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Weekly Herald.

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Helen of Tyre.

What phantom is this that appears
Through the purple mist of the years,
Itself but a mist like these?
A woman of cloud and of fire,
It is she, it is Helen of Tyre,
The town in the midst of the seas!

Oh Tyre! in thy crowded streets
The phantom appears and retreats
And the Israelites that sell
Thy lilies and lions of brass,
Look up as they see her pass,
And murmur 'Jezebel!'

Then another phantom is seen
At her side, in a gray gabardine,
With beard that floats to his waist,
It is Simon Magus, the Seer,
He speaks, and she pauses to hear
The words he uttered in haste.

He says: 'From this evil fame,
From this life of sorrow and shame,
I will lift thee and make thee mine,
Thou hast been Queen Candace,
And Helen of Troy, and shalt be
The Intelligence Divine!'

Oh, sweet as the breath of morn,
To the fallen and forlorn
Are whispered words of praise,
For the famished heart believes
The falsehood that tempts and deceives,
And the promise that betrays.

So she follows from land to land
The wizard's beckoning hand,
And as a leaf is blown by the gust,
Till she vanishes into night!
Oh reader, stoop down and write
With thy finger in the dust.

Oh town in the midst of the seas,
With thy rafts of cedar trees,
Thy merchandise and thy ships,
Thou, too, art become as naught,
A phantom, a shadow, a thought,
A name upon men's lips.

Henry W. Longfellow.—

The Elf of Hohenheim.

It was on a Saturday night on the Bowery I returned on foot at a slow pace from my office, intent upon the picture of busy life and confusion which surrounded me, and which for years has never been so noisy and bustling as now.

Slowly I advanced amid all this bustle, admiring and in some measure facinated by this picture, so full of coarse but intense and robust life. All of a sudden I stopped as if struck by lightning. What was this before me? A ghost? a horrid freak of my imagination? or what else?

That ashy pale face, that stooping figure, creeping along with difficulty and thrown from side to side by the busy crowd like a broken reed—where had I seen a semblance of them before?

This ghastly figure was that of a woman. By the hand she held a child, a baby of some three years of age, who seemed so exhausted that its legs refused service entirely. It did not even scream, and let itself be dragged along by the woman like a lifeless corpse. I turned round and followed this wretched pair. I soon found out that the woman's walk was not purposeless. She staggered from one ash-barrel to another; at each of these ornaments of our metropolitan thoroughfares she stooped down, plunged her bare arm into the heap of refuse and kept it there searching till she found some remnant of something which may have one day served as food to man or beast. This she clutched at with eager grasp; the best bits she gave to the child, the rest she devoured herself.

Stepping to her side I touched the woman's shoulder.

She looked around with a wild and scared expression, the light of a torch fell full on her face—'Good God! is it possible?' I screamed. 'Emily!'

Her whole frame shook under the rage which half covered it; she drew back from me, and with a groan of irrepressible terror attempted to run away. I held her fast, however.

'Come now,' I said, 'whoever you may be, think of your child, it seems to be dying. Let me give it to eat.'

She bowed her head in silent obedience and suffered me to lead her to a small hotel in the neighborhood kept by an honest old German on whose discretion I could reckon. I engaged a room, ordered supper and a bottle of strong wine, and bidding the woman to wash and undress herself and the child, I went out to purchase in one of the Bowery stores a cheap but decent outfit for both, which on returning to the hotel, sent up to her by the chambermaid. A quarter of an hour later supper was brought. I knocked at the door, a feeble voice answered, 'Come in,' and on entering I remained two or three seconds standing motionless, speechless at the door, staring at the apparition before me. The hasty toilet she had made had wrought an extraordinary change in all the young woman's appearance. She sat before me with the child in her lap in all her wondrous, delicate, bewitching beauty—the 'elf of Hohenheim,' as we used to call her, but no longer the wild, wayward elf-left child, but such as I had seen her in my boyish dreams—a beautiful, fairy-like women!

'Emily Rechberg!' I whispered, when the chambermaid had left us. 'Do you know me?'

