

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

Queer Episodes and Thrilling Adventures Which Show that Truth is Stranger than Fiction.

A GENTLEMAN named Williamson, from Boston, who has been spending several months among the Moqui Indians in New Mexico, tells a strange story of a certain family of the tribe, which is perfectly white. Mr. Williamson says that he saw the Indians himself and knows that there is no doubt as to their color, but he is of the opinion that they are Albinos. He says there is no doubt as to the fact that they are pure Indians, the only strange thing about it being that they have none of the characteristics of the ordinary Albino as seen in other places. The family is known far and wide among the Indians themselves, but as their place of residence is far from the usual places travelled by white men, consequently they are rarely seen by others than the race they belong to. The Indians look upon them as being something holier than the rest of the tribe and hence do not talk about them to outsiders. Mr. Williamson says that the head man of the family says there is a tradition among them that they originally came from the North and settled among this people, but that they have been here so long that they have lost all the characteristics of the Northern tribe. If this story has any foundation it is probable that the original stock came from the tribe of Mandan Indians, who are said to be white and live in the extreme northwest of North Dakota. Mr. Williamson says he will endeavor to see if he can find the Mandans and see if the peculiar characteristics are the same in that tribe as they are in the freaks of the Moquis.

Silas Bolton's old black-and-tan bear Scout makes his master's only cow his constant companion from the time the bear hunting season closes until it opens in the fall. Bolton's cow runs at large, and Scout stays with her from morning till night. One day recently the cow wandered away to Bryans Creek, three miles west of Skinner's Creek, Penn. Scout followed her, and along in the afternoon Amos Jennings, who lives on Maple Hill, three-quarters of a mile from the swamp, heard the bound baying down there. He recognized Scout's voice, and in a moment he heard Bolton's cow bellowing as though she was in distress. Jennings ran all the way to the swamp, and when he came in sight of the cow he found her and Scout giving battle to a bear near the edge of the swamp. Scout was nipping the bear from behind, and when the bear turned to strike him sprang back, and the cow pitched into the bear and gored him till he turned on her. Then the cow would jump out of his way, and Scout would instantly bite the bear's flanks and force him to wheel. The moment he did so the stumpy cow would sail into him with a bellow and plough furrows in his fur, bounding to a safe distance the instant the bear turned on her. Then Scout tackled him again, and between the two they made the bear roar and plunge terrifically. He failed to strike the bound or cow, but Scout seemed to worry him the most, and when he made a vicious lunge at the dog the cow drove one of her horns into the bear's left side. The bear roared and raved to get at the cow, but Scout kept him at bay, and within twenty minutes the angry cow gored the bear to death.

All the bluffs along the river in the vicinity of Marshall, Mo., are covered with small mounds, which have always been looked upon as prehistoric and have been called "Indian mounds," yet no one has ever attempted to explore any of them, as they were so small that it was thought they contained nothing except, possibly, bones of some departed red men. Some days ago, however, a young man named Leroy dreamed that he opened a small mound which was on his father's farm and found that it contained a lot of money. He was so impressed with the dream that he determined to open the mound in question and see what was in it. He was afraid his family would laugh at him, so he determined to go about it secretly. He began his work the day following the dream and continued it odd hours until last Wednesday, when he reached a flat rock, under which he found the remains of two skeletons. These bones remained to dust upon exposure to the air, showing that they had been buried for centuries; but there were some things there which did not crumble, and they were several gold ornaments which had undoubtedly adorned the arms of the persons who had been buried there. These ornaments consisted of four rings made of heavy beaten gold. The ends of the rings had been welded together and had been rudely fashioned into the shape of snakes' heads. In the eyes were small stones, which are evidently turquoise, and on the back of the head was a peculiar mark, evidently the totem of the tribe to which the men belonged.

