Passages in a Minister's Life.

Services were held last evening in Grace Chapel memorial of the Rev. Archer B. Ffennell, who was killed by Cheyenne Indians a short time ago. The Rev. Dr. Potter said: "On a cold night in January, 1875, a man called at my house, and with tears in his eyes told me he had nothing to eat and was entirely destitute.

"He said he was a clergyman, and had once been a rector of a flourishing parish in Ireland. The man was our deceased brother. Born of a fine family, he received a finished education, graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, with high honors, and took holy orders with the brightest prospects. He soon was appointed a rector of a fine parish, and shortly afterward fell a victim to the demon of drink. Such a terrible hold did this sin take of him that he had to relinquish all, and come to this country in the endeavor to conquer his passion and commence life again. It was only after a severe illness brought on by drink that he at length succeeded. From that night forward he became one of the most earnest and indefatigable workers in the cause of Christ. He promptly accepted a call to go to the Territory of Dakota, and soon made himself a power in the Cheyenne Missionary Agency. A young Indian, one of the many converted by Dr. Ffennell, was put in jail. He swore a terrible oath that he would shoot the first white man he met on getting out. Dr. Ffennell interceded for the young man and procured his discharge. Filled with vengeance, the Indian prepared to carry out his oath, and procuring a rifle, sallied forth. The very first white man he met was the Rev. Dr. Ffennell, and in a moment he sent a bullet crashing through his brain, killing him instantly."

The Rev. Dr. Perry, of Ireland, made a few remarks, and a collection was taken up, the proceeds to be devoted to erecting a tablet in Grace Chapel.—*New York Sun.*

A Fortune Lost in Litigation.

On Monday last James E. Elmore, once a wealthy citizen of Queens County, L. I., and the Democratic leader, of whom it was said a few years ago he carried the county in his vest pocket, was taken to the Poughkeepsie Insane Asylum a hopeless lunatic. This case is another illustration of the folly of litigation, and of the reverses which men of property contend with. Ten years ago Elmore had a bank-account of $200,000, and was the owner of many choice bits of real estate. He owned a magnificent country seat at Richmond Hill, near Jamaica, and was beloved and respected by every body. His bosom friend was Aaron A. Degraw, with whom he was associated in several enterprises, among others in an unfortunate speculation of running a horse railway between Jamaica and New York. Subsequently they quarreled, and went to law to settle their quarrels. That commenced a litigation which cost Elmore his entire fortune, though it has not yet been concluded. Degraw got the upper hand of him somehow, and Elmore, in carrying on his lawsuits, has sacrificed all his estate. His domestic troubles, added to his other difficulties, proved too much for him. First his wife died; then two of his children; then another son left a lucrative position to take care of his father. But some weeks ago this boy was killed on the Pennsylvania Railroad track in Jersey City. He has one son left, a minor, who has a residuary interest in one piece of property through his mother, but it is heavily mortgaged, and must go with the rest. Recently he has shown signs of decaying intellect, until at last his insanity was too evident to be doubted. Weighed down by troubles, this man, only lately, as it seems, the possessor of $500,000, is now an inmate of a lunatic asylum.—*New York Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

How a Presidential Elector Once Went Back on His Party.

Should Gov. Tilden or Gov. Hayes be elected on a majority of one, or even three or four, in the Electoral College, there would be no little anxiety regarding the lives and health of the individual electors, who by their votes are to decide who is to be President of this great and glorious country. In connection with this thought an historical fact of considerable interest at present is brought to mind, which shows that in the year 1821 a Presidential Elector chosen by the Democratic party in New Hampshire changed his vote, went back on his party and voted against the party candidate in the Electoral College. The Presidential Elector referred to was ex-Governor William Plummer. The candidate of his party was James Monroe, then President of the United States, who was running for a second term. In November of 1820 the party was successful, and the Democratic Electors were chosen to a man in every State in the Union, among them Mr. Plummer from the Granite State. The Electoral College met on February 14, 1821, and the vote was unanimous for President Monroe with one exception. To the surprise of every body, ex-Gov. Plummer voted for John Quincy Adams. The latter, in his "Memoirs," says he was surprised and mortified that Gov. Plummer should have cast his vote for him. He had thought that, of all the Electors, none were more certain to vote for Monroe than Gov. Plummer. Another writer has averred that Plummer's motive for voting against the candidate of his party was, that he did not wish to have the vote unanimous for any President after Washington. No comment on his action in the papers of the day can be found.—*Boston Globe.*

