TIMELY TOPICS:

Montenegro is a unique country in regard to its postal business. Until lately the mails were not sent to any of the cities or villages, but every citizen had to go for his letters to the capitol, Cettinje. There has now been established a postal department, and the mail is sent from Cettinje to four other cities. The mail carriers travel to these four cities on foot three times weekly.

Piece by piece have the relic-hunters carried away the marble slab that once was placed over the tomb of Gen. Dan Morgan in Mt. Hebron Cemetery, in Winchester, Va., until now nothing remains to mark the place of burial. But the hero of the Revolutionary battle of the Cowpens is not forgotten. It is proposed to erect a monument that shall be a fitting memorial of the worthy old wagoner.

Of the European nations Germany stands first as to fighting trim. She can put in the field at twenty-four hours' notice 1,200,000 men of the line, the reserve and the Landwehr. The grand total of the German army is 2,200,000 men, exclusive of 200,000 not reckoned on the field strength, but deducted as garrisons. The strength of the second Landwehr and Landsturm is generally exaggerated; but they are thoroughly efficient soldiers, the best in the army. France has a nominal strength of 3,500,000 men, but practically it may be reduced to 2,000,000, and even of this total a very large proportion is still in progress of organization. It is not believed that France could place in the first line more than 800,000 men.

Italian newspapers contain reports fo audacious outrages by bandits on the highways and railroads of that picturesque country. In one case a dozen fellows brought a train to a stop by hoisting a danger signal. They intended to rob the passengers, but a large force of soldiers happened to be on the train, and when the bandits saw them they started for cover. The military sent a volley after them, and some started in pursuit, but it was already growing dark, and no captures were effected. On the road from Senafro to Isernia twenty-seven unarmed travelers were robbed by thirteen brigands, and a lawyer who proved troublesome was badly wounded. Attempts were made to throw trains off the track, successful robberies are frequent, and the police are utterly inefficient and untrustworthy.

A correspondent of the San Francisco *Post*, writing of the varied climate and temperatures of California, says that in the interior valleys he has found the thermometer as high as 114 degrees in the shade, and at least 125 degrees in the sun, yet the air was so pure and dry that he did not find it enervating nor even very inconvenient, as a lower temperature east of the Rocky mountains certainly would have been. He rode twenty-five miles on horseback in that sun of 125 degrees, observing, questioning, and making notes for his newspaper, and felt perfectly well through it all. A constant gentle breeze that is never wanting in summer kept him comparatively comfortable. The nights were cool and pleasant, as they always are in the hot interior valleys of California. The peculiar quality of California heat is illustrated by the fact that, however high the thermometer rises, sunstrokes are unknown.

Advice to a Young Man.

No, my son, the world does not owe you a living. The world does not need you, just yet; you need the world. If you can convince the world that you are necessary to its well being, its happiness, its pleasure, its moral existence, then the world will begin to claim you and make room for you in the body pews, with the softest cushions and the easiest foot stools. But don't fall into the common error of supposing that the world owes you a living. It doesn't owe you anything of the kind. The world isn't responsible for your being. It didn't send for you; it never asked you to come here; and in no sense is it obliged to support you, now that you are here. Your living is here; a good, comfortable living. Plenty to eat, plenty to wear, an abundance of good, healthful hard work, ripples of laughter, sprinkles of tears, hours of happiness and moments of heartache; days of labor and days of rest, duties to be performed and rewards to be won; it is all here, son—disappointments, struggles, success and honors, but the world doesn't owe you one of them; not one. You can't collect your living as you would a debt, by simply presenting your bill, or giving your lawyer the account to sue. You have to work for it, on, and work like a Trojan, too. When you hear a man say that the world owes him a living, and he is going to have it, make up your mind that he is just making himself a good excuse for stealing a living. The world doesn't owe anybody anything, son. It will give you anything you earn, and you just look all over the world and know that all the plunder you can gather is by honest work is yours, and no more. If you can't get any, why none of it is yours, and if you can reach out and carry away ten times as much as your neighbor, why that is all yours, and he has no right to wait and whine over his bad luck and want you to divide. And, my son, in all human probability, you will not want to divide. I hope you may, but it is very likely that you won't.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A Terrible Time.

Mrs. McTimidy, as she approached the drug store, was astonished to hear loud voices.

The voices were those of men, apparently in angry dispute.

"What can it mean?" said Mrs. McTimidy, to herself, beginning to tremble.

The voices grew louder. Evidently the contention was violent.

"What might not happen? There were fierce undistinguishable words.

There might be a murder!

Mrs. McTimidy peeped in at the window, still trembling in every limb.

There, indeed, stood half a dozen excited men, gesticulating in the most vehement manner. Some of them were even shaking their fists in the air.

Mrs. McTimidy quickly withdrew.

But her curiosity still burned

She ran for her big son. He must go instantly and see what was being done in the drug store. Something terrible was happening.

The big boy went promptly.

Presently he returned.

