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CHRISTOPHE.

BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

"King Henri is King Stephen's peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown!"
So from the old world came the jeer
Of those who hunted Toussaint down
But what was he—this slave that swept
The chamber, then to greatness leapt?
Their counterfeit in bronze, a thing
To mock—or every inch a king?

On Sans-Souci's defiant wall
His people saw, against the sky,
Christophe—a shape the height of Saul—
A chief who brooked no rival's sigh.
Right well he spared the antique style,
If a birth was mean, his heart was great;
No sacred ill led his veins—instead
The Afric torrent, hot and red.

He built far up the mountain-side
A royal keep, and walled it round
With towers the panoplies could not hide;
The ramparts toward ocean frowned;
Beneath, within the rock-hewn hold,
He stored a monarch's store of gold.
He made his mores in a breath;
He held the power of life and death;

And here through torrid years he ruled
The Hayti horse, a despot king—
Mocked Europe's pomp—her nobles schooled
In trade and war and parley, ing—
Yet reared his dusky halls in vain.
To call the drums, Fate grew fain—
Uprose a relief tide, and flowed
Close to the threshold where he strode.

"And now the Black must exit make,
As drawn at the last," they say;
Not so—Christophe his leave will take
The long answered Roman way.
"No! No!" cried he, "the day is done
And I go down with the tropic sun!"
A pistol-shot—no sign of fear—
So died Christ-phe without a peer.

—*Century Magazine.*

THE MUFTI.

An Episode of the Indian Mutiny.

During the cold weather in 1856 we had been unusually gay at our pleasant little station of Ramjamjollimobad in the heart of Oude. In November no less than three brides had arrived from home and been feted in turn; while early in December the Thirteenth Light Cavalry and the One Hundred and Tenth Native Infantry had been relieved by Hampden's Horse and the Ninety third Light Infantry, both "crack" regiments, with good bands and capital messes; and just before Christmas the Commander-in-Chief had passed through on a tour of inspection, and remained for four days. Balls, big dinners and picnics had been the order of the day, and we had even succeeded in getting up some very fine races. It was about this time that my wife's cousin, Capt. Geoffrey St. Hill, of the Twenty fifth Lancers, came to spend his three months' leave with us, and before he had been a fortnight in the station managed to get himself and us into hot water. St. Hill was a strikingly handsome man with very regular features and "poetic" eyes; he was moreover encircled with a halo of glory from having been one of the "Six Hundred." The ladies, as might naturally have been expected, made much of him, and he dashed off at once into vehement flirtation with three of the five spinsters at our little station, one of the remaining two being too plain and the other too wise. Had he confined himself to this amusement it would not have mattered so much; but, unfortunately, he would be an "Admirable Crichton," and persisted in laying down the law to every one on every possible subject, without the slightest respect for age, rank or reputation. Free-thinking was one of his hobbies, "*Sans Foi*" being his nickname in the regiment, and he was particularly fond of airing his infidelity, especially before the ultra-evangelicals, for whom he had the most profound contempt. At the first big dinner to which we were invited he placidly set the Commissioner to rights on the subject of "Saloodarre rights" and permanent settlement, and gave the Brigadier a lecture on active drill and discipline.

One of the charges against him was that he read Italian with Miss Bell; this crime of offense had been removed, the reading having entirely ceased, and the young lady appearing rather to avoid him than otherwise; but it was observed that she never allowed his character or opinions to be attacked behind his back without defending him most gallantly. As she was the prettiest and cleverest "spin" in the station, and a general favorite to boot, few cared to contradict her; but whether her alliance did St. Hill much good is open to doubt; one man indeed it brought to his aid—young Stubbs, the "boots" of the Ninety-third regiment, a no account lad who had been desperately in love with Miss Bell from the first day he saw her, and who now chivalrously ranged himself on the side of his rival, by whom he was constantly snubbed for his pains.

Under these circumstances it was evidently high time for St. Hill to beat a retreat, but, as ill luck would have it, this was out of the question, a bad fall having put him on the sick list, and rendered it quite impossible for him to rejoin at the expiration of his leave, while much more serious matter than his doings and misdoings soon occupied all our thoughts.

