FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

What a Child May Do.

A little child I am indeed,
And little do I know;
Much help and care I yet shall need,
That I may wiser grow;
If I would ever hops to do
Things great and good and useful too.

But even now I ought to try
To do what good I may;
God never meant that such as I
Should only live to play,
And talk and laugh and eat and drink,
And sleep and wake and never think.

One gentle word that I may speak,
Or one kind, loving deed,
May, though a trifle poor and weak,
Prove like a tiny seed;
And who can tell what good may spring,
From such a tiny little thing?

Then let me try each day and hour
To act upon this plan;
What little good is in my power
To do it while I can.
If to be useful thus I try
I may do better by and by.

How to Keep a Journal.

The first thing to do in beginning a journal, is to resolve to stick to it. Don't begin, and let the poor journal die in a week. A journal, or diary, should be written in every day, if possible. Now, don't be frightened at this, for you do a great many things every day, and this isn't a very awful condition. The time spent may be longer or shorter, according to the matter to be written up; but try and write, at least a little, every day. "*Nulla dies sine linea*"—no day without a line—is a good motto. It is a great deal easier to write a little every day than to write up several days in one.

Do not get for a journal a book with the dates already printed in it. That kind will do very well for a merchant's note-book, but not for the young man or woman who wants to keep a live, cheerful account of a happy and pleasant life. Sometimes you will have a picnic or excursion to write about, and will want to fill more space than the printed page allows. Buy a substantially-bound blank-book, made of good paper; write your name and address plainly on the fly-leaf, and, if you choose, paste a calendar inside the cover. Set down the date at the head of the first page, thus: "Tuesday, October 1, 1878." Then begin the record of the day, endeavoring, as far as possible, to mention the events in the correct order of time—morning, afternoon and evening. When this is done, write in the middle of the page, "Wednesday, October 2," and you are ready for the record of the next day. It is well to set down the year at the top of each page.

But what are you to write about? First, the weather. Don't forget this. Write, "cold and windy," or "warm and bright," as the case may be. It takes but a moment, and in a few years you will have a complete record of the weather, which will be found not only curious, but useful.

Then put down the letters you have received or written, and, if you wish, any money paid or received. The day of beginning or leaving school; the studies you pursue; visits from or to your friends; picnics or sleigh-rides; the books you have read; and all such items of interest should be noted. Write anything that you want to remember. After trying this plan a short time, you will be surprised at the many things constantly occurring which you used to overlook, but which now form pleasant paragraphs in your book. But don't try to write something when there is nothing to write. If there is only a line to be written, write that, and begin again next day.

Do not set down anything about people which you would not wish them to see. It is not likely that any one will ever see your writing, but it is possible; so always be careful about what you write. The Chinese say of a spoken word, that once let fall, it cannot be brought back by a chariot and six horses. Much more is this true of written words, and once out of your possession, there is no telling where they will go, or who will see them.

The best time to write in a journal is in the evening. Keep the book in your table-drawer, or on your desk, and after supper, when the lamps are lighted, sit down and write your plain account of that day. Don't try to write an able and eloquent article, but simply give a statement of what you have seen or done during the day. For the first week or two after beginning a journal, the novelty of the thing will keep up your interest, and you will be anxious for the time to come when you can write your journal. But, after a while, it becomes tedious. Then is the time when you must persevere. Write something every day, and before long you will find that you are beginning so accustomed to it, that you would not willingly forego it. After that, the way is plain, and the longer you live the more valuable and indispensable your journal will become.

But some practical young person asks: What is the good of a journal? There is very much. In the first place, it teaches habits of order and regularity. The boy or girl who every evening arranges the proceedings of the day in systematic order and regularly writes them out, is not likely to be careless in other matters. It helps the memory. A person who keeps a journal naturally tries during the day to remember things he sees, until he can write them down. Then the act of writing helps to still further fix the facts in his memory. A person who keeps a journal is a first-class teacher of penmanship. All boys and girls should take pride in having the pages of their journals as neat and handsome as possible. Compare one day's writing with that of the one before, and try to improve every day. Keeping a journal cultivates habits of observation, correct and concise expression, and gives capital practice in composition, spelling, punctuation, and all the little things which go to make up a good letter-writer. So, one who keeps a journal is all the while learing to be a better penman and a better composer with the advantage of writing original, historical and descriptive articles, instead of copying the printed letters and sentences of a writing-book.

But, best of all, a well-kept journal furnishes a continuous and complete family history, which is always interesting, and often very useful. It is sometimes very convenient to have a daily record of the year, and the young journalist will often have occasion to refer to his account of things gone by. Perhaps, some evening, when the family are sitting and talking together, some one will ask: "What kind of weather did we have last winter?" or, "When was the picnic you were speaking of?" and the journal is referred to. But the pleasure of keeping a journal is itself no small reward. It is pleasant to exercise the faculty of writing history, and to think that you are taking the first step toward writing newspapers and books. The writer can practice on different kinds of styles, and can make his journal a record, not only of events, but of his own progress as a thinker and writer.—*W. S. Jerome, in St. Nicholas.*

How a Bird Lined Its Nest.

