"THE BLACK TRACKERS."

Nomad Cannibals Pursued and Butchered by the Bloodthirsty Native Police of Queensland.

The colony of Queensland, though one of the most recently established, possesses one of the largest territories in Australia, over the unsettled part of which roam the aborigines. They are among the lowest of mankind in mental capacity and in physical formation. Very little effort has been made to civilize them, because experience has shown that they are almost incapable of living a civilized life. They wander in small tribes, subsisting on roots. Their weapons are the spear, the boomerang and the nullah-nullah. The wealthy squatter (the term squatter in Australia it a title of honor and distinction), moving into the interior of the country, pastures his sheep and cattle upon the land, and now and then some wandering blacks take what they want. In the northern parts of the colony the blacks capture, kill and eat human beings. Gold mining is carried on there extensively, and there are thousands of Chinese engaged in the work. These go out in small parties to work or travel to and from the alluvial diggings, and are often speared and eaten by the natives, who prefer a Chinaman to a white man. Whites occasionally perpetrate serious offences, and, to escape punishment, fly to the vast unexplored tracts that lie beyond the settled districts. To capture offending blacks or escaping whites the Queensland government established the native police force, or Black Trackers, as they are more generally termed. They are selected from tribes as far away as possible from the region in which they are designed for work, taken to a police station in some small town, and taught to ride and to handle a revolver. When there is any need for their services they are drafted to the place at once. They are employed to track white men who have lost their way, or who are attempting to escape from justice. Many a horse thief and murderer has been brought to the bar of justice by their efforts, and hundreds of lives have been saved by their persevering search; for "lost in the bush" is an Australian phrase, almost synonymous with a horrible death by thirst and starvation.

There is another work performed by the Black Tracker, and one in which he is constantly engaged. Australian journals frequently contain items to the effect that some officer went out with a party of native police and dispersed a mob of blacks. To one who does not understand the peculiarities of the Queensland police, this item is unintelligible; it simply means that the black butchers murdered every man, woman and child they could find. "To disperse" means to massacre. It is not very long since some cattle were stolen from a station about 200 miles from Bowen, and about sixty aboriginals, men, women and children, were all butchered by these black fiends, because they were in the neighborhood. Three Chinese, on their way from Cooktown to the Palmer River diggings, were speared and eaten by the blacks, and several days afterward about twenty natives were slaughtered by the black trackers. When a little girl was killed and eaten near Townsville, the natives fell like leaves in autumn.

It may be asked if these people do not resort to firearms. Strange to say, they do not. Nor do they seem to understand the use of them until it is proved by the death of many of their men. When first brought in contact with the trackers they had no fear of the revolvers and rifles, but rushed wildly to certain death. On one occasion, after a number of them had been killed, some of the remainder took refuge in the trees, imagining that they were as safe among the branches as the bird from their own boomerang. They have never adopted the weapons, however, though they could easily do so, for the same class who have furnished the Indians with firearms could supply them. There are many small towns into which they are not allowed to enter, partly because they dress as nature dressed them, but principally on account of their treachery.

The black trooper detests his less fortunate brothers of the wilderness, and shows no mercy. He pursues them day after day for hundreds of miles, and shoots them down, one and all. Their aim is to punish the perpetrators of crime, but they combine the powers of judge, jury and executioner. The white men who lead them are frequently as bloodythirsty as themselves, and often excel them in acts of wanton cruelty, as will be seen from the following account of the destruction of natives, which appeared in a late number of the *Queensland Punch*:

"One native police officer, no longer in the service, had a mob of blacks driven into a waterhole. His troopers had the water surrounded, and could treat no excuse for the miserable blacks. One by one the despairing wretches were shot as they rose to the surface to breathe. The officer stood by, and at last felt that he would like to take a personal share in the work. Stripping to his shirt, and with a tomahawk in his belt, he entered the water, and with demonstrations of peace induced one of the wretches to approach. When the fool was near enough the white savage buried his tomahawk in his victim's brain."

The water holes here spoken of are places to which the natives resort to quench their thirst. They are often constructed by the owners of large estates, but are more frequently the work of nature. The Black Trackers know these places well, and they also know that the natives must come to them for water. They frequently talk about these waterholes for days, slaughtering the unsuspecting natives. They very rarely if ever take prisoners.

White men are found who boast of the number of the natives they have killed, and one man near Somerset, Cape York, has a fence about his premises, every post of which is surmounted by a human skull, which he says represents a native whom he has shot.

These disgraceful proceedings have attracted considerable attention during the past year, and petitions have been presented to the Queensland Parliament, praying for the disbandment of the native police.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

The Man Who Ought to Have Been an Editor.

The man who knows how to run a newspaper came into the *Derrick* office yesterday. He sat down in the best chair, pulled all the exchanges into his lap and began his criticism.

"I ought to have been an editor," said he, "just to show you fellows how easy it is to run a newspaper. Why don't you pitch into the city council? People want some kind of excitement. Give the police thunder for not attending to business, it will wake the people up. Cæsar! wouldn't I make it hot for 'em if I had anything to do with a paper!"

