

LOGS LAND.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE. O land beloved! O land unknown, By what blue Rhine or rapid Rhone, Or by what mighty trackless sea, Where the unwearied northern breeze From dumb and frozen caverns issues Triumphant, to be free?

SERENADING.

O fair one! O fair one! awake with the morning. (This ancient guitar is a sight to behold!) Look forth on the ambience the dewdrops adorning. (Confound this wet grass! I shall surely take cold.) Shake of thy deep slumber and list to my wooing. (Methinks I hear something that sounds like a snore.) The doves round thy window are billing and cooing. (I'd give thee my love as I've told it before.) The birds in yon treetops their carols are trilling. (Oh, would I had an overcoat! Lord, what a breeze!) With music the bright sunny earth they are filling. (Excuse me a moment—I really—must—sneeze.) Arise from thy couch, love. Oh! hear me, I implore thee. (Why don't that girl wake? There goes my strength!) And hear my fond words, how I love thee, adore thee, And faint at thy feet by my heart's offering. My light heart is waiting; then hasten, love, hasten! Together we'll roam o'er the bright, sparkling sea!— Hal! she comes!—no, her father!—and armed with a basin! Good gracious! what can he be wanting with me? Beg pardon, sir; really I hope you won't throw it. I was only trying a mild grenade! What! gone away? Thumper! sir—I didn't know it!— And here I've been singing for nothing—the joke! Oh! no harm was intended. 'Twas only a joke, you will kindly not mention this subject abroad. I'll bid you good morning, sir—sorry I woke you. But I think I've been singing for nothing! O Lord!

LOGGERHEAD GULCH.

Some incident in its early career had given Loggerhead Gulch its name. Just what that incident was did not live in the tradition of the rough miners who dug and delved in the Gulch. Certain it was, however, that the name was no misnomer, for no other mining camp in the country was so rough, quarrelsome and pugilistic in the nature of its inhabitants. Every body seemed at loggerheads with every body else, and ready upon the slightest provocation to lynch every body else. The digging had not of late been very productive of profit, and that fact did not add to the kindly spirits of the miners, who were disposed to revenge their luck upon any thing that presented itself as a possible scapegoat. No mining can exist, or at least ever has existed, without a drinking-saloon, and Loggerhead had its shanty devoted to the retailing of drink. Its proprietor was Jack Jephtha, and his dress and demeanor indicated that he had seen better days—had been a faro-dealer, or a bar-keeper in a big Eastern hotel, or something of that flashy nature. Even now some traces of loud dressing hung about him; but the brim of the felt hat was battered, and there was something the matter with the crown; the flaming red tie failed to harmonize with the most equally flaming and shaggy red beard immediately above it; the shirt-collar was woefully time-stained; and the velvet coat was much mottled, and had grown white at the seams, and at least three buttons were lacking at the vest. The only other occupant of Jack Jephtha's shanty at the moment that the reader is introduced to it, except the customers, was a young woman—Jack's wife, Mollie by name—who, with her delicate beauty, seemed wonderful of place in Loggerhead Gulch. About the middle height, and 24 years of age, slim and neat, with soft blue eyes and auburn hair, her mouth was small, full and rosy, her teeth white. When animated or angry, a pleasant, fascinating play around her mouth; when she fancied no one was looking at her, she drew the corners of her eyes up to the corners of her mouth, and she shared the expression of the bar with Jack, and displayed a dash and grace that largely augmented the aggregate effect. Among the drinkers was one upon whom liberal potatoes had told considerably. His companions called him Towhead, from the color of his hair, and that was the name he had in camp. In his pocket he had a fair-sized bag of gold dust, which he incautiously displayed several times during the evening. At 12 o'clock Towhead rose to go; but first he called Jack Jephtha outside the door and placed the bag of dust in his hands. "That's my pile, Jack," he said; "an' I want yer to keep it till to-morrow. I'm a little too drunk to take it along with me, an' that might be somebody as would follow me for it."

