A Little Flower.

A little flower so lowly grew,
So lonely was it left,
That Heaven looked like an eye of blue
Down in its rocky cleft.
What could the little flower do
In such a darksome place,
But try to reach that eye of blue
And climb to kiss Heaven's face?
And there no life so lone and low
But strength may still be given
From narrowest lot on earth to grow
The straighter up to Heaven.

Farm, Garden and Household.

POTATOES.—Dr. Parker says in *The Horticulturist*: "The secret of no potato rot is to plant no sort over 10 years old—that is, ten years since it originated from the seed. England and Ireland neglected this, and hence its rot this year."

MILK.—A Boston professor claims to have found that a drink of ice-cold water taken by a cow, or drafts of cold air allowed to blow upon her when in the stable, cuts short the yield of milk at least a quart a day, and that the effect extends for more than a week.

TO CLEAN BRUSHES.—Half an ounce of ammonia to a quart of warm water. Stand the bristle side of the brush in the water for three minutes; then rub the brush dry with a towel. Be careful that the water does not reach the back of the brush. Stand the brush bristles downward until perfectly dry,

TO FRY MUSH.—Have a pan of boiling lard ready, slice your mush half an inch thick, flour it on both sides and put it into the boiling lard. By this means the slices will be browned evenly all over, and besides, if allowed to drain in a colander placed in a warm oven, will come to the table entirely free from the fatty taste peculiar to this dish when fried in the usual way. Serve up hot.

MACARONI.—The English mode, and the common method in France, is to boil the macaroni, tape or pipe, in a stewpan of milk, broth or water, till it is tender, but firm; then put into a dish without the liquor, and among it bits of butter and grated Parmesan cheese, and over the top grate more, and put a little more butter. Set the dish to brown in a Dutch oven but not to let the top become hard. The Italian method is to boil the macaroni in water and a little salt, and grate the Parmesan over it without browning it.

FRIED SWEET POTATOES.—Take as many sweet potatoes of moderate size as will be required for a meal, pare them and cut them lengthwise into six or eight pieces. Have a pan of boiling lard ready, into which put the sliced potatoes raw. When brown, turn them into a colander, and place in a hot oven to drain. The lard must be kept fully up to the boiling-point in order to have the slices nicely browned. Serve up hot, and eat with butter. They are superlatively good. The same method can be used for Irish potatoes.

TO WASH FLANNELS.—Make a strong suds of white soap, and have the water as hot as you can bear your hands in. Wash your flannel out quickly, rubbing soap on the spots if there are any, and never leave the spot until the stain is removed and all soap washed out. When the flannel is quite clean, dip it up and down in very hot water, and when you are sure that all suds are removed, wring it well, hang it where it will dry quickly, and, if possible, in the wind. Iron it while damp between clean ironing-cloths, and hang it to air before putting it away. If it is Welsh flannel, always mix well a little indigo in the rinsing-water.

TO MAKE APPLE BUTTER.—Take five gallons of cider fresh from the press, boil to one gallon; one bushel of apples peared and quartered; for a kettle that will hold a pail full and a half, three quarts of the boiled cider. Clean the kettle, if brass, with a little salt and vinegar, and then scour bright; put some clean straw, if you like, in the bottom, to prevent it from burning; it can very readily be taken out when the sauce is done if proper care is taken not to disturb it while the sauce is cooking. Put it on as soon as possible in the morning, not putting the kettle full at first, but adding it gradually as the apples cook, stirring it carefully so as not to disturb the straw. Cook it for awhile on the front of the stove, or till you have added all the apple; then remove to the back and cook it slowly till bed time; then, if proper care was taken in the selection of the fruit, having as nearly as possible of the same quality, and also proper attention paid to the cooking, you will have a delicious sauce that will keep for months as nice as when first cooked.

What a Lottery can Do.

The Louisville *Commercial* has been investigating the great Louisville Library lotteries and their management, with a view of discovering how much money the Library got, and who divided the balance. For the first great concert there were 35,000 tickets sold at $10 each, making $350,000 receipts. The amount expended in gifts was $192,500; over $46,000 was paid to agents; over $58,000 for advertising; and Mr. Peters, the expert who got up the concert and managed it, divided with the Library association the remainder, the share of each being $22,700. Peters seems to have made a good thing out of it. The account of expenditures for the Library shows that $9,600 was used in purchasing books, which the *Commercial* disrespectfully says "would not have brought over ten cents a pound under the hammer," and the remainder went in payments on building, salaries, and the like.