—British manufacturers are complaining that the street cars used there are made in the United States because the British mechanics can not do the work properly; the iron girders for the Central Station in Glasgow are being constructed in Belgium; some of the Sheffield steel manufacturers are leaving the country; and American cotton goods can be exported from Liverpool cheaper than those of English make can be from Manchester.

Bank Clerks.

The Boston *Commercial Bulletin* says that the bank clerks of Boston are as capable, industrious, and faithful a set of bank officers as can be found in any city in the world. But after all, it states, the place to find an extensive army of well trained bank clerks is in the Bank of England. This institution, with its capital of ninety millions of dollars and dating back to 1694, to-day employs 900 clerks. The building in which these clerks do their work covers five acres of ground. It has not a single window upon the street, the light of day being admitted only through open courts. It has a clock in the center of the bank with fifty dials. The Bank of England is situated in the center of London; but it has one branch at the west end of the city, and many branches in the provinces. Though the Bank of England employs a very heavy force of clerks, it would seem, from a glance at its business, that it ought to keep them well employed and fairly remunerate them. Its sole work in its issue department is to give out notes to the public. The profit the bank derives from its issue department is the interest received upon the $70,000,000 government debt and securities, which, at the rate of 3 per cent, is $2,100,000 a year. By its dealing in coin and bullion, it has the reputation of making $150,000 a year. The amount of Bank of England notes afloat generally averages about $100,000,000, and has lately reached $165,000,000. The deposits in the Bank of England, out of which it of course makes a great deal of money, range from $60,000,000 to nearly twice that sum.

A Man Falls Ninety Feet, but Catches a Rope and Saves His Life.

Owing to the necessity of pushing the work as fast as possible the contractors of the new Point bridge had their men, who are employed in joining the three cables, engaged all day yesterday. They are compelled to work in a "basket" or platform, which is suspended above the river at about the height of ninety feet from the water. Yesterday afternoon a workman, whose name we did not learn, by some accident fell off the platform. Hanging from the platform was a rope that reached nearly to the water. In his frightful descent the man attempted to grasp the rope, but as he kept turning somersaults in the air he was unable to reach it until within about twenty feet of the river, when he succeeded in grasping the rope with both hands. He was at first unable to stop his descent, and slid down the rope for about fifteen feet, until his feet nearly touched the water. Then, to the astonishment of the crowds of people on the banks who had seen with horror his terrible fall, he commenced climbing back up the rope, hand over hand. Then the crowds cheered him lustily, and his companions on the platform drew him up uninjured, except the inside of his hands, which were badly lacerated. His presence of mind was as remarkable as his wonderful escape from death.—*Pittsburgh Gazette.*

Oregon Caviar.

Oregon, it seems, has added another and important branch to her already numerous industries, the manufacture of that highly esteemed delicacy among epicures—caviar. This article is made from the eggs of fish, and it has been discovered recently that the unhatched spawn of the sturgeon, which frequent the waters of the Columbia and its larger tributaries in great numbers, can be manufactured into caviar of a very superior character. We understand that some parties in Astoria are engaged in manufacturing this delicious article of food. A large number of sturgeon are being captured in the Cowlitz River and taken to Astoria, the eggs removed and made into caviar. The article manufactured compares very favorably with the best brands in the market. It is assuredly an important industry, and should be fostered.—*Portland Oregonian.*

Animal Sorrow.

During a recent visit to the Pacific coast, I was told the following incident by an eye-witness: A heifer had gone in the morning with the herd to the field for pasture. During the absence her first-born was slain, and the skin carelessly hung on the barn-yard fence to dry. The evening brought the milch kine home. A gentle breeze blowing revealed, by mysterious instinct, the loss to the dam. She neared the spot, stood motionless, and her whole frame seemed to tremble with emotion. Not a murmuring low as usual was heard. Overwhelming sorrow was as plain on her face, as the mother wringing her hands in agony over an empty cradle. Several farm hands were looking on. They saw the great round tears flowing silently down! This dumb beast's sorrowful eloquence, telling them of their cruelty, they could not stand. They too, wept like children!—*Sunday-School Times.*

A Fatal Love.