"What—what—what is it?" gasped Mrs. McTimidy.

"Oh, they're having a reg'lar monkey and-parrot time," replied the boy.

"And what—what are they saying?" cried Mrs. McTimidy.

"Why, they're arg'ym about how to spell 'peddler.' They've got two dictionaries, and the dictionaries both spells it different. Jimmy! but it's a row!"

And the boy ran back to see how it should end.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*

John Smybert.

The first painter in America of and decided ability whose name has come down to us was John Watson, who executed portraits in Philadelphia in 1715. He was a Scotchman. It is to another Scotchman, who married and identified himself with the rising fortunes of the colonies, that we are, perhaps, able to assign the first distinct and decided art impulse in the United States. We owe to Bishop Berkeley the most notable impulse which the dawning arts received in this country, when he induced John Smybert to leave London, in 1725, and settle in Boston, where he had the good fortune to marry a rich widow, and lived prosperous and contented until his death in 1751. Smybert was not a great painter. If he had remained in Europe, his position never would have been more than respectable, even at an age when the arts were at low ebb. But he is entitled to our gratitude for perpetuating for us the lineaments of many worthies of the period, and for the undoubted impetus his example gave to the artists who were about to come on the scene, and assert the right of the new world to exercise its energies in the encouragement of the fine arts. It is by a comparatively unimportant incident that the influence of Smybert on our early art is most vividly illustrated. He brought with him to America an excellent copy of a Vandyck executed by himself, and several of our artists, included, Allston, acknowledged that a sight of this copy affected them like an inspiration. The most important work of Smybert in this country is a group representing the family of Bishop Berkeley, now in the Art Gallery at New Haven. —*Harper's Magazine.*

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Fashion Notes.

Tiger-skin muffs are a recent novelty.

The new greenish-blue is known as Juponais.

Walking dresses are short enough to show the shoes.

Fichus will be more worn this winter than ever before.

Fancy feathers are the leading feature in bonnet trimmings.

The hair is generally worn low, whether it is becoming or not.

Bits of tinsel, jet and many jet beads are added to feather ornaments.

New muffs to match costumes are in reticule shape, trimmed with lace or fringe.

Silk with jet beads interwoven in the fabric comes for combining with black satin and velvet.

Silk plush of the same shade as the dress makes a handsome trimming when applied in panels and as revers, collars and cuffs.

A new style of dress pocket is cut in square-cornered shape and attached to the edge of the basque, where it hangs like a bag.

Dress seams are now frequently curved to the arm-hole, after the fashion of a few years back. It is claimed that the long seam, reaching to the shoulder, makes the waist appear large.

A new idea in kid gloves is the Foster glove, fitting the hand as a shoe does the foot, laced with a cord between a double row of buttons, thus enabling a lady to wear the smallest possible size.

Silk-faced cloakings, with fur backs, have the upper side of silk in armure or matelasse designs, or else soft repped silk or Sicilienne, while the reverse is of soft, thick fleece, almost as warm as fur.

Frosted flowers are coming into fashion for evening dresses. An easy way of frosting those which have lost their freshness is to touch them lightly with white of egg and then scatter frosting powder, which is merely powdered glass, over them.

A comfortable manner of making a dressing gown for every-day wear is double-breasted, with a double row of buttons down the front, or one broad trimming—an exact fac simile of the newest shaped ulsters, cut to the figure, but a little wider in the skirt. The model from Paris was made in dark blue cloth flannel, and had an applique trimming of dark blue velvet tambour stitched in white.

A fashion which promises to be popular is that of wearing jackets of a material and color different from the dress. These jackets are made in the casaquin fashion, tight-fitting and with deep basques and square pockets. In thin cloth or cassimere, of some very dark color, they are very becoming, showing off the figure to great advantage; but those of embroidered cashmere, brocaded silk or fancy velvet are more dressy and effective.

Word comes from Paris that the polonaise, which has been discarded for a time, is again taken into favor under a new name—"habit redingote." An example mentioned was of dark embossed blue velvet, worn over a satin petticoat to match, trimmed in front with two deep plaitings, large pockets at the sides, edged with silk and chenille fringe; the polonaise almost as long as the skirt at the back and draped very gracefully; in front it is only closed to the knees, where it opens with a large satin and velvet bow. Another polonaise was of striped purple velvet, and it opened over a satin skirt embroidered in chevrons of gold, orange and copper-colored silks; a large collar and deep cuffs of satin similarly worked.

Overworked Women.

Nothing is more reprehensible and thoroughly more wrong than the idea that a woman fulfills her duty by doing an amount of work that is far beyond her strength. She not only does not fulfill her duty, but she most signally fails in it, and the failure is truly deplorable. There can be no sadder sight than that of a broken-down, overworked wife and mother—a woman who is tired all her life through. If the work of the household cannot be accomplished by order, system, and moderate work, without the necessity of wearing, heart-breaking toil—not that is never ended but that making life a treadmill of labor, then, for the sake of humanity, let the work go.

