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The Ship.

The wind cries out to the waters:
"However this thing began,
I do not know,
But I find it so—
We are but the slaves of man.

"The pigmy builds him a monster
By the might of his puny hand;
It carries things
Like a sea gull's wings;
He rides it from land to land.

"He catches my breath to waft him
As he dances over your waves;
The wounds you feel
Of the mighty keel—
And the wind and sea are slaves."

Our Baby.

Our baby—I wonder much if she knows
She is to us all so dear?
Now can she think, do you suppose?—
See how delighted she laughs and crows
When mother or nurse is near.

Our baby's a wonderful child, I'm sure;
Do you know what she did to-day?
Why, when mother put her down on the floor,
She crawled right out at the open door,
As if she was going away!

Our baby—she's only eight months old—
But if I take great care,
She's given me in my arms to hold;
She has five teeth, and like skeins of gold
Are her tiny locks of hair.

Our baby is so very dear to us,
We pet her all day long,
Till old nurse says, "Dear me what a fuss—
There'll be nothing left if you kiss her thus!"
But I am quite sure nurse is wrong.

Our baby—I know you would love her too,
She has such a winning way;
For first she seems with her eyes of blue
To be looking at you quite through and through,
And then she will smile and play.

A PRISON ON THE MOUNTAIN.

The Most Remarkable of all Penal Institutions—A Novel Industry and its Beneficial Effects—The Terrible Dark Cells—Ingenuity of the Prisoners.

Among the mountains in the extreme northwestern corner of the State of New York is located Clinton prison, the smallest of the three penal institutions under State control, but in some respects much the most interesting to the observant visitor. It is by no means easy to get to Donnemara, the little town or hamlet which has sprung up around the prison gate. By divers ways of cars and boats, through many delays, annoyances and vexations, one gets to Plattsburg. Thence one must drive sixteen miles to reach Donnemara. This comparative inaccessibility is the real reason why convicts dread Clinton prison more than either Auburn or Sing Sing. They like to see their friends now and then; to feel that they are within easy reach of their former homes, and not that they are practically exiled. Hence the constant petitions from prisoners here to the inspectors for transfer to the other prisons. But the discipline here is not, as it has often been represented by such petitioners, more severe than elsewhere. In some respects it is even more indulgent, necessarily so from the character of the industries in which the men are employed, and though their work may be harder, it is certainly better calculated for the development of whatever manhood the men may possess than are such petty avocations as shoemaking and shirt ironing.

Clinton prison is situated upon the side of a mountain. Before it lies a pretty little valley shut in on every side by mountains, the rugged outlines of which are at this season softened by dense foliage of varied hues. But in winter time this must be a very bleak and cheerless prospect. Ten thousand acres of land in the immediate vicinity are the property of the State. Twenty-five acres are inclosed for prison purposes by a stockade of heavy planks twenty feet in height, and upon this wall, at ten points, are posted look-out stations, where guards sit all day long with repeating Winchester rifles in their hands, revolvers in their belts, and loaded muskets by their sides, to frustrate any bold endeavors at escape. When the old log stockade was standing, prisoners not infrequently managed to shin up to the top, drop over on the outer side, and escape to the forest. But the smooth planks are much more difficult to climb, and few make the attempt. Besides, Capt. Herwerth, sergeant of the guard, has awakened a spirit of emulation in marksmanship among his men, and the convicts naturally are shy of tempting forward themselves that demonstration of such skill as the guards frequently display in their target practice. Even should a prisoner reach the woods his chances for getting away are barely even. But should he miss friendly aid, he will be liable to wander about in the dense forest until hunger drives him back to the prison, until somebody picks him up for the sake of the reward for his recapture, or until sheer accident brings him back to his point of departure.

It is related that upon one occasion, some months ago, a couple of convicts, who secreted themselves in the big mine until after dark, managed to get over the wall and struck out into the forest. They traveled hard all night, through close thickets and over rocks, and in the gray light of morning found themselves just beneath the prison wall, having struggled along in a circle on the mountain side through all these weary hours. In sheer disgust they stumbled around to the gate and voluntarily gave themselves up.

The distinctive peculiarity about this prison is that it is the only one in this country—or, indeed, with a single exception, in the world—wherein the mining and manufacturing of iron is carried on. Within the prison walls are now two mines, one belonging to Messrs. Watson & Co., of Plattsburg—to whom the State pays a royalty of one dollar per ton on all separated ore from it—the other belonging to the State exclusively. The first of these has been worked with varying regularity for fifteen years past. In 1869, the owners having demanded an increase of their royalty from seventy-five cents to one dollar per ton, which the prison authorities refused to pay, the mine was permitted to fall into disuse and fill up with water, so that when, in 1871, under a new regime, its reworking was determined upon, three months' steady pumping were required to empty it sufficiently to permit of the resumption of mining operations. So rapid and constant is the infiltration of water, up to the present time, that an eight-horse power steam engine is kept at work, day and night, running the pumps in this and new mines, yet in one part of the old mine the flood is six feet in depth, and sometimes increases to ten.

