

### The Bedonin's Rebuke.

A Beloit of true honor—good Neban— Possesse a horse whose name was spread afar; No other horse was half so proud and strong; His feet were like the north wind sweeping along; In his curved neck and in his flashing eye You saw the banners of victory. So, many came to Neban day by day, And longed to take his noble horse away; Large sums they offered, and with grace besought, But all in vain—the horse could not be bought. With these came Dasher, of another tribe, To see if he might not the owner bribe; Yet purposeless—no money, skill, nor breath, Could part the owner from his horse till death. Then Dasher, who was subtle, mean and sly, Concluded, next, some stratagem to try; So, clothed in rags, and masked in form and face, He as a beggar walked with limping pace. And, meeting N-bar with the horse one day, He fell, and prostrate on the desert lay. The ruse succeeded; for, when Neban found A helpless man in sorrow on the ground, He took him up, and on the noble steed, Gave him a place—but what a thankless deed, For Dasher shouted, laughing, and giving rein Said, "You will never see your horse again." "Take him," said Neban, "but, for mercy's sake, Tell no man in what way you chose to take! Let others, seeing what has happened to me, Omit to do some needless charity."

—Wade Anake.

### A STORMY WOOING.

Charlie Van Anden stood on the quarter deck of one of the steamers that ply between New York and Havana, and gazed with feelings of horror and indignation at the scenes which were being enacted at the vessel's side. He was second mate of the Duchess, and this was his last voyage on her. The steamer, as he had seen when a day out of port, was unseaworthy, and the owners had put her in charge of an incompetent captain, and an insubordinate crew had been shipped. A storm had sprung up, off the Jersey coast, and the captain had from the first shown either ignorance or willful disregard of danger, in heading directly for the land, when, with plenty of sea-room, he might have run before the gale to the southward. Van Anden did not know what he afterward learned, that the Duchess was insured for more than her value; but he did know that the captain was being unwise. He ventured to remonstrate, but Captain Butler replied with a brutal oath, and an admonition to "mind his own business," that silenced Van Anden. He devoted himself to keeping the crew at work properly, and feeling free from responsibility, watched the approaching danger with a clear conscience but a heavy heart. There were eleven passengers on board, three of whom were ladies, and he trembled for their safety. For himself he did not care much. He had little to do him to life, and although he was not a romantic, and had no foolish desire for death, yet he had schooled himself to expect it at any time in the discharge of his duties as a sailor. And now it looked as though death was staring him in the face. The steamer had sprung a leak, the men had abandoned the pumps, and there were breakers ahead. At this juncture Captain Butler showed the white flag. Careless of his passengers, he ordered the crew to the long-boat, and had given orders to launch it. It seemed madness to get into a small boat in such a sea, but it was equally dangerous to stay on the steamer, and the crew gathered around him, wild with selfish terror. In a moment the boat was loosened from its fastenings, and the cowardly captain was the first to jump into her. Enough of the crew to fill the boat followed him, and instantly pushed away, leaving the steamer to her fate, and going to meet an almost equally certain death. Van Anden stood with a sneer on his lip, watching the proceeding. He could not interfere with the captain's doings, although there had been little discipline on deck for the few minutes that had just passed. But now the captain had deserted the ship, and the command devolved upon the first-officer, whom he knew to be a brave man, although not a skillful seaman. "Where is Mr. Dyer?" he shouted to a sailor who was left behind in the rush that was made for the long-boat. "Washed overboard, sir," said the man. The command then devolved upon him. He looked around with a fresh sense of responsibility. There was yet one chance of saving the passengers, and one of these passengers was a woman he would have died to save, even under other circumstances. This was Mary Danforth. She was a magnificent beauty, and, as Van Anden had long known by report, was an independent woman, living her life in proud defiance of Mrs. Grundy, and relying successfully on her unspiced name and immense fortune to keep scandal at a distance. She was fond of traveling, and traveled a great deal alone. She stood now a little apart from the other passengers, her proud head lifted as if in defiance of fate, looking death in the face without a tremor. Van Anden had fallen in love with her the first time he had seen her, which was on this voyage. She had looked at him once or twice with admiration for his manly bearing, but he had not even spoken to her, and did not suppose that she knew of his existence. Yet he loved her, although it was the kind of love that a poet gives to a star that she knows is out of his reach. All this passed through his mind as he stood looking at the captain's desertion, and he saw his own scorn reflected in her eyes. Then he began calculating the chances. The steamer, he knew, would sink in a few minutes more. There were eight men of the crew left on deck, and among them he saw three of the best sailors that had ship-

