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—BY—
REV. P. MANGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Miscellaneous Selections.

ZERO IN THE SUN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NINETY-NINE IN THE SHADE."

As rail-tracks shorten in the cold,
By Nature's great metallic law,
So shrinks the man of iron mould,
When these rude winds their weapons draw.
These "eager airs" in icy breath,
Whose myriad poniards, piercing, chilling,
Seems dealing back a vengeful death,
For cuts of that proverbial shilling.

The fuel-vendors thank their stars
That Lehigh higher yet must go;
And babies cuddle close to Mars,
Because the Mercury is low;
And Sunday at the twilight hour,
Once lit by flames of tender Venus,
My flame bewails, with visage sour,
The coldness that has come between us.

I'd fly to her, I'd break the ice
With burning words of desperate man;
But breaking ice is not so nice
When it means Fanny, be my Fan!
When ghosts of frozen smiles benumb
The loving lips that shiver bluely;
And when the cool reply may come:
"Ask pa," and pa is Mr. Cooley.

I'll don my double-worsted hose;
I'll pile the grate with embers bright;
I'll read my Burns, and toss my toes,
And sing the songs the skalds indite;
Or hie me to some fur-lin shore—
Fire Island, or a land of geysers,
Or Hottentots, or hellebore—
To check my chattering incisors!

Drink ginger-tea as pudding thick,
Compounded in a red-hot can,
Stirred with a fire-wood toddy-stick,
And ladled with a warming-pan—
Unless some friendly foe, instead,
Will hold me over Etna's crater,
Heap coals of fire upon my head,
And drop me like a hot potater.

—*Appleton's Journal.*

HIS FOLKS.

"I CAN'T stand it, and, what's more, I won't," said little Mrs. Hinkle, clutching the bars of her uncomfortable old cage of a rocking-chair.

Mr. Hinkle placidly hung up his almanac, and went out to sow the early peas. He could stand almost anything, and yet remain as serene as a cabbage-head—which, indeed, his wife often said he resembled. Laviny's tantrums troubled him about as much as a musquito's buzzing would an elephant; but he thought they were kind of wearing to her, and that she "came to quicker" alone. So he let her swinging herself seasick in the rocker, and shuffled off to the garden with a hoe and a pint dipper of peas. At the gate he met Miss Niddlins.

"And how's your poor wife?" said she, snifling. She suffered with a chronic cold in the head, which gave her an extremely sympathetic manner.

"Able to be stirring," replied Mr. Hinkle, shuffling on in his brown leather moccasins. Even a cabbage-head may be, as it usually is, ruffled inside; and deep in his slow-beating heart Mr. Hinkle was annoyed at the sight of Miss Niddlins and the embroidered bed-ticking bag which betokened a week's visit.

"Laviny's putchiky enough without being set on," said he, leaning on his hoe in the favorite attitude adopted by scarecrows. "Yes, I really think she is," he went on, weighing the proposition deliberately. "Not that I mind her being spry-tempered and spitting out at me. It's only a way she has, and comes of her enjoying such poor health. She'll cool down; but that old maid hain't any call to rile her;" and here Mr. Hinkle gave the hoe-handle a resentful poke, as if it personated the spin-ter aforesaid. Like many men not gifted in public speaking, he was much given to talking aloud when alone. In-doors, his wife claimed exclusive right of speech.

"And here I've stuck, like a dab of putty, from the day I married with Rueben," she was saying to Miss Niddlins. I've had to walk on eggs, or his folks would be in my hair. They've had their remarks to make about all my doings, and you may depends upon it, it grinds."

Mrs. Hinkle must have been ground very sharp indeed, judging by her cutting tongue.

"Poor thing!" groaned Miss Niddlins, using her handkerchief just then because it would produce the effect of pity.

"See how I was put upon this morning by his sister Phebe," said Mrs. Hinkle, moving the end of her nose back and forth with her fore-finger, as if she were playing on a Jew's-harp. "That woman had the impudence to twit me of neglecting Reuben, because I leave him to get his own supper sewing-circle nights!"

"Don't tell me so!" sniffed Miss Niddlins. "Did Mr. Hinkle complain to her?"

"Catch him complaining!" cried Mrs. Hinkle, "he hasn't got spunk enough. Why he's no more grit than a hay-stack, and he's as soft. I couldn't make him break with his folks if I was to suffer. Wish I was single; then I wouldn't be nosed round by 'em. Now here you are free to go when you please!"

Miss Niddlins sighed an affirmative. It was her peculiar trial that her relatives never opposed her going.

"If you was to separate, I suppose you've got enough to live on," suggested she cautiously.

Mrs. Hinkle's rocker jerked itself into a full stop. She had often said that "Reuben must choose betwixt his folks and her," that "she would take herself off," and the like; but to have a third person hint at a separation startled her.

