Farm, Garden and Household.

Household Recipes.

GREEN TOMATO PICKLES.—To every gallon of sliced tomatoes add two tablespoons of salt, and let it stand over a night. Do not pour off the liquid but add two-thirds of a pound of sugar, one pint grated horse-radish, two tablespoons of mustard. Put a weight on the top and set near the fire or in a warm place until they become sour, when they should be kept cool. The juice of the tomato forms the vinegar, and if some are partly ripe it is all the better. No scum rises on the top and they will keep a long time.

TO STOP THE RAVAGES OF MOTHS.—Camphor will not stop the ravages of moths in carpets after they commence eating. Then they pay no heed to the presence of camphor, cedar or tobacco. A good way to conquer them is to take a coarse crash towel and wring it out of clean water. Spread it smoothly on the carpet, then iron it dry with a good hot iron, repeating the operation on suspected places, and on those least used. It does not injure the color or the pile of the carpet in the least, as it is not necessary to press hard, heat and steam being the agents, and they do the work effectually on worms and eggs. Then the camphor will, doubtless, prevent the future depredations of the miller.

HOW TO COOK GOOD BREFSTEAK.—Have your steak cut thick, put it on your meat board, and with a sharp-pointed knife prick it in every imaginable way to make it tender, put it on the gridiron over the fire, turning it very often. Put a lump of butter and some salt and pepper into a tin dish. Put your steak dish where it will be warmed. When the steak is cooked put it into the tin dish and double it over, press out all the blood you can, and lay the steak on your plate. Set the tin dish, with the blood, pepper and salt on the stove, and as soon as it boils up and thickens pour it over your steak. You can add a can of mushrooms to the gravy. This receipt was never known to fail.

GREEN CORN PUDDING.—Allow one long ear of sweet corn for each person. Take half a pint of milk, one egg, a dessertspoonful of white sugar, one of sweet butter, and a teaspoonful of salt to every two ears. Beat the eggs and sugar well together, and add the milk and salt. Cut the corn off the cobs with a sharp knife, and chop the divided grains with a chopping knife, but not too fine; or, better still, split each row of grains down the middle before cutting them off the cobs. The corn must not be boiled first. Stir the chopped corn into the milk, and bake in a brisk oven in custard cups or a tin pail until the top is nicely browned, but not hardened. Serve hot, without sauce. This is a delicious dish. Some persons prefer it cold. Commcn corn may be used, if young and tender, but requires as much again sugar.

Hog Cholera and the Kidney Worm.

I have noticed frequent reference to kidney worm and its cure in the *Journal*, as well as hog cholera and its cure and prevention. Do the eminent breeders who advertise in the *Journal* ever have either among their stock? If they do not, how do they manage their hogs so as to prevent it? Do any of them keep a continuous supply of salt and ashes before their hogs? If they do, with what result?

I write this, hoping it may draw out some of the gentlemen who carried on such an interesting discussion in the *Journal* a short time since.

I had only been farming three years last January, when I bought twenty-two hogs, and lost either ten or twelve (I have forgotten which) in a short time with what was called hog cholera; since which time I have had remarkable success, having had no disease of any sort among them. I have killed for my own use and sold, up to last fall, 171, and have about 100 that I shall feed this fall. For a 250 acre farm, the number I have had and now have, I should think, would be a fair test; but farmers who have raised hogs for forty years do not endorse my plan of a continuous supply of salt, about three parts, and one part ashes, because it pukes them when they have not had it for a time, and eat too much when they get it. To prevent this I put in a little slack lime the first time, and only once, to prevent them from taking too much. I bought kegs of copperas, sulphur, turpentine (coal oil on hand), and Sander's Hog Cholera Remedy, all of which I have on hand without using, from having read (before I commenced) an extract taken from some high medical authority on the "saline properties of the blood," and the absolute necessity of furnishing an adequate supply to all domestic animals; and since that time I have kept a supply of salt and ashes before my horses, cattle, hogs, and sheep, with the best results.

If you fail to elicit from breeders corroborative testimony, could you not get some eminent physician to write you an article on the saline properties of the blood, which would probably embody the same idea of the extract I saw, which determined my plan of keeping it before the stock.

The Value of Draining.

