CHRISTMAS DOINGS.

The Celebration of the Day in Foreign Lands Described by Ladies of the Legations.

NO STOCKINGS HUNG IN MEXICO.

The Wife of Sir Julian Pauncefote Describes the Way It is Observed in Old England.

CEREMONIES OF THE FATHERLAND.

General Greely's Sad Christmas With the Arctic Explorers Seven Years Ago.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20.—Washington will celebrate Christmas in all its glory. Santa Claus is alive and his Washington tour will include every stocking from that of Baby McKee in the White House to those of the poorest darkey boys who swarm by the thousands in our Washington alleys. Tons of turkeys, great crates of geese and hundreds of fat possums are now in the markets, and enough evergreen and holly is shown to decorate the Capitol, the Washington monument, the White House and all of the big Government departments from their tops to their bottoms.

The most interesting of the Christmas celebrations, however, will be those of the legations. Every Christian nation keeps Christmas in its own way, and I have to-day had a number of interesting chats as to Christmas in other lands. Madame Romero, wife of the Mexican Minister gives me a picture of the day there. Said she:

NO SANTA CLAUS IN MEXICO.

"Christmas in Mexico is always more or less a religious festival. It is in consequence of by no means so joyous an occasion as in Europe and this country, where the observances partake so largely of a social nature. Were a stranger to visit Mexico at that time as the guest of an American family of residents there he would find the same American Christmas customs observed. We, for instance, would keep the day in the same way; but you would find it different among the pure Mexican families. They know nothing of hanging up their stockings on Christmas night, and the Mexican children look upon New Years and their birthdays as the times when they are to be made much of and are sure to receive presents.

"Every one in Mexico is named for some Saint and the favorite Saint is Guadelupe. Still there is a Saint for every day in the year, and the Saint days are the gift days. It is customary to keep hanging on the looking glass a calendar on which the list of Saint days is printed, and one has only to refer to this to keep posted as to the birthdays of her friends and relatives."

CEREMONIES OF CHRISTMAS.

"As to the Christmas ceremonies," Madam Romero continued, "there is a morning service in the churches from 5 until 11 o'clock, at which time the altars are decorated with flowers. The holiday festivities begin a week before Christmas and the Posados are observed by all families whose means will permit. In former times the Posados were a mixed social and religious festival. They began by a procession headed by the Virgin, who asked to be received at each house during the period of her journey with Joseph previous to the birth of Christ.

"During the progress of the procession there is, of course, considerable praying and singing, after which the religious features of the occasion are at an end, dancing begins and the merriment terminates in a grand supper. The especial feature of this feast is the Christmas night salad, salada de la noche buena, made of lettuce, beets, celery and mayonnaise dressing. With this is served boned turkey, jellies and black coffee, the flavor of which in Mexico is especially delicious. This supper immediately succeeds the misa de gallo, the impressive midnight mass.

UNIQUE CHRISTMAS EVE OBSERVANCE

"The seventh day of the Posados falls on Christmas eve, when the nacimento takes place. This curious custom portrays by means of dolls the various races and their occupations, the puppets being carefully dressed after the manner of each country represented. Where the wealth of a family will admit of such a thing individual exhibits are held. The whole is preserved intact for weeks after Christmas and nightly exhibited to relatives or specially invited friends. At the present day the Posados contain far less of their religious character than formerly and are retained almost exclusively as social gatherings."

Of all the noted travelers in Washington, there is not one who has spent a sadder Christmas than General Greely, the head of the Signal Service. I talked with him last night as to his Christmas of 1883. It was spent in the miserable little hut of ice and snow at Cape Sabine. Cape Sabine was reached by the party of arctic explorers in their southward search for succor in October and on the 20th of that month General Greely and the men under his charge took possession of the hut.

CHRISTMAS IN THE ICE.

Although the scant supply of food showed a steady decrease from this date, the men one and all seemed by common consent to buoy up their spirits looking forward to the great Christmas festival as though it were to prove even in that land of drifting snow and eternal ice, a time of merriment and rejoicing. All the while with the frightful silence of the polar night about them, the cruel ice king ever advancing nearer and nearer with his life destroying touch, the party of explorers were looking forward to the winter solstice, the burst of sunlight through the gloom which should announce the coming of the Christmas child, the birthday of the Lord, the cradling of the infant Jesus in Bethlehem.

At length the morning dawns for which all have so long looked forward, and with the barometer at 29.93, thermometer at 35.5 a breakfast is served of thin soup of peas and carrots with a little blubber and some spoonfuls of potatoes. This meal was eaten at 6 o'clock, after which cloudberries were served out—two cans to each mess. At 1 o'clock came the grand event of the day, the Christmas dinner, in honor of which a brave show of lights was made in the hut.

GOT ONE SQUARE MEAL.

The cooks having been allotted an extra gill of rum on that occasion, did their duty bravely, notwithstanding the great trouble they encountered from the snake, there being very little wind. The menu consisted of a fine, rich stew of all the seal meat with onions, a little blubber, potatoes and bread crumbs. This dish was enjoyed not only because of the savory ingredients, but because in the diary of each and all is chronicled the pathetic fact, that the quantity for the once was sufficient to satisfy hunger.

After the lapse of an hour, a dessert was served of another stew, this time of raisins, blubber and milk. At 7 o'clock each man was given a cup of hot chocolate over which they lingered long, exchanging reminiscences of home, recalling luxuries of every description and entering into a compact to pass the next Christmas together should fate allow of them returning to civilization. Then followed singing, the various songs taken from the French, German, Danish and Innuit. So ended General Greely's Christmas Day at the North Pole, the last spent by him at Cape Sabine, and to many of his brave men the last ever spent upon earth. The only mention made of anything in the nature of gifts that day, is in regard to Kislingbury, who knowing that many of the men were entirely out of their supply of tobacco, kindly made for each of the party a cigarette.