The second concert was managed by Gov. Bramlette, who succeeded Peters in the contract. For the "concert" given under his management there were 75,000 tickets sold, which at $10 each amounted to $750,000. Of this sum $375,000 was expended in gifts, $109,000 and upward in advertising, over $83,000 to agents, and the remainder was divided between the Library and Gov. Bramlette, being a little over $90,000 to each. A pretty good thing for Bramlette.—*N. Y. Sun.*

To Owners of Boilers.

The following, from an exchange, will be of importance to all who have steam boilers under their charge:—"At the Darmstadt gas works, where the engines work night and day almost without interruption from one year's end to the other, the formation of calcareous deposits in the boilers has been easily and cheaply prevented by the use of crude pyroligneous acid combined with tar, which is either introduced directly into the boiler or mixed with the iced water. At the extensive shops of the Oneida Community, where many boilers are constantly used for heating purposes and to furnish power, a great deal of trouble was experienced from incrustation for several years. To prevent this a heavy expense was incurred in building salt-water tanks, but as this was only partially successful other experiments were tried, which resulted in demonstrating that the admixture of a small quantity of tannate of soda with water would wholly obviate the difficulty. Hard water is now used altogether, and repeated examinations have show that the tannate of soda keeps the inside of the boilers perfectly clean and wholly free from scales."

In the average height of mountain ranges, Switzerland does not compare with Colorado, or, for that matter, with any Western Territory. The mean height of the Alps is from eight to nine thousand feet above the sea. The mean height of the Rocky Mountains is from ten to twelve thousand feet. It is probable that the average height in Colorado, which is the table land of the continent, will approach very nearly to twelve thousand feet.

Dr. Terry, of Columbus, Ga., gave the following wise testimony: "Saw deceased after he was shot; he was lying on the floor in a pool of blood, in a dying condition; I don't know how long he lived afterward; I did not make any minute examination, for the reason that I did not want you lawyers to prove I killed him with a probe."

Dutch Life and Manners.

A magazine writer contributes the following:

The tyranny of social custom is the basis, as it is the bane, of Dutch life. Every one submits to it, and in his return exercises it; the rich man in his own manner, the poor one in his. We remember a very characteristic case in point. Custom does not permit riding on horseback in the streets of Amsterdam—a prohibition which doubtless syrung into existence from the ancient cleanliness of the town, and which has always remained a tacit assumption, if not a recognized fact.

A young progressist philosopher endeavored in our presence to disregard this prohibition. A saddle horse was brought, and he mounted it at the door of his father's house. Hooting and hisses followed him to the very outside of the city, and the children threw stones and sticks at the legs of the animal he bestrode. On the next and following days he renewed his attempt with true Dutch phlegm, when the people again opposed him with the same perseverance. Crackers were exploded so often under the horse's feet that the life of the rider was endangered, and no one, neither the police nor public opinion, dared to intervene in his behalf. His own father himself, quite indifferent to the want of success attending his son's rashness, said as much to the effect that the Dutch people had only exercised their right in resisting innovation.

A married son or daughter never dines with the family without an express invitation. The same sort of formality is also established between brother and sister, for they only visit each other on the footing of guests.

We were one day praising to a Dutch lady the conservatory of a brother of hers who lived in the same city. "I have never seen it," she said, "as I only call upon him in the evenings." As a rule, never do married children live under the same roof with their parents. Therefore, some difficulty arises for them in the contraction of marriage, since they must first of all secure a home, and that is not always an easy matter in many of these semi-quatic towns, and more particularly in Amsterdam.

Building ground is scarce, and the pile foundations cost more than the house itself. Such extravagant expenditure as was common at the third period of the Republic's zenith of prosperity is not to be renewed often; thus generation succeeds generation in the occupancy of the dwellings built centuries ago. A family must, therefore, emigrate or die out before another can take its place, and hence it is that fathers of families look out for a vacancy before marrying their children. In the meantime the betrothal takes place, which, under the double guarantee of honor and of Dutch *sang froid*, forms a sufficient bond of security even though years may elapse before marriage is celebrated. Until then young people enjoy a freedom of social intercourse which suffices to make time pass pleasantly enough.

Effects of Light.

