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Washington.

Following is a copy of Hon. George Lunt's sonnet, which was read at the presentation of the statue of Washington to the City of Newburyport, Mass.:

"Throughout the world, among the sons of men,
What fame like thine, beyond the reach of time?
Heroes and kings, by history's supple pen
Emblazoned stand, too offtenest for crime;
But thy pure record, generous and sublime,
Reveals no stain nor blot, the light to mar
That shines through all those living lines that show
How honest duty was thy guiding star;
In the hard present, patient; and afar
Seeing the glorious future's radiant bow;
Great in the field, and in the chair of state,
Won for thy country's honor, simply great;
Thy country saw thee chiefest citizen,
The world proclaimed—'Behold the chief of men!'"

Which Way?

Children, stop your play,
And tell me which way
Shall take to reach the city on the hill.
First the girl,
With a smile:
"This way;
Through the woods, across the stile,
By a brook where wild flowers grow,
Where the birds sing sweet and low;
Then you forget it is so far,
And how tired you are.
For the calm rests you, makes you still,
If you take this way to the city on the hill."

Then the boy,
With a frown:
"This way;
By the mill and through the town—
You will see the soldiers there,
Hear the drums and pass to fair;
Then you forget the way is long
While you walk in the throng.
For the noise wakes you, makes you thrill,
When you go this way to the city on the hill."

The Tile-Room at Deadwood.

For twenty years the old mansion at Deadwood, with its gables, mullioned doorways and embayed windows, had stood unoccupied. Colossal elms swept over it, rank shrubbery hid its lower windows, and lush grasses and weeds swamped the garden, yet still the place was beautiful. It is said to have been built after a magnificent estate in Wales; but no one remembered its origin. It stood on a great hillside overlooking the sea, and sailors and boatmen going by always looked up at it as something picturesque and grand.

The mansion stood solitary, yet was but half a mile from the village by the river crossing the plain beneath, and when, after this great trial of its indestructibleness, human life appeared there, it was immediately discovered by the surprised villagers. Half a score of men had mowed their way up the front door, had set every chimney smoking from the great fires built below, had hacked and hewed mercilessly at the overgrowth of intrusive shrubbery, and finally a carriage had come bringing a fair young girl with a mulatto attendant.

"I think it's—it's fearsome like, don't you, Miss Queenie?"

"Nonsense; it's delightfully antique and romantic. Only I'm not going to live in the dark. Tell the men to cut down those locusts, Patty; they shut out the sun and are worm-eaten beside. Oh, its going to be lovely here, Patty! I'll have those walks leading down to the gate just blazing with tulips in a month."

"What will you do for company, Miss Queenie?"

"Oh, Guy is coming the first of May."

It was early in April then. The brave young heiress of Deadwood took bravely hold of the work in hand. She called the sunlight in through curtains of white lace. She hung the chamber walls with rose-colored paper. She spread bright rugs over the blackwalnut floors and filled the rooms with graceful bamboo and softly-cushioned furniture. And when her little dot was quite expended upon further details of china, books and statues, the girl sat down to enjoy the home she had made.

It was the first she had ever had; and already her homeless life rested in it with a feeling of satisfaction which had been found in no other source.

"I am glad Guy is poor, because now I can give him a home with myself," she murmured over her wedding clothes, which she was embroidering. "He shall have a buggy, and pick up a nice practice at the village; and so we have our good prospects after all."

For the matrimonial prospects of these young people of eighteen and twenty-two had looked doleful, very doleful, until the woman suddenly rose equal to the emergency.

"Deadwood is mine, you say, Mr. Quilis?" she said to the lawyer.

"Yes."

"And it won't sell and won't let. And I have only five hundred dollars of interest money in bank stock?"

"Just so."

"Then I will live at Deadwood."

"Alone?"

"Well, yes, for the present; Patty and I," with a smile, sweet, yet quizzical, at the old lawyer's dismayed face.

So far all had succeeded better than she had dreamed possible. She had made the old mansion habitable and pleasant; and now if the fallow land were brought under a man's hand, the hitherto unprofitable piece of property might even yield an income for Miss Elinor St. Edgar and her husband, Mr. Quill declared.

But the things everybody expect seldom do happen after all, and the things nobody expected to transpire are always confronting us. After a blithe letter of invitation from his lady-love, Guy Blondel arrived at Deadwood one fine May day, and found Queenie, as everybody called her, so pale, so grave, so almost speechless, that he was dumbfounded.

"Not a single smile yet, Queenie? Why, what has come over you? Have you seen a ghost?"

The girl winced as if he had struck her.

"You do not believe in ghosts, Guy?"

"Certainly not; no sensible person does. But what has changed you so, Queenie? You chill and astonish me, you have altered so in a few weeks! And I expected to find you perfectly triumphant over your success, and ready to obey your directions and turn farmer-doctor at once."

"Guy, we can never be married."

"Queenie!"

"Something has happened to change all my pleasant hopes, Guy—something strange and unexpected, yet none the less conclusive." Then Queenie told her story.