SUN FEAST OF THE ESQUIMAUX.

When asked whether the season was celebrated in any sense as a religious festival among the Esquimaux, General Greely said that while the race were by no means a heathen people, yet their celebration of Christmas so far from being in accordance with the Christian significance is distinctly traceable to the ancient celebration of the sun feast. This is in reality the hyemal or winter solstice which falls about December 22, and is kept as a period of rejoicing at the return of the sun, which to the Esquimaux means not only an end of the long, dreary night, but is the return of weather propitious for good hunting and fishing.

Interesting accounts of this sun feast, chronicled by a Moravian priest, early in 1700, state that the people, having assembled in large parties from all over the country, amuse themselves with sports of an athletic nature and treat one another to the best fare their larder provides. After gorging themselves, the Esquimaux rise up to play and dance. There was no danger of intoxication on these early celebrations of the sun feast, since water was the only beverage known.

AN ODD MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

The one musical instrument of the people is a drum formed of a wooden or whalebone hoop, two fingers in breadth, which on one side is covered with a thin vellum, or the skin of a whale's tongue. This drum, slightly oval, has a long handle by which the Greenlander holds it in his right hand, striking it the while upon the under side with his left hand. At every stroke he gives a grotesque little hop, swaying his head and body to the time, two strokes falling in every crotchet. The song of a recitative nature accompanying this music extols the noble deed of his ancestors, the honor of seal catching, and expresses joy at the return of the sun to the hemisphere. Every stanza is accompanied by the auditory from whose lips the oft repeated chorus "Amna ajah, ajah, ah-hu!" forms a complete cantata, thus:

> The welcome sun returns again,
> Amna, ajah, ajah, ah-hu,
> And brings us weather fine and fair,
> Amna ajah, ajah, ah-hu.

This sort of thing lasts for several days and nights, either until the entire stock of provisions is exhausted or the people are too exhausted to sing or move. Whoever has succeeded in making the greatest number of droll contortions of the body bears thereafter the proud distinction of master musician. When the moon shines they play at ball in a manner similar to that followed in this country.

AMONG THE ARCTIC DANES.

Though liquor is strictly forbidden by law throughout the Danish Provinces, yet on the notable occasion of Christmas Day it is customary for the person in authority to give to each man a small measure of schnapps, which is relished accordingly. Early in the morning the young people, headed by the catechist, go for a round of the neighborhood, stopping at each house to sing a psalm. This custom likewise prevails at Easter.

Such a thing as the giving of presents on Christmas Day, or indeed on any occasion, among the Esquimaux is wholly unknown. Strangely enough they are, as a race, absolutely lacking in gratitude even in the definition of a "lively sense of benefits to come." On Christmas Day, or any time, any one, friend or stranger, may enter a native hut; though no salutation is vouchsafed nor hospitality proffered, it is generally understood that one is welcome to whatever the place affords, however much may be required or to whatever length the stay may be prolonged. No protest will be offered, but when the guest leaves, in the event of his being a European, the host calls out: "Don't hurt thy head," (that is against the ceiling of the doorway.)

CHRISTMAS IN OLD ENGLAND.

"Christmas of to-day in England," said Lady Pauncefote, "is kept up with all the good old customs even to the turkey and plum pudding, which on that day reign supreme."

"Roast beef?"

"Yes, certainly; we have that as well, though it is by no means the important feature of the table which Americans generally imagine to be the case. With us it is as customary to serve roast beef some time during the course of the day as it is to have tea at 5 o'clock. Many of the servants in England are so superstitious that they will not remain in a house where beef is not served every day, for they consider a day without it would mean day of disaster to the establishment.

"For many weeks before Christmas every one is busy in the preparation of their gifts, for the interchange of such things is very general, though I think, save in the families of wealth, it is customary to select for this occasion things of a useful nature. Where there are children in the family the dressing of the tree is a very important operation, but in this I think the American plan by far the best. We have a stupid fashion in England, when we have a tree, of putting everything on instead of placing the things beneath it or on a table near by. After the distribution of presents games are introduced, the favorite being snap dragon. A large bowl of brandy is carried into a dark room, lighted and every one then in turn tries his success at picking from the sheet of blue flame one or more raisins which plentifully bestrew its surface.

AN ENGLISH CHRISTMAS DINNER.

"Dinner is a more ceremonious meal, served at 7 or 8 o'clock, and partaken of by a large company, for invariably where the owner of a country house has no wide circle of guests to invite down for the holidays, the invitations are sent far and near to friends. During the fortnight beginning with Christmas eve and ending with the 6th of January—Twelfth Night—when the holidays end and the young people of the party return to school. For each evening there is something marked off on the programme, games, dancing, charades and tableaux, with a ball as a grand windup. Turkey is the great dish for Christmas dinner in England as in America, with plum pudding for dessert. This is brought in aflame, crowned with a sprig of holly, which is everywhere used in the decorations, intertwined with mistletoe.

"Strictly speaking, the presence of the latter," Lady Pauncefote continued, "is seldom taken advantage of in our best houses, though it proves the subject of numberless jests and laughter. Twelfth Night is the grand finale, the evening on which the holidays come to a close, and in consequence is always marked by some entertainment. An immense cake is always prepared especially for that time, and occupying the entire center of the table, is covered with icing and ornamented with a figure which holds in its hands a mysterious little box or basket in which are contained presents of jewelry. Slips of paper are arranged, and the guests then draw in turn for the presents."

CHRISTMAS IN GERMANY.

Christmas in the Fatherland, with all its attendant ceremonies and pretty little customs is thus graphically described by Fraulein Kotzenberg, of the British Legation.

