

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD

Household Hints.

An oven holder should be made of heavy cloth, two thicknesses, and fully half a yard square; an old grain sack makes this. This will save you many a burn and keep you from using your dish-towel or apron.

When sweeping, dip your broom occasionally in water, hot is best, and keep the dust from flying over everything. Coarse salt sprinkled over the floor occasionally is said to keep the moths out of the carpet.

It is a good idea to keep a supply of ironing holders made up; take old cloths, fold as many thicknesses and cover with a new piece of heavy cloth, tacking in the center; then you can have a clean holder when necessary without having to stop and make one.

When your dish-towels begin to wear out, fold them together, the best outside, as small or large as you like, and run together around and across through the center with coarse thread, then when you require a new dishcloth you will not take "any old rag."

Lime pulverized, sifted through coarse muslin, and stirred up tolerably thick in white of eggs, makes a strong cement for glass and china. Plaster of Paris is still better, particularly for mending broken images of the same material. It should be stirred up by the spoonful, as it is wanted.

To make lemon sirup take a pound of Havana sugar, boil it in water down to a quart, drop in the white of an egg to clarify it, add one-quarter of an ounce of tartaric or citric acid. If you do not find it sour enough after it has stood two or three days, add more of the acid. A few drops of oil of lemon improves it.

Keep your stove blacking, brush and plate handy, and after dinner each day brush off your stove, and you will find it much nicer than washing it off; besides, with an occasional brushing your stove will always look nicely, and if your stove is not kept looking clean the whole kitchen looks untidy.

Value of Poultry and Eggs.

The Town and Country remarks: Almost fabulous are the estimates given in various quarters, of the intrinsic value of American poultry to the people of this country. At the same time, a large majority of those who read and consider themselves well posted as to details of the natural wealth of this land either conceive this item of poultry to be a very insignificant matter, at the best, or else they know nothing of it at all.

Yet our farmers, the suburban residents of cities, and thousands of men and women all over the United States, are at the present time engaged, in greater or less degree, in the cultivation of and traffic in good fowls, and in the sale of dead poultry and eggs.

Millions of dollars are invested in this business—in one way or another. And estimates are made by competent authority in recent years, based upon computation, that the total annual value of poultry in this country and the eggs produced by our yearly aggregate of domestic fowls, reaches an approximate value to that of either cotton, grain or slaughtered beef.

As an isolated sample of the large consumption of eggs in one city, we quote from the Boston Herald: "The traffic in eggs carried on by Boston commission houses, and the immense quantity annually consumed in this State, assumes a magnitude which, at the first glance, may seem improbable if not impossible. The approximate receipts of eggs in this market for the year 1878, have been as follows: 107,627 cases, containing 49 dozen each, 43,000 cases, containing 100 dozen each, and 17,783 barrels, containing 70 dozen each. These figures, give as a result, 168,410 packages, containing 6,513,653 dozen eggs, or 78,187,836 single eggs. It is estimated that fully 95 per cent. of all receipts are consumed in Massachusetts, and that about 80 per cent. are consumed in and near Boston. In nearly all small towns and villages enough eggs are raised to supply the local demand. The number of eggs consumed in this State, when computed, is found to be at an average of 52 eggs per year to every inhabitant, or one egg per week. When the immense quantity of eggs used for cooking purposes is considered, the figures appear quite reasonable. Only a small proportion of the receipts in this market are 'limed' or pickled for future sale—say 24 per cent. All these eggs come to Boston from various sections in about the following proportions: Eastern eggs (mostly from Maine by boat and rail, at all seasons of the year,) 24 per cent. of total receipts; northern eggs (from northern New York and Canada), 37 per cent.; P. E. I. eggs (from Prince Edward Island, between months of April and November), 17 per cent.; Western eggs, 19 per cent.; and Southern eggs (from Virginia during a few weeks in the spring) 3 per cent. Of the Northern eggs, the greater part comes from Canada, and this trade is constantly increasing."

Acute Rheumatism.

