

A VOODOO DANCE.

DESCRIPTION OF A CRAZY ORGIE IN HAYTI.

Men and Women Work Themselves Up to a High State of Excitement and Go Through Fantastic Performances.

Voodooism is practiced quite generally in Hayti, but with such secrecy, especially in the cities, that few except natives ever witness its rites. Opinions vary as to human sacrifices. Many say they are not offered. Others think that they are always made at the great festivals, but so secretly that it is almost impossible to see them.

During a political celebration in Port-au-Prince one Saturday not long ago, says a writer in the New York Sun, I learned that on Sunday voodoo dances would be held in the vicinity of the city, and so on the following morning I started out to find one. I had walked out about a mile, when I heard a drum in the distance. I toiled along under the broiling sun, and at last located the sound behind a screen of freshly cut palms at a little distance from the road. A number of saddled horses were tied to the trees, and I pushed my way through a gap to find in front of me a pavilion about thirty feet square and open at the sides. The flat roof was formed of palm branches and was supported at the centre by a big post. At one end were three men with cylindrical drums made of hollowed logs, one end closed with dried goat-skins, the other solid wood. They varied in length from four feet to two. Near the smallest was a man with a long cow-bell.

I took a position outside of the arbor, and little or no attention was paid to me at first, as all hands were watching the entrance to a hut. Presently the drums struck up, all the spectators joined in a guttural chant, and the high priest, or "Papaloi," came from the hut, bearing a china mug carefully covered with a silk handkerchief. With him were an assistant priest and a master of ceremonies, with a small silver bell. Then came "Mammaloi," a priestess, with a small gourd, covered with strings of beads. This she rattled almost constantly in time with the drums. All were well dressed, as were also the fifty or sixty spectators, mostly women, who were seated or crouched on the ground on three sides of the arbor. The Papaloi was an enormous man, over six feet tall and splendidly proportioned.

The little procession passed around the pavilion and paused in front of the drums. The Papaloi made a number of gestures, holding his covered mug high in front of him, and then he slowly brought it toward his lips. Another large silk handkerchief was thrown over his head, mug and all, and he drank. Instantly he threw off the handkerchief and poured the mug's contents, which looked like water, on the ground on three spots in front of the drums. He sprang to one side and there was a mad rush of women to the spots. They grovelled on the ground, licking the wet dirt, and covering their noses with dabs of mud. Then one by one they crawled to the Papaloi, kissing the ground before him, and striking it with their foreheads. He raised them to their knees, wiped their faces with a silk handkerchief, and, taking one by the right hand, he elevated his arm to its full length, and she turned under it to the right, then to the left, and all resumed their seats.

One middle-aged woman began dancing alone. She became violent and streams of perspiration rolled down her face. She danced up to the Papaloi and bent over so that she touched the ground with the tips of her fingers, and then, springing up, touched her body. He arose and repeated her motions. She took a silk handkerchief and wiped his face carefully. He did the same to her. The dance became more violent, until the Papaloi disappeared in the hut. He emerged with the covered mug, and offered it to her, while the master of ceremonies threw the usual square of silk over her head. She emptied it at a draught. The dancer seizing her dress with both hands, did most wonderful hopping around in a circle. Finally she fell, rolled over and over, raised herself to her knees, her eyes closed, her mouth foaming, and her face contorted, and commenced moving her head round and round, faster and faster, until it seemed that it must fly off. Suddenly she stopped, rose to her feet, and then, without an effort to save herself, tumbled over backward as if she were dead.

