

DEAR HANDS.
Roughened and worn with ceaseless toil and
No perfume, grace, no dainty skill, had
They strove for whiter hands a jeweled
And kept the scars unlovely for their share.
Patient and slow, they had the will to bear
The whole world's burdens but no power
To seize
The fleeting joys of life, the gifts that
The gold and gems that others find so fair,
Dear hands, when bridal jewels never
Whence lover's kiss was ever pressed,
Crossed in unthought quiet on the breast.
I see through tears, your glory newly
won,
The golden circlet of life's work well
done,
Set with the shining pearl of perfect rest.
—Susan Marr Spaulding.

DICKENS AS A MESMERIST.

The Author of "Pickwick" and his
Animal Magnetism.

[The story just issued, relates strange
incidents which Charles Dickens published
in his magazine, has awakened great inter-
est. The following communication
from a friend of the great novelist discloses
some curious facts concerning his belief in
magnetism and spiritualism.]

Dickens was a genial fellow when you
thoroughly got to know him. It has
been said, by those whose acquaintance
was but slight with him, that he was of
loose character, and inclined to par-
take of the cup too freely. Truly, he
would (very rarely) sit too long at the
festive board, when the exhilarating
cup passed rapidly around, but he was
not so bad by a long way as some of the
strictly Puritanic of the English writers
would make him appear. He was a
keen sympathizer with the poor. I
have known him to start from a room
full of company, who sat listening with
intense pleasure to some life-like por-
trait he was presenting them with, in
order to ascertain the cause of some
child's cry he heard on the
streets. One evening, we were
sauntering along down Fleet street, and
it came on a heavy shower. A poor
charwoman passing by, heated with her
work, and anxious to get home to her
children without any rain. With-
out a moment's hesitation she went to
her, saying: "I have my top-coat, so I
don't need this," and presented her
with his own. Such things as these
showed at least that he endeavored to
carry out the divine injunction of doing
unto others as he would that they should
do unto him.

But it is not of these things I would
speak. Others have written and said all
that need be said upon this subject, but
few know of Dickens's mesmeristic power.
Few know that he was a spiritualist. Yet
he was. And his own remem-
brance of his experiences in this way
things that I wish now to relate. One of
his great friends in the quiet circle of
his acquaintance was the wife of a lead-
ing London physician. She was a mes-
merist and a spiritualist, and it was from
her teaching that any interest was
aroused in his mind. She was a woman
of great nerve and energy. He came one
night with a nervous headache, and said to his friend: "Now,
Mary, try your mesmerist hand on me,
and see if you can do my head good."
Seating himself on the carpet at her feet,
he gently passed her hands through his
hair from his forehead backward, for
about five minutes, at the same time
breathing upon the crown of his head,
and then, with a look of satisfaction to
me, called my attention to the fact that
he was sound asleep. Continuing her
manipulations for a few minutes more,
she finally shook him, and he awoke, en-
deavoring to awaken him; but he was too
far gone. Calling a servant, she had
him conveyed to a room he often used
when there. He was undressed and
put in bed. I remained by his side for
two hours, and during the whole of that
time he slept as soundly as a new born
infant. When he awoke he was com-
pletely surprised to find himself there,
and it took him some minutes to recall to
his mind the fact that for the first time in
his life he had allowed his friend to mes-
merize him, and willingly let himself
be hypnotized. He never after-
wards doubted the power of mes-
merism, or magnetism, or whatever else
it may be termed. But it was some two
years before he could ever be prevailed
upon to believe that he contained a large
amount of magnetic power.

The Southern plantation home of to-
day indicates decayed grandeur. The
once stately structure is stained with
weather marks and spotted by the worn-
out paint. A broken window here and
there, decaying cornices, moss-grown
shingles, untrimmed trees, an un-cared-
for door-yard and battered fences meet
the traveler's eye. But let him enter
that decayed mansion, and he will find
two things fresh and vigorous—the high-
toned courtesy and generous hospitality
of the family. A correspondent of the
New York Evening Post thus brings out
this fact:

The owner of this typical mansion is
usually a gentleman—and a real one—
whose outward aspect is not much dif-
ferent from that of a well-to-do Yankee
or New Yorker who has been born and
bred in the country.

But he is far more courteous and po-
lite, not merely as an art, but as a gen-
uine element of his character. His
kindness to a guest is not a formality
but a hearty, voluntary impulse—even
when carried to a point which we at the
north would regard as absurdly sacrifi-
cial.