ped. The passengers were all on deck, gathered in a group. Van Anden looked around to see if there were any boats fit for service. Only one remained. "Stand by to lower the yawl!" he shouted, in a voice that rose above the storm. The three good men answered in one breath, "aye, aye, sir!" and jumped to the side of the vessel. They recognized a voice of authority. The other five, incited by their example, followed. Van Anden was there as soon as the rest, and turning to one of the sailors, he shouted: "Fetch life-preservers for the passengers!" The man demurred. "To— with the passengers?" he answered; "let's save ourselves." "Without an instant's hesitation Van Anden knocked him flat on the deck. Seizing a belaying pin, he stood on the deck, and ordered them to follow. "I'm in command now," said he, "and you've got to obey orders." Then turning to a man he knew he could rely on, he said: "Go fetch the life-preservers." They were soon brought, and first seeing that each passenger was provided with one, Van Anden had the yawl lowered. He knew that the boat ought not to have over fifteen passengers, and there were twenty souls in all on the steamer. Turning to the passengers he said: "One at a time, now. Ladies first." And himself superintending, he saw them lowered to the yawl which the two sailors below were barely able to keep in position. He put Miss Danforth in the yawl first, and as he handed her down, he felt the pressure of her hand slightly returned, but no words passed between them. When the passengers were all in, he turned to the best men of the six that remained, and ordered them to follow. They obeyed, and then the other four were preparing to follow them, he shouted: "Shove off! She's full enough, Davis; I put you in command!" It was an unexpected order, and seemed like a death warrant to four men besides himself. "Two of the men still on deck, with angry oaths, rushed past him and made a leap for the yawl, while half a dozen voyagers arose in remonstrance from below. But Van Anden sternly repeated his order: "Shove off!" and raised his belaying pin threateningly at the two men left with him, who stood undecided for a moment. "Aye—aye, sir," came from the yawl, and she was pushed off. "You'll find an inlet two or three miles south," he shouted to Davis. "Try and make that, and you can get ashore." "Aye—aye, sir!" came up once more from Dick Davis, and the men bent to their oars and pulled away. Van Anden turned to his two remaining men. "Your chances are better with me than they would have been in the yawl," said he. "There are two more in her now than she can safely carry, and we can't spare a piece of rope that he had thrown twice around his waist. The other end was fast to a spar, and he was thus kept aloft. He looked around, but could see nothing of the two sailors who had been with the others. "Poor fellows!" he thought. "I have sacrificed their lives, but it was to save the others that I did it." He had little time for moralizing, however, for his thoughts were speedily directed to his own probable fate. During the little time that had elapsed since Captain Butler put off in his boat the steamer had been driven in shore until when she had at length sunk, she was within half a mile of the long row of breakers. Van Anden had recognized the coast, and knew of the inlet to which he had directed Davis. He also knew that he was drifting directly toward a rocky point where he would probably be dashed to death by the waves. It was only a matter of a few minutes, and with a proud sense of having done his duty as far as he could, he breathed a silent prayer for Miss Danforth's safety and for his own, and waited as calmly as he could for the shock. On and on went the spar, until at length it was hurled far up on the rocks by a mighty wave that broke further in than the others. A dull crash was all that Van Anden felt, and then he was unconscious. When he came to himself he was lying in a large, comfortable bed, and a kind, motherly-looking woman was watching beside him. "Where am I?" he asked, in a voice that surprised him by its weakness. "You are among friends," was the reply. He was too weak to question the woman any further, and he shut his eyes again, contented with the one word "friends," while the joyful nurse stole out of the room to carry the news of her patient's recovery from delirium to the kind-hearted family who had harbored the stranger. In a day or two more he was strong enough to listen while he was told that he had been found on the shore insensible, and bleeding from a wound on the head, and had been cared for by Captain Withers, a retired sailor, and his family. When he asked if any one else had been picked up he was told no, and he supposed that he was the only survivor. His recovery was rapid, and in a few days he started for New York to report the loss of the Duchess to Messrs. Shipley & Wright, her owners.

