

The Rapides Gazette.

"LET US HAVE PEACE."

ALEXANDRIA, PARISH OF RAPIDES, LA.

April 12, 1873

Miscellaneous Selections.

JOHNNY BARTHOLOMEW.

BY DR. THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.
The journals this morning are full of a tale of a terrible fire through a tunnel by rail; and people are called on to note and admire how a hundred or more, through the smoke-cloud and fire, were borne from all perils to limbs and to lives—Mothers saved to their children, and husbands to wives.

But of all who performed such a notable deed, quite little the journalists give us to read. In truth, of this hero so plucky and bold, there is nothing exact in the details told. His name, which is Johnny Bartholomew.

Away in Nevada—they don't tell us where, nor does it much matter—a railway line is there, which winds in and out through the cloven ravines. With glimpses at times of the wildest of scenes—now passing a bridge seeming fine as a thread—now shooting past cliffs that impend o'er the head. Now plunging some black-throated tunnel within.

Whose darkness is roused at the clatter and din; And ran every day with its train o'er the road, An engine that steadily dragged on its load, And was driven by Johnny Bartholomew.

With throttle-valve down, he was slowing the train, When sparks fell around and behind him like rain, As he came to a spot where a curve to the right Brought the black, yawning mouth of a tunnel in sight.

And peering ahead with a far-seeing ken, Felt a quick sense of danger come over him then. Was a train on the track? No! A peril as dire—The further extreme of the tunnel for fire. And the volume of smoke, as it gathered and rolled.

Shook fearful dismay from each dun-colored fold, But daunted not Johnny Bartholomew. Beat faster his heart, though its current stood still, And his nerves felt a jar but no tremulous thrill; And his eyes keenly gleamed through their partially closed lashes.

And his lips—set with fear—took the color of ashes. "If I falter, these people behind me are dead! So close the doors, firemen! I'll send her ahead! Crowd on the steam till she rattles and swings! Open the throttle-valve! Give her her wing!"

Should he from his post in the engineer's room, Driving onward to a terrible doom, This man they call Johnny Bartholomew. Firm grasping the bell-rope and holding his breath, On, through the Vale of the Shadow of Death, On, on through that horrible cavern of hell, Through flames that arose and through timbers that fell.

Through the eddying smoke and the serpents of fire That writhed and that hissed in their anguish and ire, With a rush and a roar like the wild tempest's blast, To the free air beyond them in safety they passed; While the clang of the bell and the steam-pipe's shrill yell Told the joy of escape from that underground hell.

Of the man they call Johnny Bartholomew. Did the passengers get up a service of plate? Did some oily-voiced orator at the main part? Women kiss him? Young children cling fast to his knees? Stout men in their rapture his brown fingers squeeze?

And where was he born? Is he handsome? Has he a wife for his bosom, a child for his knee? Is he young? Is he tall? Is he short? Well, ladies, the journals tell naught of the sort. And all that they give us about him to-day, After telling the tale in a common place way, Is—the man's name is Johnny Bartholomew. —Heath and Home.

MRS. PERCY'S PERIL.
Though I am a soldier's wife, I fear I can lay claim to but a small portion of the courage which is usually attributed to them.

Arthur Percy, Captain in Her Majesty's Dragoons is my husband, and the adventure I am about to relate befell me about fifteen months after our marriage, when the regiment was quartered in Ireland.

lingly, to spend it at the barracks, as the few officers there wished to have a farewell dinner, and, in addition, there was to be an entertainment for the soldiers at an early hour.

It had been snowing heavily all day, and when Arthur left, about half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, darkness was beginning to come on.

I had begged of him not to return if the snow continued, as I knew it might be very late ere the party broke up, and I could not bear the idea of his coming home through that dark, narrow road, in the middle of a snowy December night.

If he did come, he was to tap at my window, which would enable me to let him in without disturbing the servants, who slept at the other side of the house.

After I had watched his figure disappear, I re-entered the cottage, with a disagreeable sense of solitude, and timorousness, which I tried to dispel by ringing for the nurse to bring my baby, stirring the fire to a cheerful blaze, and otherwise occupying myself. Though almost quite dark, it was now only about four o'clock, and the blinds in the little sitting room were still undrawn. I was sitting on the hearth-rug, with my baby on my lap, amusing her with my watch and its glittering appendages, which were an unfailing source of pleasure to her; and as she stretched out her little hands to grasp them, I was suddenly attracted to the direction of the window, through which, to my unutterable horror, I distinguished distinctly the face of a man gleaming upon me.