"S'pose you run this office for two hours to suit yourself."

"All right, just let me do it. I'll show you the hottest articles you ever saw. Give me the pencil."

We left him sitting in the editorial chair working away for dear life. On the stairs we met Jim Jones, a driller from a bamsapozelum.

"Where's the editor?" said he.

"Up stairs at his desk," was the reply.

Jones had blood in his eyes, and he bounded up two steps at a time, while we waited at the foot of the stairs for developments. In about two minutes we saw the dictionary fly out of the upper window, then there was a sound as of a chair being smashed, followed by loud yells, and in two seconds the door flew open, and the would-be editor came rolling down the stairs.

"What's your hurry?" we asked, as he flew by us. "Sit down and tell us how to run a newspaper," we continued, as he struck the sidewalk. But he never stopped. He just flew across the sidewalk and fell on his back in the gutter. And such a sight. His nose was knocked crosswise, one eye was black as a thunder-cloud, his hair stood on end, his coat was ripped down the back and one sleeve torn out. Jones was coming down the stairs and the would-be editor jumped and ran up the railroad with Jones close at his heels, yelling "I ain't the editor," at every jump he took. He hasn't returned. We fear his youthful dream of running a newspaper has been nipped in the bud by the frost of adverse circumstances.—*Oil City Derrick.*

Two Baltimorean brothers named Thomas ran a crab cannery at Oxford, at the mouth of the Choptank, last summer, and found the venture profitable. They pay twenty-five cents per hundred for the crabs and employ hands to "pick" them, but the process of canning is a secret which they monopolize.

It does not always follow that a man's bare assertion is the naked truth.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Recipes.

PICKLED CHERRIES.—To every pound of cherries allow half a pound of loaf-sugar, half a pint of cider vinegar, half an ounce each of powdered cinnamon, mixed whole cloves and allspice, and a few blades of mace. Put the cherries in a jar. Boil the other ingredients five minutes in the vinegar, and when boiling pour the liquor over the fruit. Cover closely for a week before eating.

CHERRY PUDDING.—One quart of flour, three cupfuls of dried cherries rubbed in the flour, four eggs, two cupfuls of sugar beaten very light after being added to the eggs, a cupful of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar sifted into the flour. Wet the flour and fruit with the eggs and milk, and add a teaspoonful of salt. Scald your pudding cloth or mold, allowing ample room for swelling, and boil for two or three hours.

CHERRY OR DAMASCENE ROLL.—Stew the cherries, or whatever fruit you design using, with a little sugar; roll out the pastry into a thin sheet—the thinner the better; spread over a thick layer of she fruit, and then, commencing at one side, roll carefully until all the fruit is inclosed within the paste; pinch together at the ends, and tie up in a strong cotton cloth; then drop into a pot of boiling water. The Morello or sour red cluster cherry is the best for this purpose, or some other fruit possessing acidity.

CARROT SOUP.—The day before this soup is required, boil three pounds of good soup beef in a gallon of water until reduced one-half. Strain. When cold, skim off all fat. The next day add a tablespoonful of salt, and replace on the fire. Scrape young carrots, and cut them into small dice. Put these in the soup with cayenne pepper, a tablespoonful each of burned sugar, sharp vinegar and grated carrot. Boil till the carrots are tender, and serve.

CORN SOUP.—To each quart of young corn, cut from the cob, allow three pints of water. Boil until the grains are tender. Take two ounces of sweet butter, mixed smooth with one tablespoonful of flour; stir the butter into the soup, and let it boil ten or fifteen minutes longer. Just before taking out of the pot, beat up an egg and stir into it, with salt and pepper to your taste.

FRIED POTATOES.—Pare raw potatoes, cut them into very thin slices the short way across, keeping the slices in cold water; then lay them on a cloth to drain. Have enough butter in a dripping-pan to more than cover them; let it be very hot; it takes a great deal, as they absorb it. Fry quickly brown; turn, and brown the other side; salt and pepper them. Send to table hot. Sweet potatoes are managed the same way.

Insects in Orchards.

Insects will demand attention this month and every other month until vegetation ceases. Much of the success in fruit growing depends upon the close watching and proper combatting of these enemies. Only the leading pests can be mentioned.

Borers are not hatched within the tree. The eggs are laid on the bark, and the caterpillars then eat their way in. When they are full their presence is shown by sawdust, by gum, by a depression in the bark, all near the root. When discovered, cut out with a knife or probe, or kill with a wire probe.

THE TENT CATERPILLAR.—We have in time advised the destruction of the eggs. The caterpillars, when hatched, keep together and form a web or "tent." As soon as one of these is seen, destroy it in the morning or evening, when the insects are within. A hand, with or without a glove, to remove the tent, and a foot to crush the whole, are all the appliances needed.

