THE HICKMAN COURIER.

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THE HICKMAN COURIER.

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Fine Job Printing

—EXECUTED—

With Neatness and Dispatch.

SALE BILLS,
ENVELOPES,
LETTER-HEADS,
BILL-HEADS,
INVITATIONS,
ETC., ETC.

CALL AND SEE US.

"LOVE IS LIFE, AND LIFE IS LOVE."

"Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it."

"Youth is a folly," cried the sage;
"A struggle is our middle age;
Bitter regrets fill up the page,
And this," he sighed, "is life."

The man who finds existence such
A weary struggling over much
Has never felt the magic touch
Which love can give to life.

Another says that from life's cup
In early youth we nectar sup,
But that when this has been quaffed up
A nauseous draught is life.

Just drop into your cup, dear friend,
A little love, and then depend,
True love, which loveth till the end,
Will sweeten all the life.

—*London Society.*

EVAN COGSWELL'S ICE-FORT.

In the early days of Northern Ohio, when settlers were few and far between, Evan Cogswell, a Welsh lad of sixteen years, found his way thither and began his career as a laborer, receiving at first but two dollars a month in addition to his board and "home-made" clothing. He possessed an intelligent, energetic mind in a sound and vigorous body, and had acquired in his native parish the elements of an education in both Welsh and English.

The story of his life, outlined in a curious old diary containing the records of sixty-two years, and an entry for more than twenty-two thousand days, would constitute a history of the region, and some of its pages would read like high-wrought romances.

His first term of service was with a border farmer on the banks of a stream called Grand River, in Ashtabula County. It was rather crude farming, however, consisting mostly of felling trees, cutting wood and save-logs, burning brush and digging out stumps, the ax and pick ax finding more use than ordinary farm implements.

Seven miles down the river, and on the opposite bank, lived the nearest neighbors, among them a blacksmith who in his trade served the whole country for twenty miles around. One especial part of his business was the repairing of axes, called in that day "jumping," or "upsetting."

In midwinter Evan's employer left a couple of axes with the blacksmith for repairs, the job to be done within a week. At this time the weather was what is termed "settled," with deep snow, and good "sleighing" along the few wild wood roads.

But three or four days later, there came a "January thaw." Rain and a warmer temperature melted away much of the snow, the little river was swelled to a great torrent, breaking up the ice and carrying it down stream, and the roads became almost impassable. When the week was up and the farmer wanted the axes it was not possible for the horse to travel, and after waiting a day or day or two for a turn in the weather, Evan was posted off on foot to obtain the needed implements. Delighted in the change and excitement of such a trip, the boy started before noon, expecting to reach home again ere dark, as it was not considered safe to journey far by night on account of the wolves.

Three miles below, at a narrow place in the river, was the bridge, consisting of three very long tree-trunks reaching parallel from bank to bank, and covered with hewn planks. When Evan arrived here he found that this bridge had been swept away. But pushing on down stream among the thickets, about half a mile below, he came upon an immense ice-jam, stretching across the stream and piled many feet high. Upon this he at once resolved to make his way over to the road on the other side, for he was already wearied threading the underbrush. Grand River, which is a narrow but deep and violent stream, ran roaring and plunging beneath the masses of ice as if enraged at being so obstructed, but the lad picked his path in safety and soon stood on the opposite bank.

Away he hurried now to the blacksmith's, so as to complete his errand and return by this precarious crossing before dark.

But the smith had neglected his duty and Evan had to wait an hour or more for the axes. At length they were done and with one tied at each end of a strong cord and this hung about his neck, he was off on the homeward trip. To aid his walking, he procured from the blacksmith a stout cane. He had hardly gone two miles when the duskiness gathering in the woods denoted the nearness of night; yet as the moon was riding high, he pushed on without fear.

But as he was skirting a wind-fall of trees, he came suddenly upon two or three wolves apparently emerging from their daytime hiding-place for a hunting expedition. Evan was considerably startled, but as they ran off into the woods as if afraid of him, he took courage in the hope that they would not molest him. In a few minutes, however, they set up that dismal howling by which they summon their mates and enlarge their numbers; and Evan discovered by the sounds that they were following him cautiously at no great distance.

Frequent responses were also heard from more distant points in the woods and from across the river. By this time it was becoming quite dark, the moonlight penetrated the forest only along the roadway and in occasional patches among the trees on either side. The rushing river was not far away, but above its roar arose every instant the threatening howl of a wolf. Finally, just as he reached the ice-bridge, the howling became still, a sign that their numbers emboldened them to enter in earnest on the pursuit. The species of wolf once so common in the Central States, and making the early farmers so much trouble, were peculiar in this respect; they were great cowards singly, and would trail the heels of a traveler howling for recruits, and not daring to begin the attack until they had collected a force that insured success; then they became fierce and bold, and more to be dreaded than any other animal of the wilderness. And at this point, when they considered their numbers equal to the occasion, the howling ceased.