"Christmas in Germany is children's day, when with gifts and kind words we seek to make merry the hearts of the young people. In orthodox families there is a beautiful custom of building the cradle in one corner of the room, where, in moss of different colors, are represented the plains on which the shepherds watched their flocks by night. The little wooly sheep, the dogs, the wise men from afar, are all represented and above the cradle where the Christkind lies comes down the light of the wondrous star in the East. On bended knee the wise men show their adoration of the Child.

"The building of this moss cradle and the whole scene is done by the mother and father, though sometimes the children are allowed to take part. The tree is usually placed on a large table covered with a fresh white cloth and set in the middle of the room, and in the dressing of this only the parents are present. Then on Christmas eve when it is dark the children are all assembled, awaiting in joyous expectation the sound of the bell which will be a signal that the tree is ready. At last it comes and with happy hearts the children enter as the doors are thrown open. Beneath the tree heaped on the table in little piles are the useful presents.

"The children form in line about the tree, the oldest first, carrying the baby, and last of all the little one just walking. At the piano sits the mother, who strikes a chord, and the oldest then goes slowly round the table to discover which of the gifts is hers. If she pauses before the heap intended for the music is very soft and slow; then as she gradually nears it there comes a great crash of sound and the excitement is intense. This goes on until each in turn have discovered their presents, when the father calls them to him and taking on his knee one child at a time has them repeat the little verse or sing the song prepared for this occasion. Before goodnight is said the children cluster round the mother at the piano and join their voices with her own.

"On Christmas Day there is roast goose or venison for dinner and plum pudding for dessert, with big slices of cake made by the bakers only at this season. These cakes baked in squares, nearly three feet long, and plentifully stuffed with raisins, currants and citron, do not resemble the dark fruit cake of England and America. The stuffing of the goose is prepared in the same manner as mince meat, and is quite sweet. Around the rim of the dish are placed boiled chestnuts, which, in Germany, are served as a vegetable."

MISS GRUNDY, JR.

THE REALM OF RHYME.

[GARNERED FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Christmas.

That Christmas time had come again was very plain to see,
'Twas glassed in every face you passed and written legibly
In restless, dancing, merry glance of romping girls and boys;
It was seen in the show windows crammed full of pretty toys.
You could feel it in collapsing purse; 'twas present everywhere.
Could fancy that you heard the hum of "Christmas" in the air,
And e'en the ancient Christmas fowl (of coming doom well wot—
Picturing himself with legs upraised) now dropped his usual strut.
In whisperings and furtive looks abundant proof there was:
The prevailing epidemic was due to Santa Claus.

Seated beside the dying fire alone on Christmas eve,
I sought from busy cares of life to get a brief reprieve;
With the help of a Havana a passing joy to win,
In shadowy castles reared of smoke by chasing hopes therein.

Wife and the sleepy children had long since gone to bed,
The rosiest visions swimming in each trustful urchin's head,
Of what upon the morrow their stockings would reveal;
Beside the fire they hung, a-row, to my purse a mute appeal.

I was puffing; reminiscent of the bygone merry days,
And picturing myself at last among the "silver grays,"
And (sequence natural to the case) at last I fell asleep—
A sort of "cat-nap," waking doze; when brain doth vigil keep
While it speeds in course erratic through the lotus land of slumber,
And tangles warp and woof of sense in visions without number.
Perhaps I dreamed (be this as may), but there, before my eyes
Appeared a being robed in white, as if from Paradise,
And yet not all ethereal; of fair proportions she,
Of gentle mien and pleasing glance of eyes she turned to me,
Her hair in waves hung down her back—'twas long and beautiful,
Environing in softest folds her neck, as would a frill.
A world of love beamed in those eyes of the serenest light,
And I was sure an angel was revealed unto my sight.
An angel very practical, as presently she proved
(Though wanting wings); she straight toward the children's stockings moved.
In either hand she bore a load of prettiest of toys;
She seemed to know precisely what would suit my girl and boys.
But how she crammed those toys all in the stockings, I don't know.
Yet in they went with great dispatch—a quite inviting show.

Now, 'tis certain that Saint Nicholas is the only proper source
Whence children get their Christmas things—he was quite old, of course.
(He was known in the Justinian age; hundreds of years ago).
The "rheumatics" must "distress" him in the zone of ice and snow,
As it is hard to get about, he presents gives by proxy;
And this angel was his deputy; to doubt were heterodoxy.

Thus logically I reasoned; when to me that angel said,
As she tapped me on the dexter cheek, "Come, John; do go to bed."

—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

When the New Wears Off.

He was a youth, and she, a maid,
Both happy, young and gay,
They loved—and life to them was fair
As one continuous May.
The croakers saw this happiness,
And said, "Ah, love is blind:
You're happy now, but care will come,
When the new wears off, you'll find."

They married, and then their life grew rich
With calmer, riper joy;
They were as man and wife more fond
Than when as girl and boy.
Their "friends" could not endure the sight,
And said, with wordly wit,
"It will not be so bright and fine
When the new wears off a bit."

Ah, well, the new wore off, of course,
And then, what did they find?
An oldness which was better far,
For love is not so blind
As selfish Care; and loving hearts
New joys will always meet,
So, when the new wears off, they'll find
Old love the more complete.

—*Myrtle Koon Cherryman.*

Pure Gold.

The angels were weaving crowns—
Golden crowns for the heads of men,
Last night when I tapped at the door
In my wonderful dream. And when
I asked them a crown for you,
Brother mine, for your golden year,
They sang: "Only they who have sown
Seeds of gold have a crown waiting here."

"Look! here all the caskets lie.
Little sisters, their clasps cannot part,
Till one who has known him can speak
The word that would open his heart.
For out of life's golden grain
The key of the heart doth grow,
And if in full fifty years
No one may the talisman know,
Then better the heart and the crown
Be left in their caskets, alone.
For worthless alike to man
Are crowns of or hearts of stone."

