

A Mississippi Race.

Quite eight years afterward I took my passage one afternoon upon the good steamer *Habakkuk E. Dodge*, bound from St. Louis to New Orleans. I describe her as "good" because she was so described in the "sheddle" in the hall of the Granite House, St. Louis; but so far as my subsequent experience went she turned out to be anything but good, although the skipper, a rank Kentuckian, declared that he'd fixed the voyage between St. Louis and New Orleans in five hours less time than any other boat, he had, and that's a fact.

As I stepped on board I saw another steamer lying alongside the quay, which had steam up, and was advertised to start with us; and the pilot, with whom I was already friends, guessed there'd be a race.

This was not comforting, for I had read in books of travel and adventure of midnight races between the high-pressure boats of the Mississippi, and the chief associations in my mind with these events were the bursting of boilers, blowings up, conflagrations, and horrible collisions with snags.

However, I had taken my ticket, my baggage was aboard, and the presence of two or three hundred other passengers soothed me with the idea that after all these were but travelers' yarns, or people would not travel so frequently by the steamers. Little was I acquainted with the recklessness of the American people, whose monopoly of "big things" in catastrophes, as in all else, makes them living exponents of the proverb that "familiarity breeds contempt."

We started at midnight, and I was relieved to see that the St. Louis, the opposition steamer, was still at her moorings, although her smoke stacks were in full operation and her bell and whistle were going furiously. To retreat old ground in the shape of describing a Mississippi steamboat voyage does not come within the scope of this paper; suffice it, therefore, to say that we reached Memphis, which is about a third of the way, without mishap, and without having even sighted the smoke of the St. Louis.

Off Blues Point, however, some miles below Memphis, about midnight, there was a visible excitement in the neighborhood of the glass-steering house, and I, who was the only passenger awake, went up to inquire the reason.

"Look that, sir, astern," said the skipper, pointing with the thumb of his right hand over his shoulder without turning his head. "That that's the St. Louis; we oughter be ten miles ahead of her, but them derned niggers were so powerful slow in gettin' aboard them molasses at Memphis."

I looked and beheld, amid the dense blackness of the night, what seemed to be some unearthly fiery creature rounding the point we had passed some five minutes previously—the two side lights representing the eyes, the glare of her furnace a horrible mouth, and the distinctly audible beats of her huge paddles simulating her angry pantings to come up with us.

"Keppins is spry, and that's a fact," said the skipper, lighting a huge cigar; "and I reckon he won't spare an inch of timber to send the St. Louis along; but the old *Hab*, she's got legs, too, and ef Keppins beats us, as he oughter do, consider'n' his boat's new and this're has been runnin' five years, it'll be by accident, I'm thinkin'."

"Accident!" I thought with a shudder, "that means to say that this reckless fellow is going to send us along at full speed, until we either blow up or catch fire;" the latter seeming to be the most probable to me, when I thought that we were but a huge mass of dry woodwork heaped like sugar fuel about a seething fiery furnace.

However, here I was, so I quieted my fears as best I could, and even took sufficient interest in the race to take a quiet bet with the skipper that we would win.

Our furnace roared, our stacks poured forth volumes of smoke and sparks, our huge paddles thrashed the waters until we shook and throbbed as if the boat herself was audibly expressing her interest in the race.

"See, sir, he's firing up," said the skipper. "Let her have it, boys," he roared down the tube communicating with the engine room; "four more revolutions a minute, and \$5 a head if we whip her."

"Our craft seemed to bound over the gullen, black waters; the irregular, fantastic outlines of the trees on the banks sped by us like affrighted phantoms. Still the fiery eyes and mouth of the St. Louis grew bigger and bigger and the sound of her pantings more and more distinct.

Our skipper was almost beside himself. Cigar after cigar he smoked and threw away; he pulled his broad hat over his brows and fopped it back again; he plunged his hands into his pockets and withdrew them with a jerk, as if they had been stung, all the while muttering execrations and charitable wishes, any single one of which, if it had taken effect, would certainly have sent the St. Louis and all on board her to the bottom.