Better to live in the midst of disorder than that order should be purchased at so high a price—the cost of health, strength and happiness, and all that makes existence endurable. The woman who spends her life in unnecessary labor is by this very labor unfitted for the highest duties of home. She should be the haven of rest to which both husband and children turn for peace and refreshment. She should be the careful intelligent adviser and guide of the one the tender confidant and helpmate o the other. How is it possible for woman exhausted in body, as a natural consequence in mind also, to perform these offices? No, it is not possible. The constant strain is too great. Nature gives way beneath it. She loses health and spirit and hopefulness, and more than all, her youth—the last thing that a woman should allow to slip from her or no matter how old she is in years she should be young in heart and feeling, for the youth of age is sometimes more attractive than youth itself

To the overworked woman this green old age is out of the question; old age comes on her, sere and yellow, before its time. Her disposition is ruined, her temper soured, her very nature is changed, by the burden which, too heavy to carry, is dragged along as long as wearied feet and tired hand, can do their part. Even her affections are blunted, and she becomes merely a machine—a woman without the time to be womanly, a mother without the time to train and guide her children as only a mother can, a wife without the time to sympathize with and cheer her husband, a woman so overworked during the day that when night comes her sole thought and intense longing is for the rest and sleep that very probably will not come; and, even if it should, that she is too tired to enjoy. Better by far let everything go unfinished, to live as best as she can, than to entail on herself and family the curse of overwork.—*Sanitary Magazine.*

Paper Barrels.

It is claimed that the new paper flour barrels are not only cheaper but more tight and durable, as well as lighter, than those of ordinary construction. By an improved method of manufacture, these barrels are composed of straw, paper pulp, which is run into a mold made into the shape of one-half of a barrel cut vertically. The pulp is subjected to a powerful hydraulic pressure, and, when reduced to the required thickness, the ends of the halves are cut off; the pieces are then placed in a steam drier, the sides are trimmed evenly and the substance thoroughly dried. It comes from the drier ready for making up into barrels. There are three heavy wooden hoops and two hoops fastened together, and, into grooves cut in the staves, the paper halves, which have an average thickness of three-sixteenths of an inch, are slid. The ends of the barrel are made of paper of a similar thickness, constructed on the same principle as the sides. The barrels are manufactured entirely by machinery, and the halves are cut so true that two pieces of the same size will readily fit together.

Smallest Tea-Set in the World.

Mr. W. H. Riland, who now keeps a store in the city of Reading, Pa., was wounded in one of the battles of the last war. It took him a long while to get well from his wound, and he passed the tedious hours sitting up in bed and whittling on peach kernels with a small penknife. He concluded one day to make a tea-set out of the kernels. He whittled out one of the tiniest, cutest set of dishes in the world—a tea-pot, cups, saucers, sugar-bowl, and everything, even to knives and forks. He has the set still, and though he has been offered as high as $50 for it, says that he will never sell it for any price.

The Immensity of Texas.

Ireland is about the size of Maine. France is more than twice as largeas England, Wales and Scotland together. Texas is thirty-five times as large as Massachusetts, or as large as Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Ohio and Indiana combined. The entire population of the United States could be provided for in the State of Texas, allowing each man, woman and child four acres of land.—*Boston Transcript.*

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD

Farm and Garden Notes.

Many a farmer, by too sparingly seeding his new meadows, has had to cede his larth.

Corn loses one-fifth by drying and wheat one-fourteenth. When is the best time to sell?

Attend to the cellars by cleaning and whitewashing them thoroughly before the winter supplies are put in.

Geraniums that are dug up from the flower bed can be hung up in the cellar on a nail, and start out green in the spring.

Vases that are to remain outside all winter, especially deep ones, should have the soil removed from them, as the action of the frost will swell and crack them.

Plant plenty of hardy bulbs—hyacinths, crocuses, tulips, narcissus, etc., and they will reward you next spring with their fragrance and bright colors.

Potatoes should be dug when the ground is dry. They are never saleable at the price they are worth when there is dirt adhering to them. They cannot be thrown out on the surface of the ground to dry without greatly injuring their eating qualities.

Chrysanthemums can be flowered in a cold pit. On the approach of cold weather, remove them to the pit, where they will bloom early until next winter. They bear considerable frost without injury.

A slow milker makes a cow impatient which causes her to hold up her milk The "strippings" are the richest part, and if a cow is milked quietly, as well as quickly, there will be more, as well as richer milk.

It is usual to let the pigs glean the potato fields. But now that Paris green is generally used, the tops should be gethered and burned before the pigs are turned in. Long acquaintance with this deadly poison should not lead to carelessness with it. Neither is it safe to throw the tops into the yards where the pigs are kept.

A cave dug in the side of a hill or pit in a sand-bank affords an excellent place for storing potatoes. If piled on top of the ground and covered with straw and earth, care should be taken to expose them to the light. A dark cellar is to be preferred to a light one for keeping potatoes.