It is probable that the reader has many a time noticed, with wonder and admiration, what beautiful colors were produced when a ray of sunlight happened to pass through a three-cornered piece of glass, called a lustre, hanging from either a candlestick or chandelier, and also without doubt noticed how delighted schoolboys are with the cut "spy glass," which shows a hundred heads and these all colors. To many observers the phenomenon is only a mystery, and yet it admits of simple explanation. Light is composed of several different colors. These, when mixed give forth white light; but, when a ray of white light passes through a three-cornered glass or prism, some of the colors get through thicker than others, and thus the whole become arranged in a line—violet at one end, red at the other, and indigo, blue, yellow and orange in between. This row of colors, which for brilliancy and purity of tint nothing can equal, is called the spectrum, and was discovered by Sir Isaac Newton. The great philosopher proved that these colors could not be reduced to other or simpler colors: To satisfy himself on this point, he took another prism, and interposed it between a screen and a ray of pure color—say, red—and he found that only that color could be seen on the screen, which was not the case when the white ray was passed through the prism, for then the variety already named was seen. To demonstrate with certainty that white light was composed of colors given above, ultimately mixed he took a circular piece of cardboard, one foot in diameter, and divided it into seven equal parts; in these divisions he painted the colors enumerated, and by means of a multiplying wheel caused the card to rotate on its centre very rapidly. This so effectually blended the colors to the eye that nothing but an apparently white disc could be seen. The experiment may be tried with a boy's whipping top with good results. Other and more important discoveries have since rewarded patient research, and the spectroscope may now be considered one of the most wonderful discoveries of the age.

Terrible Tragedy in Algeria.

The journals of Algiers contain accounts of an extraordinary tragedy at Cherchell, which has resulted in the death of Commandant Conti of the 4th Zouaves. A sub-officer of the gendarmerie named Noel, had been reduced to the ranks as a punishment, and being excited by drink, was heard to utter menaces against his comrade, although no one seemed to have paid any serious attention to what he said. During the evening he commenced a quarrel with the corporal of the corps, and taking advantage of a moment when the other was stooping, kicked him violently in the face. The injured man went to procure assistance, and during his absence Noel armed himself with a musket and bayonet, and then set fire to the stables and to the forage store with the intention of burning the barracks. He resisted all attempts to arrest him, wounding Captain Claud of the militia in the face, and giving Lieutenant Noceto a bayonet thrust through the thigh; at this moment Commandant Conti entered the barrack yard and advanced courageously to secure the criminal, when Noel, rushing forward, ran him completely through the body, the weapon entering at one side above the hip, and coming out at the other. The unfortunate officer died forty-eight hours later. The murderer was eventually secured, and the fire got under, without any serious damage being done.

SEASONING WOOD.—A writer in an English journal informs us that a small piece of non-resinous wood can be seasoned perfectly by boiling four or five hours, the process taking the sap out of the wood which shrinks nearly one-tenth in the operation. The same writer states that trees felled in full leaf in June or July, and allowed to lie until every leaf has fallen, will then be nearly dry, as the leaves will not drop off themselves until they have drawn up and exhausted nearly all the sap of the tree. The time required is from a month to six weeks, according to the dryness or wetness of the weather. The floor of a mill laid with poplar so treated and cut up, and put in place in less than a month after the leaves fell, has never shown the slightest shrinkage.

PARIS STYLES.—Many more woolen than silk dresses are worn in the streets of Paris. On the other hand, velvet dresses were never worn so much at home, for dinners and small gatherings as now. Black velvet is no longer confined to full dress occasions; and the same is true with velvet of dark colors. These dresses are often open in front, over a tablier of satin or moire, and the sides of the velvet dress, which are fastened to the tablier, are trimmed with black lace, either narrow or very wide; in the latter case it is set on in coquilles. Instead of lace, ruches of ribbon, or even of silk guaze harmonizing in color are sometimes used, when the tablier is also trimmed with pleated flounces or ruches of silk gauze.

After Twenty Year's Imprisonment

About twenty years ago a man named Phelps murdered his wife in West Troy, N. Y. Phelps was a machinist, and was considered a mechanic of unusual ability. He was employed in a railroad shop. Suspecting that his wife was not true to him, he determined to kill her, and for that purpose made a large knife with a blade about a foot long, and having two sharp edges. With this weapon he killed her, for which he was arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged.

A few days before the day set for the execution of the sentence he made his escape from the jail, and was recaptured while on his way to West Troy on the tow-path. The hanging was then postponed, and finally, through the intercession of prominent citizens, his sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life. He was then taken to Clinton Prison, and during the nineteen years that have passed since that time his deportment in prison has been unexceptionable, and the officers have never found it necessary to even administer a reprimand to him.