BARK LICE.—These, especially the Oyster-shell Bark-louse, has much increased lately. If a tree from the nursery is infested, don't plant it, but charge it to the nursery...an. If an infested tree has been planted, pull it up and burn it and plant another. If an established tree shows this pest, paint it over, before the growth begins, with lard oil, or other cheap, not drying oil. Several have used crude petroleum with success.

CANKER WORMS.—Barriers of tar or printer's ink upon bands of strong paper, put around the trunk, will keep the wingless female from ascending. When the insects have reached the top, laid eggs, and the "worms" are already at work on the foliage, prevention is useless. Birds will destroy some. Some Western orchardists have found benefit from the use of Paris green—a teaspoonful to a pail of water, syringed upon the foliage.

Curculio, especially destructive to the plum, and often so to the peach and other fruits, can only be treated by shaking off with a sudden jar, catching on a sheet or some substitute, and killing. If any one offers a curculio preventive, try before buying.

Plant lice, often in crowds on the end of cherry and other twigs, are easily killed by tobacco water.—*American Agriculturist.*

Mismanagement of Young Fruit Trees.

Comparatively few farmers give the attention to their young trees that is necessary to secure the best results. One of the worst and most common errors is to seed the young orchard to grass. With such treatment nineteen-twentieths of the trees will die before they reach a bearing size, and the remainder will be stickly and unprofitable dwarfs. Clean cultivation for five to eight years will be amply rewarded by the more vigorous growth of the trees, and the superior quality of the fruit. Some useful crop should be grown, which will perhaps repay the labor bestowed upon the trees. Indian corn, although not as good as potatoes, will be good to secure the requisite culture, and it may be alternated with wheat, rye and oats. It will then be necessary to mulch the trees.

Any coarse material may be used for this purpose—forest leaves, fodder, straw, etc., will do, and should be applied to the trees as far around as the roots extend, and six to eight inches deep; this will keep down weeds, and prevent the ground from getting dry around the roots, and when decomposed will enrich the soil. Peach trees should be examined every spring in order to destroy the peach worm, which may be found by the gum which exudes from his abode near the roots of the tree. Strong ashes or lime will destroy them and is at the same time the best fertilizer that can be applied.—*J. C. Davis, in Courier-Journal.*

The Color of Clothes.

The color of clothes is not a matter of indifference. White and light-colored clothes reflect the heat, while black and dark-colored materials absorb the heat; hence it is that in summer we wear light-colored dresses. But, after all, light colors are really best at all seasons; for, though black and dark substances absorb heat best, they also radiate or give it off soonest. There is no doubt that white clothing retains the heat of the body longer than dark clothing. The coachman will tell you that his white duffel coat is warmer in winter and cooler in summer than any other kind of coat, and the brewer's drayman will wear his white stockings all the year round. The true reason for our preference of dark-colored clothing in winter and during bad weather is economy. It is a question of soap and washing, not of comfort, which decides us to choose those colors in materials which do not bear constant washing, such as wool and silk, which show the dirt least and retain their color longest. In the summer, when ladies wear linen and cotton fabrics, which do not suffer in the washtub, they can indulge in their love for white and delicate tints of color.

How to Deal with Rats.

An exchange says: We clean our premises of these detestable vermin by making whitewash yellow with copperas and covering the stones and rafters in the cellar with a thick coat of it. In every crevice where a rat might tread, we put the crystals of the copperas and scatter the same in the corners of the floor. The result was a perfect stampede of rats and mice. Since that time not a footfall of either rats or mice has been heard about the house. Every spring a coat of the yellow wash is given to the cellar, as a purifier as well as a rat exterminator, and no typhoid, dysentery or fever attacks the family. Many persons deliberately attract all the rats in the neighborhood by leaving fruits and vegetables uncovered in the cellar; and sometimes even the soap is left open for their regalement. Cover up everything eatable in the cellar and pantry and you will soon starve them out. These precautions joined to the service of a good cat will prove as good a rat exterminator as the chemist can provide. We never allow rats to be poisoned in our dwelling; they are so liable to die between the walls and produce much annoyance.

The Use of Water in Planting.

It is very common to throw water around the roots of a tree at planting, without stopping to inquire why. Unless the soil is extremely dry, in the spring, and the tree has already commenced to grow, water does more harm than good. And right here it may as well be said, if dry weather ensues after planting so as to affect the tree, do not sprinkle every day, but remove two inches of the surface over the roots and pour water enough to go clear down to the lowest roots—replace the earth and mulch with a little hay, or grass, or tanbark, or something to prevent rapid evaporation. Seldom will any more water be needed.—*Exchange.*

Flower-Beds.

The *Canada Farmer* says: A few simple rules in the arrangement of flower-beds will materially enhance the effect produced. Among these are:

First—Avoid placing rose-colored next to scarlet, orange or violet.

Second—Do not place orange next to yellow, nor blue next to violet.

Third—White relieves any color, but do not place it next to yellow.

Fourth—Orange goes well with blue, and yellow with violet.

Fifth—Rose-color and purple always go well together.

Undressing Little Ned.

