Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., April 11, 1890.

THE CHALLENGE.

I have a vague remembrance
Of a story that is told
Of some ancient Spanish legend
Or chronicle of old.

It was when brave King Sanchez
Was before Zamora slain,
And his great besieging army
Lay encamped upon the plain.

Don Diego de Ordonez
Sallied forth in front of all,
And shouted loud his challenge
To the warders on the wall.

All the people of Zamora,
Both the born and the unborn,
As traitors did he challenge
With taunting words of scorn.

The living in their houses,
And in their graves the dead!
And the waters of their rivers,
And their wine, and oil, and bread.

There is a greater army,
That besets us round with strife,
A starving, numberless army,
At all the gates of life.

The poverty stricken millions
Who challenge our wine and bread,
And impeach us all as traitors,
Both the living and the dead.

And whenever I sit at the banquet,
Where the feast and song are high,
Amid the mirth and the music
I can hear that fearful cry.

And hollow and haggard faces
Look into the lighted hall,
And wasted hands are extended
To catch the crumbs that fall.

For within there is light and plenty,
And odors fill the air;
But without there is cold and darkness,
And hunger and despair.

And there in the camp of famine,
In wind and cold and rain,
Christ, the great Lord of the army,
Lies dead upon the plain!

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

THE STORY OF BIP.

"Bip's story is well known in the Cumberland valley, where he lived for many years, and died not long ago,, said Samuel Logan of Franklin county, Penn.," and is one of the most remarkable narratives of slavery times ever related. I have heard the old man tell the story with tears in his eyes many a time, and no one who ever knew him could have the slightest doubt of its truth. Bip was born in Africa, where, he believed, he was the son of a king or chief, for he remembered that his father and mother lived in a bark hut surrounded by smaller ones, which were occupied by many women and children, his father's hut always being approached by others in a most deferential manner. His mother wore immense gold or brass hoops in her ears and bands of metal on her arms. His father wore a big yellow ring in his nose. When Bip was about 5 years old, as he afterward calculated, his father's household and many of the tribe were overpowered by a horde of strange blacks and taken captive. They were bound together and driven for days until they came to the seashore. There they were portioned among a number of white men, the first Bip had ever seen. The captives were taken away in boats. Bip never saw his father again. He and his mother were packed with hundreds of others on board a vessel, and they were many days on the water. The vessel at last landed and the negroes that were still alive were taken ashore, and Bip and his mother were selected from the lot by a white man and taken away. It was not until after years that Bip knew and appreciated the fact that he and his parents and their tribe had fallen victims to the African slave traders, and that he and his mother had been sold into slavery to a Cuban planter.

"At the age of 15 Bip, which name had been given him by his Cuban owner, was sold, with a lot of other young negeoes of both sexes, to a slave trader. Bip's mother was at work in the sugar field when he was sold and taken away. He never saw or heard of her again. The herd of young negroes was taken to New Orleans, where Bip was sold on the auction block. He was put to work in the sugar fields, but when he was 20 years old he became the property of an Arkansas cotton planter. He was taken to the Arkansas plantation, which was not far from Little Rock. His new master proved to be a kind one, but Bip felt that he was not born to be a slave, and he was determined to escape from bondage, even at the risk of his life. Late one night in the fall of 1821 he made a break for liberty. He never knew exactly the route he took, but he turned his face as near northward as he could calculate and blindly followed that course. He traveled all night, swimming rivers and floundering through swamps. In the daytime he hid among the dense brakes, and satisfied his hunger by digging turtles from the mud and eating their raw meat. He travelled in that way for three nights and just before daybreak on the morning of the third he came suddenly upon a clearing. He saw at once that it was the home of a "face camper." In those days that part of Arkansas was wild and sparsely inhabited, and settlers from other states and other portions of Arkansas were taking up land, gradually clearing the country into plantations. The settlers usually lived during the first years of their occupancy in what was known as face camps, their first crop enabling them to put up better dwellings. The face camp was a rude board hut or shanty enclosed on but three sides. The side facing the south was left open, the climate, even in winter, being mild enough to keep as airy a habitation as a face camp intirely comfortable. The shanty was roofed with boards, and, as the whole was built with slight frame walls, it was not the most secure dwelling in the world. The interior of one of these face camps was severely simple. It contained the settler's bed, a table and a bench or two, and a loft for storing various articles of household use. The bed was a rude board bunk in one corner, made fast to the side on one end of the shanty. The loft was a similar bunk, built three or four feet above the bed.