In that swift, momentary glance, I could see that it was a pale, sinister, malevolent countenance, with small, hungry eyes. My heart beat wildly, but I dissembled my terror well, I suppose, as had I done otherwise, baby and I might have fared differently. So rapidly had I comprehended the necessity for appearing not to have observed him, that I hardly stopped speaking to my baby; but a thousand projects for escape from my present position revolved themselves through my whirling brain.

How could I escape from that little room, with its dark, unshaped window? Furtively I looked again, and was infinitely relieved to find that the apparition had vanished for the present at least, from its late close proximity to the window. I got up at last, still chattering to my unconscious child, and moved slowly towards the door, even pausing for an instant at the table, partly to gather strength to proceed, as my limbs were tottering beneath me; partly because I dreaded lest the lurker without might still be marking my movements. I had scarcely strength left to turn the handle of the door, but once on the other side of it, I rushed across the little hall, and gained the kitchen, where I found my two domestics seated at their tea.

I briefly told them of the fright I had got, and was not much reassured on finding that both were, if possible, greater cowards than I was myself.

The sound of a whistle at no great distance from the cottage roused me to the necessity of instantly making every place as secure as possible. Accompanied by the two trembling servants, and with baby in my arms, I began my tour of inspection. At last, every bolt was drawn, every shutter closed, and nothing more remained to be done. I found, on looking at the clock, that it was little past five, so that a long evening was before me.

Not a sound was to be heard, nothing fresh occurred to alarm us in the least, and at last I grew almost ashamed of the panic I had given way to, merely from having seen a man glance through the window. Very probably he was some strolling vagrant who had been attracted by the bright light of the fire to look in, and the idea of doing us any harm.

So I reasoned with myself, and so I tried to reassure the servants. Under any circumstances, I was glad to feel that we were safely shut up for the night, and determined to go soon to my room, where I felt less lonely than in the empty drawing-room.

Had there not been the chance of Arthur returning, I would have proposed that the servants should sleep in a bed there happened to be in his dressing-room; but as they assured me they were not at all afraid, now that nothing more had been heard of the man, and I knew it would be a great nuisance to Arthur, if he did return, I concluded that it was wiser to let them sleep in their own room, though it was at some distance from mine.

I went to my room at about half-past nine, and proceeded to undress; after which I put on my white flannel dressing-gown, placed my candles behind me, and seating myself in front of the fire, began to read.

In spite of all my assurances to myself and my servants, I felt strangely nervous and restless. My book was a very interesting one; but it failed to obliterate from my mind the horrible remembrance of the face at the window. Perhaps he was there still—perhaps he was watching for Arthur's return to waylay and murder him. All sorts of wild visions presented themselves to my mind. Once baby moved slightly and it made me start nearly to my feet with terror.

I was thoroughly upset, and the only thought that consoled me was, that I had begged Arthur not to return; so he was, no doubt, as safely at the barracks, little dreaming of my state of mind.

It was snowing heavily still. I knew it by the dropping that came steadily down the chimney. The atmosphere seemed to choke me, somehow. And ever and anon I found myself listening intently.

The hall clock struck eleven; every stroke vibrating through me. Still I sat on; my fire growing dim, and myself feeling cramped, cold, and almost immovable.

pillow, and was in the act of lying down beside my baby—not to sleep, as I thought. I should have hoped for Arthur—when a sound, awful, wild, unearthly broke the stillness of the dark December night. It was a scream from a woman's voice in dire distress; another followed, and it came from somewhere within the house. Not a moment did I hesitate.

Springing out of bed, and putting on only my slippers, happily having kept on my dressing-gown, I seized up my child, pausing only to snatch up her little shawl that lay beside her on the bed, I unbarred my shutter, opened the window, and the next moment was on the verandah. It needed not a third wild shriek to impel me to speed beyond what I had ever dreamt of as possible.