Suddenly, as the nose of the enemy was within a steamer's length of our stern in a parallel line about 300 yards away, there was a sharp click at our feet, followed by a rattling.

"Steering gear's snapped, sir," roared out a voice from somewhere amid the black recesses of our stern.

What the skipper said upon reception of this news I need not repeat; but he subsequently roared down the communication tube in a voice of frenzy, "Stop her!"

Our paddles stopped, but our way on was considerable, and we drifted ahead for some yards ere it was patent that the *Habakkuk E. Dodge* was out of the race.

"Whipped her this time," was waffled over the waters to us from the St. Louis, which was now directly ahead of us. Our skipper had not framed his stinging retort, when a sheet of flame leapt into the air from where the St. Louis was followed by an unearthly roar, then for a second or two

a dead silence, then a confused cry of agony from many directions.

"Lower away the boats!" yelled our skipper; and although this was done smartly enough, their progress from our boat to the scene of the disaster was considerably delayed by the frantic exertions of our passengers to get into them, for the fearful-roar and the blaze of light had awakened them, and nothing but absolute exertion of force could make them believe for some minutes that the accident had not happened to us.

Among the Geysers.

The Surgeon of the expedition to the Yellowstone Park tried his hand at story telling while the party was encamped at Norris Geyser Basin. The story was of a professional nature, and nothing will give it credence so well as the fact that the surgeon has an established practice in St. Louis, and is a gentleman of reputation. With this in view it may not out of place to give the points of the narrative, which he related with circumstantiality.

Geologist Dayton was speaking of pebbles of agate, chalcedony, wood opal and quartz found about the Yellowstone region, and more particularly in the geodes, which are numerous in the vicinity of the great moraines in Paradise Valley.

The surgeon's story: "Very wonderful are those same geodes," said the surgeon, "and with a knowledge of them it is not so very difficult to account for the chalcedony and the wood petrifications hereabout. Two of the passengers in the stage as we were driving toward the Mammoth Hot Springs alighted and went aside to gather specimens. The driver had halted to let his horses rest, and the view was so pleasing that none of us were in a hurry to move forward. The passenger that I refer to picked a geode, broke it, and finding it contained a crystal fluid, drank the contents. The driver called out, we took our places in the stage and started on. In a short time the passenger who had drunk the crystal fluid from the geode began to act strangely. It was evident that he was sick, though he made no complaint. His actions distressed the other passengers, and as his malady grew upon him it was thought best to place him in a wayside hut, and one of the stage hands with blankets, and I with my case of medicines and instruments, staid to attend him. The coach with the other passengers drove on."

"My patient's behavior was singular; I have noted down the symptoms and the peculiarities and will give them as they occurred."

Here the surgeon read the particulars of the diagnosis and his deductions therefrom, the facts being that the patient's limbs stiffened, voice disappeared, eyelids became fixed, the eyes staring, and an uncommon rigor overcame the body. All medicines were futile and death ensued in the course of an hour.

"In the interests of science," the surgeon continued, "I felt it my duty to at once get light upon so peculiar a case and undertook a post-mortem examination, Mr. Fraser, the stage hand assisting me."

"One after another my instruments became dulled, and by the light of the candle I discovered that the body was turning into a hard substance, the heart the lungs, the vital parts and the veins being solidified. I hastened the work as much as possible, and by midnight had laid open the parts in such a way as to show perfectly the situation of the organs in a disorganized state. Next morning at daylight we discovered that the body was in a fair way to become petrified. The hardening process began interiorly and the heart and organs of circulation were quite strong, retaining, withal, their normal color. Pressure upon the surface of the cuticle made some impression, but of an elastic character; such dents as might be caused by bearing down heavily on sheet lead. Knowing all the circumstances, I came upon the idea that the fluid contained in the geode had induced the petrification; and had gone into the circulation, and so rapid was the hardening process that I question whether the man suffered any pain."