Another year of experience, with an under-drained farm garden, fully confirms me in the opinion previously entertained of its great value for all soils of ordinary depth resting upon a hard-pan of clay or pin gravel. The farm garden aforesaid illustrates fully the point how wonderfully vegetation maintains itself throughout a long, sharp drought like the one just encountered in this vicinity, and shows this hour a profusion of green, glossy leaves on all crops, which tells of thrift and not premature decay. It is a right that is not forgotten by any owner of cultivated land, and overthrows a mountain of prejudice in a twinkling, carrying its proof, stronger than affidavits, on its thousand leaflets and abundant crop. It speaks for itself and forces down the truth, with a power that belongs not to words, to germinate, and bear fruit sooner or later, and teaches infallibly how to secure ourselves a decent return in every season, wet or dry, armed at all points. The steady, intolerable glare of the sun, blazing constantly with scarcely an intervening cloud for fifty days, the total failure of the damp dog-days, and the cool, dry nights without dew, have finished up the crops hereabout at "short meter." All things are in the sere and yellow leaf of autumn—grain short and stunted, roots shabby, fall feed none, pastures dry and brown, corn eary all the season through, and yesterday blew flat to the ground—nothing left but the earthquake which is appointed about now for New England, and may come any day. We got some hay out of accidental showers, a good crop—since then, nothing but weeds and crickets. Whoso cultivates well-drained land, with a generous supply of good manure, and steady, solid industry, will gather his crops in due season, sit down in peace after the victory with plenty abounding, and find abundant pastime in arranging for another campaign. Let out the water, put in the manure, stick to it, roll up your sleeves and never forget that "Luck lays in the elbows."—*Junior, in Maine Farmer.*

Catholicism.

Eighty-four years ago there were 25,000 Roman Catholics in the United States; there are now 9,600,000. There was 1 bishopric; there are now 54; besides 6 vacarites apostolic and 4 abbots; there were 21 priests; there are now 4,890; there were 3 or 4 chapels; there are now 47 cathedrals, 4,250 churches and 1,754 chapels and stations. There are now also 138 monasteries of men, 383 convents of women, 1,557 academies and schools, 283 charitable institutions, 112 seminaries and colleges, in which, among other students, 848 young men are studying for the priesthood. Within the last 35 years the population of the country has increased 14.33 per cent., but the Roman Catholic population has, during the same period, increased nearly 39,000 per cent., and the proportion of Catholics to the rest of the population (9,600,000 to 39,000,000) is almost as 1 to 4.

The Canby Massacre.

A *Herald* reporter who interviewed Captain Jack and the Modocs before the execution, writes as follows:—Just outside the stockade are four tents, occupied by the scouts, Hooker Jim, Shack Nasty Jim, Steamboat Frank, Scar-faced Charley and Bogus Charley. They have their families with them, and appear telerably well satisfied with their position. I sent for Bogus Charley and Steamboat Frank, and from them obtained the following information:—

Correspondent—I want you, Bogus, to tell me the truth about that Canby massacre and who shot him.

Bogus—Captain Jack he tell heap lies; he stand by, snap pistol, cock it again and shoot Canby; kill him dead. Sconchin he shoot at Meacham, Boston Charley, he shoot at Dr. Thomas, and Hooker Jim he shoot at Dyar. I speak the truth all the time; I tell you no lie.

Correspondent—I want you to tell me, Bogus, what Indian first proposed to kill Canby.

Bogus—Klamath Indian, at Fairchild's, tell us bad talk; say Boston people kill you all; I no believe him; say he tell lie; Sconchin believe him he say he speak truth; Sconchin no like to make peace—Sconchin and Sconchin's son—with Indians who kill settlers; he afraid to make peace; talk fight in council; he say I kill Canby; who kill others? Barncho, Slolux and boys, we kill others. Captain Jack then say I am chief; I kill General Canby. I want no one to come with me. Captain Jack no like to see Sconchin chief of Modocs. Sconchin say first try Canby, Thomas, Meacham and Dyar. Captain Jack no want to fight. Captain Jack not afaid of Boston people—want peace. Sconchin he kill many; he afraid; no let Captain Jack make peace.

Correspondent—You remember when I came in to talk to Captain Jack, with Fairchild and Whittle—any of the boys want to try me?

Bogus—Yes, some of those in stockade; some of young boys. Miller's Charley he stop you coming in; want you and Fairchild to camp in rocks; if you camp there Modocs kill you, kill Fairchild; Scar-face come up, take you and Fairchild into cave; he know you our friend; you come to make good talk; no mean bad to Modoc Indian.

Correspondent—What Indians were in the party who fired at Dr. McEldery and myself on the morning of the third day's fight?

Steamboat Frank—I was there, Scar-face and others; I shoot twice; others shoot; no hurt you; afterwards shoot Yreka boy riding horse; kill him.