"Well—yes," said she, hesitatingly. "I've got the property I brought with me when I was married. I won't deny but what Reuben has done the fair thing there; but then, if he'd been some men, he might have doubled it by this time. The long and short of it is, he's half asleep. I have to keep stirring him up, and, after all, he don't appreciate me!"

"I believe it would wake him pretty thoroughly if you should leave him," returned Miss Niddlins. "He'd begin to realize what a smart wife he'd lost."

"He'd clutter the kitchen with his greasy harnesses, and camp down on the lounge in his boots—that's what he'd do—the minute I was off!" snapped Mrs. Hinkle.

"He couldn't manage without you, to save his life," declared Miss Niddlins, confidently. "He'd go down on his knees to you to get you back."

Mrs. Hinkle seemed flattered by the idea.

"A pretty figure he'd cut," laughed she, "fat as he is, and looking, you might say, as if he'd been blowed up in his clothes!"

"I'm sure I don't see how you can smile, situated as you are," said Miss Niddlins, showing symptoms of a fresh cold.

"His folks have tried my soul out of me," cried Mrs. Hinkle, hastily resuming her wrath; "and what's maddened me most has been to see Reuben take it so cool. That man hasn't any more nerves than a tub of lard! I wouldn't value jumping off the meeting-house steeple if I thought it would give him a start."

"Poor woman!" said Miss Niddlins, displaying the red silk handkerchief that might properly be called her badge of mourning. "It's your duty to yourself to go where you can take some peace of your life!"

"I don't feel clear," said Mrs. Hinkle, as she settled the coffee for dinner, and thus ended their first conference.

But as Miss Niddlins spent the week, justifying Mr. Hinkle's apprehensions, she and Mrs. Hinkle had ample opportunities for renewing the discussion of the latter's grievances, till, from not feeling "clear," Mrs. Hinkle, by the time her guest departed, came to feel, as she expressed it, "all in a muddle." Even her ox-eyed husband noticed something amiss with her.

"I wonder whether or no sage tea wouldn't be kind of quieting to Laviny," he reflected one morning as he jogged along to the village after turnip seed. "I hain't seen her so fractious since she had the neurology in her face. If she wasn't a poor sick creature I don't know but I should get put out with her—I really don't;" and Mr. Hinkle lowered his voice to an awe struck whisper as he gave utterance to this treasonous thought.

"His folks" lived in a sick-headache-colored house at the Four corners, and his sister Phebe was hanging out clothes in the back-yard as he drove up.

"Got any sage to spare?" cried Mr. Hinkle, whoaing Dobbin.

"Mercy on us! is Laviny going to make cheese in mud-time?" was Miss Phebe's answer.

"'Tisn't none of her doings," said Mr. Hinkle, slowly, punishing the wheel with his whip-lash; "but she's in a terrible nervous way, and I think may be she needs something soothing. What's good for her nerves?"

"I don't know, without it's a sound scolding," replied Miss Phebe, with her mouth full of clothes-pins."

"Now, sister, you're hard on Laviny," said Mr. Hinkle, in an injured tone. "She ain't tough, like what you be."

"Her temper is tough enough; but I'm suited if you are, poor soul!" and Miss Phebe hunted for both sage and valerian, though inwardly persuaded that all the poppies in the world couldn't soothe Laviny when she once got "set out."

Meanwhile Mrs. Hinkle had been doing a furious forenoon's work, and, ready to drop from exhaustion, was just hanging up the mop after scrubbing the kitchen floor, when dear, blundering old Reuben scuffed across the threshold with his torn paper bags, scattering dried leaves like an autumn wind, and leaving muddy moccasin tracks at every step. Before those clumsy footprints Mrs. Hinkle's feeble forbearance fled. The herbs her husband had trusted might prove a narcotic acted upon her as a powerful irritant.

"Reuben Hinkle!" said she, bracing her aching back against the pump, "how much longer do you think I'm going to wash floors for you to litter?"

"There, there! now don't fret," pleaded Reuben; I'll sweep it up. You do putter round more'n you're able, that's a fact. You know I'm ready and willing to hire a girl any day."

"A girl smouching my paint!" cried Mrs. Hinkle, in wrath. "Put down the broom, Reuben; you've made tracks enough. Your folks shall never have that handle, that I spend your money on hired help."

"You're rather hard on 'em, Laviny," said Mr. Hinkle; "they mean well by you. Here's Phebe now been and sent you something stilling. I told her what a fizz your nerves had been in lately."

"So you've been running me down to your folks!" cried Mrs. Hinkle, glaring at her husband. "After all I've stood from you, Reuben, it's too much."

Mr. Hinkle was a mild man—mild as milk; but even the sweetest of milk will sometimes turn sour in a thunder-storm, and oft recurring matrimonial tempests had had their effect upon him.

