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MY CAPTIVE.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

I caught a little bird, and I shut him in a cage,
And I said, "Now, my pet, I love thee dearly.
Fold thy bright wings, nor let thy fancy range:
Thou art mine, so sing, I pray thee, cheerily.

But oh, the little bird, he fluttered still his wings,
And with bright, wild eyes he ceased not to watch me,
And I only heard him say, "'Tis a free heart that sings—
Open but my door and I'll sing till you catch me."

I brought him dainty food, and I soothed him long and well,
But the timid little heart ceased not to tremble.
I decked his cage with flowers, with leaves I wrought at a spell,
By such fond device his capture to dissemble.

But still he missed above him the far and shining sky,
And still he missed about him the free winds blowing,
He beat his little wings, for he had no space to fly,
And his bright, wild eyes like twin stars were glowing.

And I heard his little heart, as it throbbed loud and fast,
And my love and my pity wrought together,
Till I opened wide his door, and said, "Thy thralldom's past.
Fly away, bright wings, and seek the summer weather."

But now I think he loves me, since I have made him free—
For oftentimes I hear, at daybreak or at gloaming,
A song I think is his, that seems to be for me,
And now his door is open, he cares no more for roaming.

—*November Galaxy.*

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER LOOSE.

One February morning, about ten years ago, a man of between thirty and forty sat in his lodgings on the drawing-room floor in Museum street, London, writing. His table was thickly strewn with old books and engravings, some of the former lying open, others with numerous slips of paper sticking out from between the leaves to mark certain places; for he was writing a history of the drama backwards, taking the nineteenth century first, and then going to the eighteenth; and as he had accumulated enough manuscript for two octavo volumes without reaching George the Third's reign, and proposed to get as close to the Flood as he could, it threatened to be a voluminous, exhaustive and costly work. Fortunately, however, he never dreamed of its paying. He was a bachelor with a fair income, riding his hobby-horse, and it was cheaper than a thorough-bred, or even a hack. Cheaper, but not so conducive to health, perhaps, for he looked pale and nervous. Indeed, his general appearance was delicate, his figure small and slight, his hair and sparse whiskers the color of tow, his eyes weak and prominent, and at any sudden noise he started. Even so small a matter as the maid-servant opening the door startled him, and it did not seem to compose his nerves that she announced a lady.

"A lady! What lady?" he asked.

"She wouldn't give her name," replied the girl.

"Ask her, tell her—" he began; but the enterance of the visitor in question, closely veiled, cut his directions short.

He rose, and hurried forward to offer a chair, so disclosing a limp.

Directly they were alone she raised her veil; the man literally staggered back, and caught hold of the table for support.

"Hush!" said the lady, placing her finger on her lip as she went back to the door, which she opened. Satisfied that the girl had gone down stairs, she returned, and exclaimed

"Oh, Mr. Peters! Do you not know anything of my husband?"

The poor man sank down in a chair, and collapsed.

His visitor searched about in a rapid yet self-possessed manner, and found glasses and a decanter in a cupboard.

"Not that, not that!" he murmured, as she offered him the peculiar sherry which was left out for the benefit of a thievish landlady; fumbling for his keys, he managed, though with shaking hand, to unlock a compartment of his writing-table in which a bottle of the wine reserved for his own drinking was always kept. Wonderful is the instinct of self-preservation; a man going to be hung at nine has been known to refuse port at eight because he was subject to the gout.

When he had swallowed a couple of glasses of wine, Mr. Peters revived a little. Then the lady continued—

"You do know something, or you would not be so agitated. Oh, pray, relieve me from this horrible suspense. I cannot draw money, or anything, until there is some proof. Tell me, is he dead?"

Mr. Peters shuddered.

"I—I don't know. How should I know? I was not aware, when I saw you last, that you had a husband. What makes you think—"

"I will tell you," interrupted the lady. "I am now twenty-five. Seven years ago I was married to a monster. He was old and frightful; but my parents were very strict, and thought all pleasure wicked, so that I was glad of any excuse to leave home; and, when they offered him to me, I took him without hesitation. He was rich; he made good settlements; but, oh, his jealousy was fearful! He did not shut me up—indeed, he rather courted than shunned society, for he had a horror of his dominant passion being suspected; yet anybody could see it who had eyes, for he could not conceal it a bit. It was not only of me he was jealous. He had quarreled with all his brothers and sisters, because he thought his parents loved them best; he had a favorite dog poisoned, because it grew too fond of a servant. There would be no end to enumerating instances of his mania, for it amounted to that. Some of his extravagances were quite inconsistent with sanity. We never had a house of our own, but wandered about from place to place, living principally on the Continent; and, being utterly inexperienced in the ways of the world, I attributed this to a love of travel and change of scene, and did not discover that his restlessness was in reality caused by the civility of some casual made acquaintance towards myself, till after his first duel."

"Duel!"

"Duel. He was born and bred in Germany, and his ideas about many things were not at all English. I believe he considered killing any one not only pleasant, but something to be proud of."

Mr. Peters groaned.

"Was it not shocking?" continued the lady. "Well, though his hair was gray, he was very strong and active, and a dangerous antagonist, too, I believe, with either small-sword, saber, or pistol."

"Ah!"

"It was at Dieppe, and about six months after our marriage, that I was first made an excuse for bloodshed. A polite young Frenchman, who had sat next me a few times at the *table d'hote*, and danced with me at the assembly rooms, was so civil as to offer me a bouquet, and my monster wounded him in the arm for it. After that I lived in a perfect state of terror, lest by some careless word, or even look, I should bring about a calamity, and for some time I succeeded in avoiding any excuse for quarrel; but a year afterwards, at Heidelberg, a German professor wrote a Sanscrit ode upon me; my husband cut his nose off with a weapon they call a schloger. He never ill-used me, or even upbraided me—indeed, I gave him no cause; but he watched me as a cat does a mouse, so that life was a perfect nightmare. I asked him one day, when he was in a soft humor, if there was anything in my manners, or dress, or way of speaking which excited his unworthy mistrust.

"'No,' said he, with a grim calmness which made me shudder; 'if there had been, I should have shot us.'

"'Us?' I exclaimed.

"'Yes,' he said; 'you first and myself afterwards.'