Among the many enterprises in southwest Missouri there are probably some that attract more attention than does the snake farm located three-fourths of a mile due west of Chadwick. The farm proper consists of about five acres, half enclosed by a natural stone wall, or a ledge. On one side of this enclosure is a natural rock cave, and out of this cave runs an everlasting stream of the purest water. This spring being on the highest spot of land on the farm it is easily conveyed to all places where needed. Mr. Childs, proprietor of the farm, has been dealing in snakes and manufacturing rattlesnake oil for over ten years, and finds it quite profitable, as he supplies all species of snakes for exhibition purposes, all kinds of snake curiosities, rattlesnake oil to the drug trade, and charges an admission fee of ten cents to all visitors who come to the farm. He is now fixing up the place for the summer trade, and will have large pens built for the snakes, with a living pond of water in each one, and a platform on the outside where visitors may stand out of danger looking at the hundred different species, all in their natural state, eating, drinking, playing, swimming, fighting, sleeping, &c.

Rosa Solomon, the pretty two-year-old

daughter of Mrs. D. Solomon, who lives in the fourth story of a tenement-house in New York, was dressed for papa's home-coming from the factory the other afternoon. Mrs. Solomon stepped out of the room to attend to some household duty and cautioned baby to keep away from the open window, which looked out upon a network of clothes lines strung across the court-yard. Suddenly the mother heard baby scream. She rushed into the room, but little Rosa was nowhere to be seen. Two washerwomen who were looking over their washing in the court-yard below, however, had seen baby Solomon lean out of the window and grasp a clothes line. Then they saw the line break and toss the child half across the court. There its little body struck another line, which also broke and gave the baby another toss twenty feet further away. Still another line intervened between the falling child and the hard stone flagging and bounced Rosa over into a corner of the court-yard, where she was picked up unhurt save a scratch on her forehead. The child's frock was tattered and torn. She fell fifty-six feet. Papa Solomon measured the distance himself with a broken clothes line.

The next sitting of the International Railway Congress will be held at St. Petersburg, in August, 1892. Among the subjects set down for consideration are—uniform technical terms; frogs and switches; maintenance of track; limit of wear of tires and rails; relation between track and bridge; and track and rolling stock; track for fast trains; control of speed of trains; breakage and wear of steel rails; maintenance of track on metal and wooden sleepers; durability and preservative treatment of wooden sleepers; track and rolling stock on curves; production of steam in locomotive boilers; high pressure and the compound system; high pressure and differential valve gears; rolling stock for lines with light traffic; continuous heating for passenger trains; locomotive running, double-crew system against first-in-first-out system; locomotives, fuel consumption, tubes, tires, lubrication, crank axles, fireboxes, boilers, switch engines; lubrication of car axles, journals, etc. The first sitting of the Congress was held in Brussels in 1885. The Congress is now supported by thirty-two Governments and 244 railway administrations, representing 123,250 miles of railway. The Chinese and Japanese Governments will be represented at the St. Petersburg Congress.

Gabe Mills, a well-known hunter and prospector, was sitting in front of his camp tent in the Craig Mountain region of Idaho, smoking his pipe, when suddenly he was swooped down upon by a flock of big white owls. They clutched him with their great talons and they gnashed at him with hooked beaks. They advanced and retreated with swiftness and regularity. Gabe hustled himself into his tent, and they swooped in after him. He couldn't use his gun to any purpose except as a club, and used it thus so effectively that he soon routed the flock, but he was clawed and chawed so that he bled like a stuck pig. When he took an inventory of stock, he found that he had killed twelve immense owls with the butt of his gun. Some of them were six feet from tip to tip. It was a most unusual occurrence, that owl raid on Gabe's camp, and it is a favorite story out around Craig Mountain yet.

The steamship Kansas City of the Ocean Steamship Company, which arrived in New York recently from Savannah, caused the death of a five-foot shovel-nosed shark, says the Sun, in a somewhat unusual manner. Off Hatteras Shoals, steaming along at the rate of seventeen miles an hour, the steamship ran its cutter into the shark, striking the fish square amidships, so to speak. The shark was unable to extricate itself owing to the intense pressure of the water. In a few moments the sharp stem had cut the flesh to the backbone, and this in turn breaking under the strain, the shark assumed the shape of an inverted V, hanging on either side of the bow like an old rope, the head and tail being still connected by the muscles of the back. Caught thus, the shark was towed along by the steamship for some 300 miles, and until the stop at Quarantine, when, released from the pressure of the water, the body slowly sank.