The old Mammaloi handed her gourd to another, took her place in the centre, and grasped the post. Suddenly her whole body gave a ghastly twitch and her face became contorted. Again and again the shudders were repeated with shorter intervals, while her large eyes seemed about to start from her head. It was the most fascinating thing I have ever seen, and I felt the perspiration gather and roll down as I stared at her. Suddenly she broke into a gallop around the post. Round and round she went, stopping occasionally to twitch and glare about her. Then she sprang to the Papaloi, seized him by the hands, dragged him out and stared into his face. She whispered something in one ear, then in the other. Then she kissed him on both cheeks and the mouth. She rubbed the point of her nose against his, then both rubbed faces. She broke away to resume her position at the centre pole, while the Papaloi withdrew for the mug. Her eyes met mine, she advanced, seized my hands, and repeated the kissing and nose rubbing. It was not pleasant, but a furtive glance at the solemn faces around me informed me that discretion was better than cleanliness. I submitted. The master of ceremonies approached me, and after another handshake, invited me to drink. I declined with thanks. The priestess drank, and the orgy continued.

The three priests went into the hut. Presently the Papaloi returned alone, a glitter like insanity in his eyes and his

mouth flecked with foam. The master of ceremonies and his assistant came from the hut, bearing a white chicken. They approached the Papaloi. Instantly all rushed to him, and he was concealed by the panting, furious crowd for five minutes. When the crowd opened the dancing women had triangular blotches of blood on their foreheads and bloody mouths. The chicken had disappeared.

Up to the time when I left, the dance had been in progress about three hours, and there had been no drunkenness, but my impression was that the religious part of the ceremony ended with eating the chicken, and that the drinking and the orgy generally commenced at once, to be kept up all night. I now honestly believe in human sacrifices at these great ceremonies. The crowd I left seemed equal to anything.

Music in the Treatment of Disease.

The value of music as a therapeutic method cannot yet be precisely stated. Of its wholesale influence in various forms of disease, however, there can be little or no doubt. In making this assertion we do not, of course, assign to it any specific or peculiar action. It is no quack's nostrum, no reputed conqueror of ache or ailment. It is only, as we have already shown in a recent article, one of those intangible but effective aids of medicine which exert their healthful properties through the nervous system. It is as a mental tonic that music acts. Accordingly we may naturally expect it to exert its powers chiefly in those diseases, or aspects of disease, which are due to morbid nervous action. The evidence of its utility on occasions where fatigue or worry has disturbed the proper balance and relation between the mind and body of the so-called healthy will explain its action in disease. We can readily understand how a pleasing and lively melody can awake in a jaded brain the strong emotion of hope, and energizing by its means the languid nerve control of the whole circulation, strengthen the heart beat and refresh the vasculature of every organ. We can picture the same brain in forced irritation fretfully stimulating the service of the vasomotor nerves, and starving the tissues of their blood supply. Here, again, it is easy to comprehend the regulating effects of quieter harmony, which brings at once a rest and a diversion to the fretting mind. Even aches are soothed for a time by a transference of attention, and why, then, should not pain be lulled by music? That it sometimes is thus relieved we cannot doubt. It is especially in the graver nervous maladies, however, that we should look for benefit from this remedy. Definite statistics on the subject may not be forthcoming, but all that we have said goes to show that states of insanity, which are largely influenced by the condition of the sympathetic system, should find some part of their treatment in the hands of the musician. It is, therefore, for such cases especially that we would enlist his services.—Lancet.

Annie Laurie No Myth.

Annie Laurie was no myth. About 200 years ago, Sir Robert Laurie, of Maxwellton, on the opposite side of the River Nith from Dumfries, Scotland, quietly wrote in his family register these words: "At the pleasure of Almighty God, my daughter, Annie Laurie, was born on the 16th day of December, 1682, about 6 o'clock in the morning, and was baptized by Mr. George Hunter, of Glencairn." Annie's mother was Jean Riddle, to whom Robert was married "upon the 27th day of July, 1674, at the True Kirk, Edinburgh, by Mr. Annane," as was also recorded by her father himself. Posterity owes it to Mr. William Douglas, of England, in Kirkcubrightshire (who wooed but did not win the capricious Annie), the song of "Bonnie Annie Laurie," wherein he celebrated the beauty and transcendent perfection of the maid of Maxwellton. The William Douglas named is supposed to be the original of the song, "Willie was a Wanton Wae," and it is related of him that, having been refused by Annie Laurie, he married a Miss Elizabeth Clerk, of Glenboig, in Galloway, by whom he had a family of four sons and two daughters. The air of "Annie Laurie," familiar to our ears in these days, is the composition of Lady John Scott, authoress of both words and music of many songs which have become popular in Scotland. Her maiden name was Alicia Anne Spottiswoode. She married, in 1836, John Douglas Scott, a son of the Duke of Buccleuch.—New York Dispatch.