"He hated England, because he could not fight duels here, but he was obliged to pay periodical visits to this country on business; and as this conversation took place during one of them, I went straight to my family lawyer, and he took me before a magistrate, and I swore the peace against my husband, under whose roof I never again stepped, and in due time I got a legal separation from him, my success being principally due to his own violence in the witness-box, where he gave vent to the most atrocious sentiments. But though we were separated, he did not give up watching me. At the most unexpected times and places he would turn up, generally disguised; and if any man happened to be in company with me on several occasions running, and to speak to me rather more often than to the others, I was sure to receive a laconic note warning me to shun that new acquaintance; and, since I durst neither disobey nor disclose the tyrannical order, I fear that I acquired a reputation for fickleness and prudery. Little did my censors know the nervous distress occasioned by the idea that an eye is always upon you. I feel as if it were on me now."

"Good gracious!"

"Compose yourself, it was but a fancy. I have neither seen nor heard of him since August last. That would be a relief; but his man of business has not heard of him either. It is not only that he has not transmitted me my money, he has drawn none for his own use. Every other means having been employed to trace him without success, I at last thought of you. We met, you may remember, for the first time at the Richmond Easter ball; and afterwards, whether by accident or design—"

"Accident, pure accident, madam, I assure you."

"*Qui s'excuse s'accuse*," said the lady smiling.

"I know it, I know it; though I can not pronounce it. But still, madam, though I own appearances might have been against me, there was no design whatever."

And the poor man wiped his forehead.

"You are not a flatterer, at any rate," continued the lady. "Well, the accident recurred quite frequently enough to exasperate my husband; and as I saw him, disguised as a waiter, at Lady Chiswick's *fete* the last time we met; and as you went away directly after, my husband disappearing simultaneously and not having been heard of since; and as you are lame, and in a deplorable state of nervous prostration, I cannot help suspecting that you went abroad, that he followed you and forced you into a duel, that he wounded you, and you killed him."

"I have not been abroad at all," gasped Mr. Peters, pouring himself out another glass of sherry. "But come!" he cried, presently, nerved by the stimulant and desperation; "you have told me your story and I will tell you mine. I have met your husband, though I do not know for certain what has become of him. It will be a relief to speak, for this life of secret apprehension and perpetual anxiety is killing me.

"In August last, a few days after the *fete* you alluded to, I went for my annual holiday. I have a self-imposed task here, a little book, which takes up a good deal of my time, and causes me to lead a somewhat sedentary life, and I find a month of air and exercise necessary for my health. My idea was to walk through North Wales, with a change of linen and a few necessaries in a knapsack. So I went first to Chester, left my portmanteau at the hotel there, and took the train on to Conway; from which place I made a circuit, which brought me on the third day to Capel Craig, where I remained a couple of days, and then started in the early morning, with the intention of crossing Snowdon, and sleeping that night at Llanberris on the other side.

"I had not as yet picked up any acquaintance during my walk, as one generally does in a pedestrian excursion over such favorite grounds; though I knew that another excursionist was following the same track, for I had caught sight of him several times, half a mile or so behind me. Once, feeling inclined for companionship, I sat down and smoked a pipe, to let him come up with me; but his taste was evidently for solitude, for be declined the chance I gave him, and ha'ted too. I rather regretted this British exclusiveness now, for a companion lightens the journey when you have a long climb up a hill on a warm day.

"The first six or seven miles was easy walking on the level road; then came an hour's wading through marshes; then came the narrow neck of a lake, which I crossed in a boat ingeniously fastened to both banks by the same rope, by hauling on which you ferried yourself over; after that it was all pretty steep hills. Trying to cut off a corner, I lost the track; but as it was a perfectly clear day, without a wreath of cloud or fog visible, that did not much matter. I had only to keep on going up, unless the ascent led me away from the principal summit, which was visible nearly all the way.

"I had taken a light lunch with me, and this seemed a good place to rest and eat it in. So I sat under the shadow of a rock and refreshed myself.

"I was interrupted in this pleasant employment by a footstep, and, looking up, I saw a man standing before me with his arms folded on his chest, and regarding me in a threatening manner. I need not describe him to you, madam; it was your husband.

"'Your name is Peters?' he observed.

"'Yes,' said I, 'but, pardon me, you have the advantage of me.'

"'I seek none,' he replied. 'You desire my death, and I have followed you here to give you a fair and equal chance of compassing it. I also desire yours.'

"'My dear sir,' said I, 'you are laboring under a very great mistake. I have no ill feeling toward you. Why should I wish the death of a perfect stranger?'

"'Because you could marry his widow.'

"And then, madam, he mentioned you, and said that he had been watching me for a month past. And he put a most extraordinary interpretation upon our innocent acquaintanceship

"When I protested that he was in error, and that I had not even known till that moment you were a married woman, he said that such a cowardly evasion should avail me nothing, and producing a brace of pistols he challenged me to fight him.

"I explained to him that if he had any cause of complaint against me, which was absurd, he had his remedy at law; that the practice of dueling was foolish, unchristian, and obsolete; that no one had fought with deadly weapons in this country for a quarter of a century; that if we now revive the custom, the survivor would be hung.

"'Not so,' said your husband; 'we are alone, and in a desolate part of the mountain. The one who falls might lie here for months before his skeleton was discovered; and who would suspect how he came by his death? But the safety of the survivor can be yet further secured; he has but to drag his defeated enemy to the brink of yonder mine-shaft; little force would suffice to tumble it into the gulf; and then, what trace would be possible? But I am here to fight, not to argue. Here is your pistol—loaded but not capped—and here are caps. Stay where you are, and I will take up my position near the edge of the shaft, which will save you trouble if luck attends you.'

"'Do not flatter yourself that your precautions will avail,' I cried, in considerable trepidation. 'Murder will out, and you will forfeit your life for mine.'

"'That makes no odds to me,' he replied. 'Fops like you have made life an insufferable burden to me.'"

"Poor man! how he loves me!" sighed the lady.

"I could hardly believe that he was in earnest," continued Mr. Peters; "but he retired to the spot he had mentioned, near the mouth of the hole, thirteen or fourteen yards off, and presently called out:

"'Have you capped your pistol?'

"I had not, but did so mechanically. I do not know why; for I think I had no intention of firing at him. But, in truth, I was like one in a dream.