She looked up at me and dropping her head in both her hands broke into a torrent of tears. After soothing and quieting her as best I could, I insisted on her and the child eating the supper I had ordered before entering on any explanations. After the last morsel had disappeared and the child which had already had fallen asleep while eating, been put to bed. Emily sat down by my side, and with many a sigh and many a tear told me her story. It was the sad, old, old story.

I was barely seventeen and had just entered the celebrated agricultural academy of Hohenheim near Stutgart, Wurtemburg, when I first made the acquaintance of Emily and her uncle, the famous mathematician, Dr. Aloysius Rechberg, with whom having lost her own parents, she then lived. The old professor's house was a favorite haunt for the boys. Himself childless, but yet full of energy and animal spirits, the old man liked to be surrounded by the noise and bustle of youth. On some evenings in the week, and indeed not unfrequently during whole days, the professor's house looked more like a student's *kneipe* (tavern) than like the abode of one of the first scientific authorities of Germany.

Little Emily, the 'elf of Hohenheim, as we had nicknamed her, never failed at these queer assemblies. Indeed, she was the genius, the spirit of our band—and a mad uncontrollable spirit it was, to be sure! Scarcely fifteen years of age, she was already as far advanced in her studies with her uncle as any of us.

'I don't want to make of the girl one of your insipid, hot-house flowers which droop and shudder at everything, the old man used to say to us. 'Let her see, study and enjoy life just as it is. You are all of you a set of honest though excessively lazy lads at whose hands she has no harm to fear. So let her enjoy her freedom—the only thing she possesses, poor thing! I trust her to you—do not betray me, lads.'

And Emily was indeed our friends, our comrade—almost our sister. She felt so secure inside the domains of her adopted brothers that she wandered in summer and winter all alone through the extensive woods of Hohenheim, considering them, as it were, a sort of paradise on earth in which no fatal tree or wily serpent could ever tempt her. Elf-like she haunted the grounds around our academy climbing in the trees, imitating the singing of the birds around her, making the air resound with her clear, silvery laugh, shedding on all things the fairy light of her dear innocent presence.

Such she had lived on in my remembrance these many years since our parting. Such, as a long-lost dream of youth and light, she appeared at times to me amid the dark shadows and bitter realities of life. Who was the rascal who had darkened and polluted this bright vision of lights who had made this of my little 'elf of Hohenheim?'

His name was, she told me, or at least was supposed to be, Count Ladis as Brodzinsky, and he pretended to be a Polish nobleman oicemf mnse walth. Like all the rest of the students, he too had been received with the usual free hospitality at the professor's house, but had soon by his manners excited the old man's suspicions. He was forbidden the house but—the mischief was already done; Emily was madly in love with him. Interviews went on between them clandestinely, the wretch bewitched her more and more, until at length she consented to elope with him to America whither, he said, important business matters called him. The pair fled first to Paris, thence to London, where they stayed nearly a week. While in that city Brodzinsky came home one day seemingly in pray to a terrible agitation.

'Somebody is on our track, my dearest Emily!' he exclaimed. 'I have been followed the whole day. We cannot start from here together. You must go to-night direct to Queenstown and wait a day there for the boat which shall bring me from Liverpool. The people who are tracking me must see me get on board alone. Do you trust me, my love!'

Of course she did, and obeyed him guilelessly, confidingly. Long before the steamer had been sighted she was standing on the Queenstown dock, waiting, straining her sight for the streak of smoke on the horizon. At length it came. The tug-boat took the Queenstown passengers on board the huge ocean steamer. Emily found her cabin reserved for her, but no Ladislas Brodzinksy to meet her. Trembling, bewildered, she inquired if there was a passenger of that name on board. The steward who had accompanied her to the cabin thought there was one and promised to inquire immediately.

He went, and Emily remained in her cabin trembling, fearing she knew not herself what, feeling as if each minute that passed became a century of suspense. In the meantime the steamer had heaved her anchor, the screw had been put in and the ocean monster glided majestically into the open sea.

At last the steward returned with the answer:

'No, miss, there is no gentlemen of that name on board!'