When he arrived in the city, however, he was too weak to attend to business immediately, and entering a carriage, he told the driver to take him to a hotel. "Which one, sir?" asked cabbie. "Any one, I don't care," was the reply of the sailor, who was only conscious of a longing to lie down and rest. The driver looked in astonishment, and then seeing that his passenger was ill, he started uptown. "I'll take you to the first-class place, anyway, where he'll be taken care of," he thought, and drove to one of the best uptown hotels. Van Anden staggered into the office and asked for a room. "Yes, sir," said the clerk, politely enough, but indifferently. "Please register your name," and he pushed the big book toward him. Van Anden wrote his name, and leaned against the counter, waiting for the clerk to assign him his quarters. But the clerk stared at him in astonishment when he read the name. "Are you Charles Van Anden, of the steamer 'Duchess'?" he asked. "Yes," said our hero, not a little surprised in his turn. The clerk summoned the proprietor of the hotel and told him who the latest guest was, and Van Anden was speedily installed in the handsomest room in the house, and served with the best of everything that he could wish. And half a dozen cards were sent to his room within half an hour, the names on which he did not at once recognize. But he was told by the obsequious servant that the passengers of the ill-fated Duchess had gotten safely ashore, and were stopping at the same hotel to which he had come. And when he was rested sufficiently to converse, he found that he was a hero with whose praises the whole town was ringing. His first inquiry was for Miss Danforth, and while the servant was telling him that she was one of the guests who had inquired especially after him, and that another servant came with a magnificent bouquet, to which was attached a tiny card bearing the name of Mary Danforth. As soon as possible, he sent a note asking that he might see her, and in a few minutes more he was in her private parlor. Her magnificent beauty was not impaired by the exposure to which she had been subjected, but her flashing eyes looked on him with an interest that thrilled him as nothing had ever thrilled him before. He never remembered but one thing that happened at the interview, however, for he was as modest as he was brave. That one thing was that she made him promise to call again. And he did call again the next day, after he had seen Messrs. Shipley & Wright, who received him cordially enough, being afraid of the rumors that he could give in the lawsuit that they expected to be involved in regarding the insurance money. They had told him that they could give him a subordinate position on one of their ships that was going to China within a week, and he, knowing that he must work for a living, had accepted the offer. So he told Mary Danforth that he was going as a boatswain on the ship *Mary Ann*, and she blazed with indignation. "As boatswain!" said she; "indeed you shall not. I'll build you a ship myself sooner than you will do that. You shall not go to sea again except as captain." The beautiful sailor was overwhelmed. "Oh, Miss Danforth," said he, "you are too kind. But it is too much for me to take a ship of my own, and if you will only remember me kindly I shall be nerved to the struggle by the greatest happiness I can ever know." She looked at him a moment without speaking. She was a woman of a modest and too many to appear in the light of a fortune-hunter, and she could not bear the thought of his leaving her. So although her cheeks flamed with indignation, she spoke again. "Yes, I will give you a ship and make you the captain, but only on one condition. What is that?" said poor Van Anden, bewildered, and yet half guessing what she meant. "Only on condition—that you—make me—your first mate," replied the blushing beauty, hiding her face in her hands. He seized her hand and drew it gently from her face, and quietly said, "Then he kissed it, and still it was not withdrawn. And then— "But it is not for me, nor for the reader to know what he did next. All that concerns us to know is that the ship was built, and the very first voyage, Captain Van Anden made his wedding tour.