In a second or two I was beyond the gate flying for life, for my own and another existence, dearer far, in my arms clasped tightly to me—flying through the lanes, past the dreaded hedges, on, stumbling now and then, but recovering myself only to resume my race for life with greater desperation. Death surely was behind us, but a refuge was already looming in front of me. If the pale, piercing face of the outside watcher overtook me now, what would be my fate?

God was merciful indeed to me, and gave me power to proceed in my awful extremity.

Heaven's portals could hardly have been more rapturously reached than the barrack-gates, as I flew inside of them. I saw a group of men standing in the doorway, and towards them I rushed, recognizing, to my unutterable thankfulness, amongst them, my husband.

His amazement may be better imagined than described, as he beheld us; and as I could not do more than point behind me, I believe poor Arthur must have thought I had gone suddenly raving mad. I only heard their voices murmuring round me, and I felt baby lifted out of my arms, though they told me afterwards I held her so tightly they could scarcely separate us. The next thing I knew was, that Arthur had laid me on a sofa in a bright warm room, and that we were safe—Arthur, baby and I—and together!

But the servants! I conveyed to Arthur, as coherently as I could, the events of the afternoon and night, and my conviction that nothing short of murder had been committed. In less than five minutes he was off, with some of the others, to the cottage, where an awful scene presented itself to their view as they entered.

In the passage from the kitchen to the entrance hall lay the dead body of our unfortunate cook. A blow from some heavy weapon had actually smashed in the back of her head, and life was quite extinct; our other servant was found in an insensible state, but, after some time recovered sufficiently to be able to give the particulars of the attack, and a description of their assailant, who proved to be no other than the monster who had glared in upon me that very afternoon. It seemed that, after I had seen that everything was secure, the servants had gone out to the coal-house, and during their temporary absence from the kitchen door, the ruffian had slipped in, secreted himself in a cupboard in the passage, and thus been actually locked into the house with ourselves!

Imagining, it was supposed, that Arthur would not return, and knowing that we had a good deal of plate in the house, he had arranged to begin operations after all was quiet, and the first scream I had heard had been elicited from the unfortunate servants, at whose bedside he suddenly appeared.

The miscreant had struck down the cook while she attempted to escape, which, happily for herself, the other servant was too paralyzed to do. The monster had been the last dying one of the poor cook, whom the murderer had pursued and overtaken before she could gain my door, which, was, no doubt, the point to which she was flying for succor. Not a moment too soon had I gone. An accomplice had been admitted by the front door, which was found wide open, my bedroom door shattered, but nothing touched, my flight having, doubtless, scared them. The tracks of their pursuing footsteps were discernible easily, when the blessed light of Christmas Day shone. They had evidently gone in pursuit of me, but probably my safety was due greatly to the whiteness of my garments which must have rendered my flying figure almost invisible against the snowy ground. The police were soon in quest, and, ere many hours elapsed, the retreat of the assassins was discovered.

A desperate struggle ensued, and recognizing in the one man an escaped and notorious convict, and in the conflict feeling his own life was in danger, the constable fired on him, and the miserable corpse was conveyed to the Police Station, where our servant identified it as the murderer of the cook, and the assailant of herself. The wretched man had, with his companion and accomplice, escaped only two days before from prison, to which the latter was safely escorted back by a couple of policemen. The funeral of our poor servant took place a few days afterwards, and the Bungalow was finally deserted by us. The other servant recovered completely, and the policeman, who had been wounded by the convict rather severely, was reported convalescent before our departure.

I never saw the Bungalow again; and very joyfully did I enter the steamer which conveyed us back to dear old England.

Neither baby nor I suffered any bad effects from our midnight race through the Irish lanes; but when I think of its horrors, I lift up my heart in fervent gratitude to God, who preserved us when encompassed by perils so profound, and guided so graciously my faltering footsteps, as I fled through the snow on my first and last lonely Christmas Eve.—London Society.

A sorrowing friend, writing of the death of an estimable lady, said, "She has gone to her eternal rest." His dismay can only be faintly imagined when, upon a "proof" of his obituary notice being sent to him, he read, "She has gone to her eternal rest."

The intellect has only one failing, which, to be sure, is a very considerable one; it has no conscience. Napoleon is the readiest instance of this. If his heart had borne any proportion to his brain, he had been one of the greatest men in all history.