On hearing these words Emily remained for some time like one paralyzed with terror and despair. Then, realizing all of a sudden the horror of situation, she rushed out of the cabin with a piercing cry and ran on deck, whence, had not the captain met her and held her fast, she would heve jumped into the sea.

She then began beseeching the captain in a frantic way to turn back, to put her on shore anywhere; the poor man had a good deal of trouble to explain to her the impossibility of her demand, and to quiet her so far as to lead her back into the cabin. She need but wait patiently, he said; in New York she would be sure to find a telegram explaining all.

She waited—but in vain; no message, no friendly word bade her welcome to the new world. The captain and some of the passengers took an interest in the poor girl and accompanied her to the German consulate. There she gave her uncle's address, and the consul promised her to cable to him immediately.

The next day she was to learn the answer. She came the next day. The consul led her to his private office, and with a grave face invited her to take a seat.

'Have you other relatives in Germany, Miss Rechberg, besides your uncle?' he inquired.

'None,' she answered.

'I regret it,' rejoined the consul, 'for your uncle is dead. Here is the answer I received this morning.'

And he showed her the fatal message. Emily had suffered so much during the passage that this new blow scarcely hurt but only stunned her. She sat there motionless, staring at the paper before her with vacant gaze.

'Do you wish, under the circumstace,' continued the German official, 'to return to Europe? I could facilitate your arrangements if such should be your wish.'

'What for?' she asked, dejectedly.

'Just as you please,' answered the consul.

She rose from her seat, thanked him mechanically, and went out into the street.

'Oh, do not ask me,' exclaimed Emily, covering her face with her hands, 'to tell you all that befell me here! It is a tale of shame and misery I will spare you and me. Four months after my landing this child—his child—was born. Some time later I received a letter from him, offering me money and explaining his treachery with perfect frankness. My love, he said, had become troublesome to him, for just then the possibility of a rich marriage with an elder and excessively jealous woman had presented itself to him—and thus he resolved to put me out of the way. How well the rascal knew me! In writing this letter he placed a deadly weapon into my hand! He knew well enough I would not use it.'

The night was far advanced when Emily had told me her sad story to the end. I took my leave of her, promising not to forsake her till a suitable position had presented itself for her.

I came, and returned the next day and the next, and so on for nearly three weeks until little by little the intercourse with Emily became the most engrossing occupation of my day,

She became daily more beautiful, and daily I saw revived before me that fair image of the 'elf of Hohenheim,' of my boyish dreams, turned to a still more bewitching reality.

One day as I entered as usual the little German hotel, the fat host came to meet me with a letter in his hand.

'For you,' he uttered laconically.

I tore open the envelope. It was from Emily and contained the following lines:

'My dearest, my only friend! I leave you, you who I have learned to love more than my life. And it is just because of my great love that I go. Your life must remain as it is, pure and —— free and noble. Your path must not be soiled by a creature like me. Farewell! God bless you! May every tear which falls from my cheek while I write this bring you years and years of happiness! Do not grieve for me. I found honest work in a city far away. Do not search for me and do not forget quite your poor, loving

'Elf of Hohenheim.'

A year has passed. I have neither seen nor heard from her since.

Is a Colored Man a White?

In the United States supreme court, the case came up of the United States, appellants, vs. Sanford Perryman, appeal from the court of claims. The somewhat paradoxical question presented by this case is whether a negro is a white person. The suit was brought by Perryman, a Creek Indian, of Arkansas, under sections 2154 and 2155 of the revised statutes, which provide that when a 'white person' shall take or destroy property of a friendly Indian within the Indian country, and when such white persons, upon being duly convicted of the offense, shall be unable to make good to the Indian the entire value of the property thus taken or destroyed, the deficiency shall be paid out of the United States treasury. The property of Perryman, the friendly Indian in the present case, was taken by a negro, and when the latter, upon conviction, was found unable to make its value good, Perryman brought this suit against the United States, alleging that the words 'white person' in the statute were intended to mean any person not an Indian. The United States, however, contend that the statute grew originally out of trouble between the state of Georgia and the Cherokees, and that the color line was purposely drawn to exclude both negroes and Indians.