### He Wanted to Engage Board for Twenty Years.

Yesterday afternoon shortly after the arrival of the train a man entered a hotel in this city and asked the clerk, who stood busying himself with a pattern blotter, for a room upon which he could engage board. "Owing to the location of your room, sir, I don't care for our rooms. Feed well. I don't care so much about the eating part," replied the man. "I'm forty odd years old, and have been eating about all my life. It's getting to be an old thing to me. Well, say, give me a respectable room—how much will you charge?" "Just yourself, sir?" "Twenty-five dollars a month, in case you are alone." "You see, it's this way: My wife will be with me, but as times are pretty tight, I conclude to engage a large place. I'll take breakfast, my wife will take dinner, and we'll throw up—wet or dry—for supper. By that means we can both get board for one price. I reckon I'm a little the best manager you ever see." "Fifty dollars for the two." "I don't understand that sort of 'rithmetical. Both together we'd only eat the meals allowed for one person. It don't hurt me to eat more than I need, but I don't eat on it than for one. I've got a bird out in the country that was presented to my wife when we got married and I'll be dinged if it ain't just about as good as new. It's one of those old-fashioned birds, which taller posts with knobs on the tops as big as young pumpkins. I'll furnish the room with this bed and one chair. My wife can set on the floor. I've lived in the country all my life and I haven't a cent of money last year, but I'll furnish a table and a chair, and a washstand. That's a woman down the country that has all the time been buckin' agin my wife, and to get away with fifty dollars per month is our lowest rate." "How much by the year? I am going into this business right." "Six hundred dollars." "This is wholesale business with me. How much for ten years?" "Six thousand dollars." "That's a gettin' down to it. How much for twenty years?" "Twelve thousand dollars." "I have a square meal right now and check it off for twenty years." "See that card?" said the clerk pointing to the hotel maxim of persons without luggage are required to pay in advance. "Oh, I've got the baggage," and the man dived up a carpet bag. "That won't do." "Won't you take this as security?" "No, sir, here." "But I want to board here for twenty years." "Go on away." "I'll leave your one-horse hotel, sir; but I'll show you." He lifted up the carpet bag and opened it and displayed \$50,000 in government bonds. "You can stay, sir." "No; I believe not. It takes too much money to put up in this hotel. So I'll be around and put up at a wagon yard." Ever since Cain gave Abel a clip with a club people have lost money by not observing the laws of politeness.—*Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.*

### Timely Topics.

A person with a turn for curious statistics has calculated that the 10,000,000 barrels of beer reported by the brewers' congress as sold last year would have filled a canal twenty-one feet wide and five feet deep, extending from New York to Philadelphia, and that it would take a pump throwing thirty gallons a minute, running night and day, over twenty-one years to pump it out. It was all swallowed, however.

Dora Young, a favorite daughter of the late Brigham Young, is in Chicago. She is described as a particularly attractive and handsome woman, with a beautiful complexion and golden hair. She dresses fashionably and in good taste. She has considerable property, secured from her father's estate by a successful suit at law, and pretends to enjoy it. Two years ago she was a zealous Mormon, but now she abominates the system and has forsaken her old home and friends.

It is a popular sanitary error to think that the more a man eats the fatter and stronger he will become; to believe that the more hours children study the faster they learn; to conclude that if exercise is good for the body, it is the greater in its benefits; to imagine that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better is good for the system, regardless of the ulterior effects. Despite the advance of hygienic science, these mistaken ideas remain a monument to the public apathy concerning health matters.

Mrs. Parker, of Glastonbury, Conn., whose famous eyes used to be sold every year in the market, writes to the *Woman's Journal*, signing herself Julia E. Smith, and says that her husband not only paid the tax this year without protest, but went to the collector to pay and then told her that "it was his tax and not hers, and that he could veto if he had no reason to go contrary to law." Mrs. Parker says: "I want to take my own stand and fight it out, as long as men make laws so unjust that women cannot say how their own property shall be disposed of, but men can use it as they please, without any ifs or ands about it."