This is sometimes called rheumatic fever. Its medical term is *polyarthritide*. It is mainly a disease of the temperate regions, and prevails mostly from October to May. Persons specially liable to it are those whose calling exposes them to frequent changes of temperature, those who are insufficiently protected against sudden chills, and those who reside in damp localities, and especially those who sleep in damp rooms. One attack greatly disposes a person to a second.

The foremost exciting cause is a sudden cooling of the body when heated and exhausted by exertion—this, in the view of many medical authorities, developing lactic acid in the blood. The fever is proportionate to the number of joints attacked, and the intensity of the inflammation. It is accompanied with a sour sweat. Hardly any other disease presents so many complications. The younger the patient, the greater the liability of the heart's being affected. The liability after twenty-five is the exception.

As a rule, it runs its course in from three to six weeks. Convalescence is slow. Even after recovery, there is for a considerable time a tendency to renewed inflammation. It seldom terminates in death.

To avoid the disease, guard against all sudden and violent changes of temperature; wear woolen next to the skin; in case the skin is especially susceptible, harden it by cold bathing, exercise in the open air, etc.; if exposed to wet or chill when heated, keep up the circulation by active exercise till an opportunity offers for change of clothing.

A Moment of Horror. A prominent fancy goods dealer of this city, whose neatness of attire is the envy of the less fortunate, stepped into his store Sunday to replenish the furnace. He laid aside his glossy silk hat and put on an old straw. Having arranged matters satisfactorily, he ascended to Congress street just as church-goers were coming down. Meeting a lady of his acquaintance, he gracefully lifted his hat, when, to his horror, he found that he had on the straw one a-fair-said. He took the back streets and reached home as soon as possible.—Portland (Me.) Argus

Gallows Reminiscences.

We take the following from the reminiscences of a New York reporter, who has been present at thirty executions:

"I wonder if it hurts to be hanged?" said he who sat at the foot of this Gallows of the noose.

"Probably not, after the first twitch of the cord is felt, and, although I cannot claim any personal knowledge of that part of the business, my belief can scarcely be said to be purely conjectural. I once talked with a man who had been hanged by a party of blythe but hasty gentlemen in California. They mistook him for a horse-thief, an error for which they amply apologized in the heartiest manner when their attention was called to the fact that he was the wrong person, which, fortunately for him, was just in time to save his life. He said that his sensations were first a consciousness of a terrific crash, as if all created things, himself among the rest, had simultaneously exploded. That was probably when the mule was led out from under him. Then he seemed to be floating in a sea of red light, heaved and tossed upon glowing billows that swirled round and round, as if in a whirlpool, to the sound of a harmonious roaring. And after that he knew nothing until he found himself lying upon the grass, breathing with great difficulty and pain, bleeding from a little gash in his neck where they had cut the noose, and trying to understand the profuse apologies of the spokesman of his entertainers."

"It must be a horrible thing for a man to know that he is going to die a shameful death for a crime of which he is innocent."

"Theoretically, he ought to be sustained by the consciousness of his innocence. Practically, the horror of the situation depends upon the man himself—dependent of guilt or innocence. The bravest man I ever saw die was one who avowed frankly the perpetration of the murder for which he was hanged. As to how really innocent men accept the situation, I have not much experience upon which to base an opinion, as out of all the thirty that I have seen hanged there was but one that I deemed guiltless—the unhappy victim of a judicial murder. That was a poor wretch named Lee, if I remember aright, who was hanged at Waukegan, Ill., in 1865, as the supposed murderer of an old woman by the name of Ruth Briden. I studied well the evidence in his case, examined him, and did what nobody else seemed to have thought it worth while to do—sought out who else than he in the community had stronger reasons than he could possibly have had to wish old Ruth Briden dead. I satisfied myself that there was one man there—a rich and influential man—who would have profited largely through family connection by her death, and that man, I found, had been especially and remarkably active in pressing the prosecution and conviction of Lee. There was nothing about the condemned man's *personnel* or record to encourage suspicion of him other than that he was a shiftless, poverty-stricken, friendless vagabond, who sometimes got drunk; but he was the easiest man in the community to hang, somebody ought to be hanged, and so they strung him up. The deputy sheriff, to whom I expressed my conviction of the poor fellow's innocence, laughed at me. He was a big, good-hearted, rough man, who had been horrified by the atrocity of the butchery of Mrs. Briden, and was easily swept along with the tide of popular feeling against the prisoner, which had been artfully set in motion by interested parties. But, six months afterward, I met him in Chicago, and he said to me: 'What you said about that hanging of ours disturbs my mind a great deal, and I have spent both time and money in investigating that case for my own satisfaction. And I tell you now, I am convinced that we hanged an innocent man that day.' The tears stood in his eyes, and his voice trembled as he spoke. Unfortunate Lee; his last prayer was for his wife and little child, far away in the East; his last words calling upon God to judge his innocence. But he died courageously."