As the hot weather drew near an uneasy feeling showed itself in the native army, and before long the mutiny at Barrackpore opened our eyes to the danger. The guilty regiment met with instant punishment; the disaffected appeared to be cowed, and we fondly hoped that the crisis was over. This interval of quiet was, however, only the calm before the terrific storm, which was so soon to burst in all its fury on our devoted heads. All through the month of April this deceitful calm lasted; most of us forgot our fears, and prepared to make ourselves comfortable for the hot weather. Suddenly the bazars were full of a great mutiny and massacre of Meerut, but, having received no authentic news of any disturbance there, we treated the report as mere "gup," and the two or three old officers who looked grave and shook their heads over it were laughed at as alarmists. Only a day or two later our laughter came to a sudden end. A large party of us were having "chota hazri," and smoking in the "coffee shop" after parade, when a telegram was brought to our Colonel, with a hurried note requesting his immediate attendance at the General's bungalow. The ill-omened slip of paper passed quickly around: "Cavalry mutinied at Meerut on Monday. Several officers killed." The Colonel, with his Adjutant, rode off at once, while the rest of us, crowding round the table, read and re-read the telegram, trying to find in it some gram of comfort. "It is only the Third Cavalry," said one; "they were always known to be shaky. All the other Sepoy regiments appear to have remained staunch."

We were still discussing the news and trying to persuade ourselves and each other that it was not really half so bad as it seemed at first sight, when the Commissioner, galloping up, asked for the Colonel, and, hearing that he had gone to the General, threw me another telegram and rode off without drawing rein. This second message ran as follows: "Cavalry from Meerut reached Delhi Tuesday—the whole force there joined them; general massacre of English; magazine blown up."

For the next few days we were all in a state of the deepest despondency, but after that came a reaction. We heard that a large European force, under the Commander-in-Chief, was marching on Delhi, and that several regiments had been telegraphed for from the Persian gulf and Madras. At several places mutinies had taken place, but in many others the spirit of the native troops appeared to be excellent, notably at Allahabad, where the Sixth regiment Native Infantry had volunteered to march against "those wicked men who had been false to the great company whose salt they had eaten;" and other regiments had followed their example. Meantime our own men were loud in their professions of loyalty, and many of us believed they were really faithful. Altogether things were looking brighter, when suddenly telegrams, letters and newspapers ceased to arrive, and we found that we were cut off from all communication with the outer world. The last paper which reached us gave a ghastly account of the tragedy at Allahabad, where the Sixth regiment, after having paraded in the afternoon to receive the thanks of the Governor General for their loyalty, cut the throats of all their officers at mess in the evening.

To add to our troubles, there were great differences of opinion among our leaders. The Brigadier, a worn-out old man who should have been dozing away the evening of his life at Bath or Cheltenham, was quite unequal to the emergency and changed his plans from day to day. An intrenchment round the European barracks was begun, and within a week the work was stopped, owing to the remonstrances of the native officers, who declared that their feelings were hurt by such a want of confidence in them and their men. Shortly afterward, to our great relief, the Brigadier broke down altogether, took to his bed, and handed over the command to our Colonel, one of the best and bravest officers in the army, whose brevet rank, gained by distinguished service in the field, placed him over the older officers who commanded the other regiments. He at once set to work on the intrenchments, which were completed in a fortnight, and at the time, by his personal influence over the Sepoys, checked to some extent the spirit of disaffection which had shown itself in the shape of fires. These had been of nearly nightly occurrence, and were undoubtedly the work of incendiaries. They, however, ceased for a time, and the midnight meetings of men of all regiments, of which we had received secret but sure information, were also discontinued.

One Monday afternoon a Mussulman fanatic, who had come from Delhi to incite the men to mutiny, was seized by some troopers and brought up to our Colonel. A court-martial was held at once, and he was hanged the same evening in the presence of the whole force, without the slightest attempt being made to rescue him or even a murmur being heard in the ranks, even when the wretched man cried out that he was dying for the faith and called on all true believers to save him from the infidels.

All was quiet during the night, but next morning, when Hampden's Horse was drawn up for a drill, a trooper suddenly shouted out: "The murder of our saint must be avenged," and fired his carbine at the Colonel. In another minute the officers were riding for their lives, followed by a score of Sowars, while the rest of the regiment galloped furiously through the infantry and artillery lines, calling on the men to join them. They, however, met with no answer, and, being fired on by a few faithful Sepoys, who, at the first alarm, had gathered round their officers, they rode off in great disorder, after having set fire to their own lines and their officers' bungalows, and cut down two or three Europeans whom they happened to come across.