"I've always made excuses for you, Laviny, and tried my best to live peaceable," said he, slowly; "but I believe 'taint in the power of mortal man to get along with you."

Then, in a state of great amazement at himself, he went out to untackle Dobbin and sow the turnip seed. Listening in vain for the dinner horn, he returned to the house half an hour past noon to find the fire out, his unlucky mud-prints dried upon the floor, and his wife absent.

"Gone off in a huff to her sister Tripp's, I guess," said he, patiently setting out the Sunday remnant of beans. "I'd have hitched up if I'd have knowed she wanted to go. She wouldn't speak to me, I s'pose, 'cause I'd riled her. I hadn't oughter done it—that's a fact."

Having relieved his mind by this last confession, Mr. Hinkle ate his dinner with an excellent appetite, and in due time his supper also, his wife not having appeared.

"I expect she calculates for me to go for her, and I'd better be off," said he as he strained the milk with extreme care and deliberation, and by this means let a slow stream trickle down the outside of the pail upon the spotless pantry floor. "Why, if there ain't Ezra Tripp now!" and as he spoke, in at the west door came his wife's brother-in-law, with unwilling feet, as though goaded on by the spears of the setting sun behind him.

"Laviny ain't sick, I hope?" said Mr. Hinkle, anxiously.

"No, tisn't that," replied Mr. Tripp, twisting his forefinger under his collar, as if his cravat choked him—"'tisn't that—but—"

"She's getting most out of patience waiting for me, I suppose," suggested the unsuspecting Reuben. "Well I'd oughter gone afore, only the off ox broke through the fence, and—"

"Laviny says she won't come back," interrupted Mr. Tripp, desperately; "for she's lived with you as long as she can stand it!"

Mr. Hinkle flopped down like a starchless dicky.

"I might have knowed she could'nt bear what I do," groaned he. "This morning, when she was blowing of me, I spoke harsh to her; I don't see how I come to. But, Ezra, you don't think, now, she won't never come round?

Mr. Trip muttered something about his sister-in-law being "pretty resolute," and turned away.

"I wish you'd carry over Laviny's cough medicine," said Mr. Hinkle rousing himself. "Lord! to think of her hacking in the night, and me not hearing her! And, Ezra, I'd take it kindly of you if you'd step in in the morning and tell me how she rested."

Mr. Tripp consigned the bottle to his coat pocket, while Reuben, returning to the deserted kitchen, which already wore a masculine air, tilted his chair against the wall, and listened to the dirges of the frogs, or gave expression to his feelings by singing,

"As on some lonely building's top
The sparrow tells her moan,
Far from the tents of joy and hope
I sit and grieve alone."

"A dreadful poor hand I should be to sit alone," commenced he, as he shuffled about to fasten the windows. "Laviny is a master woman for making things lively. Somehow I can't bear to lock her out;" and it is a fact worthy of note that the faithful Reuben, for the first time in his married life, went to bed leaving the porch door unbolted.

If he had cherished a vague hope that his wife might steal home in the early morning, he certainly saw no trace of her ruling presence on rising. Instead, the abomination of desolation reigned.

"Seems 's if I was just a frame-work, with nothing inside," said the poor man, moving about the chaotic kitchen in a hushed manner, like a person at a funeral; "the pith is all knocked out of me."

But notwithstanding this alarming internal condition, by dint of burning three fingers he succeeded in making a cup of hasty-pudding for breakfast, and also a cup of coffee, which, by reason of the large amount of fish-skin that settled it, bore an unpleasant resemblance to chowder. As he was sitting at this frugal repast his sister Phebe flounced in.

"Has Laviny left you, Reuben? It can't be."

Mr. Hinkle nodded his head solemnly, his mouth not being available just then as an organ of speech.

"The worst is her own," stormed Miss Phebe, raining a shower of hair-pins from her falling chignon. "I guess we shan't die on her account!"

This reflection seemed to convey no consolation to Mr. Hinkle.

"You never felt right toward Laviny," said he, sorrowfully. "I don't lay this up agin her, her clearing out; I blame it on to Miss Niddlins. She alwas had a dreadful faculty for onsettling Laviny."

Miss Phebe had a contemptuous nose, turned upward at the end like a sled runner. It curled higher yet at this remark.

"I wish you had some of my spirit Reuben Hinkle," said she, coiling her back hair with a rapid circular motion, as if she were winding herself up; "if you had, you wouldn't go nigh Laviny for one while. She's contrary, and depend upon it she'll be a great deal more apt to come back if you don't tease her. I'll keep house for you, so don't you be a mite concerned."