Evan had been told of this and when the silence began, he knew its meaning, and his heart shuddered at the prospect. His only hope lay in the possibility that they might not dare to follow him across the ice-bridge. But this hope vanished as he approached the other shore and saw by the moonlight several of the gaunt creatures awaiting him on that side. What should he do? No doubt they would soon muster boldness to follow him upon the ice and then his fate would be sealed in a moment.

In the emergency he thought of the axes, and taking them from his neck cut the cord and thrust his walking-stick into one as a helve, resolved to defend himself to the last.

At this instant he espied among the thick, upheaved ice-cakes two great fragments leaning against each other in such a way as to form a roof with something like a small room underneath. Here he saw his only chance. Springing within he used the ax to chip off other fragments with which to close up the entrance, and almost quicker than it can be told had thus constructed a sort of fort, which he believed would withstand the attack of the wolves. At nightfall the weather had become colder and he knew that in a few minutes the damp pieces of ice would be firmly cemented together.

Hardly had he lifted the last piece to its place when the pack came rushing about him, snapping and snarling, but at first not testing the strength of his intrenchment. When soon they began to spring against it and snap at the corners of ice, the frost had done its work, and they could not loosen his hastily built wall.

Through narrow crevices he could look out at them, and at one time counted sixteen grouped together in council. As the cold increased he had to keep in motion in order not to freeze, and any extra action on his part increased the fierceness of the wolves. At times they would gather in a circle around the fort and after sniffing at him eagerly, set up a doleful howling, as if deploring the excellent supper they had lost.

Ere long one of them found an opening at a corner large enough to admit its head; but Evan was on the alert, and gave it such a blow with the axe as to cause its death. Soon another tried the same thing, and met with the same reception, withdrawing and whirling around several times, and then dropping dead with a broken skull.

One smaller than the rest attempting to enter, and receiving the fatal blow, crawled, in its dying agony, completely into the inclosure, and lay dead at Evan's feet. Of this he was not sorry, as his feet were bitterly cold, and the warm carcass of the animal served to relieve them.

In the course of the night six wolves were killed as they sought to creep into his fortress, and several others so seriously hacked as to send them to the woods again; and however correct the notion that when on the hunt they devour their fallen comrades, in this case they did no such thing, as in the morning the six dead bodies lay about on the ice, and Evan had the profitable privilege of taking off their skins.

Of his thoughts during the night a quotation from his diary is quaintly suggestive and characteristic:

"I bethought me of the wars of Glendower, I have read about, and the battle of Grosmont Castle, and I said: 'I am Owen Glendower; this is my castle; the wolves are the army of Henry; but I will never surrender or yield as did Glendower.'"

Toward morning, as the change of weather continued and the waters of the river began to diminish there was suddenly a prodigious crack and crash of the ice-bridge, and the whole mass settled several inches. At this the wolves took alarm and in an instant fled. Perhaps they might have returned had it not the crackling of the ice been repeated frequently.

At length Evan became alarmed for his safety, lest the ice should break up in the current, and brinking his ax to be sure it burst his way out and fled to the shore. But not seeing the ice crush, he ventured back to obtain the ax and then hastened home to his cottage.

During the day he skinned the wolves and within a fortnight pocketed the bounty money, amounting in all to about one hundred and fifty dollars. With the money he made the first payment on a large farm which he long lived to cultivate and enjoy, and under the sod of which he found a quiet grave.—*Wide Awake.*

At Sea.

One does not seem really to have got out of doors till he goes to sea. On the land he is shut in by the hills, or the forests, or more or less housed by the sharp lines of his horizon. But at sea he feels the roof taken off, the walls taken down; he is no longer in the hollow of the earth's hand, but upon its naked back, with nothing between him and the immensities. He is in the great cosmic out-of-doors, as much so as if voyaging to the moon or to Mars. An astronomic solitude and vacuity surrounds him; his only guides and landmarks are stellar, the earth has disappeared; the horizon has gone; he has only the sky and its orbs left; this cold, vitreous, blue-dark liquid through which the ship plows is not water, but some denser form of the cosmic ether. He can now see the curve of the sphere which the hills hid from him; he can study astronomy under improved conditions. If he was being borne through the interplanetary spaces on an immense shield his impressions would not perhaps be much different. He would find the same vacuity, the same blank or negative space, the same empty, indefinite, oppressive out-of-doors.