"Where is 'Whisky Bill,' who used to drive that old white horse in front of a twenty-five cent express wagon?" repeated the man in tones of surprise.

"Yes."

"Well, now, it's a curious case," he slowly continued. "We all thought he'd gone to the dogs, for sure, for he was drinking a pint of whisky a day, but a few months ago he braced right up, stopped drinking, and now I hear he's in good business and saving money. It beats all, for the last time I saw him he seemed half under ground."

When you go home at night and find that all is well with your own flesh and blood, do you go to sleep reasoning that the rest of the world must care for itself? Do you ever shut your eyes and call up the hundreds of faces you have met during the day, and wonder if the paleness of death will cover any of them before the morrow? When you have once been attracted to a face, even if it be a stranger's, do you let it drop from memory with your dreams, or do you call it up again and again as night comes down, and hope it may lose none of its brightness in the whirling mists of time?

"Whisky Bill" was hunted down. An inquiry here and there finally traced him to a little brown cottage on a by-street. He sat on the step in the twilight, a burly, broad-shouldered man of fifty, and in the house three or four children gathered around the lamp to look over a picture book.

"Yes, they used to call me 'Whisky Bill,' down town," he replied, as he moved along and made room, "but it is weeks since I heard that name. No wonder they think me dead, for I've not set eyes on the old crowd for months, and I don't want to for months to come."

"They tell me you have quit drinking. One could see that by your face."

"I hope so; I haven't touched a drop since February. Before that I was half drunk day in and day out, and more of a brute than a man. I don't mind saying that my wife's death-bed scared me thinking I didn't stop my liquor. God forgive me, but I was drunk when she died, half drunk at the grave, and I meant to go on a regular spree that night. It was low down, sir, but I was no better than a brute those days."

"And so you left your motherless children at home and went out and got drunk?

"No. I said I meant to but I didn't. The poor things were crying all day, and after coming home from the burial I thought to get 'em tucked away in bed before I went out. Drunk or sober I never struck one of 'em a blow, and they never ran from me when I staggered home. There's four of 'em in there and the youngest isn't quite four years yet: I got the older ones in bed all right and then came little Ned. He had cried himself to sleep, and he called for mother as soon as I woke him. The man who says I never had that boy upon my knee, to say nothing of putting him to bed, and you can guess these big fingers made slow work with the hooks and buttons. Every minute he kept saying his mother didn't do that way, and the big children were hiding their heads under the quilts to drown their sobs. When I had his clothes off and his nightgown, or I was ashamed and put him down, and when the child saw tears in my eyes he jumped out of bed to put her arms around my neck I dropped the name of 'Whisky Bill' right then and forever."

"And little Ned?"

"Mebbe I'd have weakened, but for him," replied the man, as he wiped his eyes. "After I got the child's nightgown on, what did he do but kneel right down beside me and wait for me to say the Lord's Prayer to him! Why, sir, you might have knocked me down with a feather! There I was, mother and father to him, and I couldn't say four words of that prayer to save my life! He waited and waited for me to begin, as his mother always had, and the big children were waiting, and when I took him in my arms and kissed him, I called Heaven to witness that my life should change from that hour. And so it did, sir, and I've been trying hard to lead a sober, honest life. God helping me, no one shall call me 'Whisky Bill' again."

The four little children, little Ned in his nightgown, came out for a good-night kiss, and the boy cuddled in his father's arms for a moment and said:

"Good-night, pa—good-night, everybody in the world—good-night ma, up in heaven—and don't put out the light 'till we gets sleep!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Horrible Death.

Mr. Cichia, of Lensburg, Le Sueur county, Minn., got on a spree on a recent Monday, at Montgomery, and offered to wager that he could swallow the glass contained in a whisky flask. The wager was taken up by one of the party present, whereupon the drunken man proceeded to swallow the pulverized glass and also a tallow candle. Strange to relate, that night he felt no ill effects caused by the rash deed, but next day the glass began to cut and grind his bowels, compelling the man to writhe and scream in agony. This continued until Thursday morning, when the poor wretch was brought to New Prague in the delusive hope that a physician could save him from his inevitable and fast approaching death. Of course no physician's skill could now save or even prolong the life which had been so deliberately though unknowingly taken. It was pitiful and heartrending to hear the poor mortal moan and scream in agony as the death-dealing glass slowly but constantly cut its way into the vitals. This could not long continue, however, and death kindly relieved the suffering man Thursday afternoon. A *post mortem* examination was held, and the man's stomach and intestines were found to be literally ground to pieces.

A wife and nine children are left dependent by the foolhardiness of a man crazy by drink. This may prove a timely warning to those addicted to the use of a substance as deadly in its final effects as that swallowed by the man who came to so untimely an end.—*Shakepee (Minn.) Argus.*

Respect for the Dead.