"The face camper, during his first year as a settler, depended, in a great measure, on game for the sustenance of himself and family. The woods were filled with deer, bears and other wild animals. When a deer or other animal was killed the dressed carcass was suspended on a pole in front of the open end of the camp, the pole being supported by long forked sticks driven in the ground. The face campers rarely owned slaves while they were making their clearings, but they always looked forward to the day when they would become masters. As a rule they were hard, ignorant people, and their reputation as slave-holders was such that even the slaves of the cotton planters on the lowlands pitied the negroes of a face camper. So, naturally, when Bip came suddenly at the home of one of this class he was greatly alarmed, and made up his mind to get away from that locality as soon as possible. The moon was shining full and bright in the shanty, and Bip could see the bunk and the outlines of its sleeping inmates, and the loft above it. As he stood peering out of the thicket, taking a hurried view of the curious scene, an ugly and ominous growl came from the shanty. Supposing that his presence had been discovered by the camper's dogs, Bip was drawing back hurriedly to escape from the spot, when he discovered that it was something else that had aroused the dogs. Out of the shadows on the opposite side of the opening came two dark objects toward the door, and two huge bears were revealed in the moonlight. They did not stop, but slouched impudently along to secure the object of their visit, a deer's carcass. Bip could not overcome his curiosity to watch and see what the result of this invasion would be. As the bears shuffled up to the spot where the deer hung, two dogs rushed out of the open camp. With furious barking and yelping they sprang upon the bears.

"The noise awoke the owner of the camp, and Bip saw him spring from the bunk. At the same time the wife and the faces of three wild and startled looking children rose up in the bunk. The woman and the children began to scream and cry. As the settler jumped out the bears made a rush for the dogs which retreated to the shanty. They almost ran over the man as he approached. He ran back and helped his wife and children from the bed to the bunk overhead. The next moment man, dogs, and bears were closed together in one indiscriminate struggle. Feeling that whatever the result might be his own safety lay in escaping from the scene without delay, Bip hastened into the forest. He had not gone far when it occurred to him that a fellow man's life was undoubtedly in peril, and that it was his duty to aid him in preserving it, no matter what the consequences might be to himself. Without an instant's further hesitation he turned and dashed back through the thicket. He cleared the opening at a bound, and the next second had joined the settler and his dogs in their contest with the bears against the board wall at the foot of the bunk, and the frail shanty was shaking and swaying threateningly. The man's wife and children were shrieking frantically in the loft. One dog had been killed and the other disabled.