Why Albinos Do Not See Well.

According to Dr. A. D. Williams, the white, flaxen hair of Albinos shows that there is a deficiency of coloring materials in their bodies. Further proof of this fact is found in the absence of the necessary amount of pigment in their eyes. Such persons have pink eyes because there is no pigment enough in the iris and upon its posterior surface to prevent the red reflex of the fundus from shining through the iris. Albinos are always greatly annoyed by strong light, because there is not sufficient coloring to prevent the ingress of a flood of it, the bright glare entering not only through the pupil, but through the substance of the iris as well. The choroid being likewise deficient in pigment, the excessive amount of light dazzles and greatly confuses the vision. Furthermore, the deficiency of pigments in the choroid prevents the light after it has acted on the retina, from being absorbed, that being the main function of the choroidal pigment. Albinism is an unfortunate condition, as there is no way to supply the deficient pigment to the iris and choroid.—St. Louis Republic.

There are Buffalo in Nebraska.

"Buffalo" Jones, of Garden City, Kan., has taken his entire herd of buffaloes from Garden City to McCook, Neb., and they will in the future be kept on a ranch near that city. The herd consists of eighty-three fine animals and Jones values them at \$400 a head. This is the largest herd of buffaloes in the world.—Chicago News.

OCEAN CABLES.

HOW BROKEN WIRES ARE RAISED AND SPLICED.

A Work that is Very Costly and Difficult—Locating a Break—Grappling in Water Two Miles in Depth.

If you visit any of the cable offices in town you may see small sections of the cables. They are used as paper weights and the like. Their diameter varies from that of a silver half dollar to that of a good-sized tea-cup. If you see the manner in which the wires that go to make them up are twisted and interwoven you will come to the conclusion that any of these cables, big or little, are enormously strong and capable of standing a tremendous strain.

And yet these ocean cables break, break as they are, and what is more the breaks are at times very serious. Men-laying cable wires lying near the shore and in water that is comparatively shallow is not such a difficult matter, but when it comes to patching up a deep sea wire that lies on the bed of the ocean hundreds of fathoms deep, why that is altogether another matter.

It must not be supposed that ocean cables break often. They do not. Still they break often enough to keep the vessels used by the companies for the purpose pretty busy repairing them. There are seven or eight of these ocean cables now owned by the Western Union, the Anglo-American and the Commercial Cable companies.

Off the banks of Newfoundland cables are often broken by coming into contact with the dragging anchors of fishing boats. These breaks are very awkward ones. Then the icebergs that float down from the North at certain seasons extend deep under the water and damage the wires badly.

Then the wear and tear of time is another cause of breakage. The bottom of the ocean is not flat like the top of a table, but has mountains as wild and valleys as deep as any that you can find between New York and San Francisco. So the cable that stretches from Nova Scotia to the coast of Ireland has to span some pretty rough country.

The cable companies have now reduced the mending of cables down to a system. It is regarded as a part of their regular business, just as it is to keep linemen at work on land. The companies each year set aside so much money to the account of repairs, and men, and all things needed, are kept constantly on hand.