In prison his genius as a mechanic has had full opportunity for display, and he has built two large engines and rebuilt five others, besides doing a large amount of other valuable work among the machinery in the prison shops. Mr. Richardson, the principal keeper, becoming interested in Phelps, recently presented his case to the Governor, and suggested that, in consideration of the long term of imprisonment he had undergone, his excellent behavior, and the valuable services rendered by him to the State, he should be pardoned. The Governor considered the case, and a few days ago signed the document which made Phelps a free man. His services were so valuable that, immediately after his release, he was engaged to oversee the machinery in the prison at $5 per day. He will remain in this position until March, and will then start for the West, where he will endeavor to live an upright life. He is fifty-six years of age.—*Albany Paper.*

A Disgusted Landlord.

Once on a time, says the St. Louis *Republican*, there dwelt in our sister city of Alton a worthy but rather irritable gentleman, who was a host of a famous hotel there, known as the Franklin House. Numerous citizens daily drew their rations from his liberally furnished table, and not a few visitors from the rural districts preferred the substantial fare of the Franklin House to the more pretentious board of the Alton House. One day, in addition to all the good things with which the dinner table was loaded, there was at the lower end a nice roast pig, that would have tickled the palate of the gentle "Elia," who discourses so eloquently on that savory viand. At the conclusion of the meal this roast pig remained intact, when along came a belated drover, who sat down beside it, and, having a good, wholesome appetite, soon devoured the whole of it. The landlord looked on amazed, and was puzzled to see where his profit was to come in after deducting a dollar-and-a-half pig from a fifty-cent dinner ticket. Giving vent to his disgust, he said very sarcastically to the drover, "Isn't there something else you would like to be helped to?" "Wal—yes," drawled out the drover, "I don't care if I take another of them little hogs." This was too much for the equanimity of the landlord, and to keep himself from "spontaneously combusting," like Dorothea, he was compelled to rush out in the open air, where he could give vent to a few unorthodox expressions without being overheard by the elect, of which he was one.

Sticking to the Contract.

A sea captain, in the vicinity of Boston, was about to start on a long voyage, and entered into a contract with a builder to erect him a commodious house during his absence. Everything was to be done according to the contract—no more, no less—which the captain caused to be drawn up with great care. A large sum was to be forfeited by the builder if he should fail to observe any of the stipulations, or attempt to put in his notions where the contract made no provision for them. The captain sailed, and returned. His house stood in ample and imposing proportions before his sight, and he confessed himself delighted with the exterior. But when he entered and attempted to ascend to the second floor of the building, he found no stairs, and no means of ascent were to be had till ladders were sent for. The captain felt that he was trifled with, and a bit of nautical gale steamed brewing. But this was soon quieted by the opening of the written contract, and there was found not the least provision for stairs in any part of the house. "Give me your hand, sir," said the noble captain; "all right! You've stuck to the contract, and I like it."

The stairs were subsequently, at a great expense, put in, and the captain often remarked that one of the pleasantest things about his elegant residence was the remembrance of one man who could stick to the very terms of a contract!

Pure and Cheap Milk.

In London the names of those who are known to sell adulterated milk are published monthly, and, it is said very with good effect. The plan has been attempted in some of the cities of the United States, but only partially and with very limited success. There is in London a company—Aylesbury Dairy Company—which occupies premises covering an area of fifty acres of ground the system being to procure and distribute milk from reliable sources and of an assured good quality, at rates which shall be reasonably remunerative to dairymen, and at the same time secure consumers against extortion from speculators, middle men and others. The company has been in operation long enough to have tested its practicability and beneficent effects, and it now supplies several thousand families once, twice, and, in some instances, three times a day with pure milk. It commenced with a cash capital of fifty thousand dollars, but that has been increased to five hundred thousand, upon which a dividend of ten per cent. is paid. The price of milk furnished by the company has never exceeded eight cents a quart. The purity of milk may easily be determined by ascertaining the percentage of cream and solid matter which it gives. Genuine milk will average ten per cent. of cream and twelve per cent. of solid matter. A milk with less cream and solid matter than this has been skimmed or watered.

A School Boy's Deception.

A Hampshire county, Mass., urchin, impressed with the conviction that he wouldn't go to school any longer, visited a dye-house in the vicinity of the school-room and borrowed a quantity of purple dye. With this acquisition he wrought divers cruel and vindictive welts athwart his arms and chest, after which he meandered toward the parental roof in tears, and revealed the torturing diagrams on his arms and body to the agonized mother. A post-haste message informed the fated schoolmarm that her presence was imperatively demanded beneath the roof of that afflicted household, but ere she came those hideous welts began to wear off in decided duplicates of purple crock on sheets and clothing. This phenomenon was supplemented by a startling discovery. Another 2-40 message to the schoolmarm said she needn't come. That unfortunate youth has a lively remembrance of some duplicate welts received at paternal hands which didn't wear of in a hurry, and didn't crock.