Romance in real life is quite as frequently a tragedy as it is a comedy, and how a romance leaps into view occasionally in real life—seemingly merely to illustrate the proverb that "truth is stranger than fiction"—was never illustrated more thrillingly than in the composing room of the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette a few nights ago. The board was strewn with copy, and the compositors were securing "takes," "fat" or otherwise, and hastening away to "set them up," when suddenly a faint, imine compositors faint and tumbled into a heap on the floor. She was taken away and sent home. Some one else finished her "take." The same one else merely noticed that the "take" was a telegraphic account of a suicide in another city. Nothing was thought of this until the next day, when a peep "between the lines" was given, and it transpired that the man who committed suicide was the girl's lover. There were forty compositors being fed by that copy board, and yet this particular bit of copy fell to this particular girl. If a novelist had told the story he would have been accused by half of his readers of telling an improbable tale.

A MAINE paper tells of the queer predicament in which a Biddeford man is. He owns fifty acres of land in the suburbs of Biddeford, which his grandfather left him, but he can't find it. The boundary lines haven't been run for generations. There is some dim record of the original grant at Alfred, but not clear enough to enable him to find out just what he owns. He has had a surveyor at work trying to run lines, but each time he has encroached on land to which others had clear titles. Now the property is advertised for taxes, and a possible solution has presented itself to the owner. He says he is going to let the city sell the land for taxes, bid it in himself and let the city find it for him. The city, he argues, can't sell anything it can't deliver, and can't deliver anything it can't find.

A CURIOUS incident occurred at Ellis

Island, New York Harbor, in the unlooked-for liberation of an immigrant through an unexpected event. A Russian named Zalinski was detained for return on account of his poverty. About the only asset he had was a pet dog and a pup, the latter having two bodies that join at the shoulders, one head and six legs. The agent of an uptown fancier happened to hear of the baby dog and bought the animal, paying such a high price that, with the money, Zalinski will be able to make a start in the New World.

Among the curiosities in the Maine State Prison is a dress that one of the prisoners, who attempted to escape recently, had made as a disguise. At different times the man, who worked in the carriage trimming shop, secreted small bits of flannel, which he sewed together from which he fashioned a most remarkable gown, with a big bow at the back by way of adornment. The buttons are made from harness trimmings and bits of leather.

A SAILOR'S BURIAL.

A Simple But Impressive Ceremony on the Deep.

When maritime Jack dies, he is buried without much undue ceremony. A brief prayer, a shotted hammock, the lee rail, and a sailor's funeral is pathetic in its dignified simplicity. No muster of the ship's company is, naturally, so sad as this, and you can see it on the faces of all when the subdued shrilling of the bowman's whistle is followed by the long-drawn-out and modulated call of "All hands bury the dead!" The men come aft quietly, and take their allotted stations. To leeward, if it be at sea, or upon the port side of the quarterdeck if not in port, the seamen are ranged in the front rank; behind them are the ordinary seamen; and in rear of both, the apprentices and the landsmen. In the gangway forward of the mainmast, on such ships as still have sail power, senior petty officers stand at attention. Around the coffin, folded in the jack or national ensign, are grouped the pall-bearers, selected usually from the dead man's mess or gun division, and close at hand, resting on arms, the marine guard is paraded. Nearest the coffin are the chaplain and the captain, and then in order of their rank, stretch at the other officers of the ship.

The ensign at the peak or staff flutters tremulously at half-mast, and from overhead the yard and stay tackles swing lazily, ready to lift the coffin outboard. When the weather permits the way of the ship is stopped, and, it may be, little flickers of idling steam curl upward, and to leeward like incense, and the wind in the backed and fretting topsails murmurs a dirge. The order to "uncover" is passed gently, and while the beautiful words of the burial service are being read the hush of the living is accentuated by the low accompaniments of sea sounds—by the rumple of eager waters eddying sternward, and by the surging of the breeze in the hollows of the rigging and gear. When the closing prayer is said, the last blessing given, the tackle is manned, the coffin is stripped of its flags and slung in straps, and slowly, reverently, is hoisted above the rail and clear of the ship, until it is poised over the billows. The marines load, aim, fire—in all three volleys, that awaken rattling echoes in the hidden spaces of the ship; the bugle sounds "taps" tenderly and sweetly, with a newer meaning of sleep and rest; the coffin swings further out, and is lowered gently until the burial ensign are being hoisted into the tackle are detached with sudden jerk, and in an instant the weighted box shoots downward, bedded in foam and bubbles, and all is over until the sea gives up the dead.