At a late meeting of the Board of Health of Reading, Penn., the following statement was made of the manner in which a young man caught the small-pox: "He met his sweetheart on the street in the evening and accompanied her home. On the front door was a red patch, but she said nothing about any member of the family having the small-pox. She concealed the fact from her lover, and conducted him into the house by the side door so that he should not see the red patch on the front door. He caught the small-pox from the infected house, and was the means of communicating the disease to his father, who died."

Plum Pudding.—1 pound of raisins, 1 pound of currants, ½ pound of suet, 5 tablespoonfuls of bread-crumbs, 8 tablespoonfuls of flour, 6 eggs, ¼ pound of citron, 1 wineglass of brandy, 1 tablespoonful of sugar, a little salt, nutmeg to taste; boil fully 5 hours, and serve with hot melted sauce, well flavored with wine.

A Baby Show at San Antonio.

The San Antonio *Herald* of Nov. 4 says: The baby-show took place yesterday afternoon at the Pagoda on the Fair Grounds, and in the second story of it, which, by the way, reminds one of the hurricane-deck of a steamboat, and the number and violence of the squalls did not go far to dispel the illusion. In order to encourage Mr. Samuel Bennett, who provided the prize perambulator, about nineteen babies had put in their appearances. These said babies, in the goodness of their hearts, had also brought their mothers along, and these ladies seemed to take as much interest in the show as the babies themselves. We suppose the babies brought their mothers along to keep them out of mischief. Besides the babies and the young mothers, there were quite a number of ladies and gentlemen present who were not babies, and had not been babies for some time, who came because they once had been babies, and wished to find out if the human race was not deteriorating.

There were various styles of babies there. There was the serene, contemplative baby, that quietly devoured the landscape with its eyes. When that kind of a baby grows up he becomes a heavy taxpayer and accumulates real estate, and is regarded, and justly too, as highly respectable. Then there was the disorderly baby, that punches its mother in the nose, and snatches every body baldheaded and is as disorderly as a cage full of wildcats. In after-life that style of baby climbs the ladder of fame as a politician or as a desperado. There we noticed, too, the smiling baby. It made friends with perfect strangers 20 yards distant. It would take an earthquake to stop that style of baby from crowing. When that kind of child grows up he becomes popular, and is elected Justice of the Peace or United States Senator, like Gov. Coke. Then, too, there was the hungry infant that called for the bill of fare. When that kind of child becomes fully developed, mentally and physically, it becomes contemplative, joins the ministry, and becomes a terror to spring chickens. There were several other styles of babies, but we can't devote so much space to such small fry. We have not mentioned how the female babies would turn out on account of the uncertainty of the sex.

There was some difficulty in obtaining judges to pass on the infants. Whenever a gentleman was requested to act as a judge he was singularly unanimous in refusing to bring down on himself the wrath of the babies who might not get the perambulator. As it was absolutely certain that there would not be less than seventeen of those enraged cherubs, we do not blame them so much, after all. Besides, these insulted little cubs have mothers, fathers and other relatives. No wonder there was a certain unwillingness to intrude.

At last five heroic men were found to act as judges.

The mothers seated themselves in a circle, with their infants on their laps, the judges made their rounds on trembling limbs, gazed falteringly at each infant, and then with blanched faces, consulted hurriedly together, cast their ballots, looking over their shoulders at the determined faces of the mothers, and then hurried down the stairs and out of the pagoda, and are by this time doubtless safe in some country that has no extradition treaty with the United States. It was understood that the awards would not be called until the judges had ten minutes' start.