To enter the old mine, one descends by a rugged and treacherous path into a pit some thirty feet in depth, and not less than eighty feet in diameter at the top. In the side of this pit toward the mountain opens the mine. It seems an enormous cavern. The sides are a hundred feet apart, the roof thirty feet in height, and the length of this great excavation something more than fourteen hundred feet. Huge columns of ore and rock are left to support the roof. The dropping and plashing of water, the slow and regular creaking of the rude pumping machinery, the hollow echoes of voices afar in the depths, all have a mournful effect. The gloom of the distance is flecked by the little red lights of the miners' lamps, flitting to and fro, not seemingly larger than glowworms, and as uncertain in their illumination. At certain hours blasts are fired, and the echoes are like rapidly repeated thunder, or the successive discharges of a number of large cannon. The air is cold and damp, but pure, having nothing of the closeness pertaining to such mines as are worked by shafts, drifts and galleries—a coal or a silver mine for instance.

All the men working here are convicts, but one cannot but be impressed, at sight of them and of their fellows in the mills, with the idea that such labor as that in which they are here employed has had a subtle effect in elevating them in the scale of manhood. It has hardened their muscles, imbued them with a consciousness of masculinity, taught them by their conflict with the sullen inertia of nature's resistance to man's efforts much more self-reliance and earnestness of honest, vigorous purpose than all their previous lives had known. As you meet them, they look you squarely in the eye, not furtively glancing at you with the lurking, sneaking, evil look which you will encounter at every step in the Sing Sing laundry and among the idle villains at Auburn. There can be no doubt that it improves men's morals to become strong by honest toil, even if that gain of strength be upon compulsion.

The ore as taken from the mines is first roasted in three huge kilns, thence is passed through an eighteen-stamp mill, separated by water from the rock, and when dry is melted in charcoal furnaces, hammered into blooms beneath a huge trip-hammer, and finally shaped as desired by the rolls. From sixty to eighty men are constantly employed in these mills and reduction works in gangs of that number, each of which works twelve hours and then gives place to others. There is also a large machine shop in another department, employing from twenty to forty men, wherein all the machinery in use about the prison is made or repaired as occasion demands.

Out behind the main mill building is a huge pile of charcoal, hauled in here from the twenty-eight kilns in which it has been burned in the forest. The keepers say that on the night of November 7, 1874, this enormous pile of charcoal—or one equally large, in the same location—took fire accidentally from sparks emitted by the mill smoke stacks. The fire raged furiously, sweeping away a very large portion of the stockade on two sides of the enclosure and burning down one of the guard posts, which was not deserted by its heroic occupant until it began to sink under his feet, and to save his life he had to spring outside the line. To save the prison from that total destruction which at one time seemed imminent, one hundred and sixty convicts were let out of their cells, and called to assist in checking the flames. The night was dark, the excitement great, the keepers few in number, and the barrier hitherto confining them was in great part destroyed, yet when all danger was past and the men were called to return to their cells not one was missing, not one had availed himself of the extraordinary opportunities for escape. They were even heard conversing together, while fighting the fire, and saying to each other: "Well, he'd be a mean fellow who would take advantage of a time like this to run away." Yet among these convicts were some condemned for life—there are thirty such in the prison—and many incarcerated upon long sentences. Some of the very men who resisted the temptations to escape offered by that occasion have since made desperate attempts to gain their liberty, when all chances seemed against them, but when they had the excitement of matching their cunning and courage against their keepers.

The preservation of that hedious and depressing silence which is so important an element of the discipline of the Albany penitentiary is not even attempted here. To enforce it would be almost, if not quite, impossible, unless there were as many keepers as there are convicts. While the men on "tours" of labor in the mill are waiting for the smelting of the ore, the serving of the hammer or the rolls, or in the various mining processes wherein arduous toil is broken by moments of necessary relaxation, there is no restriction upon either conversation or employment by the prisoners of their leisure in small work for themselves. Some of the convicts are quite skillful in the making of horse-hair jewelry and small carvings, by the sale of which to visitors they often manage to save up sometimes considerable sums against the day of their discharge. As far as it is practicable the keepers seek to repress criminal or demoralizing reminiscences and communications, but comparatively little restraint can be directly exercised in this way under existing conditions.

