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Two Sides of Life.

There is a shady side of life,
And a sunny side as well,
And 'tis for any one to say
On which he'd choose to dwell;
For every one unto himself
Commits a grievous sin
Who bars the blessed sunshine out
And shuts the shadows in.

The clouds may wear their saddest robes
The sun refuse to smile,
And sorrow with her troop of ills,
May threaten us the while;
But still the cheerful heart has power,
A sunbeam to provide;
And only those whose souls are dark
Dwell on life's shady side.

Along the Way.

Though tangled hard life's knot may be,
And wearily we rue it,
The silent touch of father time
Some day will sure undue it.
Then, darling, wait;
Nothing is late
In the light that shines forever.

We faint at heart, a friend is gone;
We chide at the world's harsh drilling;
We tremble at sorrows on every side,
At the myriad ways of killing.
Yet, say we all,
It a sparrow fall,
The Lord keepeth count forever.

He keepeth count. We come, we go,
We speculate, toil and alter;
But the measure to each of weal or woe,
God only can give or alter,
He sendeth light
He sendeth night.
And change goes on forever.

Why not take life with cheerful trust
With faith in the strength of weakness?
The slenderest daisy rears its head
With courage, yet with meekness.
A sunny face
Hath holy grace,
To woo the sun forever.

Forever and ever, my darling, yes—
Goodness and love are undying;
Only the troubles and care of earth
Are winged from the fire for flying.
Our way we plow
In the furrow "now;"
But after the tilling and groaning, the sheaf—
Soil for the root, but the sun for the leaf—
And God keepeth watch forever.

—*Mary Mapes Dodge.*

JUST IN TIME.

Dinner was over at last, and Mr. Walter Currie, English commissioner at the up-country station of Futta-Bagh, in Northern India, had gone out upon the veranda with his wife and his two guests—the colonel and major of the —th light infantry—to enjoy the cool of the evening.

On three sides the house was surrounded by its compound, a large inclosed space, serving the purpose of a courtyard; but the fourth was only separated by a small patch of garden from the public road, along which a number of native women were passing with their little pitchers on their heads.

The sight of them naturally turned the conversation upon a favorite subject with all Anglo-Indians, viz., the character of the natives, and the best method of dealing with them.

"There's only one way," said the colonel, emphatically. "Tell 'em what they're to do, make 'em do it, and thrash 'em well if they don't. That's my way."

"Well, I venture to differ from you there, colonel," said Mr. Currie, quietly. "I've had to do some thrashing once or twice, I own, but most of my native servants seem to get along very well without it, and they serve me excellently, I assure you."

"I wish you'd been in my place, then," retorted the colonel; "you'd have changed your opinion, I warrant. Why, the year before last, when I had charge of two battalions of the rascals down at Sutteepoor, because there wasn't another queen's officer within reach—just like my confounded luck! There's no getting anything done unless I did it myself. By Jove! sir! I had to be everything at once—my own quartermaster, my own sergeant-major, my own caterer, and—"

"And your own trumpeter, Colonel Annesley!" asked Mrs. Currie, with an arch smile.

The colonel's broad face reddened ominously, and an explosion seemed imminent; when a sudden clatter of angry voices from the road below drew them all to the front of the veranda.

The cause of the disturbance was visible at a glance. Two half-drunken English soldiers, swaggering along the road, had come into violent contact with a native boy who was running past; and one of them, enraged at the collision, had felled the poor lad to the ground, and was unclasping his heavy belt with the evident intention of beating him unmercifully.

"Serve the young whelp right," shouted the colonel rubbing his hands; "that's just what they all want."

The other officer, Major Armstrong—popularly called Major Strongarm—was a huge, brawny, silent man, whose sports lay in action rather than in talking.

During the whole discussion he had sat like a great bronze statue, never uttering a word; but at the sight of this man ill-using this child, he woke up rather startingly.

To leap to the ground twelve feet below, to dart across the garden, to vault over the high stockade beyond, was the work of a moment for the athletic major; and in another instant he had raised the fallen boy tenderly from the ground, while saying to the foremost soldier, in the low, compressed tone of a man who means what he says:

"Be off with you!"

"And what the deuce are you, shovin' yer nose in where you ain't wanted?" roared the infuriated ruffian, to whose eyes the major's plain evening dress bore no token of his being an officer: "jist you—"

The sentence was never finished.

At the sound of that insolent defiance, Armstrong's sorely-tried patience gave way altogether, and the powerful right hand which had hewed its way through a whole squadron of Sikh cavalry, fell like a sledge-hammer upon his opponent's face, dashing him to the ground as if he had been blown from the mouth of a gun.

"Well done, Major Armstrong!" shouted Mr. Currier from above. "You deserve your name, and no mistake."

At that formidable name, the soldier took to his heels at once; and Armstrong, without even looking at his prostrate antagonist, proceeded to examine the hurts of the boy.