left his companions in the form of a man skulked after him in the shadow. Thus followed, Towhead staggered along until his path led him through a deep gulch, which had been dubbed the Devil's Glenn. Then and there his follower stealthily advanced from behind and killed him with a murderous dirk stab. A hasty search of the victim's pockets convinced the murderer that the prize for which he had committed the villainous deed was not there. Then the cowardice of the man showed itself. A storm had been coming up, and now, as it burst forth in thunder, lightning and flood, he shivered. With blood on his hands, with horror in his eyes, and with the dreadful mark of Cain branded indelibly upon his brow, the wretched man fled, clutching his breast with his pale, talon-like fingers, as if to tear hence his cowardice. On he went, flying over rocks and chasms, and uprooted trees—on, on, still on, unable to stop until he sank exhausted beneath a huge pile of rocks. The storm was madly, wildly cannonading against the rocks, as if it would tear its way to where he lay, and boldly engulf him; but he heard nothing but an imaginary and unearthly cry of "Murder!"—saw nothing but the cold, still face and lifeless form of his victim.

Towhead had not been murdered more than fifteen minutes before his body was discovered by a party of miners returning from a midnight carouse. They carried it back to Jack Jephtha's shanty, amid threats of vengeance on the murderer. Arrived there, they laid the body on the floor, while one of the party went behind the bar to help Jack fix up a dram, in the vain hope of reviving the murdered man. His eyes fell upon the bag of dust, with Towhead's mark upon the side. "What this?" he said, holding it up. "That's Towhead's!" replied several. "How did it come here?" asked others. Jack Jephtha turned pale as he realized the predicament in which he was placed. He gave the true version of the affair, but they would not believe it. They were anxious to fix the guilt upon some one, to hang somebody, for Towhead had been pretty popular among them. Several remained as guard over Jack, while several went out to collect the miners for the immediate holding of a trial. Judge Lynch allows no delays, and there was every prospect of a hanging in the morning. Mollie Jephtha had come in on the arrival of the corpse, and her eyes had closely watched Jack's face; but she believed his version of the story. "Jack," she whispered, "I believe you," and then added aloud: "I believe I know who did this. There was a stranger here among the rest, drinking last night, and more than once I saw him look at Towhead's bag."

But the rough and unreasoning crowd would not listen. "Jack," she again whispered to the prisoner, "keep up your courage, old partner, I'll get you out of it yet." "No," said Jack, doggedly, "I didn't do it, and I won't run. Let 'em hang me if they want to." "I don't want you to run, Jack," she said, "I'm going after that fellow myself. Good-by, Jack; keep up your courage."

Mollie kissed him, armed herself with a pair of revolvers, and slipped out unnoticed. Taking the path that Towhead had followed, and speeding along with all her strength, she soon came to the blood-marked spot of the murder. "Of course," he ran away," she thought, "and likely he took this path." On she went through the storm, which still raged with such blinding fury as to render it difficult to keep the path. On she went, mile after mile, until the rapid gait began to tell on her strength, and she thought she must drop down, when through the darkness she saw the murderer where he had fallen, and the blood fresh upon his hands and shirt. He started up when he saw her, but a revolver faced him. He turned to flee, but her determined voice stopped him. "Move a step further, and I'll shoot." He was entirely unarmed, having thrown away the bloody knife, and could do nothing but obey. "I'm going to take you back to the shanty," she continued. "Go on ahead, and remember that a bullet will be the cost of any attempt to escape. Go on!" The man hesitated a moment, but, seeing that she meant what she said, he sullenly started.

With a revolver in her hand, Mollie followed a few steps in the rear. Once he turned quickly, as if to grapple with her and disarm her, but the gleam of the revolver aimed at his head changed his mind, and he sullenly started on again. Knowing that death awaited him at the shanty, still he lacked the courage to make the only possible effort for liberty. Daylight came as they neared the cabin, and both could hardly drag themselves along; but not a word was spoken. As the Gulch became lighted up, Mollie saw a crowd of miners take the path from the cabin. "My God," she cried, "they are taking Jack out to hang him!" The tired girl nearly fainted at the sight. They were nearly a mile away, and she well knew the promptitude of border executions. The first tree would furnish a gallows. "Faster!" commanded Mollie. "I won't," replied the prisoner; "it's bad enough to walk to my death without hurrying."