A Petersburg (Va.) paper says: Some time last week Mr. William H. Walton, a farmer of Greenville county, was seated on a fence near a stack of oats, watching the operations of his field hands, who were at work. While seated on the fence a small bird alighted on his shoulder and remained there until frightened away by a blow aimed at it by Mr. Walton. It flew off but a little way and returned to be treated as before, and repeated this feat until the gentleman concluded to allow it to remain on his shoulder in order to ascertain, if possible, what induced it to act as described. The bird moved close up to Mr. Walton's face and deliberately commenced to pluck a mouthful of gray hairs from his beard, after which it flew away to the oat-stack and disappeared in the crevices between the sheaves of oats. Examination of the stack disclosed the fact that the bird was building its nest and had used the beard for the purpose of making a lining for the same. The bird is said to have been of the wren species.

The Secret of Snake Charming.

The London Daily *Telegraph* says: In India the favorite snake for exhibition is the cobra, partly because of its more striking appearance, and partly because, its deadly character being so well known, any trifling with it appears to the uninitiated public the more wonderful. Nor, indeed, do the performances of the Hindoo snake charmer lose, on better acquaintance, all their marvelousness, for courage of a high order, arising partly from the confidence acquired by long practice, is manifested in seizing and bagging the dreadful ophidian.

In most cases the charmer renders the reptiles harmless by drawing their poison fangs, and the exhibition becomes then merely one of the snake's highly trained condition. On the other hand, it often happens that the basket contains the veritable death dealer; and a cobra with his fangs undrawn is nearly always forthcoming if the temptation in money be sufficiently strong. But in the handling of the creature when once exposed there is no hesitation, for hesitation means death, and in the swift seizure and sudden release there is daring of an exceptional kind. A cobra strikes, when it has really made up its mind to strike, with lightning rapidity, and to dodge lightning successfully, requires considerable agility.

The snake charmers, however, when put on their mettle, will grasp the erect cobra with impunity, owing solely to the superior speed of their movements, for by a feint they provoke the reptile to strike, and before it can recover its attitude seize it below the jaws. In the same way the ichneumon or mongoose secures in contest with venomous snakes a comparative immunity. It was for a long time an article of faith with writers of popular works on natural history, that this animal enjoyed a complete immunity, but scientific experiment has corrected the fallacy. A mongoose and a cobra confined together fought freely, and though the latter seemed to the eye to strike his antagonist, the mongoose, on being examined after it had killed the snake, was found to be untouched.

Another cobra was then brought on to the scene, and, being made to close its fangs on the mongoose's leg, the animal confessed its susceptibility to the poison by dying in about four minutes. It was therefore by its superior activity alone that in fair fight with the reptile it had escaped unhurt, and to the same cause the snake charmer owes the immunity that attends his exhibition. But as in the case of the mongoose, the snake charmer when actually bitten dies as rapidly as any other creature, and in spite of all the powers of his charms, roots and snake stones. The Hindoo spectator refuses to believe this, and enjoys, therefore, by his credulity, a pleasure denied to more intelligent audiences, for if we could only accept as truth the charmer's statement that he has really been bitten, and that red drops on the bitten spot were actually blood exuding from the fatal puncture, and could then believe that the root he smelt, the stone he applied to the wound, and the charms he muttered were veritably counter-acting the magic of the cobra's poison, the spectacle would be of surpassing interest, since it would be a miracle.

For the cobra's bite there is no remedy except instant amputation, and the snake charmer himself knows this well. As a means of general security he confides in his dexterous sleight-of-hand, but in case of accidents he carries a broad-bladed knife.

Words of Wisdom.

The darkest dreams of life have had beautiful awakenings.

None of us is consistent, because none of us is wholly good or wholly bad.

Some men, by repeating what others have said, fancy that they are growing wise.

Our glorious aspirations, which give us life, grow torpid in the din of worldly bustle.

Youth may sow more tares in one year than old age can ever pull up; but only old age knows it.

There are many men whose tongues might govern multitudes if they could govern their tongues.

Things may be seen differently and differently shown, but actions are visible though motives are secret.

Good counsels observed are chains to grace which, neglected, prove halters to strangle undutiful children.

There is no happiness in life, there is no misery, like that growing out of the dispositions which consecrate or desecrate a home.

It is not wisdom, but ignorance, which teaches men presumption. Genius may be sometimes arrogant, but nothing is so diffident as knowledge.

To analyze the charms of flowers is like dissecting music; it is one of those things which it is far better to enjoy than to attempt to understand.

If a man be gracious to strangers, it shows that he is a citizen of the world and his heart is no island, cut off from other islands, but a continent that joins them.

The pilot who is always dreading a rock or a tempest must not complain if he remain a poor fisherman. We must at times trust something to fortune, for fortune has often some share in what happens.