For it must be admitted that a voyage at sea is more impressive to the imagination than to the actual sense. The world is left behind; all standards of size, of magnitude, of distance, are vanished; there is no size, no form, no perspective; the universe has dwindled to a little circle of crumpled water, that journeys with you day after day, and to which you seem bound by some enchantment. The sky becomes a shallow, close-fitting dome, or else a pall of cloud that seems ready to descend upon you. You cannot see or realize the vast and vacant surrounding; there is nothing to define it or set it off. Three thousand miles of ocean space are less impressive than three miles bounded by rugged mountain walls. Indeed, the grandeur of form, of magnitude, of distance, of proportion, etc., are only upon shore. A voyage across the Atlantic is a ten-day sail through vacancy. There is no sensible progress; you pass no fixed points. Is it the steamer that is moving, or is it the sea? or is it all a dance and illusion of the troubled brain? Yesterday, to-day and to-morrow, you are in the same parenthesis of nowhere. The three hundred or more miles the ship daily makes is ideal, not real. Every night the stars dance and reel in the same place amid the rigging; every morning the sun comes up from behind the same wave, and staggers slowly across the sinister sky. The eye becomes a hunger for form, for permanent lines, for a horizon wall to lift up and keep off the sky, and give it a sense of room. One understands why sailors become an imaginative and superstitious race; it is the reaction from this narrow horizon in which they are put—this ring of [illegible] surrounds and oppresses them. They escape by invoking the aid of the supernatural. In the sea itself there is far less to stimulate the imagination than in the varied forms and colors of the land. How cold, how merciless, how relentless it looks!—*John Burroughs, in the Century.*

—A magazine writer who has the leisure should evolve a good plan to stop defalcations in this country. Newspaper men are too busy reporting them to work out such a scheme.—*Boston Globe.*

THE DAIRY.

—To make first-class butter requires an order of ability that would allow one to become at least a good mechanic if not an artist; but there are a great many farmers who are now selling milk at very low prices, who are fully capable of becoming good butter-makers and good cheese-makers, and it is nobody's fault but their own that they do not learn the business and then carry it on successfully.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

—It is a hard thing to say of farmers that ninety per cent. of them do not know how to work up milk into its finished and finer products, but the ninety per cent. of ordinary dairy products forced upon the market attests the truth of the assertion. Now whose fault is this if it is not the farmers'? The consumers say, give us good butter, and the dealers ask for good butter, and nobody wants either butter or cheese that is poor. The wide difference between the prices of the best and the poorest is sufficient evidence that the public appreciates good dairy products.—*New England Farmer.*

—At the late meeting of the Iowa State Dairymen's Association, it was estimated that the shortage on cream by the cream gathering system during the year 1882 amounted to four per cent., or a total of 800,000 pounds of butter, which at twenty-five cents per pound would make $200,000. This loss falls on the manufacturers, and is doubtless occasioned by paying for milk skimmed off with the cream. In other words, the skimmers take milk with the cream, which will not make butter, yet this is paid for as cream. This must be remedied or the manufacturers will be obliged to suspend. Frequent tests of the cream of each patron should be made so as to ascertain the per cent. of butter it contains.

—We have churned the year round most of the time for the past twenty years, and have been through trials of all kinds, but still think it pays to make butter in the winter. We have tried various experiments, such as scalding the milk, warming the cream, etc., etc., but have come to the conclusion that keeping the milk at an even temperature before skimming, and the cream at the same temperature, is all that is necessary to insure good butter. Of course the cream must be taken off at the proper time and must not be kept too long before churning, and the cream must be of an age, that is, it must be allowed to ripen in the cream pail, and the cream just removed from the milk must not be added to it.—*Cor. New England Farmer.*

—Between buying cows to keep up their herds and feed to keep up the flow of milk, dairy farmers in this section did not find a very large profit from the business the past year. They will have to devise some means whereby they can get cheaper feed or find their profits growing less each year. The silo and ensilage promises to give cheaper feed, and we shall hear of several farmers in this section who will try the experiment of cheap silos this season. One told us a few days ago that he would a small silo, making it just as cheap as possible, fill it with cheap boards, place on top the boards some green clover, weighted with green cord wood, and then cover the whole with straw. This he thought would give him an air-tight silo, and the wood would be of sufficient weight to keep the feed in place. He will under drain as well as surface drain the silo. Should his experiment prove a success, doubtless others will follow. The masonry silo is looked upon as being too expensive and few farmers care to construct this kind.—*Exchange.*

Grading Butter and Cheese.

It would seem that there should be no great amount of trouble in so grading dairy goods that any one at a distance could tell exactly what was meant by the terms used. This, however, is not the case, and it is very singular what a variety of terms are used by market quotations to express the same quality of goods. Many whose duty it is to make up quotations indulge in the most florid adjectives and startling expressions, some even to uniqueness and words not English. Another and more comprehensive fault in quotations is the constant introduction of new names and slang phrases for grades. All changes are to be deprecated, as they are bound to create confusion, though it would be well if one grand change could be made to a uniform set of words that would suit the critics, and subsequently remain permanent. In this connection we note that the Mercantile Exchange, of this city, has adopted a new and more definite set of terms for grading butter. Grades that have been quoted as "fancy" in the past will in the future be "extra." This represents absolutely perfect butter, if such a thing exists. This brand is scarce, and calls for the highest price. After this grade comes "extra first." This is the not quite perfect grade, and corresponds with the old grade of "choice," and is generally the best butter in the market. "Firsts" comes next and corresponds with the old grade called "prime," extra good, etc., and takes in the great mass of commercial butter. "Seconds" is the old grade called "good." Of this the Utica *Herald* aptly says: "On this grade there may be more dispute than perhaps on any other, as since shippers grade their firsts very closely and make very good seconds; others put some seconds with the firsts, thus reducing the standards of both grades." What is needed and imperatively demanded is a uniform set of words or terms to designate the grade.—*American Dairyman.*

Making Good Butter.