An exchange says: We have kept many a hundred bushel of apples simply by picking them carefully in the fall and burying them in shallow pits in the open ground, covering over with straw, and four or six inches of earth over that, in about the same manner as we preserve turnips from the frost through the winter.

Manure applied broadcast to meadows early in autumn, or later if it has not been done sooner, increases the luxuriance of the growth before winter, and gives the grass an early and luxuriant start in spring. Manure which was too coarse or fibrous early in the season, has rotted enough, if piled in heaps, to spread well.

The damage which is frequently done to manure by exposure to the hot sun may be avoided by keeping it in compact, flattened heaps, and watering now and then, if need be, with a few barrels of water. Cut all weeds out of the pastures, lest they may be cropped by cows or horses and the seeds brought home to go upon the fields again in manure.

Roots that Make Golden Butter.

The harvesting of the carrot crop can be facilitated by running a plow on one side of the rows, when the roots are easily removed by hand. The tops are then cut off and surface moisture from the roots cried by exposure to the sun a day or two, when they may be stored in a cellar, out of doors or in pits, like turnips and potatoes. Carrots having a greater tendency to decay than many roots should never be stored in great bulk but placed in small heaps only and kept at as low a temperature as possible above the freezing point. On the approach of warm weather they incline to sprout if left in bulk; hence when it is desired to preserve them longer the crown ought to be cut off and the roots spread in a cool, dry place

Horses thrive on carrots given in judicious quantity with other feed; they are also excellent for working cattle and produce in milch cows a decided increase of milk with rich yellow cream. Experienced dairymen claim that carrots, especially the orange varieties, impart a flavor to milk similar to that from green pasture, and the butter from the cows fed on them acquire the color of summer butter. Sheep and swine greedily devour carrots of all kinds and soon fatten if plentifully supplied with them in connection with other feed. Favorite varieties for cattle and horses are the long orange and large white Belgian, the orange sorts being preferred for milch cows on account of reasons already specified.—*New York World.*

Household Hints.

To clean zinc, rub on fresh lard with a cloth and wipe dry.

Paint should be varnished, because it is then more easily cleaned.

Fresh fish should be fried in the grease obtained by frying sweet salt pork.

Old potatoes may be freshened up by plunging them into cold water before cooking them.

The yolk of eggs binds the crust much better than the whites. Apply it to the edges with a brush.

To make macaroni tender put it in cold water and bring it to a boil. It will then be much more tender than if put into hot water or stewed in milk.

A bushel of hard-wood ashes suspended in a sack in a cistern of one hundred barrels capacity will purify offensive water with entire satisfaction.

Never put a pudding that is to be steamed into anything else than a dry mold. Never wash raisins that are to be used in sweet dishes. It will make the pudding heavy. To clean them, wipe in a dry towel.

A solution of nitrate or chloride of cobsit, or chloride of copper, mixed with a little gum or sugar, makes a good invisible ink. Warming changes it to a brown color, and the writing can be read like any other.

To Treat Scratches in Horses.

Scratches is a disease which affects the heels of horses, and is often called greece in the heels, or mun fever. It is a disease of the skin, caused originally by wet or filth, and the absorption of diseased matter in time produces a diseased condition of the blood which renders a cure very difficult. If it is not very serious it may be successfully treated by frequent washing with warm water and soap, after which apply the following: Melt together two ounces of beeswax, two ounces of resin, eight ounces of fresh lard; add to this four ounces of turpentine, and stir until nearly cold; then stir in one ounce of finely powdered acetate of copper, and mix well until cold. The heels should be bandaged to preserve them from irritating matter, mud, sand or filth. If the disease is unusually severe, medicine should be given. This may be a free saline laxative, as twelve to sixteen ounces of salts, and the usual antiseptic hydro-sulphite of soda, in small doses, repeated daily until the disease is overcome. If purging occurs, reduce the quantity to half ounce doses.—*Chautauqua Farmer.*

"Woven Air."

The Decca muslins of India are among the most wonderful evidences of the hand-skill of the strange people of the mysterious east. These fabrics, which are spun and woven entirely by hand, and are the product of obscure and curious processes, unknown and unattainable by the western nations, like the fabrication of Damascus steel and the making of camel's hair shawls, are marvels of ingenuity and skill, and they illustrate the poetry of cotton; the most delicate of the fabrics is known by the name of "woven air." It can only be made in the early morning and in the evenings, when the air is full of moisture and the dew is on the grass. The processes by which it is woven are kept secret, and the people who do the work are compelled first to pass through a long course of training and initiation. Their delicate wares are of such ethereal texture as to be almost invisible, and yet are so enduring that they will bear washing and wear in a wonderful manner. This precious stuff is monopolized for the use of the ladies of the Oriental harems, and is said to be worth hundreds of dollars per yard.

Tickling induces laughter, except tickling in the throat, which causes coughing — at once removed by Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. 25 cents a bottle.

The Wonders of Colorado.

