

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

New York Fashion Notes.

Imitation seal skin is much used in bands for dress trimming; it is called mole skin.

Winter gloves are lined; those most in use are castor and silk, with deep cuffs edged with fur.

Linen collars are embroidered; some are in sets to match caps or morning dresses, with colored embroideries.

The newest bows for the neck are made up of looped satin, which is painted by hand in a very pretty and dainty manner.

Long scarfs or mantillas in the Louis XV. style are made of black or white tulle embroidered, and are draped in the Spanish fashion about the head.

Some of the winter bonnets are made in the capote shape, and are entirely of "duvet," or the soft breast feathers of birds glued on, like the bands which come for dresses and cloaks.

Young ladies wear fanchon caps or bonnets with large Alsatian bows, at receptions, being very much like those worn this summer at dressy watering places. These are mere apologies for bonnets, but are exceedingly becoming. For wedding receptions white dresses of gauze or other thin materials are worn with "casquins" of white satin, having the edges of the basque cut in points; with these, dressy little hats made entirely of small roses are worn, sometimes set on one side of the head.

The prettiest sets of furs are made for children in Siberian squirrel, imitation seal, and in chinchilla and ermine. For ladies there is a fashion of wearing fur collars a little pointed on the shoulders with tabs crossing in front; Siberian otter, Shetland seal skin, and Alaska sable are used for these; and velvet is trimmed with chinchilla or silver fox. The pretty little caps of fur for misses and little girls have a "nest" of brightly-colored birds set on the front of the crown; these nests consist of three or four birds grouped together.

Costumes with the gilet or vest of brocade are worn with the habit called "jardinier galant;" and the vest called "adele berger" is often of changeable satin. These peculiar dresses also demand handsome lace for jabots and hand ruffles, and for these nothing is more appropriate than Breton lace and point regée, and there are point aguille and lace pieces, which are meant for the other materials, and these lace are all annually made up for the holiday season in all styles of neckwear, as collar and fichus.

Costumes come in many new patterns. It is a pretty fashion to have the fan and box decorated alike. Some of the newest are composed entirely of feathers. The Trianon, in black curled ostrich is studded with minute red rosebuds nestling among the feathers, and the top is edged with peacock eyes. Ebony fans have natural ostrich tops, or the pheasant feather which at present is a favorite for all styles of decorations. Some of the Vienna fans in ebony or leather have a little silver card with one corner doubled over, set on the outside stick for the owner's monogram or crest. Evening fans have exquisite paintings, and are mounted on carved pearl or mother-of-pearl sticks. They have this peculiarity, that they are of two materials—silk and satin joining imperceptibly and diagonally, and often with two light shades of color, thus blending one into the other; over this is the painting.

News and Notes for Women.

Women are now admitted as students to sixty American colleges.

There are said to be 100 regular female physicians in New York city.

The Chinese ambassador's wife has appeared in society in Paris, to the horror of her countrywomen at home.

Ruskin says sharp things about bridesmaids' dresses looped up with stuffed robins or some such tender rarities.

The ladies in Des Moines, just for fun, voted on the question of licensing saloons the other day, and a unanimous vote of 794 against was the result.

A Quakeress, named Sarah Smith, manages the woman's prison at Indianapolis. The institution has 200 inmates, and eighty-two per cent. have reformed.

Gymnastic exercises for young ladies are a part of the regular instruction in a large number of the schools of Germany. In the high schools of Berlin they have for some time been compulsory.

Mrs. Bloomer, who did not originate, but who first publicly advocated the wearing of the costume which bore her name, is living at Council Bluffs, Iowa. The originator of the costume was a daughter of Gerrit Smith.

A barometrical bonnet is the latest novelty in Paris. Ladies' head-gear are now trimmed with flowers colored with chloride of cobalt, which assume a dark blue color in dry weather, but turn pink at the approach of rain, thus furnishing their fair wearers with a reliable weather-glass.

The countess de Bassanville tells ladies how to preserve their beauty. "When you are past twenty-five," she says, "never let five or six hours pass without closing your eyes for a short time—say ten minutes; not necessarily to sleep, but to rest the muscles of the eye." The muscles, in repose, lose their tendency to nervous contraction, which results in wrinkles.