Butter is *finished* in the dairy, but *not made there.* The stamp of the dairywoman puts the gold in market form; but the work must be commenced in the field or in the feeding stables; and this leads at once to the consideration of feeding for butter. During the early summer months, when nature is profuse of flowers, there is little to be done beyond accepting her bounty. The tender grasses are full of the needed nutrition, and they afford the constant supply of moisture, without which the secretion of milk is greatly lessened. Yet, at this season, as well as all others, a pure supply of water is absolutely necessary. It does not meet the requirement if cattle have a wet hole full of surface drainage in the pasture, or a frog pond. While it is not probable that the tad-poles and wrigglers, sometimes found in city milk, have been drunk by the thirsty cow, many infusions do exist in such pools that are hardly eliminated or rendered entirely harmless by the wonderful milk secretions of the animal. The cattle should drink from spring-fed boxes; and as often as these, under the hot sun are seen to produce green growth or floating scum, a pail of coarse salt may be put in, and the current checked until the fresh-water growths are killed; the salt water is then drawn off, and for a long time the trough will remain pure and the water bright.—*Breeders' Gazette.*

Some Liars.

THE WEATHER LIAR.

There are many kinds of the liar family, but the best known is the weather liar. The older he is the greater his license to indulge in his favorite pastime. Every day of the year furnishes him with an excuse, and all he asks is for somebody to talk to. The weather liar remembers that the winter of 1879 was exactly like that of 1491; the spring of 1882 puts him in mind of the spring of 1624; the cold waves of the past winter didn't begin with those in 1774. He can remember winters when not a flake of snow fell, and summers when there was a frost every other night for three months. He has seen the thermometer drop to forty-seven degrees below in January, and climb to 130 degrees in August. He remembers one year when cherries were ripe in May, and another when they could not be picked until November. No matter what the weather is, the weather liar has always seen worse. If it snows for two days he has seen it snow for four. If it rains for a week, he can remember when it poured down without a break for three. If you have seen it hot enough to fry eggs on a stone sidewalk, he has seen an ax melt on top of a lump of ice.

THE FISH LIAR

ranks second on the list. He goes fishing about once in five years and spends the rest of the time in lying about what occurred. He caught a bass weighing fourteen pounds, but the hook broke and let him escape. He had a bite from a pickerel four feet long, but stubbed his toe and couldn't pull up at the proper moment. He began fishing with minnows for bait, but the fish bit so greedily that he finally tied a horn button to the hook and pulled 'em out as fast as he could drop the line. He caught an even tubful, but while he was eating luncheon the wharf gave way and let tub and fish into the water. The fish liar can be found sitting on the counter at the grocery of an evening, all wound up and ready to begin business, and nothing lets the sunshine into his life so quick as to get hold of some one who will gasp out occasionally: "My stars! but is that possible?"

THE HORSE LIAR

stands third on the list. He is a man who has had a horse which could go in 2.20. He hasn't got him now, but that doesn't make any difference. He has driven that horse in a race with an express train, and taken first money. And he also had a running horse which once made a dash of twenty-five miles on a bet of $5,000. He hasn't the horse or the money at the present time, but he can give you the name of a dozen leading bank presidents and Chief-Justices who saw that dash.

The horse-liar doesn't stop at lying about his own horses, but he is ready to put in his best licks on animals he never saw. He is in the confidence of the owners of all the celebrated equines. In his opinion such a track is short and such a track is long. He doesn't believe Rarey was ever much of a horse, and he feels that he could drive Goldsmith Maid in three seconds faster than she ever recorded. He is the identical man who first saw speed in Flora Temple, and if he had wanted to be mean about it, he could have bought her for ten dollars and an old plow, and made $5,000 out of the trade. He knows all about spavins, ring-bones, poll-evil, pink-eye and glanders, and he has a sure cure for each one. His seat is on the head of the second cracker-barrel from the stove each evening through the winter, and when he can come across some one who has invested fifteen dollars and a cross-cut saw in an old plug of a horse to use in a cider-mill, he is in his glory. He knows all about that horse; been an awful good stepper; saw him run away once, and killed two women; Rarey tried to tame him, but had to give it up; reckon he could go out now and give most of the boys the dust; and so on until the grocer rubs his sleepy eyes, and regretfully says:

"Come, you liars, it's time to lock up and go home.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Senile Softening of the Brain.