"As Mr. Fraser was fearful that the authorities might subject him to detention pending an inquiry in the death of the patient, I agreed to his request that the body should be concealed until such time as it could be removed to some medical college—agreed to it all the more readily, as I judged that in a little while longer it would be turned completely into stone. The hair alone remains without apparent change. I shall have a great curiosity to take home to St. Louis."

"Are you sure, Doctor, that you were not imposed upon by being asked to treat a medical manikin—one of those paper mache statues which are used to enlighten students of anatomy?" remarked Mack.

"If the Doctor were not so exceedingly temperate in all things," said Wilson, "I should advance the theory that he drank from his medicine chest something which has induced this nightmare about a geode."

"I look chiefly at the commercial point," said Barnes; "if the liquid in the geodes will turn human flesh to stone, why won't it transform other substances into precious stones? Why could not chemistry get at the ingredients of this wonderful fluid? We might make diamonds and rubies at will. The philosopher's stone is nowhere to the Paradise Valley geode."

"It kin," said Nixon, "and I propose to change the doctor's name to Ganser. The causing line seems to be the thing for him. How much more pleasant it is to be made into a statue than a corpse. There is a future in the business."

"Gentlemen, you may scoff," said the surgeon, "but I shall write a full account of the case and sign my name to it." And he did, and thus laid the foundation for some interesting theories in the German journals, and of no little wonder among their readers. Aside from this there is sufficient evidence of the lithogenous character of the water from the geysers.

A Terrible Ride.

Since the completion of the Northern Pacific, the great body of Eastern tramps have turned their attention to that thoroughfare over which to make their regular pilgrimages from the land of the rising to that of the setting sun. Being a new road they can make longer distances before being discovered than they can on the pioneer route, where they are often roughly handled by the train men. Several days ago there started from St. Paul two tramps, one veteran, whose only clothing was a few old rags which barely hung to his body by shreds. His physiognomy indicated that his beverage was stronger than water. His partner in the Western pilgrimage was a young man of fine physique and appearance, save a certain bluish appearance, gained only by dissipation.

The ride west, until Lake Pend d'Oreille was reached, was made without any particular sensation—as far as the tramps were concerned. At times they rode on top of the passenger coaches, while at other times they rode on the break beams. This latter mode, to a novice in the business, would furnish a more thrilling narrative than bargained for. The ride is effected by sitting on the break beam, a timber about an inch wide, and when the brakes are off, the beam, which is hung on linked iron rods, vacillates with every movement of the coach. Equilibrium is maintained by placing the feet against the trans rods and grasping a cross rod with the hands. In this manner the two tramps traveled. By some means or other they managed to keep a supply of bad whisky on hand, a liberal quantity of which they consumed, remaining in a semi-drunken condition.

At Hope station a short stop was made, giving the tramps a chance to stretch their cramped limbs. This was on Thursday at 7:24 p. m. As the cars rolled out from the station the tramps resumed their precarious positions. Sand Point was reached, and when a short distance from the station the younger of the tramps lost his balance; but, muddled as his brain was, he realized that if he let go his hold he would be crushed to pieces, as the train was then going at the rate of thirty miles an hour. With his feet dragging on the ties he maintained his grip on the hold and held that position until Concolala was reached. When Conductor Downing made his usual round inspecting the cars the tramps were discovered in their place of hiding, and when ordered to come out the elder of the two gladly obeyed the summons, while the young man let go and fell on the track. The moment the conductor threw up his lantern a horrible sight met his eyes. There lay the man with both of his feet and legs clear up to the knees worn to the bone. The instep bones were worn clear through, while the flesh on the calves or his legs was hanging in shreds. His knee-joints were crushed. Gravel and dirt had worked into what little flesh remained.

Conductor Downing and Breakman Jean Short made the sufferer as comfortable as possible, and when he recovered consciousness he gave his name as Tom Dallam, aged twenty years, and said that he was a brother to Frank Dallam, the editor and proprietor of the *Spokane Review*. Although suffering untold miseries young Dallam said that if it had not been for whisky the accident would not have happened. He said his ride of fifteen miles seemed to him as centuries. As his dangling legs struck the ties he said hours seemed to intervene, yet unconsciously he held on, suffering every agony possible for a human being to suffer. Dallam's partner seemed to take the matter lightly, simply remarking: "Partner, if you had as much experience in brake-beam riding as I have you'd not tumbled off." Dallam was taken to Spokane Falls and turned over to the care of his brother, who had not seen him for several years and was not expecting him. Everything possible to relieve the sufferings of the injured man was done. The surgeons say that in all probability, at the very best, young Dallam will lose both legs. It is more than probable that he will die.