The thoughts we have had, the pictures we have seen, can be again called back before the mind's eye and before the imagination; but the heart is not so obliging; it does not reproduce its pleasing emotions.

You find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people. Why not make earnest effort to confer that pleasure on others? You will find half the battle is gained if you never allow yourself to say anything gloomy.

The Inventor of Gas Lights.

The inventor of gas lights is said to have been a Frenchman, Phillippe le Bon, an engineer of roads and bridges, who, in 1772, adopted the idea of using for the purposes of illumination the gases distilled during the combustion of wood. He labored for a long time in the attempt to perfect his crude invention, and it was not till 1799 that he confided his discovery to the institute. In September, 1800, he took out a patent, and in 1801 he published a memorial containing the result of his researches. Le Bon commenced by distilling wood in order to obtain from it gas, oil, pitch and pyroligneous acid; but his work indicated the possibility of obtaining gas by distillation from fatty or oily substances. From 1799 to 1802 Le Bon made numerous experiments. He established at Havre his first thermolamps; but the gas which he obtained, being imperfectly freed from its impurities, gave only a feeble light and evolved an insupportable odor, and the result was that but little favor was shown to the new discovery; the inventor eventually died, ruined by his experiments. The English soon put into practice the crude idea of Le Bon. In 1804 one Winsor patented and claimed the credit of inventing the process of lighting by gas; in 1805 several shops in Birmingham were illuminated by gas manufactured by the process of Winsor and Murdock. Among those who first used this new light was Watts, the inventor of the steam engine. In 1816 the first use of gas was made in London, and it was not until 1818 that this invention, really of French origin, was applied in France

Taking Cold.

The *Periscope* says, "When a person begins to shiver, the blood is receding from the surface; congestion, to a greater or less extent, has taken place, and the patient has already taken cold, to be followed by a fever, inflammation of the lungs, neuralgia, rheumatism, etc. All these evils can be avoided and the cold expelled by walking, or in some exercise that will produce a prompt and decided reaction in the system. The exercise should be sufficient to produce perspiration. If you are so situated that you can get a glass of hot water to drink, it will materially aid the perspiration, and in every way assist nature in her efforts to remove the cold. This course followed, your cold is at an end, and whatever disease it would ultimate in is avoided; your sufferings are prevented and your doctor's bill saved."

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD

Take Care of the Orchard.

Whatever on the farm does not rise to a certain dignity in the estimation of the farmer, is usually sadly neglected, if not otherwise abused. While every farm has its orchard, on a great many it is considered of very little account, being used only for supplying home wants. We have heard farmers go so far as to say that it was cheaper to buy fruit than to raise it. This opinion, however, does not find general favor, we are happy to say; but while it is usually thought desirable to have an orchard, it is frequently the last thing cared for, if it is ever cared for. We have seen trees in cultivated orchards shamefully abused, and that it was permitted by the owner could not be accounted for, for if a tree was worth planting, it would seem that the owner would realize that it was worth preserving. Not only does the owner himself sometimes show an astonishing disregard of the interests of the apple trees by plowing through the roots, and breaking the trees with the whiffletrees, but he looks complacently on while the hired man does the same thing. Sometimes a man will be careless of his own, so far as his own conduct is concerned, but when another does what he does, he is aroused to see the nature of his own misdemeanor, as well as one who is doing likewise, and remonstrate. But some farmers appear to be utterly indifferent as to who abuses the trees of the orchard, or how it is done. They will suffer the pruning to be done not alone in a slovenly way, but in an injurious way. The man is sent into the tree with rough, heavy boots, and he rubs off the bark at every step, and does more damage than any respectable pruning would compensate for; but the pruning is often not respectable. It is simply butchering. If the limbs get off, however, the owner seems satisfied.

Then, perhaps, some beautiful looking apple attracts his eye, or the eye of some one else, and he hurls a club among the branches or suffers some one else to do it. One would be led to suppose that he thought the tree the rock of Gibraltar. It is no wonder that a tree treated in any such manner fails to give its owner satisfaction.

A tree is endowed with life, and the machinery of life. It has a circulation, lungs and skin, and these are susceptible of injury, and when injured must decrease the vitality of the tree, as the vitality of the human body is decreased by disease. While the farmer in many instances no doubt thinks that our pomologists are extravagant in their ideas of the needs of the orchard in the time they devote to it, it is not true, and very much benefit might be derived by all of us if we would strive to imitate them. There are difficulties in growing an orchard which are often discouraging. The varieties selected are often unfit for the locality, and other things come up to dishearten, but it will pay to deal with them all, and by patience and perseverence to have a good orchard on the farm, and to take good care of it when it is grown as well as while it is growing.—*Exchange.*

Recipes.

QUICK PUDDING.—One pint milk, one pint flour, three eggs and a little salt.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—Mix one gill of wheat flour with one quart of buckwheat flour, add one large teaspoonful of salt, then add gradually a scant quart of warm water mixed with one gill of yeast. Let it rise all night, and in the morning add a quarter teaspoon of carbonate of soda, and bake immediately.