He turned and sprang toward her, but she was ready with her weapon. A shot rang out and one of the murderer's arms dropped powerless at his side. Without a word he resumed his march, hurried on by his determined captor. Meanwhile the noose was put round Jack's neck, the rope thrown over a limb, and a score of hands lifted the unfortunate man from the ground. There being no fall, his neck was not broken, and his feet had barely left the ground before he saw Mollie and her captive in the distance. Wrenching his hands from their fastenings, he pointed frantically toward her and then strangled into unconsciousness. The miners turned and the strange spectacle stayed their work. "Let him down a minute," said one who seemed to be master of ceremonies. They did so, and Mollie staggered into the circle. The revolver dropped from

her now nerveless grasp, and she tottered as if about to fall. "There's the man that killed Towhead," she faltered, and then throwing herself upon Jack, who lay still choking, but slowly reviving, where they had lowered him, she said: "Don't die, Jack; I've brought them the right man. Don't die, Jack!" The miners held a hurried consultation. The blood stains upon the murderer were proof enough for them, and he did not deny the deed. The noose was transferred to his neck, and the tragedy suffered little interruption by the change of actors.

A Frog Many Hundreds of Years Old and Yet Alive.

Naturalists have made many curious discoveries during geological investigations, but a discovery was made on Madison Street this forenoon, says the Memphis Ledger, which calls for the attention and investigation of scientists. The city street force was removing paving rock from the levee at the foot of Madison Street. One of the bowlders had to be broken in half, and on applying the hammer it burst open. One half appeared an oval cavity some six inches in diameter, and this cavity was half full of water. Assistant City Engineer Murray put his finger down in the water and withdrew it suddenly, as if he felt something move at the bottom. Making the orifice larger a live frog leaped out of the little lake that had for so many years lay entombed in the rock-ribbed cave. The rock is of blue limestone, brought from the Ohio River, and it has been in use as a paving stone on the landing for nearly fifteen years. The upper face of the rock has been worn smooth from the constant wear of dray wheels. The questions are, how long was that frog in that rock tomb? and was it possible that it could live and grow there in without light, and only such air as could pass through the rock, all rock being supposed to be more or less porous? It must have been hundreds of years ago when the frog lay in the little lakelet which formed in the mud on the bank of the Ohio River, and lay there until the mud covered it in, rendering escape impossible. Then the chemistry of nature set to work, and year by year the mud became harder and harder, until after centuries or ages it became rock, known as blue limestone. Fifteen years ago the rock was dug out and boated down to Memphis, where it has been used as paving-stone on the levee. All these long, weary years the frog has listened to the rolling of wagons and drays over its tomb, and it heard the rumbling of the artillery during the gunboat fight of 1862. When the day of its deliverance came it hopped out and away as lively as any other frog. How old is that frog? It must be a "centurion," as Mrs. Partington said, and it may be two, three, five hundred, or a thousand years old. Long live old Sitting-Bull-frog, say we, because it comes down to us with the glamor of antiquity around it, and old age should be respected, even though not in itself respectable.

Killed by Cannibals.

The Melbourne (Australia) Argus says: The schooner Dancing Wave arrived at Sydney from the Solomon Group, July 4, with the news of a massacre that had been perpetrated by the South Sea natives, Capt. Harrison and all hands, excepting one, on board the Dancing Wave, having been murdered. On the 22d of April last the Dancing Wave called at Florida Island to obtain native labor for Somerset. Natives were engaged and brought on board, and there were also others who had received tomahawks and other articles from the natives rose upon the crew, attacking them with tomahawks. Capt. Harrison was almost instantly killed, together with some of his crew, while the chief officer and steward, after being wounded, reached the cabin, where they shot themselves. A seaman named Broad (or Board) jumped overboard and got to Suva, forty miles off, in a boat, when the vessel was recovered by the crew of the bark Sydney, and it was there found that the natives had plundered her. It is said that the natives took two heads and one body ashore. Broad, before escaping, shot several of his assailants, and several natives from another island, engaged on board, were also killed.