Much relieved by their sudden departure and the apparent staunchness of the mass of the Sepoys, we flattered ourselves that we had tided over the worst of the danger, and that order would soon be restored; but within forty-eight hours we were undeceived. Of the next great outbreak I can tell but little, for exposure to the sun had brought on fever and partial delirium. I have but a confused recollection of a sudden alarm; a cry that the Sowars had come back and were murdering every one; a rush from my blazing house through a surging crowd of natives, and then finding myself safe inside the intrenchment. A week passed before I was able to take part in the defense, and by that time there was need of every man who could handle a rifle, for the casualties had already been many. For three long weeks we held out, suffering terribly from heat and scarcity of water, as well as from insufficient food, having from the very first been on half, and latterly on quarter rations. Still we did not despair, for a faithful Sepoy, who, at the risk of his own life, had passed through the enemy's lines, brought a note in Greek characters from Col. Adair, of the Twenty-fifth Lancers, informing us that he hoped to be able to relieve us on the following Sunday. On that day the mutineers left us in peace, the greater part of them having moved off to oppose the relieving force. From earliest dawn until late at night we watched in vain for any sight or sound that might tell us how the fight was going. At last we heard a distant gun, then heavy firing, which at first sounded nearer and nearer, then remained stationary for a time, then gradually grew fainter and fainter, until at last it died away in the distance, and not a sound broke the silence of the night. Then our hearts sank within us, for we knew that all hope of succor was at an end, and that we were left to our fate. The rising sun showed us the camp of our enemies swarming with armed men, villagers as well as Sepoys, who shouted out that they had conquered the Feringhees, and held up the uniforms and accoutrements of English soldiers in token of their victory.

We fully expected that they would now make a final attack in force, but they had probably formed a pretty good idea of the state to which we had been reduced, and, like wise men, determined to starve us out.

On Tuesday afternoon a council of war was held at which it was decided that we should sally out as soon as the moon had set; try to cut our way through the enemy, and then make for Col. Adair's camp, which, we had reason to believe, was somewhere in the direction of Devipur, about twenty miles off. This was indeed a very forlorn hope; but our last morsel having been eaten, and with only a few cartridges remaining in our pouches, no other course was open to us. We were less hampered with sick and wounded than might have been expected, for death had been very busy among the women and children, while of our fighting men scarcely one-third of those who had entered the intrenchments answered to their names at our last roll-call. This great mortality was owing, partly to our having been entirely without medical aid of any sort, all three of our surgeons having been killed, and the hospital shed, with all its contents, burnt by a shell which burst right in it on the third day of the siege.

During this, our last day, the heat had been more than usually intense, and the atmosphere perfectly suffocating; but toward evening a strong wind sprang up from the south, heavy clouds gathered over the whole sky, and soon after dark a crashing peal of thunder shook the whole earth beneath us. It was followed by a perfect torrent of rain; one of those sudden storms, not uncommon in the hot weather, had come on, and was soon raging in its full fury.

Nothing could have suited us better, and on sallying out we found, as we had expected, that the enemy had taken shelter in their huts, and that not a single sentry was on the alert. At first we succeeded even beyond our hopes, cutting our way without much difficulty through the scattered groups of mutineers who hurried together to oppose us; but before we were well clear of their camp we lost our way in the pitchy darkness, got broken up into small parties, and were never able to reassemble. After stumbling along for what seemed to be several hours we heard the tramp of horses on all sides, and in a few minutes found ourselves surrounded by a large body of Hampden's Horse. The hopeless struggle which followed was short but bloody; we were quickly overpowered, most of our party were killed on the spot, while about a dozen, including my wife, St. Hill, the two clergymen and young Stubbs, were taken prisoners, mounted behind some of our captors and carried to a ruined temple, near which their spiritual chief had taken up his quarters. He was a venerable Mufti, with a long, white beard and stern, handsome face, one glance at which assured me that we need look for little mercy at his hands. In this I was not mistaken; our doom was spoken in a few words—"There is no God but one God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God. Confess the faith and live; deny it and die like dogs. Make your choice, and answer before this torch burns out." So saying he turned to our guards and ordered them to loosen our ropes and allow us to speak to each other. Then we gathered closer together, but no word was spoken; we felt that death was very near, and each of us, in his own way, prepared to meet it. I tried to pray, but tried in vain. As in a dream I saw the fierce faces of the Sowars by the light of the torches which blazed and flickered in the wind. I heard the thunder growling away in the distance, the roar of the swollen river rushing by; the stern words of the Mufti kept repeating themselves over and over again in my head; but all seemed strange and far away like idle sights and sounds which, for me, had no meaning.