SEVERE SENTENCE.—The Court-martial in the case of Major Benjamin P Runkle, late Superintendent of the Freedman's Bureau in Kentucky, on trial charged with fraud against colored soldiers and similar allegations, found him guilty and sentenced him to be cashiered, to pay a fine of $7,000, and to be imprisoned in the Penitentiary for four years; and, in case the fine was not paid at the expiration of that term, imprisonment for another four years to be added. Runkle was brevet Brigadier-General, and was placed on the retired list with the rank of Major,

The Disaster in the English Channel.

We have already reported the terrible disaster which took place in the English Channel. It is a sad story, but it is easily told. An emigrant ship, named the Northfleet, with four hundred and twelve passengers on board, exclusive of the crew, sailed from the Thames. The ship was bound for Australia. About midnight on Wednesday, off Dungeness—a jutting promontory on the coast of Kent—the Northfleet was run into by an unknown foreign steamer. The collision proved fatal to the Northfleet, which was cut to the water's edge. Of the four hundred and twelve passengers, not speaking at all of the crew, only eighty-five persons are supposed to have been saved. The most painful feature of the whole affair is that the steamship, which might have rendered assistance to the unfortunate vessel and her still more unfortunate passengers, proceeded on her course, leaving the sufferers to their fate. Naturally enough, the scene on board the emigrant ship after the collision was alarming in the last degree. The passengers, most of whom were in their berths and asleep at the moment, rushed on deck and wildly and vainly fought for life. The agony of the situation was aggravated by the disorderly conduct of the crowd on board. The Captain, strange to say, lost his temper, and, finding words useless, fired upon the terror-stricken people, some of whom were wounded, and one man is said to have been killed. As we have said, it is a sad, sad story. It adds another to the many tales of horror associated with the deep. The steamship which worked all the misery, and which with Satanic indifference held on her way, must be found. The Captain of that vessel, whatever his name and whatever his nationality, has much to answer for; and unless he can explain what seems inexplicable he had better find his way as quickly as possible to parts unknown. If the interests of trade and the demands of employers have made sailors, who enjoy the reputation of being kind-hearted, indifferent to the value of human life on the high seas, our boasted modern civilization has reached a point of wickedness worse a thousandfold than we had deemed possible. The Yokohama affair was bad, very bad; this Northfleet business is worse, infinitely worse. The captain of the unfortunate vessel must surely have lost his senses when he fired upon the passengers. Captains of passenger ships ought to have cool as well as clear heads. How differently the London was managed, some seven years ago, when she went down with her living freight in the Bay of Biscay! This disaster demands investigation, and it ought to result in better laws more effectively enforced.

A Chinese Holiday.

The Chinese at Belleville held a feast recently, known as "Monki," and during one whole afternoon the spacious ironing apartment of Captain Hervey's laundry was filled with peculiar merriment. Only a few of the party descended to the tame amusement of cards, while the majority danced and grinned and gesticulated to the wheezy, squeaking sounds of an odd-looking fiddle. The washermen performed their native dances with great unction. The most successful feature in the line of fun at this curious Chinese *fete* seemed to be the pulling of each other's pigtail. The kicking up of their capacious trowsers during the dance caused the ironing apartment to resemble a room full of insane women.

At half past four they repaired to the dining-hall, where a repast suitable to their taste was provided by Captain Hervey, who seemed to take special interest in his Asiatic guests. Besides rice in various forms, and tea made in the Chinese mode, the Celestials partook of fruit, preserves and confections. At the close of their repast, Captain Hervey and the clergyman who has taken these Celestials into his Christian charge addressed a few remarks to them. Captain Hervey said that it gave him pleasure to patronize their festival, and that he was willing upon every occasion to honor their feelings as people of a great empire. He hoped that the remainder of the evening would be enjoyed by them in the best manner possible.

After supper they returned to the ironing-room, where large vessels of tea, to which tin cups were attached, awaited the demand of the festive Chinamen during the evening. They sung again after supper, and danced with excessive glee. Bundles of fireworks were in readiness to close the feast of "Monki" with a brilliant demonstration.

A Boy's Journal.

Dorry, a boy six years old, thinks he will do as other men have done.