Toilets of French Women.

On our way, writes a correspondent in France, we indulged in a brown study as to why Parisians have a reputation above every other nation in matters of the toilet. It is not because they are extravagant in the choice of materials, as a people. The Americans and English, probably, spend twice as much in this respect. Therefore, we have come to the conclusion that the secret of their success lies in these two points: taste in selection and combination and extreme attention to those niceties other nations consider unimportant. Then, too, a thorough Parisian lady is so excessively careful of her wardrobe. She bestows on it nearly as much care as on her children. One who can afford to buy only two or three costumes in the year will make as good an appearance as an American who runs through half a dozen. The French woman's bonnet may be simple and cheap, but never out

of keeping with the rest of her toilet, and, however she manages in the matter of dresses, shabby boots are never reckoned among her shortcomings. The gloves may be of an inferior quality, but they fit well, and never lack a button. The color of her costume may be trying, but she lightens it with bunches of lace and pieces of ribbon; she leaves nothing to be desired in the way of effect. What she wears on the street she does not wear in the house, for eager little hands and climbing little feet soon tarnish its freshness. Each article is carefully brushed, mended or folded, as occasion may require, and brought out as good as new when next to be worn. One sees no sweeping dresses on the streets of Paris. That filthy spectacle of petticoat pavement sweeping is reserved for our own sub-lime American cities. French women have been reproached with untidiness in their homes. "Yes," says Mrs. Grundy, "they live for the world." Perhaps the reproach has some foundation; but this is also true: An American, when she marries, unless moving in the best (we should say the moneyed) circles, becomes negligent of those little womanly coquetties in matters of dress that helped to win her a husband. The Parisienne never does. She is as anxious her husband and every one else, should think her "jolie femme" at sixty as at sixteen. A little of this spirit is very good. A woman neatly and becomingly dressed is certainly a preferable companion to one indifferent to such affairs.

Murder, not Suicide.

Danish statistics have recently made a revelation with respect to the safety of life in that country which, with good reason, has startled the whole nation. For the last thirty years Denmark has held the very first place among all civilized countries with respect to its rate of suicide, and the rate has been slowly increasing year after year. No one has ever been able to give a probable reason for this singular fact, but it seems that the Danish statisticians have set themselves to work out the mystery, and they have now succeeded in proving that a very considerable number of these alleged suicides is not suicide at all, but murder. It was first noticed that, while the rate of suicides decreased in the metropolis and the other cities, it increased among the country population; an observation which, of course, puzzled everybody. In the period from 1835 to 1845 the number of suicides in the town stood to the number of suicides in the country as forty five to seventeen, but in the period from 1865 to 1875 the proportion had entirely changed, and the numbers now stand as thirty to twenty-five. Next it was noticed that a very great number of suicides occurred in one particular class of the peasantry, and this observation was no less puzzling than the preceding, as everybody would think that, on account of its easy circumstances, just this class should comprise the most long-lived persons. It is in Denmark a common custom for a farmer or farmer's widow, who has no direct heirs, instead of selling the farm and moving with the money to another place, to dispose of it in such a way that he or she remains in the place and receives an annual pension. The custom is a kind of life insurance, and has always been looked upon as a good thing, because it often brought the farm into the hands of an able man of slender means, who, in no other way, could have found full scope for his energy. But the very great number of suicides occurring among these pensioners aroused the suspicion of the statisticians, and finally one of them, Mr. C. J. Wolf, came out with the direct assertion that the question was here not of suicide, but of murder. The authorities took occasion of this assertion to reinvestigate two recent cases of suicides of this kind, and the result was in each case full evidence of a most atrocious murder.

"Oh, Would I Were a Boy Again."