MINCE PIE.—One cupful lard, two cupfuls flour, one-half cupful ice-water, a pinch of salt; use a knife to cut the lard through the flour until fine; then add the water and mix with the knife until no flour remains in the bowl. Roll in a sheet and place small bits of butter over; dust well, fold up, and repeat the process twice, using half a cupful of butter. Roll the crust thin; have a quick oven; it will rise in flakes.

LAMB.—When a loin or any other joint of lamb has been under-dressed, it is a good plan to divide it into cutlets of a neat shape, and fully three-quarters of an inch in thickness, to dip these in beaten eggs, strew over nicely-flavored breadcrumbs, and fry or broil them until lightly browned on both sides. As there is a danger that the meat will dry when it is dressed the second time, care should be taken not only to cook the cutlets over a good fire, but also to dip them in clarified butter before serving them.

APPLE DUMPLINGS.—Take one cup of sour cream to two cups of buttermilk, half a teaspoonful of soda, a pinch of salt, make with these a nice light dough, roll and cut it as for large-sized biscuit, then roll the biscuit as for pie-crust; have your apples quartered and steamed until tender, place them on the dough, sugar and spice, then gather the edge together and press and tuck in firmly; roll in the hand to shape them a little long, lay them smooth side up on a bake pan, moisten over the top with sweet cream or melted butter, bake to a nice brown and eat with cream and sugar flavored with lemon.

Keeping Grafts Through Winter.

Nurserymen who cut large quantities of grafts late in autumn, keep them in cellars packed in damp moss; but farmers and others who wish to preserve a few for spring grafting, may not have these appliances at hand. For such, a simple and perfect mode is to bury them in a dry place out of doors, in an inverted open box. Fill the box partly full with them, nail two or three strips across to keep them in place, and then place the box in a hole dug for the purpose, with the open side down, and bury them half a foot or so in depth. They do not come in contact with the earth, and remain perfectly clean, and the moisture of the earth keeps them plump and fresh without any danger of their becoming water-soaked. Grafts which have become shrivelled by exposure, are thus restored and will grow. It is often advantageous to cut grafts in autumn, as there is then no danger of their vitality being lessened by exposure to intense cold, and it is often more convenient to cut them or procure them from a distance at this time. In marking the labels with a lead pencil, remember that if the wood is wet before writing, the names will last ten times as long as if written dry.—*Colman's Rural World.*

An American on Bismarck.

Col. Forney says Bismarck is a most fascinating person. Few can escape the magnetism of his manner and his conversation. In his own house he yields unresistingly to domestic influences. But he is eminently a public character. Never conspicuous in the streets, for obvious reasons, and less so now than ever, he dominates the whole empire. He hates praise, and resents censure. He is a law unto himself and others. While the great European congress, called by himself, sat in Berlin, he was its master and its president. He asked little for Germany, but he parcelled out the spoils to others; something like Lear giving to his daughters his own kingdom, and keeping nothing for himself; but with the great difference that Bismarck gave what did not belong to him, and could always remind his guests that he had saved them from war, and that he was strong enough to keep the peace between them. He so became the arbiter of Europe, as he is to-day the dictator of Germany. All German parties admit that he has rendered incredible service to the country; but nobody knows it better than himself. He is a fatalist—and naturally asserts by his acts, if not by his words, his supreme infallibility. But he does not try to be cautious in his language. He is candor itself—often to the verge of insolence; and there is hardly a day that he does not speak scornfully of some of the characters in the recent European congress, and of living and dead European statesmen. Such a man might have figured in the feudal era. He is the anachronism of this age of progress. Acted on the stage twenty years ago, he would have been regarded as another Charles the Bold or Duke of Alva. As a real person, it is a simple question of time, unless he moderates his policy, whether he will fall by the bullet or the poison bowl. He is the man of destiny, and evidently accepts his mission and knows his danger.

LIFE IN PARIS.

Fuel and Provisions in the French Capital.

A Paris letter to the Philadelphia *Ledger* says: All the shops being open on Sunday morning, in Paris, this peculiar people, who live only from hand to mouth, first bought their breakfast, and then started out to buy their dinners. They first invested in a little bunch of kindling wood to start the fire with, and then a little bag of charcoal to keep it going. The person who bought more than a day or two's supply of fuel, would be looked upon as a foe to the state, so fixed is the public habit of buying only enough for the day. The kindling wood and charcoal shops are as prominent and numerous along the streets as any others, and they display their goods in the windows as attractively as possible, the kindling-wood neatly tied in small bundles and sold at one and a half cents apiece. If the firewood is wanted by some aristocrat, who is bold enough to establish a fireplace, he pays for it at the rate of about two cents a stick, and he buys just enough to last till the dinner is over and the company bids farewell in the evening. In food the range is somewhat restricted, the Parisian buying almost everything by weight, at so much for the kilogramme, which corresponds to nearly two and one-third pounds. Reducing the prices paid to American money, and the purchases to pounds, it is found that Parisians pay about forty-two cents per pound for veal, thirty-six cents for ordinary rump-steak, and forty to sixty cents for beefsteak, thirty-five to forty cents for mutton chop, thirty-eight cents for leg of mutton, sixty-four cents for coffee, $1 to $1.20 for ordinary tea, four and a half cents for bread, fifty cents for butter, forty-eight cents for ordinary ham, and seventy cents for boiled ham, sold in slices at the shops (the usual way in which it is bought), fifteen cents for loaf sugar broken into accurately square lumps universally used here, about eight cents a quart for milk, four cents each for tomatoes, and twelve cents a half peck for potatoes. These are the usual prices paid for these articles, and, although the list does not include all, it shows the high prices at which most articles of food are sold in Paris. This is due not only to the increased charges consequent upon the exposition, but also to the "octroi," or it is customs, Paris levying a heavy duty upon almost everything brought into the city in order to raise revenue. But, with these very high prices, the Parisians can still live more cheaply than in most other places, owing to the small value of the articles of food they subsist upon, and the absence of wastefulness.