The lightest punishment in use in Clinton prison is the "yoke"—a collar of iron with three outwardly curved prongs reaching above the head, and weighing some fourteen pounds—which is worn by the culprit as many hours or days as necessity seems to demand. The "paddle" is sometimes employed upon peculiarly refractory fellows, and it is the experience of the keepers and guards here that although this punishment is never severe enough to do the prisoner any serious injury, they never have to paddle the same man twice. The "cat-o'-nine tails," formerly used, is still kept upon exhibition, but is said to be never employed. Of course the murderous and abominable dark cell, the "humanitarians'" diabolical choice of torture, is the heaviest penalty for serious infractions of discipline. There are six dark cells in this prison, two of which, at the time of the writer's recent visit, were occupied by men who had been incarcerated there for nine days. Those unfortunate wretches had been found in possession of a skeleton key by which they would have been enabled, opportunity occurring, to pass through the kitchen, and possibly thence to escape by scaling the stockade. They would not tell who had made the key for them, and were consequently doomed to confinement here until they would confess. In such cases it is the rule, when the victim of the cell is once more able to walk and work—he having succumbed to the fearful pressure upon both mind and body, and been let out in time to save him from actual death in the cell—to trammel him with a heavy ball and chain, weighing twenty or twenty-five pounds, which is thenceforth his constant companion by both day and night, sometimes for many months.

Not unfrequently this added infliction drives prisoners to the most ingenious devices for freeing themselves from the galling burden and to attempting the most desperate measures for escape. Heavy rivets fasten the strong bands of iron about their ankles, but these they are cunning enough to saw out and replace by others of lead, which may be quickly cut through at an opportune moment, and sometimes they even saw the anklets so deeply that they may easily be broken, the cut being filled up with bread crumbs covered with rust. Not a little ingenuity is occasionally displayed by the convicts in making for themselves, from their blankets, coarse suits of clothing resembling those of the Canadian woodchoppers in the neighborhood. All such suspicious manifestations of skill are, however, punished severely.

Every intelligent officer in the prison coincides in the opinion that the dark cell is, of all punishments, the most inhuman and permanently injurious, while it is at the same time the one least conducive to moral reformation. They say that it ruins the physical and blights the mental condition of those subjected to it. A term in the dark cell, long or short, according to the individual strength of the victim, inevitably reduces him to such a weak and abject condition that from sheer lack of strength or will to combat he finally succumbs, but his submission has behind it nothing of moral conviction. It has come upon him like a disease, and when he regains his normal vigor, if he ever does, he will be at least as bad as he ever was before. When a man is confined in the dark cell he is allowed but a gill of water and two ounces of bread per diem, nothing else. This is not in itself quite so severe a punishment as it would seem. For the first two days he will suffer with hunger and thirst. Then his bowels cease to act. He becomes almost torpid, physically, and is in a great degree unconscious of the process of starvation which is going on. He may endure agony from thirst, for mental conditions may supervene to bring on an intense fever, but he is no longer hungry. The damp, penetrating cold of his stone coffin chills the very marrow in his bones. His whole frame aches from contact with the unyielding stones, for he has no other bed or seat than the floor. His lungs are poisoned and his stomach sickened by the foul air. Worst of all to endure are the deathly silence and oppressive darkness. To him it seems as if he were alone in a world immersed in eternal night, and often superstition or a too vivid imagination peoples thickly with phantom terrors the impenetrable gloom. Again and again prisoners in these hideous dungeons, upon being allowed once more to come forth, have been seen to fall on their knees, weeping with joy at sight of the light.

The ordinary prison arrangements here are all good enough. There are five hundred and forty-eight cells of fair size, big enough to hold two men in each if necessary. There is a chapel capable of accommodating six hundred persons, where once a month a priest conducts Roman Catholic services, and twice a month a Protestant chaplain, whose name I have mislaid, holds forth. The convicts have a fair choir of their own.

The kitchen is good and the prisoners are well fed. The prison is estimated as giving, directly and indirectly, employment and maintenance to not less than one thousand persons outside the walls, and it is very doubtful if one-tenth of them live half so well by their honest labor as the convicts do inside. One fact indicative of the good fare and healthful surroundings of the convicts here is that the average number in hospital is only ten out of a population of from 238 to 640, and of those ten, a large proportion are merely temporarily disabled by accidents in the mines or mill.

Summing up the results of our observations of this prison, it appears that the convict who honestly endeavors to conform to the requirements of a very lenient discipline and is not too far cursed with inherient laziness to do manly work, may live here at least as well as at either Sing Sing or Auburn, and is likely to derive much greater benefit than at either of those places in permanent physical and moral improvement, so far as that may be affected by his avocations. By comparison with the Albany penitentiary this is a continual Christmas for the prisoner. The one grand defect remains, however, that its system affords almost unlimited facilities for the criminal education of the young by older and hardened convicts, who choose to avail themselves of the opportunities afforded to spread their own utter demoralization among those surrounding them. This evil seems inseparable from the unclassified congregate system, except where the merciless rigor of the Albany penitentiary discipline is in vogue, and affords the most powerful argument in favor of the introduction here of the Crofton system. Should an experiment in this direction be deemed advisable, it is easy to see in what way our three great State prisons might readily be made available, with little other change than in their respective organizations of discipline, and until this, or something nearly akin to it, is done, it is useless to talk of or hope for the reformation of our congregate prisons from their present character, that of mere colleges of crime, or to dream of any beneficial effect, through their agency alone, in the reduction of our average of criminality.—*New York Sun.*

The New English Gun.