The latter was sorely bruised in many places, and the blood was trickling freely over his swarthy face; but the little hero still did his best to stand erect, and to keep down every sign of the pain which he was enduring.

"You're a brave lad, and you'll make a soldier some day," said the major to him in Hindostance. "Come with me, and I'll see that no one molests you again."

The lad seized the huge brown hand which had defended him so bravely, and kissed it with the deepest reverence; and the two walked away together.

Six months have come and gone, and Mr. Currie's hospitable house presents a very different spectacle. The pretty garden is trampled into dust and mire, and the bodies of men and horses are lying thick among the fragments of the half destroyed stockade.

All the windows of the house are blocked up, and through the loopholed walls peer the muzzles of ready rifles showing how steady the besieged garrison stands at bay against the countless enemies, whose dark, fierce faces and glittering weapons are visible amid the half-ruined building and matted thickets all around.

The Sepoy mutiny of 1857 is blazing sky-high over Northern India, and Colonel Annesley is blockaded in Huttee-Bagh, with a certainty of a hideous death for himself and every man of the few who are still true to him, unless help come speedily.

Day was just breaking, when two men held whispered counsel in one of the upper rooms.

"No fear of the water running short," said Major Armstrong; "but even upon half-rations the food will be out in four days more."

"And then we'll just go right at them, and cut our way through or die for it!" growled the old colonel, with a grim smile on his iron face, for, with all his harshness and injustice, Colonel Annesley was "grit" to the backbone. "We mustn't say anything to them about it, though," added he, with a side glance at Mr. Currie, who, standing in the further corner, was anxiously watching the thin, worn face of his sleeping wife.

At that moment a loud cheer from below startled them both, and the next moment Ismail (the "major's boy," as every one now called him) burst into the room, with a glow of unwonted excitement on his dark face.

"Sahib," cried he, "there is hope for us yet! A detachment of Inglees (English) are coming up the other bank of the river; if we can send word to them as they pass, we are saved!"

"How do you know?" asked the major, eagerly.

"I heard the Sepoys say so, while I was lying hid among the bushes yonder," answered the lad.

"Among the bushes yonder?" roared the colonel, facing around. "Have you really been in the midst of those cut-throat villains, listening to what they said? Whatever did you do that for?"

"I did it for Sahib Armstrong's sake," replied the boy, proudly, "because he was good to me."

The colonel turned hastily away to hide the flush of not unmanly shame that overspread his hard face; and Armstrong smiled slightly as he heard him mutter:

"By Jove! these chaps aren't so black as they're painted after all."

"But if the troops are beyond the river, how can we communicate with them?" asked Mrs. Currie, who, awakened by the shouting, had risen and joined the group. "They may not pass near enough to hear the firing, and we have no means of sending them word."

"Fear nothing for that, mem-sahib" (madam) said the Hindoo boy, quietly; "I will carry them word myself!"

"But how can you possibly do it?" cried Mr. Currie, thunderstruck by the confident tone in which this mere child spoke of a task from which the hardiest veteran might well have shrunk.

"Listen, sahib," answered Ismail. "I will slip out of the house, and make a dash into the enemy's lines, as if I were deserting from you to them; and you can tell your people to fire a shot or two after me with blank cartridge, as I go. Then the Sepoys will receive me kindly, and I'll tell them that you're all dying of thirst, and that they need only wait one day more to be sure of you, so that they won't care to make another attack. Then, when they have no suspicion, and think I'm quite one of themselves, I'll steal away, and slip across the river."

"But are you quite sure the Sepoys will believe you?" asked Major Armstrong, doubtfully.

"They'll believe this, anyhow," replied the boy, deliberately making a deep gash in his bare shoulder, and staining his white frock with the blood, as he glided from the room, followed by Major Armstrong.

The plan was soon explained to the men below, and a moment later Ismail's dark figure was seen darting like an arrow across the open space in front of the building, followed by a quick discharge of blank cartridges from the marksmen at the loopholes. The sound of firing drew the attention of the Sepoys, several of whom ran forward to meet him.

In another instant he was in the midst of them.

"I can scarcely see for those bushes," said Colonel Annesley; "but he seems to be showing them the wound on his shoulder, and telling them it was our doing."

At that moment an exulting yell from the enemy came pealing through the still air.

"That's the story of our being short of water, for a guinea!" said the major; "it was a very good thought of his. If it only delays their attack two days longer, there may be time for help to arrive yet.

Slowly and wearily the long hours of that fearful day wore on. The heat was so terrific that even the native soldiers of the garrison could barely hold their own against it, and the handful of Englishmen were almost helpless. Had the Sepoys attacked then, all would have been over at one blow; but hour passed after hour, and there was no sign of an assault.

At length, as afternoon gave place to evening, a movement began to show itself in the enemy's lines. Their curls of smoke, rising above the trees, showed that the evening meal was in preparation; and several figures, with pitchers in their hands, were seen going toward the river, among whom the colonel's keen eye soon detected Ismail.