No inconvenience is too burdensome,
no hospitality too unsolicited, to be re-
fused a guest. The planter's own time,
his family plans, his horses, his guns,
his fishing-rods must all be at the vis-
itor's disposal.

Let me be absolutely just to southern
character and say that the same cour-
tesy extends to the stranger met on the
road or railway train, and that in less
degree the same innate politeness is
shown even by the poor southern
whites.

They have often been amazed at the nat-
ural courtesy of speech and manner of
some unkempt native of the south whom,
at the north, we would set down as a
common tramp.

A Congressman's Wife.

I heard a good story the other day
about a venerable ex-member of Con-
gress from Pennsylvania, who has been
married twice, and has for his wife a
lively young lady who is extremely fond
of social gaieties. Not long ago she
made an engagement to accompany a
young naval officer to one of the fashion-
able balls, and told her husband she was
going, but neglecting to say that she had
secured an escort. He appeared to be
pleased and said that he would accom-
pany her. This was more than she had
 bargained for, and she resorted to va-
rious expedients to get him to stay at
home. The more reasons she gave, the

clothing was perfectly saturated through-
out, with perspiration. Then prescrib-
ing a hot, soothing bath, (she still in a
mesmeric condition,) he had her con-
veyed again to bed. In the
morning when she awoke she com-
plained of great fatigue and weakness,
but the rheumatism had entirely left her.
And when I met her, three years after-
ward, at Bawton, (Yorkshire,) she de-
clared that never from that day had she
suffered from her old complaint.

The other was a case of a lady well
known in the literary world, and a val-
ued contributor to Household Words.
For some months she had been unable to
write, owing to a peculiar cramping of
both hands. At this time she was in
Paris, when it struck me that perhaps
Bovee Dod's idea of the transmission of
electric power or magnetism to inani-
mate objects contained some truth. At
least, it would be no harm in trying
it; so, taking to him, three years after-
ward, I asked him to wear them for
two or three nights when he went to
bed, and keep them on all night. He
laughed at my "crotchet," as he termed
it, but promised to do as I wished. At
the end of the time I went for
them, refusing to let me see them, and
I sent them to Paris, with
the almost command that the lady wear
day and night until she found benefit
from them. Knowing that I had done
had written so earnestly as I had done
and there being no object to be attained
by so doing, the lady did so, and by the
next mail she informed me that imme-
diately the gloves were put on she felt a
most peculiar sensation tingling over the
whole of her hands. In a few days the
gloves lost that power, and, according to
my request, they were returned, with
full particulars of the improvement, and
of the patient. Seeing that the letter
was written by the lady herself, although
previously unable to hold a pen for some
months, the benefit received was de-
cided. Taking the gloves again to Dick-
ens, I asked him to give them another
do to please me. He did so, and by his
second application completely perfected
the cure. I don't argue at all with those
who refuse to believe what I tell them
on this matter, because they can't un-
derstand it. I simply say it is a fact,
and leave it.

Eight years after Dickens's death I was
telling a young medical student of these
cases, when he laughed at me, and de-
clared that I never could get him to be-
lieve such nonsense. A few weeks
afterward he returned to his home in
Lincolnshire. I had then in my posses-
sion a large number of sheets of paper
that had been magnetized by Dickens in
the following manner. He had taken
shirts and sewed three or four sheets in
his bosom, where the extra stiffness was
not objectionable to him. After the
shirts had done duty one day (for he
changed every day), the paper was taken
out and put into the shirt he would
wear the following day. I had a large
quantity of note-paper magnetized. In
order that none might be lost in re-
ceiving my crest, I engaged Mr. Salmon
(an eminent die-sinker, etc., in London)
to bring a die and machine to my house,
and there to engrave and stamp in colored
relief my crest upon the paper. And,
although it had been in my room for
years from the time Dickens had
anything to do with it had not lost its
power. Taking one of these sheets
stating, I wrote a letter to the young
student upon it, and he was so
skeptical upon it, that he was so
once, and tell me if he had any peculiar
feeling upon its receipt. In two days I
had a reply, stating that immediately
he took the letter from his room a pec-
uliar thrill was felt almost all over his
body; that he could not account for it,
until, in turning over the letters, he
came upon the one addressed to him,
and handwriting, when the thought struck
him that this was the way I had proved
to him Dickens's mesmerist power, and
he asked if it were not so. I replied,
stating the fact; and I have since heard
from him that he has further proved the
matter, by handing the letter to others
unconscious of its nature, and they have
all (with one or two exceptions) spoken
of the peculiar sensations immediately felt.