Amazed, helpless, hopeless, I heard,
For what all alone could I do?
And prostrate I fell in despair,
And cried out in anguish for you,
"I need thee, my brother, come, help—"

When lo! something touched my hand,
An angel, the brightest and best
In all of that glittering band;
And quickly she gave me thy crown,
And sweetly she said: "With good cheer
And long live thy brother to sow
Golden grain for this many a year."

With rapture I bring it to thee
All set with rich apples of gold,
The tears thou hast stayed, its pearls,
Its pattern thy soul's mystic mold.
All proudly I wish thee long life
And joy beyond measure—and yet—and yet,
Through my gladness comes stealing anon,
One little false chord of regret,
Why other than mine the power
Those heaven-land caskets to part?
Why other than mine the hand
That held the gold key of thy heart?

—*Mrs. Walker, in Inter-Ocean.*

The Iron Pipe Age.

The present is what might be called "the iron pipe age," and its patron saint should be called "Tubular Cain." There is no article so generally used in the construction of everything that is built as tubular iron. Solid castings are no longer in use for hundreds of purposes as was the case formerly. Columns, pillows, railways, architectural iron, in fact, most everything where strength is required, are now not made of cast-iron, but of hollow wrought-iron tubing, greater strength and less weight being the qualities gained.

LAND GRANT OF '62.

No Measure Disposing of the Public Domain Resulted Better.

IT IS EDUCATING THE FARMERS.

Forty-Eight Solid Agricultural Colleges Doing a Great Work.

THE THREE NEAREST TO PITTSBURG

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

The recent organization of an agricultural experiment station in each State by the Government has established a close relation between scientific men and the farmers. The annual appropriation of $750,000 for the support of these stations is an indication of the growing importance of agricultural science, and although hampered by serious obstacles it is fast becoming the leading industry of the nation.

It is estimated that the farming lands, farm implements and live stock of this country have a money value of $12,000,000,000, and that one-half of the population are directly dependent upon agriculture for their support. These farm workers are everywhere organized for mutual benefit and support, and their influence upon the legislation and politics of the nation can no longer be questioned. The establishment of the agricultural colleges in the several States, during and after the war, was one of the most important enterprises ever undertaken by the Government, and through these colleges agriculture has been given a place in the educational system of the country commensurate with its dignity and importance.

THE EARLY EFFORTS FOILED.

Before the passage of the land grant act of 1862, attempts had been made in different parts of the country to establish agricultural schools, but the funds being limited, and the support being meager, these attempts were mostly unsuccessful. In 1859 a bill having the education of the farming classes in view was passed in Congress, but it was vetoed by President Buchanan. Three years later the bill was again presented, and under the leadership of the Hon. Justin S. Morrill, of Vermont, it was passed, and was subsequently approved by President Lincoln.

Then, agricultural education in the United States was placed on a permanent basis, and, henceforth, farmers' sons were to have an opportunity to fit themselves for their special pursuit in life. By the provisions of the act scrip to the amount of 30,000 acres for each Senator and Representative in Congress was appropriated, and the money realized from the sale of these lands was to be used for the endowment of colleges for the benefit of agriculture and the mechanic arts. In some States the grant was used in the endowment of a single institution, while in others it was divided between two or three. In 13 States the grant served to augment the courses in universities or colleges already in existence, or to establish courses in agriculture and applied science in the same, while in the remaining States the funds served as a basis upon which new institutions were founded.

THIRTY MILLIONS INVESTED.

The total number of acres of land granted was 17,430,000, and the money obtained from the sale of this land amounted to $7,545,405. This fund has, from time to time, been increased by State and individual donations, so that the entire property of these institutions is variously estimated at from $25,000,000 to $30,000,000. In one conspicuous instance the grant was so wisely managed that it was augmented by many hundred thousands of dollars, and Cornell University was the direct outgrowth of the grant, an institution whose name is well known on both sides of the Atlantic, and which to-day is doing a splendid work in aid of agricultural and industrial education. So extensive is the organization of this institution that at present no less than 51 professors, instructors and students take part in the instruction of those agricultural students who enter for the full course.

In Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia institutions were established, and these are now in successful operation. The Pennsylvania State College, located about 12 miles southwest of Bellefonte, in Center county, began originally in 1859, as the Farmers' High School. After receiving the proceeds of the act of 1862 its organization was enlarged, and its present faculty consists of 13 regular professors and 9 assistant professors and instructors.

OHIO WELL TO THE FRONT.

The Ohio State University at Columbus is one of the most extensive public institutions in the country, and has a faculty of 19 professors and 18 assistant professors, instructors and assistants. The West Virginia State University, located at Morgantown, which is now more prosperous than ever before, has a faculty of 12 professors and 6 assistant professors and instructors, and, like the institutions above named, is the outgrowth of the land grant act of 1862. Thus these three institutions, located within easy distance of Pittsburg, were founded especially in the interests of the farmers and the industrial classes, and at the present time employ no less than 44 regular professors and 33 assistant professors and instructors. The salaries of these officials are paid partly by the interest on the endowment funds and partly by funds appropriated by the Legislatures of these States.

These institutions, as well as those in the other States, are conducted on a broad and liberal basis, and furnish opportunities for acquiring an advanced scientific and agricultural education, not surpassed by the older and wealthier institutions of the country. Their leading object is, without excluding other scientific and classical studies, to teach such branches as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts, in order to promote the liberal and practical education of their students in the several pursuits and professions of life. In the founding of these institutions, therefore, there has been provided instructions in the English branches and classics, while in the sciences two great lines of education have been marked out, one embracing chemistry, botany, physics and other natural and physical sciences, and the other the mathematical, the laws of which underlie the problems of modern industrial life.

IT WAS A WISE STEP.