How Science Helps Tree Culture.

Up to the commencement of the present century science was little more than a plaything. It was customary to speak of the exact and the abstract sciences; but the abstract branches of knowledge, as they were then called, have come to be among the most useful to humanity. Botany, for instance, once regarded as little more than an accomplishment—the amiable science, as its devotees loved to term it—has proved one of the most useful to the practical man; and what were once supposed to be mere abstractions of philosophy, have been found of the utmost value in founding systems of practical tree culture.

In the nature of bark, for instance, we have learned so much from botany that we now hesitatingly adopt methods of treatment which we would not have done without this knowledge, and find an immense benefit therefrom. We used to regard a tree as having somewhat the nature and constitution of an animal; and as the skin is an important part of animal structure, we regarded the bark of trees as the equivalent of the skin. Botany has at length taught us that the outer bark of a tree is of no more use to it than a beard is to a man; and indeed we very often aid and encourage the development of the tree by assisting the tree in getting rid of it. In fact the tree spends a good portion of its early years in getting rid of its bark; and not until it has burst its cortical bands, as a general thing, does it bound forth into vigorous growth. Some trees, as the beech tree, never accomplish this feat; but they are provided with a structure which permits of a free growth of new cells annually every year, and thus expansion is provided for.

We all know how a tree looks when it has its rough bark. Fissures are up and down at regular distances; but these are not caused, as once was supposed, by the mere growth of the tree—for if they were they would all present nearly the same sort of fissures, whereas they each have their separate way of doing the thing; but the fissures are made by the development of what are known as cork cells in the bark, which by their growth in certain ways give the direction to the lines as we see them. We now know by the progress of this branch of botany that the little organisms we call cork cells have for their great object the aiding of the plant to make these fissures, which are finally to be the means by which the plant rids itself of its bark; and we have found, as a consequence of these observations, that if we also aid in this decorticating process, we advance the vigor and growth of the tree.

There is, therefore, no longer any dread of scraping bark or of using washes for the stems of trees, as there once was. The man who tells us we are in this way stopping up the breathing pores of plants is simply laughed at, and regarded as being worthy of nothing more than the title of "professor" in some college where original observations are not taught.

This is the season of the year when we can put these newly discovered lessons of science into useful practice. Insect eggs and the spores of destructive fungi abound on the bark of trees, oftentimes on the fresh young surface, and always under the loose scaly bark. A sort of paint made of lime, sulphur, and a little earth to give it a dark color, put over the stems of trees, will destroy all these injurious elements—helping to loosen the bark, so much desired by the pest, at the same time.—Forney's Press.

Skull Hunting in the South Sea Islands.

This practice of skull hunting is a most barbarous custom of the natives of these islands, who in many cases undoubtedly have been assisted by the white men, brought about in the following manner: A vessel arrives at one of the islands, and the king is informed by the master of the vessel that he is desirous of trading and bartering. The answer is that he has so much coconut oil, &c., which he is willing to part with for trade gear, providing he will allow some of his (the king's) warriors to take a passage in the vessel to such and such an island with whom they are at war. This is agreed on, and a number of these so-called warriors are embarked. On arriving at the island the unsuspecting natives, as usual, come alongside, when these so-called warriors suddenly attack and kill them, and cut off their heads, which are kept and placed on pegs in their taboo houses as trophies; the master of the vessel on his return secures the trade as before promised in exchange for tobacco, pipes, &c., as most fancied and wanted by the natives. It is but right to state that, although it has been reported by the missionaries on these islands that white men have assisted in these barbarous practices of skull hunting, yet no single case has been fully proved.

At one of the villages on the sea shore of a small island, a most sickly and restless sight presented itself. Across the door of the chief's house were nailed twenty-three or twenty-five human heads, taken about three weeks previously by the chief and his followers from some of his fellow islanders. The attack had been made from the rear, as was evident by the skulls; the flesh was still on the bones, the eyes protruding, jaws broken, and the stench frightful. The bodies of all these men had been eaten.—Sidney Herald.

The Traffic in Slaves in Egypt.

The correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph, who accompanies Sir Bartle Frere's expedition to take steps for the abolition of the slave trade in Africa, in a recent letter, sends the following notes of the traffic in slaves in Egypt.