FEEDING ON FELINES.

Sausages in New York that are said to be made of Cat Meat.

The New York Mercury asserts that some of the residents of that city are accustomed to buying sausages and other food partly made up of the flesh of young kittens. The Mercury says men go about at night hunting cats, which they put into bags as soon as caught. Its article continues: When a sufficient number of victims has been obtained, the cat-hunter takes his homeward way and empties his bag of his evening's spoils. The largest and fattest having been selected, they are quickly killed, either being knocked in the head or having their throats cut, while those too lean are reserved to fatten for future use. The slaughtered cat is then skinned, the skin being of some value, especially the white and black ones, and the meat prepared for chopping. Mixed with a little bull meat, or sometimes alone, it is then chopped and made into the desired bologna, and is ready for sale. Most of these cat-hunters manufacture the sausages and sell them themselves, thus combining the occupations of manufacturer and tradesman on the smallest scale, while others sell the meat to small butchers. The manner in which this business in cats was discovered and investigated is of interest. Certain officials, a few months ago, in a tour through the eastern part of the city in search of alleged abuses, were surprised to find evidence of this traffic in more ways than one. A reporter of the Mercury discovered three or four men who made a business of getting, keeping, and breeding cats. Two of these men manufactured and sold bologna sausages in quantities. A woman told the reporter, not knowing his errand, that a short time ago she had purchased one of these sausages, but its appearance and taste was so peculiar that she was afraid to eat it, and threw it away. It is most difficult to obtain accurate information, as these men are most reticent regarding themselves. Many of them do not speak any English, and are evidently afraid their business will be discovered. The cats, when caught, are sorted out, and those reserved for fattening are kept either in large boxes or in small yards adjoining their captors' houses. The advantage of the boxes is, that they can be more easily concealed and kept in smaller compass, sometimes in a small cellar or room; but they are not preserved in such good condition in this way as when allowed more freedom, so it is not resorted to except in cases of necessity. The boxes have slats nailed in front of them, and the occupants are fed at stated intervals with some fattening compound. When a yard is used, the tops of the surrounding walls are smeared with a substance known to these cat-dealers which the animals detest and will not cross. A collection of cats thus imprisoned presented a most amusing spectacle when seen by the reporter. About a hundred cats, of all sizes and ages, were sleeping, eating, quarreling and catering in various attitudes. All grades of cat society were represented, from the handsome Angora and Maltese, to the prosaic, homely backyard Tom, that makes night hideous with his yells, and murders his great care has to be used, it is said, to prevent the old Tom cats from eating their young. The "uncles, cousins, and aunts" could indeed be "reckoned up by dozens," and seemed to constitute anything but a happy family.

The Unsistered Sisters.