At a meeting of the San Francisco academy of sciences, Major Powell, of the United States geological survey, was called upon for some remarks on his recent explorations and travels through the canyons of Colorado.

The lower third of Colorado, the major said, lies but a little above the level of the sea, while the upper two-thirds has an elevation of from 4,000 to 8,000 feet. Out of this basin or plateau rise snow-capped mountains to an altitude of from 10,000 to 14,000 feet. Hardly any rain falls upon this upper basin of mountains. But in winter immense drifts of snow cover these eternal rocks. When in summer this snow commences to melt, ten thousand cascades and little streams are formed. They plunge down the rocky mountain-sides, cut their courses through the immense plateaus, and gradually run as swift rivers through the silent region. They cut deep channels through the rocks, so that the beds of these rivers are variously from 500 to 7,000 feet below the general surface of the plateaus. For 200 miles the Green and Grand rivers run in a channel cut to the depth of a mile. The whole upper two-thirds of Colorado is cut up by gorges and canyons, so that the country is almost impassable. There are no evidences that these canyons are formed by upheavals of huge masses of rocks, but they are all caused by the slow but perpetual action of the mountain streams. If 150 mountains like Mt. Washington were plucked up by the root, they would not fill the grand canyon of the Colorado river. The fall of this river is very great, and differs from 25 to 200 feet per mile; it is therefore not navigable. Moreover, for 1,000 miles along the Colorado river there is no place where a town or farm could be located, for the river is entirely unapproachable for that whole distance. These canyons have carried away vast areas of sediment. The whole region has become one of naked rocks. Geological studies can here be made with certainty; every stratum can be measured. Nature lies before us like an open book. The amount of material carried away by this river is as large as a rock 600 feet in depth covering the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana, or large as California and Nevada. This vast amount of rock the storms of ages have hurled off.

The rivers of Colorado are older than the valleys and mountains. Gradually, as the mountains rose, the rivers cut their way through them. The stratification of these rocks is never sweeping, but always vertically broken, rising or falling abruptly from 100 to 20,000 feet. These strata are always horizontal, and sometimes there are found zones of rocks twenty miles in width broken into irregular fragments. The Colorado river carries about as much water as the Ohio at Louisville. Where the rock is soft, it forms a broad, wide river; but when it passes through basalt its channel is narrowed down to sixty or seventy feet, and through it this vast volume of water plunges and rushes in a mad, wild and irresistible stream, that would carry anything before it. Sometimes, when a storm arises and heavy showers fall, this mile-deep channel of the river is filled in an incredibly short time to a height of hundreds of feet, and the torrent is so high it at a most terrific rate. There are, however, no vertical falls of any magnitude in Colorado.

Most interesting to the explorers are the thousands of ancient ruins found throughout the whole region. These habitations are built of stone, and often reach a height of seven stories. At the heads of the streams forming the Colorado are the most ancient of the ruins, while further down in the deep cliffs and canyons they apparently belong to a later period. It seems that the people were driven from the beautiful valleys above to seek protection on these high cliffs, which were better adapted for defence.

Stop Scowling.

Don't scowl, it spoils faces. Before you know it your forehead will resemble a small railway track. There is a wrinkle in mid line now from your cowlick to the edge of your nose, intersected by parallel lines running east and west, with curves arching your eyebrows, and oh, how much older you look for it.

Scowling is a habit that steals upon us unawares. We frown when the light is too strong, and when it is too weak. We tie our eyebrows into a knot when we are thinking, and knit them more tightly when we cannot think. There is no denying that some of things in life are not pleasant. The baby in the cradle frowns when something fails to suit. "Constitutional scowl," we say. The little toddler who has sugar on his bread and butter tells his trouble in the same way when you leave the sugar off. "Cross," we say about the children, and "worried to death" about the old folks, and as for ourselves, we can't help it. But we must. Its reflex influence makes others unhappy; for face answereth unto face in life as well as in water. It belies our religion. We should possess our souls in such peace that it will reflect itself in placid countenances.

If your forehead is ridged with wrinkles before forty, what will it be at seventy? There is one consoling thought about these marks of time and trouble—the death angel always erases them. Even the extremely aged, in death often wear a smooth and peaceful brow, thus leaving our last memories of them calm and tranquil. But our business is with life. Scowling is a kind of silent scolding. For pity's sake, let us take a sad iron, or glad iron, or smoothing tool of some sort, and straighten these creases out of our faces before they become indelibly engraven upon our visage.

Old-Fashioned Garments.

