…d crush every effort on the
…ane theory. The majority
…ation are property-holders,
…hose who will defend the
…outnumber those who will as-
Communism can hope for tri-
…only in a nation where an aris-
…cracy holds the lands, and where,
hence, the people feel outraged by un-
just taxation and unjust poverty. It is
probable, but not certain, that our na-
tion will be easily equal to what seems
a coming crisis, for if there be a State
in the world that is unable to deal with
criminals of any and all grades, that
State would seem to be our Western Re-
public. But the people have all along
known that justice is, and has had its
secret thought about defaulters,
and rings, and robbers, and murderers,
and hence, in some future day of a com-
mune mob, it may perceive its duty even
when the State is without an army and
…intent only upon office and its emolu-
…ent. The people are better than the
…ate.
While indeed the only brotherhood of
…e land is that of industry, many new
…s should be employed for carrying
…old and young, over from idleness
…k, and from railroad building and
…arrying to agriculture and manu-
…re. All public schools should
doubtless be schools of industry as well
as schools of reading and writing, that
the young men rushing out of those
doors upon the world should not only
know how to parse a verse of John Mil-
ton, but how to raise corn and wheat.
Our schools as constituted are furnish-
ing an excess of clergymen, and lawyers,
and doctors and clerks, and are thus
fitting the youth for only town life and
city life, and are making idleness and
poverty a part of the result of education.
What we need is a public instruction
which shall bring universal contentment
and honor by bringing universal
industry.—*Prof. Swing, in the Alliance.*

A Bloody Tragedy of Fifty Years Ago.

The Joplin (Mo.) *Herald* says: Capt. J. C. Wilmar, of Colorado, arrived in Joplin on Monday, on a visit to his daughter, Mrs. John Parton. Capt. Wilmar is a fine specimen of the western frontiersman, and has perhaps seen as much wild life in the west as Kit Carson, Daniel Boone, David Crockett or old Greenwood. Although in his seventy-fifth year, he is as straight as an arrow, an eye which has not been dimmed by years, and, except an occasional twinge of the rheumatism, is in as good health as when he first tore himself from society fifty years ago and began the life of a hunter, trapper and Indian fighter. At that time he lived in Kentucky, where his wife died, leaving a girl baby, which the father placed in the hands of a near relative to raise and care for. That was over half a century ago, and the child is now Mrs. Parton, the daughter whom the Captain is now visiting.

When he first left home he and three companions came down the Ohio River to its mouth in a canoe, thence up the Mississippi River to St. Louis, which was then but a village.

They had heard much of the wealth of New Mexico, which was then under the rule of Spain, and concluded that they would visit Santa Fe. They purchased horses in St. Louis and other necessaries and started on their long trip, going as near on a bee line as possible. Only a few miles west of St. Louis and they were out of the settlements and traveling over the trackless and almost unexplored plains, which today are the most fertile spots of Missouri. In course of time they came to a fine stream of clear running water which they followed down until they came to where it plunged over a ledge of rocks, making a most beautiful and picturesque waterfall. Although the stream bore no name at the time Capt. Wilmar is confident that it was Shoal Creek and the falls were what are known as Grand Falls, situated about five miles south of Joplin. Here the little company halted, intending to rest a few days before proceeding on their journey, as fish and game were plenty and no signs of hostile Indians. One day the Captain and another member of the company named Harmon shouldered their muskets and went on foot in search of game, leaving their companions to take charge of the camp. They were gone nearly all day, and toward evening started on their return to the camp well loaded with game. When they arrived here a sight met their gaze that nearly froze the blood in their veins. Both of their companions lay dead—one covered with knife wounds and the other with a bullet-hole through his forehead. Not a thing about the camp had been disturbed. The horses were still standing where they had been tethered, which shows that the assassin, whoever he was, did not intend robbery, but was bent upon revenge for some cause which was unknown to the two survivors. They buried their dead comrades near where they fell, and that evening left camp and traveled all night in a westerly direction before they rested. It was full 20 years afterward before the mystery was explained, and then by chance.

During the Mexican war Capt. Wilmar took an active part on the side of his country and organized a company of Texan rangers. Among his men was a middle-aged man, very quiet in his demeanor, but bold as a lion. In a skirmish with the enemy this man was mortally wounded, and when he saw he must die, called his captain to him and asked if knew who he was. His officer said he knew nothing about him only what he had learned since they had been together. He then told the captain his true name and that of his father. Capt. Wilmar remembered his father well, who had been lynched in Kentucky for committing an unprovoked murder and which, at the time, created a great sensation.