An English correspondent says: The nose of the poor "Woolwich Infant," which, from its weight of thirty-five tons, was thought to be a fine child, has been utterly put out of joint by that "new arrival," the eighty-one-ton gun. This is by far the largest in the world, and has just been proved a great success. The shot, or rather the flat-headed projectile which has now taken the place of the cannon ball, weighs 1258 pounds, plus the gas check, which weighs fifteen pounds, and is elevated to the mouth of the gun by a hydraulic apparatus, and it takes twelve men to ram it home. It can throw a shot six miles, if desired, but 4,000 yards is taken as the furthest range at which it will be serviceable, and at that distance it may be justly remarked that "where it hits it makes a hole." The gun is twenty-seven feet long, twenty-four feet inside, six feet thick at the breech, fourteen and a half inches at the bore, and weighs, with its carriage, 120 tons. The charges of powder varied during the experiments from 170 pounds to 230 pounds. But the most effective was found to be the 220-pounds charge. The object was to discover the amount of force possessed by the projectile; so the butts, composed of sand sixty feet thick, with seventy-five feet of earth to back it, were only 200 feet away.

The shots penetrated from forty to forty-seven feet in the sand. Burning pebbles of powder (for, as you may suppose, it is of coarsish grain) were propelled over the butts, and "a large and perfect smoke ring ascended from the muzzle and shot up vertically in the air, retaining its form and continuing its rapid flight for about a minute," and causing a sustained noise, similar to that of a shell. In the course of the proceedings, while attempting to withdraw the crusher gauge from the powder chamber, the extracting rod came apart in the gun. To get it out a volunteer crept in at the muzzle, and after a fifth trial, and having been half blinded and half suffocated by the gases remaining in the bore, he succeeded. This was very literally seeking the bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth. The experiments are considered to have decisively settled the question of armor versus guns in favor of the latter. Such a shot would go through anything that floats—twenty inches of iron with backing, for instance—at the comparatively short distance of a mile, as though it were cardboard.

A Phenomenon.

The Lynchburg *Republican* says: We recently saw on the farm of C. B. Claiborn, Esq., in Amherst county, a large walnut tree, with wide spreading branches, and of luxuriant growth, which presents a phenomenon in the science of dendrology hitherto unknown to us. About a quarter of a century ago, as tradition has it, a hole was cut through the trunk of this tree, in which a beam was inserted to be used in prizing tobacco. The beam was subsequently removed, and in the lapse of time the hole closed up, and now barely a trace of it remains. The heart of the tree was, however, destroyed, and the trunk became hollow from the ground to where the branches began to spread out. The tree bears annually a large crop of walnuts, of good size and fine appearance, but no kernel has ever been found in any of them since the trunk of the giant tree became hollow—a phenomenon that demonstrates the fact that heartless trees, like heartless men, cannot bring forth good fruit.

Spontaneous Combustion.

The origin of many fires is justly attributed to spontaneous combustion by those who have carefully investigated the general subject. Many instances have recently been made public which indicate plainly in what way many "mysterious" conflagrations may have originated. Not long ago a fire occurred at Marshall, Michigan, in a store where drugs, medicines, paints, oil, etc., were kept in large quantities. It chanced that it was extinguished, so that investigation into the cause of it was possible. And it was evident that it originated in a box of shavings that had been saturated with linseed oil, turpentine, and the leakage of barrels. The character of the combustion was such that there seemed no reason to doubt the exciting cause. Rags used to oil machinery are a fruitful cause of fires; when left in a heap, the interior will often become charred, and perhaps, after a while, will begin to smoke, and a slight current of air will fan it into a blaze. It is well known that fire will often originate in large quantities of bituminous coal if it is wet. Many kinds of dress goods are now charged with different substances to increase their weight, and some of these substances are exceedingly inflammable, and make the goods liable to spontaneous combustion. A few years ago a large fire occurred in a warehouse in New York city. At first the fire seemed very mysterious, and the general impression was that it must be the work of an incendiary. But a careful investigation proved it to be a case of spontaneous combustion, originating in a case of silk twist tightly packed, with two layers of thick paper and one layer of oil-cloth between the case and the goods, thus entirely excluding the air. The goods had evidently been packed while damp, and the intense heat of the weather made the conditions favorable for combustion. Those who were skeptical in regard to this origin of the fire were entirely convinced when a fire broke out a second time, which was traced directly to another case of silk twist. Many kinds of goods when closely packed are exposed to spontaneous combustion. Special care may well be taken in warehouses, factories, and in all places where the heat developed by some slow process of oxidation is confined and compressed. In such cases a temperature may be reached which renders spontaneous combustion possible.

A Story of Tom Corwin.

It was well known of the "wagoner's boy," as Tom Corwin was familiarly called, that he was, during his speeches, very obliging and willing to answer all questions propounded him during his speeches, provided they were asked at the proper time; but there were always many rude men who were usually present when he spoke who differed from him in their views, and they would often make it a point to be impudent.

