Among the architectural donations to New Orleans made during his lifetime by the good old Spaniard of the last century, Don Andres Almonaster y Roxas, was the chapel of the Ursulines. An inscription in Spanish in the facade of the building says that it was erected in 1787, Charles III. being King of Spain, and Don Estevan Miro Governor of Louisiana, by Don Andres y Roxas. Together with the old Ursuline Convent, it survived the great conflagrations of 1788 and that of a few years later, by which the New Orleans of that period was "wiped off the map."

An old man of seventy-five and his wife of seventy, in an English home for the aged, have petitioned the authorities to let them have a tandem bicycle.

The best memory is the one that knows how to forget judiciously.

No man likes to hear his wife talk of what she will do after he is dead.

THE FIELD OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

A Fierce Battle With Ruthless Chinese Pirates—A Tale of Disaster at Sea—A Cowboy's Nerve.

IN the year 1860, writes W. L. Merton, in the New York Ledger, piracy had become a crime of so frequent occurrence on the east coast of China that, upon the supplication of a body of ship owners in Hong Kong, the British Admiral upon that station resolved to take strenuous measures for its suppression. A strong, teak-built bark, the "Rajah," was lying in port, waiting for a charter; she had been an East Indiaman, and though anything but a fast sailer, was a sturdy old vessel that would stand any amount of battering from the Chinese trading junks of those days. The Admiral saw the captain and consignees of this ship and made arrangements with them that she should ostensibly be placed on the berth for Shanghai, receive a fictitious cargo of apparently great value, be secretly armed and equipped, and sent out to be preyed upon by the pirates.

A large quantity of rice was first sent on board; then many long, heavy cases, supposed to contain machinery, but really Armstrong guns and Minie rifles; flour barrels half filled with powder, and lastly, under a strong guard, fifty treasure boxes, duly marked as specie from a well-known bank; the dollars, however, were spherical shot and shell. The blue-peter was hoisted, the vessel duly cleared and towed through the Ly-ee-moon passage by a small steamer, one rather foggy afternoon. The last and most necessary thing now remained to be accomplished, viz., the shipment of a crew of "blue-jackets," and that, of course, had to be performed under cover of darkness, and when the "Rajah" was fairly out of harbor.

I was one of the few in the secret of the expedition, and after much persuasion the captain of the bark permitted me to accompany him. Two days prior to our departure several heavily armed tai-mungs (trading junks), of most suspicious appearance, left port, and we had but little doubt these would prove our adversaries. We anchored at a given spot near the entrance to the Ly-ee-moon, and, obscured from sight by the fog, two boats, with muffled oars, containing forty men-of-war's men and two officers, came off to us, and, silently as possible, we proceeded to the work of mounting the guns, and getting everything ready to give a warm reception to our foes. Before morning broke all this was accomplished; we weighed anchor, and stood out to sea.

The morning breeze lifted the mist which had enveloped us, and as we sailed in, on the port tack, towards Mirs Bay, we descried a fleet of five large junks dodging about under easy sail, and evidently edging towards us. We let a few ropes hang slack, and four men laboriously hoisted a fore-topmast studding sail, to give us an appearance of being a short-handed and slovenly ship; then hauled it down again as it would not stand, and sailed along most unsuspectingly. Presently the five junks managed to hem us in a circle, and a heavy shot hurling through our mainsail bespoke the real character of our erstwhile consorts. We immediately tacked ship and pretended to flee, but before we were well out of stays—for the "Rajah" was slow on her heel—the junks ranged right alongside, and, after delivering a heavy volley, commenced to board us. Then our ports flew open, a crushing broadside was poured into the vessels of our assailants, and the fight began in earnest. Up went the St. George's ensign to the peak, and a ringing British cheer drowned the cries and imprecations of our enemies, as a terrific hand-to-hand fight ensued. The tars were in their element, and how they did fight! Steady and sure was every blow struck, and every death-dealing gun fired. Our decks were bestrewn with the corpses of our foes; three junks went down beneath the ruddied waves, bearing the living and the dead; but still the battle was not ended. The other two tried to steal off in different directions, but we followed up the one and sank her with our heavy metal; the other would have outsailed us, but her main-mast had been shot away, and we ranged up to her. We called on her to surrender, but she turned like a tiger at bay, snarling her rage and hatred till she too succumbed to Neptune.