THE FALL OF RICHMOND.
Accumulating Disasters—Gen. Lee's
Appearance—Last Scenes of All.
A Richmond lady in Philadelphia Times.
The battle of Gettysburg and the fall
of Vicksburg, its twin disaster, were yet
reserved for us and it was not until we
had drunk to the dregs that bitterness
we felt that the fortunes of the con-
federacy must decline and that the
hopes of the steadfast began to waver.
From that time until the 2d of April,
1865, the war was comparatively in-
active in Virginia; nor is it my purpose to
linger over the bitterness of its closing
hours. To the very last a vast number
of the people were confident of success.
On the very day before the evacuation
of Richmond it was believed throughout
the city that Lee had repulsed the ene-
my, and that the city would be saved.

On that very day John M. Daniel, the
brilliant editor of the Richmond Ex-
aminer, died under the delusion that such
was the case, and John Mitchell, the
Irish patriot, who wrote his obituary
in the morning paper, deplored that the
great editor of the Examiner had died
with such tremendous influence through-
out the war, should have passed away just
as a decisive victory had given the turning
point to the success of the confederacy.
This circumstance will show how little
prepared we were on that bright Sab-
bath morning in April for the direful
news that came in the noon.

Once more as we sat in our pews in
church the summons came, and once
more in response to it, as in April, 1861
(when it announced the sham terror of
the Pawnee), the people fled from the
house of God to question the woe-
ful news that had been proclaimed by
this call and that. We had known no
summons such as this before and not a
panic but a nameless dread now rushed
in on our souls. But I would not, if I
could, depict the blinding sorrows of
that memorable event. Ere another
day the city was in flames and the
and the glory of the city, the city with
with smoke and glare. Pillagers (the
negroes and the rabble) were busy at
their work. Confusion reigned; the foe
had come; and from the top of the con-
federate capitol the federal flag was tossed
by the morning breeze.

On the morning of the 9th of April
General Lee surrendered. On the 10th
he addressed to his army his manly,
touching letter of farewell, and on the
evening of the 12th he rode into Rich-
mond on horseback, accompanied by his
staff. Quietly the great chieftain
passed through the blazoned streets.
On every side were the ranks of
great fire; blue-coated strangers were on
the sidewalk; the wheels of busy life
were still, but it was impossible for him
to pass unnoticed. Soon the words ran
along the sidewalk: "It's General Lee,"
and the people began to gather and to fol-
low the distinguished hero. There was
no shout or sound of greeting; only in
whispers the people spoke. The great
general simply raised his hat as he rode
rapidly forward, until dismounting at
the door of his private residence, he
passed into the cloister of his simple
home.

A Discouraging Direction.

There is an old story about the two
roads, leading to the same place, which
was so bad that whichever one a trav-
eler took he always regretted that he had
not taken the other one. In the early
days of Texas that story received a new
application.

A belated traveler finding himself at
the junction of two roads, as night was
approaching, inquired the way to the
nearest town.

"Well, stranger, there's two on them.
You go this way and you'll find one; and
you go that way and you'll find the other."

"Thank you, sir, but which is the
nearest?"

"Well, I reckon they don't differ
much."

Looking at the traveler with a queer
expression, he slowly said, "Well,
traveller, you'll have to judge for your-
self. If you go north you'll find the
right, 'you'll wish you'd gone that way,'
pointing to the left; and if you go
that way, reversing his gestures, 'you'll
wish you'd gone that way.'"

The man then passed on and left the
traveler to make his choice, who, turn-
ing to the right, once again came to
a miserable broken-down house from
which a feeble light dimly appeared.
It proved to be the tavern, but destitute
of all the comforts and most of the neces-
sities of life.

After an attempt at satisfying his hun-
ger, he retired for the night. Sleep
was impossible to one conscious that he
was sharing his couch with hundreds of
other beings, and he exclaimed, "I wish
that I had gone to the other house!"

Not long after this, the gentleman had
again at dark he came to the same road,
but did not hesitate to go in the direction
contrary to that he had chosen before.

In external appearance, this tavern
exceeded the other, but within the filth
was intolerable. A supply of coarse food
was set before him, but such was his con-
dition that a starved man would almost
have refused it. The best of it was
many corn-cobs as husks. In addition
to the bright-hued shavers of the couch
great gray rats scurried over it.