"One of the rooms, Guy, I have not touched or altered—an apartment on the ground-floor, facing the north, finished with tile, and so cold, dark and gloomy that I found it quite a hopeless matter to make it healthy and pleasant. Yet it is a handsome room, with inlaid floor and tiles of such great worth that I wonder the old mansion has not been broken into and pillaged of them. Probably no one about here knows their worth. But, as I say, I left the tile parlor unchanged, even from the cobwebs and yews growing against the windows. But it is the only unpleasant place in the house, and its neighborhood to the bright little sitting-room I have made has never troubled me.

"One chilly, rainy night less than a week ago, and after I wrote you to come, I sat reading by the bright hearth-fire of my sitting-room until nearly twelve o'clock. Patty was asleep in a little room leading from it which is directly beneath my chamber, and the other two servants, housemaid and man, were asleep in their rooms in another part of the house. I had told Patty not to sit up; yet when it grew midnight the solitude of the great house weighed on me a little, and I felt loth to go up to my chamber. Finally I wrapped myself in my dressing-gown and lay down on a couch before the hearth, knowing that the great wood fire would keep the room warm till morning. I had lain there but a moment, I think, when I heard a voice in the room say, 'Look under the hearth of the parlor.' It was so distinct a voice that the room seemed to echo with it. I don't know why I did as I did do; I should thought I would have been afraid; but I sprang up, caught a light from the table, crossed the hall and opened the door of the parlor."

"Poor little Queenie! You had overexerted yourself, and your brain had grown excited and unsettled."

"But, Guy, I knelt down in that dark room by the hearth and passed my hand over the smooth tiles. Almost instantly I found that one was loose. It was small, and I pried it up with a hairpin. Here beneath lay a small, yellow, folded paper. I stared at it a moment, then took it out, and seeing, as I expected, that it was covered with writing, I only stopped to look once more around the silent black parlor, then hurried back to my sitting-room.

"Oh, Guy, it was no coincidence, my finding a paper in that place! The paper is of the utmost importance. You may see that for yourself. Here it is," and rising, Queenie took it from one of the corner cabinets secured to the wall, and placed it in Guy's hand. A bit of coarse, yellow parchment, the chirography quaint, the ink faded; but it was the written confession of one Gilbert St. Edgar that the estate of Deadwood had been wrongfully obtained, and that he had wrongfully defrauded the rightful line of inheritance; and he furthermore besought and instructed the finders of the paper, which he declared hidden under the hearth of the tile parlor for safe preservation a few days before his death, to restore the ill-gotten estate of Deadwood to its rightful inheritors. Guy Blondel's scholarly face grew grave and a trifle paler as he read. Anticipating what it boded for him, he made a strong effort for self-preservation.

"Queenie, dear Queenie, you surely don't mean that you are going to give up Deadwood and all our hopes for this old scrap of paper!"

"Deadwood is not mine, Guy."

"Oh, Queenie, don't plunge yourself into after-poverty and separate us for this unsubstantial idea!"

"I will not, if it is unsubstantial, Guy. I hope it may prove so. Let us both hope so, and be happy, at least until we find out," said the girl, making an effort to stave off her own discouragement. She was full of pity, too, for the pain of the young heart all hers in its freshness and strength. Yet nothing overcame the power of that honest blood which had come with the strong blue eyes. She held firm day after day, only replying to Guy's pleadings:

"Deadwood must be mine, Guy. If it is not mine, I do not want it. It would never be home else."

At last Mr. Quill, who had been sent for, came.

Queenie withheld the story of her dream, as Guy called it, but inquired, as quietly as possible, as to the existence of Gilbert St. Edgar.

"Oh, yes, my dear; your great-great-uncle. I never saw him, of course, but my father remembers him."

"I have a reason for wanting to see his penmanship, Mr. Quill," said Queenie. "Do you think there is any in existence?"

"Oh, yes; I know there is. My uncle, who was a friend of his, left a quantity of old papers and letters, among which are written bills of this same Gilbert St. Edgar. I'll look when I go home, and send you a specimen of the old man's chirography. Very interesting, these old relics, Miss St. Edgar."

And Mr. Quill partook of a delicious tea and rode back to town, never dreaming of the strained and anxious young hearts he had left behind him.

Two days later, inclosed in a facetious note inquiring when the wedding was to be, arrived from Mr. Quill a bit of yellow paper signed by Gilbert St. Edgar.

With the color ebbing from cheek and lips, Queenie and Guy compared it to the parchment taken from the hearth of the tile parlor; for it was identical, and the same penmanship. There could be no doubt.

"And now, Queenie?"

"Now all hope is at an end; at least for long years, Guy. But we may get rich by-and-bye, and then"—

Tried beyond endurance he flung the slender hand from his own. The next moment he turned with a bitter cry of remorse, and snatched the girl from the floor. She had fainted.

He never gave way after that. No more anger or reproaches. He realized that Queenie, too, suffered, and tried to comfort and sustain her.