In a little while the cheery whistles trill out a call to duty, the half-masted ensign climbs to the dasher block, the ship is brought to her course, and dazedly the men take up the wearying routine of the lives so sadly broken. An unusual quiet rests upon the vessel and around the mess tables; but in the groups gathered to smoke during supper hour, and after the hammocks are piped down, the virtues—those heroic and honest sea virtues—of the dead sailor are recalled and with a tenderness born of a comradeship closer than any other men can ever know. [Lieut. J. D. Jerrold Kelly, U. S. N.]

Washington's Favorite Dish.

Mrs. A. J. Dauds of Canton, Ohio, relates an anecdote of General Washington, as told by her grandfather, Nicholas Fringer of Ferrytown, Md., who was owner of the mill in question, and which illustrates the plainness of Washington's diet.

During the administration of Washington, he found it necessary to take a business trip of a few days' duration, accompanied by his staff. It having become known to the citizens of Ferrytown that he would pass through there, arrangements were made to give him a royal reception, and the proprietor of the village tavern, at which he would take supper, prepared to serve a menu fit for a king. Everything, almost, in the line of eatables that one could think of was secured and placed in readiness to be served on short notice. About four o'clock in the afternoon of the eventual day, the distinguished party arrived and was driven to the hotel. Upon being told when to have supper ready, the host sent word to Washington's room asking him if he would state what he would like best. He was greatly surprised to learn that Washington desired only mush and milk. In the attempt to have everything convenient, those in charge had not thought of cornmeal. The nearest place where it could be obtained was at the mill of Nicholas Fringer, some distance from the village. However, one of the villagers, a friend of the landlord, offered to go after the meal, and a minute later was outside a horse galloping towards the mill. The much desired article was quickly secured, and the horseman was soon back to the tavern. Although supper was a little late, Washington had his mush and milk, and later the party resumed its journey.—Detroit Free Press.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

PEOPLE IN EUROPE ACQUIRING A TASTE FOR CORN.

How the Department of Agriculture is Teaching Europeans to Eat Corn—Maize for China.

The maize crop of this country is valued at \$800,000,000 annually. If a demand for the cereal could be created abroad the market price would necessarily rise, and it is reckoned that an increase of 5 cents a bushel would in ten years put one thousand million dollars into the pockets of American farmers.

"Corn has come to stay in Germany," writes Colonel C. J. Murphy, agent for the maize propaganda, from Berlin. Already two corn-grinding mills have been established at Hamburg, two at Stettin, two at Dresden, one at Hanover, and one at Biberstein. Others are about to be put into operation. Stettin, the most important port of the Baltic sea, has imported this spring from the United States 25,000 tons of maize. Imports of corn from America into Germany have taken a big jump within the last four months. Most of the mills are working night and day, and the demand for cornmeal is so great that it is impossible for them to fill their orders.

The German government is now putting a corn-grinding plant into one of its mills at Magdeburg. This is the first step toward the contemplated introduction of maize into the rations of the army. Such a departure, however, cannot be taken suddenly, because it would be injudicious to appear to force the food upon the soldiers, inasmuch as that would be likely to render it distasteful to them. Accordingly the authorities will go slow in the matter, their present position being to make the military bread eventually two-thirds rye and one-third corn. This would signify an enormous saving, owing to the comparative cheapness of the yellow grain, of which not less than 500,000 hundred weight would be required for the army of Germany annually.