The Lost Sunbeam.

A home can hardly be called a home without a sunbeam in it. Lilian Grey was a spirtuelle-looking little girl with light blue eyes and golden curls. She was an only child, and one of those tender, sensitive little creatures, much loved, much loving. The parents lived in a country village, throughout which the bright, beautiful-like looking little being was beloved and known. She was considered the property of the town, all loving the pretty win some little creature. If there were a few choice peaches upon a neighbor's tree, there were sure to be some put aside for the little blossom, the village pet. And when old Scotch neighbor O'Donnel's cow had her first calf, 'he just,' to use his own language, 'took a walk over to Mr. Grey's cottage, as he had a wee bit of time, to bring the bonny bairn over to look at it.' She was so old-fashioned, neighbor Brown prophesied with her wise sayings, 'sure there was none like her;' and added, shaking her head significantly, 'Mrs. Grey will never raise her; she is too good for this world, so tender-hearted withal, and besides she is not strong.' These words sometimes inadvertantly fell upon the mother's ear and filled her heart with forebodings. They sounded like clods upon a coffin id, and in her agony and alarm she prayed that her darling might be spared.

In the meantime the little bud was unfolding into a beautiful flower. In every house in the village she had an interest; with her bright blue eyes and golden curls she went scattering sunshine everewhere. There were no clouds across her sky; there were no thorns across her path; her young life was a short summer day.

The whole village was in a state of alarm when little Lilian was taken down with the fever, each considering the child belonging, as it were, to him or her, all vied with each other in aiding the alarmed parents in their care. Even Tommy Green, the idiot boy, carried her flowers, of which she was so fond, and with whom she had shared her gin ger-bread on the way home from the store. 'Give her these,' said the clumsy, overgrown boy, adding: 'She was always good to me, she was. I want to her know that I like her, too.' No medical skill could save the little sufferer, and after much pain, one bright summer day when nature was at its height of beauty and loveliness, her spirit wended its way heavenward.

The beautiful head lay upon the pillow like a broken snow-drop, whilst the golden hair formed a halo around her brow. The June flowers scented the air with their fragrance, yet there were none so fair as that broken lily that slept within that chamber.

As I stood and watched the funeral procession winding its way along the dusty village road, solemn and slow, I thought was it well to grieve for those taken before the storms of life had time to blow over them.

Shortly after, I visited Mrs. Grey's cottage home, from which the sunbeam had departed. The flowers bloomed in the windows, the pet canary sang sweetly on its perch, and all seemed the same, but when I saw the pale face of the broken-hearted mother my heart sank within me, and words of comfort refused to come at my bidding. I took her thin hand and pointed upward.—Never shall I forget her face of anguish as she opened a drawer and took out a tiny shoe and a velvet hat with blue ribbons, that belonged to the loved and lost. They told the sad, sad story, and turning towards the sunny sky I hid my face and wept.

A Ladies' Proposal.

If ladies sin against propriety in taking the instiative, they cannot be blamed for bringing a shilly-shally or over-bashful lover to the point when a good opportunity presents itself.

Such an opportunity sufficed to end what had been a somewhat tedious courtship. The young man paying his usual evening visit, asked his lady-love how she got along with her cooking.

'Nicely,' replied she, 'I'm improving wonderfully, and make splendid cake now.'

'Can you,' said the young fellow, ignorantly rushing on his fate. 'What kind do you like best?'

'I like one with flour and sugar, with lots of raisins, currants and citron, and beautifully frosted on top.'

'Why, that's a wedding cake.'

'I meant wedding'

And there was nothing left for him but to say he meant wedding too.

Bishop Haven's Last Words.

When the late Bishop Haven was told by his physician that his end was near, he replied, 'When that agony was upon me at the beginning of this illness, I feared it was the grip of death.' He expressed a wish to see as many of his friends as possible, and during the day many called upon him, to each of whom he had something to say. To one caller his remark was, 'Good-night, doctor; when we meet again, it will be good-morning.' An hour before he passed away, he fell asleep. On awakening, he looked up and said, 'There is no river here; it is all beautiful.' He did not speak again.