Suddenly the Mufti shook his torch, sending the sparks flying far into the darkness around, and I noticed it was nearly burnt out. Then I seemed to awake with a sudden sharp pain; the bitterness of death was upon me, as I felt my wife cling to my arm, saw her loving, despairing eyes looking into mine, and felt that I could do nothing to save her.

"My own, my own!" I cried; "only one short year together, and now to be separated forever! Why did I ever bring you to this cursed country? Why were you given to me if we were to be parted so soon?"

"There can be no more separation for those whose love is true," said the chaplain. "What happier lot could God have given you? Love and joy on earth, and now an eternity of happiness together in heaven. One short moment of pain, and then the crowns of glory that never fade; the unspeakable joys that eye hath not seen nor ear heard."

"All very well for you who are sure of heaven," interrupted St. Hill; "but how about me? Why should I not save my life while I can? If your Bible be true there is an eternity of misery in store for me; if it be false, why should I die for a lie? Christian or Mussulman, what does it matter?"

"The Captain's a scholard," gasped Private Smith, who was badly wounded, "and knows best, no doubt; but I won't turn nigger to please that old heathen. No, I'll die a good Christian, cussed if I won't."

"Do not talk so wildly, Capt. St. Hill," expostulated the chaplain. "Our God is merciful and loving, and judges not as man judges. Do what is right, and trust your soul to Him who died for you."

"Repent, repent; there is yet time," cried the missionary.

"Between the stirrup and the ground,
He mercy sought and mercy found.

"Maybe I shall. Anyhow duty must be done, of course, and it wouldn't do for one of the old Twenty-fifth to turn Mussulman through funk. Still it's very hard lines that I of all men should have to play a martyr's part. How the fellows will laugh at the mess when they are told that 'Sans Foi' died for the faith!"

"The time is up. Now, unbelievers will you repeat the 'kulma' and live, or will you die like dogs as you are? There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet!"

The dead silence that followed was broken by the chaplain's calm, steady voice, "In the hour of death, good Lord, deliver us."

Suddenly up Hill sprang to his feet with a wild laugh. "There is but one devil," cried he in Hindoostani, "and Mohammed is his Vizier! Will that do, you son of a pig?"

"Blasphemy, blasphemy!" shouted the Mufti; "let him die the death." In another instant a volley of musketry blazed out, and St. Hill fell riddled with bullets; with him fell poor young Stubbs, who had thrown himself between St. Hill and his murderers. Mad with rage and thirsting for more blood, the Sowars were rushing on us, when the stern voice of the Mufti stopped them: "They are dogs and sons of dogs, but their blood shall be on their own heads; not one more of them shall die until he has had another chance of joining the true believers. Leave them alone until the 'muezzin' calls to morning prayer, then if they will not repent they shall surely die."

Slowly and sullenly the Mufti's followers drew back, after tying us hand and foot to trees to prevent any attempt at escape, and once more we were left alone to our own thoughts. Slowly the hours passed by and the night was far spent when a faint sound roused me from the stupor in which I had fallen. I listened intently, and made out that it was firing in the distance which gradually grew nearer, though it was almost drowned in the roar of the swollen torrent rushing past our rear, and was evidently unheard by the Sepoys, who were gathered round their fires, smoking, eating and sleeping in perfect security, their arms lying about in every direction. Gradually the darkness cleared away, and the first streak of light appeared on the horizon. Then, the cry to prayer ringing through the encampment, all the followers of the Prophet, kneeling down on their prayer carpets, performed their morning devotions with great fervor, and rose up to begin the day with a fresh butchery.