In the entire country there are no less than 48 agricultural colleges which are the direct outgrowth of the land grant act of 1862, and, in some of the States, several preparatory schools are directly connected with these higher institutions. So complete is the organization of these institutions, and so thorough are the courses prescribed that at the present time about 500 regular professors and about 400 assistant professors and instructors are found enrolled in their various catalogues, and many thousand students are in daily attendance.

Thus it will be seen that the proceeds from the sale of a part of the public domain have been wisely applied, and a measure conceived 30 years ago in the broadest spirit of statesmanship and public policy has resulted in the establishment of these higher institutions of learning for a wise and beneficent purpose. The influence of these schools on the national character has long since been widely felt, and the nation has trained thousands of young men for useful public service by contributing a slender portion of its wealth for the promotion of an efficient system of higher education.

A. R. WHITEHILL.

Remarkable Relic of Ober-Ammergau.

A lady who was traveling in Europe in 1880 picked up a small pebble near the cross, by the village of Ober-Ammergau, to preserve as a memento. Eight years later, in relabeling this fragment of limestone from the village of Passion Play fame, she chanced to turn the pebble so that the light fell in a certain angle, and was astonished to find that in that view a wonderfully sorrowful face like that of the Christ showed itself.

THE RATS WON THE DAY.

Story of Pioneer Times Which Gave a Sheet of Water a Name.

Lewiston Journal.]

The question is frequently asked, whence the name of Thomson Pond, a sheet of water in Western Maine, extending through four towns and lying partly in three counties. Tradition says it was named from the first settler, Joe Thomson. During his sojourn he was seriously troubled by rats. He first provided himself with a stout leather bag of the capacity of four bushels. He then placed an empty hogshead in his log hovel leaving the bunghole open, through which he dropped a small quantity of meat scraps and crumbs of bread.

Bag in hand he retired outside to watch proceedings, peeking through a small crevice between the logs. Presently he espied an old gray veteran approaching the bunghole. He takes a peep, then sniffs, looks cautiously about and then enters. He soon emerges from the hogshead and quickly disappears. In a trice he returns followed by a drove amounting to hundreds, which, one by one, disappear through the bung-hole.

"Now," chuckled Joe, "is my fun," as he skipped nimbly through the door and adjusted the open mouth of the bag to the small aperture, at the same time rapping the hogshead with the toe of his boot, which produced a loud ringing sound. With loud squeals and fierce struggles the frightened rats began to scramble through the bung-hole, all landing in the bottom of the bag.

His first thought was to drown them by sinking the bag in the pond, but being in a rather gamesome mood, as was often the case, he concluded to put the bag in his boat, and after rowing to a good distance from the shore, then release them, and with his ox-goad have a good time knocking them in the head.

Rowing out several rods from the shore, and being in high glee at the thought of wreaking vengeance on the "varmints" which had given so much trouble, he, without hesitation, untied the bag expecting to see the frightened creatures at once leap into the water, but he quickly found himself mistaken.

Instead of fleeing, or even retreating, the rats charged in a body, and with teeth and claws so severely lacerated his face, neck and hands, as to cause him to leap from the boat and swim for the shore, leaving the craft in the possession of his one-time victims.

NOT TO BE VANQUISHED.

How a Maine Lunatic Stopped a Train With a Rusty Sword.

Lewiston Journal.]

The first appearance of a railway train in the city of Portland was a source of great wonderment to most of the country people who used to visit the place for the purpose of marketing their produce. Large crowds used to gather about the time for the incoming train. Among those who used to lounge about the depot was an elderly man who for several years had been an inmate of the poorhouse.

His tall, manly form, erect carriage and finely cut face, plainly indicated a good intellect originally, and a man who had seen better days. It was said that he once held an office of high rank in the State militia, but insanity had brought him to grief and want. He used to travel the city throughout, each day, arrayed in his regimentals, with a dilapidated cocked hat, a pair of rusty epaulettes and high topped boots, armed with a long rusty sword and waving a tattered flag. For many years he was known as "General Warren."

One day an uncommonly great crowd stood in and about the depot awaiting the morning train. Soon the rattle of the cars was heard in the distance. The General was seen to dart from among the crowd and rush along the track waving his flag and gesticulating violently with his sword at the same time in a loud and peremptory tone ordering a halt. The engineer thinking some obstruction was on the track, whistled down brakes, and quickly, as if in obedience to the General's order, came to a stop.

The General stood his ground without uttering a word.

"What's the matter?" inquired the engineer, as soon as he came within hailing distance.

"Why," coolly replied the General, "I have fought and vanquished lions, bears, tigers. Yes, men. Do you suppose I am going to turn back for a cook stove on trucks?"

A QUARREL OF GREAT LIGHTS.

How Tolstoi and Turgenieff Fell Out While Over Their Coffee.

"In the morning, at our usual time, 9 o'clock, our guests came to the dining room, where my wife sat by the samovar, and I, in expectation of coffee, sat at the other end of the table," says a writer in a foreign exchange. "Turgenieff sat on my wife's right hand and Tolstoi on the left. Knowing the importance Turgenieff at that time ascribed to the education of his daughter, my wife asked him whether he was satisfied with his English governess. Turgenieff began to sing her praises, and among other things said that the governess had asked him, with English exactitude, how much his daughter might spend in charity. 'Now,' said Turgenieff, 'she wants my daughter to collect the ragged clothes of the poor and mend them.'

"'And do you consider that to be good?' asked Tolstoi.

"'Of course! it brings the charitable person closer to the poor,' replied Turgenieff.

"'And I think,' said Tolstoi, 'that a well-dressed girl who takes the dirty rags in her lap acts an insincere and theatrical part.'

"'I request you not to say so!' said Turgenieff, with quivering nostrils.

"'Why should I not say what I am convinced of?' answered Tolstoi.