Lieutenant Mainwaring, our commander, was a brave, kind-hearted sailor; he had the boats lowered and sent to pick up many of our foes who were swimming around. They would not accept the proffered succor, but chose a present watery grave to a gibbet that loomed in the future. It was dogged courage they displayed, and I could have pitied any but such ruthless fiends as they.

The fight was over, our mission fulfilled, and now all that remained was to muster our crew, clear up decks and sail back to port. Six of the "blue-jackets" and two of the "Rajah's" crew were killed, while over a dozen of the rest, including the second lieutenant, were more or less wounded. The loss on the pirates' side must have been fearful, as each boat contained over a hundred men. We received quite an ovation on our return to Hong Kong, and Chinese pirates, for some years after, had a good, wholesome dread of molesting foreign merchant vessels.

Thrilling Rescue of a Crew.

When the British tank steamer Snow Flake, from Penarth, arrived at Philadelphia recently, a thrilling tale of disaster, suffering and rescue of a crew of twenty-one men from an abandoned ship was unfolded. The rescued men composed the crew of the Norwegian ship Senta.

It was on March 16 last that the Senta set out from St. John, New Brunswick, for Newport, England. From the time of leaving she encountered westerly gales and was tossed violently for nearly two weeks.

The crucial test came early on the morning of April 1, when a tornado was encountered. The water was rapidly flowing into the hold and Captain Haavig ordered all hands to man the pumps. The crew worked desperately, but in vain.

Almost like a flash the entire deck-load of deals was swept overboard. The main and mizzen masts went next and the rigging was torn into shreds. The life-boats were smashed and carried away, and the rudder was broken into a thousand bits, leaving the vessel utterly helpless.

All hope was abandoned and the ship was rapidly breaking up when her distress signals were sighted by the Snow Flake, whose captain ordered the life-boats lowered and a heavy line was thrown and made fast to the wrecked vessel. This acted as a bridge and prevented the life-boat from running too close to the Senta.

Hand over hand the men slid along the rope, and as fast as the life-boat became filled she was rowed back to the Snow Flake and then returned for another load. Mate Cook, of the Snow Flake, and four sailors manned the life-boat, and to their efforts is ascribed the saving of the Senta's crew.

The crew will be provided with temporary quarters in this city. The Senta was built in 1868 and was of 2008 tons register. She was abandoned April 2, in latitude 48.20, longitude 29.20.

Narrow Escape of a Cowboy.

Presence of mind and cool nerve are what H. Fersten, a cowboy, possesses to a marked degree. To these he owes his life, which seems to have hung on a slender thread one day last week, writes a Butte (Mont.) correspondent of the Philadelphia Times. He left Billings early one cold morning, riding a horse and leading three bronchos. He crossed the river to go to the Crow reservation, where there is no settlement, when his horse slipped and fell. This caused the lead horses to jerk back, throwing him from the saddle and entangling his legs in the rope. The frightened horses then ran, dragging Fersten, who realized at once his awful danger and lay on his back.

It was necessary to act quickly. So with rare presence of mind and consummate coolness he reached for his knife, opened it with his teeth, but in slashing at the rope had it knocked from his hand. He then reached around to his hip and drew his revolver. Suffering severely from contact with the hard, frozen ground, he managed to fire, but he did not hit the nearest horse fatally. Then he fired again, this time bringing down the horse, to which he clung in such a manner as to relieve him from further bruises and the strain of the rope, which had already broken a small bone in his leg. The horses soon stopped, when he was able to extricate himself from the danger of his situation. He immediately mounted a horse and returned to Billings for medical aid. This instance deserves to be put down as one in which rare presence of mind and nerve were displayed under the most trying circumstances. But the hardy cowboy only smiled and seemed to regard it more of a joke than anything else. He blamed himself for being caught off his guard and in such a position as to be dragged by wild horses.

Dominoes in a Lion's Cage.

A game of dominoes in a lion's cage was the novelty recently offered to the bewildered gaze of the visitors to a menagerie. The players were the "tamer" and a worthy citizen who, on the strength of a bet, had entered the habitation of the king of beasts. Seated quietly at a table which had been brought in for the purpose, the pair got on very well for a time, the lion watching their movements, apparently with intelligent attention. He seemed, however, to arrive at the conclusion that the game was a poor business, after all, for instead of allowing the two men to finish it in peace, he suddenly made a dash at the table and sent it spinning with the dominoes in wild confusion into the air, much to the horror of the onlookers, who feared that a shocking catastrophe was impending.