The dying man said he had killed the captain's two companions, and he did it because he knew they had been engaged in lynching his father, and that he had followed them from Kentucky to what is undoubtedly now known as the Grand Falls of Shoal Creek before he had an opportunity to carry his design into execution. He had dogged their steps from St. Louis across almost the entire State before he could catch them alone. When the opportunity arrived he crawled upon them, within ten feet, and shot one of the men dead, and before the other could recover from his surprise he sprang upon him, and with his long, keen hunting-knife soon ended his life. He then mounted his horse and left the spot, going back to his native State, but soon emigrated to Texas. There can be no doubt as to the truth of the narration, and the captain is certain that Shoal Creek falls is the spot where the bloody scene was enacted.

M. DARBY DE THIERSANT, a French Charge d'Affaires, who has been instrumental in introducing a number of Chinese plants and animals into his native country, is now making arrangements for importation in quantities of the setz, one of the most valuable fish in Chinese waters. The fish belongs to the carp family, and when fed on sea plants in ponds attains with great rapidity the weight of about forty pounds. During …past three years experiments made …n the Jardin d'Acclimatation …to be well adapted to a …ate, and, as it increases …ed that within a few …troduced extensively

…he greatest … a year)

Earl Russell.

One of the most influential and individual of English statesmen in the present century closed his life at the age of nearly 86 years, on the 28th ult. Earl Russell was the most distinguished and useful of his family, which is an ancient and honored one; he was third son of the sixth Duke of Bedford, and entered Parliament as soon as he came of age, where he became at once prominent, and continued so for over half a century. Fifty years ago he was the leader of the Whig party in the reform movements of the age—the repeal of the test and corporation acts, Roman Catholic emancipation, and the Reform bill which was the foundation of all the modern progress of England. He was at 42 the principal Liberal in England, and held various posts of official responsibility when his party was in power, and was the recognized head of the opposition when it was out, being Premier during the Chartist troubles of 1848-9. He was a member of Aberdeen's Cabinet during the Crimean war, and experienced one of his failures as a special peace ambassador at its close. In the second Palmerston Ministry he held the post of Foreign Secretary from 1859 to 1865, and then became a second time First Lord of the Treasury and Premier. He was made Earl Russell in 1861. Since 1866 he has held no official station, but has been until lately an active member of the House of Lords. Earl Russell has been also prominent in literature, writing the lives of his ancestors, Lord William and Lady Rachel Russell, and of his intimate friend Tom Moore; editing the correspondence of another ancestor, the Duke of Bedford whom "Junius" so scathed; writing the life and editing the letters of Charles James Fox; guilty of some poor poetry in his youth, and finally in 1875 publishing an interesting book of "Recollections" about himself and his times. He was a man of small stature, restless temper, constant ambition and versatile ability; a friend of Sydney Smith, one of the Edinburg reviewers, and a favorite subject of *Punch's* caricature and of more serious assault; and altogether a factor of such importance in the affairs of the world that no history of the century could be written without the frequent use of his name.

The Marriage of a Woman to a Woman.

Maraney Hughes was married in September last to a person who was known as Samuel M. Pollard. Her relatives opposed the match, and she eloped and was married without their knowledge, and a short time after their marriage Pollard confessed to her that she was a woman; that she had trouble with her relatives in the East; had lost her property, and assumed the disguise of a man for the reason that avenues for making money would be open to her in that character which would be closed to her as a woman. Pollard has never given her any particular reason for doing her this great wrong, but is believed to have been actuated by a foolish pride in appearing in the character of a married man. The victim was ashamed to acknowledge that she had been so imposed upon, and shrunk from admitting the truth. Pollard, without actually threatening her life, repeatedly intimated that it would be bad for her if she exposed her, and so she kept silence until a fortnight ago, when her aunt got an intimation of the fact, and questioned her closely, and she related to her the whole story. The victim says that the woman's real name is Sarah M. Pollard, and that her trunk is filled with feminine apparel. A complaint was filed yesterday by J. C. Howerton, accusing Pollard of perjury in swearing when he took out the marriage license that he was a male.—*Tuscarora (Nevada) Times-Review.*

Mothers as Doctors.