This is one of the most frequent diseases of the brain in advanced life. A portion of the brain undergoes fatty degeneration.

The softened mass varies in character and consistency at different stages, but at one stage it resembles moist gelatine. In another form of it the mass is as fluid as cream.

Its most common cause is an obstruction in the neighboring arteries, which cuts off the supply of blood to the part. Such an obstruction is often attributed to embolism—a small particle swept from the heart to some capillary and lodged there; or to thrombosis—a larger bit (perhaps of clot) thus swept along and lodged in some artery; to a tumor pressing on an artery; to a flow of blood from a ruptured vessel already affected with degeneration.

Sometimes a feeble heart, unable to send the blood to all the capillaries of the brain, may give rise to it. It is often remotely due to prolonged intellectual efforts, strong and continued emotions, blows on the head, alcohol, or to disease of the heart, caused by acute rheumatism.

Softening of the brain may be either acute or chronic. The former is fatal within ten days. More commonly there are no premonitory symptoms, and the attack resembles that of paralysis. When premonitory symptoms occur there may be pricking sensations, cramps, blunted touch, diminished power of motion, increasing weakness of the affected side and clumsiness of the fingers, hands and feet, and a tottering gait.

Some of the symptoms of *chronic* softening are increasing feebleness, loss of memory, fretfulness, fits of uncontrollable weeping, dull pains in the head, a sense of confusion, thickness of speech, gradual loss of muscular power, listlessness, and later, paralysis of one side, childishness, helplessness, disposition to sleep most of the time. The appetite and the weight may remain good.

When there are premonitory symptoms, the diet must be rigidly simple, nourishing and of easy digestion. Milk is the best. Nothing should be allowed tending to increase the action of the heart.—*Youth's Companion.*

—After the Newhall Hotel fire, in Milwaukee, Mrs. T. Wilson, of New York, could not sleep for fear of being burned, but finally in a troubled dream she invented a fire-escape, which she has perfected and put to use. There is an iron platform with a movable railing attached to the window-sill and also an iron ladder, all of which folds up and forms an ornamental piece of furniture. Several heavy New Yorkers have walked up and down the escape, pronounced it good, and think Mrs. Wilson will coin her dream into money.

A Kentucky Treasure.

The Central University at Richmond, Ky., is congratulating herself on the acquisition of a very valuable bibliographical treasure—a copy of the 1490 edition of Anselm's works, and "containing copious extracts from the former letters of Paracelsus, giving the personal description of the Virgin Mary and her son, Jesus Christ," as the Louisville *Courier-Journal* puts it. The book was the property of the late Dr. R. W. Landis, of Danville, Ky., and the manner in which it came into his possession is another of the romances of bibliomania. In October, 1839, he was rummaging over the old stock of a second-hand dealer in Seventh Street, near Market, Philadelphia, and in turning over a particularly yellow and musty lot he came to this. "I could almost hear my heart beat," he wrote, "so excited I was by the discovery, and was afraid [illegible] to let me carry it home with me without paying the money back for it. I never rested until the precious volume was safely locked in my room and the small sum was paid."

Dr. Landis subsequently made his "find" known, and there was for a time considerable controversy about its genuineness. The copy bore no date, but was evidently published before 1494, for in that year Anselm was canonized, and on the title-page he is not spoken of as a saint. The British Museum made a standing offer of $5,000 for it, but the owner held it to be worth much more, and in his will he left it to the University, which is a Presbyterian institution, organized within the past ten years. It is a small folio of about three hundred pages, bound in vellum, yellow with age, but with the flamboyant tracery still perfectly defined. Its mediæval Latin abounds in abbreviations, and it is evidently almost a literal transcript of an original manuscript. It appears to have belonged to some German monastery, but gives no clue itself as to the adventures it must have had before it turned up in the Philadelphia second-hand store.

A *Courier-Journal* reporter who was sent to interview it appears to have had enough knowledge of Latin and block letter and al that to make a summary of what Paracelsus' letter has to say about the history and appearance of the Virgin Mary. The information is thus imparted to the readers of the paper as the result of the reporter's two hours' labors at deciphering the unfamiliar type: "Mary, the mother of God, learned Hebrew while her father, Joachim, was still living. She was docile, fond of learning and persevering about Holy Scripture. The work other hands was wool, linen and silk. There was a distinct place in the house of the Lord, in His temple, next the altars. There holy virgins used to stand, and when the divine offices were discharged they all would go home. Mary alone would persevere, and guard the altars and the temple, ministering to the priests. Her manner was moderate in speech, of prompt obedience, without audacity, without laughter, without flurry, without anger. She saluted kindly. Men wondered at her eloquence. She had dark eyes, a right aspect, black eyebrows, a moderate nose. Her face, hands and fingers were long, her stature middling. She was constant in prayer. She gave herself to reading, to fasting, to manual labors and to every good and virtuous occupation. When she was taken up into Heaven she was seventy-two years old, by the following occupation: Seven years she was educated with her parents, and seven years and a half she ministered in the temple of the Lord; she was in the house of Joseph six months. In her fourteenth year the joy of all ages was announced to her; in her fifteenth year she brought forth Christ and lived with him thirty-three years as a parent. After the Lord's ascension she was in the home of John the Evangelist just twenty-four years."