Correspondent—Did the Klamath Indians assist you all the while fighting?

Bogus—Klamath Indians tell us to fight all the time; give us plenty of ammunition. At the first fight Klamath Indians shout to Modocs, "Shoot high; Klamath Indian no kill Modocs." They shout again in their talk, "Ammunition here in these rocks, and Modoc went and got it." Allen David he send word, "Fight plenty; no stop war; keep gun." Klamath Indian tell us bad all the time.

EFFECT OF THE DEATH ANNOUNCEMENT.

Boston Charley, when it was announced to him that no hope was left and he must die, kept steadily chewing tobacco while the sentence was being spoken and squirted the juise about the floor in a nonchalant style, as if nothing of any importance was taking place.

Sconchin expressed his contempt for the whole matter, laying back on the bunk and hawing in the most expressive manner, as if the entire proceedings were rather a bore,

Jack appeared to take the news very cooly, but his bright and sparkling eyes appeared unusually brilliant and gazed around the circle in a quick and restless manner.

The interpreter informed them, by order of the President, that their wives and families would be taken good care of; also that General Wheaton was now prepared to hear any remarks they had to make.

Suffering in the Far North.

Augustus Henry Stiles, of North Adams, Mass., left New Bedford December 10th, 1871, on the bark Ansel Gibbs, on a whaling voyage to Hudson's Bay, expecting to be absent about eighteen months. The crew consisted of twenty-eight men. They first sailed south and cruised for six months near the equator, when the scurvy broke out among the crew. The captain, without taking in a fresh supply of water and provisions, both of which he might easily have done, sailed north into winter quarters at Marble Island, a barren and uninhabited island in the northwestern part of Hudson's Bay. On the 19th of October following the vessel parted her cables, and, drifting upon the shore, became a total wreck. The men escaped to the shore with the loss of everything but their clothes which they wore. Here they lived, some in the hull of another ship that had been wrecked on the same island, the remainder in a double canvas tent. Their sufferings from privation and scurvy were extreme. Ten of the crew perished, among them Mr. Stiles, who died March 11th, 1872. The Annie Bradford reached New Bedford September 7th with a portion of the rescued crew. They report the most horrible sufferings on the island. Of the small quantity of provisions that floated ashore from the wreck, the captain selected the best for himself. The men occasionally caught a seal, and the natives from the mainland would sometimes supply them with a bear, which they would devour even to drinking the blood. Augustus Stiles apparently began to improve a short time before he died, but suddenly declined and died without a struggle.—*Troy Times.*

Rosenzweig Once More.

There seems more than a fair chance that Rosenzweig, the murderer of Alice Bowlsby, will soon be set free. Not quite two years since the community was startled by the revelation of a most ghastly crime, the hideous perpetrator of which was a quack doctor, named Jacob Rosenzweig. The revolting manner in which the mangled body of unfortunate Alice A. Bowlsby was found, packed in a trunk, sent a thrill of horror through the minds of all right minded people against the abortionist, and his conviction, on the 25th day of October, 1871, of manslaughter in the second degree and subsequent sentence to the State Prison for seven years was deemed a very light punishment for the ghoul-like deed. He was taken from prison on a writ of error. In the interim between the conviction and its reversal the Legislature, which was then in session, as is now insisted, repealed the act under which Rosenzweig had been convicted, and passed a new law making the punishment for crimes of this inhuman character twenty years in the State Prison instead of seven. The prevailing impression seems to be that a special plea will have the effect of again setting this fellow loose upon the public.

A Clergyman's View of the Panic.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage took a walk in Wall street, and was much amazed at the panic. How did it strike his mind? In the following words, which are his own: "We bethought ourselves why there was not a panic in another direction. So many failures every day for eternity, so many heavenly treasures lost, the goverement bonds of heaven thrown away on the street. We wonder that men do not get excited about their eternal possessions, and that they do not make 'a run' on the bank of heaven. Oh! men immortal! What is the matter with you? What will become of you when you are dead? Whose sign will then be run up on your store, who will drive your fine horses? * * * * Better settle up with God. * * * * Merchants, bankers, artisans, and farmers! look out that you do not lose heaven! That will be worse than the loss of Northern Pacific bonds. That will be a defalcation for eternity!"

A string band—The Vigilance Committee.

The Death of Captain Hall.

Statements of Bessels and Schumann.