Subsequent to the receipt of this intelligence Commodore Hoskins received a communication from Consul Layard, at Noumea, dated June 17, to the effect that he had just heard from Capt. Lind owner of the Laura Lind, that he fell in with the Rev. Mr. Inglis, in the missionary vessel Dayspring, who reported that an English vessel from Queensland had run ashore at Tanna, at a place called Vagoos; that the crew fired at the natives, who attacked them in return, burned the vessel, then killed and ate the crew. Capt. Lind had been in Port Resolution, and he says that all the natives who came in agreed as to the destruction of the vessel and her crew.

An Interesting Historical Relic.

During a recent visit to Amelia, Master W. F. C. Gregory, Jr., of this city, secured a package of charred wheat, which was taken from the site of the Colonial army supply depot located in that county, about twenty-seven miles above Petersburg, and which was burned by Tarleton during his raid through this section toward Charlottesville. The grains of wheat are in a remarkable state of preservation, are perfect and solid, and form an exceedingly interesting historical relic. Master Gregory, we understand, will take them with him to the Centennial to be placed on exhibition for the benefit of the curious. We believe a quantity of the charred wheat taken from the same place has long been in the custody of the National Government, having been placed in the Patent-office for preservation.—Petersburg (Va.) Index.

THE INDIAN CAMPAIGN.

A Newspaper Correspondent Who Does Not Admire Gen. Crook's Style of Indian Fighting.

[From the Chicago Tribune.] BISMARCK, D. T., Sept. 4.—On the 30th of August the steamer Benton, on her way up the Yellowstone with Government supplies, burs her larboard cylinder, and had to tie up at a point between Coulson Rapids and Glendive Creek. To repair the broken machinery, Capt. McGarr sent his Clerk, Mr. John Barr, and a crew of eight men, in the metallic life-bat, to Bismarck, which gave me the log-looked-for opportunity of escaping from the dull life of the army sent out to make war upon Sitting-Bull. Mr. Barr ran the yawl day and night, and he is entitled to great praise, for very few steamboatmen would undertake to navigate either river down stream of a night.

On the night of the 25th, Gen. Terry received a dispatch from Gen. Sheridan, which at once altered all his plans for continuing the campaign. The dispatch ordered a cantonment of the Fifth and Twenty-second Infantry and Fifth Cavalry to be made at the junction of the Tongue with the Yellowstone River, to send the first battalion of the Second Cavalry and the Seventh Infantry, under Gen. Gibbon, to Forts Ellis and Baker, in Montana, and to CEASE ALL OFFENSIVE OPERATIONS on or before October 15. To make the cantonment, it was absolutely necessary that Gen. Terry should at once forward up the Yellowstone the immense supplies which would be required to subsist the three regiments till navigation was resumed in the spring. The steamers Far West, Josephine, Carroll, Silver Lake, Benton, Durfee, and J. M. Chambers were at once put into commission to transport the supplies; and, as there was no telling when a band of hostile Sioux would put in an appearance on the Yellowstone, each boat had to be provided with a heavy guard. Between Glendive and Tongue River there were also two or three portages to be made, requiring additional heavy guards. So the execution of Gen. Sheridan's order would leave Gen. Terry without a corporal's guard for offensive operations.

Gen. Crook, having accomplished his strategic movement, of marching up the hill, then down again, on the 31st started back for Nebraska, via the Little Missouri route. It is, perhaps, too early, and not even the duty of this correspondent, to summarize the results of the late campaign against the Indians. It will undoubtedly be made the subject of a Military Commission appointed by Gen. Sherman, or of one of the Congressional Military Committees. That there has been

SAD BROTHERING SOMEWHERE is now generally conceded by intelligent officers at the front. Some of these have gone so far as to say that, should the higher authorities fail to investigate the conduct of the war, they themselves would demand a Court of Inquiry.