Practical mothers learn much by their experience with the little bodies entrusted to their care. Some of the most common sense facts in the physical culture of these little ones known to the more experienced mothers may not come amiss to those who have had but little care of children. The foundation must be well laid to insure healthy and happy children. The child must be well fed, well aired, well fed and well bathed. By a thorough understanding and practice of these four simple rules, much of the physical, mental and moral suffering in life would be avoided by parent as well as child. If a healthy child (and a delicate one proportionately) is regularly put to bed about dark, in a quiet, well ventilated, or even cold, room, after a supper of plain food, it will naturally awake at daybreak, good natured, with a keen appetite for a wholesome breakfast. Nutritious, plain food, at regular hours, with no candy or stimulants, and free bathing, help the system to ward off many prevalent children's ailments, and to bear with much less danger the few that must necessarily come to the majority of little ones. The child that is just given a little confectionery, or any unsuitable food, and then rocked to sleep, should cause no surprise at waking peevish and feverish. It is simply the result of imaginary affection and want of knowledge on the part of the one in charge. It will certainly pay in the end to search diligently for the cause when a little child is proverbially cross.—*Chicago Alliance.*

—A Snail that was creeping unwillingly to School was overtaken by an older Companion, who did not fail to chide his Dilatoriness. "When I was your age," said his Senior, "I had soared to the Pinnacle of Wisdom, while you will die in Ignorance whether the the Hoof of Destiny which squashes you is that of the *Bos Domesticus*, or merely of an Ox. How little do you know of Classic History, how our Ancestors were the favorites of Heliogabalus and Ctesiphon—" At this moment their Meditations were interrupted by the Approach of a Peasant, who, casting them into his Basket, shortly converted them into a Nutritious Broth for his Ailing Wife. *Moral*—This Fable Teaches us that it is Needless to introduce the Higher Branches into the Public Schools.—*New York World Fable.*

—"I suppose you have been to your lodge?" she scornfully inquired when she opened the door upon him suddenly at midnight. The door had maliciously refused response to every effort Blinks had made on the lock with a section of pretzel he held in his hands. "No, no, my dear," Blinks replied, with gushing candor; "you see I stopped at (hic) strawb'ry fes'y onmy way home—t'help church 'long, you know—an' the (hic) berries soured onmystomach. Confound strawb'ry festivals any way s'urly in the season; last one'll take me in."—*Brooklyn Union-Argus.*

—It is not surprising that Edison is rich. No combination of adverse circumstances could ever keep him poor. If nothing better offered, he would move into a thickly settled neighborhood, keep a few cats and take out a patent on a process for converting old boots into flavoring extracts. Genius can't be kept under.—*Graphic.*

—The dried kernel of the cocoanut, called in the South Sea Islands "copra," is being turned to new account. Hitherto it has only been used for making oil, but it has been discovered that after having served that purpose it is valuable cattle food.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Indelible Ink.—Sweet milk will make indelible ink; hold to the fire till warm and it will be quite plain.

Starch Polish.—To 1 pint of hot starch, stir in 15 grains each of white wax and spermaceti. This will make a fine polish on linen.

Biscuit.—To every 1½ cups of rich buttermilk, 1 heaping tablespoon of fresh meat drippings (not melted) and a level teaspoon of soda.

To Clean Tea-kettles of Lime.—Fill with water, bring to a boil, then pour the water out and set the kettle outdoors till the lime in the kettle freezes, and it will all scale off.

Conundrums.—1 cup sugar, 1 cup melted lard, 3 eggs, 2 cups sweet milk, pinch of salt; knead hard and smooth, roll thin, cut in long strips, tie in chains and fry in clean, hot lard a light brown.

Rice Pudding.—To 3 pints milk add 1 teacupful rice, teaspoonful ground cinnamon, small lump butter, pinch of salt; sweeten to taste and put in a hot oven. Keep it stirred until the rice is soft, then eat hot or cold—hot preferred.

Milk Toast.—Put a quart of milk in a basin, let it come to a boil, put a little butter in, then toast your bread nicely, spread butter on the bread; lay the pieces in a deep dish, then pour the milk over it; then you have a very nice dish.

Ginger Snaps.—1 pint molasses, 1½ cups brown sugar, 1 cup lard, 1 tablespoon ginger, same of cinnamon, 1 teaspoon cloves, same of allspice, 1 tablespoon soda dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water, flour to enable you to roll it very thin.

Transparent Pie.—1 egg and the yelks of 2, lump of butter size of half an egg, 1 cup sweet milk, 1 cup brown sugar, ½ nutmeg. Bake with one crust same as custard. When done cover with a frosting made of 1 cup of white sugar, whites of 2 eggs, flavored with lemon. Set in moderate oven 3 minutes.