Dr. Bessels furnishes an account of the exploration voyage similar to that given by Captain Buddington, but regarding the death of the commander, Captain Hall, he speaks with more authority than the rest of the crew, as he attended him on his death-bed, and the last words ever spoken by the explorer were spoken to him. It may be remembered that after the captain's death a rumor got afloat that he had been poisoned, and as the opinion of Dr. Bessels on this matter is of the greatest value I made inquiry to ascertain his opinion regarding this rumor. Dr. Bessels informed me that he had heard of the rumor as to Captain Hall having been poisoned, and was very much surprised at it. "Captain Hall," says Dr. Bessels, "died a natural death, and there was not the slightest appearance of anything that could possibly have given rise to such a rumor."

About the 10th of September Captain Hall started on an expedition for the north. His object in doing so was principally to see the country in order that he might be able to start afresh in in the spring. The exploring party consisted of Captain Hall, Mr. Chester, chief mate; and Joe and Hans, two Esquimaux. They started in two sledges with fourteen dogs, and succeeded, after much difficulty, in reaching a point about twenty miles further north than where the ship lay, and there Captain Hall found a large bay, which he called Newman's Bay. He was away from the vessel fourteen days, during which time the weather was of a very stormy description, and the thermometer was on many occasions 16 to 20 degrees below zero. When Captain Hall returned, he went into his cabin, and shortly afterwards he said that as he felt sick he had better lie down. He commenced to vomit, and then asked for a cup of tea, which the steward or some one else brought him. He drank it off, but did not retain it on his stomach, and when night came he was in a high fever and quite delirious.

He kept his bed for four or five days, during which time he was sometimes delirious and sometimes he spoke quite sensibly, just as the fever increased or decreased in intensity. After this he got somewhat better, and was able to leave his bed and walk about in his cabin. He was so much better that he was able to write and do other light work. About the 5th of November he, however, relapsed and became rapidly worse. Late on the 7th he said to the doctor, "I am very much oblige to you for your kindness," and these were the last words he ever uttered in this world. The Captain immediately thereafter became delirious, and about three o'clock on the next morning of the 8th he expired. We buried him on the 10th at eleven o'clock in the morning, at a place on shore about one mile and a half from where the ship lay, and over his grave we reared a monument made of wood, upon which we affixed a plate with an inscription. This monument can easily be seen by passing vessels. After Captain Hall's death, Mr. Buddington took command of the vessel, and Dr. Bessels took charge of the sledges and everything connected with the scientific part of the voyage. The whole of the crew were at this time in an exceedingly healthy state, and we held Christmas in a comfortable manner. In the spring we started on an expedition for the Pole in two boats, Mr. Chester taking command of one, and Captain Tyson, assistant navigator, taking the command of the other. In the boat with Mr. Chester was Mr. Meyer, meteorologist, while Dr. Bessels accompanied Captain Tyson.

On the second day after the expedition started, Mr. Chester's boat was smashed up, but nothing daunted, he came back, and having fitted up the canvas boat, made a fresh start. They reached 82 deg. 5 sec. north, but after waiting about two months in expectation of the ice opening, they were compelled to return again southward. We had plenty to eat, and our only concern was as to the fate of our comrades on the ice-floe. On the 3d June, 1873, we left this place in the two boats, Captain Buddington being in command of one and Mr. Chester of the other. In each boat there were seven men. In the voyage southward we only met ice once, and that was off Northumberland Island. The rest of the time we were in open water, and had upon the whole very fair weather. When we came to Conical Rock, about twenty miles north of Cape York, we were delayed three days on account of the southwest gale. In two days afterwards, however, we reached Cape York, when we were discovered by the Ravenscraig. Mr. Schumann speaks in the highest terms of the kind manner in which they were treated on that vessel and on the Arctic, to which they were subsequently transferred.

The Last Rites of the Modocs.

The project of preserving and exhibiting the remains of Captain Jack, the Modoc chieftan, now under sentence of death, says a San Francisco paper, has been abandoned by Mr. Sherwood, the embalmer, on account of General Schofield's recent order that the bodies of the Modocs must not be mutilated after death. If the Modocs are allowed to follow the traditions of the tribe, they will burn the bodies of the executed warriors, and hold various savage ceremonies. When Curly-Headed Jack committed suicide at Lost River Bridge, several squaws of the Cottonwood faction attempted self-mutilation, and had not the officers relieved them of a case-knife the results would undoubtedly have been serious. The sentence of death being carried out in the case of Jack and his confederates, the mourning Modocs, especially the females, will be watched with extreme vigilance to prevent the plucking of hair and slashing of flesh. The rumor that the Klamaths are angry at the course of the Government is an absurd one. The Klamaths, as a tribe, have a strong dislike to Jack's Modocs, on general principles, the old hatred never having died out, and will witness the execution with as much satisfaction as any aggrieved settler of the Lost River basin.