"Bip closed with one of the bears at once. His knife was a keen, long-bladed dirk, with two edges. He thrust it to the hilt in the bear's breast as the animal lunged up against him. The blood followed the blade in a stream. The bear staggered back. Before it rallied Bip turned to the other one. It had knocked the settler to the ground, where he lay stunned. In a second more the bear would have torn the man's throat to strings. With one slash of his effective weapon Bip severed the big arteries in the bear's neck, and laid the windpipe open. The bear raised up erect on its feet and fell over backward with its whole weight against the side of the camp. The shock was more than the structure could stand, and the shanty came down with a crash, burying bears and all beneath a pile of boards and scantling. The next that Bip knew it was broad daylight. He was lying on the ground on a deer-skin. He was sore and lame but managed to get to his feet. A big-whiskered man, a pale, weeping woman, and two frightened-looking children were grouped near him. By the side of a ragged pile of boards that had been the face camp, lay the carcasses of two huge bears. The big-whiskered man came forward, grasped Bip's hand, and told him he had saved his life. The man, his wife and two of the children had escaped from the wreck of the shanty with but slight injuries, strange as it seemed, but the other child had been killed. Bip felt that he would be safe with these people, and he told them his story. He then learned that the face camper was Israel Vawn, a noted religious enthusiast, who had settled in the wilderness to form the nucleus of a colony of his followers. Bip helped rebuild Vawn's camp, and when it was done Vawn made him promise that he would remain at the camp until the settler made a business trip to Little Rock and returned. When Vawn came back he placed in Bip's hands a bill of sale for himself from his master. Vawn had purchased the young negro and given him his freedom. The over-joyed Bip remained in Vawn's service, and was given the name of Solomon Vawn. Israel Vawn, died about the time the war of the rebellion began. Bip, or Solomon Vawn, came North and settled in the Cumberland valley, where he worked as a farm hand until he died some months ago, nearly 90 years old. He is buried near Mont Alto, and his grave is on land, I believe, formerly owned by Thaddeus Stevens."—*N. Y. Sun.*

——The tornado which swept through Louisville on Thursday last was almost identical in its course, and in the direction from which it came, with one that played havoc in the same city in the year 1835.

A Beastly Physician.

Dr. C. D. Blair is under arrest at Moorfield, Nebraska, charged with manslaughter, for horribly mutilating a woman named Mrs. Tucker, whom he was called to attend during confinement. He was intoxicated at the time and used a common pocket-knife. He cut off one of the child's arms and cut the woman so badly that she died on the third day after the operation. There were several gashes in her thighs, one of which cut the cords of her limbs. The people were so excited that the doctor was placed under a strong guard to prevent lyching.

Knights of the Golden Eagle.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., April 1.—The fifteenth annual session of the Grand Castle of the Knights of the Golden Eagle of Pennsylvania convened in this city in Music Hall this afternoon, and will continue three days. This afternoon a parade took place, 4,000 men participating. The membership of the Knights of the Golden Eagle in Pennsylvania is about 35,000. During last year the receipts of the subordinate castles were $253,443.86; disbursements, including investments, $253,241.48; amount on hand and invested, $358,723.94. The amount paid for relief of members, widowed families, burial of the dead and donations was $95,734.73.

More About the Western Cyclone.

Over One Hundred Houses in the Bottom Lands of Indiana Swept Away—School House Hurled Across a A River—Great Loss of Life.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., April 1.—Over one hundred houses in the bottom lands between this city and Mount Vernon, Ind., were swept away by the wind and water in the recent storm, the farmers losing all their household goods and stock, and barely escaping with their lives.

One entire family who were living in a small farm house between Fairplay and West Franklin, Ind., are reported to have been carried off in their home.

The officers of the steamer John S. Hopkins, which arrived here from Paducah, report great damage in the vicinity of Bayou Mills where the tornado swept through that portion of Illinois, reducing dwellings and barns in its track into kindling wood.

Before crossing the Ohio river it picked up a frame school house, and carrying it bodily across the river, dashed it to pieces against the timber on the Kentucky shore.

Additional particulars of the storm's ravages in Webster, Crittenden and Union counties, Ky., are coming in. The list of dead and injured is greatly increased. Scores of residences in the vicinity of Blackford, barns and outhouses were destroyed, and many people were badly injured.

A report from Hibbardsville, Ky., has been received saying that section has sustained serious damage. Nearly every building and most of the timber in the line of the storm were destroyed. The loss cannot be estimated, but will not fall short of $50,000.

The officers of the steamer City of Clarksville, arriving from Green river, report that the work of ruin by the storm was appalling. The tornado crossed Green river in five different places. leaving a clear track about 200 yards wide.

In the country just back of Point Pleasant twenty-five houses and a large number of barns were blown away. Several persons were fatall injured.

At Bremen, Muhlenburg county, Ky., every dwelling in the place was destroyed. Six people were reported killed and nine badly injured.

Overgrown With Weeds.