Graham Muffins.—Set the iron gempans on the stove to heat; beat 1 egg light in a basin; add 1 teacup sour milk and 2 tablespoons sugar; stir well together; add a mere pinch of salt; stir in graham flour to make a rather stiff batter; mix thoroughly, with the addition of 1 tablespoon melted butter; and lastly, stir in ½ teaspoon soda dissolved in a teaspoonful of hot water. The batter, when ready to drop into the well heated and greased gem-pan, should be so thick that it will not *run* from the spoon, but just drop nicely. This will make one dozen excellent gems.

Prince of Wales Cake.—Brown part: 1 cup brown sugar, ½ cup butter, ½ cup sour milk, 2 cups flour, 1 cup chopped raisins, 1 teaspoonful soda dissolved in warm water, 1 tablespoonful of molasses, yelks of 3 eggs, 1 tablespoonful of cinnamon, same of nutmeg, 1 teaspoonful of cloves. White part: 1 cup flour, ½ cup corn-starch, ½ cup sweet milk, ½ cup butter, 1 cup white sugar, 1 large teaspoonful yeast-powder, whites of 3 eggs. Bake in jelly tins, and put together with icing.

FARM TOPICS.

Faulty Western Systems of Feeding.

Mr. Macdonald's book, lately published in Scotland, on his American tour last season (says the *Country Gentleman*), criticises our "common" cattle even more roughly than we think they deserve, and rates our best American beef as by no means a superior article. Mr. M. admits, it will be seen, that on this subject there is a difference of opinion on his own side of the Atlantic. We make the following extract, not only to show the grounds on which his criticism rests, but also because we should be glad if it elicits a discussion among our readers on the merits of his positions:

"The best quality of beef is raised mostly in the States of Illinois, Kentucky, Ohio, and Indiana, each of the neighboring States contributing a small quantity. Illinois undoubtedly takes the lead in regard to the gross quantity of first-class beef it produces; but it contains at the same time so many common cattle, that, with respect to the percentage of good beef to inferior, Kentucky stands fully as high. Ohio and Indiana are pretty nearly on a level. High grades—second, third, and fourth crosses between common cows and improved bulls, mostly Short-horns—are the producers of the 'prime' beef of America, that which has been designated 'first-class;' and between these high grades and the common cattle of the country there is a large number of cattle that have a sprinkling of improved blood in their veins, and that receive better attention than is general in America, and that yield a fair quality of beef, slightly inferior to the beef of high grades (about equal to third-rate British beef); but still not wholly unsuited for export to Britain; while a small proportion of the common cattle, the very finest of the common steers, yield beef that might pass in an emergency.

"Regarding the quality of the best class of American beef there is a considerable difference of opinion. Brother Jonathan tells us that it can't be beat anywhere in the world; and even on the Eastern side of the Atlantic there are a few who maintain that it is quite equal to the finest quality of beef the British Isles have ever produced. Notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, my firm opinion is that the best quality of American beef has no comparison whatever with the best quality of British beef. It must be placed on a level with second-class British beef, but a higher position it can not claim. And my reasons for so thinking are easily explained. To begin with, the class of cattle which produce the best quality of American beef are decidedly inferior in almost every point to the best beef cattle of Britain. Their immediate ancestors on the female side were rough, coarse, big-boned, muscular cattle, far from well suited for the production of beef; and though the influence of the improved sires has filed away these coarse points considerably and engrafted many new qualities, still they display remnants of the characteristics of the original breed (or rather breeds) which seriously reduce the quality of their beef. They are still too big-boned, too narrow along the top, too flat on the rib, have too much muscle, and are unsatisfactory both in touch and quality. To be sure, every successive cross lessens the faults; but before they can all be hidden several generations must be built on the top of that now living. Supposing, however, that the best class of beef cattle in America and Britain were equally good in breeding and general characteristics, the manner in which cattle-feeding is carried on in America would of itself leave that country far behind Britain in regard to the quality of its best class of beef. As previously stated, the finest quality, as well as the maximum quantity, of beef can be produced only by the animal being fed unvaryingly from its birth onwards; and while this principle is not observed in Britain nearly so generally as it ought to be, it is barely recognized in America at all. In Britain cattle-feeding has become a science; in America it is a work that may be executed in the most convenient haphazard manner. The temperature and constitution of the animal receive no attention from the American farmer, neither does he take any heed whether or not his animals are supplied with food containing in proper proportions the commodities which form, flesh, fat, bone, and muscle. When he wishes to fatten his cattle, he scatters in the field among them an abundance of Indian corn and a seasoning of salt, and leaves the rest of the fattening process to the animals themselves and to nature. It is the misfortune of the American farmer that nature has done so much for him; but kind though it be, it does not satisfatorily accomplish all that is left to it in the feeding of cattle. It does not supply in the atmosphere, nor in any other shape, the ingredients which are lacking in Indian corn for the efficient feeding of cattle, neither does it always provide the fatling with that shelter which is desired to assist the daily fare in keeping up the animal heat.