"'After I have counted five, it is lawful to fire,' he cried presently.

"I had seen 'The Rivals' performed, and knew from Bob Acres how to stand so as to show the smallest front to the adversary. I also held my pistol pointed towards him, covering my body with it and my right arm as well as I could.

"At that moment I remember that a gleam of comfort shot across my mind—Was it all a practical joke?

"'One, two, three, four, five!'

"I felt a sharp pang in my right leg, which, I suppose, caused me to clutch the weapon I held convulsively, for it exploded as I fell to the ground. I knew that I was hit, and determined to lie quite still, and pretend to be insensible. I had heard that such a plan answered with bears, and thought it might with duelists. Only—oh! horror!—he might come and drag me to that awful hole, and thrust me over the edge. I have a far greater dread of falling from a height than of any other kind of death, even that by fire. It is very foolish and illogical, for such an ending must be painless; but it is not a matter of reason. The cause is purely physical, and has something to do with the brain or stomach. I have often experimented upon myself, and observed—on the brink of a precipice, I lose my humanity and become the most ignoble of reptiles. I don't suppose there is any meanness, any crime, I would not swear to commit to save myself from being shoved over. I determined to grapple with my foe in good earnest when it came to that. How I regretted that my pistol had gone off! I was quite ready now to shoot him with it when he stooped over me.

"But he did not come. When a minute, I suppose, had elapsed, I opened my eyes and glanced around—he was not near. I cautiously raised my head so as to see in the direction where he had last stood—he was not there. I sat up. Where had he gone to?

"The blood was flowing rather freely from a wound in my leg, just above the knee. I tied my pocket-handkerchief as tightly as I could round the place, and got on to my feet. My hurt did not, to my surprise, prevent me from walking, so I advanced to the edge of the shaft and saw—his pistol."

"Well, well," said the lady, "pray go on. Here, take another glass of sherry. That is it. Now, what next?"

"My first idea was one of relief, that if he was prowling in the neighborhood, he was at least unarmed. My second—oh, madam, you can guess what my dread was, and, alas! is. My pistol went off; it was pointed in his direction; he was standing on the edge of the pit. Oh, the thought has been wearing me to death ever since, though I have never before uttered it—the thought that perhaps I am a murderer!"

And Mr. Peters buried his face in his hands.

"Then you never saw him again?" the lady asked, when he was calmer.

"Never. I looked up and down the mountain, and to either side; but I was alone. I kicked the pistol into the shaft, and threw the one I still held in my hand after it, and listened, but I never heard them fall. Then I went on my way, and struck the proper path; but, before I had gotten a thousand yards higher, pain, the loss of blood, and horror, caused me to faint. When I came to my senses again, a man was stooping over me with a flask in his hand. In reply to his questions, I told him that I had met with an accident while pistol practicing, which was literally true. With great difficulty, he helped me to the top of Snowdon, and there I got a pony, which had carried up some lady, who kindly consented to walk down, and was taken to Llanberris, where a surgeon dressed my wound, and attended me till I was fit to leave. Glad enough was I to get rid of him, for I was always dreading lest he should ask how I managed to inflict a wound with such a direction on myself; but, happily, the idea never occurred to him."

"Why did you feel that dread?" the lady asked soothingly. "Why did you attempt to conceal what had happened? My unfortunate husband brought his fate upon himself. You could not possibly incur any blame."

"Could I not, though?" replied Mr. Peters. "Ah, madam, you know little of the English law, which would never enter into the rights of the matter. Two men met and had a duel; one was killed; therefore, the survivor must be hung. It would not take into account that this unfortunate survivor was forced into his unlawful condition against his will. He must trust to the jury for that; and a jury is generally hysterical, and guided by its sympathy rather than its reason. If my counsel put forward your husband's antecedents, expatiated on the virtues of his persecuted wife, and the innocence of his former victims, with more persuasive eloquence than the prosecutor could manage to employ when holding me up as a wily seducer, who had made the destruction of domestic happiness the one object of his life, they would doubtless acquit me; if the Crown lawyer were the most persuasive, they would convict me. And the chances would be in favor of the latter; for most jurymen are married, and are, therefore, ready to sympathize with a jealous husband."

"Nay, nay; your fears cause you to exaggerate matters. You could not possibly be accused in the way your imagination has conjured up if the information concerning this mysterious matter proceeded in the first instance from yourself. Believe me—or, rather, do not do that, but consult a good lawyer, and I am certain that he will tell you that the best thing you can do, both for your own safety and your peace of mind, will be to make a deposition, similar in every respect to the story you have told me, before a magistrate."

"I shall be asked why I delayed it."

"And you will reply, because you had not met me, and were unaware of my husband's non-appearance."

"I believe that you are right, madam; and I will make my deposition to-morrow."

"Thank you—oh, thank you, Mr. Peters. Then my trustees will sign for my money. I must go and prepare them at once; for, do you know, I have overdrawn my account at the banker's. Good morning, Mr. Peters."

She was gone. The die was cast. Poor Peters never slept a wink that night, yet the History of the Drama grew not. He was too apprehensive of being cast for the principal character of a tragedy himself. But he could not back out now—he must needs make his deposition at once, before an account of the affair was spread abroad in some other way. He would go to the Marlborough street police-office about the time the night cases would be over, ask to see——

Rap! rap! Up came a letter in a lady's hand. Mr. Peters tore it open.

DEAR MR. PETERS—You need not trouble about that matter. I have heard from my husband. You did not hit him, I suppose; at all events, he must have got away very quickly. But he has had a bad fever, and been delirious, and that accounts for his silence so long past quarter-day. If you wish to see me——'

"Wish to see her! Good heavens! Not if I know it. Whew!—what a relief!" cried this most ungallant of men.—*Once a Week.*

A MR. ATCHERLEY has recently tested a large number of samples of malt liquors in England expressly for lead, and has found that poison in most of them. The liquor acts, in his opinion, upon the lead or composition piping used by beer retailers for connecting the barrel with the beer engine in the bar, and in cases where the beer has been for some time in contact with the metal the proportion of lead dissolved is very considerable. Hence, I would caution morning beer-drinkers against imbibing the first "pull" of the pump, especially when their particular fancy happens to be for "old ale." Sherry drinkers should also be warned against wines doctored, as is frequently the case, with acetate of lead.