March 12.—Have resolved to keep a journal.

March 13.—Had rost befe for dinner, and cabage and potato and apple sawse and rice puding. I do not like rice puding when it is rele ours. Charley Slack's kind is rele good. Mush and sirup for tea.

March 19.—Forgit what did. John and me saved our pie to take to schule.

March 21.—Forgit what did. Gridle cake for breakfast. Debby didn't fry enuff.

March 24.—This is Sunday. Corn befe for dinnir. Studdied my Bible lesson. Aunt Issy said I was gredy. Have resolved not to think to much about things to eat. Wish I was a better boy. Nothing pertikeler for tea.

March 25.—Forgit what did.

March 27.—Forgit what did.

March 29.—Played.

March 31.—Forgit what did.

April 1.—Have dissided not to kepe a journal eny more.

EGYPTIAN BRICK.—A German savant recently subjected a brick taken from the Pyramid of Dashour to the microscope, and, it is said, discovered many interesting particulars connected with the life of the ancient Egyptians. The brick itself is made of the mud of the Nile, chopped straw, and sand, thus confirming what the Bible and Herodotus have handed down to us as the Egyptian method of brick-making. Besides these materials the microscope has brought other things to light, among them the *debris* of river shells, of fish and insects, seeds of wild and cultivated flowers, corn and barley, the field pea, the common flax and the radish, together with many others known to science. The irrepressible savant is indefatigable and it is thought he will yet find some means of extracting the seeds from the bricks, and, after planting them, treat his countrymen to pea-soup and radishes from the pyramids.

ALIVE IN A SNOW BANK.—A party of section men were at work four and a half miles from St. James, Minn., when the great storm struck them. With one exception they managed to reach the village alive. They supposed their comrade had perished, and two days after they started out to find his body. After a lengthy search they found him asleep in a snow bank, where he had lain 44 hours. On being aroused the first question he asked was whether breakfast was ready. The second request was for a "chew of tobacco." He had his shovel with him, and had dug out in the bank of snow a perfect set of rooms, which exercise undoubtedly saved his life.

AMERICAN IRON.—The Philadelphia *North American* says: "Certainly, if a country so limited in extent as Great Britain should dominate the iron trade of the world, as she has long done, we can, with our immense wealth of iron and coal, and our fast-accumulating capital, do that much. Twenty years hence, if we are true to ourselves in the meanwhile, the American Iron product will reach eight or ten millions per year, and we may even be able by that time to expect a ton of iron for every bale of cotton. The era of cotton and wheat in American commerce has been a great one. But the era of iron now dawning upon us is destined to be far greater."

An accident occurred upon a Scotch railroad on Monday night, seven miles north of Glasgow, by which forty per sons were seriously injured.

A Story of Cannibals.

Dr. Cooke, who not long since died in Albany, N. Y., had a remarkable incident in his life to relate. In 1807 the Doctor, then surgeon of the British man-of-war Belcher, which was cruising off the Tonga Islands, went ashore with twelve of the crew to gather herbs for medical purposes. They were all captured by the natives, who proved to be cannibals. They were immediately bound with strips of bark and thrown into a sort of hole or cave in the side of a hill and kept there until the next morning.

During the night the unfortunate victims heard the yells of the savages, who were preparing for the horrible feast of the morrow. In the morning they were brought out into the light; unbound, stripped entirely naked, again firmly bandaged, trussed, and laid upon their faces on the ground in two rows and about four feet apart. The male savages who had assembled from the surrounding islands in large numbers, formed a circle, and the women and children were placed inside of the circle. The latter beat tom-toms, and yelled in fiendish chorus, while the males performed a devil's dance for fully an hour.

This done, twenty-six brawny and naked savages—the whole gathering of demons, old and young, male and female, were perfectly nude—twenty-six powerful savages advanced; two of them seized each of the victims by the hair and dragged them about 2,000 feet to a sandy beech, upon which the copper-colored sun sent down its fierce, quivering, broiling, and unobstructed rays. Here was gathered wood in thirteen piles—one for each victim—and the savages were seating themselves in groups around each pile. Another ring was formed around Dr. Cooke and his companions, and a short dance was performed, when, at some signal from the chief—a magnificent brute, nearly eight feet tall and 'made in proportion'—there was a dead silence. The hungry-looking savages sank on their haunches upon the sand, licking their chops like famishing wolves.

The chief then approached the helpless victims and began a critical examination of the physical condition of each. He lifted their upper and lower lips, examined their teeth; drove his powerful thumb into their arm-pits; pressed his hand upon their ribs, and felt of their legs and arms, all the while wearing the expression of a bloated epicure.