This pair inhabited a single room, from the facts, it must have been double-bedded; and it may have been of some dimensions; but when all is said it was a single room. Here our two spinsters fell out—on some point of controversial divinity belike; but fell out so bitterly that there was never a word spoken between them, black or white, from that day forward. You have thought they would separate; but no; whether from lack of means or the Scottish fear of scandal, they continued to keep house together where they were. A chalk line drawn upon the floor separated their two domains; it bisected the doorway and the fireplace, so that each could go out and in and do her cooking without violating the territory of the other. So, for years, they co-existed in hateful silence; their meals, their ablutions, their friendly visitors, exposed to an unfriendly scrutiny; and at night, in the dark watches, each could hear the breathing of her enemy. Never did four walls look down upon an uglier spectacle than these sisters rivaling in unisisterliness. Here is a canvas for Hawthorne to have turned into a cabinet picture—he had a Puritanic vein, which would have fitted him to treat this Puritanic horror; he could have shown them to us in their sicknesses and at their hideous twin devotions, thumping a pair of great Bibles or praying aloud for each other's penitence with marrowy emphasis; now each, with lifted petticoat, at her own corner of the fire on some tempestuous evening now sitting each at her window, looking out upon the summer landscape sloping far below them toward the firth, and the field paths where they had wandered hand in hand; or, as age and infirmity grew upon them and prolonged their toils, and their heads to nod involuntarily, growing old the more steered in emmity with years; until one fine day, at a word, a look, a visit, or the approach of death, their hearts would melt and the chalk boundary be overstepped forever.—New Annals of Edinburgh.

"That Old Bore Jenkins."

Little Nellie was looking at "Woolf's Wild Animals" when Mr. Jenkins called, and appealed to that gentleman to explain one of the pictures.

"That is a wild bear," said he, and the little lady looked at it thoughtfully and replied: "It don't look like you, does it Mr. Jenkins?"

"I hope not," responded the guest. "Why?"

"Because," said the artless infant, "Mamma said when your card was sent up, 'There is that old bore Jenkins again.'"

And it was a full minute before mamma's frozen lips thawed sufficiently to inform the nurse it was Nellie's bedtime.

Facts About the Indians.

The tenth annual report of the board of Indian commissioners to the President of the United States contains a comparative statement showing the condition of the Indians in 1868 and in 1878. Some of the more important items are as follows:

Table with 2 columns: 1868 and 1878. Rows include: Number of Indians in the United States, except Alaska (250,864); Number of Indians who wear citizen's dress (127,458); Number of houses occupied by Indians (8,646); Number of acres of land cultivated last year (145); Number of Indian pupils (148); Amount expended for education (8354,125); Number of Indians who can read (41,989); Number of Indians who learned to read last year (five civilized tribes excepted) (1,532); Number of church buildings on reservations (219); Number of church members about (30,000); Number of acres of land cultivated by Indians (79,071); Number of bushels of wheat raised (169,365); Number of bushels of corn raised (520,079); Number of bushels of oats and barley raised (81,151); Number of bushels of vegetables raised (350,690); Number of tons of hay raised (18,016); Number of horses owned (78,018); Number of cattle owned (47,704); Number of swine owned (31,284); Number of sheep owned (7,953).

From this statement it appears that more than one-half of the Indians have discarded the blanket and donned a civilized garb; that about one-half have moved out of their lodges and wigwags into houses, the number of which has increased nearly three-fold in ten years; that the number of pupils in Indian schools has more than doubled; that nearly one-sixth of the Indian population can read; that the numbers of acres of land cultivated by the Indians is about five times as great as ten years ago; that the production of wheat has increased nearly five-fold, of corn seven-fold, of oats and barley nearly four-fold, and of hay nearly nine-fold, and that the Indians own about three times as many horses and mules, six times as many cattle, seven times as many swine, and about seventy-five times as many sheep as they did ten years ago. They now own more than two head of sheep for every Indian man, woman and child in the United States.

She Sewed on his Buttons.

Everybody who knows old Blummer knows a pretty tight-fisted man. Several days ago he said to his wife: "Maria, I want you to look over that broadcloth vest of mine and put new buttons on it, 'cause I'm going to a card party to-night, and it'll pay me to look a little sprucer than common."

"But, Elzy," answered Mrs. B., "I haven't any buttons to match that vest; and—"

"Blame it!" broke in Blummer, "the idea of a woman keeping house as long as you have, an' prettendin' to be out of buttons. By George! I believe you'll ask me for money to buy 'em with next." And then old Blummer shook his head threateningly and departed down town, leaving Mrs. B. looking after him with a peculiar expression in her eyes.