"I had no time to interpose," continued the writer, "when Turgenieff said, pale with anger: 'Then I will force you to silence by an insult!' With these words he rose from the table; then suddenly clasped his hands excitedly over his face and left the room. After a moment he came back and said, addressing my wife:

"'I beseech you to forgive my rudeness; I am deeply sorry for it.' Then he withdrew. Understanding that the two late friends could no longer remain together, I ordered separate carriages for them."

KALAKAUA AT A BANQUET.

When the Wine Sparkled He Didn't Care Whether School Kept or Not.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

The arrival of King Kalakaua in San Francisco recalls an incident which occurred in Jefferson City at the time his dusky Highness was traveling through the United States several years ago. The good people up at the capital decided to give Kalakaua a royal reception, and it certainly was one of the most hospitable accorded the monarch during his tour. Wine flowed like water and, as a matter of course, a good part of it wandered down the royal throat. The more the King drank the more satisfied he became with the general condition of mundane affairs, and was fast coming to the conclusion that Jefferson City was the best place in the world to live in.

But his stay at the capital was limited by a cold, hard railroad time-table. A few minutes before the train was due the master of ceremonies, a well-known Democratic politician, approached Kalakaua and informed him that the train was about due, and "the committee, if such were his royal pleasure, would now escort him to the depot." The monarch stared at the speaker and remarked in very good English: "Ash all rite; le' me 'lone!" The master of ceremonies was embarrassed, but still he persisted. "S'more champagne!" commanded the King in his most majestic tone. Just then the train whistled. In despair the master of ceremonies seized Kalakaua by the collar. "Darn it, King, the train's comin' and you'll get left," he said, and the committee gathered about the tottering monarch, carried him to the depot and started him toward St. Louis.

GOLD ON THE OCEAN.

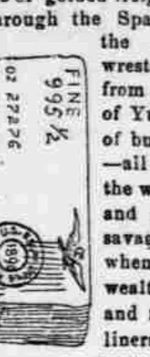
Modern Treasure Ships That Ply Between Europe and America.

HOW SHIPMENTS ARE EFFECTED.

Worn English Sovereigns are Bought by Weight and Melted Here.

TWENTY-TWO MILLIONS IN BRICKS.

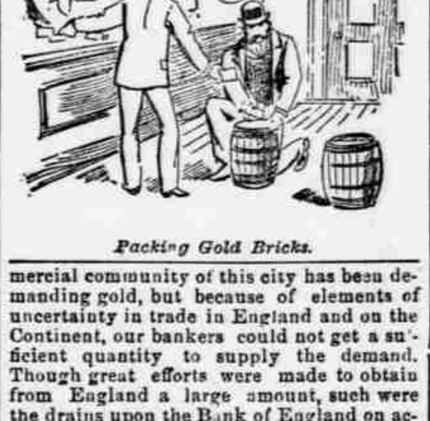
Tales of golden freighted galleons sweeping through the Spanish main, stories of the millions that were wrested from the Incas or from the splendid temples of Yucatan, fabled cargoes of bullion from El Dorado—all that romance has told the world of riches of gold and silver seems like a savage's dream of plenty when compared to the wealth which is carried to and fro by the Atlantic liners of to-day without even arousing a passing comment.



Of course, such things as conditions of exchange vary the great quantities of specie which commerce or the financial conditions of the world of trade command to go upon the ocean from week to week, but the amount of sovereigns or of the beautiful double eagles of our own country which pass from England to this country or back to England again in a single week nowadays would represent the total spoils of a Pizzaro and a Cortez combined. Tourists voyage upon steamships which carry upon their decks sufficient gold to plate the dome of St. Peter's an inch thick or would buy a principality without mortgages.

THE MAJESTIC'S GOLDEN BURDEN.

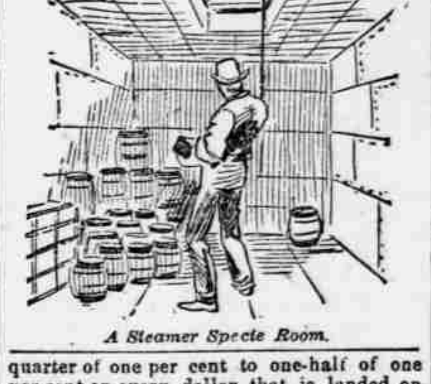
For nearly a month past, says the New York *Herald*, the whole banking and commercial community of this city has been demanding gold, but because of elements of uncertainty in trade in England and on the Continent, our bankers could not get a sufficient quantity to supply the demand. Though great efforts were made to obtain from England a large amount, such were the drains upon the Bank of England on account of the embarrassment of the Barings and the anxiety which prevailed because of it that that great arbiter of finance declined to permit any of its fine bars or the American double eagles which it constantly keeps in store to pass from its possession.


Packing Gold Bricks.

With an additional supply from the Bank of France, however, there became available the more or less worn sovereigns in the Bank of England's vaults, and at once a number of foreign bankers in this city began to secure them for shipment to this city. The result is that the big steamship Majestic, which sailed from the other side Wednesday, December 10, is a veritable treasure ship, laden with millions of gold, to ease the fear of our merchants that there will be not enough current money to accommodate the exigencies of trade. Of course these shipments on the Majestic are exceptional. But they illustrate how promptly a great quantity of treasure may be accumulated in case of necessity. For it must be remembered that these millions were pledged within not more than two or three business days—the first amount, ($250,000) being secured Saturday, December 6, by the Messrs. Seligman.

THEY DON'T IMPORT FOR FUN.

Bankers, while wonderfully good fellows, are not in business merely as philanthropists. They don't bring gold over here simply because you or I may want to buy Christmas presents. They do it all to make money, and for no other purpose under the sun. So when you hear of a great shipment of gold from the other side, depend upon it that someone is making all the way from one-quarter of one per cent to one-half of one per cent on every dollar that is landed on these comparatively prosperous shores.