Her son is described as of medium size and comely in his personal appearance. "He had a venerable countenance, which the beholders could both love and fear. He had hair of the color of an unripe filbert and even lying almost to his ears, but from his ears, waving curly, a little darker and more glossy floating on his shoulders. His hair was parted in the middle, according to the custom of the Nazarenes; his forehead smooth and most serene, with a face without a wrinkle or spot, of a moderate and beautiful ruddiness. His nose and his mouth were faultless. He had a copious and youthful beard, parted in the middle. He had an aspect simple and mature. His eyes were bluish-gray, lively and bright. In rebuke, he was terrible; in admonition, gentle and lovely; cheerful, though maintaining his gravity. He was never seen to laugh, but often to weep."

It is a pity that so great a treasure should be buried in so out-of-the-way corner of the world as Richmond, Ky. The authorities of the College, which now owns it place its money value at $25,000, but they would perhaps take a trifle less.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

How Mark Twain Was Sold.

We, dark Twain, Joe Goodman, Dan De Quille, Frank Mayo, Louis Aldrich, Dennis McCarthy, your narrator, and other choice spirits, writes Charles R. Pope, organized, while at Virginia City, a club appropriately named the "Visigoths." Mark Twain was then laying the foundation of his wondrous fame by filling the columns of the Virginia City *Enterprise* with the toughest though richest kind of humor. It often took the form of the most merciless practical joke. None of us escaped his keen tongue or trenchant pen. So, when one day Mark announced his intention of leaving us to seek his fortune in a larger field, the "boys" resolved to give him a good send-off.

Mark was mysteriously informed that the "Visigoths" were going to do something handsome. Twain, not to be outdone, bought a box of champagne and prepared himself with a most pathetic speech. We got ourselves ready for the presentation by buying an elegant morocco case, properly inscribed, and then quietly and insidiously placed in it a nice clay pipe costing just fifty cents. The case was locked and we threw away the key.

I happened to be the Viking for that week, and it devolved on me to make the presentation speech. It was done in the most dignified and solemn manner. Mark's many noble qualities were enlarged upon. His brilliant genius, his bright future, how sorrowfully we parted with the merry, genial spirit who was wont to set "the table in a roar." Then the meerschaum was handed over to him.

His response was so eloquent and pathetic that it moved him to tears, and us, too—but no matter. The champagne flowed freely and the fun was fast and furious. But the great humorist and champion seller did not become aware of his treasures till he got home and had procured the services of a locksmith. They say the air was filled with sulphurous gases when Mark realized the sell. He did not speak to us for a week.

The Weak and the Wicked.

Out of a total population of about fifty millions there were in 1880 a little over a quarter of a million of people insane, idiotic, blind and deaf and dumb in the United States. In every million of population there were 1,854 victims of insanity, 1,353 idiots, 976 blind and 675 deaf and dumb.

Apparently there was a large increase in the proportion or these defective people as compared with 1870, 1860 and 1850. But the proportional increase seems to have been due chiefly or altogether to more thoroughness in gathering the statistics concerning them. An exact and trustworthy census, of the insane especially, it is almost impossible to get. In the first place, what is the dividing line between sanity and insanity? We have seen how, in a recent case, a jury decided that a man who [illegible] was insane, while [illegible] pathematic by the professional experts in mental disease. Whether Guiteau was a responsible agent has hardly yet been decided, though the brain of the assassin has been dissected. And, sane or insane, he went abroad among men during life, and doubtless was about as well balanced mentally as thousands of men and women who are on the streets to-day. Very many drunkards are the victims of as genuine and as dangerous a mania as that which affects a large part of the population of our insane asylums, and the number of people who are subject to insane impulses, or who are what is called half-cracked, is multitudinous.

Besides, families are slow to acknowledge insanity among their members, provided it is not of a sort to compel seclusion in an asylum. But, to cover such cases so far as possible, the Census Bureau sent out blank forms of return to 100,000 physicians in the Union, four-fifths of whom responded with the desired information, and by the lists they sent the regular returns of the enumerators were corrected. Under such circumstances, of course the total number obtained was pretty sure to be much larger, proportionately, than it was in previous censuses, when equally thorough methods of obtaining returns were not adopted. But even then we cannot take the figures with entire confidence. The result is an approximation only. At least, we do not get from the census for 1880 sufficient data to enable us to answer the question whether insanity is on the increase—that is, whether the ratio of new cases to the total population is growing larger.

It seems fair to conclude, however, that there is no decline in the proportion of insanity. The number of the insane manifestly grows at least with the increase of population. More than that cannot be deduced from the census table.