That evening Blummer hurried through his supper and began arraying himself for the card party. Presently he called for the broadcloth vest, and Mrs. B., with marvelous promptitude, handed it to him. He took it, hastily unfolded it, and then, as his eye took in its complete appearance, he stood as one transfixed. It was a six-button vest, and there were six buttons on it, and the dazed optic of Blummer observed that the first, or top one, was a tiny pearl shirt-button, and that the next one was a brass army overcoat button, with U. S. gleaming upon it, and that number three was an oxidized silver affair, and that number four was a horn button, evidently from the back of one of the Puritan fathers' coats, and then came a suspender button, and there, as the dazzled eyes of old Blummer reached the bottom button—a poker chip (found in Blummer's pocket) with two holes punched through it—he gave a sport that made the chandelier jingle. There is, after all, a fine sense of humor about Blummer, and he laughed till he cried. And there won't be any button money grudged in that household hereafter.

Utilizing a Rat.

Large sewer rats get into houses, an especially into public buildings in which suites of apartments are let to families and others. In such rooms, and in cellars, walls and pantries, these ferocious vermin are more destructive than a wild beast of prey—and more dangerous when cornered. One person, who had suffered much and long from their ravages, and whose occasional capture of one of their number had failed to make any impression on the general horde, resolved to try a new plan. It is known that nothing so frightens a rat as to hear the shrieks of one of its own kind in captivity. Having caught a vicious and lively specimen, the experimenter determined on the cruel expedient of starving him to death, and to make his squealing "tell" on the others. Caught in a box or wire trap, the rat was there kept, unharmed, except for deprivation of food and water—and he lived just two days and two nights. During that time, what with the pangs of hunger and thirst, and the added occasional incentive to vocal exercises in the shape of proddings and stirrings up with a long pole, the caged rat gave forth at sundry and divers times such piercing shrieks of rage and despair as only a rat can utter. Probably it wouldn't have been entirely safe, at that time, to have given him a chance to smell of your finger, or to get at your thumb; but one good result was certainly accomplished by that otherwise too cruel experiment—not a rat has been in that room or in those walls from that day to this, a period, we believe, of about half a year. A similar result is said to have been attained by catching a rat, dipping it into a pot of red paint, and letting it run; and also by shearing and singeing a rat, and then letting him go.

CURRENT NOTES.

The bone business is a big thing in western Texas. Cattle die and buffalo are killed, and their bones are gathered from the plains. A San Antonian shipped 3,333 tons at one time, receiving therefor \$7.50 per ton.

The French armies no longer march beneath the imperial eagle. That noble bird has been deposed from his lofty perch on the standards of Napoleon, and the soldiers of the republic are to be led to victory by a laurel wreath encircling a dart of gold.

The monument to Victor Emmanuel which Italy desires to raise, will cost, it is estimated, not less than \$2,000,000. It is to consist of a colossal equestrian statue mounted on a triumphal arch, and the competition is to be thrown open to all the world.

Only thirty or forty miles distant from the City of Mexico are two of the best wheat-producing valleys in the world, and yet wheat costs at wholesale there from \$1.60 to \$2.40 a bushel, and flour retails for \$1.75 per twenty-five pounds. The Mexican tariff on foreign wheat is about \$1.15 a bushel, and on flour \$8 a barrel. A barrel of flour, costing in New York \$6, shipped to the City of Mexico, is worth \$29 by the time it arrives, on account of duty, freight and other charges.

A correspondent of the Neighghery Excelsior tells of a tiger cub which is in the habit of smoking up all his master's cigar stumps. He secures these luxurious bits as they are thrown away, and after his master has retired to bed "gets a light" from the kitchen, and enjoys a quiet smoke every night. "Mehebet Ali," he says, "used to have a tame animal of this insatiable species to which he regularly handed over his hookah after enjoying his own after-dinner sedative. The animal waited patiently for his turn, and then puffed away."