The amateur, however, was not slow in taking the hint. On the contrary, he lost not a moment in bolting out of the cage, and the relief was general when he succeeded in putting the bars between himself and the demolisher of the table. The lion appears to be a very magnanimous creature, for during the next performance he allowed a friend of the fugitive domino player to pay him a visit, and actually condescended to accept from him a piece of meat presented as a propitiatory offering. As, after doing justice to the morsel, he began to regard the intruder with wistful eyes, and by other signs and tokens to manifest an inclination to make a closer acquaintance with him, the tamer promptly intervened and another strategic movement to the rear was executed, fortunately with success.—Paris Letter in Chicago Chronicle.

Narrow Escapes.

Adam Vandever, one of the original settlers of Tallulah, Georgia, was a famous hunter and trapper. The historian of Georgia relates several of Mr. Vandever's hairbreadth escapes, from which we select the following:

At one time Mr. Vandever was encamped on a lofty mountain in Union County. To make an observation of his surroundings he climbed an immense boulder which stood on the brow of a precipice. Just then he heard the howl of a wolf in the woods below. He stepped to the far side of the boulder, hoping to get a glimpse of the enemy. As he moved, the great rock, which chanced to be delicately balanced, began to roll and an instant later it was plunging over the precipice.

Fortunately an oak tree drooped over the boulder, and in that moment of peril the woodsman gave an upward leap and grasped one of the branches and hung suspended in midair while the great stone went crashing down the mountain side.

"I felt my hair turn white," said the old gentleman afterward, "when I realized how near I'd come to going along with that rocking stone. The limb I hung to wa'n't over stout, and when I swung back from over the cliff and dropped to the ground I felt as weak as a baby."

It is said that enterprising New England hunters who live near the boundary line of Maine and New Hampshire are taking advantage of the bounty laws of each State and getting double pay for each bear killed. New Hampshire pays so much for each pair of ears, while Maine keeps tally by the nose.

AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

PEACHES IN THE GARDEN.

Concerning growing peaches in the garden, American Gardening says: "The possibilities of well-cared-for trees in the home garden are scarcely to be imagined. If one build a small chicken yard about a newly set tree he may have the tree in bearing next year, and with a head equal to that of the ordinary tree set twice as long. The chance seeding, in rich and favorable situations, may give two bushels of choice fruit at four years from seed, without a particle of culture."

FEEDING SITTING HENS.

Sitting hens never get fat. In fact, with some of the persistent sitters of the Asiatic breeds, the semi-starvation to which they expose themselves is, perhaps, better for their future as egg producers than high feeding would be. Still it is not best to let this starvation go too far. The hen will not eat nor drink much, but if food and drink are offered early in the morning, some of both will be taken. We never feed a sitting hen anything but wheat, and do not give very much of that. It is more important that the hen drink freely than that she eat much. She will sometimes drink if milk is offered to her at night. With wheat in the morning and milk at night, the hen will lose fat, but will be healthier and ready to go to laying again by the time her clutch of chickens is grown large enough to care for themselves.—Boston Cultivator.

KEEPING UP FERTILITY.

One of the surest marks of a good gardener is that he is always on the lookout to have on hand an ample supply of fertilizing matter for the soil. How reasonable that is, and yet strange to say one meets with persons who, judging only by their acts, seem to think that plants do not need food. They need it quite as much as do animals; both grow from that on which they feed. It is true all cultivated soil contains some plant food in the shape of vegetable humus, deposited there in one way or another in the past. But the good gardener looks upon present fertility as a sort of revenue, and sees to it that enough manure is applied to the soil each year to meet the needs of the current crops.

It would be a lesson to some amateur gardeners to visit the successful market gardens of our large cities and see how, year after year, thick coats of manure, thirty or forty tons to the acre, are applied.—The Silver Knight.

SEED POTATOES.

The tests of the Ohio Experiment station indicate that home grown seed potatoes will give as good crops as any northern grown seed of the same varieties, provided the seed potatoes are well kept, but the yield is materially lessened and the ripening retarded if the seed potatoes are allowed to sprout and the sprouts are broken off, as usually happens when the potatoes are kept in a dark cellar.

Many potato growers keep their potatoes successfully, especially in the northern part of the State, by burying the potatoes in pits, covering to a shallow depth at first and adding layers of straw and earth as the weather becomes colder.