During the progress of this examination the thirteen fires were lighted, and added their heat to that of the relentless sun. The chief finally approached Dr. Cooke, turned him upon his back, wreathed his hand into his hair, and lifted him upon his feet. The savage marked with his finger upon the loins of the trembling doctor the portion of the carcass he had selected for himself. As he did this, the eyes of the savage and his dinner met. The doctor inadvertently, and more by a spasmodic action of the muscles than otherwise, gave a semi-masonic sign. The chief started and gazed fixedly upon the doctor's face. The doctor repeated the sign. The chief answered it, and immediately uttered a cry of amazement, followed by some gibberish, which was received with a yell of disappointment from the whole gathering of demons, who sprang to their feet and rushed upon the Christians. The chief swung his tremendous war club, and plastered the bound bodies of the Englishmen with the brains of a score of the heathen devils before you could articulate Jack Robinson. He then gave a command to a subordinate, who came up and with a sharp flint cut the bonds of the white men, and they were free.

The bodies of the savages just killed were stewed down in six potash kettles which had been cast ashore from a wrecked vessel in 1834, and the horrible wretches glutted themselves upon the bodies of their late comrades. Dr. Cooke and his men stayed upon the island four days, during which time they were guarded with great care by the chief—whom the doctor christened Chul Chug—which is cannibal for life-preserver. They were treated with great hospitality, and escorted by a long procession of savages to the beach where their boat lay, when they took their departure.

It seems some five years before the date of this narrative, an English captain was cast ashore from a wreck—he being the only soul saved. He managed to get into the good graces of Chul Chug, and gave him the first two degrees of Masonry. During the four days that Dr. Cooke remained on the island, he gave 'Chul' five more degrees—in consideration of which 'the heathen savage' was overcome with gratitude. The doctor returned to the island in 1809. He found there a large and flourishing Masonic Lodge, and two missionaries from England, one of whom was roasted and eaten in honor of his return.

Mr. Dolmage has heard Dr. Cooke say that whenever his mind recured to that fearful scene on the sandy beech, he (the doctor) could feel the stubby finger of the giant savage tracing the choice parts on his body.

Horrors of a Storm.

A couple just married were on their way home, to Lemars, when the Minnesota storm overtook them. They turned the horses loose and overset the sleigh, then crawled under it and wrapped themselves in the robes. It was a strange bridal room, but they passed two days and two nights there, and were finally rescued alive, though badly frozen.

At Fort Ridgeley, Minn., three brothers were hauling grain when the storm came on them. They sought shelter in their grain cribs in an open field. All three were found there dead.

Near Madelia a man unhitched his team and went to search for a house, leaving his wife in the sleigh. She became anxious, and followed him. Both were frozen to death.

A Mrs. Fox, with her husband, child, and a cousin named Chase, of Lyon County, were on their way from Meads to Marshall, a distance of eighteen miles, on the fatal Tuesday. They had arrived within two miles of Marshall when the storm overtook them, and the team refused to go further. Here they remained until Saturday morning. Mr. Chase died on Wednesday; the child (from starvation) on Friday; Mrs. Fox was frozen but little, and kept her husband aroused with vigorous prods with pins whenever he showed an inclination to sleep. He was, when found, unable to move, but still alive, and his physician is confident that he will escape death.

From Preston comes the intelligence of the loss of a clergyman and his family, residents of Lime Springs, Ia., who were visiting in Fillmore County. On his way home with his wife and two children in a cutter, the horses stopped exhausted when the house was nearly reached. He succeeded in making his way to the house with one of the children, but he was lost on his way back to the carriage. On the next day he was found frozen to death in the space between the house and the cutter, and in the cutter his wife and the remaining child were also found dead. The other was found in the house alive.

A Mr. Charles Deming, a mail carrier near Blue Earth, had his buggy upset by a furious gust of wind; he placed a buffalo robe over the wheel and remained in the shelter of this frail fence till Friday when the storm cleared and he found himself less than fifty yards from a house. One section man at St. James dug into the lee side of a gigantic drift and made himself a spacious chamber in which he lived, sleeping most of the time, till Thursday morning, when he was discovered and asked if breakfast wasn't ready.

A Kentucky man who had an arm shot off during the late war, has since had his leg broken by a fall from a horse, his remaining hand "chawed up" by a threshing machine, one of his eyes put out by running against a fence rail, and half his ribs caved in by the kick of a mule.