The Checkered Life of a Sailor.

Samuel Witham died in Belfast recently, aged sixty-eight years. A sailor who visited every part of the inhabited globe, his life was as checkered as is the usual lot of those who seek their fortunes on the deep. More than forty years ago, while on board a merchant vessel at Montevideo, one of the common South American revolutions broke out. Witham and five others of the crew were kidnapped, or pressed, as the term is, into the Brazilian navy, where he served two years and four months without pay. At one time the ships of the enemy drove the Brazilian vessels, on board of one of which was Witham, up the Parana river, hundreds of miles into the interior, until the ships took bottom. Fighting until fighting was useless, those who were not killed escaped to the shore and blew up their vessels. They were now without provisions or clothing, hundreds of miles from the sea coast, and their sufferings were great. On their march back, which occupied months, their only food was the meat of wild cattle, roasted over the camp-fire. Witham and one other American afterward escaped, got on board an American frigate lying at Montevideo, and served three years. Arriving at New York, after an absence of six years, his wife and family, undoubtedly thinking him dead, had gone to parts unknown, and he never again saw them. He afterward learned of his wife's death. He served twelve years in the American navy, all through the Mexican war and at the battle of Vera Cruz was wounded by a splinter from a shattered mast. Latterly he has worked as a rigger and sailmaker in Belfast, where he leaves a widow.—*Bangor (Me.) Whig.*

A Wedding Story.

Di Murska, the opera singer, has told her matrimonial story to a reporter of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, prefacing it with the assertion that she is of noble birth, and that her success in Europe was wonderful. A French count followed her for many years but she spurned his offer of marriage, and he, in desperation, shot himself. She says, as to her first husband:

"In our troupe was a young Scotchman, Anderson, handsome, well educated and an excellent pianist. I supposed he was the brilliant composer, though result of health, but it was only the indication of heart disease. I liked him, very well, but never dreamed of anything more, though he showed me much attention. In New Zealand, one evening, he fell from the piano stool insensible. I had him carried to my apartments, and the doctor said it was a terrible attack of heart disease. To move him, the physicians said, would be fatal. I therefore gave up my apartments and took others, and shared with my maid in nursing him. I was roused from my compassion to hear that people were saying bad things of me, because I was taking care of a sick man in my own house. He heard of it, and begged me to marry him, as he had only a few days to live. I was foolish enough to do so. He lingered for six weeks, and managed, in that time, to draw a large sum of my money from the bank, which he sent to his own family." Three months afterward, she married Mr. Hill.

An International Dairy Fair.

An international dairy fair will be held in New York during the first week in December, either at Gilmore's garden or in the American institute building. The premiums offered by the general committee amount to over $5,000, while the special prizes are valued at nearly the same amount. Premiums are offered only for the best classes of stock. At a recent meeting of the executive committee the secretary presented the premium list, which was adopted. The butter premiums include a first prize of $50, a second prize of $25 and a diploma as third for best package of creamery butter made in June, September and November in each of the dairy States of the Union and in Canada. Similar prizes will be offered for dairy butter and for the best specimens of butter, whether creamery or dairy, and also sweepstakes of $100 and $50 and a diploma for the best butter. Premiums of $50, $25 and a diploma are offered for the best exhibits of cattle in the Devon, Ayrshire, Hertford, Durham, Holstein, Alderney and native classes. A letter inclosing $250 from the Erie railroad company was received. The secretary *pro tem.*, J. Mortimer Seaver, was elected superintendent of the fair.

During the fair there will be a series of lectures on dairy produce. The first will probably be by Professor Seymour. The president and the governors of various States are to be invited.

Cured by the Sting of Bees.