In the midst of his torment, the gen-
tleman burst out laughing. "The old
man winks the same way," he said, "if
you there, you'll wish you'd gone there;
and if you go there, you'll wish you'd
gone there."

A Yankee Astrologer.

Some professional astrologers prob-
ably survive, and credulity and supersti-
tion make their business profitable, but
one of them died last week in Wash-
ington. He was not a very venerable
sage from the mysterious orient, where
sciences, elsewhere forgotten or con-
temned, may be supposed to flourish
yet, but a Worcester county Yankee,
born in the pleasant village of Ashburn-
ham, about thirty years ago. His father
was a Baptist minister, and he was des-
tined to the same profession, and was
educated with that in view, at the acad-
emy in Ipswich, N. H. But he pre-
ferred what he called science to religion
and having studied astrology profoundly,
he opened an office in New York

more he was determined to go. Things
were going desperate when a bright
idea struck him, and he hid them, and
when the evening came he was still
without those necessary adjuncts to
mastication. He wondered and raved,
and raved and wondered, but it was no
use, he couldn't find them, and finally
was obliged to remain at home, while
his wife tripped gaily to her carriage,
and spent a most delightful evening.

THE POWER OF DYNAMITE.

Under the name of Professor George
Greggs, though his name previously had
been Andrew Jaquith. He found plen-
ty of clients or dupes, many of whom, it
is said, were bankers, brokers and pro-
fessional men, who sought his advice
for their speculations, and some of them
paid him a regular weekly retainer and
visited him every day. He was consult-
ed by persons from all parts of the
country, and had also clients in England.
His practice is estimated at fifty dollars
a day, and he is said to have cast twen-
ty thousand horoscopes.—Worcester
Spy.

Within the past ten years, a new in-
strument of havoc and destruction has
been added to the agencies with which
men make war upon one another. The
murder of the Czar of Russia, two years
ago; the blowing up, a few weeks since,
of a government building in London; the
seizure of explosive machines in the
hands of suspicious characters, and many
other circumstances, have called the
startled attention of the world to the
terrible power of dynamite.

What is this immensely destructive
substance? It is a compound, usually
made in the form of a paste, of nitro-
glycerine and gun-cotton. Nitro-glyc-
erine, as the reader may know, is an oily
liquid of highly explosive and dangerous
qualities. Gun-cotton saturated in cer-
tain acids, which make it also a very ex-
plosive agent. The two, combined in the
form of dynamite, make a substance
which carries death and destruction
peep up, and very small compass.

The class bomb of dynamite, which not
only killed the Czar Alexander, but
wounded half-a-dozen of his escort, and
broke the window-panes of houses sev-
eral hundred feet away, could be carried
easily concealed in the palm of a man's
hand of medium size. No doubt the
explosive agent used in London was
which dealt such havoc in London, was
quite as small and as easily concealed.

There are many possible forms and
combinations of gun-cotton, nitro-glyc-
erine, and dynamite. Nitro-glyc-
erine will not explode by the mere applica-
tion of a match, but, if lighted, it
will burn slowly and harmlessly, but
it will explode by a sharp concussion.
A dynamite bomb, too, supplied with
a small percussion cap, will explode if
thrown violently, just as does a toy tor-
pedo.

The most common way of exploding
one of these agents is to have a short
fuse attached to it. The further end of
the fuse is lighted, and then the opera-
tor hastens away. By the time the fire
reaches the destroying agent, the opera-
tor is able to get to a safe distance, and
to fly to detection.

The explosive power of dynamite or
nitro-glycerine is generally stated to be
about ten times as great as gun-powder
of the same bulk. The explosion pro-
duces no smoke whatever, but creates a
deafening detonation.

Dynamite and other forms of nitro-
glycerine and gun-cotton are taking the
place of gun-powder, to a large extent,
in the operations of mining and of blast-
ing rock; and this kind of work is much
more rapidly done by their means. Such
explosive agents are also being intro-
duced into the operations of warfare.

Gun-cotton is used in artillery opera-
tions and in naval actions, it being found
far more effective than gun-powder, as
well as more clean in its use. It is also
adopted in the operations of military en-
gineering.

Thus we see that the discovery of ni-
tro-glycerine and dynamite, by their
various combinations and the improve-
ments constantly made in them has
given to men a new and most potent
material force, which they use both for
wicked and for beneficent ends.