John Barney was called up before Justice Mose to-day, charged with assault on Richard Smith. Smith and Barney were walking along B street when they came upon a number of boys playing marbles. As both men had in the earlier and purer days of the republic played marbles themselves, they became much interested in the game. One of the boys knocked two laws out of the ring and yelled "Dubs!" while another shrieked "Fen dubs!" The first boy made a grab at the laws, when Smith got excited and seized him by the collar. "Drop that boy!" shouted Barney—who by this time was all aglow with enthusiasm—at the same time knocking Smith down. Mr. Smith testified that the boy who knocked the laws from the ring had failed to yell "Dubs!" in time, and he had therefore determined to prevent his grabbing the marbles. Mr. Barney, on the other hand, swore positively that the first boy did shout "Dubs!" loud enough to be heard a block away, and in ample season. About a dozen boys testified as to the way Barney knocked Smith down, and all looked as wise as owls as they gave their respective versions of the "Dubs" proposition. They were about evenly divided, but Barney was fined.—*Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle.*

A Charming Charity.

The explosion of the Orsini bomb in Florence has brought about a piece of charity done in a charmingly pretty way. Among the victims of the explosion was a little girl, Julietta Farsi, who was seriously wounded. A number of the Florentine ladies formed a commission composed of their children—their little sons and daughters—to collect subscriptions in aid of the little sufferer, who issued to their young companions the following letter: "Among the persons wounded by the bomb of the assassins thrown on the public street, is a little girl five years old, Julietta Farsi, who has no father, and whose mother lives far away. We propose to do as the big people do who are caring for the other victims, and to unite, too, we children, and come to the aid of the poor little thing. There were 8,000 of us who saluted the Prince of Naples and promised him to grow up good and laborious, and there will surely not be less of us who will atone by a deed that we are beginning to keep our promise in helping this unfortunate child." Then followed the signatures of the little committee people.

ALWAYS A MYSTERY.

A Case Celebrated in the Annals of Life Insurance.

The publication of the record of a number of life insurance cases wherein huge swindles were attempted or suspected, recalls the celebrated Holden case, which occurred in Ann Arbor, Mich., in the summer of 1857. A letter from there thus recounts it:

Some time previous to the murder—if murder it was—Holden came to Ann Arbor a stranger, and rented a small house on West Main street, his family consisting of a wife and several children. He mingled but little with the town people, and not much was known of him, but he was understood to be a retired lumberman, and presumed to be a man of means. He was in middle age, a trifle below medium height, but square built and a man of vigorous constitution and health. Between what was at that time the heart of the town and Holden's residence ran a small creek, which was crossed by a foot-bridge on the line of the sidewalk, and beyond this for twenty or thirty rods lay a morass, which was traversed by a continuation of the sidewalk, for the construction of which a plentiful supply of tanbark in the vicinity furnished abundant material.

Between ten and eleven o'clock on a night in August, the startling cry of "Murder!" was heard proceeding from the lonely spot. Persons on repairing to the place found Holden lying on the walk shot, the bullet which had evidently entered the cavity of his chest, as shown by the post-mortem, and made a tortuous track in obedience to the obstructions which it met with. He was alive and conscious, but died after great suffering, the next day or the day following. He had been spending a day or two in Detroit, and was pursuing his way home when the tragedy was enacted.

He said that he was confronted on the path by two men, one of them a moderately tall and the other a shorter man; that the taller man grappled and struggled with him, exposing his left side to his companion, and saying: "Why don't you shoot him?" that thereupon the shorter man fired, when the two fled across the corner of the morass. My impression now is that tracks were reported to have been found corroborative of this story, but on this my recollection is not clear. I believe also that Holden claimed that his assassins took from his breast pocket his pocket-book, containing a large amount of money, which he had received from a man in Detroit, but whose name he declined to give.

Holden left policies on his life amounting, I think, to \$29,000. He left no money or property, comparatively, and but for advances secured on the strength of the policies, his family would have found themselves in immediate want. The insurance companies alleged suicide, and refused to pay. Suits were brought, but the claims were finally compromised for about one-third their face. After the decay of the grass in the fall, a pistol was alleged to have been found, with the muzzle implanted in the soft turf, within easy throw of the scene of the tragedy. This was claimed by the companies as strengthening the theory of suicide, because, it was contended, if it had been left by the retreating assassins, it would have been simply dropped and would have lain on its side, whereas, being thrown, the barrel being the heavier portion, gave a perpendicular descent, driving the muzzle into the soft turf.