It costs a very pretty penny to fix an ocean cable when it breaks. The companies have in such a case to maintain a fully equipped ocean steamer with expert navigators and electricians on board, whose business it is to devote their trained knowledge to this single matter for, say, two weeks or a month. If, as the Western Union does, they hire a steamer, they must pay for her a daily rental of \$1200. So far, say, three weeks, the rental would run up to more than \$25,000, a pretty number of pennies, too. Then, in addition to this, there is the actual cost of the repairs and the twenty-five or thirty miles of new cable usually used in big breaks. Cable sold by the yard, mark you, too, is as costly as the finest lace. There have been breaks in the cables that have cost as much as \$100,000, but of course these were exceptional.

The first thing that the experts have to do when it is found that there is a break somewhere in the wire, is to locate that break, and this is not altogether an easy matter. Still the electricians have brought it down to a pretty fine science, and can figure with very great accuracy as to where any break may be. They have now an instrument by which they can determine with much nicety how far an electric current started on a given line travels before it is interrupted. A calculation is made on this side of the Atlantic by means of this instrument and a similar one on the other, and between the two the true location is pretty nearly determined.

Having determined the location of the break the way is clear. The captain or navigator is informed as to the distance from land the trouble is, and is shown by the chart of the route of the wires that the company has on hand just where he has to go. So fine is the system that he can sometimes steam to the very spot where the cable has parted.

Then comes the grappling for the broken ends. This is quite a long job at times. It is sure to be if the weather is stormy. Grappling for a cable in several hundred fathoms of water, with the waves running mountains high, is, to say the least, not an easy task. However, in ordinarily fair weather, two or three days, or even less, is sufficient time to bring the parted strands to the surface.

The grappling irons are long and heavy, with great hooks on the end that makes them look the giant's fishing tackle that they are. They are attached to huge cables, and are manipulated from the deck by means of machinery, and thus the cables are fished for. The repairers usually aim to grapple with the cable about ten miles from where the break took place. It would not do to grapple if too near the end, for it would then slip off the hook before it could be brought to the steamer's deck.

When the cable is grappled the men on the steamer, by the strain where the cable that holds the grappling has gone overboard, know that they have caught their fish. The next thing is to get it on board. The strain on the cable is gauged by a dynamometer, and thus it can be told when the big wire is coming up all right. In some cases when the cable comes to the surface it is found that it has not been broken at all, but that the electro current has been interrupted by some defect in the insulation or something of that kind. In this case the matter is easily remedied.

When the cable is found to be broken, the next thing to do after picking up the ends is to splice them together.

First, however, communication is established with both the land stations to make sure that, aside from this single break, communication is uninterrupted. Then the work of splicing goes on, and this is something that must be done very carefully. Sometimes when the cable is broken it becomes twisted and torn to a considerable distance. The repairers set to work to cut away every part that is at all damaged, and a piece of new cable is spliced in.

Ordinarily the repairing of the cable may be carried on on the deck of the steamer without much interruption. But not so in stormy weather. Work then is frequently interfered with. But this the repairers now go prepared for. They have immense buoys known as "cable buoys." It is carried especially for use in rough weather. When a storm comes up, and the waves commence to run high and toss the steamer about from place to place it is obviously impossible to keep the ends of the cables safe on the steamer.

This is not attempted. The ends of the broken cables are attached to these buoys and they are turned over to Father Neptune to have fun with. When he has satisfied himself and the storm has gone down the buoys are picked up again easily and the work of repair again goes on until it is finished.—New York News.

The Speed of Steamships.

The possibilities of obtaining an increasing speed in steamships are not as limitless as might be supposed. Ten years ago a vessel of 5000 tons was considered a leviathan in the way of ships. But size has gradually increased until the British Navy is now constructing vessels of over 14,000 tons displacement. Wood has been superseded by iron and iron by steel and there yet remains the possibilities of manganese, bronze and aluminum. It is not improbable that a lighter material such as aluminum will be used which will permit of the construction of much larger vessels, and the same material will also allow more space for machinery. But unless something is accomplished in that way there cannot be much more done in the way of increasing the speed of steamships.