Mr. Hinkle groaned in answer. As dough is without yeast, so was he without Laviny. "He needed her to keep him up," he said pathetically, and though tortures would not have wrung from her the confession, it was equally true that Laviny needed him to keep her down. Some leaven is safest hidden in its three measures of meal. Certainly, in her husband's presence, Mrs. Hinkle had been a patient Griselda compared to what she now was, freed from home restraints. She fretted and fumed in an explosive manner, raising an unwonted fermentation in the Tripp household. She hated his folks, she hated Reuben for not hating them, she hated herself for having borne their interference so long, and declared she had not had the "temper of a fly"—which, indeed, was quite true. But as the week wore on without bringing the coveted vision of her husband at her feet, the effervescence of her mood was fast subsiding, when the rumor that Miss Phebe was wielding her domestic scepter agitated it anew. Pretty work it was to be crowded out of her own home by his folks! She knew now why Reuben did not come. They had been setting him against her. What if he should never come? For the first time this thought intruded itself, and in her anguish she sought relief in the camphor bottle. What right had Phebe in her kitchen, solacing Reuben with delectable cookery, when he should have been hungering in solitude after his wife? She declared such conduct would provoke a saint, though she did not give her authority for this conviction. One thing was sure, Phebe should not have the washing of her tea-spoons, and without delay Mrs. Hinkle sent a juvenile Tripp to remove these and other personal valuables, choosing the dinner hour for the errand, that the scenic effect might be greater. When Mr. Hinkle was forced to stir his tea with a fork, perhaps he would be in more haste to conciliate his wife! The plan was well laid, though it failed in the execution through the tardiness of little Joe, who, having a woodchuck to attend to on the way, did not reach his uncle's till the remains of the dinner lay cold on the pantry shelf, and Mr. Hinkle was half a mile away at his afternoon plowing.

Miss Phebe sent the spoons obediently, inwardly resolving that Reuben should not know of this proof of "Laviny's ugliness," for she was well aware that only her own repeated assurances that Laviny would soften toward him if left to herself had kept him passive thus far.

"Seem's if I wasn't doing the handsome thing not to go nigh her," he often said. "I wonder whether or no she ain't counting on my fetching her?"

"If she comes of her free-will she'll be likely to stay put," Miss Phebe would answer; "but try to drive her, and you know what Laviny is."

Mr. Hinkle did know, unfortunately, and, knowing, schooled himself to patient waiting.

Thus the days wore on, and he plodded through the spring work, cheered a little in spite of himself by Miss Phebe's earnest efforts at making him comfortable, while Laviny, mortified and then alarmed by his non-appearance, worried herself into a course of exasperating sick-headaches, and in every sense shut out the sunlight from the house of the Tripps. In the midst of paint-scrubbing Mrs. Tripp found no leisure to devote to her complaining sister, but left one of her children to wait upon her. Mrs. Hinkle felt abused. When had Reuben been too busy to bathe her aching temples? Little Joe made her nervous as a witch, and one day she told him so, and a moment after had the satisfaction of hearing him say to his mother in the kitchen that he "couldn't get along with Aunt Laviny nohow."

Why, that was just what Reuben had said—Reuben, who had never spoken hastily to her in his life! Was she an uncomfortable person to live with?

"'Tain't in the power of mortal man to get along with you, Laviny." The words came back to her with the startling force of a proof-text, and haunted her afterward continually.

It must have been in rhubarb time, for dandelion greens had gone by, when one morning little Joe rushed in with the terrible tidings that "Uncle Reuben had fallen ker-chunk from a beam in the barn."

Mrs. Hinkle tore the bandages from her head and started up.

"Where's my bonnet, Susan? I'm going home!"

"Maybe he isn't badly injured. Wait till we hear further," urged Mrs. Tripp.

"I tell you I'm going home, Susan Tripp! Where's my bonnet?" and snatching it by the string, Mrs. Hinkle sprang into the wagon just vacated by her nephew, and drove away at a doctor's pace.

Little Joe turned a series of somersaults and then lay writhing on the grass in a fit of uncontrollable giggling.

"Didn't Aunt Laviny streak it?" shouted he. "And Uncle Reuben wasn't hurt a mite, but she wouldn't let me tell her! Tee-hee-hee!"

Yet, though no bones were broken by the fall, it is a fact that Mr. Hinkle found his two hundred pounds avoirdupois considerably shaken, and he was actually, according to his wife's prediction, "camping down on the lounge in his boots," when, opening his eyes, they rested on her frightened face in the doorway.

"Why, bless your heart! come right in, Laviny," said he. And she went in, and shut the door.

Five minutes afterward, as Miss Phebe lifted the latch, she heard her sister-in-law say:—

"I know I have hectored you awfully, Rueben, but I do mean to live peaceable now, and put up with your folks."

And Reuben answered, heartily: "I haven't blamed you a bit, Laviny. I knowed 'twas Miss Niddlin's work. But after we'd lived together so long, she might have let us be till God divorced us."—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Parsee Sensation.