RICE BISCUITS OR CAKES.—To every half pound of rice flour add ¼ pound of sugar, ¼ pound of butter, and 2 eggs. Beat the butter to a cream, stir in the rice flour and sugar, and moisten the whole with the eggs, which should be previously well beaten. Roll out the paste, shape it with a round paste-cutter into small cakes, and bake them from 12 to 18 minutes in a very slow oven.

ABOUT the coolest robbery that Boston has seen for a long time is a man who went to the public library building the other day, and borrowed tools from some workmen, removed the copper lightning-rods, laboring at the job several hours, and, having loaded his spoils upon a wagon, rode off. The workmen supposed he was acting under orders from the city.

VIVISECTION.

The Sense of Pain Only Present Where the Preservation of the Animal is Aided by it—Instances With a Great Variety of Animals.

To the Editor of the New York Tribune:

SIR—At the present time, when the humanitarian justly protests against cruelty towards animals, and the scientist, with equal justice, protests against the abrogation of his necessary privilege of vivisection, it may not be uninteresting to the public to know how far animals do actually suffer under mutilation.

It is a proposition susceptible of abundant proof that the sense of pain is designed for the self-preservation of all animals, and that each is endowed with this sense to an extent only sufficient to insure this result.

I believe that the above proposition is applicable to all brutes; that some of them, when mutilated, suffer little, and others not at all. But before adducing facts to prove this proposition, it will be well for us to consider what the proofs of pain are. Some persons have erroneously supposed that convulsions are a sign of pain, but nothing could be further from the truth. So far from indicating suffering, they only show that the brain has lost its control over the rest of the nervous system. Aside from a feeling of muscular soreness, I have never known a patient conscious of suffering during these terrible paroxysms. Nor is the cry of an animal any proof of pain. No uproar can be greater than that which a pig makes, on being seized, however gently, yet it would be absurd to regard this as a mark of pain.

The struggling of animals has been construed as a sign, but this may be owing to their natural timidity under restraint. The question can, perhaps, be better decided by observing how far animals are disturbed by mutilation. During the bloody battle of the Fair Oaks I saw the fore leg of a horse carried away by a solid shot. He fell, but made no noise, and so far as I could see gave no evidence of pain. On the contrary, he soon struggled to his feet and commenced feeding. In stooping I saw the stump frequently strike the ground, but the horse gave no signs of disturbance. During the engagement the Federal forces were driven back some two miles before the impetuous onset of the Confederate army, and I lost sight of him. Thirty-six hours afterwards, the lost ground having been recovered, I was ordered by Gen. Casey to scour the field with a score of surgeons and ambulances for the relief of the wounded abandoned on our retreat. Among the first things that fixed my attention was the same horse, which had survived the battle, quietly feeding, surrounded by the killed and wounded as they had fallen in the fight. This horse looked in good condition, and seemed to pay no attention to the mutilated leg, although the bone protruded through the soft parts and the wound was filled with maggots.

A Scotch gentleman by the name of Rowell published an article a few years since in the *Philosophical Journal*, in which he gives some very interesting facts bearing upon this question. Some of these I have appropriated as quite significant. A post horse fell in harness, lacerating the skin and tendons over the fore fetlock joints. The tibia and fibula protruded, the feet turned back, and he walked on the ends of the bones. The driver being unwilling to take the responsibility of killing the horse, turned him into a field near by. Next morning the coverings were found forced half way up the legs, holes having been made four inches deep in the ground by the protruded bones, and yet the horse looked well and apparently felt well. An Oxford coach-horse dislocated both fetlock joints, and traveled on the ends of the bones until they were worn smooth. Incredible as it may seem, the accident was not discovered until the coach stopped to change horses. In this latter instance it is supposed that a spirited horse might have the courage to keep up, surrounded by other horses, but in the former instance there was nothing to stimulate the animal. The facts in these two examples remain the same.

Naturalists tell us that dormice frequently eat off a part when mutilated. Rats, when pressed by hunger, have been observed eating their own tails. The same fact has been remarked of monkeys, and at times in menageries it becomes necessary to dip their tails in tobacco to prevent this. At the *Jardin des Plantes*, in Paris, an old mezena, having broken his leg, immediately set to work eating it off with great gusto. Pigs usually make a great outcry when killed, but this is believed to be the result of fear rather than pain; for if the animal is stuck unawares he frequently remains quiet, making no noise whatever. In these instances the pain is evidently much less than in corresponding injuries inflicted upon man. The Divine beneficence is conspicuous in this, because pain is neither so necessary nor so useful to brutes as to men.

Rabbits and hares, it is believed, are susceptible to little or no pain, this sense in them being superseded by other senses. They are very prolific, but it is probably rare that one dies of old age. They are the natural prey and food of wild-cats, weasels, foxes, and other carnivorous animals. When caught, they are incapable of resistance, and hence pain would be of no advantage to them, either to warn them of danger or to excite them to struggle against it. The lack of this sense is compensated by very prominent eyes, set so far back in the side of the head as to enable the animal to see in every direction. The ears are large and capable of turning so as to catch the slightest sound, and innate timidity keeps the creature constantly on the alert. It is a well established fact with hunters that hares do not cry out when shot, if they have a chance of escape by hiding. When, however, they are pursued and in danger of being caught, or when they are ensnared in a net, their cries are piteous, although they cannot, of course, arise from pain. When once seized they seldom cry, and are easily dispatched, apparently without pain. Rabbits, when pursued by weasels, cry out, but when seized remain motionless, and are finished without suffering. Every boy who has followed the woods, knows that a rabbit, caught in a steel-trap, frequently pulls away from it, leaving tendons lacerated, or even biting the leg off. A hunter once caught a rabbit which had lost three legs in this way, but it was fat and lively, and fed well. Rats also have been known to bite the leg off when caught in a trap.

Now, it is well known that beasts of prey, animals that get their living by hunting, never do this. They may sometimes lose a leg, cut off directly by a trap; but, as a general thing, they will never gnaw off an extremity. Foxes and animals of a similar character have often been found starved in traps. A rabbit, under the same circumstances, would have speedily freed himself. Such facts as these seem to show conclusively that the sense of pain was designed for the preservation of animals, compelling them to take due care of themselves. The beneficence of God is to be remarked in this, that no animal has a greater share of the sense of pain than is necessary for its preservation. A rat or a rabbit, though inconvenienced by the loss of a leg, can still provide itself with its usual food. But the loss of a leg in the case of foxes and other carnivora is liable to be the signal of starvation, unless their game is unusually plenty. So the animal's legs are of the utmost importance, and hence they are endowed with a sense of pain proportionate to their usefulness, and to insure their preservation.