The German papers tell a story of a woman living in the neighborhood of Prague, who suffered so severely from gout in the arm that she could not obtain rest or sleep, and the limb in which the disease had settled was rendered entirely useless. Her husband having heard of a countryman who had been entirely cured of rheumatism after being accidentally stung by a bee, persuaded her to try this disagreeable remedy, which, as he pointed out, could hardly prove so painful as the disease. She consented, and allowed three bees to be placed on her arm, and to sting her in several places. Surprising results ensued; the patient soon afterward fell into a long and deep sleep, the first real sleep she had enjoyed for six months, after which the acute pain disappeared, and when the swelling produced by the stings had subsided the arm recovered the power of motion, and the gout has not since reappeared.—*Druggists' Circular.*

NEWS SUMMARY.

Eastern and Middle States

Hiram Paulding, rear-admiral and senior flag officer on the retired list of the United States navy, died at his home near Huntington, Long Island, the other day, aged eighty-one years. Admiral Paulding was the last surviving officer of MacDonough's squadron in the victory over the British on Lake Champlain, on September 11, 1814.

Patrick Butler, a wealthy New York manufacturer, was thrown from his carriage while riding in Central Park and killed, and his wife was seriously injured.

Job W. Green, aged eighty-one, committed suicide at his home, in Brooklyn, by hanging himself. His mind was affected.

John O'Neil was sentenced to death at Sunbury, Pa., by Judge Rockafeller, for the murder of Coroner Hesser at Hickory Swamp, near Shamokin, in December, 1874. Peter McManus, his accomplice in the crime, has already been sentenced to death.

Captain Anderson, of the schooner Moss Glen, of St. John, N. B., reached Boston, the other day, and reported the loss of his vessel during the recent heavy gale off Cape Cod. The steward and two seamen were washed overboard. The captain, mate and two sailors lashed themselves to the mizzen chains and drifted about for four days without food or drink, when they were rescued by a passing vessel.

One of the most violent storms ever experienced in this country swept over portions of the Middle and Eastern States, the other day, causing some loss of life and doing an immense amount of damage to property of every description. In New York city many telegraph poles were overturned, trees uprooted, windows broken and chimneys blown over—one young man being struck on the head by a falling brick and fatally injured. At Philadelphia over forty churches and several hundred dwelling-houses were unroofed or otherwise damaged, while some buildings were entirely demolished. Along the river front over fifty storehouses were blown from their fastenings, and great quantities of goods floated off with the tide. Six persons were killed by falling roofs or trees and about seventy-five injured in different degrees of severity. At Pottstown, Pa., the nail-plate mill of the Pottstown Iron company, a bridge across the Schuylkill river and Fisher's steam planing mills were blown down, causing a combined loss of about $50,000; while two churches also lost their spires and many private dwellings were unroofed. At Chester, Pa., seventy houses were unroofed, fifteen being blown down altogether, while three churches were partially destroyed, and eleven manufacturing places damaged to such an extent that work was suspended for a time, throwing a large number of persons out of employment. At Albany, N. Y., and Trenton, N. J., the story of unroofed houses, overblown trees and other damage to property was repeated. Vessels along the coast also suffered heavily, and some lives were lost. The schooner Mary Tice sunk near New Haven, and the captain and steward were drowned. A schooner loaded with lumber went ashore on the New Jersey coast, four miles south of Great Egg Harbor, and several of her crew were drowned. Along the line of the West Jersey railroad many castles were blown down, barns destroyed and fences blown down. It would be impossible to state with exactness the amount of damage done in the various regions which suffered from the fury of the storm, but the total sum will run up into hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Detailed reports from Philadelphia state that during the recent heavy storm 530 buildings were unroofed or badly injured. Of these there were 384 dwellings and stores, thirty-four churches, twenty-three schools, thirty-five factories and warehouses, five hotels, two elevators and fifty other large buildings, such as depots, ferry-houses, mills and railroad offices. Eight vessels were reported sunk and twenty-two damaged in the harbor, and the pecuniary damage done in and about the city is estimated at over $2,000,000.

General James S. Whitney, who presided at the recent Democratic convention in Boston, died suddenly the other day of heart disease, while on his way to his home in Brookline.

Western and Southern States.

By the bursting of a boiler belonging to a sawmill near McLeansboro, Ill., the proprietor and another man were killed and three other men were fatally injured.

Ten persons were poisoned at a wedding feast at Azalia, Ind. They partook of food in which some person—supposed to be a disappointed lover of the bride—had placed strychnine. Three of the persons affected were made dangerously ill.

A Memphis (Tenn.) dispatch says a party of white men killed a colored man near Glencoe, Tenn., shooting him while in bed, in his own house. In retaliation, a party of colored men captured and killed a white man supposed to have been the murderer, while asleep on the porch of a grocery at Cuba, on the next night. It turned out they killed the wrong man.

The failure of Stagle Brothers, of Greenfield, Ohio, is the heaviest that has occurred in that section for years. They owned the largest farm in Fayette county. It comprised 2,200 acres. The liabilities exceed $120,000; the assets will probably reach ten per cent.

The appearance of frosts in the districts of the South given up to yellow fever, was the cause of great rejoicing among the long-suffering people. The epidemic immediately decreased in the number of deaths and of new cases to such an extent that the medical and charitable associations of the large cities, called into existence by the plague, began to end their labors, while many persons, who had fled from the fever, returned to their homes.