"Let their accursed priests be first brought up," was the order by the Mufti, in obedience to which Chasuble and Calvin Longwynd were untied and dragged before him. "You have had full time for repentance—now, once for all, will you believe or will you die?" Before either of them could answer him a wounded Sowar dashed into the midst of the party, and, without pulling up his steaming horse, shouted out: "Ride for your lives—the Sahib log are closed behind!" At the sound of that dreaded name a panic seized all the Sowars, who rushed pell-mell to their horses, while the infantrymen caught up their arms and crowded together, doubtful whether to fight or fly. The Mufti alone remained firm and collected. Above the tumult his voice rang out clear and high: "Stand firm, believers—victory or paradise!" But his words fell on heedless ears, for even as they were uttered a dozen or more Sowars dashed through in headlong flight, riding down every one who stood in their way, and throwing the whole force into hopeless confusion. A wild stampede ensued as the sound of calvary at full gallop drew nearer and a crowd of Sowars rode past, spurring for dear life. Only the Mufti and three grizzled old troopers remained calm and unmoved, even when the ringing cheer of our lancers foretold their doom. "The gates of paradise are opening wide; the Prophet himself beckons to us. Forward! forward! die like true Ghazis!" cried the Mufti. With desperate courage the lunatics charged furiously on the advancing squadron, cut down the Major and threw themselves on the line of lancers, while the Mufti sprang forward, stabbed Chasuble to the heart, and was in the act of striking at the missionary when a lance driven home by a strong arm pierced him through and through; so the Christian martyr and the Mussulman fell side by side, and each went to his own place.

In a few moments we were unbound and safe. Our first thought was of our fallen friends; Chasuble and St. Hill were past all help, but Stubbs still breathed, and a few drops of brandy from a trooper's flask gave him momentary strength. As we raised his head he tried to speak, and, leaning over him, I heard a whisper, "Is he alive? I did my best, tell her." It was his last effort, and in a moment he was with the rival for whom he had died. His last message was never delivered, for Miss Bell had been massacred, together with the whole of the garrison except our small party. A native servant who escaped and came into camp some days afterward reported that she had been shot by her father to save her from falling into the hands of the mutineers, but whether this were true or not we never knew for certain.

Our rescuers proved to be the advance guard of Adair's column, which, having been reinforced after their repulse on Sunday, had made a forced march by night through thunder, lightning and rain, and, taking the mutineers entirely by surprise with an unfordable river in their rear, routed them with such a slaughter as is remembered to this day in many a town and village throughout the length and breadth of Oude, where men shudder as they tell how on that stormy night the Christians were massacred, man, woman and child, and how terrible a vengeance came with the morning light.—*United Service Magazine.*

NOTHING can constitute good breeding that has not good nature for its foundation.

USEFUL HINTS.

GLOSS ON LINEN.—Mix a little powdered borax in hot water and let it cool; then pour it, with a few drops of turpentine, into the water. Put the starched things through a machine or mangle, and iron immediately.

NOTHING is better to clean silver with than alcohol and ammonia; after rubbing with this take a little whitening on a soft cloth and polish in this way; even frosted silver, which is so difficult to clean, may be easily made clear and bright.

AN old, experienced farmer says that hickory cut in July or August will not become worm-eaten. Oak, chestnut, walnut, or other timber cut from the middle of July to the last of August will last twice as long as when cut in winter. White oak cut at this season, if kept off the ground, will season through if two feet in diameter, and remain perfectly sound for many years. Whereas, if cut in winter or spring it will become sap-rotten in a few years.

TAR has been found to be a preservative against phylloxera. M. Avignon says that it is to be prepared and applied in this way: After the tar has been thoroughly mixed with fine sand, a quantity of wood ash is added, and the mixture is then placed in a hole dug around the stem of the vine and covered with earth. Spring is the best time to apply this remedy. Perhaps it would also repel the insects that do so much damage to the apple and other fruit trees.

CHLORAL FOR NERVES.—For toothache and its accompanying facial pain, Dr. Sporer strongly advises, in a St. Petersburg medical journal, the use of chloral and glycerine—dissolving from a scruple to half a dram of the former in two drams of the latter, and applying a plug of wadding soaked in this to the source of pain. As, however, this may cause considerable irritation of the mucous membrane of the mouth, the chloral can be applied in substance by wrapping from a half to at most one grain of the granules of chloral in a little wool to keep them together, and placing in the cavity of the tooth; on the chloral becoming dissolved, the accumulated saliva is to be ejected.