The sad days went by. Queenie bid the dainty wedding garments even from her own eyes.

At length one evening—the last evening—a carriage whirled up the drive. The occupant, drenched with rain, sprang into the house and the room.

"Excuse my wet cost—rain right in my face all the way. Oh, hang preliminaries! Here are you young folks making yourselves miserable; both look as if you'd had a fit of sickness; and—and—why, by George, Miss St. Edgar, old Gilbert St. Edgar was as mad as a March hare, and finally killed himself in that tile parlor!" shouted Mr. Quill. "I didn't tell you before—sort of hated to dash a brave young thing like you; but they said the house was haunted, and a room where a suicide has been committed is an ugly neighbor to a lady's boudoir! But bless my soul! this old parchment ain't worth shucks—not worth shucks, my dear Miss St. Edgar. He never defrauded anybody of Deadwood. He inherited it from his brother, as honest a man as ever lived. I've looked up the proofs—been three days about it—and then came back as quick as I could to let you know the truth. Hang that old tile parlor! Seal it up! Tear it down! But, anyway, get married and be happy, young folks. Don't be frightened out of the wedding."

They took his advice—Queenie and Guy. The walls and floors of the old tile parlor were dismantled of their tiles, the whole north side turned into glass doors which opened into the garden, the walls hung with a paper of golden arabesques and rosebuds, and filled with a piano and harp, rose pink couches, books of poetry, pictures and marble Cupids and angels. The ghost of Gilbert St. Edgar never walked there again.—*American Monthly.*

Married in a Wagon.

As our worthy Dora postmaster, who is not only postmaster, but is clothed with justice' authority to solemnize marriages, was meandering his way on horseback, west of his own premises on the highway, he met Esquire Elliott and Mrs. Nealis sitting on a spring seat in a two-horse wagon. Our worthy esquire and postmaster was halted and informed that his services were in demand at once to perform a marriage ceremony, the license being promptly presented in due form. Whereupon the accommodating esquire rode up to the wagon, requested the parties who were seated on the spring-seat to join hands, and then and there solemnized, on the public highway, without a witness, the marriage of the twain.—*Oswego (Kan.) Independent.*

Twenty-six thousand persons are employed in the Austrian tobacco factories, 22,000 being women.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD

Orchard and Garden Notes.

ASPARAGUS.—Rake off the litter from the beds and carefully fork in the fine manure.

Lettuce from the frames is set a foot apart, in rows, between the cabbages and cauliflowers.

Shrubs may be transplanted and pruned, taking care to preserve their natural habit.

Turfing is best for small plots, and should be laid on large lawns along the edges of roads and beds.

RHUBARB.—Make new beds by dividing the old roots so that each portion has a bud. Set three or four feet apart each way, manuring the hills very heavily.

HARDY VEGETABLES.—The principal are: Beet cabbage, carrot, cress, cauliflower, celery, endive, lettuce, parsley, parsnip, onions, peas, radish, turnip and spinach.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Repair roads and paths. Uncover beds of bulbs. Lift and divide large clumps of perennials. Sow seeds of hardy flowers.—*American Agriculturist.*

Tender vegetables, not to be sown until the soil is well warmed, or at corn-planting time, are: Beans—snap and pole; cucumber, corn, melons, okra, pumpkin, squash, tomato, watermelon.

New lawns should be made as early as the ground is in good condition to have the grass well established before hot weather. For light soils, red top, for stony ones, blue-grass, with perhaps a little white clover, is in our experience preferable to mixed seeds. Four to six bushels to the acre are needed to make a good velvety turf.

PEARS.—Dwarf trees may be grown in the garden, and afford a fair amount of choice fruit, while their cultivation will afford much pleasure; but for fruit in quantities, plant standards in the orchard. Set dwarfs eight or ten feet apart. The variety is bewildering. For one dwarf tree, the "Duchesse d'Angouleme."

EARLY CABBAGES AND CAULIFLOWERS.—The earliest crop is from the plants thus treated. The ground should be heavily manured—seventy-five tons of stable manure to the acre is not unusual, or part manure, and enough guano to make the whole equal to the above heavy manuring. The ground is marked out in rows twenty-four to thirty inches apart, and the plants set every sixteen inches.

Household Hints.

TO CLEAN BRASS.—Immerse or wash it several times in sour milk or whey, this will brighten it without scouring, it may then be scoured with a woolen cloth dipped in ashes.

TO PRESERVE EGGS.—A pound of lime and one pint of salt to three gallons of water. Put all eggs not wanted for daily use into this brine, and they will keep all the year round, and the whites froth almost as well as fresh eggs.

ORNAMENTAL TREES.—Plant when the soil is in condition; evergreens may wait a month or more. Where old trees interfere, branches may be removed, but they never should be pruned in such a manner as to change their natural shape.