How the Savages Live.

In a recent lecture by Miss Josephine Meeker, she stated: The Utes live principally on bread and meat. When they can't get bread they live on meat, and when they can't get meat they live on bread. When they have a great quantity of provisions on hand they eat it all up before getting any more. The same is true when they have a small quantity on hand. They are dirty. They are even very dirty. Their meat is generally permitted to lie about on the ground or any place. Each Indian family possesses any number of dogs from eight to fifteen, and these animals help themselves to meat. After they have satisfied themselves, and when the Indians become hungry, they eat from the same piece on which the dogs feed. They generally boil their meat, but sometimes they broil it. They put in water and let it remain only a few minutes, just long enough to heat, when they take it out and begin to eat. They use the same water and the same pail for boiling over and over again, until the water becomes a perfect slime of filth. One pot generally does service for the entire family. This particular pot is a frying pan. When the Utes get out of their bed they wash their faces and bathe the baby in it, after which they bake the bread and boil the meat. Then they eat out of the vessel, and then the dogs lick up the leaving. They clothe themselves with skins of animals or with blankets. They generally take a blanket or a skin and cut a hole in the middle of it and throw it over their heads, cutting armholes and fastening the garment at the waist with a wide belt, while they close up the neck with a buckskin string. When the garment wears out they cut the string and let it drop, but not before. Sometimes the Indians will wear as many as five of these garments at a time, always keeping the cleanest one on the outside.

An Amusing Scene.

At a prayer meeting in one of the leading churches a few evenings since, a gentleman, well known as an active and earnest church member, whose remarks are always listened to with great interest, was making a most impressive appeal to his auditors. He was just proceeding to enforce a point by illustration, when a gentleman a few seats in front rose to his feet, and remarking that no one was occupying the attention of the meeting, asked that they join with him in prayer. The first gentleman, thus summarily taken off his feet, abruptly subsided; the second gentleman prayed fervently, and though the grave face of the pastor was not illumined with a smile, the auditors could with difficulty restrain from laughter. Both gentlemen who were the innocent means of producing the amusing scene, are very deaf; the second one is also short-sighted, and, sitting in front o the brother who was speaking, was wholly unaware that any one was occupying the attention of the meeting. The first gentleman, though deaf, is not blind, and the facility with which he sought his seat when his discourse was interrupted, was not the least amusing part of the scene.

Creditable Showing for 1879.

The annual circular of Dun, Barlow & Co., contains most gratifying proofs of the prosperity of resumption year.—The number of failures during 1879 was 6,658; during the year before it was 10,478, the decrease being more than one-third. The number of failures was smaller during 1879 than during any year since 1874. But the showing is still more gratifying upon a better basis of comparison. The decrease in the total amount of liabilities is nearly sixty per cent; they drop all the way from $234,000,000 in 1878 to $98,000,000 in 1879. The report states this striking change for the better in a vivid way by saying that the total loss was 'lessened by over $2,500,000 a week for the entire year.' Comparisons with the year 1878 are somewhat misleading, it is true, owing to the repeal of the bankrupt law in that year, and the consequent accumulation of failures. But comparisons with other years show the same great improvement, though in a way less marked, and the statement of the steadily diminishing proportion of failures to the whole population tells the same story.

Using the Forces of Nature.

An article in *Scribner* detailing Mr. Edison's effort to produce the electric light, concludes: Besides the enormous practical value of the electric light, as domestic illuminant and motor, it furnishes a most striking and beautiful illustration of the convertibility of force. Mr. Edison's system of lighting gives a completed cycle of change. The sunlight poured upon the rank vegetation of the carboniferous forests, was gathered and stored up, and has been waiting through the ages to be converted again into light in the carbon horseshoe. The latent force accumulated during the primeval days, and garnered up in the coal beds, is converted, after passing in the steam engine through the phases of chemical, molecular and mechanical force, into electricity, which only waits the touch of the inventor's genius to flash out into a million domestic suns to illuminate a myriad homes.