My first recollection of fashion is that old men, especially those of the better classes, wore short "breeches," as they were called, with knee buckles and long stockings, closely fitting the legs. Young men and old men not governed by fashion wore pantaloons or breeches, with legs descending to the ankles. In a short while pantaloons supplanted breeches, except in rare cases of old or eccentric men. Pantaloons, made at first to fit the limbs, soon began to be cut according to the arbitrary dictates of fashion. At one time the legs were of enormous size—large enough for mail bags—and at another they were made of elastic stuff and fitted to the limbs as closely as the skin. Boots underwent changes quite as striking as did pantaloons. When I was a boy old men wore fair-top boots. They were long enough to reach the knee, with a broad belt of smooth leather, of its natural color, around the top, and the remainder polished with blacking. They were pressed down and rumpled about the legs, so as to expose to view a considerable portion of the stocking between the upper edge of the boot and the knee-buckle. The dandies wore boots of a different style. Their legs were stiff, reaching rather more than half-way to the knee, cut at the top and in front in the form of a heart, with a black silk tassel suspended from the lowest point of the indentation. They were called "Surrow boots;" why, I know not, nor am I sure that my spelling of them is correct.—*Recollections of Rev. Dr. Jeter.*

A Countess' Strange Suicide.

Moscow society is considerably exercised by the suicide of one of its brightest ornaments, the young and lovely Countess Vera Koscheleff, who a short time ago suddenly disappeared from her palace in the old Russian capital, only two days after her solemn betrothal to Count Hermann, which had been celebrated with festive rejoicings on an unusually magnificent scale. No one could imagine whither she had gone until her steward received a letter from her, written at her chateau in the Crimea, wherein she informed him that "she was going to bathe in the river running through her estate, and should not return alive from her bath." She also described the exact spot near which her body would be found in the water. Search was of course made with all possible promptitude, and it resulted in the discovery of the beautiful young countess' corpse sewn up in a large straw sack and sunk in the river. The seams were found to be in the interior of the sack, proving that Vera Koscheleff had deliberately sewn herself up in the sack on the river bank and then cast herself into the stream. In another letter, addressed to one of her uncles, and received by him some time after her death, she gave as her reason for enclosing herself in a sack previously to drowning herself, her extreme fear of crawfish and water beetles.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* wants to see railroad travel superseded by canal transportation, because "canal boats never run off the track, and well trained mules rarely explode."

NEWS SUMMARY.

Eastern and Middle States.

Richard Schell, well known in New York financial and social circles, died the other day, aged sixty-nine years. Mr. Schell was an ex-member of Congress, and during the last presidential campaign was a prominent Greenbacker.

A number of lottery dealers in New York have been arrested for sending lottery circulars through the mails contrary to law.

Secretary Sherman has succeeded in buying in New York ten million dollars' worth of six per cent. United States bonds for the government at his own price—106.

Returns from every county in Pennsylvania give the total vote for State treasurer as follows: Butler, Rep., 285,153; Barr, Dem., 221,715; Sutton, Greenback, 27,267; Richardson, Prohibition, 3,219.

In October 16,097 emigrants arrived at the port of New York, an increase of 8,282 ove October, 1878. From January 1 to November 1, 1879, 111,300 emigrants have arrived, an increase of 40,900 over the first ten months of 1878. Of the arrivals in October 4,576 were Germans, 3,244 English, 2,204 Irish, 677 Scotch, 411 Welsh and 1,448 Scandinavian.

Ten thousand dollars will be given in premiums at the second annual International dairy fair which will be opened in the American Institute building, New York, on Monday, December 8. The entries last year were 2,000. This year they are expected to be over 3,000. There will be at least 300 specimens of celebrated herds of cattle now in America exhibited. In the displays of butter and cheese, the manufacturing process of to-day will be exhibited side by side with that of a century ago. For this purpose a log cabin will be built, around which will be a yard with a small herd of Jersey cattle. An obelisk of cheese seventy-five feet high will be exhibited by one dealer; it will consist of 1,000 cheeses.

St. Louis, Cleveland and many other like cities will secure a reduction of railroad fares for their citizens.

Mrs. Mattie Potts, who recently walked from Philadelphia to New Orleans and return, attempted to kill herself at Philadelphia by placing her head upon the railroad track, but was observed in time and her purpose frustrated. Letters were found upon her addressed to several newspapers, stating that poverty and failure to find employment led to the act.

The President has commuted the sentence of Isaac Jacobson from death by hanging to imprisonment for eighteen years. The change in the punishment was made on the recommendation of Judges McKenna and Butler and District-Attorney Wagner, as they believed Jacobson no more guilty than the other sailors who with Jacobson, fatally assaulted Brooks, mate of the Sea King, and when the vessel arrived at Philadelphia were tried for murder. Jacobson was sentenced to be hung and the other members from six to ten years.

Courtney and Hanlan, the oarsmen, with their representatives, met in Rochester, and after a discussion which lasted several hours articles of agreement were signed to row a race on the Potomac river at Washington, on December 9, for a purse of $6,000.