Pay the Printer.

Lives there a man with nose so red who never to himself hath said, "I'll pay before I go to bed, the debt I owe the printer.—*Brandon Republican.*

Yes, there are some I know full well, but they I fear will go to—well—the place where there's no winter.—*Panola Star.*

You're blinded, *Star*, you're reason's dim, or, you'd not argue such a whim, e'en Satan bad would not have him who fails to pay the printer.—*Tupelo Journal.*

Quite as cool as snow in winter, 'tis to die indebted to the printer; our brother editors' heads are level—so mean a soul's sure to see the king of evil.—*State Journal.*

Unless perchance he should repent, in his last sad hour and order sent, all back dues to make him even, then surely he would get to heaven.—*Elmore Republican.*

We're glad that now the means are found to bring the back subscribers round; so, when you've run your course of years, pay, then at last your full arrears; but,—no arrears to have to pay is better far, we think and say.—*Land Owner.*

No Reason in it.

A fellow who, having gone pretty nearly through all the follies of life, took it into his head to hire a bully to do his fighting. He made a contract with the stoutest bruiser he could find, and they started on their journey down the Mississippi. At every landing the quarrel was picked by the one, and the battle fought by the other. It was tough work sometimes, but rather enjoyable. At last they reached New Orleans. On the levee they found a stout, brawny stevedore, and after some chaffing, a row was started, and the two began to pummel each other. They were well matched, but, aided by his experience, the bully beat the stevedore. 'I say, boss,' said his fighting man, 'I give up this job; you in too much for me! *I don't see any reason in that ere last fight.*'"

A Meeting at Sea.

There was a curious state of affairs on board the ship Sea Witch, Capt. Baker, which sailed from Liverpool on the 26th of August for New York. Fairly out at sea, Peter Lee and William Hartigan assumed the leadership of the sailors, who styled these the forecastle lawyers. Under their direction the crew revolted on the 4th of September. There was a constant reign of terror the rest of the voyage. Capt. Baker and his mates were compelled to set the sails and perform the most menial duties. Such of the sailors as opposed the mutiny were obliged to join it to save their lives. The crew were arrested in New York harobr and sent to prison.

Then and Now.

While there is much instruction in this resurrection of a dead past, says the New York *Herald*, and some points of similitude in the general consequences produced in 1837 and 1857 with those now current, there is more of encouragement and confidence in comparing the different conditions existing in this year of grace 1873, this latest historic epoch in the world of finance, In 1837 we were dependent upon Europe for our supply of breadstuffs; now Europe looks to us for both breadstuffs, and, in spite of all experiments, a full supply of cotton. In 1837 we had a currency depending wholly upon the credit of individual corporations, elastic, it is true, but too much so for the security it offered as permitting unlimited expansion, the real currency of the country, gold, being locked up in the vaults of the Treasury as surplus revenue. What wonder the infant giant grew weak and staggered under such a regimen.

In 1857 the same evil of an unlimited paper circulation upon a limited gold basis brought about a crash in commercial values, over-stimulated by redundant bank issues which the banks were unable to redeem. Europe shared in this revulsion through excessive speculation, and in reality suffered more than our new country.

How changed all this now! Our currency ($700,000,000), uniformly resting upon the credit of the country, one-half in direct legal tender notes of the United States, the other half national bank notes, secured by the deposit in the United States Treasury of bonds of the United States, the property of the banks. In the matter of breadstuffs and cotton we control the markets of Europe owing to the short crop there. Our imports and exports for the last year show a gradual reverse movement in trade, the former being below and the latter above the respective amounts of the previous year. Iron is just entering into our commerce as an article of export, inspiring a full expectation that it will ere long turn this balance in our favor.

Such are some of the great results we have achieved since 1857, and in the experience of the past week, an experience that has also its lesson for us, we find how much we have gained, and, while stimulated to go forward and complete the work of bringing confidence into monetary dealings, which we lost when we substituted the complete security of the national credit for that of mere local corporotions, we may be proud of the record, that in all this great revulsion in Wall street, there has not been one banking or commercial failure caused by insolvency. The banks, instead of precipitating disaster as in former periods of financial distress, have stood firmly in the breach occasioned by the smash-up of some weak railroad enterprises.