The Condition of Washington's Birthplace and his Father's Grave.

WASHINGTON, April 1.—A short time since inquiry was made in regard to the place where the father of George Washington was buried. Diligent search here failed for some time to ascertain the location of the grave of Augustine Washington, but the information has finally been secured. It seems that Augustine Washington, the father of General George Washington, died April 12, 1743, in Stafford county, and his body was brought down and deposited in the vault at Wakefield, near Bridges creek, in Westmoreland county, where his first wife (Jane Butler) had been buried in November, 1728.

The site of this vault and burial ground is correctly located on a chart made from a survey of "Washington's birth-place," by A. Lindenkohl, in September, 1879, copies of which chart can be obtained from the United States coast and geodetic survey, in Washington. The spot is occasionally visited by tourists, and was seen by Bishop Meade in 1857, who describes its neglected condition as "disgusting." The condition has not been improved since.

The burial ground occupies a space of fifty or sixty feet square. The arch of the vault fell in many years ago, and the excavation is nearly filled with debris. Near by are two gravestones, one erected in 1696, marking the grave of two children (John and Mildred) of Lawrence Washington, the grandfather of General George Washington. The other is over the grave of Jane, the first wife of Augustine Washington, the father of the general, with the date November 24, 1728. There are other fragments of gravestones lying around. The whole place is overgrown with vines and burdocks.

It is a question as to who has a legal title to the spot now. In 1813 Colonel George C. Washington sold the Wakefield estate to John Gray, but made a reservation of the old "family burial ground" and sixty feet square at the birth place. In 1858 Colonel George C. Washington's son, Lewis Washington, granted both spots to the commonwealth on condition that they should be suitably marked and inclosed. The legislature accepted the grant, but the conditions were not complied with. In 1883 the United States acquired title to the sixty feet square at the birth place, and other lands adjoining, for the purpose of marking that spot with a monument, but nothing was done about the burial ground. In 1887 congress made an appropriation for a monument at the birth place. The work has not yet been executed.

A Ticket of Leave From Quay.

Washington Correspondence of the Philadelphia Ledger.

Around the Capitol great surprise is expressed with the absolute subserviency of the Republicans of Pennsylvania, and the visitations of Republican local leaders to Washington for the purpose of consulting with Senator Quay and obtaining his approval of this or that candidate, are commented upon and held up as an illustration of the absolute demoralization that prevails in the politics of the Keystone State. The general belief here is that no man can receive a nomination in Pennsylvania for any office, State or municipal, who does not receive a ticket of leave from Mr. Quay. Said a Republican Representative, speaking of this matter: "This thing will not proceed much further without receiving a check. The people are getting disgusted with this machine business, and with the class of men who are placed at the head of affairs, and will undoubtedly smash the machine, as they did not long ago when Pattison was elected over Beaver by Republican voters. I would not be surprised if this same thing occurred next fall. At all events, it is sure to come, sooner or later, and is being hastened by the methods that now prevail."

Something "Eating" the Farmers.

Philadelphia Record.

The farmers, judging by their resolves and recommendations, do not know precisely the nature of their own grievance; but they are in a fair way to find out. In Republican Kansas and in Democratic South Carolina they have taken the bit in their teeth and are in open revolt against political conditions as they understand them. They will soon discover that in so far as their difficulties are the result of unwise legislation there is no real remedy except repeal. Restitution is out of the question. The money that has been pocketed by favored interests cannot be reclaimed.

The farmers are themselves largely responsible for keeping in power a party pledged to a policy of discrimination which makes one portion of the population hewers of wood and drawers of water for another portion. The first step toward a better state of affairs would be to turn the Republican party out of power. It seems impossible to effect a reform inside of the Republican lines, because the men who profit by the party policy have obtained control of its organization. All that is necessary to restore prosperity to the farmers is the opportunity to pursue their calling uncrippled by forced contributions to other forms of industry. At present they are obliged to dig not only for themselves but also for all other persons who can persaude the Government to tax the farmer for their benefit.