Old lawns will need a top-dressing and a sprinkling of seed in places where the grass is poor. If manure is applied, let it be so thoroughly decomposed that no weed seeds remain alive. Ashes, guano, nitrate of soda and fine bone are all good manures for lawns, and bring in no weeds.

Early sowing in drills twelve to fifteen inches apart should be made of beet, carrot, leek, onion, parsnip, spinach. Radish and turnip-radish seeds may be sown with beets, as they will mature and come off before they are in the way. Early potatoes should be planted and early peas sown.

TO MEND CHINA.—Mix a little lime with the white of an egg, to use it take a sufficient quantity of the egg to mend one article at a time; shave off a quantity of the lime, and mix thoroughly; apply quickly to the edges and place firmly together, when it soon sets and becomes strong. Calcined plaster of paris will answer in the place of lime.

TO REMOVE STAINS FROM STOCKINGS.—Place them to soak in tepid water over night; in the morning put a pailful of water in your boiler over the fire and cut up an ounce of soap in it, stirring until it melts and forms a lather; when it comes to the boiling point put into it a tablespoonful of the magical mixture; stir it around, and having previously soaped the stains on the stockings, put them into the boiler and stir them around for ten minutes; take them out, and unless very badly stained, they will need but very little rubbing; rinse and blue, and when dried you will find them free from all stain.

TO REMOVE GREASE SPOTS.—To extract grease spots from books or paper, gently warm the greased or spotted part of the book or paper, and then press upon it pieces of blotting paper, one after another, so as to absorb as much of the grease as possible. Have ready some fine, clear essential oil of turpentine, heated almost to a boiling state; warm the greased leaf a little, and then with a soft, clean brush wet with the heated turpentine both sides of the spotted part. By repeating this application the grease will be extracted. Lastly, with another brush dipped in rectified spirits of wine, go over the place, and the grease will no longer appear, nor will the paper be discolored.

Cauliflower.

This very common vegetable is one of the market gardener's most profitable crops. It is closely related to the cabbage plant, and, like that, the eatable part forms a head; but while the head of the cabbage is formed of the leaves, the head of the cauliflower is formed of the flower-stalks, which grow up in one compact, conical mass that, in well-grown specimens, measures nine inches to a foot across. There are many varieties in cultivation. A kind known as Lenormand's short-stemmed requires a good garden soil, richly manured; it is useless to attempt to grow it on a poor, gravelly or binding clay soil.

Cauliflower is mostly grown as a crop for spring or early summer; as a late crop it is more apt to fail. For an early crop the seed should be sown in the first half of September, and later the plants should be set about three inches apart each way, in a cold frame. During the winter they should be covered with sashes, and in cold weather have an additional covering of straw mats. On every mild or sunny day air should be given, by raising the sash a few inches, and as early in the spring as the weather will permit, the sashes should be removed entirely during the day. In the latter part of March, or as soon as safe from hard frost—a little will do no harm—the plants should be set out on well-prepared and richly-manured lands in rows two by three feet. The seed may also be sown on the hot-bed in February, and by proper care the plants may be ready to set out in the beginning of April; but in this case they must be thoroughly hardened before they are planted in the garden, or a little frost will kill them. By giving proper attention to this point, spring plants are but little inferior to those wintered over in the cold-frame, and may produce as good a crop. Lenormand's Early Paris, Erfurt Early Dwarf, Large Algiers, and Autumn Giant are some of the best varieties.—*Rural New Yorker.*

What to Do in Cases of Diphtheria.

The following is from the circular of the Massachusetts State board of health: In the first place, as diphtheria is a contagious disease, and under certain circumstances not entirely known, very highly so, it is important that all practical means should be taken to separate the sick from the well. As it is also infectious, woolen clothes, carpets, curtains, hangings, etc., should be avoided in the sick-room, and only such material used as can be readily washed.

All clothes, when removed from the patient, should be at once placed in hot water. Pocket-handkerchiefs should be laid aside, and in their stead soft pieces of linen or cotton cloth should be used, and at once burned.

Disinfectants should always be placed in the vessel containing the expectoration, and may be used somewhat freely in the sick-room; those being especially useful which destroy bad odors without causing others (nitrate of lead, chloride of zinc, etc). In schools there should be especial supervision, as the disease is often so mild in its early stages as not to attract common attention; and no child should be allowed to attend school from an infected house until allowed to do so by a competent physician. In the case of young children, all reasonable care should be taken to prevent undue exposure to the cold.

Pure water for drinking should be used, avoiding contaminated sources of supply; ventilation should be insisted on, and local drainage must be carefully attended to. Privies and cesspools, where they exist, should be frequently emptied and disinfected; the water should not be allowed to soak into the surface of the ground near dwelling-houses, and the cellars should be kept dry and sweet. In cities, especially in tidal districts, basins, baths, etc., as now connected with drains, should never communicate directly with sleeping-rooms.