The failure of Dodd, Brown & Co., the largest dry goods house in St. Louis, is announced. The depression in trade caused by the yellow fever in the South was one of the principal causes of the failure. The firm's liabilities are estimated to be between $1,500,000 and $2,000,000, with assets at about $1,000,000.

The First national bank, of Auburn, Ind., which suffered so heavily from the defalcation of George Hazard, its late cashier, has suspended.

"Big Mike" Roark, leader of a gang of Western highwaymen, for whose capture a reward of $3,000 had been out, was taken prisoner near Kansas City, Mo., and a companion named Hammond was shot dead. This breaks up one of the most desperate gangs of train robbers in the country.

Telegrams received in Omaha, Neb., show that prairie fires in Butler, Seward and Saunders counties are far more destructive and sweeping than was at first supposed. The fire originated in the Platte river bottom, northwest of David City, and extended over territory eight by twenty-five miles in extent, sweeping away every growing thing, stacks of hay and grain, barns, farm houses, etc. Leaping the Republican valley railroad track, burning telegraph poles and even ties off the railroad, in many places making a solid wall of flame, it swept down on David City with fearful rapidity. The town was barely saved by promptly setting a back fire, not two minutes too soon. Bone Creek valley, a splendid farming region, and thickly settled, is a scene of black desolation, having been swept perfectly clean. The same is the case to the south and east. Fine groves, with which most of the farmers have protected their houses and farm buildings—for which Butler county is noted—are completely swept away, and years will be necessary to restore them. The very dooryard of Brainard village were burned. In the river wheaning wind the flames leaped all ordinary fire guards with ease. Had the railroad proved a barrier the villages of Oak creek and of the head waters of Bine river, now burned over, would have escaped. Seven persons were burned to death, many more were severely injured, and the destruction of farming property is immense.

The recent heavy storm swept Chesapeake bay with extraordinary fury, strewing its shores with wrecks of shipping, and causing a large loss of life and great damage to marine property. The steamer Express, from Baltimore bound for Washington, received the full force of the tremendous gale, and was completely broken up. The Express had a crew of twenty-one men and about eight passengers, and out of the twenty-eight persons on board fully twenty lives were lost—the few who escaped clinging to portions of the wreck until rescued. Another deplorable disaster caused by the storm was the loss of the ship A. S. Davis, of Searsport, Me., loaded with guano, from Callao and bound for Norfolk, Va. The A. S. Davis ran ashore near Cape Henry, and the crew, consisting of nineteen men, were all lost with one exception.

John D. Vacelot, his wife and two sons, aged sixteen and fourteen, were murdered in their home near Vincennes, Ind. The murders were committed with an axe, and the victims were horribly gashed and mutilated—the room in which their bodies were found giving evidence of a terrible struggle. A man named Provost, who had been helping Vacelot in farm work, was arrested on suspicion.

From Washington.

During a recent session of the cabinet the heads of the various departments presented their estimates for the next fiscal year.

The curious device of a postmaster to add to his salary is made public by the following Washington dispatch: The president has pardoned Jacob Carver, late postmaster at Warsaw, Ky., convicted of opening letters and sentenced to a year's imprisonment. The compensation of Carver was very small, and he attempted to add to his emoluments by selling postage stamps, upon which he received a commission. In order to increase the number of stamps disposed of, he opened registered letters passing through his office, extracted the money, and substituted the value thereof in postage stamps. The persons to whom the letters were directed received the value of the money sent them in stamps, but the government was defrauded out of a commission for the sale thereof. He has already served six months of his term, and, having lost a leg in the Union army during the war, the president deemed it proper to exercise executive clemency in his case.

Foreign News.

The managers and directors of the broken Glasgow bank have been arrested.

Twelve persons were killed and over twenty wounded by a collision of trains on a railroad at Pontypredd, Wales.

Bismarck's bill for the subjection of the Socialists has been passed by the German parliament, the vote standing 221 to 149.

"You may do you worst, and the issue is in God's hands," is the defiant message sent by the Afghan ameer to the viceroy of India; and war between England and Afghanistan is now deemed inevitable.