Dining in Sweden.

We returned in time to dress for 5 o'clock dinner, which was the one formal repast of the day. There was nothing of the picnic about this. Host and guest appeared in full evening costume, and seated themselves in what we should consider an orthodox manner. The menu was exceptional and the wines excellent, while three servants in florid liveries waited at table. Our host took wine in turns with each of his friends with somewhat of that stately courtesy which survives in Sweden, even if it seems to be fading away elsewhere, and then everybody took wine with everybody else and exchanged little compliments and bows and made themselves agreeable to the best of their ability. You take wine with your neighbor in this country in a peculiar fashion. It is not enough that you should bow and place your glass to your lips. You must, also, after having sipped the wine, bow again, or, rather, you must retain the glass in your hand, and slightly bending over it, look for a moment straight in the eyes of him or her with whom you are drinking. That is the custom, and a very pretty one it is, particularly when the eyes into which it is your duty to gaze have the depth of liquid bluesness which nature has bestowed upon so many maids and matrons in this northern land. Dinner over, we returned to the drawing-room in the same order as we had left it, each gentleman giving his arm to the lady whom he had previously escorted, and then his daughter went up to the baroness and kissed her and said, "Thank you," and each of his guests said, "Thank you," and he shook them by the hand and hoped they had enjoyed themselves, and there was a friendly word and smile around that were better promoters of good digestion than any physician could prescribe.

TAKE special pains at this season of the year to prevent weeds from going to seed. If they have got above ground, pull and throw them into the brush heap for burning.

How Oranges are Packed.

A few years ago it was believed almost indispensable to wrap oranges in tissue or other paper when packing the fruit for long shipment. The argument in favor of this practice was that the wrapper absorbed the moisture caused from the sweating of the oranges and also prevented a decayed specimen from affecting the fruit surrounding it.

This old plan of wrapping oranges in thin paper is now being superseded in many localities by the newer one of packing them in kiln-dried sawdust made from wood as free as possible from resin, or in cork-dust, so that they do not come in contact with one another.

It has been proven that dry sand is an excellent packing material for oranges and lemons, and when the fruit is for home use dry sand is preferable to the saw dust. Of course, sand is not to be thought of when the fruit is to be shipped on account of its weight.

Progressive orange growers now understand the necessity of sweating the fruit previous to packing it. Great loss is sustained when oranges are shipped before the moisture created during the sweating process is expelled.

A system adopted by many is as follows: First, clip the fruit—do not pull it—and let the place of severance be as close to the fruit as possible. This clipping is done by hand, also by a little instrument called a clipper, which not only cuts the fruit from the limb but holds it safely in a little basket attached, so that it does not become bruised by falling to the ground.

When the fruit is gathered, the next step is to heap it up in a dry place where there is good ventilation and let it remain three or four or more days, according as the soil is low and wet, or there is much moisture in the atmosphere, and then spread it out for several hours or until the moisture evaporates.

Having harvested and dried the fruit, the next step is to assort it as to size and color, placing in the same crate only such oranges as are uniform in these two respects. The sizing of oranges is rendered easy and rapid by the employment of sizing-troughs, in which at intervals are cut holes of usually three sizes. As the oranges roll down the trough they fall through the holes, according to their size, into boxes placed underneath to catch them.

Occasionally oranges are packed in boxes in which a layer of cells made of strips of pasteboard are formed. The fruit is placed one in each cell, and over each layer is covered a sheet of pasteboard, and other layers added until the box is filled.

When paper is used for wrapping oranges the best sort is that treated with paraffine or oil, such as is used by confectioners.

Business in two Parts.