Tired of Prohibition.

Leading Kansas Republicans Appeal to Quay to Help Them Get Rid of It.

TOPEKA, Kan., March 29.—Sentiment favoring a re-submission of the Prohibition question is growing rapidly. The movement has assumed such strength that the Governor has been urged to call a special session of the Legislature to consider the proposition of re-submitting. Many Re-submission Clubs have been organized. These clubs are Republicans who are opposed to Prohibition, and who believe that the Prohibition law is dangerous to the Republican party.

The President of the State organization to-day addressed a letter to Quay, asking his aid in influencing the Kansas Congressional delegation to bring about another vote on Prohibition in Kansas. President Allen states in his letter that Kansas lost 75,000 population in the last year, and that of 444,000 immigrants seeking new homes within the year Kansas has received comparatively few, while Iowa and Texas received 100,000 each. This is attributed to the feeling among foreigners against the Kansas laws.

Mr. Allen also states that the average Republican majority in Kansas was 15,000 in 1889, while in 1888 it was 82,000. The decrease, he holds, is the result of Prohibition, for which the people hold the Republican party responsible.

President Allen predicts that the continuance of Prohibition threatens the life of the Republican party in Kansas, and urges Chairman Quay to come to the rescue before 1892.

Bee Keeping.

At a recent keepers convention a lady member from Campbellford, Ont., read an essay on "Bee Keeping as an Occupation for Women." Having given the matter a fair trial for eight years she was of the opinion that there is no reason why any woman of moderate strength and intelligence should not be able to take charge of an apiary of from thirty to forty colonies, with very little assistance, and derive both pleasure and profit from the employment; at the same time she doubts whether there are many who succeed very well in carrying on the business alone, though of course there are a few who would. While not believing that a farmer can carry on both farming and bee keeping successfully himself, she says: "But if he has either daughters or sons who will make a specialty of this department of bee keeping, it may be very advantagously combined with farming; and I do not know of any reason why girls might not make as a great a success of the business as boys."

"Eternal vigilance is the price of success" in any business, and in none more than in bee keeping. It is not only labor, but a science, and will make constant demands, not only on the patience, but on the bodily strength and intelligence of those who engage in it; at the same time there is a facination about the business which relieves it of all tediousness. A woman will think of her bees, study about them and become so interested as to be almost paid for her work by the love of it.

In conclusion the essayist said: A great deal of the work in the apiary is quite as well adapted for women as for men, and also in the case of the honey and preparing it for market. Where they most feel their deficiency is in the lack of skill to do the various carpentering jobs that seem to be inseparably connected with bee keeping.

Two Womanly Women.

One was perhaps 25, the other a little younger. They were pretty, and were stylishly dressed. A carriage stood at the Fourteenth street entrance of Willard's Hotel, awaiting their pleasure. It could not be supposed that they were in very distressful financial straits.

They sat at a table in the reception room of Willard's devising, concocting, and instituting a telegraphic message to send to some friend. The elder one did the writing, and scratching, and rewriting, which used up six or seven Western Union blanks. The younger one leaned closely over the scrivener and furnished suggestions at just the right the time to make the scrivener tear up blanks.

"We will be there to-morrow."

That was what they wanted to say in the very first writing.

"But," said the younger, "If we say *we* are coming home we shall both have to sign it."

"Carrie and I will be there to-morrow."

That was the result of much mental effort spent in composing and much physical exertion spent in erasing.

"I guess that will do," said the younger, and the two seemed to breathe with that freedom which tells of great responsibilities unshouldered.

"Hold on," said the elder at the door.

"What?" asked the other.

"Carrie and I will be there to-morrow." 'One, two, three, four, five, six, seven—only seven words'

"Well?"

"Why, we have to pay as much for seven words as we do for ten."

Here was more difficulty. It would never do to pay for ten words and send only seven. That would be a reckless and a wicked waste. They proposed many ways to lengthen it, but each time they talked off a new message on their fingers they found they had either too few or too many words.