Every class of society, from pashas and beys down to a petty shop-keeper, indulges in the luxury and vice which it affords. No one can pretend to respectability—a sort of social franchise—without this property qualification. No unmarried man can obtain lodgings in a respectable quarter of a town unless he has a wife or a female slave. Thus men who visit large centers of business, and who are compelled to live there among the people for some time, buy female slaves, whom they resell or otherwise dispose of when they leave for their homes. All this, taken together with the extent of the country and the population, warrants the conclusion that the absorption of slaves in Egypt is enormous. There are no open markets in Cairo, such as the mart at Zanzibar, for the sale of slaves; but I am informed by

How Science Helps Tree Culture.

native that private establishments for the purpose abound in the native town, where an Egyptian can buy slaves without any difficulty whatever. Such is also the case in every town in the interior, where the traffic is more open. There are two races of slaves sold in Egypt, the white and black. The former are imported from Turkey, are highly prized, and are bought only by the rich. They are generally made concubines. Of course young and good-looking girls fetch high prices, amounting in some cases to thousands of pounds. Before being sold, they are usually taught certain accomplishments valued by Turkish and Egyptian voluptuaries, such as singing, in some cases music, and invariably the gait and behavior of a high-class lady. As is the case with women in these countries, the charms of these girls fade at an age which in cold climates is considered young, and they have to make room in the harem for fresh victims.

An Air Battle.

The British House of Lords has again refused to sanction a bill legalizing marriage between a widower and his deceased wife's sister. The House of Commons has reported the bill sixty-three times, and the petitions for its passage have been signed by an almost incredible number of people. There were twenty thousand signers among the women of Birmingham alone. Now, we have no idea of discussing this question in any way, as it is not in issue anywhere in this country, we believe, but we mention it because its history serves to illustrate a curious tendency which is almost universal among men. In every year, the city of Birmingham is different from all other places in the character of its population, there are probably not more than a few hundred marriageable women there, who have widowed brothers-in-law. Not every one of these is enamored of the brother-in-law, and even if they were, it is hardly probable that the attachment is in all cases mutual; in other words, the number of women in Birmingham who have a bill, practical interest in the passage of the bill in question can hardly exceed a few scores at most, and yet twenty thousand dames and damsels in that city have become so anxious for the abstract privilege of marrying actual, probable, possible, or impossible brothers-in-law, as to have made themselves humble and earnest petitioners for the passage of the bill, after it had already been rejected by the Legislature sixty-two times! Why this matter should so strongly interest a woman who has no brother-in-law, or one who is already married, or one who, having no sister, can never, by any possibility, have a brother-in-law of the kind contemplated, and so cannot have even Mrs. Toodle's door-plate argument to justify her anxiety, we should be totally at a loss to determine, were it not for the fact that it is a characteristic of human nature everywhere to become most strongly interested in those things which cannot possibly concern it.—Heath and Home.

Japanese Reform.

There seems to be considerable danger that the Japanese Government may make the mistake of loving the spirit of reform in the wrong way. The new regulations, as usual, a long list of new laws and regulations, some of which, it is feared, will interfere so directly with the national and rational habits of the people, that considerable uneasiness has been excited in the minds of both foreigners and natives by their enactment. Pre-eminently among these is to be noted the order for the abolition of the soft mats with which all native houses are floored. To appreciate the disturbing nature of this command, it must be remembered that the mats serve the purposes of chairs, tables, and beds, and that if they be moved the people will have to choose between sitting, eating, and sleeping on the bare floor, and buying wooden furniture. In addition to which it will oblige house-builders to introduce a new system of measurement in lieu of the old-established custom of estimating the size of a room by the number of mats it would contain. The women, also, are as little likely to listen complacently to the command which bids them dispense with the services of professional hair-dressers. Further, the immediate advantage which would doubtless otherwise accrue by the exchange of the English for the native calendar will certainly be marred by the hasty way in which the innovation is to be enforced. The new year is the time at which it is customary for native merchants to pay off all outstanding claims, and it is possible that some who might have been well able to meet the demands of their creditors on the 9th of February (the Japanese New Year's Day), will, in difficulties when called upon to do the same on the 1st of January. The law prohibiting kite-flying in the streets of Yeddo and other large cities will, no doubt, be an unmixed good to all but the kite-makers, for whom, however, abundance of employment might be found in editing some of the numerous newspapers which are daily springing up like mushrooms all over the country, or in making hats to cover the naked crowns of the male portion of the population who have been robbed of their top-knots by imperial order.—Every Saturday.