Henceforth, not only will mining,
the high and noble work be done more
rapidly with less labor, but war will be
shorter because more destructive.

But we cannot regard the tremendous
destructive power of dynamite, and the
ease with which enough of it to destroy
a palace or a prison can be carried con-
cealed in the pocket of a person, without
perceiving what a terrible weapon it sup-
plies to the criminal and the assassin.

Nor can we wonder that the English
and other governments are earnestly
considering how the manufacture and
sale of agents so formidable in their ac-
tion can be restricted in their very exist-
ence, and in limiting their use to
proper and beneficial use in saving
man labor and making it more effective.

The Return of a Jack-Knife.

From the Lewiston (Me) Journal.
A gentleman on Lisbon-street Saturday
was talking of the wonderful return of a
jack-knife that he lost 25 years ago.
The gentleman has been visiting the
clerk of courts in Lewiston during the
past week. He made his jack-knife him-
self upon his own forge, and in his leis-
ure moments covered the bone handle
with his initials and a number of odd de-
vices. A year after, in the deep snows,
on a road to Kingsbury, Me., he over-
took a man attempting to tie up his
sleigh that had broken down. He jump-
ed out to assist the man, lent him the
jack-knife, and, forgetting it, rode off
without it. He never saw the man again.
Fifteen years afterward his daughter
married, and her husband, struck with
the same fever, took a trip west and
brought up in Minneapolis. He men-
tioned the incident to her, and she re-
minded him of the man, lent him the
jack-knife, and, forgetting it, rode off
without it. He never saw the man again.
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tioned the incident to her, and she re-
minded him of the man, lent him the
jack-knife, and, forgetting it, rode off
without it. He never saw the man again.

Among the people in that state with
whom he came into contact was one who
was proverbially hard up. Reduced to
straits he had pawned everything.
Coming along one day, with a peculiar
looking jack-knife, he offered it for sale.
The gentleman bought it, and came home
soon after, and a day or two after his ar-
rival he took the knife out of his pocket.
His wife pounced upon him. With a
thousand rapturous expressions of sur-
prise, she demanded to know where he
got it. He told her he bought that knife
in Minneapolis. She said it was
"father's." "Father" was brought in,
and the knife was identified as his. No
explanation could be offered by the
gentleman as to how his own identical
jack-knife, lost on a country road in
Maine, should be found by his son-in-
law in the western country. This was
10 years ago. The gentleman has the
jack-knife now.

London Worse Than Paris.

L'illustration, of Paris, of March 28,
after the last dynamite stories from Lon-
don, says: "If the subject were not
profoundly sad," one could smile at the
"ironic adventure" of the London
Times, which in its issue of March 28
tells the English people and the rest of
the world that Paris is no longer a
place of safety; and then the next morn-
ing is compelled to announce the attempt
against the edifice in which Mr. Glad-
stone carries on the work of the govern-
ment, and the horror and alarm which
has settled on London. "Paris is abso-
lutely tranquil compared with London."

It is a paradise compared with that free
England, where the dynamite, the fen-
ian or some other break the pavement
and send them in the air. I would say
to those who wrecked the trunks on the
evening of the 18th of March: Paris is
calm—even compared with herself."

Bermuda Onions and Potatoes.