"To illustrate what is meant, brief reference may be made to the mode of feeding pursued by Mr. John B. Gillet, Elkhart, Macon County, Illinois, whose immense herd of 2,300 head has already been noticed at some length, and who has for upwards of 30 years displayed as much care and intelligence in the management of his herd as any other man on the American continent. For several years back he has been receiving higher prices for his fat steers than most of his neighbors and fellow-American farmers, and it was from his herd that Mr. Eastman, of New York, obtained those excellent samples of beef that electrified this country on their arrival nearly two years ago; so that the illustration selected is very favorable to the general system of cattle-feeding, even amoug the most intelligent and most advanced of American farmers. Mr. Gillet rears between 400 and 500 calves every year from Short-horn bulls and high grade cows, each calf being allowed to follow its dam; and thus, when weaned, or turned into the 'stirkies' sta" (as a broad Scot would say), the calf is usually as high in condition as it is desirable that a calf should be. But after that, instead of an endeavor being made to retain the calf beef, and to slowly and gradually add to it, that animal has to be contented with a very scanty living till it is approaching three years old. In a good grass season the summer food may be abundant, but in winter the forage is very scarce, and, indeed, the animals have sometimes, as already stated, to scrape their daily pittance from beneath a covering of snow. In the autumn of their third year Mr. Gillet's steers are turned on to full rations as feeding cattle, and for 10 or 12 months are fed very liberally with Indian corn, which is given them in the open field, as it grew, in winter, and in the ear in troughs in summer. They take on flesh speedily while they are thus treated, especially during the summer months; and when they are shipped to the beef markets of Chicago or New York in the months of August, September or October, they are indeed a very handsome lot of beef cattle, weighing from 1,700 to 1,900 pounds live weight.

"What is there then in this system of feeding that damages the quality of beef? The cattle are begun well and finished well; but in the interval of nearly two years' duration, between their weaning and the autumn of their third year, they are neglected, or at least left to shift for themselves. Each of the two winters in this interval wears away a considerable portion of the fat laid on during the previous summer, leaving on the frame of the animal a quantity of strong, dry, shriveled up, ill-mixed flesh, which remains there and greatly reduces the value of the carcass. A few of the American farmers with whom I discussed the subject argued that to endeavor to lay flesh and fat upon an animal before it has reached its maximum growth, or nearly so, is perfectly useless, in fact a decided mistake, for they held that the feeding stints the growth of the animal, and impairs its constitution. Ideas like these are also occasionally expressed among British farmers, but that they are ill-founded there is not the slightest doubt. Unquestionably excessive feeding in youth both endangers the constitution and hinders the growth of an animal, but moderate and steady feeding does neither. On the contrary, it accelerates the growth of the animal, and increases the quantity and improves the quality of its beef. All animals can not stand the same amount of pressing with food; their constitutions must be watched, and the food applied accordingly.

"Another wrong impression seems to have a footing among American farmers, and that is that fat cattle ought to be valued and graded by weight more than by any other characteristic. Their chief ambition seems to be to bring heavy cattle into market, irrespective of their quality. It is very much easier, as a rule, to obtain good quality in a moderate-sized animal than in an exceptionally large one; and before American beef can claim quality with British beef the farmers of that country will have to lay aside their idea that weight is the all-important point, and recognize that quality is of more moment than size."

The Murder of American Missionaries in Africa.