I will, however, venture this assertion: That Gen. Terry never knew where Sitting-Bull was after the 26th of June; and this other assertion: that Gen. Crook did not know where Sitting-Bull was as late as Aug. 5, when he broke camp on Goose Creek. From a careful study of the Indian situation, Gen. Crook knew that where the 4th parallel crossed the 107th longitudinal line, and thereabouts, was a vast scope of country which for 20 years has been neutral ground for plains Indians. A district 75 miles broad and 200 long, abounding in game, amply supplied with grass and water, and sheltered from storms. It has been neutral ground for Cheyennes and Arapahoes on the south; Bannocks and Shoshones on the west; Crows, Assinibones and Blackfeet on the north; Ogallalas and other Sioux on the east. It has been neutral ground to this extent: that no small hunting party dared to occupy it for any length of time. Gen. Crook knew (or else a good many of his officers lied to your correspondent) that Sitting-Bull and his allies fell back

AFTER THE CUSTER FIGHT, and occupied that district. It is shown on the maps as the headwaters of the Big Horn River and its tributaries. In this secluded region, with game in abundance, and grass for his immense herd of ponies, with every stream full of trout and other fish, and with a climate as mild and equable as the valley of the Sacramento, Sitting-Bull has been quietly occupying himself in recovering his warriors from the wounds incident to his two great battles, and in planning for fresh victories. But, if Sitting-Bull was there when Crook left, on Aug. 5, and has never moved from there, say you, how do you explain the heavy trail which Crook followed from the Big Horn Mountains down the Rosebud, and which Terry and he followed across the Tongue and Powder River regions?

THIS IS THE EXPLANATION: When Gen. Terry first moved up the Yellowstone, he made a supply depot at the mouth of the Powder River. After the reverse of June 25, he only fell back to the Rosebud, leaving 300,000 pounds of oats and 250,000 pounds of corn at Powder River. We will give Sitting-Bull credit for ordinary sagacity, and assert that he never lost sight of Terry's army; and that, when Terry made a permanent camp at the Rosebud, Sitting-Bull knew that this grain was left unprotected at Powder River. In fact, it was left unprotected from June 10 until Aug. 7. The trail Crook and Terry followed was the trail made by the 200 Sioux warriors we found July 29 at the cache at Powder River. For three weeks that band of warriors had been transporting the corn to Sitting-Bull's army in the Big Horn region, emptying out the oats, and taking the sacks for squaw-cloth. This was demonstrated by finding the corn nearly all gone. The trail made by 200 warriors, with the necessary pack-ponies, would (as I wrote in a former letter) easily be mistaken for one made by thousands of ponies. This trail, to quote an old doggerel— Twisted it and twisted out, Leaving Terry still in doubt Whether the Indian who made the track Was going north or coming back. In conclusion, I will defer to Gen. Terry's judgment, and say that the now is to continue carrying out the

order for the arrest of every hostile Sioux as soon as he comes into an Agency. Terry's plan was to wait until cold weather and hunger drove them all in, which would not be before January, and then make one job of it. As Col. Carlin, at Standing Rock, and other officers, are now doing, they are only catching a few squaw-warriors, frightening away the braver and more daring and desperate characters. PHOCION.

A Smith Family Reunion.

The New York Sun says: On Wednesday last, near Peapack, N. J., there assembled some 3,000 Smiths, with their families and lunch baskets, all bent on having a right good time, and anxious to become acquainted with at least a few of their wide-spread family. The beautiful grove near Peter Z. Smith's house, and in the picturesque valley of the "North Branch" of the Raritan, had been the scene of busy labor for days, and on the eventful morning its results were seen and appreciated in the form of embowered arbors, a speaker's and a band stand, a tall liberty pole, many ranges of benches, and long lines of substantial tables, all draped with flags, bunting and evergreens.

As early as 6 o'clock in the morning, Smiths of all ages and conditions in life began to appear upon the scene; journeying from every direction and in all conceivable conveyances, from the broken old farm-wagon and its spavined horse to the stylish buggy with its handsome span. Then began one of the funniest series of introductions ever seen. Mr. Smith from York State was made acquainted with Smith of California. He of Brooklyn and he of the "X Roads" found pleasure in each other's society, linked by the bonds of Smithship. Local Smiths were designated as Smith of the Branch, Smith of Smithville, Smith from Summit, Smith of Peapack. Of all Smith gatherings ever held, this was the most peculiar in one particular; only one of the John Smiths was there, and he was nearly overlooked, being always addressed by his middle name.