The tragedy itself occasioned intense excitement, and the contest over the policies engendered a partisan feeling which ran high for many months. Holden was a spiritualist, and spiritual mediums essayed their art in an effort to solve the mystery. Among others the late Captain E. B. Ward, of Detroit, made a visit to Ann Arbor in company with a medium who was then in his confidence. Two young men living in Ann Arbor, who had borne a bad character, and whose relative stature corresponded with Holden's description of the assassins, were tried and convicted of the murder, but being given a new trial they were not again tried for that offense, their conviction, without doubt, having been due to a sympathetic impulse to strengthen the widow's case against the insurance companies.

Those who believed Holden's story believed also that he might have told who his assassins were had he chosen to do so. Holden had been a dealer or speculator in, or locator of pine lands, and the theory was that in this adventure some pursuit he had incurred the mortal enmity of some persons, from whom he lived in continual fear of his life, and that the conviction that his day must soon come led him to exhaust his small means in an insurance on his life for the benefit of his family. Others claimed to have evidence that Holden was a gambler by profession, and to hold the theory that his assassins were companions of the profession whom he had outwitted. Others still surmised that murderers had a knowledge of his having received the money, and followed him from Detroit for the purpose of robbery. Between these various theories and that of suicide, public opinion was about equally divided, and the Holden mystery is no nearer a solution to-day than it was twenty years ago.

A Game that Succeeded.

There is in London a well-known theater contiguous to the office of an equally well-known daily paper, and some of the windows of the one building are quite close to some in the other. Some little time ago certain frivolous spirits on the staff of the "daily" observed a pair of pheasants hanging up in one of the managerial windows of the theater. The window was very near, the temptation was very great, and with the aid of an ingeniously improvised fishing net, the pheasants passed from the abode of Themis to the shrine of Minerva. A brilliant idea occurred to one of the party, and he sent the birds round by a messenger to the manager of the theater, accompanied by his card, with the request that the manager would accept a trifling gift of game, and the suggestion that, if the manager had a private box to spare for that evening, he, the donor, would be very grateful. In a few minutes the messenger returned with a neat little note from the manager expressing thanks for the present, and inclosing an order for a stage box.

A Lady on a Shipwrecked Steamer.

A letter has just been received in New York which gives Miss Mary Clymer's account of the shipwreck of the *Pommerania* and of the rescue of herself and of her sister Rose. The mother, brother and another sister of the family were lost. The letter is as follows:

Mother, Richard and I sat up later than usual that night, thinking with pleasure of soon being safe landed at Hamburg. We were sitting in the cabin by the dining-table. Birdie and Rose had just left us to go to their berth for the night. Richard and the two young Bodiscos went up on deck, when suddenly there was a grinding sound and shock, as if the vessel had struck a hard bottom. This was a quarter before midnight. Then suddenly there came a loud cry of "All men on deck. All ladies stay below." Then came the cry of "Every one on deck." I got Rose and Birdie—the latter almost undressed—and we went up on deck, going to the port side, mother following. Birdie was very cold, and had on only a wrapper. Rose gave her a water-proof cloak, and I gave Rose a coat. When we reached the deck there was the greatest confusion and excitement. The captain was at his post giving orders, and stuck to his duty to the very last. I went down again into the cabin to get a little box containing some valuables, and when I came back with it I found Richard bravely at work freeing a lifeboat, and mother, Birdie and Rose trembling and very much agitated. I do not think mother had very much hope of being saved, for she put her arms around each of our necks and blessed us, and then got up on the rail of the vessel. Fearing she would fall into the water below I pulled her to the deck. Next Richard put a rope into my hands and told me, in a voice of command, "There, sister, hold on this." Scarcely knowing what it meant, I seized the rope. Richard swung me off. I then saw the frightful distance below me to the water, and the next instant I was in the bottom of the lifeboat. When I looked up I saw a dark something flying through the air, which I thought was mother; it fell into the water by the side of the boat; I pulled it up by the hair; it was Rose. Rose was stunned for the moment, but soon recovered. There was room for eight or ten more persons in the boat, but it was suddenly cut from its fastenings. Then the sailors pulled off for fear of being swamped by the vessel, and in a few moments we heard a voice in our boat cry, "Good God, they're gone. Pray for their souls." The men pulled very slow, and did not reach the *Glengarry* for the best part of an hour, although she was very near, having come in answer to the *Pommerania's* signal. We were landed at Dover, England.

