the unsatisfactory contest. The bear was safe.

Messiter saw a fine grizzly run into a very heavy thicket. He persuaded his pointer dog to go into the thicket by throwing a stone into it. The dog went in to retrieve the stone, but came out with his tail between his legs, and on a clean run that never stopped until he got into camp. The bear followed him to the edge of the thicket, wheeled about face and disappeared. Just as his hindquarters were passing out of sight, Messiter discharged both barrels of his Express rifle. They were loaded with explosive bullets. The bear received them. They hurt, but didn't kill. Mr. Messiter was now in a quandary. The shell of one barrel couldn't be removed, and the bear was too cunning to make fight. Messiter threw a cartload of stones into the thicket, hoping that the bear would take offense and come out. The bear had seen enough. He would take the chances of being hit by the stones. Messiter could shoot straighter than he could throw. He told the rest of the story in about the following words: "Gentlemen, I am sorry to say it, but I deliberated an hour and a half before I decided to go in after that bear. I knew that he was wounded, and that in all probability he would die before morning and his meat spoil. It was getting late in the afternoon, and I must decide. Having but one useful barrel of my rifle made the situation all the more interesting. I got down on my hands and knees and crawled into the thicket a few hundred yards, when I saw something just in front of me moving up and down. It was the lower jaw of the grizzly. He was whetting his appetite. I placed my rifle to my shoulder. The bear began to raise up. It was death to one of us. I fired. The bear fell back. The bullet passed directly through the ball of his left eye."

Messiter has gone directly to Harrisburg, Pa., to spend the winter and spring. He lives near that city, but gets his wealth from England. He is the proprietor of 12,000 acres of land and three small villages. His income is princely. He has hunted everything from an elephant to a jack rabbit. He was three years the chief of a band of Arabs in Arabia. His object was adventure and a knowledge of the people. He is by far the most accomplished gentleman who has ever traveled this way as a hunter. His rough life simply refines him. He is an artist in his line.

Medals at World's Fairs.

So far as the general public is concerned, it always is and always will be in a state of hopeless confusion concerning the medals awarded to the different firms that have exhibited at the world's fairs. Each firm seems, according to circulars and advertisements, to have taken the highest prize for its specialty, whatever it be, so that the community at large is unable to see how or wherein one firm has any advantage over another. Philadelphia, Vienna, and Paris expositions are mysteries to the many who cannot perceive the benefit of competition if everything exhibited is worthy of the same honor. Although this may appear so, quite the contrary is the fact. Different medals are given, as at the Paris exposition, for articles of different degrees of merit. There are the grand gold metal, the gold, the silver, and the bronze medals, the honorable mention, which is the regular descending scale. Exhibitors who have gained any prize are ingenious enough to advertise in a way to make people believe that they have carried off the highest honors. It is growing to be a question among merchants and manufacturers whether world's fairs do any good commensurate with the trouble and cost of exhibiting there; and it is not at all unlikely that these fairs will henceforth diminish in importance and interest. They certainly seem to have had their best days in the opinion of a New York paper from which the foregoing is taken.

A Living Fishhook.

A curious way of catching turtles off the coast of Cuba is employed by the natives, and with entire success. A species of *remora*, or *beve*, inhabits those waters; it has an oval disk on the top of the head and the adjacent parts of the back, the surface of which is crossed by transverse cartilaginous plates, and on the middle of the under surface are hook-like projections, connected by short bands with the skull and vertebræ, and their upper margin is set with fine teeth. By means of this apparatus, partly suctorial, partly prehensile through the hooks, the *remora* attaches itself to rocks, vessels, floating timber and the bodies of other fish, using them either for anchorage or labor-saving transit. Boatmen seeking for turtles carry several *beves* in a tub, and when near their game a properly equipped *beve* is cast off. The fish fastens itself to the turtle so firmly—it will permit itself to be torn asunder before it will release itself from any object to which it is attached—that the turtle can readily be secured. The living fishhook is held by a ring in the tail, and a strong line made of the fibre of palm bark. By a peculiar manipulation, the fish is made to let go its hold of the turtle when both have been hauled into the boat. The *remora* is then returned to its tub to await the discovery of another turtle.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Lima went into mourning for eight days for Don Manuel Pardo, late president of Peru, who was assassinated by a soldier.