An indignant correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* writes in the following strain: Several years since I witnessed the following occurrence in a village street: A plain farmer's boy was driving his wagon to the mill and met a funeral procession. It was led by a workingman, walking bareheaded, and behind him was a child's coffin. A dozen or more neighbors and friends walked behind. The farmer's boy drew up to the side of the road and took off his hat as the humble mourners passed. Yesterday morning almost eleven o'clock I witnessed another occurrence at the corner of Fifth avenue and Thirty-seventh street, in the city of New York. A hearse and many carriages in line were in front of the old Brick church. The funeral service of a well-known lady had closed, and the coffin was being placed in the hearse in the presence of the mourners. At this moment a splendid coach and four passed by with a brilliant party on top. The liveried servant behind with distended cheeks blew his horn in face of the funeral, and without remonstrance from any of the company continued his performance along the crest of Murray Hill. I could not help questioning whether some of the finer qualities of our nature are not better cultivated in the country than in the town.

A Hindoo has reduced laziness to a fine art. He says: "It is better to walk than to run, better to stand than to walk, better to sit than to stand, and better to lie down than to sit."

A ROMANCE OF THE FRONTIER.

A Cavalry Private Eloping With a Wealthy Merchant's Daughter.

A correspondent of the New York *World* writes from Fort Abraham Lincoln, Dakota, as follows: While the older civilization of the East is excited over the eccentric tastes of well-bred young women who prefer for husbands car-drivers and coachmen to the men of more polite position, the newer and cruder society of the frontier has been enjoying on its own account a little romantic sensation the end of which has not yet come. In the Seventh cavalry there is an enlisted man, Charles Mellier, whose good looks have not only made many of the laundresses' hearts flutter, but have exerted an influence in all of the towns near which his troop has been stationed. Recently there came to Bismarck Mr. Frank C. Melville, a prominent and wealthy merchant of St. Paul, Minn., and with him came his daughter, a girl of eighteen, who is spoken of as quite beautiful in person and the possessor of many graceful accomplishments. Mr. Melville came to Bismarck to start a flour mill, and while he was engaged in this occupation his daughter amused herself with the limited society that the place affords. Every one knows what a belle an accomplished girl can be when she is visiting at or near a frontier military post, and Miss Melville was not an exception to the well-proven rule, for never a day passed that several young officers did not dismount in front of her door. One of these young men, it is generally thought, was seriously smitten and pressed his suit with much perseverance. Miss Melville, however, was not captivated by the glitter of a shoulder-strap nor did a chevron stay her free eyes. New Year's eve a ball was given at Carrolton Hall at which, in the characteristic Western way, people of many social grades met and mingled on the floor. There Miss Melville met the handsome Mellier, who received so much encouragement that he met her secretly afterward, and the acquaintance ripened into an engagement which the other day culminated in an elopement to Jamestown, where the couple were married by the Rev. Mr. Jackson. The announcement of the marriage created more commotion in the garrison than many an Indian assault has done. Mellier and his wife returned here after the ceremony and the bridegroom was properly sent to the guard-house for being "absent without leave and for conduct prejudicial to good order and military discipline." Mr. Melville has taken his daughter to St. Paul, but before going he had an interview with Mellier and, while forgiving him, promised to exert his influence to secure the discharge of his daughter's husband from the United States service. Whether this can be done or not is an open question, but in the meantime Mollier languishes in a "dungeon cell" without even telephone privileges.

Begging as a Fine Art.

Mr. J. H. Gregg, of Hong Kong, has recently written to a London paper a very interesting letter on Chinese beggars. Certainly some of the accounts of these mendicants are horrible in the extreme, and would hardly be credited if the authority was not so good. He says that he has actually seen one beggar bearing on his back a leper so much affected by disease that his feet and hands and feet were apparently sloughing off. With this loathesome burden, Mr. Gregg says, the beggar threatened to enter each shop he passed, unless the shopkeeper at once administered to his wants. Alms were promptly thrown into the street, and quickly picked up. Others, according to this account, go about carrying sharp Chinese razors, with which they cut themselves to show the depth they are willing to go. Mr. Gregg has seen mendicants with the upper part of their bodies covered with blood. At the town of Pitkong, in the province of Canton, he saw a beggar literally bathed in his own blood, which also sprinkled over the floor of the shop in which he was trying to melt the apparently obdurate heart of the shopkeeper. He also relates horrible stories of beggars who vary the above fashion by making their heads spin against the walls of shops, and of others who beat their bodies with large stones for the edification of passers-by. Not contented with these pleasant and entertaining exhibitions, some of the more emaciated have an agreeable habit of apparently appearing in a dying condition on the threshold of a shop or dwelling house, and announcing, in dismal tones, their purpose of remaining there to die. Here is Mr. Gregg's account of one instance: "In May, 1874, I saw one, apparently perishing from hunger, throw himself down at the doorway of a dwelling house, saying that he would die of starvation if he were not immediately relieved. The householder, who was in a great state of trepidation, at once offered the starving man a small sum of money, which was indignantly refused. A friend who was with me expressed his fears lest we believe the wants of the sufferer. He held out a half-dollar, and the penurious householder at once rushed toward him, and eagerly grasped the coin, which he at once gave to the sufferer."