Crabs and lobsters throw off claws after fright or injury with indifference. Their sense of pain is very slight, nor is that sense essential to the crustaceous tribes. Coated with armor strong enough to resist all minor enemies, the sense of pain would be of no value to them, because any animal that had the power to crush their shells must inevitably destroy. They evidently suffer great pain in hot water, but none after mutilation. Nature has furnished a covering protective against injury, but as they may range all parts of the sea, a sense of temperature is probably essential to keep them in those parts which they are formed to inhabit. It may be that this sense of temperature tells them not only the part but the depth of the sea necessary for their young to reach maturity. Sir Humphrey Davy, who devoted much time and research to the investigation of the habits and peculiarities of fishes, came to the conclusion that their sense of pain is trifling. A celebrated naturalist affirms that a single cod deposits 9,000,000 eggs. Of these only a few hatch, and out of myriads perhaps four reach maturity. As the rest of these are eaten, it seems probable that divine goodness has rendered them little susceptible of pain.

As far as insects are concerned, the sense of pain is obviously slight. Thus a wasp has been observed to eat a fly immediately after its own abdomen had been cut away. Cockchafers have been seen crawling about and eating voraciously after the same injury. It is a common fact in entomology that the dragon-fly will eat for a long time after being fastened down with a pin. That God should have rendered these creatures only slightly susceptible of pain seems all the more probable when we take into account the slaughter constantly going on among the lower classes of animals. The number of flies destroyed by a single pair of swallows must be enormous. In proof of this law of destruction, the author already quoted relates the following incident: "I once observed a rather extraordinary illustration of the law of nature to eat and be eaten. I kept in a glass globe a variety of the smaller aquatic animals, such as the larvæ of the dragon-fly, etc., and one day introduced among them a few of the common water newts and water beetles, one of which was the *Ditiscus marginalis*. The dragon-fly had been living on the animalculæ, etc.; the newts attacked and devoured the dragon-fly. The next morning I found one of the newts lying at the bottom of the vessel, half eaten, and while looking on saw the disticus attack another newt. Not wishing to have them all destroyed, I took the disticus out of the water and put it in the sunshine a few minutes, when it flew away, and had not gone more than thirty or forty yards when a sparrow flew after it and caught it. This constant destruction of life would be fearful to contemplate if there is truth in the quotation so often made that "the poor beetle that we tread upon, in corporal sufferance finds a pang as great as when a giant dies."

The above considerations and others that might be adduced seem to show that the humanitarian, in objection to vivisections, is sentimental rather than rational. The fact that vivisections are practiced with the animal rendered entirely insensible by ether destroys even the last vestige of the sentiment. And finally, to the humanitarian and scientist alike, the facts adduced above cannot fail to bring peace when they indulge in the matutinal South-down or the midday roast beef.

A. B. CROSBY, M. D.

Household Exercise.

Dishwashing is good for dyspeptics. It is light exercise of the arms and chest soon after meals and it may be done sitting as well as standing. A high office stool is very useful in the kitchen. Feeble women, who do their "own work," often stand upon their feet more than necessary. You can sit down to dress vegetables, to wash and wipe dishes, to knead bread, to iron, and to do many other things. You may be a little more slow about the work, but you will get through it in better condition. Housekeepers would often like to take an out-door walk, only their "feet are so tired."

Dish-washing would not be half so disagreeable as it often is, if the dishes were lightly scraped free from crumbs, and neatly piled up for washing. There should be a large dish-pan and plenty of hot water, with which to fill up the pan gradually as its contents cool. I seldom use soap for washing dishes, but to the unskilled, or to those who use much butter and fat in their cooking, it seems a necessity.

Sweeping is good exercise if the floors and carpets are not dusty. Ah! that "if!" Bed-making will serve as gymnastics, if the beds are kept clean and well aired.

And what of washing? I do not think highly of the old fashioned wash board exercise. It is hard for both lungs and back. With good washers and wringers, with strong arms for lifting, it may be made passable as exercise, and it is always a pleasure to see soiled things clean once more.

A moderate amount of ironing is good for women in health, in cool weather. On hot days endeavor to do it in a cool room or on a shady porch.

Cooking is perhaps the most important part of housework, and its exercise is not heavy in quality, though to some it may be burdensome in quantity. It seems to me more like a high art, or dignified occupation, worthy to be called a profession—far more honorable than—the legal profession, for instance. I should not wonder if really good and scientific cooks could do more to preserve and to restore health than the doctors of medicine can. As with ironing, the hardest kind of cookery is the least necessary—the ornamental part. We should study to make our cooking work as little heating as possible. For instance, bread may be baked in the oven instead of cooking it upon the griddle in the form of "pancakes," and in hot weather we can avoid those forms of food that require constant stirring while cooking.

There is a great deal of necessary work to be done in the word in order that we may all be comfortably fed, clothed and lodged. I should like to see what would be the result if the labor and strength spent upon unnecessary work, usually considered ornamental, should be given cheerfully to doing the necessary work of the world, as a preparation for the advent of real beauty or genuine adornment in all departments of our daily life.—*American Agriculturist*

Physical Peculiarities of Negroes.

Dr. A. W. McDowell publishes, in the *American Practitioner*, some observations on this subject, which contain some facts that are new to us. The negro's want of power of resisting disease was abundantly shown in the late war. Dr. McDowell states that the fine chests frequently seen among the males are due solely to the great development of the pectoral muscles, and that the lungs are decidedly less in weight than those of white men. The liver, on the other hand, is larger. He goes on to say: "The negro's lower bowel was smaller. The colored troops were much troubled with constipation, often requiring purgatives, while at the same time and place the white troops had diarrhea. The most marked difference existed between the spleen of the black and that of the white, the former weighing half as much as the latter. 'Ague cake' was one of the sequelæ of malarial disease observed among the whites, but not among the blacks." In his army practice, the author weighed the brain at every *post mortem*, and found that its weight increased in direct ratio to the admixture of Caucasian blood.—*Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.*

RENOVATING BUGGY TOPS.—Enamel leather tops which have become hard, but have not lost their color, can be softened and much improved in appearance by oiling them with pure castor-oil. This oil is readily absorbed by the leather, and will not fry out in the sun. When the leather has turned gray, apply a coat of hatters' blacking, after the oil has struck in, and rub well with a cloth to bring out the polish. Most varnishes dry too hard to be used on tops, shellac varnish being the only kind that can be used with safety, but this will crack unless the coat be applied very thin.