THE Parsee community of Bombay has lately been stirred to its uttermost depths by a circumstance which, to one not "to the manner born," would seem to be of but a trivial nature. A Parsee lady, the wife of one of the most wealthy and influential members of the sect, appeared with some English ladies at a private concert given in the city, and sang the well known song entitled "Her Bright Smile haunts me still." This event, says the *Bombay Gazette*, caused a great sensation among her caste, young Zoroaster highly approving the courage of the lady who thus assimilated and fraternized with her English sisters, while old Zoroaster, represented by the Parsee newspapers, is furious and insulting, venting his displeasure in very unbecoming language. This is but a single manifestation of the social and political feud which, for a number of years, has divided the Parsee community of Western India. This sect, which numbers about a hundred thousand souls, among whom are many of the wealthiest and most intelligent of the native population in and around Bombay, is represented by two distinct wings, which we may call Conservative and Liberal, each professing equal devotion to the faith of their great teacher, but differing in the construction of its tenets. The conservative believes in a strict adherence to all the ancient customs and observances, however much they may be behind the spirit of the age. For instance, he insists upon taking his meals in the good old-fashioned way of his fathers—squatting on a mat beside his copper platter, raised about three inches from the floor, and helping himself with his fingers. He observes strictly all the rites and purifications enjoined by his religion, says his prayers sixteen times each day, will not eat food cooked by any person of another faith, and keeps his wife and daughters in ignorance and seclusion. The liberal, on the contrary, believes in conforming to modern progress, and lives like an English gentleman, as far as Eastern necessities will permit. He advocates the abolition of some of the disgusting ancient usages, the reduction of the number of obligatory prayers, the education of women, and their admission into society. It is next to impossible for us, with our Christian notions of equality, to appreciate the courage necessary for a woman to separate herself from her caste, as in the instance above quoted, and go into European society. A few years ago it meant ostracism and degradation, and it still means so among those who cling to the ancient traditions; but, thanks to the enlightened movement among her countrymen, the lady will have many who will support and encourage her in her innovation. Caste observance, which really has nothing in common with the religion of Zoroaster, but was borrowed from the Hindoos, has received its death-blow among the Parsees; and that enlightened little community, whose fathers came out of Persia more than a thousand years ago will soon aid by their example in breaking the shackles which so long have bound their adopted country.—*Appleton's Journal.*

Berlin's Moral and Social Condition.

BERLIN appears to be reaping consequences of the late war similar to those which have marked our American cities. A pamphlet recently published in Germany, entitled "Berlin's Moral and Social Condition," gives anything but a flattering picture of the capital city of the new German Empire. Out of a population of eight hundred and thirty-three thousand one hundred and twenty-five thousand are receiving public charity. In 1867 nine per cent. of the population lived in cellars, and twenty per cent. in crowded apartments. Since then two hundred thousand souls have been added to the population, and rents have increased greatly, so that the poor are compelled to pay nearly half their earnings for decent shelter, and numbers have been forced to sleep out-of-doors. It is said to be dangerous to go through the streets unarmed, because of the increase of the rowdy element, and petty riots and conflicts with the police are frequent. More than half the population are working-people, and the city has become the center of the socialistic movement. Many of the workmen also openly favor community of wives. Divorces have increased to ten per cent. of the number of marriages solemnized. The attendance at the churches has decreased to one per cent. of the adult population, and, of twenty-three thousand funerals in 1870, nearly twenty thousand were performed without any religious ceremonies whatever. Women flock by thousands to Berlin to obtain employment, and, failing, large numbers fall into shame. This evil has become so great that strenuous efforts have been made to avert it. It is proposed to alter the tutelage laws so as to extend protection to girls up to the age of twenty; to establish lodging-houses and benevolent institutions to aid working-women, and to form a society of ladies charged with protecting, sustaining, and counseling women up to the age of thirty-five.—*Appleton.*

Honey and its Healing Qualities.

A German teacher has lately written a work on the subject of honey and its healing properties. While he may over-estimate its value, what he says is interesting. We quote: "A strong influence for publishing this book was the fact that I, a sufferer from hemorrhages, already given up to despair, and at the verge of the grave, was saved by the wonderful curative powers of honey; and now, thank God, I am freed, not only from weakness of my lungs, but rejoice in the possession of perfect health.

"At my first attack, upwards of thirty years ago, powders and tea were ordered for me, which benefitted me but little. I then placed little confidence in honey, which I used occasionally, and in small quantities. Judging from my present knowledge, I believe that the honey was the only remedy that was doing me any good, and it is this that I have to thank for the gradual, the sure restoration of my health.