It has been about twenty years since
the first shipment of onions (from Ber-
muda) in quantities to the United States
and from that time to the present the
trade from year to year has increased
till the shipments now reach from 300,
000 to 400,000 boxes of 50 pounds each
per annum. The seed used is grown in
the Canary Islands, and is imported in
the months of August and September,
costing them from 60 cents to \$1 per
pound. It is the only seed found of an
ever the purpose, as it matures earlier
and produces a mild onion. Italian Por-
tugal, and Madeira seed has been re-
peatedly tried and found not to answer,
being too late to command a remunera-
tive price in the American market. The
seed is sown in the months of September
October, and November, thickly in beds
the ground having been heavily manured
with stable manure two or three
months before sowing. The white seed
is sown first, and produces the earliest
crop, the shipment of which com-
mences in March. When the plants
are sufficiently large—about six
to eight inches high—they are trans-
planted into beds about four feet wide,
the plants being set about seven inches
apart each way. The plants from the
white seed can be transplanted as early
as they are large enough, and the ground
can be made very rich. Those from the
red seed should not be transplanted be-
fore the first of January, and the ground
requires to be only moderately manured.
If transplanted too early, and the soil is
too rich, the bulb is likely to split into
several pieces, and is worthless. After
transplanting, the soil requires to be
lightened, once or twice, and the weeds
removed before they mature. As soon
as the top begins to fall, they can be
pulled, and should lie on the ground two
or three days, or until the tops are wilted,
when they are cut, and packed in
boxes of fifty pounds each, and sent to
market, and sold or delivered to an
agent who ships them on the producer's
account. The earliest usually comes in
the best prices, and they are frequently
pulled before they are ripe, cut,
packed and sent to market the
same day. Such onions, if care is
taken in packing, as it usually is, are de-
ceptive in appearance, and after a few
days they become starchy in the boxes,
with long sprouts, and when opened
are unsatisfactory. When the crop is
large and the market good, a large pro-
fit on the outlay is realized—an acre of
ground sometimes returning \$500 to \$800;
but the business is to a great degree haz-
ardous, particularly when the crop is a
large one, as the only market in the
United States. Potatoes are more certain
of finding a remunerative market than
onions, but require more labor and out-
lay to produce them. The seed was
formerly nearly all imported from the
United States, but of late years has come
largely from New Brunswick, Nova
Scotia, and Prince Edward Island, as it
can be obtained cheaper from those
places, and is found to answer as well.
The first crop of Early Rose, which is
usually a small one, not averaging over
four barrels from one of seed, is planted
in October, and is taken off
in time for the second or principal crop,
which is planted in January or early in
February. The seed for this is all
wholly the red garnet, and ten
from one is considered a good return, al-
though much more is sometimes ob-
tained. The potato requires a deep soil,
well manured and sheltered from the
high winds, and as a large portion of
the ground susceptible of cultivation is
too much exposed to the winter gales,
and manure in sufficient quantities is too
expensive, most of the planters prefer
raising onions. The ground for potatoes
is usually ploughed or spaded and raked,
and the seed is planted by one or two
eyes, and planted in rows, the depth is
about four inches in rows about twenty
inches apart and about eight inches in
the rows from six to eight barrels of
seed are used to the acre. When the
plants are a little above the ground the
soil is tightened between the rows with
a fork, and when about six inches high
the earth from between the rows is piled
around the plants. Only one hoeing is
required. The potatoes grown here, if
left in the ground until fully ripe, are of
a superior quality; but as a few days
of frost makes a great reduction in the
market value, there is an incentive to
get them to market as early as possible,
and a large portion of the crop is ship-
ped before it is ripe, not only injuring
the market value, but the reputation as
well.—United States Consul Allen.

DRAFTS ON IRELAND.
How They are Made and How and
Where Payable—The Class of Per-
sons Sending Them.

"Drafts on Ireland from £1 upward,
payable throughout the old country
without discount." This advertisement
is no doubt familiar to
the readers of the Herald who,
see it from time to time, and no doubt
often wonder just what is back of it—
what it fully means, in fact; for few
think that the Maverick National bank
of Boston would continue an advertise-
ment of the kind in large type at quite a
considerable daily expense unless there
was some profit in it—unless it was to
catch a portion of what may be a large
business, in the way of exchange. To
learn some facts regarding this business,
President Potter was waited upon on
Friday last.

"I wish to inquire, Mr. Potter, in re-
gard to the business of sending drafts to
Ireland. Is it much of a business?"
"Yes, it has been made by us a snug
little item of addition to our ordinary
regular business, though I may say that
now it has become a part of our regular
business."

"When did you start the business?"
"About two and a half years ago. You
remember when Mr. Parnell was here?
Well, that was the time. Considerable
subscriptions had been raised in this
city and vicinity to aid the cause of Irish
independence as advocated by Mr. Par-
nell, and our bank was chosen by the
committee having the funds in charge as
a depository of that money. This led to
the business of transmitting money for
individuals of the old country, and this
has grown to be quite a considerable
and steady one, there being certain sea-
sons when it assumes larger proportions
than others."

"How do you send the money intrus-
ted you to Ireland?"
"We have arrangements with two of
the leading banking concerns in the
country—the Belfast banking company
of Belfast and the Munster bank of Dub-
lin. These banks have numerous branch-
es throughout Ireland, the Belfast
having twenty-five, and the Munster
about fifty. These branches are not
mere agencies, but actual branches
owned by the principals. We do not
have this system in the United States,
but they have it in Canada in the bank
of British North America, which, by the
way, has branches in New York and
Chicago. Well, these banks and their
branches, by an understanding between
us, cash our checks in any part of Ire-
land where they are located, and we
keep remitting to them constantly to
meet these checks; the tide being all
one way. As a consequence of our
checks being so readily convertible into
cash in any part of Ireland, and they
have become so well known throughout
the country that any tradesman will gen-
erally readily receive them, and many
of them being in £2 and £2 denomi-
nations, they are frequently used as a kind
of auxiliary currency by tradesmen."