"By George!" cried the old soldier, slapping his knee exultingly, "that lad's worth his weight in gold! There's his way down to the river right open to him without the least chance of suspicion! Why, he's a born general—nothing less!"

Every eye within the walls was now turned anxiously upon the distant group, fearing to see at any moment some movement which would show that the trick was detected. How did Ismail mean to accomplish his purpose? Would he plunge boldly into the river, without any disguise, or had he some further stratagem in preparation? No one could say.

Suddenly, as Ismail stooped to plunge his light wooden dipper into the water, it slipped from his hands, and went floating away down the stream. A cry of dismay, a loud laugh from the Sepoys, and then the boy was seen running frantically along the bank, and trying in vain to clutch the vessel as it floated past.

"What on earth's he up to?" grunted the colonel, completely mystified.

"I see!" cried Major Armstrong, triumphantly. "there's a boat yonder among the reeds, and he's making right for it. Well done, my brave boy!"

But at that moment a yell of rage from the Sepoys told that the trick was discovered.

Luckily those on the bank had left their pieces behind, or poor Ismail would soon have been disposed of; but the alarm instantly brought up a crowd of their armed comrades, whose bullets fell like hail around the boat and its gallant little pilot.

"Let us fire a volley and make a show of sallying out," said the colonel; "it'll take their attention from him."

But in this he was mistaken.

The first rattle of musketry from the besieged house did indeed recall most of Ismail's assailants, but at least a dozen were left who kept up an unceasing fire, striking the boat again and again.

All at once the colonel dashed his glass to the floor with a frightful oath.

"Between two gusts of smoke he had seen the boat turn suddenly over, and go whirling away down the dark river, keel upward.

"There's an end of the poor lad," muttered the veteran, brokenly. "God bless him for a brave little fellow. And now, old friend, we must just die hard, for there's no hope left."

* * * * * * * *

The first few hours of the night passed quietly, and the exhausted defenders, utterly worn out, slept as if drugged with opium. But a little after midnight the quick ears of the two veteran officers—the only watchers in the whole garrison, except the sentries themselves—caught a faint stirring in the surrounding thickets, which seemed to argue some movement on the part of the enemy.

Listening intently for a few moments they felt certain that they were right, and lost no time in arousing their men.

The scanty stores of food were opened once more, and, crouching together in the darkness, the doomed men took what they fully believed to be their last meal on earth.

"They're coming!" said Major Armstrong, straining his eyes into the gloom through a loophole. "I hear them creeping forward, though I can't see them."

"What the deuce was that?" exclaimed the colonel, suddenly. "It looked like a fiery arrow flying past."

"It's worse than that," said the major, in a low voice. "The rascals are shooting lighted chips of bamboo on to the roof to set it on fire. Send the women up with buckets to flood the thatch there's not a moment to lose."

"I'll go and see to it myself!" cried Mrs. Currie, hastening out of the room.

But the power of this new weapon had already become fatally manifest. The house was an old one, and dry as tinder from the prolonged heat, and as fast as the flames were quenched in one place they broke out in another.

When day dawned, the fire had already got a firm hold of one corner of the building, and a crushing discharge was poured upon all who attempted to extinguish it, while the triumphant yells of the human tigers below told that they felt sure of their prey.

"It's all over with us, old fellow," said the colonel, grasping his old comrade's hand; "but, at least, we shall have done our duty."

"Give me one of your pistols," whispered Mrs. Currie to her husband, in a voice that was not her own. "I must not fall into their hands alive."

At that moment Major Armstrong was seen to start and bend forward, as if listening intently; for he thought—although he could scarcely believe his ears—that he had suddenly caught a faint sound of distant firing.

In another instant he heard it again, and this time there could be no more doubt, for several of the others had caught it likewise, and a gleam of hope once more lighted up their haggard faces and bloodshot eyes.

Louder and nearer came the welcome sound, while the sudden terror and confusion visible among the enemy showed that they, too, were at no loss to guess its meaning.

Then high above all the dine rose the well-known "Hurrah!" and through the smoke-clouds broke a charging line of glittering bayonets and ruddy English faces, sweeping away the cowardly murderers as the sun chases the morning mist.

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"That boy's worth his weight in gold," said Colonel Annesley, as, a few hours later, he listened to Ismail's account of how he had dividly dashed the boat and kept it between himself and the Sepoys, that they might think him drowned. "He's the pluckiest little fellow I've ever seen, and, although he belongs to the major, I'm going to take my share of helping him on, by Jove!"

Brutal Fight Between Man and Dog.