Mr. Stanley's explorations, and which have created such a painful impression in the country." Mr. Stanley not being a British subject, her Majesty's Government have no authority over him; but "his Lordship can not but hope, looking to the character which Mr. Stanley has won in this country by his expedition in search of Dr. Livingstone, that he may eventually be able to afford some explanation or justification of his proceedings which is not apparent from the reports which have been as yet received." As regards this charitable hope of the Foreign Secretary, the only comment which suggests itself is that Mr. Stanley has up to the present been the reporter of his own proceedings; and if he is to be judged out of his own mouth, the appearance of any subsequent explanation or justification of his proceedings is in the last degree improbable, and that for the simple reason that he obviously sees nothing in them which requires to be explained or justified. Considering, however, the manner in which his doings are regarded in this country, it is as well that Mr. Stanley's audacious assumption of an English mission should be at once put a stop to, and we are glad to learn that "Lord Derby will cause Her Majesty's Consuls on the East Coast of Africa to be instructed to intimate to him, if any means of communicating with him should be open to them, that he has no authority to hoist the English flag."

Death-Bed Confession of Bill Jones.

During the past two years many of the well-to-do planters of this section and merchants of Little Rock have formed the acquaintance of one Bill Jones. He came from no one knew where. He appeared all right and met his bills, and that was enough for a stranger. Moreover, those for whom he worked all spoke well of him. As Bill Jones, he was getting along very nicely, until about a week ago, when he was attacked with pneumonia. His employer, Mr. Gardener, who resides six miles down the river, spared neither time nor money to restore him to health, but in vain. At an early hour yesterday morning, in the presence of Dr. Mark, he breathed his last. A short time before his death he made a voluntary confession to the Doctor, the substance of which is that his name is not Bill Jones, but Theophilus Williams, and that about two years ago he killed a man near his home, 16 miles from Nashville, and fled the country. His relatives are now residing near the scene of the crime. The deceased, at the time of his confession, was perfectly conscious. He begged and prayed that he might be allowed to live a few years more, and said he was but 22 years of age. He wanted it understood he was not afraid to die with the murder of the man on his hands, and he only wanted to live because he was too young to die. A trunk containing money, clothes, etc., he requested his friends to get from Thompson's wagon-yard in this city. The clothes were those in which he desired to be interred. Dr. Mark and Mr. Gardener were both in town last evening attending to the wants of the deceased.—*Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.*

Artificial Butter.

There has been for some time past a prevalent impression that, if the manufacture of artificial butter has not died out, at least no product of this description is now industriously made which has any standing in the market, or which can not, by any one, be distinguished from the genuine article. It is true that the public, both in this country and more especially in England, has had placed before it in the newspapers more records of the failures in artificial butter making than of the successful efforts therein; and these, together with the popular prejudice which exists against the material, are sufficient, perhaps, to account for the general impression referred to. The facts, however, we are assured by competent authority, are altogether against any such conclusion, for quite recently no less than fifty artificial butter factories were counted in this city; and large quantities of artificial butter are sold in the market by wholesale dealers, or are purchased direct from the manufactories by large retailers, and offered to the customer as genuine butter. There is, of course, a duplicity in this business which is reprehensible; but if people can not distinguish the made from the natural product, and if the former is, as reported by Professor Chandler, actually more healthful than the average cow butter sold, it would be difficult to prove any damages save to the moral sense to all, and to the overqualmish prejudices of a part, of the community.—*Scientific American.*

Farming as a Pursuit.

It is so ordered that man must labor for his support, and he has various pursuits offered him for this purpose. They grow out of his necessities, and are fitted to them, affording a field of activity for every one disposed to exert himself. Happy he who selects a congenial pursuit, for a love of one's calling is half the battle gained. It not only concentrates thought and action, and leads to material prosperity, but it gratifies the inclination, and, what is the basis of all enjoyments, it brings contentment. We should work then not to live merely or accumulate wealth, but to enjoy life as well, making the result of our labor contribute to our happiness, the doing and the result harmonizing and combining to bring this about, so that a man gets paid not only *for* doing his work but *in* doing it. If in love with it, the farmer has superior advantages in his vocation. He lives under the direct influence of nature, surrounded by all her attractions, which are engaging and healthy. He has health, enjoyment and material success. What more can he desire? If more is wanted, it may be obtained after a competency is secured, and a home, if he feels disposed to travel, will always await him, such as he can hardly find equaled elsewhere, with its associations and endearments formed from his growth up.—*Country Gentleman.*

Exploit of an Ambitious Duck.