### Niagara Falls.

Some of the People Who Have Gone Over the Cataract.

John Paul writes as follows from Niagara Falls to a New York paper: Within twenty-five years more than sixty persons have gone over the falls. Last summer seven went over, four on the American side and three on the Canadian. Of those who go over the American side the bodies are very seldom recovered, they tell me, while the bodies of those who go over on the Canadian side are usually found. This is because of the jagged rocks which lie hidden in the whirl and foam at the foot of the falls. The pluckers of the American side are, seize upon the victim delivered to them, and hold him in a grip from which neither bell nor diver can deliver him, a grip which shall not be relaxed until the sound of the trumpet at whose blast the most inaccessible graves shall give up their dead. It is generally boatmen, I am told, familiar with the river, who fall a prey to the falls. Crossing and recrossing the river in safety thousands of times, knowing, as they suppose, every phase of the current, they finally come to look upon it with indifference if not with contempt, and, going once too often to the well, come to have their pluckers terribly broken at last. The usual fate of all who toy with the manes of lions or attempt the role of tiger-tamers is theirs. Some day there is a crunch, and all is over. Last summer, for instance, two boatmen started on a cruise, and one of them, taking no oars along. It had been their home since childhood, and boating was their business. Who should presume to warn them? But in mid river the wind died away, they found themselves in the grip of the current—a grip relentless and unrelaxing as that of fate. Faster and faster, as though drawn by demons beneath the keel, their boat neared the rapids. And once in the rapids—all the rapid to their foot—the falls—a distance of perhaps eighty rods, the decline is high upon ninety feet. And down this inclined plane, as you can very well see, the water slides with something of the speed of an express train. It is a terrible meteor that shoots by the few (for the exhibition has not been advertised in advance) who stand on the banks and bridges. Two pale-faced men in a frail boat, with their arms stretched for an aid which none can give, no cry for succor audible, though you know that the shrieks of the doomed are sent up to the heavens in a gasp of this and no more. The baleful vision has vanished, and again the glad waters are dancing and glancing onward in the sun. You know that lives have been questioned like capes, and that the tragedy is the great clouds of spray which roll up to heaven like smoke from the altar of immolation.

Here, as well as elsewhere, whisky comes to the aid of the mad. It seems to men in it the work of destruction. Liquor is cheap on the Canadian side, and so an abnormal boldness may be begotten at what seems (and is in the outset) a very inconsiderable cost. But after crossing to the Canadian side, the American side not infrequently knows the boatman no more forever. Claron takes up the oar, and the Sixx, not the Niagara, is ferried. Thus Mr. Whitney, of the Cataract, tells me that last summer his son, sitting on the summer-house of his grounds above the rapids, saw a man getting dangerously near the sliding water. Running down to the bank he shouted to him to pull in shore or else he would be caught, but a drunken stare was the only answer. A few minutes more and the boat was among the dimpling eddies—the smiles, as it were, which precede the infernal laughter of the rapids. Then the poor wretch suddenly sobered, raised his position. Before he could hiccup a single pater his rdden soul stood before his God.

No human being ever went over the falls and lived. Sam Patch, but jumped over the falls, and landed in a log, which he created near the foot of Biddle stairs. Of the cats and dogs with which humorists have at various times experimented it is said that some have been picked up alive, but I mainly doubt it. While on the Canadian side, the American side not infrequently knows the boatman no more forever. Claron takes up the oar, and the Sixx, not the Niagara, is ferried. Thus Mr. Whitney, of the Cataract, tells me that last summer his son, sitting on the summer-house of his grounds above the rapids, saw a man getting dangerously near the sliding water. Running down to the bank he shouted to him to pull in shore or else he would be caught, but a drunken stare was the only answer. A few minutes more and the boat was among the dimpling eddies—the smiles, as it were, which precede the infernal laughter of the rapids. Then the poor wretch suddenly sobered, raised his position. Before he could hiccup a single pater his rdden soul stood before his God.