In all cases of diphtheria, fully as great care should be taken in disinfecting the sick-room, after use, as in scarlet fever. After a death from diphtheria, the clothing disused should be burned or exposed to nearly or quite a heat of boiling water; the body should be placed as early as practicable in the coffin, with disinfectants, and the coffin should be tightly closed. Children, at least, and better adults also in most cases, should not attend a funeral from a house in which a death from diphtheria has occurred. But with suitable precautions, it is not necessary that the funeral should be private, provided the corpse be not in any way exposed.

Although it is not at present possible to remove at once all sources of epidemic disease, yet the frequent visitation of such disease, and especially its continued prevalence, may be taken as sufficient evidence of insanitary surroundings, and of sources of sickness to a certain extent preventable.

It should be distinctly understood that no amount of artificial "disinfection" can ever take the place of pure air, good water and proper drainage, which cannot be gained without prompt and efficient removal of all filth, whether from slaughter-houses, etc., public buildings, crowded tenements or private residences.

West Indian Superstitions.

As regards animals, Guinea pigs may be mentioned as specially unlucky, at least in St. Croix. There are families there, among those from whom one would not expect such things, whose children would on no account be allowed to keep these pretty little pets. What precisely is the harm they do is not stated. All you can get out of one is, "Oh, they always bring trouble to a house; they're very unlucky." And yet, if the writer of this was an adept at one thing more than another in his small-boy days—which were spent in Barbados—it was at keeping Guinea pigs. They were kept by him on a scale so large that he could set up some of his school-fellows as Guinea-pig keepers. He even ran the risk of keeping them sometimes in his desk at school, boring holes and cutting slits in the lid, to give the little bright-eyed creatures air. And it was a great risk to run, for those were the good old "licking times"—now, happily, almost over for schoolboys. The master of the school was one of those men who are now, it is to be hoped, nearly as extinct as the dodo—men who believed that you could teach a boy through his back, or through the palms of his hands or the seat of his pantaloons. But yet the Guinea-pigs never brought a thrashing upon their owner or his friends. Some of the boys at this very school were possessed of a sovereign plan for making you perfect in your lessons, which may have kept off the trouble the Guinea-pigs would otherwise have brought on the school. When you had learned any lesson thoroughly (and some fellows kept the talisman in their hands all the time of learning the lesson) rub the page up and down or across with a large seed, called a "good-luck seed." Then return it to the pocket, where it ought to be kept. This done, you need not fear. So much for superstitions.—*Contemporary Review.*

Can Oysters Whistle?

This little oyster story is from Thornburg's "New and Old London:" The shop was first established by a Mr. Pearkes in 1825. "It appears," says a writer in the *Daily Telegraph*, "that about the year 1840 the proprietor of the house in question, which had then, as it has now, a great name for the superior excellence of its delicate little 'natives,' heard a strange and unusual sound proceeding from one of the tubs in which the shellfish lay piled in layers one over the other, placidly fattening upon oatmeal and awaiting the inevitable advent of the remorseless knife. Mr. Pearkes, the landlord, listened, hardly at first believing his ears. There was, however, no doubt about the matter; one of the oysters was distinctly whistling, or, at any rate, producing a sort of *sifflement* with its shell. It was not difficult to detect this phenomenal bivalve, and in a very few minutes he was triumphantly picked out from amongst his fellows and put by himself in a spacious tub, with a plentiful supply of brine and water. The news spread through the town and for some days the fortunate Mr. Pearkes found his house besieged by curious crowds. * * * Douglas Jerrold's suggestion was that the said oyster had been crossed in love and now whistled to keep up appearances, with an idea of showing that it did not care." Thackeray used to declare that he was once actually in the shop when an American came in to see the phenomenon, as everybody else was doing, and, after hearing the talented mollusk go through his usual performance, strolled contemptuously out, declaring "it was nothing to an oyster he knew of in Massachusetts, which whistled 'Yankee Doodle' right through and followed its master about the house like a dog."

It is estimated that at least fifty persons are killed annually by lightning in the United States, sixty-nine in France, and twenty-two in England.

CHARGED BY THE ZULUS.

The Desperate Resistance of Eighty English Soldiers Against Heavy Odds in South Africa.

A London letter, describing the annihilation of a British column under Lord Chelmsford by 2,000 Zulus, at Rorke's Drift, in South Africa, says:

Some dozen miles from the camp at Rorke's Drift proper a small commissariat post had been stationed, near the Tugela river, and not far from the frontier towns of Helpmakaar and Greytown. Here, without any intrenched system of defense, utterly unprepared to resist anything like a serious attack, and never dreaming of danger, there were a handful of volunteers, some men of the Twenty-fourth, and some civilians, about eighty, all told. They were under the command of a couple of young lieutenants—Bromhead, of the Twenty-fourth, and Chard, of the Royal engineers. They knew nothing of the bitter business that had been going on at the camp. Their first intimation of trouble arose from seeing fugitives making for the river, and, in the distance, natives in pursuit. Seeing danger, the young lieutenants called their men to arms and commenced to turn their commissariat stores to account. They had a vast quantity of meal in bags and a large store of biscuit in tins. These, under the young engineer's direction, they hastily formed into a barricade, with loop-holes for the rifles. Meanwhile the outlook saw several of the fugitives fall under the Zulu fire, more particularly Lieutenant Coghill, while crossing the river, the officer's intention being to warn Greytown and Helpmakaar of the danger they were in from a Zulu advance. Coghill and some half dozen or more had got away from the camp, charged with the duty of carrying news of the Zulu attack to the rear. The little post at Rorke's Drift appears to have been altogether forgotten, except by the Zulu army, for the natives who had pursued Coghill turned out to be the vanguard of another portion of the victorious force which had captured the Chelmsford convoy. It was at sunset that between 3,000 and 4,000 of the enemy appeared before Chard and Bromhead's breastwork of meal-bags and biscuit-tins. Waiting calmly for their advance, the little garrison poured into them a volley that staggered them. The fire was repeated, and the Zulus, swarming over their dead, charged for the most vulnerable part of the barricade, entered it, and were hurled back at the point of the bayonet. Again and again they returned to the breach, which was closed up with their dead. The garrison fought like devils. They clubbed their rifles, they used their bayonets, the young lieutenants fought with their swords. After each repulse the men returned to their rifle practice, keeping up a deadly fire. At the rear of the barricade was a small wooden hospital. There were five patients in it and a servant of Col. Harness. The Zulus fired the hospital and the inmates were burned to death, except Harness' servant, who crept out and escaped in the bush. The light of the flames helped the garrison to see the foe and enabled them to avenge over and over again the poor fellows in the hospital. All through the night the unequal contest went on; the Zulus more than once coming up to the breastwork and seizing the rifle barrels which flung among them a constant and deadly hail of bullets. Some of them got inside the impromptu fortress six different times, but they were slaughtered to a man. Assistant-Commissary Byrne was conspicuous for his bravery. He was killed. But few of the others fell, sheltered by the bags and tins so admirably engineered by Lieut. Chard. Toward dawn Lord Chelmsford continued his retreat, and reached Rorke's Drift shortly after the attacking hosts had withdrawn. The Zulus evidently had good information of Lord Chelmsford's movements, for as he came up they retired; and at first the men at the beleaguered post thought the fresh force appearing against the gray sky-line was a new body of the enemy. The British colors, however, soon made themselves manifest to the outlook, and the garrison sent up a ringing cheer, which was answered by their comrades, who, as they advanced, found grim evidence of the contest that had only just been finished. The neighborhood of the Drift was strewn with Zulu dead, 351 bodies lying thick about the barricade, more particularly at the point where they had been repulsed with the bayonet. The bodies further away were estimated at between 600 and 700, so that Bromhead and Chard's company fish averaged ten Zulus killed per man. They had not only done something toward wiping out the defeat at the camp, but they had saved Graytown and Helpmakaar, and, possibly, Natal itself; for they had clearly checked the advance of the enemy, who would otherwise have swarmed over the frontier, which he has nevertheless crossed here and there in small parties. It is thought at the Cape that every man at Rorke's Drift should have the Victoria cross, and nobody in London gainsays their title to the distinction. They have covered themselves with glory, and added another imperishable laurel to the famous but unfortunate Twenty-fourth.

Cream Instead of Butter.

A housewife writing for the New York *Tribune* proposes virtually to abolish butter. She says: "It would be well to train a family from the outset to regard butter as an incidental or luxury, rather than a necessity. The manufacture of it is one of the hardest and most time-consuming tasks that a farmer has to perform. Moreover, with all the work it involves, butter adds less to the health and sustenance of the family than would the eating of the cream that goes into the making of it. Where one physician advises the eating of butter, a thousand recommend the consumption of cream. I think not one will dispute the statement that of cream and butter-eaters the former enjoy the best digestion, the best health and have the finest complexion. Then, why work oneself to death for worse than naught? Why not eat milk and cream instead of turning it into butter? Good bread is good enough without the addition of a condiment to make it palatable; and, eaten with sweet cream, what is more delicious"

A Nation's Boarding-School.

Here are some of the scholars, their virtues, traits, etc.:

Dela Ware—A *petite* damsel, generally talkative, but who last year was peachless.

Mary Land—Notional. Always with an ocean before her.

Minnie Sota—The flour of the school.

Flori Day—Displays great taste in her arrangements.

Carrie Lina—To memory dear, yet ever forcotton.

Louisa Anna—A sorrowful maiden. Her lasses are found in tierce.

Mrs. Ippi—It is her namesake, not herself, which has the big mouth.

Miss Ouri—Likes company. Misery always likes company.

Ida Ho—A near relative of "Whoa, Emma."

Miss Chigan—The "sweet singer."

Allie Bama—A tom-boy—she belongs to the sonny climb.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

TIMELY TOPICS.

There are in France 82,873 lunatics, of whom 39,887 are at the charge of their families, and 42,986 supported by the State. The proportion is about two per 1,000 of the population.