The ceremonies of the distribution of the Paris exposition prizes took place in the Palais de l' Industrie, in the presence of an immense and brilliant audience. The arrangements provided places for 20,000 people. A mammoth orchestra was stationed on one side of the nave, opposite the grand entrance of honor. The whole interior was superbly decorated with velvet, gold and silver. At 1:30 P. M. a procession was formed in the grand saloon at the entrance of honor, and when all had taken their places, Marshal McMahon, president of the republic, opened the ceremony of distribution. He thanked the foreign princes for their presence, and the governments and peoples who had contributed to the success of the exposition, and eulogized the officials who organized it. He said that the result showed what seven years of self-concentration devoted to labor have effected in retrieving past disasters. "The recollection of those misfortunes," he said, "will teach us to develop and maintain a spirit of concord, absolute respect for our laws and institutions, and an ardent and disinterested love of country." The minister of commerce, after replying to the president's speech, read the list of awards and distributed the principal prizes and decorations. The following Americans have received decorations of the legion of honor: Commissioner-General Richard C. McCormick, who is made commander; Professor F. A. P. Barnard, and William W. Story, who are made officers; and Auguste H. Girard, secretary to the commissioner-general; Henry Pettit, engineer and architect of the commissioner-general's staff; Thomas R. Pickering, superintendent of the machinery section; Lieutenant Benjamin H. Buckingham, U. S. N., naval attache; John D. Philbrick, superintendent of the educational section; D. Maitland Armstrong, superintendent of the fine arts section; Professor Andrew D. White, LL. D., juror; Professor William P. Blake, juror, and Professor Edward H. Knight, LL. D., juror, are made chevaliers. Cyrus H. McCormick and Walter A. Wood, who were in 1867 made chevaliers, have been raised to officers. Charles Tiffany, silverware; Thomas A. Edison, phonograph; Elisha Gray, telephone; James Brewster, carriages, and A. T. Ibrdman, the silver ware, are made chevaliers. The United States marines made a fine appearance in the display.

The British chancellor of the exchequer, referring to the fact that difficulties were being raised against the execution of certain parts of the treaty of Berlin, intimated that a renewal of war was possible.

Bessarabia has surrendered to Russia.

The British attack on Afghanistan is postponed until spring.

Matthew Buchanan & Co., of Glasgow, have failed for about $5 000,000; and the Henderson, Demmock & Drumpelier Coal company, of the same place, have also suspended, with liabilities amounting to $400 000.

Over $3,000,000 damage has been done by the insurrectionists in Santa Cruz, and the island is represented as ruined. About 100 people have been executed.

Cardinal Paul Cullen, Roman Catholic archbishop of Dublin, is dead at the age of seventy-five. He was made a cardinal in 1866, and was at the head of the Catholic church in Ireland.

A Boy's Struggle With a Deer.

John Kenniff, the fourteen-year-old son of a keeper in Prospect park, Brooklyn, sealed the fence around an inclosure, in which deer were kept. The drove of deer was grouped near the keeper's house, and as the lad approached they pricked up their ears, and the largest of the herd, a fat buck, stepped out and started toward Kenniff, walking, and watching the boy intently. The boy picked up the thick end of a piece of rope and threw it at the deer, startling him a little. Then the boy turned, thinking no more of the animal, and went along picking up some chestnuts. While he was thus engaged, the deer came softly up behind him and gored him with his antlers in his right leg, knocking him down. Then the animal backed off and started at him again, but young Kenniff caught him by the antlers with both hands and held him back. The deer struggled to get free, but the boy maintained his grasp, although he was kept off his feet, being pushed along by the animal. When he came near a sapling he quickly threw out his hand and steadied himself, so as to get on his feet. Then he started on a run backward toward the keeper's lodge, still keeping the deer's antlers in his hands. He ran along, crying for help. The animal pushed him fast.

When they reached a little hillock, at the foot of which was the house, the boy fell and began to roll over and over; but he kept his hold on the antlers, fearing the minute he let go the deer would run the sharp prongs through him. The boy rolled up against the house and there managed to get on his feet again. With one hand holding the deer and the other against the house, he made his way along until he came to the door. He tried to lift the latch but could not, and there was no one inside to answer his calls. Then he let go his hold, made a dash for the enclosure where the hens are kept, and tried to get over the fence; but the deer ran upon him and knocked him down. Then the animal struck him twice in the face with his antlers, cutting a gash near his right eye and tearing open the flesh of the cheek. The lad cried piteously for help. A boy passing along Flatbush avenue saw the deer bucking him, and informed the driver of a passing horse car. The driver and two passengers scaled the fence and ran at full speed to the boy's assistance. At the sight of them the deer ran away. The boy was taken to the city hospital, where his wounds were dressed.

Curious Visual Effect.

A Dr. Thorne writes as follows in the Kansas City (Mo.) *Review*: While looking at the eclipse of the sun July 29, I handed the glass to one of the mill "heaters." He at once told me he could see as well with the naked eye as with the smoked glass. I then tried another "heater" and he at once repeated the same statement. I then went to the rolling mill and tested every "heater" at his furnace. They all told the same story. I hunted up every "heater" in the town except two (who were not to be found), over twenty in all, and every one declared he could see the phenomenon, and all its phases, as well or better with the eye unshaded. I took the precaution to test each one by himself, told him nothing of what I expected, or of the testimony of others. I made no suggestions to any of them, but let each tell his own story. All told the same tale; one peculiarity all agreed to—the image in the glass was upside down from what they saw with the naked eye. They would describe many peculiarities of color which could not be seen by others with the aid of the glass. It should be remembered that the "heater" has to see his iron in the furnace while it is enveloped in a flame whose intense glare prevents unskilled eyes from seeing anything, an education of the eye peculiar to this class of workers, as no other class of workmen is exposed to the