"Pshaw!" said the younger one; "why didn't I think of it before? I have it."

"Have you? Have you?"

"Why, of course. Leave it just as it is and add, "Yours, very truly."

If the young lady had had an inspiration she could not have looked prouder of it; and as for the older one, she simply looked on the sweet face before her as that of a wonderful being.

"Carrie and I will be there to-morrow. Yours, very truly," was the message that went through some operator's hands yesterday afternoon.—*Washington Critic.*

His Unluckly Day.

I tell you what it is, said a Brooklyn man, I am firmly convinced that every man has his particular days for good and bad luck. Monday is my unlucky day. I have been watching it for twenty years, and nothing can shake me in this belief. I never begin an enterprise, no matter how trivial, or start on any journey on that day. Therefore I make Monday an off day and do nothing but potter around the house. Even in these little affairs everything goes wrong. Take the record of last Monday, a fair average, and be convinced:

Smashed finger while nailing board on fence.

Fell down celler stairs with coal scuttle.

Fell over wheelbarrow while carrying step-ladder.

Sat down on chair where children had been pulling taffy.

Got swindled by peddler.

Got thumb pinched in gate.

Dropped smoothing-iron on foot.

Baby got in yard and was butted by an strange goat.

Tax man called.

While eating supper square yard of ceiling fell on the dining table.

Went to bed to escape further disaster. Had nightmare. Thought I was falling from top of Eiffel Tower. Fell out of bed and broke arm. Looked at clock and saw it lacked fifteen minutes of midnight. Laid still till clock struck twelve. Was afraid if I moved before Tuesday was ushered in I would have broken neck.

Yes, indeed, concluded the man, Monday is my unlucky day, and I approach it with feelings akin to terror.

Mock Protection for Farmers.

Philadelphia Times.

The new tariff bill increases the tariff tax on imported corn and that is called protection to the farmers when the Western farmers are burning their corn as fuel because it won't bear the cost of shipment to market.

The farmers who produce corn have some 970,000,000 bushels on their hands for want of buyers at living prices, and yet a tax on foreign corn, that wouldn't come to this market if it could be shipped free and admitted free of duty, is called protection to farmers.

The new tariff bill increases the tariff on imported wheat, and that is called protection to farmers. Our farmers produce a large surplus of wheat that they must sell abroad or next to give it away at home, and imported wheat for our consumption is practically unknown in this country, but an increased tariff tax on wheat is heralded as increased protection to farmers. The farmers who grow wheat have yet unsold 156,000,000 bushels of last year's crop, being over 25,000,000 in excess of any previous year, and yet the farmer is insulted with the promise of protection by an increased tax on wheat that can't be imported, even if shipped and admitted free.

The new tariff bill increases the tariff tax on hops nearly one hundred per cent. and that is called protection to farmers. We produce about one-third more hops than we can consume, sell the surplus to Enrope, and the price of hops, like the price of wheat, is made in London. We import hops, just as we import Egyptian cotton and Spanish iron ores, simply because we must have them to mix with our home products, and a tariff tax on either is no protection to the home producer, but imposes increased taxes on consumers. And this is called increased protection to farmers.

When will the farmers learn to resent this costly mockery of the most important industrial interest of the county? Tariff taxes oppress farmers; tariff taxes never protect farmers to any substantial extent.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

—In Kansas it costs $2.50 not to vote.

—The silver dollar of 1858 is worth $20.

—It is said that P. T. Barnum made $150,000 in England.

—A man has been fined $10 for snoring in a New York church.

—"As dead as a one-button glove" is a new phrase of any thing very old fashioned.

—Some new parasols are fringed with glass and have a beauty mirror in the handle.

—Mr. Gladstone's hats are now fully a size larger than those he could wea twenty years ago.

—Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland is a large and successful investor in Florida orange groves.

—Recent homicides have caused an agitation for a re-establishment of the death penalty in Michigan.

—Near the town of Snyder, N. Y., there is a gander over ninety years old, and still strong and vigorous.