### How Can a Woman Tell

He told me his love this morning, With his dear hand clasping mine, And he said: "God speed the dawning When, sweet, I may call thee mine." But my fond heart questioned so, "Though loving him true and true, Will his love over all changes? Oh! how can a woman tell?"

When the years shall bring their trials, And the cares and pains o' twigh The joys in the little household, As clouds might obscure the day, Will the hand that has held mine fondly, When maidly sighs I bel, As earnestly shild from sorrow? Oh! how can a woman tell?"

When the silvery threads are creeping Through my tresses one by one; When I lose my youth and beauty, As many a wife has done, Will his heart be mine as tray? As when in the flowery dell He gave me his trusted promise? Oh! how can a woman tell?"

I grieve at my sweet heart waiting, His eyes they are clear and true; "I will love him," my heart says gladly, "I will trust him the wide world through." I will be to him joy and comfort, I will all other joys excel, I will keep him with love's sacred magic— This much may a woman tell.

### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Coney Island is said to be more popular with foreigners than any other American watering-place.

The Territory of Montana has already produced upward of \$147,000,000 in gold, and \$6,000,000 in silver.

A temperance lecturer in Georgia estimates that liquor costs the people of that State \$15,000,000 annually.

The people of Zurich, by a vote, maintained the idea that involuntary vaccination is good for the general health.

The government is pressed for storage room for silver dollars. It can build a vault in one pocket free of charge.—*New York Register.*

The assessed value of land in the chief cities of Iowa is as follows: Des Moines, \$3,593,000; Dubuque, \$3,533,304; Davenport, \$2,829,810; Burlington, \$2,708,102; Keokuk, \$2,046,592.

Dr. T. S. Cobbold, microscopist, says that he has seen the hearts of several birds as well as of carnivora, are crowded with nematoid insects.

Atmospherical knowledge is not thoroughly distributed in our schools. A boy being asked "What is mist?" vaguely replied, "An umbrella."

"Soldiers must be fearfully dishonest," said Mrs. Harrington, in a sermon, to be an occurrence every night for a sanny to be relieved of his watch.

It is reported from Sheffield, England, that heavy orders are daily coming in from both Scotch and east coast shipbuilders for light steel-plates. The introduction of iron into ship-building is causing an important and growing trade.

If you are a quiet, honest citizen of Galveston, how did these skeleton keys and brass knuckles happen to be in your coat pockets? I reckon, judge, me that the policeman who inspected your coats is the scullie. We were very much excited.—*Galveston News.*

A San Francisco manufacturer has received from the interior of the State an order for a pair of boots which, if the numbers in size ran a high enough, would be worth \$100. They will be 73 inches in length and in width. The man who is to wear them is small, except as to his hands and feet.

Two thousand seven hundred men are now being employed in the Baldwin locomotive works, Philadelphia. It turned out weekly, 254 having been completed this year. Orders are being filled for railroads for South Australia, New South Wales and many places in North and South America.

She had a pretty diploma tied with a pink ribbon, from one of her best young ladies' colleges. In conversation with a daring and courageous young man, a ter he had detailed the dangers and delights of riding on a locomotive, she completely upset his opinion of independent education of the sexes by inquiring, "How do they steer locomotives, anyhow?"

Two men at Peoria, Ill., tied their horses' tails together and started them in opposite directions to settle a bet as to the strength of the brutes. But a quarrel arose before the trial took place, and the owners of the horses agreed to pull each other's noses instead. Both lost, for they were fined \$10 each in a police court.

The following document was drawn up by a lawyer at Joliet, Ill., and signed by the husband: "Received from me \$10, in consideration of which I hereby renounce all right and title to my lawful wife, and from this day henceforth she is the charge of said—, and forfeits all claim on me for support."

Schoolboys and Headaches.