The ideal method of keeping seed potatoes is in cold storage. Potatoes thus kept at the Ohio station have come out sound and fresh, with no indication of sprouting and the vitality unimpaired, even so late as the first of June. It is important, however, that the temperature of the cold storage room should not fall below thirty-five degrees, nor should it rise much above forty degrees.

When cold storage is not available, sprouting may be in some measure prevented by shoveling the potatoes over frequently.

While the sprouting of potatoes under ordinary conditions is very objectionable, they may be so sprouted as to materially advance their earliness. This is done by placing them, stem end down, in single layers in shallow trays on the floor, in a light and moderately warm room. Thus placed they will send out short, stubby, green sprouts which will remain in that condition for weeks. Such potatoes, planted without breaking the sprouts, will grow immediately and produce an early crop.

In Terror From Muskrats.

Residents of Waltham are in terror of their lives because of the prevalence of muskrats of a huge size about the streets. These rats are supposed to come from a number of old drains about the city, in which they breed, and sally out at night to attack peaceful pedestrians.

Early one morning Conductor W. F. Phelps, of the Fitchburg Railroad, was coming down the railroad track and was attacked by a large rat, which tried to fasten its teeth in the conductor's leg. The latter drew his revolver and fired two shots into the rat before it was killed.

A few nights ago Dr. Fred M. Stiles had a death struggle with a rat which lay in wait for him in front of his house on Moody street. Dr. Stiles picked up a barrel stave in self-defence and hit the rat with it as the latter rushed at him, but it broke short off in his hand, and the animal sprang at him again and again, until it was finally stunned by a lucky blow. It was as large as a grown cat and had teeth two inches long.

But the nerviest attack was made upon Patrolman Gammon. A rat jumped on him and climbed up his legs, biting him all the while. The policeman drew his club and after a hard struggle succeeded in beating off the animal.—Boston Herald.

Wales on Boots.

The Prince of Wales has a great aversion to brown leather boots. In his estimate they are the height of vulgarity. His Royal Highness, moreover, is a great believer in patent leather boots, "for they are," he says, "quiet, unostentatious and gentlemanly." He is never so happy, however, as when he can abandon these evidences of town life and don, for the nonce, the ordinary black shooting boots.

Choosing a Puppy.

In order to make choice of a puppy from among a number of others it is best to leave the choice to the mother herself. In carrying them back to their bed the first the mother picks up will always be the best.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

TO STONE RAISINS.

Place the raisins in a basin and cover them completely with boiling water. Allow them to remain immersed for ten minutes until quite soft, then drain off the water and pinch out the seeds. The raisins can thus be stoned without the least inconvenience in less than half the time usually demanded, and without any waste of fruit.

A QUICK METHOD OF CLEANING KNIVES.

After the knives have been washed and wiped, moisten a little ordinary knife powder with water; then take a clean cork, dip it in the mixture and rub each blade quickly up and down on both sides several times. Every stain will disappear and the blades will be brighter than if rubbed on the board in the usual way. They will want another rinse in water, and a final polish with a cloth. If the knives do not seem quite sharp enough by this plan, a weekly rub on the steel will do all that is required.

DIET FOR NERVOUS PERSONS.

Mrs. Rorer, in a diet suggested for nervous persons, does not veto coffee altogether. Once a day, at breakfast, without sugar, it appears in the list. White bread dried out in the oven, and lean roast beef, steak, or broiled chops three times a day are permitted. Fruit she advises to be used sparingly, and never in the latter part of the day. The surprises in the list are that coffee should be allowed at all, that meat should be provided in abundance, and fruit sparingly. Finally, plenty of green salad, with all the salad oil, in a French dressing made with lemon, that can be taken. Fat around the nerves, she says, smooths them out very quickly.—New York Post.

THE PORTAL TRELLIS.

The beautiful spider web tracery effected in rope work is one of the artistic devices for "bringing down the ceiling," i. e., shortening the apparent height of a doorway where sliding door and portieres are in use. Sometimes the upper space is occupied with strips of ornamental open woodwork. Both these decorative schemes involve dusting. The wood lattice work can be freed of dust by patient use of the bellows or a soft end of cloth used in the crannies. This is a dangerous performance, because it must be done on the step ladder. If the rope work has been gilded or silvered it should not be dusted except with a feather duster, because handling will make the metallic sheath crack off in flakes.