New York Millionaires.

Everybody knows how common a thing it is to over-estimate men's fortune's, especially when they get up into the large figures. A correspondent, who professes to have means of knowledge, asserts that most of the large fortunes of New Yorkers are thus exaggerated. He says the fortunes of Cornelius Vanderbilt, Alexander T. Stewart and William B. Astor are now represented at $100,000,000 each, albeit it is doubtful if any of them has half as much. Astor may turn out, with his land and leases, to be worth $40,000,000; but Stewart will not be likely to foot up over $25,000,000; and Vanderbilt will be lucky to leave $30,000,000. George Law enjoys the reputation of having $10,000,000, though half that sum would probably be nearer the mark. Peter Cooper ought to be put down for $2,500,000, instead of $5,000,000; Horace B. Claflin at $5,000,000, instead of $15,000,000 to $20,000,000; E. S. Jeffray at $2,000,000, instead of $5,000,000; August Belmont at $2,000,000, instead of $6,000,000. If this be true, one cannot help sympathizing with the unhappy individuals thus suddenly reduced from affluence to poverty.

Hard Luck.

If you are in the habit of whining about your "luck," read this concerning the family of Mr. Jasper Baker, until recently a resident of North State street, Chicago: Three years ago Mr. Baker was a conductor on one of the North Chicago street railways, and the happy head of a family consisting of a wife and three interesting children. On the 4th of July his wife went to visit a sister at Aurora, taking the children with her. On the same day Eddie, her eldest child, a boy of six, while attempting to catch a ride on a freight train, was run over, and had a leg and a foot cut off. His little sister, a child of two, was so appalled at the sight that she was thrown into brain fever and died. After returning to Chicago the crippled boy was seized with smallpox and infested the rest of the family, including Mr. Baker's mother and sister. Mrs. Baker died, and her husband, not sufficiently recovered, in attending her funeral, took cold, and, after six months of suffering, died a few days since. Finally, on Saturday last, the elder Mrs. Baker received a dispatch summoning her to the death-bed of a daughter at Elgin.

Their Course Illegal.

Application was made to the Comptroller of the Currency of the United States for an opinion as to the legality of the action of the national banks in substituting certified checks in payment for their current indebtedness to depositors. The Comptroller promptly replied that the action of the national banks in entering into such an arrangement was illegal, and in direct violation of the National Banking act. Several parties, in consequence of this opinion, reported to the Comptroller that the National, Metropolitan and Second National banks of Washington had refused to cash checks of depositors, whereupon the Comptroller said that he was ready to entertain an application to put both banks in the hands of a receiver. The Comptroller positively declares that every bank that has substituted certified checks in payment of actual indebtedness at its counter has incurred the penalty affixed by the National Banking act, and that he is not clothed with discretionary power if such banks are reported to him. The banks of New York and other cities during the panic instead of paying out currency gave certified checks.

Circumstances Alter Cases.

"I once boarded for three months," said Mr. Smith, "in a family where during the whole time of my stay the husband did not once speak to the wife, although they met at the table every day."

"Good heavens! what a monster he must have been!"

"Not at all. He was a very amiable man."

"Impossible!"

"And I think he was fully justified in this proceeding."

"Justified, Mr. Smith! How can you say so? A man who would preserve silence for so long a period must have a most implacable and revengeful disposition."

"But, my dear, there is one little circumstance that I forgot to mention that may mitigate the severity of your judgment. *The man was dumb.*"

"*Oh!*"

Newgate Prison.

How Criminals are Treated in England—Mark Twain's Last Joke.

An American lady, who was being shown through one of the shows of London—Newgate—the other day, expressed herself rather forcibly to the warder concerning several features of the prison which hardly appeared to her humane. She was grieved to see the elaborate and new machinery for holding prisoners tight while theya re flogged with the cat, stocks for holding their feet, and similar arrangements for the body and hands. The lady asked where the thumb-screw was. The warder innocently replied that they hadn't any. However, he must afterwards have pondered more profoundly over the sarcasm of the inquiry, for more recently another American lady, upon giving expression to a similar feeling about the resuscitated stocks, was sharply told by the warder that they had managed to get along there without flogging for many years until some Americans came over and began to garrote the citizens, and this was found to be the only way of dealing with them. The lady replied that it must have been because the English came over and took away their business, since American prisons were full of Englishmen.

"However," she added, we don't torture them."