A Steamer Specie Room.

According to the present rates of exchange, the bankers make about $50,000 on every $1,000,000 worth of the precious metal which is shipped to this city. This, too, is upon the mere rates of exchange. Besides they make a very comfortable sort of profit on the loan of this money to those who are in need of it. In the first place, when the rates of exchange are very low on this side, as they are at present, the banker sends word to his correspondent on the other side to ship him so many hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of gold, just as a wholesale importer of silk would request his agent on the other side to ship him a hundred pieces of Lyons silk. The visit on this order is taken to Threadneedle street by the correspondent, and the requisite amount of the precious metal is ordered either by drafts or upon the presentation of Bank of England bills for the amount.

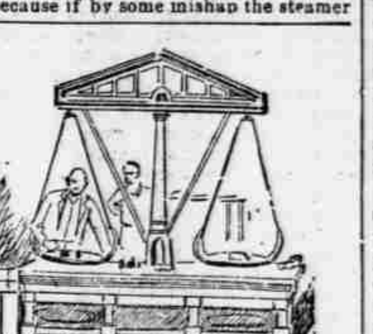
WEIGHING ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS.

If the gold can be secured in either fine gold bars or in American double eagles, the transaction, so far as the bank is concerned, is done. But if the bank declines to part with any of these, then the demand is made for the payment of the order or bills in sovereigns. It is here that some of the complication of details comes in. For, notwithstanding the general impression that English sovereigns are always new and beautiful, many of those in the great vaults which are available for shipment are neither, for circulation wears the English coin quite as much as it does ours. So instead of receiving the number of sovereigns in sovereigns that the demand is made for the old sovereigns are dumped into a big scale and weighed like so much sugar. Then when the amount in what Mr. Swinburne calls "the ruddy red gold" is measured out the correspondent puts himself in communication with the New York banker and says that so much gold at such and such a price is held subject to his instructions. It doesn't take long for a cablegram to get across to order a prompt shipment, and over the specie comes on the next big mail steamer.

Here again the similarity of shipment to that of ordinary merchandise is evident. The gold is taken from the bank in canvas bags to the broker's or banker's office and repacked in small iron-bound kegs. A visit is made then to an insurance company's office, and the contents of the little kegs is insured at a rate of about one-eighth of 1 per cent. A couple of bills of lading are secured, and one of these is shipped with the gold, and the duplicate is put in an envelope with the insurance policy and sent across by a mail steamship which sails about the same time.

PRECAUTIONS UPON PRECAUTIONS.

Of course, there is a big object in doing this, because if by some mishap the steamer carrying the specie should go down the insurance policy would still be all right, and the unfortunate insurance company would still be responsible; besides, the duplicate bill of lading will furnish indubitable proof that the gold was shipped. Thus there is very little risk attendant upon the shipment of the specie. After all these precautions against loss have been taken, the gold is carted by a truckman who makes a specialty of this sort of business to the railway station for shipment to Southampton. The gold is placed in the mail car with a special guard and as there are no road agents of surpassing pluck in England, the gold is about as certain to get to the steamer as the hours are to come around. Besides, the robber who has the bad judgment to try to run off with a keg of gold would tire out before he got very far with his booty.


Weighing the Gold.

Upon the arrival of the treasure at Southampton or Liverpool, as the case may be, the gold is put aboard the steamer and carried below to the iron or steel inclosed apartment known as the mailroom. Just as soon as the specie gets aboard the steamer's purser takes charge of it, and thenceforth until it is landed the steamship company is responsible for it to the consignor and the purser is responsible for it to the company.

A STEAMER'S STRONG BOX.

This mailroom differs in size on the various steamers, but they are all about as strong as iron or steel can make them—in fact, they are veritable safes built into the steamer, and may be opened only by the purser. So you see there is no divided responsibility here, for the purser is the only one who has the keys, and he usually knows how to keep them pretty safely. All steamships which carry the mails also carry gold, and as the transportation of it is extremely profitable, the rates even now, despite very vigorous competition, being one-eighth of one per cent, the bankers have little else to do than to select the first steamer which leaves port. By means of cablegrams the consignee is informed at what time to expect the treasure to arrive and he has his truckman down on the pier ready to receive it as soon as it arrives.

Every banker and broker in Wall street knows that there is only one man who does this exceedingly responsible work. He is John Barclay, whose trucks have carried from the steamers to the bankers' offices enough gold and silver to have paid off the national debt. He doesn't always go to the bankers' offices, though, for in the majority of cases he takes his precious load according to instructions direct to the Assay Office in Wall street. There the entrance is made through the big gates at the west of the building between the Assay Office and the Sub-Treasury. The gates clang to again, and that lot of gold goes in never to come out again in exactly the same form.

TRANSFORMED INTO DOLLARS.

The gold, still in kegs, is rolled into the Assay Office on queer little trucks and goes into the big room on the first floor, where Mr. Graham has presided with power for so many years. Then it actually becomes the property of the Treasury Department of the United States Government. For it must not be supposed that it is put upon the money market in either sovereigns or in our own specie when it arrives.

On the contrary, in whatever form it comes to the Assay office, it is taken and dumped on the pretty brass scales which tower behind Mr. Graham's desk and carefully weighed. These scales are worthy of a visit. While they are not especially impressive in appearance, they are capable of doing a big lot of work. They can accommodate very nearly 1,000 pounds, and will also indicate to a hair when there is only a grain on their plates. When the banker or his properly accredited representative calls at the Assay Office he presents his advices and the gold is weighed on Mr. Graham's scales. The banker is given a check upon the Sub-Treasury next door in amount to represent three-quarters of the value of the gold in ounces, the remainder payable after the gold has been assayed. This is done for the convenience of the banker, who may wish to use the money right away, and for the protection of the Government. Upon the presentation of his check to the Sub-Treasury he receives his money in nice new gold certificates, in gold coin or however else he may choose.