Out of a total of 91,997 insane returned in 1880, 44,408 were males and 47,589 females; 65,651 were natives and 26,346 were foreign; 85,840 were white and 6,157 colored. We see, therefore, that insanity attacks women oftener than men. Of idiots, however, the total of 76,895 was made up of 45,309 males and 31,586 females. The negro population, too, is much more liable to lunacy than insanity, the number of colored idiots being 2,379 to 6,157 lunatics. The foreign population, however, contributes only 4,007 to the idiots, while its insane numbered 26,346. The tendency to insanity among the foreigners is very striking, they furnishing considerably more than one-quarter of the whole number of insane, while there were only about one-seventh as many of them in the Union as natives. It is suggestive to observe also that there is the same increased tendency to insanity, but in a less marked degree, in natives who remove from one part of the Union to another, especially from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. The immigrant is subjected to an unwonted strain, and the law of the survival of the fittest works with especial rapidity in his case. Life in the old grooves he might sustain without mental damage, but in new paths he loses his wits. It is the strong birds which stand the migratory flight; the weak ones drop by the way.

Of the blind there were more males than females, the total number having been 48,928, made up of 26,748 males 22,180 females. The same was the case with respect to the deaf and dumb. Out of a total of 33,878, there were 18,567 and 15,311 females.

The total number of paupers enumerated in almshouses was 67,067, besides whom there was a great body of outdoor paupers, of whom the statistics are manifestly so incomplete that they are of no account whatever. The total, according to the census, was 21,598; but how worthless these figures are is shown by the return from Boston of only thirteen outdoor paupers for the whole city.

The number of prisoners in confinement in the United States was 59,255, against 40,942 lunatics confined in asylums. In the number of prisoners, however, were certain persons charged with offenses and awaiting in county jails their trial; and there were some insane. Prisoners held for debt, however, were not included, nor were witnesses locked up to secure their testimony. Of imprisoned debtors the total was forty-eight, and of imprisoned witnesses 107. It is creditable to our civilization that these figures are so small; but that there are any such prisoners is a blot on our legal system.

The total number of felons at hard labor in prisons and penitentiaries was 30,623, and 4,883 convicts were at work outside of prison walls, under lessees or under county officials. About 43,000 of the prisoners did some work, and 16,000 were maintained in idleness; 54,186 were males and 5,069 females, 46,338 native and 12,917 foreign, 42,294 white and 15,961 colored. Among the colored were included 531 Chinamen, one Japanese and 161 Indians.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The curious Stebbins, who had "Marching Through Georgia" and "Good-by, My Lover, Good-by," sung by request at his grave, was once appointed Consul to the Philippine Islands. He was informed, however, that it was very hot there and there were numerous and severe earthquakes to give him the "shakes." He "wired" at once to Washington: "I like hot climate and don't care for earthquakes." He had hardly set foot on the islands when there was an earthquake which nearly threw him back into the hold of the steamer. He didn't go ashore again, but returned home on the same steamer.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—A new anonymous prophet has arisen, and lifting the curtain which hides the next decade, he pictures the "Battle of Moy," and tells in a realistic manner how Ireland gained her independence. "No more landlords, no more agents, with their blighting and withering train of tithes, distrains and evictions, no more poor laws." Such is to be the fruit of a great battle which is to take place in 1894. The prophecy has been published by an Eastern house and is rapidly acquiring notoriety and popularity.—*N. Y. Times.*

Wonderful Mesmeric Powers.

The Chicago *Herald* of a recent date is responsible for the following: A wonderful exhibition of mesmerism, or at least what passed for that, took place yesterday afternoon at General Sheridan's headquarters. A number of officers, a *Herald* reporter and several friends were present, and they were all astounded at what they saw. A young man, apparently twenty-five years of age, who had neither in particular to distinguish him from any other human biped of that age, was the mesmerist. He rejoiced in the name of Johnson, and was very weak about the eyes. Two other gentlemen assisted him in the manifestations. Several medical men were on hand, and the room was comfortably filled when he began operations. His first move was in the form of a speech, in which he declared he could mesmerize any one who would come up and sit in a chair. Any one could stick needles in him, or set him up, and he would not feel it in the slightest degree. He claimed to be the only man living who could do this.

He then stood out in the center of the room and commenced rubbing his eyes. In a few minutes he fell limp, with closed eyes, into his assistant's arms. He was then laid out on the floor and his arms rubbed violently into a state of rigidity and placed at his side. His legs were treated the same. He was lifted and his neck placed on the back of a chair and his feet on another, thus suspending the rigid form in mid-air on two chairs. He remained thus for two minutes, and was then piled on the floor and rubbed back into animation. He took a young colored boy and put him into a mesmerized state.