In the course of a suit recently brought in London by a druggist of Bogota, United States of Colombia, to restrain Mr. Holloway, of pill and ointment fame, from charging in his advertisements that the aforesaid druggist dealt in spurious Holloway pills and ointments, it was stated that Mr. Holloway spent $200,000 a year in advertising, while the yearly profits of his business were about $250,00.

As left-handedness in children is not generally considered desirable, it is well to prevent it, if possible. It is a well-known fact that most children in arms are carried on the left arm of the mother or nurse, as the case may be. The consequence is that the right arm is fast against the nurse's shoulder, while the left hand is left free to grasp at anything that comes in the way. Let the nurse use the right arm at least half the time, and the mischief is obviated.

A grim story of life in a lighthouse comes from the Burmah coast, and is printed in the Rangoon *Times*. A telegram having announced that the light on the Alguada reef was not visible, a steamer was dispatched to ascertain the cause. The captain, on landing, discovered two of the men in the lighthouse dead, while a third was lying in a precarious state. The keeper stated that signals of distress such as "I want immediate help" and "Man dying" had been exhibited by him for about twenty days. As a last resort, all his signals having failed to attract attention, he darkened the lights on the Bassein side, feeling certain that this step would not fail to attract attention to the lighthouse. And so, with the dead and the dying, he watched for relief, which came at last.

The famous marble quarries of Carrara, although they have been worked since the reign of Augustus, and have furnished a steady and enormous supply to the whole civilized globe, seem to be inexhaustible. They compose an entire mountain range, and embrace every variety and quality of marble, from the coarse common kind to the statuary marble, Monte Crestola and Monte Sagro yielding the largest and finest blocks. The quarries number some 500, only about twenty of them furnishing the marble used by sculptors, and some 6,000 persons are employed in them. The marble taken out year before last was in the vicinity of 120,000 tons, valued at $2,400,000, of which 40,000 tons came to the United States. The export of marble to this country has increased immensely within twelve to fifteen years, the third largest marble firm now at Carrara being American.

Hints About Accidents.

A child rolls down the stairs, or falls from a height, and in either case strikes its head with force. What shall be done till the doctor comes? We would give the following directions, as nearly as possible in the order in which they should be adopted: Raise the child gently in the arms, and carrying it to the nearest sofa or bed, place him on it—unless crying loudly, when he can be soothed quickest in his mother's arms. All the clothing should be loosened, especially about the neck, to afford the freest circulation of the blood to and from the head. To equalize the circulation and prevent inflammation, the head should be kept cool and the extremities warm. Cooling lotions of arnica or witch-hazel and water, or simply water, should be applied to the head on thin cloths, well wrung out so as not to wet the pillows and bed-clothes. No more than two or four thicknesses of linen should be used, because thick cloths prevent evaporation, and what was intended to cool the head acts as a poultice and makes the head hotter. Ice and ice-cold water should not be used unless the head is very hot, as it is believed that children have been killed by the application of pounded ice to the head. Bottles of hot water or hot irons are all that is necessary, besides the bed-clothing, to heat the extremities. All applications of mustard and other irritants possess no advantage over these, and have the disadvantage of disturbing the sufferer. Should the patient's face be very pale, and signs of fainting appear, camphor or ammonia should be applied to the nostrils, and a little brandy or wine be given. Then the room should be made as quiet as possible and every means used to invite "nature's sweet restorer," sleep. We know the popular idea is that patients suffering from any injury to the head should be kept awake by all means; and it is mainly to combat this erroneous notion that we are prompted to write out these directions. No injury—or degree of injury—of the head contra-indicates the sufferer's sleeping. In fact, positive harm may be done in trying to prevent sleep. Rest is what the brain and blood vessels want more than any one other thing; and, if not allowed, what would have passed off in a few hours or days may be prolonged into inflammation, with all its dangerous consequences. Of course the air of the room should be kept pure—windows and doors open, if the weather permit—and the presence of persons not absolutely necessary forbidden.—*W. H. Vail, M. D., in the Christian Union.*

Lingual Difficulties.

On one occasion an estimable *attache* to the late Mr. Bennett, and who, from the fatigues of the job press of the New York *Herald*, aimed to study medicine and become a city coroner of Gotham, illustrated the power and the peace of language at one and the same time. The very first case of the doctor's coronership was that concerning the death by murder of an Italian. The only or chief witness was the terrified son of the murdered man. He was brought before the learned doctor, who said, in an imperial style, worthy of a Gotham coroner:

"Well, my lad, what language do you speak?"

No response.

"Do you speak German?"

No response.

"Do you speak French?"

No response.

"Do you speak Spanish?"

No response.

"Do you speak Italian?"

No response.

"Well, do you speak Irish?"

No response.