Brains in Farming.

One of the great painters replied sharply to an impertinent question, "What do you mix your colors with?" "With brains, sir."

The answer contains the secret of all successful work; for no good work can be done in any profession or trade without brains. The clearer the thinking, the better the result. One great hindrance to successful farming has come from the desertion of the country by young men of ability and enterprise. If they had turned thought and energy to the cultivation of the soil instead of to manufactures and trade, improvement in farming would have kept pace with progress in other lines.

In the western part of Massachusetts a college graduate, who had completed his law studies, concluded, instead of practicing law, to try what he could do in farming. He took a large dairy farm, stocked with good Jersey cows. Starting at his work with enthusiasm and intelligence, he made himself familiar with the best books on the dairy and on stock breeding.

He kept an account of all expenses and receipts and of the profit from each cow, and did all his work by plans carefully thought out. He has found farming to be profitable. His butter sells for double the average price, and is in great demand, and inquiries about his stock are beginning to come from Western and Southern States, no less than from New England.

Brains can make farming pay, and find in it a stimulus to enthusiastic study.

Heroism of a China Woman.

At about ten o'clock on a recent night, the steamer *Santa Cruz*, which had left San Diego, Cal., in the evening, returned to port, having on board, picked up at sea, a Chinaman by the name of Ah Sing, dead, and his living wife, calling herself Pat.

It appears that Ah Sing and his wife Pat went to sea on a Thursday morning, at about two or three o'clock, in a small junk, and that during the day the boat was capsized and both thrown into the help; but Ah Sing received such injury on the head by the concussion as to stun him.

The heroic wife, clinging to the vessel, which righted, also clung to the dead husband, and, by herculean effort lashed him to it, and in this condition remained for a day and a night. The woman says she saw and hailed the steamer as it came in in the morning, but was not fortunate enough to make them hear at that time.

The *Santa Cruz* came into port, discharged her cargo, and left in the evening, and when well outside, at about half-past six o'clock, heard the cry for aid, which was promptly rendered. The vessel went alongside, and took both on board, and brought them into port. There was no one except the dead man and the living woman on board the junk.

A Curious Epitaph.

Abel Curran, of Kalamazoo, Mich., was married three times—to two sisters and their mother. The following epitaph adorns Abel's tomb in the city graveyard:

Here lies Abel Curran, aged forty-two, A native farmer of Kalamazoo. Pray stop and read for pity's sake. He unto himself did three wives take. The first one died; how much he missed her Consol'd himself and wed her sister. And then she died, followed by her brother, And Abel thought he'd try the mother. She now survives—may her life increase—He lived happily and died in peace.

AN ANATOMICAL WONDER.

A Man Who Can Unjoint Himself and Twist His Body into all Sorts of Shapes.

A novel exhibition in anatomy given to the students of the Rush medical college, in Chicago, is described as follows: At four o'clock the large amphitheater lecture-room was filled with fleged and unfleged doctors, and in the arena stood Charles Warren, a man of about thirty years of age, of athletic appearance, and apparently jointed the same as ordinary mortals. But he soon showed that he differed from most men in his make-up, for there was hardly a joint in his whole body that he could not throw out of place, or at least give that appearance. He went through with his distortions, much to the amazement as well as the amusement of all. He commenced by giving a circulatory movement to the scapula, moving either one or both at a time, and without any apparent motion of the shoulders. He then threw the humerus into the axilla, disjoined his elbow, wrist and phalanges. This was done merely by the contraction of the muscles of the arm, and not by the pulling of one member by another. In none of his feats was there any such wrench of one joint from another. Without touching any part of his body with his hands, the joints would move out of position. He forced the femur from the thigh-bone. This he could do while standing on one or both feet or while reclining. The dislocation caused an apparent shortening of the limb. Another striking feat was the turning of his feet so that he could touch the bottoms of them while his legs were perfectly straight. Perhaps the most remarkable of all his powers was the wonderful expansibility of his chest. Medical works, upon the strength of examinations of thousands of men in the army and navy, generally give five inches as the maximum of expansion. The exhibitor could expand his from nine to twelve inches. Those who did not take much interest in other performances were wonder-struck at this. This feat was performed by the remarkable degree of the compressibility of the chest and his powers to force his heart and lungs into the abdominal cavity, and then of the power to force his viscera into his chest. The abdomen was hardly less curious when the viscera were forced upward by the diaphragm than was the inflated chest, for at such a time there seemed to be an entire absence of organs in that part of the body, and to be no distance at all from the front walls of the abdomen to the spinal column.