One of these fellows happened to be present with his friends on one occasion and during Mr. Corwin's address, when he was in the middle of the sentence, called out: "I say, Corwin, what do you think of your party, take it as a whole?" "Tom" made no reply—when the man repeated it. Mr. Corwin stopped in his speech, and we shall never forget the seriousness of that countenance—people laughed before he had said a word—then drawing himself up to his full stature, he roared out: "Did any one hear an ass bray?" and then relaxing his sternness with a sort of a jerk, he drew down his mouth and let go that smile of his, and such a roar of laughter that followed from his auditors we have never since heard—but it did not stop here, at least every ten minutes throughout the next two hours he would ask the same question: "Did any one hear an ass bray?" pointing a moral each time with the expression or drawing a comparison in some way.

The laugh and the attention of all turned upon the questioner, and before he was through with his address we saw the fellow and his friends quietly sneak away, amid the jeers of the people.

Deaf, Dumb and Blind.

Among the youngest of the inmates at the institution of the deaf and dumb in New York city, says the *Express*, is a boy, a congenial deaf mute, who was last year sorely afflicted with small pox, which left him totally blind. Under the advantages of previous instruction in the sign language the patient instructors now teach him both to read and write, and all, as in the case of the great wonder of the world, Laura Bridgman, whose history will be remembered, by the magnetism of touch. Knowledge is imparted by feeling, and feeling by holding the boy's hand, and spelling letter by letter whatever information through the palms of the hand. What is thus received by feeling is written upon the blackboard, in not very straight lines it is true, but with correctness and constant improvement, and intense gratification. Wonderful, indeed, are the ways of Providence—first, in this triple dispensation of added blindness to the loss of speech and hearing, and now, as it were, in at least the moral if not material restoration of sight to the blind. More than forty years ago we were deeply impressed with the life, animation and hope exhibited by the blind, deaf and dumb Laura Bridgman, who grew to woman's estate, with all her afflictions, contented and happy. The sight at the time was a very touching one, and never forgotten by us. The case at Fanwood is equally impressive, and all of may be thankful that the State not only provides a home, but instruction, for such sufferers.

Vicissitudes of Mining.

There is nothing more difficult in this world of difficulty than to persevere against adverse fortune. We suppose that the gold mines have a thousand stories of the lottery of the lode—here is one which we find in the correspondence of the Kansas City *News*: About two years ago two young men had between them about $400, "the savings of a long spell of work." They were offered a half interest in a gold mine at Central City, Col., if they would sink it thirty feet deeper. Upon each side are the "Veto" and other paying lodes, but these had good roads to the mills, and furnaces of wealthy companies. Moreover, the mine was difficult of access; it was necessary to carry the ore in gunny sacks for a considerable distance; then to pack it upon mules; and thus, by the time it reached the mills, the gold in it would not pay expenses. The young workers when they had spent all their ready money became discouraged and abandoned the contract. This year two new speculators came, and undertook to go on with the work upon the same terms. They had not sunk more than two feet in this abandoned claim when they struck ore worth $2,000 per ton. The feelings of their unfortunate predecessors can be imagined.

Purchaser and Non-Advertiser.

A man who was too mean to advertise land he wanted to sell put a written notice in one of the hotels the other day. A man who was inquiring for a small farm was referred to the written notice, when he replied: "I can't buy land at a fair price of any man who does his advertising in that way. He'd steal the fence, the pump handle, and the barn doors, before he gave up possession."

IN THE FAR WEST.

Rich New Yorkers Setting their Children up in Life—Huge Farms.

A member of a New York importing firm recently said: Each of my youngest sons is the owner of a square mile of land in Victoria colony, Ellis county, Kansas. The Victoria river flows near my sons' farms, and increases their natural fertility. The virgin soil, upon which buffaloes have herded for many years, is in the most productive quarter of the colony, sixteen feet thick, and in the least fertile, three feet, and black as ink. Owing to its heaviness, due to its richness, the earth has to be tilled with plows drawn by mules. Fertilizers will not be necessary there for fifty years. My boys raise "sod" corn, "alfalfa," coarse grass for the stock, and millet, principally. Last year grasshoppers devoured their crops, but this year my boys have secured far more corn, alfalfa, and millet than even the old settlers, the corn harvest amounting to thirty bushels per acre, and the alfalfa being mowed three times. My sons have twelve hundred sheep, recently purchased at a stock sale in Puebla. Great corrals inclose these sheep, and a herder, aided by two Scotch sheep dogs that I imported, takes care of them. Twelve rams, of the merino variety, blend the characteristics of the Scotch and the Kansas sheep, and the result of the alliance is a superior animal. The short horned cattle of England flourish in Victoria.

Mr. George Grant, owner of almost the entire county, lately bought Flodon, the half-brother of Thornby, who won the Derby two years ago, and $500,000 in one year, for $16,000, and the gentry about Mr. Grant are buying all the retired racing mares that they can find, hoping to obtain a fine class of horses through Flodon. My boys' neighbors, for the most part, are the younger sons of English noblemen. Being unable to put their sons into the army, the navy or the church, these noblemen have established them in Kansas, at an expense of about $15,000 per man, choosing to see them growing old as tillers of the soil rather than as fixtures in banks or insurance houses, or tradesmen's shops.