When a vessel reaches seventeen knots speed, it requires an enormous increase in her machinery to add anything to that speed. Thus the English naval vessel Victoria made about seventeen knots with 14,000 horse-power and about fourteen knots with 7000 horse-power. The power had to be doubled to get three additional knots, and if the horse-power of the vessel was again doubled to 28,000, the contractors stated that they could not increase the speed more than two knots. It is thus evident that when a vessel gets up to a high rate of speed it takes such an enormous increase in its machinery to make a further increase, that very little can be accomplished.

The coal consumption on these vessels running at a high rate of speed is something enormous, averaging over two pounds of coal per horse per hour. The City of New York, the City of Paris and the Teutonic each burn 325 tons of coal a day, consuming over 2000 tons to make one of their quick trips across the Atlantic. But an extra 1000 tons is always carried. The enormous increase in the horse power that it takes to increase the speed would require so much coal as to take up nearly all the available space in one of these fast vessels. This will give some idea of the difficulty in the way of increasing the speed of a vessel, unless some lighter material than steel is discovered, which is probable, and which we hope will be realized in the near future.—New York News.

The Train Dispatcher's Work.

A train dispatcher of the Lake Shore road says: "Many people have an idea that a train dispatcher controls every movement of each train on a railroad, and that no trains can move without his orders or permission. This is a mistake, as each train has a scheduled time. Each conductor and engineer is provided with a time card, showing time of each train on the road, and where to meet and pass each other, and if all trains were run exactly on time there would be no use for train dispatchers. I have people make remarks about the responsibility of a train dispatcher. Even newspapers take up and convey the idea that if the train dispatcher relaxed his watch on the trains for a single moment a collision was liable to occur. This is another great mistake, as, if trains or tractors follow the rules and schedule and the train dispatcher lets them alone, they would run until doomsday before they would 'get together,' as the railroad boys would say. It is only when trains become late that the train dispatcher gets in his work. If it were, as a great many people imagine, that trains were started out like a raft down a river to trust to luck and the train dispatcher to pull them through, I would not want to travel very much in this country, for about the first day out some backwoodsman, in felling a tree, would break or cross all the wires and the train dispatcher would sit in his office and imagine he heard the engines come together. But under the present system of train dispatching the wires may be all swept away by a cyclone, but still there is no chance for a collision. It is when the train dispatcher does not interfere with the running of trains that he must be careful to see that no mistake is made by himself or the operator who delivers the orders to the conductor."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Shortness of Sight and Civilization.

In a paper brought before the Paris Academy a curious observation relating to long and short sight was recorded. It was stated that an examination of the eyes of wild animals showed that those captured after the age of six or eight months retained the long sight natural to them, but that those made captive before that age and those born in a state of captivity were short-sighted. From this it is argued that shortness of sight is a defect which is incidental to civilization.—Chambers's Journal.

COCOANUT CULTURE.

FLORIDA WILL SOON BE IN THE FIELD AS A PRODUCER.

Where and How the Big Nuts Grow—How the Milk is Formed in the Coconut—Its Fibrous Heart.

Although the true and original home of the coconut is India and the South Sea Islands, it has become so widely diffused by the hands of man and the waves of the ocean that it is now a prominent feature in almost every tropical portion of the globe, covering between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000 acres with its beautiful palms, and numbering 250,000,000 trees, yielding annually 10,000,000,000 of coconuts.

A recent approximate estimate of the area cultivated with the coconut palm gave the following result: British India and dependencies, 300,000; Central America, 250,000; Ceylon, 300,000; Eastern Archipelago and colonies, 350,000; Java and Sumatra, 220,000; Mauritius, Madagascar, Seychelles and African coast, 100,000; Pacific Islands, including Fiji, New Caledonia, etc., 350,000; Siam and Cochinchina, 100,000; and West Indies, 35,000.

And when Florida shall add her 10,000 acres lying south of the 27th parallel of north latitude, capable of growing 1,000,000 trees, we may see at no distant day the North American coconut demanding no mean share of commercial attention.