Of course there were noisy Smiths and quiet Smiths, bashful Smiths, and Smiths who flirted desperately with Smiths of the opposite sex, rough boy Smiths and shy little girl Smiths with a great capacity for cake; but among all the many hundred Smiths there were no drunken or rowdyish Smiths, and no disturbance of any kind marred the enjoyment of the day.

At 11 o'clock a Smith business meeting was called, and a permanent Smith organization formed. Isaiah Smith, of Milburn, was elected President; Abraham Smith, of Peapack, Vice-President; and Oscar Smith, of the Branch, Secretary and Treasurer. It was also decided to continue these reunions of the family, to hold them annually in the same place, and always on the first Wednesday in September.

Treatment of Shying Horses.

Shying generally arises from timidity, but sometimes is united with cunning, and induces the animal to assume a fear of some object for the sole purpose of finding an excuse for turning aside. The usual cause of shying is, doubtless, the presence of some object to which the horse has not been accustomed, and if he has not defective eyes, which render him short-sighted, it will be difficult to convince him of the innocent nature of the novel object. There are endless peculiarities in shying horses, some being dreadfully alarmed by one kind of object which to others is not at all formidable. The best plan of treatment which can be adopted, is to take as little notice as possible of the shying and to be especially careful to show no fear at its recurrence when the "alarming" object appears in the distance. When the horse begins to show alarm, but not till then, the driver should speak encouragingly to him, and if necessary, with a severe tone, which may even be supported by the use of the whip if his onward progress can not be otherwise maintained. The principle which should be carried out is to adopt such measures as will get the horse to pass the object at which he shies, somehow or other, and this should be effected with as little violence as possible, always commanding and encouraging tone as soon as the purpose is gained. Nothing has so great a tendency to keep up the habit as the plan so common among ignorant groomers of chastising the shyer after he has passed the object of his alarm. If he can be persuaded to get quiet up to it, and examine it with his eyes, as well as with his ears, great credit should be effected, but this can seldom be done with moving vehicles, and heaps of stones or piles of sand are generally only alarming from defective vision, so that each time they assume a new phrase to the active imagination of the timid animal. Punishing bits only make a high couraged horse worse, and the use of "overchecks" rarely, if ever, prove beneficial.

How Drinking Causes Apoplexy.

It is the essential nature of all wines and spirits to send an increased amount of blood to the brain. The first effect of taking a glass of wine or stronger form of alcohol is to send the blood there faster than common; hence the circulation that gives the red face. It increases the activity of the brain, and it works faster, and so does the tongue. But as the blood goes to the brain faster than common, it remains faster, and no special harm results. But suppose a man keeps on drinking, the blood is sent to the brain so fast in such quantities that in order to make room for it, the arteries have to enlarge themselves; they increase in size, and in doing so, they press against the more yielding, flaccid veins which carry the blood out of the brain, and thus diminish their size, their pores, the result being that blood is not only carried to the arteries of the brain faster than is natural or healthful, but is prevented from leaving it as fast as usual; hence a double set of causes of death are set in motion. Hence, a man may drink enough of brandy or other spirits in a few hours or even minutes, to bring on a fatal attack of apoplexy. This is, literally, being dead drunk.—Dr. Hall.

Something About Truffles.

The truffle is a species of underground fungus largely used in French cookery to give a peculiar rich flavor to meats. It comes principally from France, where it is always found in oak or beech woods, and can only be gathered through the agency of the keen scent of dogs or pigs especially trained to hunt for it. Both from the difficulty of obtaining the fungus, and from the fact that it is a delicacy highly prized by epicures, it brings in all markets a large price; and thus truffle hunting has long been a remunerative calling for the French and Italian peasantry. In appearance, the truffle is a blackish mass, covered with protuberances and weighing from an ounce to several pounds; when cut open it presents a marbled appearance, and its reproductive portion (it is sexless) is found in the veins in the shape of minute sacs which never open, each containing several spores, possessing spine-covered or honeycombed surfaces.