A newspaper is published in the diamond district of South Africa at the low price of $60 a year.

Shut Your Mouth.

A curious contribution has been made to the literature of sleep by Mr. George Catlin, well known as a writer on the North American Indians. This gentleman is of opinion that a large number of the ills to which civilized flesh is subject arises from the fact that people, when they cease to be savages, foolishly persist in the baleful practice of sleeping with their mouths open! That Mr. Catlin is in dead earnest, and not poking fun at us, is evident from the whole tone of his book. Divested of its rhetorical wrappings, Mr. Catlin's main argument may be stated as follows:

Amongst his friends, the Indians, he has proved that such things as premature deaths from disease, as well as mental and physical deformities, are almost unknown. Among civilized peoples, on the other hand, these things are only too well known. The only difference in the habits of savages and civilized people capable of accounting for this state of matters is, that while the former sleep with their mouths shut, the latter not unfrequently sleep with their mouths open. The Indian mother presses together the lips of her sleeping babe till the habit of shutting the mouth is irrevocably formed. The English mother places her child in a close, stifling atmosphere, in which it is obliged to gasp for breath. The consequence is, that the savage inhales through his nostrils an atmosphere heated and purified by a special apparatus, while the other inspires through his mouth an atmosphere too cold and impure for the delicate respiratory organs. Hence the prevalence in civilised countries of bronchial and pulmonary diseases, and especially of that fell scourge, consumption. Mr. Catlin buttresses his main arguments by others of various sorts, not the least convincing of them being contained in his amusing illustrative sketches.

No doubt he rides his hobby too hard and too far, but what he says is not devoid of a good deal of truth. In another of its aspects, the habit referred to is equally reprehensible. Every one who has seen and heard Paterfamilias take his post-prandial naps in certain positions in his easy-chair, must admit that sleeping open-mouthed is a practice no conducive to beauty, either facial or sonorous. Both on sanitary and æsthetic grounds, therefore, we cannot do better than advise the reader to practice in sleep the laconic injunction which forms the title of Mr. Catlin's book—Shut your mouth.

A Parisian Celebrity.

The dean of the ancient fraternity of pickpockets has just come to grief in the person of an old white-bearded man, who was born in the year 1792, and who from the age of fifteen years has been, by his own confession, a professional picker up of other people's pocketbooks. The veteran, whose exploits would form a volume of interesting memories, was surprised while in the process of filching a lady's purse from her pocket. Although reticent upon the subject of the number of times that he had been before the correctional tribunals at Paris, stating that he had not counted the number of his condemnations, he consented, nevertheless, to dilate somewhat upon his past career as a thief. He was too patriotic in his long life ever to leave France, and it was in that country that for the past sixty-five years he has exercised his light-fingered vocation. At one time or another he has been acquainted with all the Paris chiefs of police, and has had in his day professional business with those historical personages—Cauler, Coco-Lacour and Vidocq. He was upon one occasion arrested by the last-named, who betrayed him to the authorities, as he did so many other thieves, his former associates. "He was a man," added our venerable rogue, referring to Vidocq, "who possessed neither faith nor honor."

The Augusta *Herald* has for its motto a prominent line as follows: "Two Almighty Dollars a year."

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Prostration Practice.

Luckily for the sick, the idea that it is necessary to reduce their bodily strength in order to cure them, is fast dying out. Modern science recognizes the fact that disease is of itself more than sufficiently depressing to body and mind, and does not need to be assisted in its inroads upon the vital energy of the system by violent purgatives and other debilitating mixtures. Prostration is, in short, "played out," and the practitioners who still cling to it, are so few and far between that they cannot, like their predecessors of the same fatal school who flourished half a century ago, fill the graveyard with their victims. The introduction of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters in 1852 was the heaviest blow that the old practice of depletion had ever received, and from that time to the present, as the celebrity of the great vegetable invigorant has increased, the purging, blistering, bleeding, water-gruel practice has declined. The effect of this famous preventive and remedy is to strengthen, build up, regulate and tranquilize, not to weaken, break down and violently disturb the system. It is a tonic, alterative and nervine, with a pure stimulant as its propelling and distributing agent. This stimulant diffuses the curative and life-sustaining elements of the medicine through the whole organization, and brings them into contact with the sources of disease. Hence its cures of indigestion constipation, bilious complaints, nervousness, languor, debility, low spirits, malarious disorders, &c., are complete and thorough, and its opposition against the ailments caused or aggravated by cold or damp it has no equal.

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