Mr. Grant sells land to deserving young men for eight or ten dollars an acre, permitting them to pay for it when they can, charging them interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum. My boys are unmarried, and have only two servants, a man and his wife. The man attends to the horses and does the heavy work about the house, and his wife is cook, chambermaid and dame of the poultry yard. They work in the field when they have reason to, and when they have not they don the pink, mount their horses, collect their dogs, and join the neighbors in a Jack-rabbit hunt. St. Louis being only a day's ride from them, my boys have a large and accessible market for all their wares. In ten years they will be independent. My outlay in establishing them was only $16,000; and, I assure you, that I deem it well spent money. If my boys had staid here they would have been in some bank or insurance office, fixed for life, with some $1,200, $1,500 or $2,000, unable to support a family, and exposed to the danger of forming bad habits. They are happy and would not return to New York.

Young men without means had better not go to Kansas. If their fathers, uncles or brothers can give them money enough to buy a farm and stock it, then let them leave for Kansas at once. Three or four young men call every day to ask my advice about going to Kansas, and I tell them just what I have told you. Each of the members of a New York dry goods firm has purchased a square mile of land near my boys' for his son. The eldest of the heirs expectant is aged thirteen, and they will take possession of their property in a few years. It is already stocked with sheep. Victotia colony is about to have an Episcopal church, and being only eight or ten miles from Fort Hays, is not subject to the attacks of Indians.

An Odd State of Affairs.

The trial of John Camber, in Omaha, for murdering James Thompson, makes public an odd state of a family's affairs. Thompson boarded with Camberg, and not only loved Mrs. Camberg, but forbade her to show any affection for her husband. She declares that she was induced to obey by fear, Thompson having previously killed two men, and being apparently willing to kill more. One day Thompson, upon seeing her kiss her husband, stabbed him in the face. After that she was more circumspect, Thompson continuing to board with the family. Later Thompson commanded her to elope with him, and she was obedient, although she swears that she went without wanting to. Camberg searched them out, and at length, one evening, stood at the window of a prairie farmhouse, looking in at them. The sight maddened him, and he killed Thompson with a rifle shot. He was acquitted, and his wife, relieved of her unpleasant lover, will return to her home.

Very Funny.

The following story is told as a remarkable instance of the appreciation of humor. A German soldier was ordered fifty lashes for some alleged act of insubordination. Fritz, disciplined to silence, was fixed to triangles in the presence of his company. When the first lashes fell upon his naked shoulders the worthy fellow, instead of displaying evidences of distress, burst out into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. The executioner, regarding this manifestation as by no means complimentary to his skill, laid on with redoubled ardor. But the more he laid on the more Fritz laughed. When cut down he still found great difficulty in restraining his mirth, and indulged in loud intermittent guffaws. The officer in command of the company, with a curiosity naturally excited, approached the bleeding wretch and inquired the cause of the mirth. "Why," replied Fritz, breaking into a fresh fit of laughter, "I'm the wrong man!"

The Reason, Perhaps.

A lad about eight years old, whose parents live on Cass avenue, Detroit, was standing at the gate crying and howling in a voice loud enough to be heard around the block.

"Oh, don't take on so," said a man who was passing.

The boy paid no heed to him, and the man continued:

"I didn't bawl that way when I was a boy."

"Well, you didn't expect your mother to give you a piece of pie as soon as she opened the door—o-o-h!" sobbed the boy.

Incompetence.

"Did you ever break a yoke of four-year-old steers?" asked a farmer of a chap who wanted to marry his daughter. "No, I never did," was the meek reply; "but I have rode a mule in a circus, and had a good deal of other experience in the world." "No other experience," said the granger, "could qualify you, young man, for trying to handle that girl," and the sad youth departed.

That must have been a funny as well as bibulous old man who said "he could not drink water because it tastes so of sinners since the flood."

How Truffles Did It.

I returned to Ashville after an absence of three years and found Truffles grown fat and jovial, with a face the very mirror of peace and self-satisfaction. Truffles was the village baker, and he was not like this when I went away.

"Truffles," said I, "how is it? You have improved."

"Improved! How?"

"Why, in every way. What have you been doing?"

Just then a little girl came in with a shattered shawl and barefooted, to whom Truffles gave a loaf of bread. "Oh, dear, Mr. Truffles," the child said, with brimming eyes, as she took the loaf of bread; "mamma is getting better, and she says she owes so much to you. She blesses you, indeed she does."

"That's one of the things I've been doing," he said, after the child had gone.

"You are giving the suffering family bread," I queried.

"Yes."

"Have you any more cases like that?"

"Yes, three or four of them. I give them a loaf a day, enough to feed them."

"And you take no pay?"

"Not from them."

"Ah! from the town?"