During the last year the American Bible society has circulated about one million copies of the Bible, the British and Foreign Bible society of Scotland 86,000, and other societies more than one million. The total circulation since the formation of these Bible societies has been \$2,000,000 by the British and Foreign, 35,000,000 by the American, 5,000,000 by the National Bible Society of Scotland, and by German societies 8,500,000, while the circulation of other societies has raised the total to about 160,000,000 copies of the scriptures circulated in various tongues by Bible societies during the last seventy-five years.

Not only is the story of William Tell attacked as a myth, but the monuments which have perpetuated it are in equal danger. The government of the Swiss canton of Uri, in which Altorf and other places associated with the name of Tell are situated, proposes to perpetrate an act of vandalism which ought, says the London Times' correspondent, to be prevented. They have resolved to pull down William Tell's chapel, on lake Lucerne; and, not content with the demolition of this interesting and romantic, if not precisely historic building, they have refused permission to the Lucernese artistic society to detach the paintings on the walls in order that they may be placed in the museum of Lucerne.

The Vienna papers tell of the narrow escape of an aged Hebrew of that city from being buried alive. He had been bedridden for a long time, and being taken with violent convulsions, became stiff and cold, and was taken for dead. He was laid out, and two faithful believers were set to watch and pray over him until the close of the Sabbath. Toward dawn of Saturday, while the watchers were occupied with their devotions, Peretz Fischer returned to consciousness, and perceiving the meaning of his surroundings arose with rage, horror, and mad impressions, while his terror-stricken attendants took to precipitate flight. One of them was so frightened that he fell sick and died, but Peretz Fischer recovered from the shock to enjoy better health than he had before his supposed death.

The committee for encouraging the use of horseflesh as an article of food, have issued a return showing that the number of horses, asses and mules slaughtered in Paris for consumption in 1878 was 11,319, or 700 more than in the previous year. The continued increase in the use of horseflesh is, they say, a proof that the prejudice against it is being gradually overcome. A prize of 1,200fr. was awarded by M. Decroix to the founder of the first shop for the sale of horseflesh in London, opened in May last. That venture, during the four months it was carried on, did not, however, meet with all the desired success, the chief reason for which was (the committee say) that the director was quite ignorant of the English language. The committee now offer a medal of honor to any English butcher who shall take up the trade and continue it for three months at least.

Wanted An Indorser. A Vallejo (Cal.) butcher was over in the mountain wilds of Contra Costa the other day, buying meat on the hoof. He found an old Misourian with a thousand cattle on a hill, living in all the simplicity of primitive life as it is generally discovered a thousand miles from the outposts of civilization. In appearance he looked something like the picture one sees of Robinson Crusoe in the books, after the latter had worn out all his good clothes. But the cattle were fat, and the Vallejoan bought what he wanted. When it came to settling for them, he handed the Contra Costa Crusoe some greenbacks as part of the payment. The man did not seem to know what to make of such a kind of circulating medium, and it was found necessary to explain to him that they were government notes for the sum indicated. "Wall," said he, after much hesitation, "if yer'll agree to indorse them, ar, I'll take 'em." But the Vallejoan, not being in the business of indorsing Uncle Sam's paper, refused, and he had to pay him in gold.

Absence destroys trifling intimacies,

but it invigorates strong ones.

THE ZULU WAR.

England's Trouble With the Caffre Tribe in South Africa.

The scene of the British military maneuver has shifted from Afghanistan to South Africa. It is in the latter locality that the troops are now the most active, and the recent British reverses give renewed interest to the old story of misunderstanding with the natives of that part of England's extensive empire. Near the Tugela river, 20,000 Zulus annihilated a British column consisting of part of the Twenty-fourth regiment, a battery of artillery and 600 natives; 100 wagons, 1,000 oxen, two cannons, 400 shot and shell, 1,000 rifles, 250,000 rounds of ammunition, 60,000 pounds of provisions and the colors were captured by the enemy. About 5,000 Zulus were killed and wounded, while 600 officers and men were lost on the British side. Subsequent attacks were repulsed, however, and the threatened destruction of the English forces and colony averted, although the governor, Sir Bartlet Frere, sent to England for reinforcements, which were at once ordered to Africa to the number of 7,000.