Professor Treichler has delivered a lecture before the German association of naturalists and physicians which contains a fact of some interest to teachers. He says that headache in schools decidedly increases, until in some schools, and notably in Nuremberg, one-third of the scholars suffer from it. He believes that the cause is over intellectual exertion, caused partly by the adoption of too many subjects, but principally by the tendency to unusual night work. The brain is then freshly taxed when its cells are exhausted. We begin to hear the same complaint in England, especially from London schools, and are tempted to believe that in some of them an imperceptible but steady increase in the amount of night work demanded has been going on, which is passing a safe limit. It does not hurt the quick, and it does not hurt the stupid, but it does hurt the boys and girls who want to fulfill their dreams, and have not quite the quickness to do so. The usual quantity of Latin, for example, to be learned at night has doubled in the last thirty years from parents upon the children to learn it all. Has increased in nearly the same proportion. The increased crowding of schools explains much, but it does not explain this headache, which is not suffered by the boys in proportion to the ill-health.—*London Spectator.*

### Bibles With Queer Names.

An interesting collection of Bibles was recently exhibited in London, which consisted of all the editions of the printers, or from some other reason, have been known by strange names. Among the Bibles on exhibition were the following:

THE GUTTENBERG BIBLE.—The Earliest Book Known. Printed from movable metal types, in the Latin Bible issued by Gutenberg, at Mentz, A. D. 1450.

THE BUG BIBLE.—Was so called from its Rendering of Psalms xli: 5: "Afraid of Bugs by Night." Our present version reads, "Terror by Night." A. D. 1521.

THE BREECHES BIBLE.—The Geneva version is that popularly known as the Breeches Bible, from its Rendering of Genesis iii: 7: (Making Themselves Breeches out of Fig-leaves). This translation of the Scriptures is the Result of the Labors of the English Exiles at Geneva—was the English Family Bible During the Reign of Queen Elizabeth and till Supplanted by the Present Authorized Version of Geneva. A. D. 1611.

THE PLACE-MAKERS' BIBLE.—From a remarkable Typographical Error which occurs in Matthew v: 9: "Blessed are the Peace-makers," instead of Peace-makers. A. D. 1563.

THE TRIBLE BIBLE.—From its Rendering of Jeremiah vii: 32: "Is There Treacle Instead of Balm in Gilead?" A. D. 1568.

THE ROSIN BIBLE.—From the same Text, but Translated "Rosin" in the Doual version. A. D. 1639.

THE HE AND SHE BIBLES.—From the Respective Renderings of Ruth iii: 15—one Reading that "she went into the City." The other has it that "He went." A. D. 1611.

THE WICKED BIBLE.—From the Fact that the Negative has been Left Out of the Seventh Commandment. (Exodus, xx: 14.) For which the Printer was Fined \$300. A. D. 1631.

THE THUMB BIBLE.—Being One Inch Square and Half an Inch Thick, as having been only one man in this barbarous country who could speak Latin, and he was blind, Milton was Latin secretary at a salary of £288 a year, afterward cut down to £200 when he required the services of an assistant. English retain the original name of the German Empire and presided over by a German statesman, perhaps the most arrogant as well as the ablest his country has ever produced, yet no one ventured to claim for Germany any one of her own English and French.—*Pull Mall Gazette.*

### The Perils of an Ambassador.

The position of ambassador was not always quite such a safe one as it is now. Dar Henry VIII. wanted to send a messenger to France with a threatening message to Francis I. Bonner objected that it might cost him his head to utter a denunciation couched in such terms. "It will harm you," said Henry. "I'll make my own head safe for you." "May it please your grace," answered Bonner, "but I doubt whether any head would fit my shoulders quite as well as my own."