The Mexican Bandits.

A correspondent of the New York *World* writing from Mexico, thus describes the doings of the bandits which infest that country: Two horrible cases of the abduction of rich men, held and tortured for heavy ransoms, have recently been published; in fact, there are three instances in which starvation and maltreatment have injured the gentlemen beyond the possibility of entire restoration to health. Awhile ago a circumstance was related to me which savors strongly of the days of Claude Duval. A band of robbers attacked a small hacienda near this city, and having terrified the workmen and servants by threats of instant death if they attempted to defend their master, three of them proceeded to the chamber of the owner, who met them pistol in hand, but before he could fire (or else perhaps his shot missed its object) the chief of the bandits shot him through the heart. The wife of the murdered man thought her last hour had come, and was commending her soul to God, when the gallant leader said blandly: 'Don't be alarmed madame; we are gentlemen, and would not be guilty of cruelty to the fair sex. You have only to give us your keys and tell us where your money and jewelry are to be found.' The keys were delivered to the bandits, and information given regarding all valuables in the house. While they were ransacking bureaus and wardrobes, the bereaved wife was sobbing on the breast of her dead husband. As the robbers were about to depart one of them, approaching the sorrowing widow with a jewel box in his hand said:

'Madame, our captain presents his compliments, and desires me to say if among these jewels there is anything you desire to retain as a memento of the deceased, you are at liberty to do so; we are gentlemen.' The only response to this polite offer was a glance of horror and a gesture of contempt as the afflicted woman again bent over the body of her beloved husband. A moment after she heard the chief say, 'Madame, I have the honor to bid you adieu,' and, looking up, she saw the three masked gentlemen, hat in hand, bowing themselves gracefully out of her chamber.

Ravages of the Hog Disease.

About twenty-five years ago a disease made its appearance among hogs in some of the great hog-growing states of the West. It attracted but little attention at first, but as it continued to spread from one state to another, and seemed to become more fatal with every recurring year, farmers and stock-growers, and occasionally a physician and surgeon, would devote a little attention to a cursory investigation of the malady, but no definite results were obtained until very recently—not until Congress made an appropriation to commence and carry forward an investigation which should result in revealing the true nature and cause of this disease. The investigation has not yet been completed, but the infectious and contagious character of swine plague has been determined beyond question. For several years past the losses from this disease have been estimated at from $20,000,000 to $25,000,000 per annum. The disease has prevailed in this country for near a quarter of a century, and if we place the annual losses during the past decade at $15,000,000 per annum, we have a total loss, sustained principally by the farmers of the country, of $150,000,000. For the other fifteen years of the comparative infancy of the disease the losses no doubt amounted to as much more, making the total loss from this one disease of $300,000,000.

Healthiest City in the United States

In the annual tables of vital statistics, lately published by the health department of New York city, among the exhibits is the comparative death rate of various cities, American and foreign.—The exhibit gives the population and death rate of over three hundred and fifty cities in different parts of the world, of which sixty are American and the remainder foreign. It appears from these tables that the city of Burlington, Iowa, with a population in 1875 of about 20,000, enjoys the pre-eminence for health, its annual death rate being only 4.84 deaths per 1,000 souls. Stockton, Cal., stands next, 7.47; but this is 62 per cent more unhealthy than Burlington. There are probably a few, but only a few, more favored places than the latter in all the world. The death rate for New York city is 23 93 per 1,000; New Orleans, 50.71; London, 24 40; Paris, 24.71.

Among the chattel mortgages recorded at the register's office, New York, was one from General Gaspar Sanchez Ochoa, individually and as an agent of the Republic of Mexico, to Samuel Brannan, of San Francisco. It was made at San Francisco, September 26, 1865, for a loan for sixty days of $43,478 26. It was a lien on $10,000,000 Mexican bonds, which were deposited at the time with the Bank of Commerce of this city as security. It has been recorded at San Francisco, and the reason for recording it there at this late date could not be ascertained.

Paris is to have the time of day supplied to it from an observatory in the same manner as gas and water.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

One hundred and seventy-five persons were hanged in the United States last year, more or less satisfactorily.