"As my disease increased I began to use cod liver oil, which weakened and injured my stomach, so that I could hardly digest anything more, and my condition became worse and worse. Again I returned to honey, when my sufferings immediately began to decrease and disappear. Besides the use of honey, I took pains to preserve my breast and lungs from injury, which, in my trying situation as public teacher, was almost impossible. My disease being caused by my constant teaching during so many years, I gave up my profession, and honey was my only medicine, whereby I, by the simplest, safest, quickest and pleasantest manner (for I was fond of honey), relieved the disease in my throat, and out of thankfulness I now write this book for the use and benefit of many, especially for the use of those suffering from diseases of the throat and lungs."

The Spanish and the Modocs.

The *Voz de Cuba* has been criticising the recent encounter between the Modoc Indians and the United States troops. It thinks that "this Indian war wounds humanity in its noblest sentiments, and is a real scandal to this century of humanitarian sensitiveness." The same organ also insinuates that President Grant needs instruction in the means of civilizing the Indians, instead of exterminating them, and obscurely hints that a good moral effect might be exercised over us by the sending forth of correspondents from Europe to spy out what is passing in the Indian Territory.

Perhaps this is disinterested and excellent advice; but the glass of which our Havanese neighbor's house is constructed is so extremely brittle that it is doubly inexpedient for him to throw stones. One little pebble from the sling of truth would be sufficient to demolish his vitreous tenement and bring it in splinters about his ears. Between the mutual outrages inflicted by Spanish and Cuban soldiers there is little to choose. They are outrages which make humanity's blood boil, and the checks of the most impassive civilized man tingle—outrages which glorify the most unnatural mutilation of the person and celebrate a bloody and obscene triumph over each fresh corpse. In view of these things it sometimes seems as if the Christian world, in the mere name of humanity, would one day find herself under obligation to step between the mutual butchers and exclaim: "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." The same undeviating record of cruelties that made General Sheridan declare, with all the solemnity of sad experience and profound conviction, that the American Indians, incapable, as a race, of civilization, deserved that series of severe chastisements whose end is extermination, is presented by this long and barbarous contest between Cuban and Spaniard with this addition—that in the Cuban-Spanish case these cruelties are mutual. We say it looks as though it may become necessary for the civilized world—that is to say, for humanity in its highest present development—to put an end to the horrid Cuban war. We do not care, as a nation, to meddle in the affairs of other people, but all civilized nations may feel compelled to unite in stopping the atrocity. The atrocities by the Indians in their warfare we regret, and wish to end them in the only practicable way—by bringing the warlike tribe into subjection. These poor savages have their barbarism for an excuse when they mutilate the dead and torture their prisoners. If the Spaniards and Cubans wish to claim the same excuse of barbarism for their inhumanities and cruelties we shall cheerfully admit their claim to moral fellowship with the Apaches, the Kiowas or the Modocs. This may not be the aim of the *Voz de Cuba*, but it is the only logical conclusion to its proposition. Its satire, it will learn, has, like the boomerang, a tendency to knock out the operator's brains.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Important Dynastic Movement in the East.

The Sultan's action of proclaiming His Highness Izeddin his successor on the throne of Turkey, should it be persevered in, as it is most likley it will, will exercise a most important and decisive influence on the current of Eastern affairs, and it may be on the active diplomacy of the Old World Great Powers with reference thereto. Very late accounts from Constantinople bring information that there prevails a serious difference among the Turks on the subject of the crown succession. Under the law which has regulated the heirship during the last five hundred years the crown always passes to the eldest male of the imperial family whose father was on the throne at the time of his birth, so that as a rule the sultans have been succeeded, not by their sons, but by their brothers. It was in accordance with this law that the present Sultan, Abdul Aziz, ascended the throne on the death of his brother, Abdul Medjid (25th of June, 1861), though the latter left seven sons. Abdul Aziz has four sons, the eldest of whom, Youssouf Izeddin, was born on the 9th of October, 1857, and is, consequently, under the above law, disqualified for the crown, since at the time he was born his father was not as yet Sultan. The lawful heir in the eyes of the people is the eldest son of Abdul Medjid, Murad Effendi, who was born during his father's reign, on the 21st of September, 1840; but a strong party at court now urges the Sultan to introduce the European system of succession, and declare his eldest son his heir. The Old Mohammedan party, however, is strongly opposed to such a course, which, it considers, would involve a departure from the precepts of the Koran; as under the Koran a Mohammedan is only bound to obey his sovereign in so far as he keeps within its restrictions, this opposition may lead to very serious results if the Sultan adopt the above proposal. Moreover, it is feared in Constantinople that the Princes of Servia and Roumania, the Khedive of Egypt and the Bey of Tunis, who, as it is, bear with impatience the suzerainty of the Sultan, will seize the opportunity for declaring themselves independent if a Sultan is crowned who, according to the law which existed at the time when they did homage at Constantinople, would not be the rightful heir to the throne.—*Ex.*

Steam as a Fire Extinguisher.