England has had almost constant trouble with the natives ever since that section became a British colony. The first Caffre war broke out in 1811. The Prophet Mokanna headed an incursion in 1819. The second Caffre war was in 1828-31. The third in 1834, attended by diplomatic difficulties between the colonial secretary and the governor. "The War of the Axe" came in 1846, and another of more than two years' duration in 1850. In 1857 came the destruction of all their cattle and grain by the Caffres at the instigation of another "prophet," and a desperate and futile attempt to recover their territory, ending in death by famine. The Galekas rebelled in 1856, and nearly twenty years of comparative peace followed. An extensive war, with quarrels *ad libitum* among the English officials, came in 1877, and then succeeded the trouble with the Zulus, which had long been brewing, brought by animosities between the natives and the English and Dutch settlers.

The English proposed conditions of peace which would have destroyed King Cetewayo's royal prestige, so war followed. He has 300,000 subjects, 10,000 miles of territory, 140,000 men of arms, of athletic and stalwart build and capable of great endurance; 22,500 under thirty years of age, 10,000 between thirty and forty, 3,400 between forty and fifty and 4,500 between fifty and sixty, all well armed. Everything in the way of tactics and war supplies is very simple. To ford a swift torrent they form in a dense column and push each other across, many, of course, being drowned. They do not marry under forty, and the married men are distinguished by a monkish shaven crown.

The British force at the beginning of this war consisted of about 15,000 men, 5,000 being regulars, and the naval brigade is 300 strong, from the ships Active and Tenedos.—New York Mail.

The Country.

It is in the country that the soul expands and grows great. The town develops, cultivates and amplifies all the senses, but its tendency is to contract that incomprehensible impulse of being we call soul. Out where the rugged hills point heavenward with ten thousand sturdy evergreen figures; where stand the woods in royal majesty; where the brooks dance along and clasp hands with the rivers, and rivers sweep on with unimpeded flow to the bosom of the sea; where rocks rise like brawny giants, their nakedness covered with mosses, and drink in the sunshine and the rain proudly, disdainful to show how the elements caress them slowly into dust; where the birds sing their most jubilant songs, and the wild flowers wear their brightest hues; where the bees hum in lazy content from honey-cup to honey-cup; where nature rules supreme, and man becomes a pigmy—here the true soul, unshamed and undiminished, aspires to compass all the profound mysteries of creation, and reads eloquent lessons in everything. Where villages dot the hillside and nestle in the valleys; where the throbbing clangor of the church-bell is the loudest sound heard; where the fields teem with homely promise of the coming harvest, and the voices of men are drowned in the prattle of nature—there are magnificent souls hidden beneath the humblest exteriors. The hand that grasps the plow and scatters the seed may be brown and hard, but there is a whole heart in its grasp; the face that has been snowed upon, and rained upon, and blown upon, is neither marred nor scarred, but brave and gentle; it shows in every lineament how ennobling is close communion with nature. The eye that sees the first tiny bud of the treca, the first frail blossom of the woods, watches the covert approaches of spring with a glow and lustre that we do not often see in the dissipated town.

The Walking Epidemic.

The New York Observer does not take kindly to the pedestrian fever. It says: The epidemic is now fearfully prevalent in this country. Its victims are not of one sex or age only, but men, women and children are alike seized with it, and when so possessed they go spinning around in a ring, hour after hour, and day after day. One woman, over in Brooklyn, had it so badly that she walked every quarter of an hour. Physicians attend to the patients constantly, watching their pulse, breath and heels, administering pills, drops and plasters, as may be required. Thousands of spectators look upon their protracted sufferings with intense delight. The newspapers describe the ghastly appearance of the walkers, their exhaustion, recovery and sinking again. Bets are made upon the length of time they can stand it, and the distance they can go before they drop, and the outside public eagerly look for the result.

It is the silliest, and least useful, and most cruel of all the sporting amusements of the day. No good purpose is served by it. Athletic exercise is not encouraged by it, and the health of no one is promoted. But it must have its day, like all other epidemics, and then something else will take its place to gratify the Athenian spirit of curiosity that wants a new sensation.