Says the *Independent*: We have been waiting anxiously for trustworthy details of the murder of Lieut. Smith and Mr. O'Neill, of the Niyanza Mission. The May number of the *Church Missionary Intelligencer* states that the Society has received no information, in addition to that conveyed in the telegram announcing the murder, save what is contained in Consul Kirk's letter to the Government. The story as given by Dr. Kirk shows that the deaths of Messrs. Smith and McNeill were the result of a quarrel between an Arab trader, Songoro, and the Chief of the Island of Ukerewe, Lukongeh, over a boat. The mission party had been on the island about five months, building and repairing three boats. In all this time they were on excellent terms with Lukongeh and his people. The party bought a dhow from Songoro which Lukongeh claimed. The chief was pacified temporarily, and Lieut. Smith and Mr. O'Neill left the island for Kajei, for their heavy stores. There the dhow was wrecked, and the party started in the "Daisy" for Uganda, but were driven to Ukerewe by bad weather. Here they found that the dispute between Lukongeh and Songoro had broken out afresh. At the request of the latter, his family was conveyed in the "Daisy" to a neighboring island This was a most unwise step on the part of the Englishmen. The natives considered it a declaration of war, and when the party returned they were fiercely attacked. Their ammunition was soon exhausted, and they fell by the spears of their assailants. Only three connected with the party escaped, and these were natives. They proceeded to Unyanyembe, where they were examined by Mr. Morton, an Englishman. While the mission has suffered seriously in the loss, by deaths, of the doctor and carpenter of the second party, it is not, as a Zanzibar correspondent of *The Times of India* asserts, destroyed. Mr. Wilson is still at Uganda, while Mr. Mackay is leading another party to the Lake from the East Coast. The Society is considering now upon the best measures for communicating with Mr. Wilson and for the future missionary operations on the Lake. A number of offers have been received from Englishmen willing to go to Central Africa; but none of them are from clergymen. Instructions have been sent to Mr. Mackay to push on toward the Lake as rapidly as possible; and a party of four —consisting of three students of the C. M. College and a young surgeon—is to be sent up the Nile at once, to reach, if possible, the Lake from the north.

"BE honest, pay your debts, keep your temper, and avoid strong drink," was Evangelist Moody's farewell advice to his New Haven congregation.

The Clothes-Line Nuisance.

Come, now, what infernal barbarity is this—leaving a clothes-line out after dark! A great deal of funny comment is made upon the custom by thoughtless people, but it is a most serious matter, and it is high time the tomfoolery was abolished. We are just as ready as any body to see the funny side of a thing, but we have ceased to observe any thing amusing in being unexpectedly sawed across the neck or rasped across the face by a clothes-line. It is time there was a legislative enactment to either hang clothes lines 60 feet above the earth, or make the leaving them out after nightfall a State-prison offense. It is a most incomprehensible fact that a clothes-line is always hung across the garden-path. If the yard was 10 miles square and a path two feet wide crept along close to the fence, and the woman had but eight feet of line, she would manage to cover the path. Whether this is because she is perverse, or can not help it, we do not know. We only know that it is so, and that it is an appalling evil. No home circle is safe where the custom prevails. It matters not how good-natured a man is, it matters not how carefully he has been educated, it matters not how lofty and noble are his aspirations—the moment a clothes-line catchs him under the chin, especially if he has a pan of ashes in his arms, that moment he sinks with awful velocity to the level of a brute, and proceeds to act out the conditions thereof at once. In its proper place a clothes-line is a valuable companion, but across a path after dark it is simply a brutalizing force.—*Danbury News.*

The Sting of Bees a Remedy for Rheumatism.

The *Praeger Landwirthschaftliches Wochenblatt* contains the following in regard to the cure of rheumatism by the means of bee stings. The correspondent says that his wife having suffered so much as to be unable to enjoy any sleep or rest for the space of six months, the right arm being almost lame, preventing the sufferer from doing any household work, making her even unable to dress or undress herself, and having heard that a farmer, quite incapacitated by rheumatism, had been accidentally stung by bees, and thereby got entirely cured, he persuaded his wife to try this remedy, as the pain from the sting of the bees would not be greater than that already suffered. Three bees were therefore laid and pressed upon the right arm for a considerable time, in order that the poison bladder of the insects should entirely empty itself. The effect produced was astonishing, as the lady, even on the first night, was enabled to enjoy a long, good sleep, the first time for at least six months, the racking pain being entirely gone. The arm was, of course, swollen greatly in consequence of the sting, but the swelling disappeared gradually upon the application of some cooling lotion. All pain was gone, the lame arm recovered its previous vigorousness, and not the least sign of rheumatism has since shown itself.

—The Countess Helena Gazewska has been arrested at Vienna for defrauding jewelers in six different cities of $95,000 worth of gems, which she sold to persons in society, representing them to be her own, and that she parted with them to help the Russian wounded.