The subject proved a fine study in the anatomy of the muscles, because he could contract them so as to show the position of each one from origin to insertion. He had this power over the muscles in pairs or separately, and could make them as distinct as if dissected.

Mr. Warren concluded with an exhibition of his ability to contort his whole body, drawing himself through rings and performing other things, much to the amusement of the students and the professors, if they had only felt at liberty to give way to laughter. Mr. Warren has a daughter who takes after himself and can dislocate her joints with such ease that they sound like rattles.

Chewing Gum.

Among the quiet little manufactures of the United States is that of chewing gum. Only one factory exists in this city, says a New York paper, and the few others are in New England, New York State, Ohio, Illinois and Tennessee. The gum is sold by druggists, grocers and confectioners in cities, and any country grocery that hasn't it is considered incomplete. Gum from spruce trees was exclusively used until recently, when it found a rival in gum mastic, a white and attractive article made from paraffine, which is sweetened. The consumption of this chewing gum in the United States is about thirty tons yearly; that of spruce gum somewhat less, and that of a gum made in Tennessee from balsam tolu, and sold in the Southern States, about twenty tons. Lately a material has been used styled "rubber gum." It is from the sap of the sapot tree of South and Central America. The sap, like that of the India rubber tree, has a milky look. The gum was first imported into the United States with a view of melting it with India rubber, in order to produce a cheaper article than the latter. It was found to be impalpable, and therefore useless for the purpose. It had long been chewed by South and Central American Indians, and found useful in allaying thirst. Experiments were therefore made here in purifying it for chewing, and with final success. It is tasteless, and has the merit of lasting longer than other gums, which more quickly dissolve and crumble in the mouth. So great is its ductility that a piece half an inch long, after being heated in the mouth, can be stretched into a thread a hundred feet long. Its consumption is about fifty tons a year. Chewing gum does not, like tobacco, require that the saliva shall be expectorated; it does not, like smoking, excite the nerves, nor like a superabundance of food or drink, hurtfully overload the stomach.

How He Cured Them.

Many of the congregation made it a part of their religion to twist their necks out of joint to witness the entrance of every person who passed by the aisle of the church. Being worried one afternoon by this turning practice, Mr. Dean stopped in his sermon, and said: "Now, you listen to me, and I'll tell you who the people are as each one of them comes in." He then went on with his discourse until a gentleman entered, when he bawled out like an usher: "Deacon A—, who keeps a shop over the way."

He then went on with his sermon, when presently another man passed into the aisle and he gave his name, residence and occupation; so he continued for some time.

At length some one opened the door who was unknown to Mr. Dean, when he cried out: "A little old man, with drab coat and an old white hat; don't know him—look for yourselves." The congregation was cured.—*Cleveland Leader.*

Items of Interest.

Man finds his first "rock ahead in life" in the cradle.

A great deal of useless gas is often created by a sharp retort.

Five hundred thousand kegs of Dutch herring are imported yearly.

There has not been a person hanged in Rhode Island since 1849.

Straining a point does not by any manner of means always make it clear.

"I don't like winter," said one pick-pocket to another. "Everybody has his hands in his pockets."

"I don't do this business for profit," said a barber, when asked how he could afford to shave for five cents. "I merely carry it on because I love to see the dying struggles of a man while he is being talked to death."