DR. WIEDENBUCH, of Wiesbaden, recently published in the *Polytechnic Journal* an article on this subject, and points out the advantage that steam, while it is not a supporter of combustion and extinguishes fire by driving the air away, is not irrespirable *per se*, and does not act injuriously on living beings, like carbonic acid, sulphurous acid, and other gases which are non-supporters of combustion. The only danger of steam is that, when escaping under great pressure, as when superheated, it will scald any one who is close to the point of escape: while, at a distance, it cools so rapidly by its own expansion that it soon becomes harmless. Dr. Wiedenbuch's last opportunity of witnessing the effectiveness of steam as a fire extinguisher was on the occasion of a fire in a factory 180 feet long and 30 feet wide; it was one story high, with an attic separated by a wooden floor. The attic was filled with a great many tons of rags, shavings, leather scraps, etc., and among these, a fire broke out in the night, which was only discovered when half the roof was in flames. As the location was quite out of the way, more than an hour elapsed before the fire engines arrived from the stations; meanwhile the conflagration met but little resistance, by reason of the very unsatisfactory preparations against fire, and soon the whole roof was in flames; it fell in, and the fate of the lower story appeared sealed. There was a steam boiler in an outhouse with the furnace banked; the fire therein was quickly increased by means of wood, the steam being still up. A courageous carpenter, contrary to the orders of the Fire Marshal, who had decided that the walls should be thrown down, went into the burning factory, and by means of a heavy axe broke the first cast iron steam pipe he could reach; of course the steam immediately escaped under considerable pressure, filled the whole place, and extinguished one burning mass after the other; and even the rag heaps in the attic, which, after the fall of the roof, were burning in the open air, became more and more surrounded with steam, so that in half an hour after the steam was admitted all danger was considered over, and the firemen, who had in the meantime arrived with their engines, considered their labor unnecessary, it having been so effectually replaced by steam.

The German papers point out that every manufacturer who uses a steam boiler possesses the most powerful fire extinguisher, which he may make available by proper additional arrangements. For instance, wrought iron gas pipes connected with the boiler, branching off into every room, may be provided with stop cocks which, in case of fire, may be turned on, and so every portion of the building may be filled with steam. It is recommended, especially, that theaters should have steam tubes connected with a system of heating in which, by means of petroleum or some equivalent as fuel, a great quantity of steam could be raised within ten minutes, or even less, and blown into the burning portion of the building. As no pressure is necessary for such an apparatus, it may be constructed in a simple manner, and still be perfectly safe; but the quantity of steam must be sufficient, and therefore the whole problem is to generate the largest possible amount of steam at low temperature and pressure.—*Scientific American.*

Stove Polish.

PLUMBAGO of the best quality is the only suitable material for stove polish, but lower grades will produce a fair polish for trade; and if the manufacturer is sufficiently expert in the examination, he may use the best grade of Ceylon "dust," but much of that which comes to the market is too poor. For stove polish, the plumbago should be pulverized till the particles are too small to glisten, and what would otherwise be a shining mass becomes a dead black flour, and this appearance is so near that of the German black lead that the difference can only be discovered by handling. Plumbago can not be pulverized fine enough in stone mills without running it over so many times that the cost is too great, and hence so much poor stove polish is found in market, offered by respectable manufacturers. The black lead, even when pulverized equally fine, has a harsh feeling between the thumb and finger, polishes but little, and with considerable rubbing, leaving a dark, poor polish; while the plumbago, if good, feels smooth, almost oily, and polishes with very little rubbing, leaving a bright silvery polish. The finer the plumbago is pulverized, the better it is for stove polish, as each particle should be so small that it flattens out at once on the iron, adheres to it, and polishes quickly; while the larger particles will fly off and be wasted, as well as creating a dust, and requiring more labor to produce a fine polish. The polish from pure Ceylon plumbago will last on the iron for a long time, while the polish from the German black lead will burn a reddish brown when the stove is raised to a red heat. But as the German is less than half the price of the Ceylon, it is used with it as an adulteration, and for the cheaper kinds the German is used alone. The Ceylon is adulterated also with coal dust, pulverized slate, and many other substances. Dishonest makers of stove polish have this temptation, that only experts can detect the adulteration; and they succeed in palming off their mixtures because the particles of adulteration do not prevent the particles of plumbago from polishing the iron to a small extent. For instance, a thousand particles of adulteration and a thousand particles of plumbago, mixed together, can be sold at a low price, and the particles of plumbago will do the polishing, while most of the particles of adulteration will fly off in the process. It is true that the polish will not be as bright, and will require more time and labor to produce it, than if the one thousand particles of pure plumbago had been used alone, so that half the quantity of the pure article is better than double the quantity adulterated. In using the mixture, a great number of particles of the adulteration are rubbed against the iron with particles of the plumbago outside, and in all such cases the polish on that point is poor and the plumbago wasted, because it cannot get to the iron. We do not believe that an adulteration of an equal number of particles of base matter with the best plumbago is worth more to use than from one fifth to one fourth the value of the pure article, and a vast amount of stove polish offered in market has not a fourth part of plumbago in it, and even that is of the lower grades, used only for its cheapness. A thimbleful of the best plumbago, pulverized to the degree of that used by the best dealers for stove polish, will, with the least amount of labor, polish as much surface as a quarter pound package of the usual merchantable stove polish with much time and hard rubbing bestowed upon it, and the polish of the former will be creditable after that of the latter will be a disgrace to a neat housewife. For stove dealers the difference is very great, a poor article being dear to them if it costs nothing. Perhaps no article except mustard can be so successfully adulterated as plumbago.—*Exchange.*