Turning to the jury, the classical doctor said: "Gentleman, in the whole course of my professional experience I have never had such an astonishing witness brought before me. As you see, I have addressed him in five different languages, and he has responded in neither.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Spain has ninety-two dukes, 866 marquises, 632 counts, ninety-two viscounts, and ninety eight barons, besides forty-four ennobled foreigners. Two dukes, fifty-eight marquises, thirty counts, six viscounts and two barons have been created by the present king. The university students this year number 16,889, of whom 6,823 are studying medicine and 6,409 law.

THE STORY OF "TATER" GREEN.

How he Gained his Queer Name—His Account of the Wonderful Trotting Ox That Beat all the Horses and Finally Obstinately Lost a Race.

A correspondent, writing from Zanesville, Ohio, says: Perhaps one of the most remarkable trips on record, in point of variety and novelty of incidents, has been recalled to mind by the removal of R. S. Green, of Perry county, to this city. Knowing that this story has never been laid before the reading public, your correspondent visited Mr. Green and obtained the following account of his journey. The story is vouched for by a dozen witnesses in this vicinity:

In March, 1859, Green and five comrades left their homes in Northern Ohio in the vicinity of Findlay, Hancock county, with the avowed purpose of making their fortunes at Pike's Peak or Cherry Creek diggings. At St. Louis they procured an outfit, and, several parties joining them and banding together, took boat on the Missouri river. It was in the afternoon when, all being embarked, the boat left the wharf, her decked packed with anxious gold-miners, who, reckless of all restraint, made the day hideous with their noise. Warmed by whisky and excitement, the din was kept far into the night, until the threats of the captain, which had been taken good-naturedly and unheeded, began to provoke anger. Green, with a number of others, wished to sleep, but could not do so on account of the turmoil around him. At last he hit on a happy expedient. Raising his voice, he gained the attention of the crowd, and said: "Boys, I've a motion to make, if anybody will second it." "I'll second it," answered another malcontent from the far side of the cabin. "Well, I move," said Green, "that somebody sings a song, and then we all keep still." The motion was put, seconded and carried unanimously with a whoop and a hurrah, and the company insisted on Green's being the chorister of the occasion. He, nothing loth, accepted the situation, and announced that he would sing "Taters." Nobody was acquainted with this practical tune, but everybody acquiesced in it and undertook to help as chorus. Accordingly, he gave out the first verse, "Taters, taters, tops and all". Omitting the second and third verses, he went on with the fourth, "Taters, taters, tops and all." By this time the audience good-humoredly saw the point and sang the sixth, eighth and tenth verses with great vim.

All the private cabin-doors were open, and an amused and interested audience was looking on. "Now, boys, we'll finish up with the chorus," said Green, and the euphonius but rather irrelevant verse, "Taters, taters, tops and all," rang out upon the stillness of the night with the force of fifty voices. When the song died away, the captain came forward and announced that in execution of their own motion anybody who made any more noise would be thrown out, neck and crop. This checked all further uproar, and silence reigned supreme, much to the satisfaction of everybody. In the morning there was a great jam to look at "Taters," and the name thus felicitously gained clung to Green throughout the whole Western country.

At Olathe, Kan., the last settlement, the party which was now argumented by several new additions into forty wagons, halted to wait for grass. While stopping here Green earned a yoke of oxen by breaking the prairie for a resident squatter. It may be well to remark here that one of the ox team will take a prominent place in this narrative.

On the 22d of April the party set out on their trip across the plains on the Santa Fe trail. At this time there were thousands on their way to the golden Decalogue, and on every wagon was the inscription: "Pike's Peak or Bust!" "Kansas or Blood!" "Gold or Death!" and others similar. Everything went all right with the party until they crossed the Arkansas, when a feeling of home sickness began to make itself felt among the emigrants. Men would become sick for a sight of civilization and break off with the party, causing a general divide. In this way they would sometimes cut wagons in two, and even, Green says, he once saw an ox cut in two. Green's partner was one of the disaffected, and, deciding to pull up stakes, a division of the property was made, he taking one ox and the front wheels of the wagon, Green taking the other ox and the hind wheels. Out of this he made a sulky in which he drove his ox. At Denver, disheartening reports began to meet him. Disgusted miners pushing for home met them every day. The tide turned, and threats of burning St. Louis were made. Indeed, a party was organized for that purpose, but never consummated it. Checked by the news that no gold was to be found in the Cherry Creek diggings, "Taters" squatted on a 160-acre tract, upon which, by the way, Golden City now stands.

Denver in the days of 1859 was probably as fast a place as any city on the continent. It was the point where civilization met the wilderness. The fortunes made in bonanza mining were spent here with an open hand. One day, as Green was driving his ox from his homestead to Denver, some fellows on horseback attempted to pass him. The ox, moved by the spirit which infested the place, probably, quickened its steps until it went off in a swinging trot, leaving the horses behind. This was the first intimation Green had that his bob-tailed ox (it was bob-tailed) could trot. The idea then presented itself to him that if he could only accustom the bovine to trotting a certain distance on a certain piece of ground he could out-trot any horse in the neighborhood. There was a gambler by the name of Randale, from Illinois, in Denver at this period, who owned a horse that could do his mile in 2