This letter goes to show that the mendicants of the European countries and the United States have not begun to master the fine art of begging, and that they are as yet but in their infancy when compared with the almond-eyed children of the Flowery Land.

How Much Can a Person Read?

The longest single poem, I believe, extant, is an Italian poem, "The Adone" of Marini, who lived in the time of James I. of England. It contains 45,000 lines. As for Spain, one single author of the seventeenth century, Lopez de Vega, wrote 1,800 plays. His works altogether fill forty-seven quarto volumes. Alonzo Tostado, a Spanish bishop of the fifteenth century, wrote twenty forty folios, covering with print three times as many leaves as he had lived days. To come to England, William Prynne wrote two hundred different works. Chalmers' collected edition of the English poets only comes down to Cowper, who died in 1800, and fills twenty-one volumes royal octavo, double columns, small type. The volumes average 700 pages. This gives a total of 14,700 pages, or 29,400 columns. Now, it takes (I have made the experiment) four minutes to read a column, with fair attention. Here is a good year's work in reading over only once a selection from the English poets. The amount of reading which a student can get through in a given time hardly admits of being measured by the eli. The rate of reading varies with the subject—the rapid glance with which we skim the columns of a newspaper being at one end of the scale, and the slow rate which is required for a page of, say, Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" being at the other. Still, just to get something to go upon, make a calculation in this way: Suppose a man to be able to read eight hours a day. No one can really sustain receptive or critical attention to written matter for eight hours. But take eight hours as the outside possibility. Thirty pages octavo is an average hour's reading, taking one book with another. This would make 240 pages per day, 1,680 per week, and 87,360 pages in a year. Taking the average thickness of an octavo volume as 400 pages only, the quantity of reading which a diligent student can get over in a year is no more than an amount equal to about 220 volumes octavo.

A Queer Character.

"Jimmy-the-Duck," of Virginia City, Nev., is dead. He made a living by a queer invention. He used to put a duck in a box, with its head sticking out of a hole, and allow the crowd to throw clubs at it for twenty-five cents a throw, the bird belonging to whoever should hit it. The ducks would of course "duck" their heads just before the sticks whizzed along, and it was not oftener than once in six months that Jimmy would lose. The following is his epitaph: "Old Jimmy's weary bones are now resting peacefully under the sagebrush. Let us hope that when the trump of the resurrection shall echo over the rugged peak of Mount Davidson he will be able to pop his head up like that famous duck, and should the devil appear and make a grab for the old man, may he dodge back successfully."

A bald Cincinnati woman does not cover the bare top of her head with false hair, or by combing her own hair over it, but appears to be proud of the distinction that it gives her in public assemblages, for she always removes her bonnet. The effect is striking.

The total municipal debts of the United States range between $1,000,000,000 and $1,500,000,000.

SUMMARY OF NEWS

Eastern and Middle States.

At the baby show in New York 100 infants, of various degrees of beauty and size of lungs, competed for cash prizes.

In a communication signed "the Russian Revolutionary Committee," the Russian consul in New York has been threatened with dire consequences for uttering "certain slanderous insinuations and base falsehoods in New York society against one of our most honored and trusted friends." If this communication is genuine, it would indicate that the Nihilists have an organization in this country.

There are now 212 fire insurance companies doing business in Massachusetts, nine having been admitted during the past year. One thousand seven hundred and twenty-eight fires caused a loss of $3,683,265, of which $2,525,182 were paid. The total insurance amounted to $7,703,226. Three hundred and ninety-seven of the fires were incendiary.

At Niagara Falls, N. Y., H. P. Peers, a Canadian, jumped from the center of the Suspension bridge into Niagara river, a distance of 192 feet. The descent was made in four seconds, and Peers was picked up by a boat, unhurt. A large crowd witnessed the daring feat.

Some weeks ago Henry Kiddle, who had been for many years superintendent of public schools in New York city, published a work on Spiritualism, which caused great comment, and a resolution was introduced at the next meeting of the Board of Education, requesting him to resign, but it failed to obtain a majority of votes. Mr. Kiddle, however, has seen fit to resign of his own accord, and the Board of Education has accepted his resignation, passing resolutions complimentary to his efficiency while in office.

Mrs. Mary Billett and her small child were run over and killed by a freight train near Harrisburg, Pa.

Shrinkage in securities and assets, together with inability to collect interest on loans, has embarrassed the Five Cent Savings Bank, of Lowell, Mass., and it has been enjoined from doing business. There are 10,000 depositors with $1,500,000 to their credit.

The will of Judge Packer was read at Allentown, Pa., bequeaths for the permanent endowment of Lehigh University, of Bethlehem, Pa., $1,500,000; for a library for the university, $500,000; to St. Luke's Hospital, Bethlehem, $300,000; St. Mark's Episcopal Church, Mauch Chunk, Pa., $30,000.

