

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

Sing-Song.

Sing a song of snow-flakes,
Iceleaves and frost;
Four and twenty snow-birds
In the woods were lost.

The Chimney-Sweeps' Festival.

Even those poor little sooty imps that
used to spend their days in sweep-
the dark, winding chimneys of smoky
London, had one grand holiday, and
that was the first day of May.

How they must have looked forward
to this one day of the year when they
could dress up and caper, and dance and
shout in the open air, with the "lord
and lady" of their own choosing, and
the evergreen moving gariand of their
own making.

I never saw but one of these May-day
merry-makings of the sweeps, but it was
so comical that I thought and talked of
it for many days after, and I think their
walking "green man," as I called their
gariand, is the funniest of all.

It is a great one six or seven feet in
height, of holly and ivy framed upon
hoops. It goes up smaller and smaller
to the top, where it is tied with gay-
colored ribbons, and decorated with
bunches of flowers.

At the very top there will be a crown
made of flowers, or a little flag flying.
All down the sides of this evergreen
hillock are knots of ribbon and bunches
of flowers.

Round it as it goes from street to
street, the little sweeps caper and dance.
Their hats and jackets are trimmed all
over with colored and gilt paper, and
flowers stuck in wherever they can put
one, while their black legs (for they like
to leave them sooty for this day's fun)
are colored in figures with Dutch pink,
or white chalk, and some of them leave
their faces black that they may
ornament them in the same way.

We little folks were puzzled to know
how their bows and arrows moved along
of itself, but when we looked down close
to the ground—why, there we some-
times saw two feet peeping out!

Then we knew all about it—it was
"Jack-in-the-green." Yes, there was a
pretty big man inside, and this was
something as he looked to my young
eyes.

My "lord and lady," however, are in
the eyes of the sweeps the grandest of
all things in their May-day show.

The "lord" is generally chosen from
some other profession than that of
chimney sweeps, and is splendidly
dressed in cocked hat, trimmed with
red and yellow feathers; laced coat; em-
brodered waistcoat; silk stockings;
large knee buckles, and cane with a
shining knob.

The "lady" is usually a boy in girl's
dress, which is gaudy and bedizened as
my lord's, but instead of a cane she car-
ries in her right hand a brass ladle.

When "Jack-in-the-green" stops,
they dance most elegantly round him,
while all the little sootkins make sweet
music by striking their brushes and
shovels together!

Then my lord and lady, bowing and
courtesying to each other, with cocked
hat and brass ladle in hand, and all the
sweeps with their sooty shovels, go
round to the spectators—"Smallest
donations thankfully received!" and the
silver and pennies as they drop into the
ladle and shovels make a rattling jingle
in the ears of the little sweeps.

DR. CARVER.

An American Rifleman Astonishes the Prince of Wales.

The London correspondent of the Bal-
timore Sun gives the following interest-
ing particulars of the wonderful display
of marksmanship made by Dr. W. F.
Carver, of California, before the Prince
of Wales and a distinguished company
at Sandringham, the park-domain of the
prince: Capt. Stephenson performed the
necessary introductions of these distin-
guished personages to Dr. Carver, who
was nearly half an hour behind his time
—a delay unavoidable, but in an English
subject I may say unpardonable. The
sun shone out for the first time in sev-
eral days; the emerald turf of the lawn
in its spring-time verdure and magnifi-
cent dimensions made a superb carpet
for the distinguished guests. Dr. Carver
appeared attired in black velvet blouse,
adorned with many glittering gems and
medals, the trophies of his American
triumphs, his gray sombrero had shading
his long auburn locks and hazel eyes of
piercing power. Unique and picture-
esque, tall and gallant-looking was this
"Citizen of the West" amidst these
grand nobles of the East. A buzz of ad-
miration went up as the doctor first
gracefully bowed to the princess and
ladies present, and then made his saluta-
tion to the prince and his guest with a
frankness and simplicity of manner so
typical of prairie freedom that it at once
seemed to charm every one present.

After mounting his excellent horse of
true Indian blood, Winnemucca, he
awaited the selection of the testing local-
ity on the lawn; his quick eye scans the
deer in their galloping brigades beneath
the mighty oaks and tall elms, and he
sits his beautiful steed like a very mon-
arch of ease and power.

The Prince of Wales, walking up to
him, says, pleasantly: "I have heard so
much of your unrivaled skill that I am
pleased to see you here."