"No; here," said Truffles, laying his hand on his breast. "I'll tell you," he added, smiling. "One day, over a year ago, a poor woman came to me and asked for a loaf of bread, for which she could not pay—she wanted it for her poor, suffering children. At first I hesitated, but finally I gave it to her, and as her blessings rang in my ears after she had gone, I felt my heart grow warm. Times were hard, and there was a good deal of suffering, and I found myself wishing, by-and-bye, that I could afford to give away more bread. At length an idea struck me. I'd stop drinking and give that amount away in bread, adding one or two loaves on my own account. I did it, and it's been a blessing to me. My heart has grown bigger, and I've grown better in every way. My sleep is sound and sweet, and my dreams are pleasant. And that's what you see, I suppose."

A Lesson for Girls.

China is making a contribution to female literature. A volume has recently been published there called "A Book for Girls." It is written in verse and contains advice and suggestions to women from the time they are born until they become grandmothers. Every line is characteristic of the position occupied by women in China. Nothing is said about intellectual development, and the duty of complete submission to the wills of their masculine relatives of every grade is constantly impressed upon them. The book opens with suggestions concerning early rising, suitable morning toilettes, and proper female occupations. Then follow warnings against idleness and foolish conversation. "A maiden must learn to guard her tongue." For each year of her life there is a particular lesson. "At seven years learn to imitate those who are grown up. At eight and nine, love your older and younger brothers and sisters, divide your food with them, and do not be angry or jealous if your share is less than theirs. At ten be industrious, learn from your mother, and do not leave the house without permission. At eleven years you are grown—attend to making the tea, cooking the rice, and fill up your leisure time with knitting." Then follow directions regarding the great aim of existence—marriage. To the obedience exercised toward parents and relatives shall be added submission to a husband. After this come practical and economical rules about cooking and cleanliness. Humility is enjoined. "The husband is to the wife as heaven is to the earth. Your feet are bound so that you shall not leave the house and wander foolishly about in search of vain amusement." Then come suggestions to young mothers, rules for walking, resting, sitting and sleeping. "When thy daughters are grown, see that they marry well, and are obedient to their husbands and submissive to his relatives." With such views in regard to the education of women, a glimpse of the positions they occupy in other countries might well astonish the inhabitants of the Celestial empire.

To Oblige a Friend.

Mr. Keyser dropped in at Statesbury's store the other day, and after some preliminary conversation he said:

"Jim, are you fond of apples?"

"Well, yes, if they are good," responded Statesbury.

"Well, Jim, how are you on climbing a fence, a fence about eight feet high? How are you on climbing it all of a sudden?"

"I dunno. I might get over one if I was excited about something."

"Yes. And, Jim, you ain't much afraid of dogs, are you? You don't skeer much when you see a dog kinder coming at you, savage like? How would it strike you now if such a dog as that was to grab you by the leg?"

"Why, I wouldn't let it, of course."

"Well, Jim, I come around to ask you a favor, as a friend. Jim, I've just bought a new dog, a sorter bull-terrier, and the man said that he'd fly at almost anybody, and hold on until he was dead. Now, I have an idea the feller was lying to me, and I thought maybe if you'd come around and help me give that dog—well, give him a kinder trial trip, I might find out about him."

"What do you mean by a trial trip?"

"Why, I thought I'd see if you wouldn't go into my garden and pretend to steal apples, and I'd sick this dog on you, and then we'd see if that man misrepresented the facts to me."

"Certainly I won't."

"Oh, come on, now—just to try him! You may have all the apples you can carry off with you."

"Why, you must be crazy."

"Won't go? Not to oblige a friend? Not to ascertain the value of what may be a splendid fighting dog?"

"Of course I won't."

"Oh, very well, then, don't; but the first time I see you anywhere near my place I'll try him on you, anyway. I don't mind a man being disobliging, but when he's ornary mean the way you are, he disgusts me."

Mr. Keyser is still looking for a person for his pet to experiment on.—*Max Adeler.*

An Old-Time Joke.

When about seventeen, the poet Campbell, together with a couple of friends, played a joke upon a couple of tradesmen in the Trongate of Glasgow. A respectable apothecary named Fife had a placard in his window, printed in large letters: "Ears pierced by A. Fife," meaning the operation to which young ladies submit for the sake of wearing earrings. Fife's next door neighbor was a spirit dealer, named Drum, and these two shopkeepers were, for some cause or other, on bad terms. Tom and his friends struck on an expedient for reconciling them. They procured a long deal board, and painted on it, in flaming capitals, this incription from "Othello": "The spirit-stirring Drum—the ear-piercing Fife." This they nailed one night over the contiguous doors, to the great annoyance to Drum and Fife, and the great amusement of every one else in Glasgow.

The Prehistoric Civilization of America.