Numerous attempts have been made to cultivate these fungi, but with little or no success. Regarding their early development, comparatively nothing has been known, and the spawn or vegetative portion, which, in the case of the mushroom, is readily obtained, allowing the cultivation of that fungus to any degree, has not been definitely found in the truffle. Sprinkling the earth with water, in which the parings of truffles have been steeped, has resulted, it is stated, in producing them; and they have likewise been obtained by the slow process of planting calcareous soil with acorns and waiting for the saplings to reach a few years' growth, when the truffles could be gathered among the roots. Still no practical method of cultivating the truffle is in existence, and since they are found completely isolated from any thing which could produce them, we are left in the dark as to how they are originated, or at best with merely the supposition that, at an early period of their development, they are parasites of the tree roots, or the theory that, like oak galls, they are due to the stings of insects. This last conjecture, however, arising from the fact that truffles are attacked by dipterous insects, like other nitrogenous cryptogams, has been refuted by the entomologists.

A very curious and recent experiment by M. Brefeld throws some new light on the subject, and may lead to the long sought method of cultivation. The penicillium glaucum is the well known green mold which appears on bread and cheese, and which owes its name to the fact that, in free air, it consists of chapelets of spores, in brush form, connected to a stem or pedicle. The mode of reproduction of this mold depends on the medium in which it exists. Now, by placing the penicillium in a closed vessel with very little air, M. Brefeld has obtained nodules which, after being buried in moist sand, fructify with internal asci which do not open. That is to say, they are produced in a manner analogous to truffles. The asci, we may explain here, are the little sacs in which the spores are contained, and are found in many complex forms of fungi, which build up a special organ called the peridium to hold these sacs.

It will be seen from M. Brefeld's discovery that he has noted two forms of green mold, one aerial, or penicillium, the other existing when partially deprived of air, or tuberculous. The truffle through its subterranean location is always in confined air, present besides in limited quantities, and in that state is sexless. Now it remains to find its aerial form, to discover the peculiar penicillium, which, placed under the conditions noted, will produce, for its nodules, a truffle.—Scientific American.

An American in Abyssinia.

The following is an extract from a letter from Dr. T. D. Johnson, captured by the Abyssinians, while serving as a Surgeon in the Egyptian army: "The indignities I was subjected to during my stay with the Abyssinians were horrible, to say nothing of my great anxiety lest I should be whipped or murdered. I feared the former most, although there was great danger of the latter; as you will know when I tell you that of the six hundred of us captured, only one hundred and sixty returned, the others having been shot on the third day after the battle. Rass Waldo Classie, the Prince of Lemaine and Amharra, the most powerful man in Abyssinia, next to the King, sent for me, and, after one or two interviews, made the man who was my captor return my clothing, and ordered me to eat with him, until sent back to the Egyptian camp. In one of my earlier conversations with him he told me that he had prevented others from killing me; which he did six or eight times on the day I was captured, so that he might kill me himself; that he had gotten ready to shoot me several times, but could not look in my face and do it; so he had made me march in front of his horse to shoot me when I was not looking at him. The Prince added: 'You are the only white man in the midst of thousands of black ones.' When I left the camp the Rass Prige gave me a cup, saying: 'King John had killed the rhinoceros, giving him the horn, and he had had the cup made from it, and wished me to keep it as a remembrance of him.' He also gave me back my pearl ring, which he had taken from my captor, a few days after the battle, for that purpose. I shall always feel grateful to this man, who, but for the want of proper training and association, would be one of the best men I ever met."

JOHN STUART MILL once unfolded to Louis Blanc his plan of suffrage by degrees, according to which every man would have one vote, more learned man two votes, a professor three votes, a statesman four, and so on. M. Blanc replied that the educated man who goes into a meeting and influences the persons present to vote in a certain manner may control as many as 600 or 1,000 votes. There is a divine compensation for the legal equality of knowledge with ignorance. Mill's plan, besides being founded on injustice, is impracticable from the want of any venging power to determine exactly how learned a candidate for power may be.