The fight between "Patsy Brennan," the prize-fighter, and the Siberian bloodhound, in St. Louis, was one of the most degrading spectacles ever witnessed. The dog was of very large breed, resembling more a calf in size than a dog, and its muscles were as hard as iron. It seemed to be nothing but muscle. Its head and face were the most repulsive that were ever carried by a dog. The fight took place in an old stable, and among the spectators were an ex-police commissioner, ex-judge, three members of the house of delegates, a very prominent physician and several business men. Brennan stripped to the waist. The owner of the dog had much difficulty in holding the Siberian until time was called, and then with a vicious "Sick him, Tige," the bloodhound was released and leaped straight for the throat of the prize-fighter, who sprang to one side and caught the dog a terrible body blow as he went by turning him completely in the air and making Tige come down heavily upon his back. The next second he was in his trainer's hands, and the betting became furious. Tiger, made more cautious by his first rude rebuff, circled round and round his human antagonist, snarling horribly and apparently gulping down his rage. He made several feints, but Brennan was waiting him too closely to be thrown off his guard. All this time the crowd in the barn were almost frantic with excitement, yelling at their favorites and encouraging hound and man by every expedient they could think of. At last the dog got within three feet of Patsy and made his spring. He was met by a terrible blow straight from the shoulder of his human antagonist, and borne backward by the weight. Brennan sank slowly to the floor, his face drawn and white with pain, but with a scowl on his brow that meant mischief. The blood gushed from his mangled shoulder, and almost as soon as he was fairly on the ground he got both his hands into Tiger's mouth and tugged at the closing jaws. He had to take a second trip, choosing the long lips of his enemy this time and tearing them badly before the hound released his hold, and both the fighters were taken from each other by their friends. The man was badly injured.

The collar-bone was already bare and the laceration of the shoulder was simply horrible. The dog was comparatively as badly injured. One of his long lips was so badly torn that it hung several inches, and three of his teeth had been broken by the blow he got in the face. He was just as plucky as the man, however, and when he was loosed again came forward readily. This time Brennan was successful. He caught the dog by the neck and kicked the life out of him. As soon as he was declared victor Brennan fainted from the pain in his shoulder and side, and medical assistance was at once got for him.

A Woman's Impressions of Salt Lake.

A letter from Utah, written by a lady, says: There are hordes of women in shaker or slat sun-bonnets and calico dresses—scant in length, breadth and thickness; whole tribes of half-grown boys and girls, hoodlums with hardly an exception; young men sullen and vicious-looking; young women, careworn and degraded; every woman with a baby at the breast and two or three hanging on her skirts; more halt, blind and lame than I ever saw in all my life. But the grass of Brigham is dilapidated to the last degree. Not a wife has planted a grub or seemingly shed a tear. A commonplace, flat little granite slab marks the spot where the great prophet rests. His grave is distinguished from the others by being adorned with the decaying and odorous remains of a very dead cat and some broken pieces of old dishes. These may strike you as rather unique cemetery ornaments, but I guess, on the whole, they are good enough for old Brigham. One of the numerous Mrs. Young lives near us. She is a relict of the departed prophet. It seems very strange to hear that this Mr So-and-So he has three wives and this is the home of So-and-So; his last wife lives here. I notice, too, that the last and best-looking and youngest wife generally lives in the best house and the best style. The first wife has to go to the Endowment house and give her husband away every time he is married. But for all that, the poor creatures always let you know with an air of some importance when they do happen to be the first wives. Imagine a state of society where it is no cause of comment to having a married man paying attention to a young girl. Think of the bitterness and heartache of it. There were about 7,000 people in the congregation the day we were there. I had a very strong impression that the whole 7,000 needed a bath of good strong soap suds, but doubtless that was the idea of a very carnal mind.

The Diamonds of Nature and of Art.

Professor Tyndall is a man of great ability and Mr. Moskelyne of the British museum is clever in more ways than one; but something further than their alleged testimony that certain stones inspected by them are diamonds will be needed to persuade the world that the secret has really been discovered of making by artificial means the most precious of gems. The notion at first sight is captivating. The ladies especially will be charmed to think that every household, through this dazzling invention, may have its own Golconda in the backyard; but a little reflection will make this bright prospect very dark indeed; for the glory of diamonds is their rarity, and the Koh-i-nohr would become of no more worth than a splash of Dutch metal in "Stalacter's grot" in the "Black Crook" if it could be had as cheaply.

The tale as it comes to us is briefly this: Mr. James Maclear, of the St. Rollox chemical works, has told the Glasgow philosophical society, that after experimenting for thirteen years he has succeeded in getting crystallized forms of carbon. He has furnished the society with specimens of his manufacture, and the eminent physicists we have named declare that the stones so supplied by Mr. Maclear are no doubt diamonds. Stories of this kind are always coming up, and always have done so since the lapidaries discovered the art of cutting diamonds in or about the fifteenth century. Man has yearned to find the art of creating these beautiful objects as he has yearned for the philosopher's stone, for perpetual motion and for the fountain of perpetual youths But if we are rightly instructed the firs. achievement, unlike the two others, it not scientifically impossible. The diamond is simply crystallized carbon. There is always carbon enough at hand; what is wanted is to learn how to crystallize it in the right way. The scientists say that this is practicable but would be very costly. In other words, that it would be far more expensive to make diamonds in such a way than to dig them in the Brazilian mines.