On Christmas day at Palatka, Fla., the thermometer registered eighty-five degrees in the shade. How is that for high?

The new freight steamer Hansa, running from New York to Bremen, went ashore on an island in the South Sea, and it is expected will be a total wreck.

In Mexico they eat salt with their oranges, both because they prefer the last so seasoned and because they are considered to be more wholesome with salt.

The late A. K. Shurtleff, of Portland, Maine, left $5,000 to the Maine General Hospital, $5,000 to the Aged Women's Home, and $5,000 to the Female Orphan Asylum of Portland.

A colored woman known as "Old Aunt Hager" died at North Adams, Mass., at the age of one hundred and fifteen years. She had been supported by the town for the last twenty years.

The late William Ripley, of Columbus, Ohio, has bequeathed to the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, $75,000, to endow a chair to be called the Ripley Professorship.

Commissioner Le Duc proposes to ask Congress to establish a tea farm, where the plant can be raised without Chinese cheap labor and under the affectionate eye of a maternal government.

A proposition has been made for establishing an experimental governmental tea farm at the South. The cultivation of tea in British India commenced with farms established by the British government.

A gentleman and sister named Munoz, were arrested at three different points in Cuba, for alleged spies. At Havana, the last point where arrested, they were released with orders to leave the island. The matter has been brought before our government.

The Japanese make a very curious and handsome kind of copper by casting it under water, the metal being highly heated and the water also being hot. The result is a beautiful rose-colored tint, which is not affected by exposure to the atmosphere.

Mr. J. C. Flood has just bestowed a pleasant little amount of pin-money upon his daughter, Miss Jennie Flood; he has registered $2,500,000 in United States bonds in her name. This gift provides for her an income of $100,000 a year.

The friends of Mr. Bancroft, the historian, will be glad to know that he has not, as has been reported, been compelled by failing health to forego his usual exercise on horseback. On the contrary, he has just bought a Kentucky thorough-bred horse, and takes daily rides upon the animal.

The executive committee reported that of the entire estimated cost of the bridge connecting New York and Brooklyn, $13,708,026.60; $11,706,457.62 had been expended, leaving the estimated amount to complete the work $2,001,594.98. To this is to be added the estimate for advance in cost of materials, making the requisite amount $2,250,000.

Malignant diphtheria is invading some of the most elegant residences of the city of Boston, and proving fatal to its inmates. According to local newspapers, some of the most aristocratic streets of Boston are upon 'made land,' which has been reclaimed from the ocean by filling in the bay. In consequence of bad drainage a pestilential miasma arises when the tide is low, bearing disease and death to those who dwell in costly homes.

W. W. Nottingham appeared at the Central police station, Milwaukee, and asked to be taken into custody for murder. He stated that six years ago he shot and killed one John Gaylor in a street fight in Norfolk, Va., though the the shot was intended for another man. Ever since, the face of the victim has been constantly before him, and he now wants to be taken back to Norfolk and punished for the murder. He will probably be sent to Norfolk.

The cotton mills at Augusta, Ga., make a handsome exhibit in the way of dividends in closing up the year. The Graniteville Manufacturing Company declared a quarterly dividend of three per cent. on its capital stock of $600,000; the Augusta Manufacturing Company declared a quarterly dividend of two per cent. on its capital stock of $600,000, and the Langley Manufacturing Company has declared a semi-annual dividend of four per cent. on its capital stock of $400,000.

Gun cotton is prepared by dipping cellular tissue, viz.: cotton, sawdust or printing paper, in strong nitric acid (aquafortis). It is then to be carefully washed and dried. It is not materially changed in appearance. It explodes at the heat of boiling water (212) degrees. It explodes with much greater violence and suddenness than gun powder, and for that reason is more liable to burst a gun. See what a power sleeps in our ignorance. Take a saw and cut up a bit of deal board, a bit of dried pine board. Make a teacupful of dust. Steep this in a saucer full of aquafortis, and this single cupful of compound, filled into a tin vessel and inserted into the basement wall of a building, will, when exploded, blow it to pieces.