For many years coconuts have grown on the coast of southern Florida, but owing to an extreme fondness for the green nuts manifested by those engaged in the sponge fishing along the coast, few nuts have been allowed to ripen, only sufficient to demonstrate that coconuts can be raised for several hundred miles along the coast of Florida, where the gulf stream flows so close to the shore. The coconut industry in that vicinity has received an impetus of late. Within the past four years over 300,000 nuts were planted on the coast of Florida.

Such nuts as are wanted for planting are gathered into heaps or placed under sheds, where they are allowed to remain until the sprout shows itself through the husk. When planted in regular order, holes about three feet deep and from fifteen to thirty feet apart are dug. In the hole the nut is placed with care, and covered with one foot of soil. The hole is filled gradually as the sprout grows, until it reaches the surface, when it is left to itself, requiring no further attention.

Should the place where the coconut is planted be any great distance from the seashore, a quantity of salt is sometimes placed in the hole, and sometimes scraps of old iron, as, being strictly a salt-loving tree, it will thrive but a short distance from the seashore, nearness to salt water being absolutely essential to its welfare. In fact, it is said, no magnet is truer to the pole than is the root of the coconut tree to the ocean; for when the root breaks through the husk, it points directly toward the sea, no matter in what position the nut is placed in the ground. Boring its way downward the root fastens itself so deep and firmly in the ground that no tornado, no matter how severe, has ever been known to wrench it from its moorings, but the hurricane, so frequent in the tropics, will often twist the trunks and carry the broken portions a long distance, thus ending that coconut palm, as it will not sprout a second time.

On grows the tree, sending deep into the ground its roots and high into the air its trunk until after a lapse of from five to eight years it has attained a height of from forty to sixty feet, and then pays tribute to mother earth by bearing its first fruit, and under favorable circumstances continuing to yield for more than half a century, giving its owner from one hundred to two hundred marketable nuts a year.

Through the centre of the trunk of the coconut tree is a soft, fibrous heart which furnishes the life of the tree and acts as a great pump in forcing to the nuts the immense quantity of water required to fill them. This fibrous heart has a wonderful filtering power, for no matter in what location the tree may be growing, either from the beach or in the malarial swamps near the pools of stagnant water, when nature has done her work she deposits in the coconut a sparkling liquid as clear as crystal and as cool as if drawn from the deepest well in our northern yards. Having no particular season for fruiting, but bearing all the year round, blossoms, ripe and green fruit may be found on the same tree.

The blossom of the coconut is a most beautiful and peculiar work of nature's art. Appearing at the base of the long ragged leaves is a gourd-like sheath, green in color, and standing erect until its own weight causes it to bend downward, where it hangs until the stems it encloses, which are to bear and sustain the nuts, are sufficiently matured to proceed on their journey without protection. When this outer covering splits open it reveals a cluster of ragged stems, upon each of which you will find miniature coconuts requiring about fourteen months to ripen.—Merchant's Review.

A Queer Waterspout.

A queer sight was witnessed at Crawford, Ga., a few days ago by a large number of citizens. It was something in the clouds that looked like a waterspout. It appeared in a southern direction, and seemed about as large as a flour barrel in size and extended from the earth to the clouds above. It looked exactly like a stream of water pouring out of the clouds. We have been told that the thing reached the ground near Antioch and that the stream was not water but dust and trash that was drawn up towards the clouds. Nothing of the kind was ever seen about here before.—Atlanta Constitution.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

All is fair in love—except the bridegroom.

The hero is one whose sensibility obeys his will.

Poverty is no disgrace, but disgrace is poverty intensified.

The coward is one whose will is dominated by his sensibility.

Much of what appears to be selfishness is mere thoughtlessness.

Don't take a position of responsibility and then shirk its duties.

Sometimes we can best help our friend by keeping out of his way.

It is the early bird that catches particular fits on getting home.

The longer we live the more numerous are the ties that bind us to earth.

The scoundrel is one who subordinates all public ends to his private interests.