Now it is, perhaps, not so unlikely that Mr. Maclear has found out how to make diamonds as it is that he has found out how to make them so cheaply as to make it worth while to make them at all. If, on the other hand, he has solved this problem; if he can actually cause diamonds to be as plenty as blackberries, and at as little outlay, we are brought face to face with another result, which is that in such a case nobody would want the shining gems at all. Important then, and even startling as the cable announcement at first appears, the practical consequences, even if the announcement proves true, are likely to be less momentous than might be supposed. But without impugning the faith of either Mr. Maclear or his witnesses, the story is likely to be merely chimerical. Over and over again has the same story been told, and over and over again has it turned out to be erroneous. Something like diamonds has been repeatedly produced; such, for example, as the product of the volatilization of carbon between two carbon points by an electric battery. But further investigation has led to uniform results. What has been got has been found to be very like diamonds, but not diamonds themselves.

On the whole, the fair dames who already possess the glittering treasures have no cause to tremble, or their less fortunate sisters who have them not to rejoice. The chemists and alchemists of 300 years have failed to do what is now said to have been done, and the chances are that all the crucibles of the future will bring forth no other result.—*New York Evening Post.*

Edison's Electric Light.

The New York *Sun* publishes the following questions, the replies to which were written by Mr. Edison himself:

"Then you consider your work on the electric light finished?"

"Practically done, though I am still experimenting with a view of reducing its cost."

"What does it cost now?"

"You will have to ask that question of the officers of the company in New York."

"How many lights, each equal to a gas jet, do you get to one-horse power?"

"My lights are on a ratio of ten gas jets per horse power per hour."

"What is the power of your engine?"

"Eighty-horse power."

"What does it cost to run your eighty-horse power engine one hour?"

"Seventy-five cents."

"How long do your lights maintain their power without injury?"

"Twenty-three were burning continuously from Friday last to Wednesday, and thirty-three from Wednesday to ten o'clock on Thursday night. During this time the engine was stopped for an hour to take water. Not a light was injured, all were regulated at the central station."

"What was the distance of the furthest light that was burning five days?"

"Three lights have been burning that time one-fifth of a mile away."

"Were the twenty-three all connected with one main wire?"

"Yes."

"And more could have been put on the same main wire without increasing the power of the engine or diminishing the light of these twenty-three?"

"Yes, five hundred."

A Destructive Fire-Ship.

In overhauling a lot of traps left over from the Fourth of July celebration, several young men, and some old ones, too, last Sunday came across a paper balloon, which they thought, as it was a still, quiet day, should be sent adrift. Suiting the action to the word they retired to the bank of the river, inflated the airy craft by attaching a handful of burning excelsior saturated with turpentine to the basket, cut the rope and "let her rip." Gracefully it rose from the ground and sailed away toward heaven's ethereal vault, followed by the admiring gaze of those few devout spectators, still standing on the banks of the placid Poudre, whose benisons were being rapidly and proudly wafted toward the pearly gates. Waiting until their messenger had disappeared in the blue depths of the atmosphere, they retired to their peaceful homes, feeling that they had done a good deed that day. Soon, ah! too soon, was the happiness of the favored few turned into bitterness and gall. That balloon, instead of keeping on its course, returned to earth to torment its former enthusiastic friends. Dropping into Alex. Barry's meadow, it set fire to about twenty-five tons of hay in the stack, and before the fire could be extinguished the whole was destroyed. Fortunately, by the utmost exertion and constant watching through the following night, two other and much larger stacks close by were saved. The hay destroyed was worth between $400 and $500. Of course the parties engaged in ballooning that day are so much out. Sixty dollars each is the bill what it will cost them.—*Fort Collins (Col.) Courier.*

A Precocious Boy.

Robert Harris, a little five-year old boy, whose parents lived near Senatobia, Mississippi, has given evidence of remarkable intellectual powers. He can read and converse fluently, using choice words and in a pat way. Before he had reached his third year he had read the second and third readers, and had made some progress in arithmetic, showing a remarkable aptitude during the time in spelling and other branches of knowledge. While in his fourth year he read the fourth and fifth readers, learned a good part of the multiplication table and spelled from Webster's common school dictionary almost any word given him. He reads newspapers, and has considerable knowledge in general information and current events.

TIMELY TOPICS.

An American physician who has given attention to the study of alcoholism, said in the course of an address recently delivered before a learned society: "There are constantly crowding into our insane asylums persons fifty to eighty years of age, who in early life were addicted to the use of alcoholic liquors, but who had reformed, and for ten, twenty or thirty years have never touched a drop. The injury which the liquor did to their bodies seemed to have all disappeared, being triumphed over by the full vigor of their manhood, but when their natural force began to decrease, then the concealed mischief showed itself in insanity, clearly demonstrating that the injury to their bodies was of a permanent character."