Besides the pleasure derived from acquired knowledge, there lurks in the mind of man and tinged with a shade of sadness an unsatisfied longing for something beyond the present—a striving toward regions yet unknown and unopened.

A justice of the peace married a couple the other day, and the groom asked him his terms after the knot was tied. "Well," said the justice, "the code allows me two dollars." "Then," the groom said, "here's a dollar; that will make you three."

Dr. P. D. Keyser, of Wills hospital, Philadelphia, has undertaken the examination of the eyes of all the trainmen on the railroads centering in that city. Similar examinations in Europe have shown that two per cent. of railroad servants are color-blind.

Baroness Mary Italak Artymonska, twenty-five years of age, and moving in the best Russian society, has just been banished to Siberia for forgery, fraud and bribery, leaving debts to the amount of 2,000,000 roubles. The Baroness always bore a hard name, but her parents are responsible for it.—*Norristown Herald.*

HER REPORT.

"The happiness," he said, "to let my heart its bounty tell. To breathe the dulcet air of peace. That speak my love so well. The happiness to freight the tongue with passion's every need. And then she softly interposed. 'Tis happiness indeed!"

Garcia, the Spanish seaman who butchered an entire family of five persons at Llangibby, in South Wales, some time ago, was hanged the other morning in Usk jail, and the citizens of that town, to show their approval of his taking off, gave Marwood, the common hangman, a public reception in the railroad station. That functionary, much bewildered by the unexpected and unusual demonstration in his honor, could find nothing better to say than that he hoped "to come that way again pretty soon."

The *Cologne Gazette* says that a committee of experts having examined the documents known as "Luther's will," which is in the possession of the Protestant church in Pesh, has declared it authentic. The document found its way with a number of manuscripts of the learned theologian, John Benedict Carnozino, to Hungary, and came into the hands of a private collector, a rich proprietor named Jankovics, from whom the archduchess Maria Dorothea obtained it for 400 golden gulden. She presented it to the Protestant church in Pesh, in whose archives it has since lain, nobody being positively certain that it was authentic. It is henceforth to be deposited in a special case in the national museum at Pesh.

Take Care of the Horses.

The Illinois Humane society, through an appeal issued by their committee, make the following suggestions to owners of horses:

1. Shoes—If horses are sharp shod in icy weather they will pull larger loads to greater advantage; it is poor economy to neglect the proper shoeing of horses, which may thus be seriously injured.

2. Blankets, etc.—Horses should be protected by blankets or waterproof covers from rain or snow while standing. The cost of a blanket is very small, and its use would repay the outlay many times. Any woolen or other protection placed under the pad or saddle, and extending back over the hips, will be found very useful as protecting a weak part of the animal.

3. Clipping—The clipping of horses is considered to be, at least, imprudent, and by this society inhumane owners are respectfully urged to allow the animals to retain the covering which nature has provided.

4. Check reins—Work horses, if at all, should be checked very low; they can thus pull to greater advantage, protect their eyes from rain or snow, and are less liable to stumble or injure themselves. It will be noticed that the city railway companies have largely abandoned the use of check reins.

5. Bits—It is prudent to warm with the hands, or otherwise, bits before placing them in the horses' mouths.

An Afghan Superstition.

A London correspondent speaks of a remarkable Afghan festival—the outgrowth of a curious superstition—as follows: Dr. Leitner, who acted as interpreter for the British officers during the Crimean war and afterward explored northern India, gave me an account of this festival, which consists in the people scattering lighted torches in the direction of a town called Gilgit. They thus celebrate a legend that a cannibal king once ruled over that region, who kept his kitchen supplied with the children of his subjects. This king bore a charmed life, and all attempts to destroy him failed until heaven's beings took pity on them and one of their number became incarnate on earth for the purpose of delivering them. This incarnate deity was assisted by the daughter of the tyrant, who discovered the secret of his charmed life, which was that he had not a drop of flesh. The tyrant's heart was made of snow. Consequently the incarnate armed the people with torches. With no other weapons they surrounded the castle and the icy heart perished amid a circle of warmth. The incarnate and his wife, a fair maid who found out the secret of the tyrant's heart reigned together over the realm they had made happy for a long time, and their story was now told in torches.