A very small boy, with a tattered straw hat and barefooted, was engaged in a species of occupation whose nature was not made plain to us. In his left hand he held a tin box, and with his right hand he was making downward sweeps with the earnestness and regularity of the piston rod of a steamboat engine. A man said:

"Say boy, what are you doing there?" The boy did not look up to see who his interrogator was. His arm merely went faster in its curving sweeps, as he answered laconically:

"Ketchin' flies."

"What do you do with these flies?" The boy ceased his gyrations and turned round. "Look here," said he, "you people bothers me too much. Ef I tell you what I does with these flies, what'll you gi' me?"

"A nickel," said one. "A dime," said the man who asked the question, and "a quarter," said another.

"All right," said the boy, screwing the top on his box and shifting himself about, while the flies returned to the top of the sugar-board again; "hit's a go, but you people's got to put the sugar up first."

They "put up" the "sugar" in the boy's hand. There was a quarter, a dime, and a nickel, and when the boy was confident that the forty cents was all there he picked up his box and moved about a foot away so as to get a good start on the crowd. The crowd watched his motions, and the man who asked him what he was doing, when he saw the suspicious action, said:

"Hold on, boy, you haven't told me yet why you catch those flies."

"All right," said the boy, stealthily putting another foot of pavement between himself and the crowd, "I'll tell you if you really wants to know, why I ketches them flies."

"Yes, yes," answered the crowd in a breath, finally losing patience.

"Well," answered the boy, as he prepared to run, "ketchin' flies is only one part of my business. Ketchin' suckers, that's the other part. I think I does best on the suckers," and he disappeared around the corner.

What the Birds Accomplish.

The swallow, swift and night hawk are the guardians of the atmosphere. They check the increase of insects that would otherwise overload it. Woodpeckers, creepers and chickadees are the guardians of the trunks of trees. Warblers and flycatchers protect the foliage. Blackbirds, crows, thrushes and larks protect the surface of the soil. Snipe and woodcock protect the soil under the surface. Each tribe has its respective duties to perform in the economy of nature, and it is an undoubted fact that if the birds were all swept off the face of the earth, man could not live upon it; vegetation would wither and die; insects would become so numerous that no living thing could withstand their attacks.

The wholesale destruction occasioned by grasshoppers is undoubtedly caused by the thinning of the birds, such as grouse, prairie hens, etc., which feed upon them. The great and estimable service done the farmer, gardener and florist is only becoming known by sad experience. Spare the birds and save your fruit; the little bill of corn and fruit taken by them is more than compensated by the quantities of noxious insects they destroy. The long-persecuted crow has been found by actual experience to do more good by the vast quantity of grubs and other insects he devours than the harm he does in the few grains of corn he pulls up. He is one of the farmer's best friends.

The Enchanted Isle.

A correspondent says: "I had been in Talcahuano, Chili, over a month when, one day, strolling down among the shipping, I gained the information that a steamer of the South American company was going to make an excursion to Juan Fernandez, better known as the island of Robinson Crusoe. The island is distant from the harbor of Valparaiso less than 300 miles, where a condor might easily fly between breakfast and dinner. The time given for the excursion was to be ten days, allowing forty-eight hours for going and coming thus giving abundance of time for visiting the lone island.

When after sailing over the calm waters of the Pacific the remote island arose from the sea, the sight was a glad one.

The sun was bathing the beautiful island with a flood of golden light as we neared its picturesque harbor. In little boats we went ashore and landed in the primitive manner of running the boat aground and pulling the boat up on the shore. The books tell you that it was on this lovely island that in 1704 the celebrated English navigator Dampier landed his coxswain, Alexander Selkirk, with whom he had quarreled, and left him alone on this uninhabited spot with a small quantity of provisions and tools. Here he lived four years, till he was picked up by a passing ship and brought back to Europe. It was from the notes he made during his solitary residence that Daniel Defoe composed his incomparable work of Robinson Crusoe. That which always seemed but a dreamy romance was now before you. The scenes where all the wild and wonderful experiences were described are just as plain, and you wander on, as if you were, but just aroused from a fanciful dream. Perchance it was on this sandy beach along which you wander that Crusoe first discovered the footprints of his good man Friday.