Gen. Tom Harrison's Texas brigade, composed of two Texas, one Tennessee and one Arkansas regiment, was probably the last brigade under fire during the war, as it was engaged with Northern troops between Raleigh and Salisbury, N. C., just above Chapel Hill, on April 14, 1865, the day that the armistice was declared. The flag carried on that day by one of the Texan regiments (the Eleventh Texas volunteers) is now in the possession of John Halford, of Denison, Texas, who was a member of that regiment at the time, and who concealed it and brought it home with him in the back of his jacket. This is probably the last Southern flag fired at by United States troops. It is a small, silk Confederate flag, and still in good condition, there being only one small tear in it, and that was done the last day it was under fire.

When Mr. Gladstone was making his great speeches in the British parliament on the foreign policy of the government, he used to furnish much innocent merriment to the members anout him by the production of what looked like a pomatum-pot, the contents of which he from time to time absorbed. Night after night he brought this crockery with him, formally produced it from his coat-tail pocket, and placed it within reach on the table. Then everyone knew that he was going to make a great speech. After much discussion and an agony of curiosity, one of his parliamentry brothers ventured to ask what the mysterious mixture might be. Mr. Gladstone very frankly told him that it was simply an egg beaten up in a glass of sherry, though why it should have been carried about in a pomatum-pot remains unexplained to this day.

There has come up a discussion in the press the world over, on the system of bridging large spaces of water in a similar manner to the Frith of Tay, in Scotland, the scene of the dreadful railroad disaster, and no doubt most learned opinions will be expressed on the subject. The bridge where the awful accident happened is built on a preeisely analogous plan to the Victoria bridge across the St. Lawrence and the bridge across the Menai straits, running between Wales and the Isle of Man. These bridges have stood many years, whereas the Tay bridge is only two years old. But, says a New York paper, we must not forget that the Sixth Avenue elevated road is merely an elongated Tay bridge, built on the same plan and made of iron as that was. If any part of that structure gave way we should have another just such an accident. The only difference is that in place of falling into the water the unfortunate victims would fall on land. We cannot contemplate without a shudder the possibility of such an accident at such a spot as 110th street and Eighth avenue, where the road curves at the height of 100feet from the ground, that is to say twenty feet higher than the bridge over the Tay. We trust a calamity of this sort may not happen, but the fearful experience in Scotland should prove a lesson to the directors of the Metropolitan road. Not a day should be allowed to pass without testing the entire track from one end to the other.

He Was There.

Among a number of oil paintings by McClellan, displayed yesterday in front of the auction store of J. C. Currie & Co., was one representing the Mountain Meadows massacre. The teams and wagons of the emigrants were winding down into the valley in which the horrible tragedy is soon to be enacted, while behind rocks and trees in the foreground are visible the crouching Indians and Mormons, all in feathers and war paint.

A crowd of men were standing about the picture commenting upon it and talking of the horrible butchery it represented, among the rest an *Enterprise* reporter.

Observing a stalwart Piute brave standing on the street at the distance of a few paces, the reporter said to the white present:

'Hold on and we'll have some fun. I'll get you Indian and confront him with the scene.'

The Piute, a huge, sleepy-looking fellow, tattooed on the point of the chin and cheek-bones, was soon brought in front of the picture.

The reporter pointed out the horses and wagons, the men, women and children, all unsuspiciously flitting down into the valley, and armed and painted Indians, with "blood in their eyes," peering out from their hiding places.

'You see the white men, the horses and the wagons?' said the reporter.

'Yash, me see um,' said the Indian.

'You see the Injuns behind the rocks and behind the trees?'

'Yash, me see um.'

'You see the Injuns have all got guns?

'Yash, me see um gun.'

'Now, pretty soon Injun shoot all the white men, shoot all the white women, cut throat of all little children—you sabe?

'Yash, me sabe.'

'You sabe?'

'Yash, heap sabe,' said the Indian, earnestly, his eyes glistening.

The reporter was somewhat disappointed, as he had expected the Indian's feelings would be somewhat worked upon by the picture of wholesale slaughter he had drawn, particularly when it came to cutting the throats of the children. However, the untutored child of the desert gazed innocently in his face with a look which seemed to say:

'Well, proceed with the lesson.'

The red man seemed utterly free from guile, and willing to test him further the reporter said:

'When all men dead, all women dead, and all children dead, Injun take all horses, all blanket, all money—all everything in wagon—you sabe?'

'Yash, me sabe.'

Turning to the reporter the guileless and untutored fellow pointed out a particularly fierce-looking Indian peering out from behind a rock.

'You see um him?'

'Yes,' said the reporter, 'I see him.'

'You see um gun?'

'I see the gun.''

'You see um feather on him head?'

'I see his feathers.'

'Good boy, you heap sabe. That Injun by rock, that Injun with gun, that Injun feather on head, that one mean Injun—heap shoot—that Injun me!' drawing himself up to his full height and slapping himself across his resonant chest with his broad right hand.—*Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise.*

"Do animals have fun?" asks some unobserving individual. Of course they do. When a cow switches her tail across the face of a man who is milking her, steps along just two yards and turns to see him pick up his stool and follow, she has the most amused expression on her face possible, and if she can kick over the milkpail she grows positively hilarious.—*New Haven Register.*

A WHIPPING MATCH.