Mr. D. W. Brown of this city exhibited to us this morning something that would puzzle the best juggler in the country. In fact, it showed how a duck can perform tricks more mysterious than those of the most accomplished legerdemainist. The exhibit consisted of two duck's eggs, one within the other. The largest was 7¾ inches in circumference one way and 9 inches the other way. There was a small fracture of the shell, through which another egg, of the size of a common hen's egg, could be seen, with a shell perfectly formed. The outer shell contained a substance precisely like the white of an ordinary egg; it is supposed the yelk is within the shell of the inner egg, which rattles within the larger shell when shaken like a child's rattle-box. A duck belonging to Mr. Charles W. Gates of Lafayette is entitled to the credit of giving the world this wonder some time last August.—*Syracuse Journal.*

—Two-thirds of the willow for the manufacture of willow ware in this country is imported from Europe at a cost of $5,000,000.

SEASONABLE RECIPES.

Egg-Plant.—Cut slices half an inch thick, and pare, when first starting breakfast. Rub salt lightly over the top of each slice and let stand in a pile till the brine starts. Then shake off the salt and dip each slice, both sides, into flour well. Stand in a pile till the flour is moist, then fry in a little lard in the frying-pan, like one would griddle-cakes. When brown, take up and spread a little butter on top of each slice. This is a much better way than with egg-batter.

Cream Cake.—1 cup of sugar, 1 egg, ⅔ cup of sweet milk, 1½ cups of flour, 2 tablespoonfuls baking-powder, 2 heaping tablespoonfuls of butter. Bake in 2 cakes. Cream for the cake: ½ pint of sweet milk, 1 egg, 1 tablespoonful of corn-starch, 1 tablespoonful of sugar—flavor as desired. Boil these ingredients to a thick custard and spread between the cakes. It will be better if eaten the first or second day.

Scrap-book Paste.—Dissolve a teaspoonful of alum in a quart of water; when cold stir in as much flour as will give it the consistency of thick cream, being particular to beat all the lumps; stir in as much powdered resin as will lie on a dime, and also add 6 cloves, a teacupful of boiling water on the fire, pour the flour mixture into it, stirring well all the time. It will be soon like mush. Let it cool, and keep it cool; lay a cover on it; for use, soften with warm water. It will keep 12 months.

Pumpkin Marmalade.—Take ripe, yellow pumpkins, pare and cut them into large pieces and scrape out the seeds; weigh the pieces, and to every pound allow 1 pound of white sugar and a small orange or lemon. Grate the pieces of pumpkin on a coarse grater and put it into the preserving-kettle with the sugar and the rind of the orange grated and the juice strained. Let all boil slowly, stirring it frequently and skimming it well until it is a smooth marmalade. Put it warm into small glass jars, or tumblers; lay a double round of tissue paper, with a bladder or waxed paper.

Old-Fashioned Molasses Candy.—Into a kettle holding at least 4 times the amount of molasses to be used, pour a convenient quantity of good molasses. Place over a slow fire, and boil ½ hour, stirring all the time, to diminish as much as possible the increase of bulk caused by boiling, and checking the fire or removing the kettle if there is any danger of the contents running over. Be very careful not to let the candy burn, especially near the close of the boiling. When a little dropped in cold water becomes quickly hard and snaps apart like a pipe-stem, add a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, free from lumps, to every 2 quarts. Stir quickly to mix, and pour on greased platters to cool. When the candy is sufficiently cool to handle without burning the hands, it is pulled back and forth, the hands being rubbed with a little butter to prevent the candy from sticking to them. Flour is sometimes used for this purpose, but gives an unpleasant taste to the candy. The more the candy is worked the lighter it will be in color, but if made from molasses only, it will be of a bright yellowish brown shade, and never so white as that sold by confectioners for molasses candy. Frequently some flavor is added, as vanilla or lemon, but the natural flavor of the boiled molasses is generally preferred.

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