Educated Oysters.

Before the railroad days our oyster-growers used early in the fall to canvass the villages on the Hudson River for orders, to be filled just before the river should be closed with ice. The meaning of this is that these men committed themselves to supply oysters in the shell, with the guarantee that the bivalves thus supplied should not die before their time came. The oysters were actually kept alive during the greater part of the long winter. The fat bivalves were handled with some care, and were spread on the cellar floor, the round or lower side down, so as not to allow the liquor to escape. That such a life required a great change of capacity or habit in the bivalve is evident; and it needed a training, yes, an education, ere the oyster attained such ability. And this was the way it was done: Beginning early in the fall, the cultivator of the oyster took up the fat bivalves from their bed where he had planted them, and laid them a little higher up on the shore, so that for a short time each day they were exposed out of the water. After a few days of this exposure by the retreating tide they were moved a little higher still on the shore line, which gave them a little longer exposure to the air at each low tide. And this process was continued, each remove resulting in a longer exposure. And with what results? Two very curious ones—inurement to exposure, and the inculation of a provident habit of making preparation for the same. What! providence in an oyster? Yes, when he's educated. When accustomed to this treatment, ere the tide retires, the oyster takes a good full drink, and retains the same until the tide returns. Once, while waiting for the stage at a country hostlery, we overheard the following between two rustic practitioners at the bar: "Come, Swill, let's take a drink!" "Well, I don't know. Ain't dry myself. Hows'ever, guess I will take a drink for fear I *might* get dry." With better philosophy on their side, these educated oysters, twice in every twenty-four hours, took their precautionary drink. The French method of oyster-training is much more laborious. The adult bivalves are carefully spread out *in* the water, and periodical lessons are given to each one individually. Each oyster on this occasion receives a tap, not with a ferule, but with a small iron instrument. This causes the bivalve to close tightly. Finally the last day comes with its last premonitory tap. Its education thus finished, it takes passage with its fellow-graduates for Paris. As a result of its education, it knows how to keep its mouth shut when it enters society!—*Professor Lockwood, in Popular Science Monthly.*

"What Shall We Do With Our Daughters?"

Mrs. Livermore has made this query the text to one of her fine lectures. It is certainly an important problem, but the Davenport *Democrat* thus sums up some sensible lessons which should early be impressed upon them:

Teach them self-reliance.

Teach them to make bread.

Teach them to make shirts.

Teach them to foot up store bills.

Teach them not to wear false hair.

Teach them to wear thick, warm shoes.

Bring them up in the way they should go.

Teach them how to wash and iron clothes.

Teach them how to make their own dresses.

Teach them that a dollar is only a hundred cents.

Teach them to cook a good meal of victuals.

Teach them how to darn stockings and sew on buttons.

Teach them everyday, dry, hard, practical common sense.

Teach them to say No, and mean it; or Yes, and stick to it.

Teach them to wear calico dresses and do it like queens.

Give them a good, substantial common-school education.

Teach them that a good rosy romp is worth fifty consumptives.

Teach them to regard the morals and not the money of their beaux.

Teach them all the mysteries of the kitchen, the dining-room, and the parlor.

Teach them that the more one lives within his income the more he will save.

Teach them to have nothing to do with intemperate and dissolute young men.

Teach them the further one lives beyond his income the nearer he gets to the poor-house.

Rely upon it that upon your teaching depends in a great measure the weal or woe of their after life.

Teach them that a good, steady mechanic without a cent is worth a dozen loafers in broadcloth.

Teach them the accomplishments, music, painting, drawing, if you have time and money to do it with.

Teach them that God made them in his own image, and no amount of tight lacing will improve the model.

Comforting Sentence.

"One 'o them fellers," remarked Bijah, as he handed out Tom Ludington, a young man charged with vagrancy.

"So you haven't anything to do, eh?" asked the Court.

"Nothing," mournfully answered the prisoner.

"Out of work—no home, and your cash so short that you couldn't get into a woman's rights convention, eh?" continued his Honor.

"You've struck it, pardner," answered the prisoner with a smile.

"Yes, and now I'll strike you, Mr. Ludington. I'm down on loafers and vags, and I'm going to boost you for a sixty if it tears the desk down. You'll have something to do up there besides sitting on a box in an alley and whistling 'Come, Love, Come.' And when day fades into night, and the remainder of the world retires to rest, you'll have a bed and some covering. They'll hire some one to hoe that dirt off of you, cut your hair, dig out your nails, and when you come out you will be so disguised that your own mother will think you are some English duke, over here to hunt ducks and buy gas stock."

The prisoner said he was willing to go up, and if the institution pleased him as well as he thought it would he might come back for a longer sentence.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Range of a Chinaman's Appetite.

Tea is an indispensable requisite at every Chinese board, but coffee is also consumed to a moderate extent. The popular supposition that the heathen eschews the ardent is somewhat erroneous. He rarely imbibes to the degree of riotous hilarity, but he does relish right heartily the sam shoo, or rice brandy, and consumes large quantities of this pernicious distillation. The sam shoo is an article surpassing in the strength and durability of its intoxicating properties the famous sheep herder's delight, and the heathen faculty of resisting its injurious effects demonstrates the power of his physical temperament and fortitude of his intellectual organization. The Chinamen do not hanker after rats, as is commonly believed, but among the poorer classes this varmint is sometimes devoured by necessity. A sleek and well-fed cat, however, is a prize for the gods and is greatly esteemed by the heathen epicure. For this reason a pampered feline pet is always in peril in the vicinity of the Chinese quarter, and is liable at any time to be snatched from the rug of luxury and ease and dropped into a pot of boiling water.—*San Francisco Call.*

IN Virginia the fine for robbing a mocking bird's nest is $20. The offender may be arrested without warrant, and the fine goes into the school fund.