More than a century later Cromwell hazarded a Portuguese navy for murder committed in London. Apparently, however, he was not a regular ambassador. Possibly if he had been it would not have made much difference. Ambassadors and their servants were declared exempt from civil procedure in the reign of Queen Anne, an act of parliament having been passed to that effect in consequence of a slight offered to the minister of the czar. Peter the Great was naively astonished because French envoys in London were not hanged. French became the recognized language of diplomacy about the middle of the seventeenth century though it had begun to assume that position much earlier. Cromwell, with his usual pungent tongue, against the use of French international correspondence. "I will have nothing but Latin or English," said the protector. English was out of the question, there being probably less than 100 persons out of the British Isles who understood our tongue, but Latin, the medieval language of diplomacy, was conceded. It was during the commonwealth that an Italian ecclesiastic, sent to London on a temporary mission, bitterly exclaimed that there was only one man in this barbarous country who could speak Latin, and he was blind. Milton was Latin secretary at a salary of £288 a year, afterward cut down to £200 when he required the services of an assistant. English retain the original name of the German Empire and presided over by a German statesman, perhaps the most arrogant as well as the ablest his country has ever produced, yet no one ventured to claim for Germany any one of her own English and French.—*Pull Mall Gazette.*

### Mustard.

The seeds of two species of mustard (*Sinapis*) are commonly used for culinary and medicinal purposes, and are known as black mustard seeds and white mustard seeds. The flour of mustard, so extensively used as a condiment, is prepared from a mixture of two kinds, usually in the proportion of two parts black and three parts white. The seeds are pounded and the husks then removed from the flour by sifting. It is remarkable that the pungent principle for which mustard is valued does not exist in the seeds, but it is produced when the constituents of the seeds are brought together under the influence of water.

Internally, flour of mustard is used as a stimulant, diuretic and emetic; externally as an irritant and rubefacient. White mustard seeds are often taken in an entire state as at mutans in dyspepsia. Mustard should be mixed with water that has been boiled and allowed to cool. Hot water destroys its essential qualities, and raw cold water might cause it to ferment. Put the mustard in a cup with a small pinch of salt, and mix with it very gradually sufficient water to make it drop from the spoon without becoming watery. The Germans have a way of preparing mustard in which much of its pungency is modified by spices. The following is an approved method of preparing it: Take of the white and black mustard seed, ground fine, each one pound, and add a pound of sugar. Four times this mixture a sufficient quantity of boiling vinegar to make it of the consistency of soft dough. It should then be stirred constantly with a paddle for about half an hour, in which time the mustard will become very thick. After it has been cooked—say about an hour—add one ounce of powdered cinnamon and half an ounce of powdered cloves and mix thoroughly. It may then be set away in tightly covered bottles and jars, and if the vinegar is good it will keep any length of time and improve with age. It may be thinned with vinegar as it is wanted for use. Mustard prepared in this way is far superior to that mixed in the usual manner.—*Troy Times.*

### The Sumac Business.

A Brunswick county (Va.) letter says: Sumac is abundant here in large quantities, and it is gathered by colored people from June to October, who sell it to the proprietors of sumac mills at Petersburg, where it is pulverized and prepared for northern markets, to be used in tanning and dyeing. The gathering of this article has of late become so extensive that it may be regarded as a new industry. Years ago the virtue of Virginian sumac was very little known, and consequently very little was gathered, but as soon as it was found to be among the best in the world, the demand for it has steadily increased—so much so that it is likely that before long it will be cultivated. Last year one of the merchants in Brunswick county shipped fifty tons to Petersburg. A colored hand can easily gather one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds a day. Saturday is the busiest day for merchants in the rural districts, and then colored people can be seen coming to the stores from morning until evening to dispose of their sumac gathered during the week. Those that are too poor to own oxen or horses, carry it. It is nothing unusual for a colored woman to carry forty or fifty pounds at a time on her head a considerable distance. Since the article grows wild, there are no restrictions in the privilege of gathering it, but the colored people, in general, ask permission to do so.

There are in the State of Texas 522 counties. Of these, at this time, 163 are organized and sixty-two unorganized. At the last election, in 1878, 154 counties voted for governor.

### Samuel Johnson defined nonsense as

"bolting a door with a boiled carrot."

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