The island is about seven Spanish leagues in circumference, or a trifle over twenty English miles. It belongs to Chili, and for a number of years the government used it as a place for transporting convicts, till one night all the prisoners arose in their power, killed their keepers, and taking the only boats on the island, sailed away and never were heard of more. Of late years the government has leased the island to one man, who pays something like \$2,000 a year for its use. This man has a small colony of workmen whom he employs in cutting timber, drying fish and goat skins, and sending them every few months in large quantities to the markets of Valparaiso. There are to be found in the waters about the island lobsters of a peculiar kind and enormous in size. Some of these measure from two to four feet in length. Every variety of fish in the greatest abundance seem to swarm about this lone island. It is a great resort for whalers, who put in here for a few days to supply themselves with fresh water, and with fish, poultry and game, which they obtain at marvellously low prices from the sovereign ruler of the island. Many years ago two lone, lorn goats were brought to the island, and their families of children have increased so rapidly that to-day thousand and tens of thousands of these are to be found in every part of the island. Large numbers of them are shot each year, and their dried skins, sold in Valparaiso, are a source of large income to the lessee of the island.

It was necessary to live on board the ship, but each day there were excursions to distant parts, where new beauties, new surprises, and new wonders revealed themselves. The whole island is fertile, with wooded hills and valleys wherein are streams of pure and living water. One day, I remember well, when the sun had all its dampers open and was pouring out a furious heat, so intense that our collars had lost all their dignity and the ladies' bangs looked as straight as an Indian maiden's tawny locks, we came within a wooded glen where suddenly a spring of living water burst from out the mossy rock. It was pure, clear as crystal, and of icy coldness. I think I never knew water of so fine a brand. It was more refreshing than the choicest wine. There are no roads, no paths, but you pick your way along by nature's courses. Now you turn sharply and find yourself again within a deep glen where it would be no surprise to see nymph or giant issue forth. Here a stately tree filled with ripening fruit spreads its broad branches over the smaller trees and, close beneath it, ferns of wonderful beauty spring up, for where the land is mystical with running streams and great trees fling their shadows and hang darkly over brooks whose sparkling waters give birth to soft vapors, these ferns love to spring forth, perchance to doubly reflect their beauty in some mirroring pool. It was a pretty spot which sets you thinking of Childie Harold's Temple on the bank of Clitannus.

The Scaffold in Canada.

Frederick Mann, who murdered four members of the Cook family, at Little Rideau, Canada, on the 21 of January last, was hanged on the 10th of October. In a small stone structure situated a few feet from the main road, near the banks of the Ottawa river and within a short distance of the village of Rideau, resided Mr. B. W. Cook, a well-to-do farmer, aged about 70 years. With him grew his wife, a little younger, and his grown up family, composed of William, a young man about 25; George, a few years younger; Fannie, about 20; Margie, about 23, and Emma, the eldest, apparently about 49 years of age. There was a son absent in Winnipeg, for which place George was to have left a few days later. Comfort and happiness reigned in the household, as prosperity seemed to perch upon all Mr. Cook's efforts for success. There was still another occupant in the house, a young Englishman named Frederick Mann, who had been taken into the service of the family some three years before. He came from London, England, and was about 18 years old. Misses Fannie and Margie Cook and their brothers William and

George were absent at a party at Lechute on New Year's day. They returned home on the morning afterward, and were a few hours in bed when the terrible affair occurred which banished happiness from their home forever.

While the young people were resting after the fatigue of the party, Mr. Cook set about doing the labors around the farm. Miss Emma Cook proceeded to the granary, and was in the act of getting some flour for the morning meal, Mann, who was lying in wait for her, leaped from his hiding place upon her, and in a short, sharp struggle overcame her by sheer strength, choking her by death before she could cry out. Her mother missing her from the kitchen went to see what was keeping her, and was pounced upon by the murderous villain, who struck her a blow on the head with a hammer, thus stunning her; then he strangled her with a rope in the same manner as he had killed her daughter, whose wet yarn body lay upon the ground.