The mysterious solitudes of the great West, those trackless wastes of desert and mountain, of deep wooded valley and rolling prairie which are embraced within the Territories bordering on the Mexican frontier, says the New York *Herald*, are slowly yielding up their secrets to the scientific explorer. Strange as it may seem, there are many hundreds of thousands of square miles of our national domain which are as yet a *terra incognita*, so far as our knowledge of their physical geography is concerned, and it is to special explorations, such as those of the Hayden survey, that we are indebted for any information we possess of the topographical details, geological structures, flora and fauna and ethnology of these wild regions. Regarding their early occupation by man we are compelled to base our speculations on such positive evidences as are furnished by the work of human hands. Time and the operation of natural causes efface all traces of human existence except those which can resist decay or withstand the action of the elements. Even such indestructible objects may be buried beneath the shifting desert sands, as in Egypt and Syria, or overwhelmed by volcanic eruptions, as at Pompeii and Herculaneum, or lost in the depths of dense forests which have grown from the seedlings scattered by the winds among the ruins of prehistoric cities, as in New Mexico and Brazil. The evidences being present that a civilization once existed in the midst of this continent, the skill of the archæologist can alone determine its antiquity by comparison and inference. A condition of civilization may be reasonably inferred when we find order, symmetry and ornament combined in the structure and arrangement of ancient remains. The first two characteristics indicate design and intelligence governed by customs which have grown into laws for general guidance, while ornamentation indicates taste, a certain degree of luxury and popular education, which created general appreciation of the beautiful in form and color. To these may be added the significance traceable in all works that have emanated from peoples who lived in communities and adopted material forms in the expression of their religious sentiments. All these conditions of evidence are found in the remains on which we base our theory of the existence of a prehistoric civilization in America. In order to form an estimate of the antiquity of this civilization we are again, in the absence of historical record, forced to speculate on its source, duration and relative progress with regard to that of known peoples. The degree of civilization attained by the early inhabitants of Egypt and India can be readily understood as shared by peoples maintaining an intimate intercourse with them, and as likely to differ, or rather to follow another course, when the means of intercommunication ceased. If architectural remains furnish any clew to this period we may call attention to a similarity between thearliest works of Egypt and those of the prehistoric peoples of America. The same crude massiveness of construction is common to both, evidencing the dawning knowledge of the principles of the mechanical sciences among peoples possessed of extraordinary powers of perception. If we succeed in establishing the early connection between the inhabitants of Europe and America, and trace their origin to a common source, the task of tracing the progress of the prehistoric civilization of the latter race loses much of its difficulty. We can compare its fate with that of one of a higher order of development in Europe, and attribute its ultimate destruction to similar causes.

The Devil Fish.

In Conception bay, near Portugal cove, two fishermen, while out in a small boat, were attracted by some object moving in the water near them. Their first impression seems to have been that it was a large sail or the *debris* of a wreck. The men rowed toward it, and, when near enough, one of them struck it with his gaff. Immediately it showed signs of life, and reared a parrot-like beak, with which it struck the bottom of the boat violently. It then shot out from about its head two huge, livid arms, and began to twine them about the boat. One of the men then seized an ax, and striking the arms as they lay across the gunwale of the boat, severed them from the body. The creature then moved off, surrounded by an inky cloud, which was caused by the ejection of a black fluid. It is one of those arms that now is preserved in alcohol, and which has been described by Mr. Harvey as follows:

It measured nineteen feet, is of a pale pink color, and entirely cartilaginous, tough and pliant as leather, and very strong. It is but three inches and a half in circumference, except toward the extremity, where it broadens like an oar to six inches in circumference, and then tapers to a pretty fine point. The under surface of the extremity is covered with suckers to the very point. First there is a cluster of small suckers, with fine, sharp teeth round their edges, and with a membrane stretched across each. Of these there are about seventy. Then come two rows of very large suckers, the movable disk of each an inch and a quarter in diameter, the cartilaginous ring not being denticulated. These are twenty-four in number. After these there is another group of suckers with denticulated edges, similar to the first, about fifty in number. Along the under surface about fifty more small suckers are distinguished at intervals, making in all about one hundred and eighty suckers. The men estimate that they left at least ten feet of the arm attached to the body of the fish, so that its original length must have been thirty-five feet.

In describing the breathing organs, as well as those designed for ejecting the inky fluid, the writer states that connected with the body is a funnel, through which the water is ejected after the extrication of its oxygen by the breathing organs. This funnel runs the entire length of the body. It serves another purpose; when the water is forcibly ejected by the reaction of the surrounding medium, the fish moves backward with great swiftness, while the forward motion is accomplished by the movements of its tail. There is a second funnel, through which the inky fluid which it secretes is ejected when the creature wishes to escape from its pursuers.

The French Vintage.

It is needless to say, says a Paris correspondent, that the wine crop is the most important of all in France, its value largely exceeding that of all kinds of grain. In ordinary years it is estimated at considerably over two milliards of francs. For twenty years its exportation alone has had a mean value of two hundred and fifty millions of francs, and in 1873 France sold three hundred millions' worth of her wines. In addition to this there is sixty millions' worth of brandy. The vintage cont