In the windows of numerous bakeries in Berlin and other German cities are to be seen to-day huge red paper signs bearing in big black letters the words "Murphy Bread! Two-thirds rye; one-third corn. Five pound loaf for 14 cents. Former price for three-pound loaf 12-3 cents." This is a translation. One German commercial house has secured the agency for certain American corn mills, and is thus enabled to sell meal before the maize arrives. The difficulty has been to get the corn from the United States fast enough to supply the demand. Colonel Murphy has sent a loaf of the rye-corn bread, together with a sample of meal, to each of the 400 members of the Reichstag. The magazine representing the interests of German pastry and cake bakers will include in its next number an article highly recommending corn to the trade.

One of the greatest problems which confront European statesmen to-day is the question of maintaining the present enormous military establishments at the highest point of efficiency with the least charge on the tax-burdened people. Into this question the matter of rations enters very importantly, the demand being for a diet concentrated, highly nutritious and at the same time sufficiently varied. Maize affords just such food stuff, being especially valuable where muscle and hard labor are required. The greater part of the bread consumed by the armies of the South during the Rebellion was of corn, and likewise a large portion of that which was supplied to the Federal troops. There is no other food which is susceptible of preparation by cookery in such a variety of palatable forms. Colonel Murphy has published in a widely circulated pamphlet 130 different recipes for dishes to be composed with it. Many of these he has prepared himself in public, serving them free to all comers, such as hominy, Boston brown bread, Indian ponies, Johnny cakes, corn mush, Indian pudding, corn dodgers, green corn pudding, corn griddle cakes, crumpets, corn waffles and gophers, croquettes, corn fritters, canned corn, succotash, pinole, samp and corn grits. Pinole is a preparation of the vegetable now served out as a ration in the Mexican army.

Corn was first cultivated by white men in the James river, Virginia, in 1608. The seed was obtained from the Indians, who claimed to have received the plant direct from the Creator. Whatever the actual origin of corn may have been, modern botanists and naturalists are agreed that the earliest species was the wild known as "zea tunicata" or "clothed corn." That is, each kernel on the ear was inclosed in a separate husk, the grains of wheat in the head. Descending from this type varieties have become almost innumerable, each country, climate and soil producing their own modifications. No other plant thrives so well in all latitudes. There are five distinct species of corn—dent, flint, sweet, soft and pop. No fewer than seventy-five varieties are grown in Nebraska alone.

The different varieties of maize have been so determined by cultivation that they will invariably produce ears true to type when kept free from others. It is said that the Indians have produced such re-defined mixtures of the kernels of the ears as to make it possible to describe by what tribe any particular ear has been grown. For example, one tribe has red and white grains, and another all red, and so on, even to the arrangement of the different colored grains in the ear. The adoption of these distinctions is said to have been originally for the purpose of detecting thefts of corn by one tribe from another. The great "corn patch," embracing Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska, produces enough of the cereal in one year to load a string of wagons, slaced end to end and each carrying forty bushels of shelled corn, extending around the world six times. The line would stretch in a straight line 154,870 miles. Loaded on freight cars carrying 40 bushels each, the same quantity of shelled corn would require for carrying 44 trains stretching continuously from New York to San Francisco, with a train 2,500 miles long left over. Traveling at the usual rate such a train could require a whole year to pass through Chicago.

Col. Murphy asserts that corn can be landed on the coast of China from the United States in thirty days by steam, and can be sold for one-half the price of rice, which, as everybody knows, is the principal food of the Chinese. When they find this out it will not take the pig-tailed orientals long to learn how to cook maize. They are so poor that they will eat anything which will sustain life, cheaper being the first consideration. Supposing this frugal diet once introduced among them, it is amazing to consider the quantity of the cereal which they would consume, taking into view the fact that the population of that country is 400,000,000. Processes are said to have been recently devised by which baked corn bread can be preserved in good condition for a year or even more. At present 30,000,000 bushels of the maize produced in this country are annually used for purposes of distillation.—[Washington Star.]

INHUMAN OCCUPATION.

Children Crippled and Hired to "Beggars Farmers."

The Foire au Pain d'Epice, or ginger-bread fair, which is held every spring, in the Faubourg St. Antoine and which is famous for the number of natural and artificial phenomena exhibited in its gaudily draped booths, was this year much enhanced by the appearance before the public of twenty to thirty calade-jatte, whose aspect was so wretched and pitiful that they reaped a truly golden harvest.