Charles Drews and Franklin Stichler were hanged at Lebanon, Pa., for the murder of Joseph Raber at Indiantown Gap on the 7th of December last. The men hanged are two of the six tried and convicted of the murder of old Raber, upon whose life they had taken out heavy insurance policies. Zechman, one of the six, was acquitted on his second trial. Wise, who confessed first, has never been sentenced. Hummel and Brandt have their cases before the supreme court, and Drews and Stichler are the only ones yet brought to the scaffold. Religious services were conducted in their cell by seven clergymen of the United Brethren and German Reformed churches. At ten minutes to eleven o'clock the condemned men were led to the gallows, which they ascended firmly. Drews, an old man of sixty years, appeared totally indifferent to everything, but young Stichler clasped his hands, upturned his pallid face to the rain and moaned and muttered seemingly heartfelt prayers. The religious services upon the scaffold occupied almost twenty minutes. First there was a prayer in German, then there was a reading of the Scriptures, then the hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood;" then there was a prayer in English, followed by a prayer upon bended knees in German, and then the singing of a German hymn, and then another prayer in English, and then the blessing. During all this Drews cast down his eyes and seemed to take no interest in the proceedings, but Stichler was ever praying fervently. The men made no remarks except to bid everybody "Good-by." When the trap sprung, through a mistake in not removing the prop, it did not fall. The mutterings of the men could be heard through their white caps. At ten minutes past eleven o'clock, however, the platform parted and the noose did its work. Both men died only after great struggling.

On the same day that Drews and Stichler were hanged in Pennsylvania Mylous A. Buell suffered a similar fate at Cooperstown, N. Y., for the murder of Catherine Richards, the daughter of a farmer in Plainfield, Otsego county, with whom Buell lived. He assaulted the girl, strangled her with a rope and left her to perish in the wilderness. Buell after turning the animal loose, thus creating the impression at first that the bull had killed her. The condemned man left a confession of his guilt in the hands of his counsel. Buell's father, mother, sisters and friends left him about ten o'clock. The scene for the survivors was a heartbreaking one. The condemned man then spent the rest of his time in his cell in prayer and receiving the communion. The death warrant was read in the jail, and the final prayers were also made there. Buell appeared very calm. At a quarter to eleven the prisoner, clergyman and officers entered the jail yard and the condemned man took his place on the gallows. His arms were tied, his feet strapped, the black cap was put on, the sheriff pulled the cord, and he was launched into eternity.

A terrible fire, resulting in the death of five persons, and serious injuries to two others, took place in a New York tenement house a few days ago. The fire were discovered at about three o'clock in the morning, when all the unfortunate inmates of the crowded tenement were fast asleep. Almost as soon as the engines arrived John Butzek, who lived on the top floor, appeared at the window, clad in his night clothes, and screamed loudly for help. He held up his child and called out that the stairways were impossible to pass down because of smoke. Then, frantic with fear, he put down the child and sprang into the air from the open window, out of which the smoke was then pouring, and fell in the street, forty feet below, and was taken up a corpse. When the flames were fully under control, less than forty minutes after the arrival of the engines, the firemen entered and removed the dead bodies they found there. On the upper floor, in a little room in the front, the body of Mrs. Butzek was found. She was crouched over the corpses of her two children, as though the last efforts of the expiring woman had been dictated by maternal love. One little boy, her son Frank, aged seven, had his arm around her neck and she had pressed close to her bosom, while her younger son, aged three, had buried his face in the folds of his mother's dress and died there. On the floo below the body of Mary Gounder, a widow aged seventy, was found. She had tried to make her way through the smoke of the stairway, but had fallen helpless, and died almost on the threshold of an escape. Her daughter, Mary Burbeschek, a widow, having dropped her two children from a window into the arms of a fireman, jumped to the ground herself, breaking her leg. Patrick Lynch, a fireman, was severely burned while trying to save life. The fire is believed to have been of incendiary origin.

The building in New York occupied by the *Churchman*, a religious newspaper, and other business firms, was burned out a few days ago, and damage done to the extent of about $90,000. The janitor's wife was fatally injured by leaping to the ground from the top story.

U. S. Heyman & Co., manufacturers of artificial flowers on Broadway, New York, failed with liabilities amounting to $160,000.

A Buffalo dispatch says that the schooner C. G. Breed has foundered in Lake Erie. The crew, consisting of the captain and seven men, are supposed to have been lost, with the exception of Frank Davis, who was picked up by the propeller Milwaukee, after being nearly thirteen hours in the water.

The shore end of the new French ocean cable has been successfully landed from the steamer Faraday at North Eastham, on the Massachusetts coast. From North Eastham the land lines of the American Union Telegraph Company will make the above transmission to all points in the United States and Canada. The Ponyer-Quertier Cable Company is composed of French and American stockholders, the former holding the balance of power, and has a paid up capital of about $8,000,000, soon to be increased by the additional amount of $2,000,000. The cable extends from Brest, France, to St. Pierre, Miquelon, and from St. Pierre to North Eastham.

Western and Southern States.

In Lancaster county, N. C., Mrs. James Adams set the house of her five children, set fire to her own clothing and was burned to death.

Stettauer Brothers, of Chicago, who failed recently, have furnished a statement showing their liabilities to be $1,519,861 and their assets $974,929.