TWENTY-TWO MILLIONS IN PURE GOLD.

At the Assay Office the gold received is taken to the smelting room and there tossed into the big crucibles, where the purification by fire takes place in a mighty short space of time. Then the molten metal, relieved of all alloy or other extraneous matter, is run into forms, producing when cooled pretty yellow blocks of gold about three inches wide by five inches long and two-thirds of an inch thick. These bricks, valued at about $6,000 each, are stowed away in small oaken boxes with heavy iron handles and placed in the vaults of the Assay Office, where there is just at present something like $22,000,000 in refined gold.

The method of reshipping gold to England and the Continent is practically the same. The demand is made upon the Sub-Treasury and an order is issued from the Sub-Treasurer for the amount in fine gold bars. This is taken in next door, presented and treasure handed out and carted away. It is in this way that the jewelers are supplied with fine gold, and it is this ease with which foreign countries can secure pure gold in bricks from us that is just now making the bankers of this city angry at the refusal of the Bank of England to part with similar gold. By the first of next month or a little later the tide of gold will turn, it is thought, and flow the other way. Then the rates of exchange will be low on the other side and the accumulation of the precious metal will begin there.

OF A GLASS OF CIDER.

Suggestive Pointers Concerning Saccharine Apple Juice.

IT'S WORTH MORE THAN VINEGAR.

Old-Time Cider Mills Being Rapidly Supplanted by New Ones.

IT STILL GOES WITH PUMPKIN PIE

The sight of a keg of sweet cider on the counter is more frequent in city restaurants nowadays than it was a dozen years ago. A piece of pumpkin pie and a glass of saccharine apple juice doubtless appeal to the country-bred tastes of many a grizzled merchant and busy clerk and call up recollections of rude old country cider mills and the great vats of amber liquor into which they once inserted the potent rye straw. Or possibly the pretty girl washing glasses at the counter reminds them of some country Pomona such as John Keats drew in his poem of "Autumn," who loved to sit beside a cider press "and watch the last slow oozings, hour by hour."

The cider business has got to be an extensive one, and grows largely every year, providing there is a good crop of apples. This year, however, there is only about one-third of a yield from the cider mills, owing to the light apple crop. The price of cider does not seem to fluctuate with the supply. It is always served out by the retailer at 5 cents a glass, and may be bought by the keg at from 30 to 40 cents a gallon.

PROFIT IN CIDER MAKING.

As a rule, the flush year of the apple orchards furnishes a vinegar supply for two years. Good cider is worth more than vinegar this year, so that the crop will mostly be used in its fresh state. Not a few cider manufacturers own more than one mill; some half a dozen, and they make a handsome profit. Supposing that they pay a farmer 50 cents a barrel for apples. A barrel of apples will make nine gallons of cider, which will bring them 20 cents a gallon, or $1 80 for the yield of 50 cents worth of apples. There is, of course, some outlay for machinery, labor, barrels, etc. Second-hand whisky barrels are generally used, and they cost about $1 25 apiece. Old red-nosed cider connoisseurs say that a quart or two of whisky left in the barrel does not hurt the cider.

The cost of making cider is from 2 to 3 cents a gallon, and the farmers often prefer to pay this and market their own cider. But here they are at a disadvantage from not being known to the trade. A Connecticut cider firm made a bid the other day to supply 300 barrels of cider at 18 cents a gallon. Such large orders would daze the average farmer, of course.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF MILLS.

The romantic old-time cider mill is being rapidly supplanted by the more thorough and trustworthy modern sort. In the old one the apples were often ground by horse-power. But most frequently the cider mill was pitched beside a small stream, the power of which, half-wasted on a great "overshot" wheel was made to do the grinding. Often the supply of water would fail, or the dam or other contrivances give way, and then there was a great temptation to water the cider to make up for lost time while waiting for the dam to fill up. The pressing was done generally by an upright screw into which iron bars were thrust and pushed around by brawny arms. The writer has seen a broad-backed Dutch woman helping her husband at this arduous work.

The modern cider mill, however, shows by the puffs of steam that it does not depend on dams. To be sure, there may be a dam a foot high in the neighboring ravine, a fall of water enough to work a hydraulic ram and feed the boiler. The grinder revolves at a rate which makes the building hum. The ground apple, or pulp, falls down through the floor into canvas sacks, which are hastily closed and laid in a tier of a dozen on the platform of the hydraulic press. Then down comes the cover with irresistible power and the essence of the apple gurgles into the vat. From here a pump, also propelled by steam, forces the liquid up into a large vat, from which it can be drawn into barrels by turning a spigot. In old times the loading of a barrel of cider, weighing over 400 pounds, occupied the close attention of several brawny men as they rolled it up a pair of "skids" with a concert of "heave-ohs." But now a pair of barrel tongs, a rope thrown over a windlass having a large wheel for the hand rope, and the muscle of one man lifts the barrel and swings it into the wagon.

THE BEST CIDER MADE.

It is a strong argument for the sweet-cider drinker that the pomace left after pressing is absolutely worthless as a food for anything or as a fertilizer. The virtue of the apple must therefore go with the juice.

The best cider is that made late in the season from the best matured fruit. Cold weather also conduces to its keeping well. Russet apples make about the finest cider in market, and it will bring an extra price. Some other varieties, Newtown pippins or crab apples make very fine thick cider. If properly worked, cleared of pomace and kept air-tight in new clean barrels it will keep all winter as rich and pleasant as a sherry wine, while of course less alcoholic and so less harmless.

The pleasure of "sucking cider through a straw" is not always attainable, as straws are not everywhere convenient at hand. An excellent substitute for the straw is a stick of macaroni.

"Guess I'll go home and try this, and see if I can't make that Thousand!"

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