BLEACHING IVORY FOR CUTLERY PURPOSES.—Peroxide of hydrogen is used in Sheffield to bleach the inferior ivory for knife-handles. The mode of procedure is as follows: Place, say, 2 quarts of the liquid in a stone pot, adding 4 oz. liq. ammon. fort. 880 degrees, immerse the handles and put over a common shop stove for twenty-four to thirty six hours; the handles are then taken out and gradually dried in the air, not too quickly or they would split. The deep color of the ivory is removed, and a beautiful pearly-white ivory results when polished. The ivory is previously treated with a solution of common soda, to get rid of greasy matter and open the pores.

PITH AND POINT.

KERNEL SELLERS—peanut venders.

WONDER if a noise annoys an oyster.

IF a boy gets on the wrong track it shows that his father's switch has not had a fair chance.

MEN are like pins. One with a little head may be just as sharp as one with a big head.

SOME men go fishing to get fish, and some don't; those that don't generally get what they go for.

"DO YOU think you'll be able to pull through?" anxiously inquired the needle of the thread. "Eye guess so," was the curt response.

SAYS a contemporary, describing an arrest: "He accompanied the police quietly to the lock-up, where our reporter happened to be at the time."

FOND mother: "Is blowing a fish horn likely to result in injury to your boy?" "You wager it is, ma'am, if he blows it near us and we can catch him."

YOUNG LOVER asks: "When is the best time to travel?" When you see the old man and his bulldog coming round the corner, sir, travel for all you are worth.

MRS. SPRIGGINS, when she read of the failure of the Universal Life Insurance Company, sagely remarked that she never did think much of "them Universalists."

"THAT'S what I call a finished sermon," said a lady to her husband, as they wended their way from church. "Yes," was the reply; "but do you know, I thought it never would be."

SUPERFLUOUS—"And so you learn dancing, Bob? And how do you like valsing?" "Oh, it's not so bad! I can manage very well myself, but I think a girl's rather in the way."—*Punch.*

"ETIQUETTE" writes to inquire if, in our opinion, it would be proper for him to support a young lady if she was taken with a faint—even if he hadn't been introduced. Proper, young man? Certainly, prop her by all means.

"ANNIE," said a fond husband to his wife, "what were the current expenses for last month?" "Oh," she answered, "only 28 cents." "Why, how was that?" "Well, you see I only baked cakes twice, and, therefore, used very few currants."

NOT long ago, in a French provincial theater, a baritone made a fearful croak. Hisses and laughter in the audience. Then the artist came gravely forward and saluted the audience: "Messieurs, I discover I have issued a false note; I withdraw it from circulation."

In the parlor, staying late,
Harry lingers with his fate,
Till her sire, who cannot sleep,
Calls, "What time is it you keep?"
Harry, thinking she won'd get
Time exact her watch to set,
Answers, with an air sublime:
"Do you wish to know the time?"
"Do you know it?" sharp she cries.
"Yes'm," sweetly he replies.
"I didn't think you did, young man;
But if you do, just tell my Ann."

"A FARMER," says an agricultural paper, "does not need so many hands since the invention of the reaping machine." No, by the teeth of the dragon; and as a rule he does not have so many by about one-half. And if he has so many hands, ten to one he hasn't so many fingers.

THE threshing machine has robbed country life of one of its most exhilarating pleasures. In the good old days when the flail was the vogue the city visitor could retire to the barn, and, in one short half hour get more bangs and bruises than he can now acquire all day in the diamond field.—*Boston Transcript.*

"I DECLARE if there isn't the deacon's daughter out with a bran new shawl. Well, I never." "Hush!" said a better-informed female; "tisn't hers. It's one she borrowed from the company that's visiting over t' the deacon's." "Well, there's one thing I know. She can't depend on borrowing to look well in heaven. She'll have to wear her own angel plumage when she gets there." And they both bowed their heads as the minister opened the services.—*New Haven Register.*

'TWAS a sultry and muggy day, but the agent, wiping the perspiration from his low but somewhat-manly brow, and, throwing his linen duster back, began: "Madam, is your husband about?" "Yes, he's about, but I tend to all agents that show themselves 'round here. What is it?" "I'm introducing a threshing-machine in this neighborhood, and—" "Not in this neighborhood, you ain't, if I know it. I'm competent to do all the thrashing that's needed on this farm. You ask my boys, Bill and Sam, and, if you don't believe them, ask my man just over in the lot there," and a slight advance that she made in his direction suggested to him that he had better move on before she tried her power on him.—*New Haven Register.*

HOW TO TELL GOOD EGGS.