Denver, Colorado's chief city, is twenty years old, has a population of thirty thousand, twenty churches, nine educational institutions, eight newspapers, four banks and one theater.

A New York paper says that in New York city alone there are more persons with $12,000 incomes than in all Prussia. It estimates at least 2,000 such against 1,500 in Prussia.

State savings banks in Maine have been reduced to fifty-nine in number, five less than three years ago, and of these thirteen have had their deposits scaled down by the supreme court.

The electric light has been applied to the velocipede in England. The light is equal to one hundred and twenty candles, and it lights up the road two hundred yards ahead on a dark night.

The Vicksburg (Miss.) *Herald* printed in ten columns a list of all the gifts that have been received there by the yellow fever committees, and has had a copy mailed to each of the places whence the contributions came.

The home of Herr August Wilhelmj, the noted violinist, now playing in the United States, is at Biebrich, on the Rhine, where his father owns many large vineyards, and next to the emperor is the largest vineyard proprietor in Germany.

King Ludwig's royal chateau, which he has set about building on the island of Herren-Chiemsee, in Bavaria, after the model of the palace at Versailles, will find him, when completed, only forty-eight years old; and he has set apart fifteen years for the building of it.

Since June 30th, 1847, 9,719,308,527 postage stamps have been issued by the United States government, worth over $280,000,000. For the first four years they amounted to hardly $1,000,000 a year. Now New York city alone takes $2,866,000 a year, Philadelphia, $995,000, Chicago, $971,000, Boston, $946,000, and St. Louis, $465,000.

The public works of the general government in New England have cost, during the last two years, as follows:

	1877.	1878.
Maine	$80,136.70	$35,485.23
New Hampshire	10,499.20	20,924.00
Vermont	11,000.00	14,000.00
Massachusetts	632,405.50	184,887.66
Maine and Mass.	———	15,000.00
Connecticut	232,244.53	56,102.70
Rhode Island	27,991.92	45,000.00

Statistics given by Mr. Richard Hall, secretary to the meeting of cattle importers at Liverpool, show that there has been a very substantial growth in and cattle trade, especially in regard to the importations from this country. The impease has been something enormous, inc has occurred within a few months, instead of by slow accumulations. In 1875 only 702 cattle were imported, while in 1878, up to the commencement of December, the number was 50,000. The total for the year would probably reach 55,000, or, including sheep and pigs, not far short of 130,410 animals.

The house in which the Emperor of Germany prefers to live is filled with the paraphernalia of war. Portraits and busts of great soldiers, pictures of famous battles, are its chief ornament. Models of cannon, rifles and shells wooden statuettes clothed in all the uniforms of the world, fill the niches and vacant places. His inkstand is half a cannon ball, and his paperweights the hoofs of favorite chargers. Military books and maps fill his library, and his own imperial signature is given with a penholder cut from splinters of an Uhlan lance.

Where the Work is Done.

An important place the speaker's room is, writes a Washington correspondent. Possibly not half of those familiar with the capitol know where it is. Not the speaker's room down in the guide books—a big, tile-floored, well-windowed room just back of the chamber in which the House sits. That room is currently known as the speaker's room, but the speaker never sees any one there whom he wants to see. It is too open and accessible by half. The conferences which the speaker has at which anything is done are not held in this marble-walled saloon. It is a little closet in a dark entry below the hall. It is hard by a private staircase. The glazed door is screened by green baize. There is not the sign of name or note on the door, and it is one of the few doors unmarked in the capitol. The corridor has no light, and on a cloudy day is dark. Once inside, you see a room partly covered by a carpet partly ragged. The window—there is only one—is screened in some cheap way. There is room for a straggling table, one lounge and three chairs. There is room for nothing else. If you know him, you have got in without a card. If you do not know him, you have not got in at all. And in such a room you find the third officer of the government hard at work. It is significant of the publicity of public life when it is unfenced by class rank that it is only in some such coal-hole that he can get time to work. Unless he hides himself, so many people have a right to see him that his whole time runs to waste. It is in this little hole in the wall that three speakers, Colfax, Blaine and Randall, have done the real work of legislation. Speaking guardedly, I f