"What is the volume of this business?"
"It varies from time to time, as I told
you from the middle of November,
what you might call a 'rush' commences.
People are then sending money very
generally to their friends in Ireland for
Christmas presents. After this rush the
business of remitting goes on evenly
until just before St. Patrick's day, when
there is another rush to send money to
the old country. During these times the
remittance through our bank will aver-
age from £150 to £200 a day. Outside
those seasons the average may be said to
be from £75 to £100 a day. The day be-
fore yesterday we drew ninety-four bills
on Ireland, aggregating £244, and the day
previous to that, ninety-eight bills, aggregating
£188. That is about the average, al-
though sometimes, even at this season,
there is a falling off, for one, or perhaps
two days in a week. During the last two
we have drawn bills for £1,800."

"What class of people are the most
frequent senders?"
"About three-fourths are female—
working women mostly—do not, etc."
"What is the average amount of the
drafts sent?"
"Well, I should say that they would
average about £2 10s.; but three-fourths
of the small exchange is for sums under
£2. Two pounds, however, is the
amount that is about the average. There
are a generous number like to send. They
are for home and kindred must be
strong when, earning the small wages
many of them do, they will yet save a
notion to send home to lighten the bur-
den of the old folks."

"What do you charge for sending
drafts?"
"Our charges are moderate. We issue
a £1 draft for 5 cents. As to the profits
of the business, that is a thing I do not
care to talk about—is it a thing, of course
which does not interest the public that
I can see. The business satisfies us."
The writer had an opportunity on
various occasions of seeing those who
sent money to Ireland through the Ma-
verick bank. All of these people—they
were mostly females—seemed to be
workers, and had a careful,
thrifty thoughtful air about
them.

Most of the organs of the body, besides
their own proper work, do more or less
"vicarious" work; that is, work belong-
ing to some other organs. So the sweat
glands, when the system is especially
charged with poisonous matter, or other
organs are partially obstructed or per-
manently destroyed, may carry off more
or less of the special poisons accidental-
ly taken into the system, as well as the
system's own waste products. In rare
cases, the sweat has contained blood.

But the chief product of the sweat-
glands is water, holding in solution
chloride of sodium, or common salt.
This varies greatly in different persons
and in different circumstances, but av-
erages about two pounds a day. Under
the influence of cold the glands are
much less active; under heat, much
more so.

Thus nature utilizes the sweat to reg-
ulate the temperature of the body.
Certain drugs, also, increase the amount
and thus hasten the elimination of waste
and poisonous products. In this way
cases, the sweat has feverish conditions
may be often checked.

It is now known that there are special
nerves that control the action of the
sweat-cells; that sweating is due to the
action of certain nerve centres; and that
it is on these, primarily, that heat and
endorphins (sweating drugs) act, though
there are some few drugs which act di-
rectly on the glands.

In the same way, certain emotions act
on the nerve-centres, and thus cause
profuse perspiration. So also does a
certain condition of the blood in the
case of certain diseases.—Youth's Com-
panion.

General Diaz says one sentence in En-
glish with ease and a perfect pronuncia-
tion—"I am happy to meet you."

It is a paradise compared with that free
England, where the dynamite, the fen-
ian or some other break the pavement
and send them in the air. I would say
to those who wrecked the trunks on the
evening of the 18th of March: Paris is
calm—even compared with herself."

Bermuda Onions and Potatoes.
It has been about twenty years since
the first shipment of onions (from Ber-
muda) in quantities to the United States
and from that time to the present the
trade from year to year has increased
till the shipments now reach from 300,
000 to 400,000 boxes of 50 pounds each
per annum. The seed used is grown in
the Canary Islands, and is imported in
the months of August and September,
costing them from 60 cents to \$1 per
pound. It is the only seed found of an
ever the purpose, as it matures earlier
and produces a mild onion. Italian Por-
tugal, and Madeira seed has been re-
peatedly tried and found not to answer,
being too late to command a remunera-
tive