—They are talking at Fordham, N.Y., of erecting a monument to Edgar Allen Poe, who long lived there.

—A pension has been granted to the widow of Stonewall Jackson for his services in the Mexican war.

—There are now five men in New York who must suffer death by electricity unless the new law is repealed.

—Monuments to Garibaldi and Victor Emanuel are to be inaugurated in Florence during the coming summer.

—Whenever William E. Gladstone catches cold he at once goes to bed. This has been his rule for fifteen years.

—Lovers of beef tea will shudder at the thought that, according to the London Lancet, it is now made of horse flesh.

—The Santa Fe New Mexican reports that not more than one per cent. of the stock of New Mexico has been lost in wintering.

—General Fremont is now 76 years old, and entered the army fifty-two years ago, when he was appointed to a lieutenancy.

—Two weeks ago Hollis Mosher, of Rockford, Pa., drew a sparrow bounty of $41.19. The other day he presented 1,874 heads and drew $56.25.

—Mary Anderson will be married to Mr. Navarro, of New York, in June. The combined fortune of the couple is estimated at $1,000,000.

—This is from a San Francisco paper: "An Indian, 110 years old, known as Juan, died at San Diego yesterday, leaving a widow 102 years old.

—Edouard Rothschild, son of the head of the great European banking house, is traveling through the United States on a sight-seeing tour.

—Miss R. F. Wilkinson is said to be the only female landscape gardener in London. She is very successful, and ranks high in her profession.

—Wm. Endicott, of Boston, has just entered his ninety-second year. He is the sole survivor of the seventh generation of John Endicott's descendants.

—Ezra Marble, who died recently at Fall River, Mass., aged eighty-three, set up and put in operation the first calico-printing machine ever used in the United States.

—It is said that Henry M. Stanley will spend the next three years in lecturing, and that he expects to make thereby $10,000 in Europe and as much more in this country.

—Russian government will attempt the April to lift two English steamers, which were sunk off Balaklava during the Crimean war. It is believed one of the vessels contains £40,000.

—In Boston persons afflicted with rheumatism ride in electric street-cars as a cure. It may be all imagination, but a number of people claim the efficacy of the novel treatment.

—Fifty shillings an ounce was the price paid in England the other day for an Irish toilet service in silver of the time of William and Mary. It was not very highly ornamented, but it sold for $3,560.

—General E. H. Ripley is keen-featured and broad-shouldered, and draws a salary of $25,000 a year for superintending the title-searching, lease-drawing and rent-collecting of the Astor estate.

—In Derry, N. H., flannel is distributed to the poor under a legacy left for the purpose. Many who need it shrink from making their claims, and, as for the others, they find the flannel does the shrinking for them.

—A paper in Lousiana called the *Eye Opener*, is about to suspend. The editor says that he succeeded beyond his expectations in opening the eyes of his readers, but failed dismally in his attempt to open their pockets.

—While sinking a well in the Santa Lucia range, San Louis Obispo county, Cal., Mr. Anderson exhumed the fossil vertebra of a whale. His well is 2,500 feet above the sea level.

—The Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway during his recent stay at Meran adopted two little Tyrolese boys, sons of a poor carpenter, and they are now members of his household at Stockholm.

—Tamagno the great tenor, who gets $100,000 for fifty performances, and has other valuable perquisites, including eight seats every night he sings, has a brother who sings in the chorus for the affluent income of $17 per week.

The Czar a Morphine Fiend.

The czar of Russia has become such a confirmed slave to the habit of injecting morphia that he is now said to inject daily from twelve to fifteen grains of this seductive drug. When it is remembered that the dose of morphia usually administered by a doctor to a patient is from a-half to one grain, it will be seen how the craving has increased in the case of Emperor Alexander. The czar has made many efforts to break himself of a habit which must end disastrously if persereved in, but the result of total abstention from the use of the injection even for forty-eight hours has been such a terrible state of nervous debility and depression that he has not been able to persist in his resolve.