CLEANING FURNITURE.

One reason why people fail in cleaning furniture coverings is that they are too economical in the use of naphtha. It must be literally poured on to be effective. Standing in the breeze, it will evaporate very quickly, and will destroy every vestige of moths. If the articles are to be left in the house, they may be wrapped in sheets tightly pinned around them. This keeps a certain amount of the odor in the furniture for a long time, and renders it doubly safe.

It cannot be too strongly emphasized that no light of any kind must be taken into the rooms while the naphtha-cleaned articles recently finished are there. The inflammable nature of naphtha vapor makes it exceedingly dangerous when brought near a flame.

Cushions, carpets and wool draperies may safely be cleaned in this way, and all that is necessary is to throw all draperies over a line in the yard, open the windows, remove the wrapping from the furniture, and let the breeze have a full sweep through the rooms for a day or two. Then there will be no offensive smell, and the furniture may be used with perfect safety so far as danger from fire is concerned.—Carpet Trade Review.

RECIPIES.

Maple Sirup—When made from the sugar it should be melted in small quantities, as it soon loses in flavor, and if melted with half its weight of granulated sugar it is more delicate as well as cheaper.

Whole-Wheat Cakes—Three-fourths of a pint of the whole wheat flour, one-fourth of a pint of cornmeal, half a cake of yeast; mix into a thickish batter at night; when ready to bake add half a teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of soda, dissolved in enough water to make the batter a little thinner than for cakes made of white flour.

Codfish Hash—For one pint of cold boiled potatoes, chopped fine, take one large cupful of freshened and boiled codfish, picked into tiny pieces. Mix them together and put them into a saucepan with three tablespoonfuls of cream and a dash of paprika. When heated through the dish is ready to serve, and make an excellent breakfast dish.

Sardines with Parmesan—Open a can of the best sardines, and place them carefully on paper, to remove as much oil as possible. Cut stale bread in narrow slices to fit the sardines, place a sardine on each slice, and place in the oven until the bread is a nice brown and the sardines heated thoroughly. Sprinkle over them a little grated Parmesan cheese and serve.

Gordon Cornbread—Scald one cupful of cornmeal with enough boiling water to make a rather thin mush, add to it one tablespoonful of butter and a scant teaspoonful of salt. Let cool until lukewarm, add the beaten yolks of four eggs, then the stiffly beaten whites. Pour at once into a well-buttered iron pan and bake in a hot oven for about twenty-five minutes. Serve hot or cold.

Savory Liver—One and a half pounds of calf's liver, stewed the day before in one pint of water for thirty minutes. Chop the liver into half-inch bits, also a tablespoonful of breakfast bacon; brown the bacon and add to the liver. To the fat put one level tablespoonful of flour, simmer smooth, then add the liquor left from the stew, a saltspoonful of pepper, half a teaspoonful of salt and one tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce; turn into this gravy the liver, with a third as much (in bulk) boiled and chopped potatoes as liver; stir till the whole is moistened, then cover closely; heat thoroughly and serve.

AN ATHLETIC TRAINER.

Max Beutner, Who Is Connected with the University of Chicago.

In carrying out the new ideas of athletic training at the University of Chicago Trainer Max Beutner will play an important part. His great success with the football team last fall made the students anxious to retain him for the training of the track and baseball teams. The contract was speedily closed, and for the next six months the fortunes of the candidates will in a large measure depend on "Max," as the students are fond of calling him. The

MAX BEUTNER.

trainer himself says that Chicago will have a winning team, and he is not in the habit of making exaggerated claims. He has already succeeded in inspiring an enthusiasm among the students that has hitherto been an unknown quantity at the University of Chicago.

Beutner's first claim to fame was made at the Manhattan Athletic Club of New York in 1887. He was then under the tutelage of "Jim" Robinson.

Stephen Crane, in describing the wreck of the Commodore, says: "In the mournful twilight the lights of Jacksonville blinked dimly. We were all enveloped in a gentle satisfaction." How poetical! A more prosaic writer probably would have dismissed the subject with the simple statement: "We were about half shot."

The annual "cattle crop" of New South Wales is about 400,000.

It is estimated that 75 per cent of the silks worn by American women are of American manufacture.

China was the first country to manufacture harmoniums.

It is hard to please people who never know what they want.

V.N.U.....22-97