Recent Discoveries in the Pyramids.

THE Pyramids of Egypt were constructed 4,000 years ago. Mr. Dixon, of England, has for some time been exploring the two remarkable chambers known as the king's and queen's chambers, in the interior of the Great Pyramid. By means of a wire introduced between the joints of the masonry, he found a space, and was thereupon induced to bore into the walls of the queen's chamber, when he discovered a passage way, eight by nine inches in dimensions, evidently a ventilating flue. Its terminus has not yet been found. Within the passage way he found a bronze hook, which is supposed to be the most ancient specimen of bronze now existing. He also found a piece of worked cedar wood and a granite ball, which latter is believed to have been an Egyptian weight. Its diameter is 2¾ inches. As the walls behind which these articles were found were solid on the inner side of the chamber, it is believed that they were placed in the positions they were found at the time the pyramid was erected.—*Exchange.*

COTTON, which is the last passion of California, it is calculated, will pay 50 per cent. more profit than wheat in its southern counties, and 5,000 acres are expected to be planted with it this season. If so, California will be a rival to the Eastern Southern States as a exporter of cotton, for her own consumption is only about 500 bales.

HALF the misunderstandings of those who can least afford to misunderstand each other at all arise from two joint reasons—first, from want of frankness on the part of those who think they have no need to explain; next, from want of faith on the part of those who can take nothing for granted without an explanation.

Clearing Up the Obstructions.

THE wrecking operations in the harbor of Charleston, S. C., under the direction of Professor Malliefert, which have been in progress nearly twelve months, have been signally successful. Monsieur Malliefert, who is a French engineer, in 1871, obtained the contract from the United States government for clearing the obstructions in both the James River, in Virginia, and the harbor of Charleston. From the James River he removed the wrecks of the iron-clads Virginia and Fredericksburg, and the steamers Jamestown, Northampton, Patrick Henry and Raleigh, besides seven schooners and twenty-three stone cribs, which made the James free and safe for all navigable purposes.

Upon arriving at Charleston, he first turned his attention to the wreck of the iron-clad Palmetto State, which was sunk off the mouth of Town Creek inlet by the Confederates, to prevent it falling into the hands of the United States naval forces, then in strong force off Charleston Harbor. All the boilers, engines, guns and machinery of this vessel were recovered. He next took out the wrecks of the Charleston and Chicora, sunk off Cooper River, two other iron-clads, 275 tons of machinery, boilers, engines and guns. The operations of the Professor were next turned to the wrecks of the Beatrice and Flora, two iron blockade runners, sunk in Maffit's Channel, with the success of raising the entire hulls, engines and boilers of both. After this the steamers Coffle, Randolph, and a torpedo boat, 125 feet long, were taken up.

The vessel involving the greatest labor and danger in taking up was the Weehawken, a United States iron-clad which was accidentally sunk off Morris island while being loaded with shot and shell. Nearly everything was recovered, and the skeletons of many of the crew who went down were found in a good state of preservation in the monster coffin in which they had been so long entombed.

The wreck upon which Professor Malliefert is now engaged is that of the ill-fated Patapsco, which was sunk off Fort Sumter by the bursting of a torpedo, which sent down the unfortunate vessel and all on board to a watery grave. Out of this vessel about four hundred tons of material have already been taken, including the boiler, machinery, portions of the turret twelve plates thick, and other material. This can only be removed by the most powerful explosions. The only two wrecks that now remain are those of the Housatonic and the Keokuk. The former lies outside the bar and near it the torpedo boat that sent it down. The latter lies near the Lighthouse Inlet. All the bodies of those on board have been recovered, and a great number have been buried in a Federal cemetery near Fort Moultrie. With the removal of these last two vessels all the obstructions in the harbor will be removed.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Parasitic Growths in Wine.

WHEN wine becomes acid, it has been invaded by the flower of vinegar, *Myco