"Now," said he, "you will observe, gentlemen, that I have this boy completely under control, and I will make him do whatever I want. I will ask him if he desires a glass of wine and he will say he does. I have here a very rank sort of cod liver oil, which I shall make him drink, and he will think he's drinking the finest Catawba. Will any gentleman please take this oil to see that I am not fooling them. All good. That's right. Now George, do you want a glass of wine? Of course you do. Here George." And he made the negro toss off the glass of cod liver oil as airily as though it were the most pleasant drink imaginable. He then rubbed his hands across his eyes and brought him to, when the negro had become rather unwell and evinced a desire to throw up his job.

"Now, then, I'll take that taste away," said the mesmerist, and he passed both hands tenderly across the boy's black visage. He made him eat a portion of a tallow candle, under the impression that it was a stick of candy, and swallow a few tablespoonfuls of cayenne pepper, telling him it was sugar. Then came a truly wonderful performance. He put the negro boy into a state of unconsciousness, and taking a darning needle and thread, sewed up the tongue, lips, cheek and ear in ethiopian style, never bringing a quiver to the man, causing a drop of blood to flow. He then drawn the thread through time and again, and did some very fine tailoring. Then he unstitched the black hide. When through he [illegible] put him to sleep. Then [illegible] the "coon" delightedly [illegible] out "yes, massa." "How [illegible] stitches shall I use?" asked the [illegible]. "Four." The audience went [illegible], however, and requested they leave the hide."

One old army doctor said he had had occasion to examine the stomach of many men and found bowlders, pieces of [illegible], metal and other queer substances therein, and had often heard of the [illegible] faculties of the billy goat, with his surprising fondness for tin cans and hoopskirts; but he had never seen such organs as those possessed by this negro lad. An attempt was made to have the mesmerist put the "coon" under his influence again and feed him with a few Patent Office reports, but it fell through.

After this show Johnson went into a comatose state bent in a semi-circular position on the floor, and then gently rocked back and forth like a cradle. His ear was pierced with a needle and sewed through and through. The thread was drawn out, but not a drop of blood flowed. It seemed impossible to cause a tremor to pass over his form by any act of torture they could devise. When he was brought out of this state, which was always done by quick passes over the limbs, throwing off the current by snapping the fingers, then by repeating this on the face, he informed those present that he had mesmerized a patient at the Bellevue Hospital in New York, when a surgeon amputated a finger for a man and the latter felt no pain whatever. He offered to cause any one to be in a perfectly mesmerized state, but no one accepted the offer.

There was something decidedly wonderful in all he did and it puzzled those present. One declared it simply a great control of the powers of the body, and that he was not mesmerized at all; while again, one of the veterans present thought it the fairest case of actual mesmerism that he had ever seen. During all the performance the young man seemed cool and self-possessed, and went at it in a singularly business-like way. The part that most impressed the spectators was where he threw the negro into a trance and sewed his cheek, tongue and lips without causing any twitching of the flesh while doing so. If the affair was genuine, and there seems but little show for doubting it, Johnson possesses very wonderful mesmeric powers, as there has never been any yet found who could mesmerize themselves.

How to Loosen a Tight Screw.

The London *Builder* says: "One of the most simple and readiest methods for loosening a rusted screw is to apply heat to the head of the screw. A small bar or rod of iron, flat at the end, if reddened in the fire and applied for a couple or three minutes the head of the rusted screw, will, as soon as it heats the screw, render its withdrawal as easy by the screw-driver as if it was only a recently inserted screw. As there is a kitchen poker in every house, that instrument, if heated at its extremity, and applied for a few minutes to the head of the screw or screws, will do the required work of loosening, and an ordinary screw-driver will do the rest, without causing the least damage, trouble or vexation of spirit. In all work above the common kind, where it is necessary to use screws, and particularly in hinge work and mountings, fancy fastenings and appliances affixed to joinery or furniture work, we would advise the oiling of screws or the dipping of their points in grease before driving them. This will render them more easy to drive and also to withdraw, and it will undoubtedly retard for a longer time the action of rusting."

—A story comes from Canton, China, of a woman who, to punish a female slave who had stolen some food, cut a slice from the girl's thigh and made her cook and eat it.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Sixty thousand dollars has been bequeathed by Adam Gusz, of Philadelphia, to Catholic charitable and educational institutions.

—President McCosh, of Princeton College, is said to be a greater philosopher than a disciplinarian. The boys have "lots of fun" in his lecture-room.

—The Government of India causes a sanitary primer to be used in the schools. One hundred thousand copies of the publication have been circulated in fourteen different vernaculars.

—There are now 156 Roman Catholic churches, with 270 priests, within the diocese of Boston, where seventeen years ago there were but ninety-nine churches, with ninety-three clergymen.

—When a California school-ma'am catches a three-year old steer by the horns and wrench his neck six inches out of joint, she is considered a fit subject for fourteen years old stand of stealing into the education foundry.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The *Churchman* sees "one of the strangest marvels of the present time" in the fact that, while the world professes to pay little or no attention to the prophecies of Scripture, it listens with curiosity, if not confidence, to the bo