JACOBINA, THE PROPHETESS.

The Tragic Extermination of a Sect of German Fanatics in Brazil.

For some years past a small portion of the vast flood of emigration from Northern Germany has been directed to Brazil, and in the province of Porto Alegre white settlements of the race have been founded, which, until recent events disturbed them, were flourishing enough. They had advanced so far as to have their own local newspaper in that resonant languages, which, according to Arndt, makes any land where it is spoken part of Germany; and the particulars now before us are transmitted direct from the *Deutsche Zeitung* of Porto Alegre, the paper in question. The settlers are almost universally of the Prussian State or Evangelical Church, and were rent by no political or religious dissension. They were distinguished by their attachment to the old Fatherland they had left; and the subscription sent from the colony for the benefit of the sick and wounded in the war of 1870-71 astonished those who knew how young and struggling a community it was collected from. All went well with them, in fact, until this summer, when their domestic peace was suddenly disturbed by the pretensions of a certain Jacobina Maurer to Divine inspiration, and her claims to be worshiped by all mankind. Those pretensions would have mattered little of themselves, but Jacobina was one of a large family in the village of Farrabraz, and her relations first, and then her neighbors, successively adopted her views, and declared themselves true believers, with an ease which history tells was not displayed in the instance of Mohammed. On what proofs the claims of this German edition of Joanna Southcote were founded does not appear. But it is certain that followers gave her the title of "Christussin," or "the Female Christ;" that a regular worship was established for her; and that her first convert or confederate—it is hard to say which—Hans George Maurer, was in due form appointed her high priest. This person appears to have been a man of some intellect, and remarkable ambition; for he not only bought over his neighbors to the new faith, but conceived the idea of imposing it on the whole settlement first, and then on the world at large, by force of arms. Under his guidance, the Maurerites, or Mucker, as they were nicknamed by their opponents, carefully armed themselves, and stored up abundance of ammunition. It was not until these preliminaries were thoroughly complete that they declared in the course of last June their solemn purpose, and summoned the nearest of the settlers to join the new Church forthwith. Attempts at enforced conversion of course produced violent opposition, and this was repaid by the Maurerites with open plunder and ill-usage as well as by threats of death. As they numbered, including the women who bore arms, a determined band of over fifty adults, there was no hope in the individual resistance of scattered settlers; and in a few days the unconverted inhabitants of the district were all seeking shelter in Porto Alegre, while their homesteads were stripped and laid waste by the orders of the prophetess. Volunteers were now enrolled to the number of one or two companies, but it was thought better to wait for the arrival of the Government troops who were asked for, than to attempt an advance into the bush unaided; for the fanatics were familiar with the ground, and were known to be better armed than their adversaries, and prepared for a desperate defense.

In July the expected forces came, provided with field-guns and rockets, and a general advance was made, but apparently with extreme caution. By the 18th, however, the fanatics were driven in on a position they had carefully intrenched round a large house, of which they had formed a keep. The light guns, as well as the rockets, entirely failed to dislodge them, and it was only after a very prolonged skirmishing that the works were carried with a rush. The defenders then fell back on their keep, and when this was fired, escaped from it with some loss, into the bush behind, in which they had secretly prepared another strong position. For the time it was not thought well to follow them to their new fastness. In reconnoitering it on the 21st and 26th there were two more severe skirmishes; and, though in each of these Maurer's followers had the advantage of the German volunteers being on one occasion abandoned by the troops who should have supported them, the number of the sect had been gradually worn down by repeated casualties. One prisoner was taken who revealed the fact that fewer than twenty of the desperate band were left. On the 2d of August their last stronghold was surrounded, and carried by overwhelming numbers, though with considerable loss to the assailants. The demand made previously that the Maurerites should lay down their arms was sternly rejected, and they died fighting to the very last, the prophetess herself being actually bayoneted through the body of one of her devoted followers, who was trying to screen her, while she encouraged the rest not to yield. Only Hans George Maurer and one other of the band, Jacob Fuchs, were missing, who are supposed to have deserted their companions before or during the assault. It adds an additional touch of horror to this catastrophe to know that the young children they had had with them are not accounted for, and to hear that it was reported that they were all slain not many days before by Jacobina's command, a story which is supported by the fact that the body of one has been discovered buried with its throat cut close to the miserable hut which was the prophetess' last shelter. The havoc caused by the extinct sect during its short sway of the outlying settlements is so serious that it is stated that it will take years to restore the colony to the prosperity it was enjoying before this extraordinary outburst of fanaticism brought misery on its members.—*London Daily News.*

Napoleon the Fourth, and His Sanguine Expectations.

The Prince Imperial of France, Napoleon IV., has returned from his holiday on the Continent with his mother, and has resumed his studies at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. It is said that he expresses a thoroughly boyish confidence in the Napoleonic star, and speaks often of the time when he will entertain his cadet friends at the Tuileries. Of course, the Tuileries will have to be rebuilt. The Prince is a decidedly bright and intellectual lad, full of animal spirits, and of a rollicking humor which betrays him into sundry practical jokes. He does more extra drill, in the way of punishment, than any of his comrades. Though he had to pass a special examination on entrance, owing to the peculiar difficulties of his position, he has gained twelve places since his admission to the school, and devotes himself with especial ardor to the study of the science in which his great-uncle excelled, and of which his father said, in a letter written shortly before his death to Major Duncan, that "each of its improvements was a step in the progress of civilization." Napoleon III. referred to artillery, and his disinterested admiration for that science is all the more praiseworthy after his unpleasant experience of its effects at Sedan.—*London Cor. N. Y. Graphic.*

A GENTLEMAN who purchased a box of peaches recently looked around for a boy who would carry them home, and presently he found a ragged lad seated on a bench, eating the last remnants of a pear. The man asked him if he wouldn't like to earn ten cents by carrying the box to such a number and street, and the boy promptly replied that he wouldn't. "Why?" queried the man. "Why?" echoed the boy, "because dad died the other day, and now I'm head of the family, and how'd I look lugging peaches around?"

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

A MAN in Cincinnati, advertising for a situation, says: "Work is not so much an object as good wages."

IN selecting a husband, at seventeen a woman desires good looks; at twenty-five, good habits; and at thirty, the man.