Artificial Milk for Calves.

Successful experiments have been made in raising calves by means of a soup or milk prepared according to the recipe of Baron Liebig, which is as follows: Seven pounds of water and three and a half pints of milk are boiled with 10 ounces of wheat flour to an ordinary pap; three and a half more pints of milk are then added, with one ounce and a quarter of a potash solution consisting of two parts of bicarbonate of potash dissolved in 11 parts of water. The same quantity of bruised malt as of wheat flour is added to the hot pap, which is well stirred and allowed to settle for half an hour near the stove or other warm place, when it is boiled again and filtered through suitable gauze.

The calves are fed for about six weeks on pure milk, and gradually they are allowed less, some of the substitute being added. At last they are given seven quarts of artificial milk per day, and no pure milk. After three months, only one half of this quantity is given, half a pound of linseed cake being added in the fall some boiled potatoes are mixed in. The calves gain about two pounds in weight per day. A calf which was weaned on February 23 gained on an average 2-12 pounds per day. Should calves dislike to take the milk of the cow, the substitute is given immediately. No disadvantageous effects of feeding with this milk were observed. Diarrhoea did not occur at all. The milk was also applied to the raising of pigs, and was in their case useful in the cure of diarrhoea, which so often fatally attacks them.—Scientific American.

Drunkness a Disease.

DR. WILLARD PARKER, an old and prominent physician, in a recent address made the following statement concerning the effects of alcohol upon the human system: For many years I was connected with the care of inebriates and paid particular attention to the character of those in my charge, and I have arrived at the conclusion that drunkness is a disease. A man so affected cannot control his appetite, and must have drink regularly, and will have it at all hazards. A healthy man can refrain from drinking, but a diseased man cannot; and these men so addicted readily admit that. Men suffering from the disease have been cured and they will with tears in their eyes promise to abstain, yet on passing a liquor store they cannot help themselves, and will go in and have their whiskey. Now the question arises: What can be done? How shall we go to work? Society has been all the time trying to show what the use of alcohol makes us do, and many will reply it makes them feel good, and some will say it makes them crazy, drives them to desperation and to fight. Now let us drop that mode, and ask what does alcohol do to me, and not what it makes me do. There is the real starting point. We have to teach the people what alcohol does to them, and how it acts on them. It is as poisonous as arsenic or belladonna, and produces its deadly effect on those who use it; but then it is used in an adulterated state. Whisky is a poison, but some believe and have the idea if we can get pure spirits that it is all right, but that is a mistake. Alcohol is poison, and the purer it is the more deadly is it in its effect, and if I were going to partake of it I would prefer that which is adulterated. With regard to ales and beer, it is believed that they are harmless, but with the presence of alcohol there is always danger. Those who partake of it become drowsy, and those who drink wines become stupid. In lager beer there is 3 or 4 per cent of alcohol, in ale 7 or 8 per cent; wine contains 23, gin 51 per cent, and brandy 53 per cent of alcohol. Even in cider there is 2 or 3 per cent of the poison present.

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A Book is a Letter to the Unknown.

A book is a letter to the unknown friends one has in the world.

Balloon Ascensions.

The balloon ascensions from the Avenue Suffren, in Paris, were the first that had ever been placed within the reach of ordinary purses and ordinary courage. The cost of ascension was twenty francs, and although this sum entitled one to no more than a five minutes voyage, yet the car rarely went up without its full complement of a score or two dozen passengers. It is true there were no dangers here. The balloon, an immense brown silk globe of twenty-one metres diameter, was held in by a cable of three hundred metres (1,200 feet) length and weighing nine hundred kilograms (1,800 lbs. English). This cable was wound around a windlass turned by a powerful steam machine of 50-horse power which prevented it from unrolling itself too abruptly; nevertheless the ascensions were extremely rapid; the balloon, filled with hydrogen pure instead of common gas, did not take a minute to run out the whole length of its tether, and had it been allowed to go free it would have shot up and been out of sight in less time than it takes to count a hundred.