At the tenth annual commencement of the Women's Medical College of the New York Infirmary ten young women, all of New York city, received diplomas to practice medicine.

The two New York elevated railroad companies have joined forces, and will be operated under one management hereafter.

The New York Legislature has adjourned. The most important financial bill passed during the session was the one reducing the legal rate of interest in the State from seven to six per cent.

The fiftieth anniversary of the Brooklyn Sunday-School Union was celebrated by a parade of the teachers and scholars of 140 Sabbath-schools, comprising about 50,000 individuals. The day was generally observed as a holiday throughout the city.

The trial of Edward Reinhardt, on Staten Island, N. Y., for the murder of his wife resulted in a verdict of guilty by the jury, and the prisoner was condemned to be hanged on July 11. Reinhardt murdered his wife, Mary Ann Reinhardt (*nee* Degnan), and buried the remains in a barrel at Silver Lake, Staten Island. He was seen conveying the barrel, in which were the remains of his wife, on a wheelbarrow on July 19, 1878, and he told the persons who saw him that he was changing his place of residence and had crockery in the barrel. Others he told that he was about burying a dog. Reinhardt, at the time of the disappearance of his wife, was married to Julia Hutman, of Newark, N. J., who was present during the trial.

A fire in Brooklyn destroyed the large linseed oil works of Fowler, Compton & Co., entailing a loss of nearly $300,000.

A New York paper publishes letters and dispatches from about 100 places, covering more than 1,000 points and representing every State in the Union except the Pacific States, in regard to the fruit prospects. According to these reports, while there is no such universal promise of overflowing harvests as were reported a year ago, yet there are satisfactory indications of an average product in most sections and of most crops, and in the case of some staples an increase is expected. The wheat and corn crops of the Western and most of the Southern States will surpass that of last year, should the later season prove favorable. The condition of the fruit crop in New England and the Middle States is one of unusual promise, but in many sections in the South and West the trees have been injured by the cold winter or late frosts. The crop of oats, rye and barley will not be above the average. The hay crop will be large, except in some limited areas. The cotton crop will be larger than usual, notwithstanding the unfavorable weather, owing to the effort of many experienced planters to reduce the acreage in most of the Southern States. Farmers everywhere have planted more potatoes than usual, and vigorous measures will be taken to protect them from the ravages of the Colorado beetle, which has appeared in Maryland and adjoining counties in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Kentucky, Ohio and some other States. In tobacco there is a precepible, but not large, increase in the South, and it is being more largely cultivated by the farmers of Massachusetts and Connecticut. In Massachusetts and New Hampshire the industry is receiving considerable attention, and sorghum has come into favor in many sections of the South and West.

William Lloyd Garrison, the anti-slavery agitator, is dead. His last moments were spent in New York city, to which place he had gone from Massachusetts, hoping to obtain some relief from his sufferings. Born at Newburyport, Mass., in 1804, Mr. Garrison learned the printer's trade, and at sixteen began to write for the papers. He edited and published a number of anti-slavery papers, was imprisoned and fined in Baltimore for denouncing the act of a New Bedford ship owner, who had sold a cargo of slaves from Baltimore to Louisiana, and was mobbed and narrowly escaped being killed at Boston in 1835. He began the publication of the Boston *Liberator* in 1831 and dissolved it in 1865, in which year he visited South Carolina and spoke at Charleston.

The jury in the case of Mrs. Smith and Corporal D. Beaseley, on trial at Jersey City, N. J., for the murder of the former's husband, Policeman Smith, found the two guilty of murder in the first degree.

Six archbishops and thirty-seven bishops assisted Cardinal McCloskey in dedicating the new Catholic Cathedral on Fifth avenue, New York. An immense throng was present, and nearly every large city in the United States was represented in the gathering of Catholic clergymen. The services lasted from ten in the morning until three in the afternoon. Cardinal McCloskey himself was the chief celebrant, and sang the mass. The dedicatory sermon was preached by Bishop Ryan of St. Louis, and in the evening Bishop Keane, of Richmond, preached. The Cathedral is of marble, and when completed will have cost about $2,400,000.

Western and Southern States.

L. Longbehm, a German living on a vegetable ranche, about five miles from Antioch, Cal., took his little boy and girl, aged respectively six and four years, into the fields, beat them to death with a club, cut their throats and then went back to the house and blew his own brains out with a shotgun. The family had always lived happily together, and it is supposed that Longbehm was suffering from an attack of insanity.

Reports from the Northwest state that the prospects for large crops in that region are very flattering.

William Morgan, cashier of the St. Nicholas Hotel, Cincinnati, and his brother, John Morgan, while rowing a skiff on Licking river were upset and drowned in endeavoring to avoid a passing steamer.

William Nelson, a colored man, was fined $5,000 at Terre Haute, Ind., and sentenced to the penitentiary for one year for marrying a white woman.

Orlando Cassler, who, in July last, murdered and robbed George L. Monroe, was hanged at Seward, Neb. About half an hour before the execution, which took place at 1.30 o'clock, a mob suddenly tore down the inclosure around the scaffold, and quietly witnessed the proceedings to the end. Cassler asserted on the scaffold that he was innocent, and that his life had been swore away. He was cool and resigned throughout.