These unfortunate cripples whose shriveled legs are curled up on the boards on which they sit, and who go about propelling themselves by the aid of their hands, remind one of the horrors which used to be seen in the Cour des Miracles of bygone years. In Spain, and more especially in the neighborhood of Tolosa there are a number of inhuman monsters called "beggars-farmers" whose noble and philanthropic avocation it is to manufacture the cul-de-jatte who are met so frequently in France, Italy, and even in Belgium. Whenever there is a weakly boy or girl born in the families of the peasants in the above mentioned districts the "beggars-farmer" persuades the parents to hire the infant to him at so much per diem. When once they have obtained the child they begin the heartless and cruel operations which end in making a cul-de-jatte of the little creature thus confided to their care. The weak, pliable legs of the "subject" are tightly compressed and twisted with unyielding bandages which so effectually prevent the circulation of the blood that little by little the lower limbs wither away, and become curled and useless in orthodox cul-de-jatte fashion.

In 1857 M. Waldeck-Rousseau, then Minister of the Interior, prohibited the introduction of these Spanish monstrosities into France, but his decree soon became a dead letter and this year more than 400 of these miserable cripples have crossed the frontier. The "beggars-farmers" pay the parents or relatives of the poor wretches, ten to twenty cents a day for their hire. Twenty cents, however, is only paid—being a large sum in those districts—when the cul-de-jatte's personal attractions are augmented by some other infirmity such as blindness, a missing arm, or some very apparent and hideous skin disease. The mouths of the "traders in human misery" positively water when they encounter so favorable a specimen; for they are fully aware that he can be turned into a perfect mine of profit if properly managed, and they pounce upon their victims with an ardor worthy of a better cause.—[New York Tribune.]

A Baboon Switchman.

A baboon is a well-known character in the Cape Colony, South Africa, but more particularly in the neighborhood of Port Elizabeth. The history attaching to him is a curious and probably unique one.

The signal man, his own, ran over by a passing train and had to have both legs amputated, which would naturally incapacitate him from work, but the idea struck him to secure a baboon and train him to do his work. This he has successfully accomplished, and for many years the one in question has regularly looked after the levers and done the hand work of his afflicted master. The animal is possessed of extraordinary intelligence, and has never made a mistake.

Of course, the human servant works the telegraphs, and the baboon the levers, according to instruction; and taking into consideration the fact that at the station in question, Uitenhage Junction, and about twenty miles from Port Elizabeth, there is a large volume of traffic, the sagacity of the creature is really wonderful.

At first the passengers raised a strong protest against the employment of the animal on the score of risk or accident, but the baboon has never yet failed during his many years of work, and on more than one occasion has acted in a manner simply astounding to those who never had personal experience of the intelligence of these brutes.

One of his most noteworthy performances was the correct switching of an unannounced special train on its correct line in the absence of the signal man. The latter lives about a mile up the line, and the baboon pushes him out and home, morning and night, and is the sole companion of his legless master.—[Christian Intelligencer.]

What Are Diatoms?

The plants in question are so small as to be seen only with the aid of the microscope; those of ordinary size, when magnified about three hundred and fifty diameters, appear about quarter of an inch long. Others are much larger. They are curious little plants with a silica shell, which, in certain places, as provided with little apertures through which living parts of the plant protrude. In this way they are enabled to move about freely in the water by which they are generally surrounded, for, though they are not all strictly water plants, they all need considerable water to en-

able them to thrive, and so are always found in wet places.

Owing to their freedom of motion they were at one time supposed to be animals. Now it is known that they are plants, as they can perform all the functions of plants, and no animal, with all his superiority, high nature, etc., is able to do this. They are found everywhere in all inhabited countries, and in fact, all over the seas, so it may be readily granted that a plant so common and wide spread as this should be quite familiar to every one.

Again, not only are the living plants so wide spread and common, but the shells of the dead ones remain intact for many years; and in certain localities these tiny shells are so numerous as to form a large portion of the soil. Some of the best known of these localities are the sites of Richmond, Va., and Berlin in Germany.—[Popular Science Monthly.]