One whole family and a number of other persons were killed by a terrific cyclone which passed through the northern portion of Crawford county, Ark. The storm was about one and three-quarter miles in width, and leveled houses, lumber, barns, fences and everything that came in its path.

Rear-Admiral Augustus H. Kitty, United States navy, died the other day at his residence in Baltimore, Md., aged seventy-three years.

Edward C. Palmer, late president of the Louisiana Savings Bank, was arrested at New Orleans upon two indictments, one charging him with the embezzlement in June last of $47,437 belonging to the bank, the other charging him with publishing false reports and willfully concealing facts as to the bank's condition. He was imprisoned in default of $49,000 bail.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey have just closed a series of revival meetings in Cleveland, Ohio.

The annual meeting of the Army of the Tennessee, held in Chicago and presided over by General W. T. Sherman, was made the occasion for tendering a reception, devoid of political significance, to General Grant. A procession several miles in length was reviewed by General Grant, and the buildings along the line of march were profusely decorated. After the review Grant was informally welcomed by the mayor, and he briefly responded. In the evening a reception was given to General Grant in Haverly's theater.

The distribution of the estate of W. S. O'Brien, of San Francisco, amounting to $9,000,000, which was to have taken place last August, by a decision of the probate court has been indefinitely postponed, as the estate is defendant in four of the suits brought by John H. Burke against J. C. Burke and others involving $38,944,000.

Governor Croswell, of Michigan, has appointed Fernando C. Beaman as United States Senator to fill the unexpired term of the late Senator Chandler. Mr. Beaman is a native of Vermont, and was in Congress from 1861 to 1871.

Julius Toettel was hanged at Sherman, Texas, for the murder of Joseph A. Brenner, a saloon keeper of Dennison, with whom he had quarreled about the payment of a debt.

A few days ago a young woman named Anna Hoft went to the house where Charles Scheuer lived, in Newport, Ky., and on his hesitating to answer the question, "Do you intend to marry me?" she shot him through the heart, killing him instantly. She says that Scheuer had wronged her under a promise of marriage.

Jordan Sheats, a colored man, was hanged at Dameisville, Ga., for the murder of John Ledbetter, a white man who interfered in a quarrel between Sheats and his employer.

The "Regulators" in northeastern Kentucky have issued a proclamation fashioned after the Declaration of Independence. It recites that, in view of the reign of assassination, robbery and rapine which has lasted in that region four years, they have had to band together to protect the lives and property of honest and honorable people. They deny that they are a mob, but assert that they are an organized and disciplined set of men, who "mean business." They say that good citizens have nothing to fear, and they warn all barn burners and murderers to leave the country, and threaten them with lynch law where the State law fails of its duty.

A dispatch from Petersburg, Va., says that the drought which has prevailed to an alarming degree in that part of the State the last three months is causing great anxiety. In some of the adjoining counties people are obliged to travel for miles in vehicles in search of water for family use.

At Marietta, Ohio, Mrs. Emily Smalley, widow of a soldier, was shot through the heart by her son, ten years old. She had drawn a pension of $1,500; had deposited $1,000 in bank and kept $500. For fear of being robbed she bought a revolver, which she laid on the table on arriving home. Her little boy picked it up, and while handling it one chamber was discharged with the above result.

From Washington.

A Washington dispatch says the effect of the passage of the arrears of pensions act will be brought forcibly to the notice of Congress this winter by an application for $2,100,000 additional for the additional annual appropriation for the payment of pensions. It seems that the act developed an overwhelmingly surprising number of hitherto unheard-of pensioners. Last year's appropriation, amounting to $29,169,000, was about $2,000,000 short. This deficiency must be made up. Commissioner Bentley's estimate for next year will be $32,404,000.

The annual report of Acting Commissioner Armstrong, of the general land office, shows that during the last fiscal year 9,333,355 acres of public lands were disposed of. The disposals were made mainly as follows: Homestead entries, 5,263,111 acres; timber culture entries, 2,766,874 acres; cash entries, 622,874 acres, including 165,996 acres entered under the desert land law; grants to railroads, 278,334 acres; swamp lands patented to States, 75,388 acres; other grants to States, 186,352 acres. There was a falling off of about 775,000 acres in cash sales, State selections, script locations and lands patented for railroad grants, but the increase in the area taken up by settlers under the homestead and timber culture laws was sufficient to make the aggregate disposals for the year greater by 647,204 acres than the total for the previous year. The increase in homestead entries was 841,766 acres and in timber culture entries 896,139 acres. The total receipts during the year from all sources were $1,883,113.56. Nearly 1,000,000 unadjudicated patents remain on file in the land office and cover 150,000,000 acres. The report says that notwithstanding efforts to prevent the destruction of timber on the public lands, the depredations are still very extensive in almost every timber region of the Union. The report says, and the annual loss to the government is about $500,000.

Speaking of the campaign so vigorously begun by the postoffice department against lottery companies, a Washington dispatch says: "Evidence has been accumulating in the postoffice department going to show that the whole lottery system in the United States is a swind