A Ferocious "Amusement" in Brittany.

There must be a strain of tiger, says a writer on Brittany in the *Cornhill Magazine*, in a population which could amuse itself as lately as 1847 in cutting the life out of friends with a whip made after this fashion: Lash, eighteen feet long, swelling at a little distance from the handle to the thickness of a man's arm, from whence it tapered to a twisted and strongly knotted end, made more like a knife by the help of a mixture of glue! This plaything was fixed upon a strong, stiff stick, and often not only cut a man into steaks, but sometimes cut the life out of him at a single stroke. Yet a local historian gives an account of a fete which he attended in 1847, at which the chief attraction was a contest between twelve men, six on a side, with those deadly weapons. The smack of these whips made, he says, much more noise than a gunshot; they could be heard at a distance of two and a half miles, and when several smack their whips in concert the noise is so terrible that one must either run away or stop up one's ears. These twelve men were ranged opposite one another at a distance almost corresponding to the length of the lashes of their whips. They stood up, having for protection in the shape of dress only short felt breeches, and shirts made of stout sailcloth. Like all Breton peasants of the old style, their hair hung down their backs in long tresses, but was cut straight across the forehead after the fashion of Gainsborough' "Blue Boy." They wore no hats or head covering. The left arm was naked, but the right arm, which held the whip, was protected from the fist to the neck by an armlet or shield of thick leather. The sides were distinguished by the color of the tuft of their whips, the one being white the other red.

These men thus standing face to face were there to be wounded almost to death for the glory thereof, and also for the prize, which consisted of half a dozen striped pocket handkerchiefs and a pound of tobacco. The signal given by an old peasant, the combatants put themselves into the attitude of defiance, the whip raised, while the lash was held in the left hand. "Strike," said the same person, and the twelve cabies were let loose in an instant, but no smack was heard as they met, twisted and struggled in mid-air.

Those most renowned quickly disengaged their lashes and dealt the second and dreadful blow upon the persons of their antagonists, opening up long seams of livid or bleeding flesh; on the third stroke all the faces except two were seamed and flowing with blood. These two were the leaders—the one, the other short; one heavy, the other light; one all flesh, the other, although only five feet high, all nerves and sinews. An outsider would have backed the giant, but the boys of Pipriac knew too well the prowess of the dwarf to risk their money against him.

The combat now raged with fury; men disdained to parry, they were only eager to strike. The sound was that of a volley of musketry. The lashes soften into tow, but harden again and glue themselves together with blood. The faces are no longer human; the long hair hangs down in front, bathed in perspiration and blood. But not one blow has fallen on either champion. They have preserved themselves; they have guarded and parried, knowing that upon them the issue of the fight did depend But now the tall man has hit home. A long, blue, spiral mark, which here and there spurts blood, twists round the left arm of the little Joseph, and makes him stagger with pain. He recovers himself; launches his whip at his foe, and but six inches intervened between its deadly point and the face of Joseph the Great. Animated by his first success, Kaer stepped forward and bent his whole strength to the blow which he aimed at Josille. The little man never parried the blow, but pirouted as it were; while, without any effort, he threw out his lash softly. The blow of Kaer missed; but when Josille sharply drew back his lash the face of Joseph Kaer was cut in half—a gigantic gap opened up the very bones. These two stood alone in the lists; the rest had made a truce and were engaged in attending to their grievous wounds.

Kaer, blinded by the shock, put his armlet of leather before his face and paused. Josille, so far from profiting by the advantage which fortune gave him, coolly took out his pocket-handkerchief and loudly blew his nose, to the great amusement of his backers, who thought it an excellent joke. The laughter made Kaer mad, threw him out of his *sang froid*, and made him wild. He struck, stamped, and made wonderful points; but Josille was calm; and at the end of ten minutes the giant, covered with wounds, his shirt cut into ribbons, his mouth foaming, his eyes blinded, fell heavily upon his knees. "Don't give in!" cried some voices still; but the effort to rise was vain. Josille, apparently incapable of pity, like a true Breton peasant, again blew his nose, and prepared to give the falling man his *coup-de-grace*.

A shiver ran through the crowd; but Josille was better than he seemed, for instead of cutting the poor flesh, he dexterously drew the whip out of the hands of the victim, and folded his arms upon his breast. Kaer shut his eyes and laid his burning head upon the sand. The whites were proclaimed the victors. Each subaltern had a pocket-handkerchief worth sixpence, and Josille the pound of tobacco. I know not whether any of these scenes are enacted now, but this account is so recent that it throws light upon the Breton peasant as I find him.

Origin of Plants.