A good egg will sink in water.

A boiled egg which is done will dry quickly on the shell when taken from the kettle.

The boiled eggs which adhere to the shell are fresh laid.

After an egg is laid a day or more, the shell comes off easily when boiled.

A fresh egg has a lime-like surface to its shell.

Stale eggs are glassy and smooth of shell.

Eggs which have been packed in lime look stained, and show the action of the lime on the surface.

Eggs packed in bran for a long time smell and taste musty.

With the aid of the hands or a piece of paper rolled in funnel-shape and held toward the light, the human eye can look through an egg, shell and all.

If the egg is clear and golden in appearance when held to the light, it is good; if dark or spotted, it is bad.

The badness of an egg can sometimes be told by shaking it near the holder's ear.

AN Edinburgh professor has discovered that an animal struck by lightning or by an electric shock, under scientific direction, is rendered delightfully tender in a moment. Read this paragraph out at supper in presence of the assembled boarders. It may startle the landlady, cause her to invest in an electric battery, and change the hard and stony-hearted beefsteak from "a thing of duty and a chaw forever" into a soft and tender-hearted dream of Mary's little lamb. —*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

NEW ORLEANS ladies are said to have the prettiest feet of any ladies in the land.

THE smallest newsboy makes the most noise.

A CANDLE lights others and consumes itself.

BITS OF INFORMATION.

AN elephant does not attain his full growth until he is 16 or 18 years old.

SNAILS have been put in boiling water and have survived the terrible ordeal.

THE wolf's sense of smelling is peculiarly strong. He can smell carrion the distance of nearly a mile.

FOUR-FIFTHS of the animals on the globe, or 200,000 species, belong to the ringed and jointed-footed animals, and of these 150,000 are the six-legged insects.

THE coral insect deposits in its body particles of lime, and when it dies its body washes away and leaves its skeleton—the wonderful formation known as coral—behind.

EXPOSURE of hot steel to a cold surface renders it hard. This is usually done by dipping the red hot metal in water, though other cold surfaces which are rapid conductors will answer the same purpose.

IN Holland the preservation of the woodwork of drawbridges, sluices, gates and other works is conduced by the application of a mixture of pitch and tar, whereon are strewn pounded shells, with a mixture of sea sand.

WHEN rivers are much warmer than the air they give rise to fogs, because the rapid evaporation from the warm water pours more water into the atmosphere than it can hold suspended in an invisible state, and consequently the surplus vapor is condensed into mist by the colder air into which it rises. There are conditions of atmosphere when no actual fog is apparent in which darkness prevails, and what are called dry fogs, or sometimes blights. In some cases they are clearly due to smoke, as, for instance, the smoke of burning prairies, which may extend over vast distances.

THE waters of the ocean are found to be of an almost uniform saltness, the proportion of salt being 3.7 per cent., which gives a pound of salt (about) to every four gallons of water. The quantity of saline ingredients contained in the sea, according to the late Mr. Mudge, amounts to four hundred thousand billions of cubic feet, which, if piled up, would form a mass 140 miles long, as many broad and as many high—or, otherwise disposed, it would cover the whole of Europe, islands, seas and all, to the height of the summit of Mount Blanc, which is about 16,000 feet.

THAT the Mississippi may deservedly be called the "Father of Waters" the following data will show: Quantity of water discharged by that river annually, 14,883,360,653,880 cubic feet; quantity of sediment discharged annually, 28,188,083,892 cubic feet; area of the delta of the river, according to Lyell's estimate, 13,000 square miles, and depth of the same, as calculated by Prof. Riddell, 1,056 feet. The delta, consequently, as appears from these figures, contains 400,378,429,440,000 cubic feet, or 2,720 cubic miles, and it would require for the formation, therefore, of one cubic mile of delta five years and eighty-one days—for the formation of one square mile, of the depth of 1,356 feet, one year sixteen and one-