On coming to the small alley in which executed criminals are buried, this lady—who is a good Quaker—shuddered at that, and the warder said:

"You will notice here that ours is a great improvement on the American plan. In America they give the bodies of executed criminals to their friends, who, as likely as not, make a hero of him, and bury him with pomp. But these scoundrels dread being buried away in this alley almost as much as they dread the gallows."

The lady having suggested that execution was enough, the warder replied: "Not a bit of it. I was showing our place the other day to a remarkable intelligent American, who admired our arrangements exceedingly, only he thought we were too lenient. That gentleman said that the great mistake in America was leniency. 'Would you believe it?' said he; 'we caught a rascal in America the other day whom we ought immediately to have burned, and we only hung him. But we are coming to our senses, and are now making arrangements to burn certain men for whom the gallows is too good.'"

"Will thee be good enough to tell me the name of the American gentleman who made that remark to thee?" said the Quakeress.

"Ah, yes," said the warder, reflectively; "let me see—it was a Mr. Mark Twain."—*Cor. Cin. Commercial.*

A Colossal Enterprise.

Extensive as are many of the industrial establishments of our own country, we have no such colossal enterprise as that known as the Cast Steel Works of Frederich Krupp, near Essen, in Prussia. As described in a late issue of the *American Artisan*, these works appear to be of wonderful extent. They occupy an area of a thousand acres, and of this area twe hundred acres are under roof. Seventeen thousand men are employed in the various departments of Krupp's establishment, in addition to some seven hundred officers and regular employees. The workmen and officers, with their families, occupy more than 3,200 dwellings, and a large number of boarding-houses are also required for the use of the unmarried laborers. There are 414 mines belonging to the firm, scattered over an area of 50,000 acres. A printing office, a chemical laboratory, a photographic and lithographic gallery, two extensive hospitals, and a benevolent fund of nearly $100,000, are also a part of this extraordinary establishment.

Among the items of detail connected with the working of this enterprise, the following will be found worthy of note:

The quantity of cast-steel produced in the year 1872 exceeded 125,000 tons. This product consisted of axles, tires, wheels and crossings for railways; rails, springs and shafts for steamers; machinery of various kinds; boiler-plates, rolls, spring-steel, tool-steel, guns, gun-carriages, shot, etc. There are in the works now in operation 250 smelting furnaces, 390 annealing furnaces, 161 heating furnaces, 115 welding and puddling furnaces, 14 cupola and reverberatory furnaces, 160 furnaces of other kinds, 275 coke ovens, 264 smiths' forges, 240 steam boilers, besides 70 now in process of construction.

There are, besides this, 71 steam hammers, 285 steam engines, 362 turning lathes, 82 shaping machines, 195 boring machines, 107 planing machines, 42 punching and grooving machines, 82 pressing machines, 62 grinding machines, 31 glazing and polishing machines, and 143 machines of a miscellaneous character.

In 1872, these works consumed, of coal, 500,000 tons; of coke, 125,000 tons; water, 113,000,000 cubic feet; of gas, 155,000,000 cubic feet, supplied by the gas-works of the establishment, to 16,500 burners.

Dreadful Scene at a Fire.

The Paris journals report a destructive fire as having taken place at Saumur (Maine-et-Loire), recently, by which three lives were lost. The flames broke out in a house in the Rue Haute-Bierre, and all the inhabitants made their escape, except a family consisting of M. and Mme. Bergean, with their little girl, 13 years old, who lived on the third story. When they awoke, their retreat was already cut off by the flames, and the husband, wrapping his wife in a mattress, tied together by a rope, threw her out of the window. Unfortunately, the covering became loose, and the woman fell heavily upon the pavement, and was killed. The father then enveloped the child in blankets, and cast her down, but she also lost her life. He then tried to make his own escape by walking along a stone cornice, only a few inches wide, to a neighboring roof, which was a little below him, but the heat was so great that he was unable to maintain his position for more than a few seconds, and he also fell to the ground. The matresses which had been piled up to receive him were insufficient to save his life, and his spine was broken in the fall.

Wages Abroad.

Sixty cents a day is considered good wages for a workingman in any of the European countries, except Great Britain, where the wages are somewhat higher. In the Tyrol silk region and in Italy they often do not get more than ten cents. In the country in Germany ten cents is the common pay. Women there often get but five cents. In Sweden men often work from four o'clock in the morning till nine in the evening, and do not get more. During the late war many poor women in Berlin were hired to knit stockings for the soldiers for five cents. The profit of the poor who keep petty shops, sell trinkets in the streets, or act as sutlers do not average more than three or four per cent. Barbers in Berlin, since the raising of their prices, get five cents for hair cutting and two and a half cents for shaving. Servants at hotels get from three to eight dollars a month. Servant girls in private families often get but ten dollars a year. Sometimes these classes cannot get work at any price.