Madder came from the East. Celery originated in Germ any. The chestnut came from Italy. The onion originated in Egypt. Tobacco is a native of Virginia. The nettle is a native of Europe The citron is a native of Greece. The pine is a native of America. The poppy originated in the East. Oats originate in North Africa. Rye came originally from Siberia. Barley was found in the mountains of Himalaya. Wheat is supposed to have come and to have grown simultaneously in Tartary, north of the Himalaya mountains. Parsley was first known in Sardinia. Sunflower was brought from Peru. The parsnip is a native of Arabia. The potato is a native of Peru. Cabbage grows wild in Siberia. Buckwheat came from Siberia. Millet was first known in India. The apple and pear are from Europe. Spinach was first cultivated in Arabia. The mulberry tree originated in Persia. The horse-chestnut is a native of Thibet. The cucumber came from the East Indies. The quince came from the island of Crete. The radish is a native of China and Japan. Peas are supposed to be of Egyptian origin. The garden cress is from Egypt and the East. Horse radish came from the south of Europe. The Zealand flax shows its origin by its name. The coriander grows wild near the Mediterranean. The Jerusalem artichoke is a Brazilian production. Hemp is a native of Persia and the East Indies. The tomato originated in South America, but was known in England as early as 1587. Dodoens, a Holland agriculturist, mentions the tomato in 1583 as "a vegetable to be eaten with pepper, salt and oil." The bean is a native of Persia. The beet originated in Africa and Asia. The cabbage came from England Cayenne pepper came from the tropics; the best varieties from the West Indies. The sweet potato came from tropical America and was early introduced into Europe.

It is a remarkable circumstance that the larger number of the world's wonders are either on islands or directly on the sea-coast, showing a relation between them and the sea.

RELIGIOUS NEWS AND NOTES.

Spurgeon has not missed a Sunday sermon in 1,500 consecutive Sundays.

Mr. Moody, the evangelist, has rented a house in St. Louis, Mo., for six months.

A Chinese boy in Pekin has recited the whole of the New Testament in his native language.

Four students of the Richmond Institute in Virginia desire to become missionaries in Africa.

Revivals have occurred in North Carolina in the co-operation meetings of Friends and Methodists.

The Rev Thomas Cooper, of Peru, Ind., has accepted a call to a Congregational church at Tiverton, England.

A Vermont church annually puts up at auction the post of sexton. The man who offers to do the work for the least money is the successful bidder.

Miss Mary Travis, of Cottingham, Yorkshire, a Quakeress, three weeks after celebrating her hundredth birthday, has just been baptized a member of the Episcopalian church.

The New York *Observer* offers a prize of $100 for the best essay of from two to three columns in length, designed to counteract any one of the many forms of assault upon Christianity by modern infidelity.

A room under the Œil de Bœuf, the palace of Louis XIV, at Versailles, is used as a place of worship by Protestants until a church can be erected. M. Jules Favre, French minister of public instruction, who has married a Protestant wife, attends the services.

According to statistics, up to July last, the Methodist Episcopal church had ninety-six annual conferences, 11,453 itinerant preachers, and 1,696,837 members and probationers. Since the organization of the church 444 presiding elders and 634,967 members have died.

The Boston Y. M. C. Union has received from Joseph B. Eaton, Esq., the sum of $80,000, promised it by him if it would raise the $20,000 more which was necessary to remove all its obligations, and it now rejoices in entire freedom from debt.

The Methodist church, of Canada, has forty-four missions among the Indians of the Northwest Territory, with thirty-two missionaries and ten assistants, and 3,115 members. There are also six Methodist missionaries between Puget sound and Alaska, and a number of teachers among the Indians.

The missionary society of the Protestant Episcopal church employs twelve white and eleven native missionaries among the Indians, with twenty-seven helpers and catechists. In the home field it supports wholly or in part 336 workers, including ten bishops; abroad it has 230 workers, including five bishops.

A compilation of the number of existing sects in England has been made. The correct number, it is stated, is 164, from which deductions must further be made for eight or nine foreign congregations and such duplications as "Primitive Methodists" and "Renters." Taking the Protestant churches, there are 5,246 Congregational ministers in Great Britain (including the Moravians), 5,246 Congregational (including Baptists), 4,951 Presbyterian and 3,969 Methodist.

Prof. James Legge, Chinese professor at Oxford, says in a late *Academy* that the number of Buddhists in China is greatly over-estimated. Rhys Davids, in his "Buddhism," estimates the number at 445,000,000 in China and Japan. Says Prof. Legge: "If we lop off 400,000,000 from this aggregate we shall not be doing injustice to Buddhism. Of all religious systems, Confucianism, perhaps, has the greatest following; then Christianity, then Hinduism, then Mohammedanism, and we would place Buddhism in the fifth place."

Prices Paid for Furs and Skins.

The New York *Tribune* quotes the market prices paid for furs and skins (quotations are for prime skins only) as follows:

Bear, Northern black, according to size and quality, prime	$7 00	$9 00
Bear, Southern and Northern yearlings	4 00	6 00
Beaver, Northern, per skin	75c	4 50
Beaver, Western and Southern	50c	3 00
Badger	75c	1 00