At the Iowa Democratic State Convention held in Council Bluffs, a ticket headed by H. H. Trimble, for Governor, was nominated. Resolutions were adopted calling upon Congress to stand firm for the freedom of the ballot; declaring that both the government and the States should be strictly restricted within respective spheres in the exercise of power; favoring the substitution of treasury notes for national bank notes, etc.

About 20,000 persons in Richmond visited Hollywood Cemetery on Memorial day, listened to an address, and strewed the graves of Confederate soldiers with flowers.

At Severn, Md., John Stinchcomb quarreled with his brother about some property, became enraged, drew a revolver and fired, almost instantly killing him. Leaving his brother dead in the road, John returned home and killed himself by a second discharge of the weapon. John was fifty and his brother Louis forty-five years old, and neither was married.

The chairman of the Ohio Republican State Central Committee makes public a letter by Secretary Sherman, emphatically declining to become the party's candidate for Governor.

The Broadway Savings Bank, of St. Louis, has suspended. Its liabilities are $700,000.

A colored base-ball nine from Tallahassee visited Madison, Fla., to play with another colored nine. The game not going right a fight arose, in which one man was fatally shot and another was so badly cut that he may die. Several others were severely wounded. Sixteen of the party were arrested and put in jail.

A fire at Clinton, Iowa, destroyed thirty-three houses and several million feet of lumber, causing a loss of about $200,000. On the same day the town of Dalles, Oregon, was consumed by the flames, and near Detroit, Mich., a fire destroyed J. M. French's menagerie. The elephant Sultan, five lions, a zebra, leopard, stag and many other valuable animals were cremated. The whole establishment, consisting of the animals' barn, two dwellings and a blacksmith shop, was burned. Loss, $15,000.

By an explosion of the boiler in the Riordon Grist Mills at Fostoria, Ohio, Carl Headley, an employee, was instantly killed, four other men were seriously injured, and the building was partly demolished.

The assignee of Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, has filed a schedule of the assets and liabilities of the archbishop and his brother, Edward Purcell. The total amount of claims presented is $3,097,651.49, and the total assets are $1,181,569.47, of which amount $418,569.28 is classed as doubtful.

One day's executions: At Lake Charles, La., Absalom W. Ford was hanged for the murder of Dr. Joseph Bazee in June, 1878. The crime was committed on account of Bazee's attentions to Ford's cousin Helen, a beautiful girl of twenty. The condemned man was supported on the gallows, as he was suffering from a broken leg, received while attempting to escape. At Blakeley, Ga., a man named Skelly was hanged for killing his wife, and at Shasta, Cal., an Indian called Jack was executed for the murder of a Chinaman last September.

A small propeller on the Calcasieu river, Louisiana, was capsized during a storm and sank. On board were the captain, engineer and six passengers. The two first mentioned saved themselves by swimming, but all the passengers were drowned.

After beginning in session several days and transacting a great deal of important business the International Convention of Young Men's Christian Associations at Baltimore adjourned.

From Washington.

The bill which the House Committee on Manufactures agreed to report to the House for printing and recommitted was prepared by Representative Wise, of Pennsylvania, and provides for the welfare of the people in preventing the adulteration of articles of food and drink. It imposes a fine and imprisonment upon persons manufacturing, selling or bartering any article of food or drink containing any ingredient or material injurious to the health of persons partaking thereof, and authorizes persons suspecting such adulteration to have samples of the article of food or drink analyzed, and if the fact is exhibited, the corporation or individual shall pay all expenses attending such proceeding, and in case of a refusal by a person to furnish samples of suspected adulterated articles, he is made liable to punishment.

General Conway, of New Jersey, and the Rev. Mr. Turner, of St. Louis, have had an interview with the President in regard to sending a steamboat to the Mississippi to take aboard negroes who want to migrate. The President stated he would protect the boat.

Foreign News.

Switzerland has just had an election on the question of restoring capital punishment, the vote being 191,197 for to 177,273 against.

The Ameer of Afghanistan has agreed to all of England's propositions. Among the principal points of the agreement are the British command of the passes, with sufficient territory to constitute a scientific frontier, the appointment of a British resident at Cabul and the control of the foreign relations of Afghanistan.

The steward of the Henley regatta announces that the Showaxamenite oarsmen, of Munroe, Mich., who nearly proved victors at this English regatta last year, will be barred from entering the forthcoming race because they are mechanics or artisans.

While Henry Hortop, aged sixty-five years, was oiling machinery in his grist mill, at Elora, Ontario, his clothing caught on a shaft making 150 revolutions a minute, and the unfortunate man was literally torn to pieces.

An engagement has taken place between the Turkish troops and the insurgents at Perlasia, Thessaly. The Turks lost 450 men in killed and wounded, and the insurgents seventy men, including their leaders.

The London *