Queen Bess's Mead.

Comparatively few people nowadays know from personal experience what mead is. A sweet, sickly, honey drink, which the concocter called mead, was once preferred to me in a country place as a sovereign remedy for a cold, but of the two the cold seemed the lesser evil. The Russians still make mead secundum artem, but only in remote parts of England is there any of the drink of the Norse divinities yet to be had. The writer of an article in the Manchester Quarterly some time ago mentioned with enthusiastic approval some very old bottled mead which he met with in the course of some rural wanderings, and it is conceivable that a sweet and luscious beverage like mead would gain immeasurably by age. Queen Elizabeth was a mead drinker, and her grace's recipe for the beverage has been carefully preserved. It seems a fragrant mixture: Take of sweet-brier leaves and thyme each one bushel, rosemary half a bushel, bay leaves one peck. Soothe these ingredients in a furnace full of water containing not less than 120 gallons; boil for half an hour, then pour the whole into a vat, and when cooled to a proper temperature of about seventy-five degrees Fahr., strain the liquor. Add to every six gallons of the strained liquor one gallon of fine honey, and work the mixture together for half an hour. Repeat the stirring occasionally for two days; then boil the liquor afresh, skim it until it becomes clear, and return it to the vat to cool; when reduced to a proper temperature, pour it into a vessel, work it for three days and turn. When fit to be stopped down, tie up a bag of beaten cloves and mace—about half an ounce of each—and suspend it in the liquor from the bung-hole. When it has stood for six months it is fit for use.—[Gentleman's Magazine.]

Far Out Upon the Waters.

The New South Shoal lightship is farther off shore than any light in the world, being twenty-six miles from the nearest land. It is the last stationary human habitation seen by passengers on Transatlantic steamers bound outward from New York, and is sought by the vessels as the first mark to steer by on their return. Not far from the shoal which it guards are the dreaded "Banks" which have been a veritable graveyard for ships, having a record of 500 known disasters. The vessel that runs upon them is beyond human help. There, like the phantom ship of fabled story, "Lightship No. 1, New South Shoal," sails a voyage without an end, being anchored with an iron cable, and is buffeted by continual storms.

Twenty-three times she has broken from her moorings, frequently on such occasions drifting out into the middle of the ocean, because she is built for riding out gales and goes to leeward like a crab. Accidents of this sort are apt to happen to lightships. The one at Cross Rip, in Nantucket Sound, was once lost for more than a month, fetching up in the Gulf of Mexico, and being towed in finally to New Orleans with all hands safe aboard. By using her propeller, it is believed that the proposed steam lightship for the New South Shoal will be able to ease the strain on her chain as so avoid breaking away.

The Bahama Wreckers.

It is said that the people of the Bahama used systematically to lure ships upon the reefs of these islands, imitating a revolving flash-light by tying a lantern to a horse's tail and walking the beast around in a circle. Many ascertained facts of well-nigh incredible horror would seem to suggest that the sea communicates something of its own cruelty to those who live on or near it. Was there ever a tale inspired by the imagination of the romancer more dreadful than the true story of the "Palatine," which left Holland for America in 1749, carrying as passengers many rich Dutch people who intended to settle near Philadelphia. For six weeks in pleasant weather the amply provisioned vessel sailed up and down the Delaware coast, while the officers and crew out of the food-supply of the passengers, the pangs of hunger compelling the unarmed and starving wretches to buy at exorbitant prices the miserable fragments which their tyrants chose to deal out to them.

Twenty of them died of starvation before the storm came up that wrecked the ship on Block Island. In 1825 Congress made it a felony punishable with ten years' imprisonment and \$400 fine to show false lights for the purpose of causing shipwreck.

Punishment for Slanderers.

In the Kingdom of Poland there was formerly a law according to which any person found guilty of slander was compelled to walk on all fours through the streets of the town where he lived, accompanied by the beadle, as a sign that he was unworthy of the name of man.

In olden days the hunter used to wind his horn, as he pursued his game up hill and down dale. Now he only unwinds the top of it.