THE ladies have heretofore worn all sorts of flowers and fruits in their hats, and now they have a turn-up on the side.

A RUSSIAN proverb says, "Before going to war, pray once; before going to sea, pray twice; before getting married, pray three times."

THEY have now invented shot-guns which can be carried in the pocket, and a fellow can slide out hunting Sunday and no one know it.

A BOSTON philosopher says that you want to look at men's boot-heels to discover their energy. A slow, slothful man runs his boots over at the heels.

THE son of an editor in Pennsylvania has been recently convicted of arson, being prompted to commit the crime by a desire to make interesting local news for his father's paper.

WHEN a widow in any neighborhood sets her cap for a man, there isn't one chance in a million for any young woman to win, even if she holds the four aces.

THE only excuse a Tennessee man had for shooting a stranger was that the stranger's name was Moses Bogardus Smith. He said nobody could bring that name into Tennessee and live.

AND now we learn the astounding fact that the world can't stand more than 325,000 years longer. Scrutinize your notes closely before you discount 'em, and see to it that they don't extend beyond that time.

HOW DRY IT WAS.—An honest old farmer from the country gave his recollections of the hot spell as follows: "It was so dry we couldn't spare water to put in our whisky. The grass was so dry that every time the wind blew it flew around like so much ashes. There wasn't a tear shed at a funeral for a month. The sun dried up all the cattle, and burned off all the hair till they looked like Mexican dogs, and the sheep all looked like poodle puppies, they shrank up so. We had to soak all our hogs to make 'em hold swill, and if any cattle were killed in the morning, they'd be dried beef at dark. The woods dried up so that the farmers chopped seasoned timber all through August, and there ain't a match through all the country—in fact, no wedding since the widow Glenn married old Baker, three months ago. What few grasshoppers are left are the skin and legs, and I didn't hear a tea-kettle sing for six weeks. We eat our potatoes baked, they being all ready, and we couldn't spare water to boil 'em. All the red-headed girls were afraid to stir out of the house in daylight, and, I tell you, I was afraid the devil had moved out of his old home and settled down with us for life. Why, we had to haul water all summer to keep the ferry running, and—say, it's getting dry; let's take suthin'."

An Extraordinary Love Story.

The London correspondent of the New York *Graphic* writes: A very strange story was told to me the other day. In a town not far from London there lived a young lady who was handsome, tolerably wealthy, and more than usually well situated. Her father was an invalid; her mother was an insipid, cold and heartless woman. Two years ago a physician of London was called to attend the father; in this way the young lady saw him. He paid no attention to her—his mind was engrossed with his professional duties. A few weeks ago this doctor, after paying a visit to his patient, was somewhat surprised by being asked by the young lady to give her the favor of a private interview. She took him into a drawing-room, and led him to the further end of the apartment. "Doctor," said she, "I suppose that gentlemen of your profession are accustomed to receive strange confidences. I have a confession to make to you." He supposed that the impending confession had something to do with the state of her own health or with that of her father, and he begged her to proceed. "You will, however, be scarcely prepared for what I am about to say," she continued. "But I wish you to hear it. It is now just two years since I first saw you. You have scarcely ever exchanged a word with me, but I have learned much about you. I am not mistaken in believing that you are unmarried?"

"No," said he, "I am not married."

"And your affections are not engaged?"

"You scarcely have the right to ask that," said he.

"Well, then," she replied, "I will not ask it, but I must make to you my confession. I love you with all my heart. I wish you to marry me. I loved you from the first moment I saw you. I said to myself, I will wait for two years—if he then speaks to me I will know what to say. You have not spoken; and now I speak. I say I love you with all my heart; you are necessary for me; will you marry me?"

The doctor, who, although not a very young man, was twice the age of the young lady, recovering a little from his surprise, tried to turn the matter off as a joke; but the young lady was very serious.

"No," said she, "I am in very sober earnest. I know all that you may say or think as to the indelicacy of my proposal, but I cannot help it. I ask you once more, can you love me, and will you marry me?"

"In sober earnest, then," he replied, "I cannot marry you."

"Then I shall die," said she, very calmly, and she left the room.

The doctor had heard people say before this that they should die, and he left the house without attaching much importance to the prophecy, although wondering greatly at the other portion of this interview.

A few days after this the young lady was found dead in her bed. Two letters laid upon her dressing table. One was addressed to her family solicitor. It recalled to his mind a promise he had made her. She had gone to see him, and had asked him to make out for her a paper transferring the whole of her property to a person whose name she would not then give him. He was to prepare the necessary paper and send it to her to fill up the blanks and to sign. She had done this, and she now enclosed the paper, filled up and signed. Every penny of her property was given to the doctor, and the solicitor was instructed to make the transfer to him, to ask no questions, and to take no receipt. The other letter was to the doctor. "I told you I should die," said she, "and when you receive this I shall be dead. For ten days I have taken no food nor no drink; but that does not kill me, and now I have taken poison. I have no reproach to make to you, but I could not live without your love. When I am dead, look at my heart. You will see your name there. I have two requests to make of you. Go to my solicitor, and take what he has for you, and then go off on a holiday to Italy for a few months. The other request is that you never ask where I am buried, and never come to my grave."

There was a post mortem examination made of the young lady's body. On her breast, over her heart, deeply imprinted in the flesh, were the initials of the doctor's name. The characters seemed to have been made there two or three years before. They were probably imprinted by her own hand on the day when she first saw him.

A Perfect Home.

The most perfect home I ever saw was a little house into the sweet incense of whose fires went no costly things. A thousand dollars served as a year's living of father, mother and three children. But the mother was the creator of a home; her relations with her children were the most beautiful I have ever seen; even the dull and commonplace man was lifted up and enabled to do good work by the atmosphere which this woman created; every inmate of her house involuntarily looked into her face for the key note of the day, and it always rang clear. From the rose-bud or clover leaf, which, in spite of her hard housework she always found time to put by our plates at breakfast, down to the story she had on hand to be read in the evening, there was no intermission of her influence. She has always been and always will be my ideal of a mother, wife and a home-maker. If to her quick brain, loving heart and exquisite face, had been added the appliances of wealth and the enlargement of wider culture, hers would have been absolutely the ideal home. As it was, it was the best I have ever seen.

—*Helen Hunt.*