The sensation experienced in rising is of a very exuberant kind. There is something almost intoxicating in that prodigious flight into the cold pure air, some nine hundred feet above the highest trees and monuments; one's pulse beats faster by twenty to thirty throbs a minute, and it is with real regret that one feels the balloon come to a standstill; four out of every five people who ascend find themselves wishing that the cable would break, and this, be it observed, is a purely physical sensation, quite independent of the enthusiasm caused by the magnificent panorama beneath one. For this reason we should not recommend balloon riding to every one; with women of nervous organization the excitement might very well produce hysterics, and men of weak temperament have been known to be seized with that strange impulse which prompts one, upon the border of a precipice, to throw one's self down. If this impulse is not irresistible, it is yet sufficiently strong to trouble one's mind in a very high degree. A German chemist of great learning, and of well-tried personal courage, who had ventured upon a scientific ascension from Brussels, a few years ago, lost his head completely when he got out of sight of land, and screamed hideously for a whole minute; his companions contrived to tranquilize him; but the shock had been very severe, and we have little doubt that from that day he has fought shy of balloons.—Cornhill Magazine.

Drunkness a Disease.

DR. WILLARD PARKER, an old and prominent physician, in a recent address made the following statement concerning the effects of alcohol upon the human system: For many years I was connected with the care of inebriates and paid particular attention to the character of those in my charge, and I have arrived at the conclusion that drunkness is a disease. A man so affected cannot control his appetite, and must have drink regularly, and will have it at all hazards. A healthy man can refrain from drinking, but a diseased man cannot; and these men so addicted readily admit that. Men suffering from the disease have been cured and they will with tears in their eyes promise to abstain, yet on passing a liquor store they cannot help themselves, and will go in and have their whiskey. Now the question arises: What can be done? How shall we go to work? Society has been all the time trying to show what the use of alcohol makes us do, and many will reply it makes them feel good, and some will say it makes them crazy, drives them to desperation and to fight. Now let us drop that mode, and ask what does alcohol do to me, and not what it makes me do. There is the real starting point. We have to teach the people what alcohol does to them, and how it acts on them. It is as poisonous as arsenic or belladonna, and produces its deadly effect on those who use it; but then it is used in an adulterated state. Whisky is a poison, but some believe and have the idea if we can get pure spirits that it is all right, but that is a mistake. Alcohol is poison, and the purer it is the more deadly is it in its effect, and if I were going to partake of it I would prefer that which is adulterated. With regard to ales and beer, it is believed that they are harmless, but with the presence of alcohol there is always danger. Those who partake of it become drowsy, and those who drink wines become stupid. In lager beer there is 3 or 4 per cent of alcohol, in ale 7 or 8 per cent; wine contains 23, gin 51 per cent, and brandy 53 per cent of alcohol. Even in cider there is 2 or 3 per cent of the poison present.

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Artificial Milk for Calves.

Successful experiments have been made in raising calves by means of a soup or milk prepared according to the recipe of Baron Liebig, which is as follows: Seven pounds of water and three and a half pints of milk are boiled with 10 ounces of wheat flour to an ordinary pap; three and a half more pints of milk are then added, with one ounce and a quarter of a potash solution consisting of two parts of bicarbonate of potash dissolved in 11 parts of water. The same quantity of bruised malt as of wheat flour is added to the hot pap, which is well stirred and allowed to settle for half an hour near the stove or other warm place, when it is boiled again and filtered through suitable gauze.

The calves are fed for about six weeks on pure milk, and gradually they are allowed less, some of the substitute being added. At last they are given seven quarts of artificial milk per day, and no pure milk. After three months, only one half of this quantity is given, half a pound of linseed cake being added in the fall some boiled potatoes are mixed in. The calves gain about two pounds in weight per day. A calf which was weaned on February 23 gained on an average 2-12 pounds per day. Should calves dislike to take the milk of the cow, the substitute is given immediately. No disadvantageous effects of feeding with this milk were observed. Diarrhoea did not occur at all. The milk was also applied to the raising of pigs, and was in their case useful in the cure of diarrhoea, which so often fatally attacks them.—Scientific American.

A Book is a Letter to the Unknown.