Making up Lost Time.

It is such melancholy up-hill business, this working to make up for lost time or lost labor or paying olddebts! The ground does not seem to slip from under our feet; and like a horse in a sawmill, or Jerome Ravel with his famous ladder, we can't imagine how with all our effort we don't get on. "Jack," said a sailor watching a militia company, which had halted and was "marking time" to the music, "seems to me there must be an awful strong tide runnin', for them poor fellows has been *warpin'* there this half-hour, and they haint got ahead a foot yet!" That's it, precisely! The poor fellow with old scores to clear warps and warps, but the current is terribly strong against him, and well for him if he goes up-stream instead of down.

What to Tell Them.

At one time John C. Spencer, then Secretary of the Treasury, was before the Senate nominated as Justice of the Supreme Court in place of Smith Thompson, deceased, and David Henshaw, a noted Democrat, of Boston, for Secretary of the Navy. These nominations were held in abeyance for some time, and after a while Spencer and Henshaw became impatient, and sought to ascertain what their fate was to be. George Evans, of Maine, was then one of the most influential members of the Senate; and Albert Smith, who had been in the House of Representatives from the same State, and was then a sort of lobbyist and general agent in Washington, called upon Evans in the hope of gaining some information. He told the Senator that Spencer and Henshaw were concerned about the action of the Senate upon their nominations.

"Naturally so," said Mr. Evans, "and one of them must have sent you to me to inquire?"

"I came at their joint request. And now what shall I tell them?

"Well, Albert," said the Senator, "you may tell them this story. When the rich Mr. Clapp, of Portland, was at the height of his commercial career, about a dozen vessels loaded with molasses arrived from the West Indies and New Orleans in the course of two or three days. A majority of them were owned by or consigned to Clapp; and the smaller merchants did not dare to sell a gallon of treacle until he had fixed upon a price. After some days it was bruited about that he had sold one of his cargoes. Up comes one of the traders to gather information.

"'So, Mr. Clapp, you've sold the Juno's molasses, hain't you?'

"'You heard so down on the wharf, eh?'

"'And they are all anxious to know what price you got.'

"'Umph! sent you up here to find out, didn't they?'

"'Yes, they did. What shall I tell 'em?'

"'Tell 'em you don't know.'"

Smith left the presence rather crestfallen, and the next week Spencer and Henshaw were both rejected.

Something about Beef.

Two kinds of fluid are used besides broth, says Pierre Blot, to make soups —*milk* and *water*; but, although good, they are light soups in comparison with those made with broth. Butter is added when water is used.

Bones alone make a gelatinous broth, but not as nutritious as when used with meat. A pound of meat and bones makes a pint and a half of good broth; two pounds make a quart of rich broth. The more meat used with a certain amount of water, the richer the broth. The pieces of beef generally used to make broth are the leg, the shin, the neck, the round, and the chuck; other pieces are just as good, but they are dearer, and do not make more or better broth. Besides beef, the trimmings of pieces of beef and veal, of chickens, turkeys, and Guinea-birds, are excellent to make broth; also the bones and what has been left of the same pieces after having been served as poached pieces, and after having cracked the bones with a chopper. Any kind of meat or bones used to make broth must be fresh; the piece of meat or bird, the bones of which are used for broth, must have been roasted when very fresh. The least taint spoils the broth. Many epicures use every kind of game, biped or quadruped, with beef to make broth, either raw or the bones of such after having been served as roast pieces, especially such game as partridges and like birds, rabbits, hares, etc.; such broth has a gamy taste. Some go further; then they have made rich beef broth, they boil game in it to make it richer, and then make *consomme* with it. It is then real assence of meat, and very rich food.

The best utensil for making broth is an earthen pot; next is a copper or iron digester or kettle, well lined with tin. An iron pan lined with porcelain is excellent if the porcelain is not cracked. Any kind of fire is good as long as it is not too sharp, and will keep the pot simmering; it does not matter whether it is on a stove or range, in a grate or furnace, or whether it is a hard coal, charcoal, or wood fire. It is not necessary to be a thorough cook to make excellent broth, for care and watchfulness are the only two qualities required.

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A. L. SCOVILL.

"IT SAVED MY LIFE."

COLUMBIA, ALA., March 8, 1873

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