When talking to common-place people it is common sense to make use of common words.

The saint is one in whom both the sensibility and the will are subject to unselfish motives.

Dollars are of little worth unless one has sense enough to change them into something useful.

Because your trouble was occasioned by your own faults does not make it any the easier to bear.

Practice makes perfect, but the perfection resulting from piano practice is tough on the neighbors.

Some rich people think that money will pay for anything; but it will not pay for unkindness or discomfort.

To work without using your brains, is like washing dishes in cold water—you must take more time and muscle.

Nothing else gives life such a relish and courage such an edge as the sight of new truth and the experience of fresh love.

Voluntary a child has been punished after voluntary confession, the confession will be apt to come after punishment next time.

It seems to me just as dishonest for the laborer to take more than he earns as it is for the employer to pay him less than he earns.

Witty railery, the seasoning of the intercourse of polite people, with the coarse and heavy becomes as unseasonable as pepper in honey or vinegar in milk.

A Crow Whipped by Two Wrens.

A hen belonging to Farmer B. H. Hanor of Smithfield township, Penn., got in the notion a while ago of laying in some weeds near the barn. There were no eggs in her stolen nest when Mr. Hanor found it, and for a week it was a mystery where the fruits of her labors went to. One morning Mr. Hanor heard Biddy cackling, and he hastened toward her nest. As he was going through the gate a crow dived into the weed bed from a pine tree near by, seized an egg, and sailed off to the woods with it. The crow's boldness pleased Mr. Hanor, and the next day he stayed around to see if the cunning black bird would come after another egg. When it got to be near Biddy's regular laying hour that morning, a crow alighted in the pine tree and began to peer down into the mass of weeds. For twenty minutes it sat on its perch in silence, picked its plumage, and kept one eye on the nest. The hen soon cackled, and immediately the crow settled down into the weeds, stayed there a second, and then arose and winged its way to the woodland with Biddy's egg in its bill.

On the following morning the crow was on the pine tree again. It dived toward the nest as soon as the hen had begun to cackle, and this time its movements were observed by a pair of wrens that had a nest in a box close by. The presence of the crow angered the little birds, and they both pitched at it, just as it arose from the weeds with the fresh-laid egg. The wrens darted at the crow's head, and the crow dropped the egg before it had reached the height of the barn, gave a squall or two and made for the woods. The spunky little birds chased the crow to the edge of the forest, where they gave up the attack, and sailed homeward, singing a song of triumph all the way. Since then the black egg thief has not been seen on the pine tree, and Mr. Hanor has found an egg in Biddy's nest every day.—New York Sun.

Danes for Maryland.

Peter Ceder, of Copenhagen, Denmark, has purchased 1700 acres of choice land in Prince George's County, Md., and proposes to settle thereon a colony of 462 thrifty Danes whom he has persuaded to follow him from their frigid fatherland. The land lies between Baltimore and Washington, near the Baltimore and Ohio Railway. Mr. Ceder thinks he will soon need more land, as the colony has increased by 100 since he left home. Speaking of the colony Mr. Ceder said: "It has always been my opinion that when a foreigner goes to a strange country, and wants to make his living, it is his first duty to become a citizen of that country, and to adopt the existing mode of living there. Still you must understand that the Danes will doubtless hold on to many of the old customs of our country. I am satisfied that they will retain the Lutheran religion, and I think the first thing they will do in Prince George's County will be to build a church. As to schools, I trust that the county will supply all that are necessary. Marylanders will be astonished when they find that we Danes celebrate two holidays than they. We celebrate two at New Year, Holy Thursday and Good Friday, two days at Easter, Whit Sunday, Thanksgiving Day, and three days at Christmas. These days the people of Denmark, from the highest to the lowest, celebrate with religious exercises. They have what is their greatest day, the fifth of June, when is celebrated the anniversary of the Danish constitution, which was received in 1849 from King Frederick VIII."—Pittsburg.