After having killed the mother and daughter Mann went into the barnyard, where Mr. Cook was attending to the pigs, and sprang upon him with an axe and killed him. Then going into the house, the murderer entered the bedroom of the sleeping young men, William and George. He attacked the latter first. Both slept in the same room, but in separate beds, and with one blow the murderer disabled his victim, and with another blow killed him outright. A sharp cry of groan given by George was all the warning William had of the fate of his brother. He turned quickly from the bed, only in time to confront Mann, from whose axe his brother's blood was dripping. He had not an instant to think, when crash came the axe upon him, and such was the force of the blow that his thigh-bone was fractured. Then the murderer aimed blows at him with the axe, and one of them struck him on the back of his leg, inflicting another terrible wound; still he fought for dear life, and the noise of the struggle brought Fannie, his sister, from her bed.

A terrible sight met the gaze of the young girl, but she did not falter a moment. She rushed forward and the murderer's attention was now turned upon her. In the unequal struggle which followed she received two flesh wounds in the shoulder and back. Her screams now brought her sister Maggie on the scene, and the latter, being the more active of the two, was able to catch the axe of her assailant. They were all upon the bed, and the struggle was severe. Maggie never for a moment let go her grasp of the axe, and the bed was overturned in the struggle. She was then victorious. As she arose from the floor in possession of the axe William lay on the floor to all appearances dying. Mann glared a moment at the desperate girl, who held the axe poised above her head. He then sat at the head of the bed and threw a glass lampstand at her, which was followed by the lamp itself, shivering it in pieces on her head. Maggie retreated to the other room by a window, and called upon her sister to follow. The murderer then fled down the back stairs. The girls went down by the front way. At the front door the girls attempted to escape. Mann had meantime armed himself with a poker and stood in the kitchen door looking at them, as if irresolute whether to go on with the work of blood or not. This frightened the already terrified girls still more. One of them ran back upstairs to look after her brother and the other ran out on the road, where she met Miss Pratt, the school teacher of the village. She begged her to run for assistance. The teacher required no second appeal, but ran as fast as possible to Mr. Ross's house, some 500 yards up the road. Meantime the murderer had turned down toward the river and fled. Mann was captured by Detective Latour, of Lechute, Quebec, at that place, at about 4 o'clock on the afternoon of January 3.

The Value of Grapes.

Grapes are an important article of food in many parts of Europe. The scanty paid laborer, who rarely tastes meat of any kind, has for nearly six months in the year a bunch of grapes with his hard bread, and finds the rolish excellent and nutritious. The "grape cure" attracts thousands of invalids to the South of France and Northern Italy at each successive vintage, and Dr. Herpin of Metz has published a very interesting account of the curative effect of grapes in various disorders of the body. They act, firstly, by introducing large quantities of fluids into the system which, passing through the blood, carry off by perspiration and other excretions the effete and injurious materials of the body; secondly, as a vegetable nutritive agent. Employed rationally and methodically, added by suitable diet and regimen, the grape produces most important changes in the system in favoring organic transmutations, in contributing healthy materials to the repair and reconstruction of the various tissues, and in determining the removal of vitiated matters which have become useless and injurious to the system. Directed by a skilful physician, this valuable curative agent can be made to produce the most varied effects on the constitution. It also possesses the advantage of being acceptable to invalids. The treatment lasts from three to six weeks. The quantity of grapes that may be consumed varies from one to four pounds per day commencing with small quantities, which are gradually increased. The skins and seed must not be swallowed. In the absence of grapes, the most beneficial effects may be obtained from dried raisins, provided a quantity of water, sufficient to satisfy the thirst they create, be taken at the same time, or they may be stewed in the same manner as prunes. Every farmer in suitable localities should have a number of good bearing grape vines. They are valuable as food, they are beneficial to the health, and they certainly add to the enjoyment of the table. I planted thirty vines last Fall, and I shall plant as many more this Fall, reserving the right to grab any that do not prove good bearers. Try a few more grape vines.