"And I am pleased to see you, too,
prince," responds the doctor.

"Will you first give the ladies here
present an evidence of what you can do,"
said the gallant prince.

This was so proposed, as the ladies
had prearranged engagements, which
were dispensed with, however, for Dr.
Carver's more attractive entertainments,
when his first feat were seen.

The Prince of Wales held the timing
watch and kept account himself, manifest-
ing a delighted interest in the perfor-
mance. Dr. Carver, for the first time be-
fore an assemblage of persons, broke
consecutively, without the slightest in-
terruption, 100 glass balls in 100 straight
shots of his rifle, following this feat at
once by breaking 100 balls with 100
smooth shots from a double-barreled
shotgun, both transactions being simultane-
ous, or almost a unit, with two
different weapons under similar distance
and circumstances. The doctor then,
with his horse running at full speed and
he sitting on it like a picturesque statue,
broke twenty-eight out of thirty balls,
sing and double.

To prove his precision
Dr. Carver, at the special request of
the prince, broke fourteen out of sixteen
balls in fifteen seconds. He also dis-
charged fifteen out of sixteen cartridges,
in four seconds, to prove rapidity in
firing, the sixteenth cartridge failing to
go off. After that came an exhibit rarely
if ever seen before. The doctor caused a
glass ball to be placed at a considerable
distance on the lawn. He fired at it
and under it, so that the concussion of the
shot throws the ball up, and before it
falls the doctor again levels his rifle and
breaks the ball, in the most finished and
artistic style. This so excited the ad-
miration of the Prince of Wales that,
turning to the Earl of Rowley, in a most
enthusiastic manner, he exclaimed:
" Bravo! I will bet £1,000 that Dr. Carver
will break one hundred and fifty balls
without error or intermission with his
rifle." The doctor complied, though
none of the group took up the prince's
bet, luckily for them. I doubt if this
has ever been approached in the history
of shooting. Luncheon was then an-
nounced, and the royal party, the guests
and Dr. Carver went to the palatial
dining-room of Sandringham. Though
the feast was plentiful and the carving
good, it could not excite the Carver on
this occasion; so as soon as the repast
was over the entire group returned to the
lawn, and our gallant American here re-
sumed his programme by shooting at
and breaking glass balls thrown directly
at him and across him in front, and turn-
ing and hitting others thrown behind
him—shooting both right and
left double shots at falling balls. Then
he shot at a glass ball thrown in the air,
missing it three times with the first three
shots, but leading the rifle three times
while the ball is in the air, and breaking
it with the fourth shot before it reached
the ground. He shot marbles thrown
indiscriminately into the air by the
guests. The young princes threw up
shillings and the doctor hit the entire
sixteen without the slightest error or
emotion. In a word, there seemed no
end of variety in the fancy, plain, scien-
tific and artistic shots that our wonder-
ful marksman executed, and even the
Prince of Wales desired that Dr. Carver
should be presented to her, upon
which she asked him many intelligent
questions on American prairie shooting,
hunting, etc.

"How many buffaloes have you killed
in a day, Dr. Carver?"

"To this the doctor responds: "I have
shot a hundred in one day, madam."

The young princes then asked permis-
sion to mount the doctor's horse Winnemucca, and wanted to know the meaning
and derivation of the name. He gave
correct information to all their inquiries,
and at the same time laughingly enjoyed
their curiosity and surprise. The Prince
of Wales then selected one of Dr. Carver's
rifles and shot with an accuracy
that arouses the American's expressions
of approval.

"You shoot well, prince."

"No, it is your rifle; for who could
shoot well after beholding your wonder-
ful exploits, Dr. Carver?"

"Will you do me the honor to accept
my rifle?" says the doctor.

It is graciously accepted. The prince
then says he will present the doctor with
a souvenir of his appreciation of the re-
markable skill he had exhibited.

Three Successful Efforts.

Three notable feats of human effort
and endurance have just been brought to
successful issue. The first was of ques-
tionable utility in spite of the possible
advantage of knowing the maximum
capacity of the human frame for long-
continued and severe exertion. In the
six day's walking and running match, in
London, the winner's score was 552
miles, beating by twenty-one miles the
best previous record in a similar contest.
During the first three days the winner,
Brown, made 300 miles, a feat never
before achieved. It is said that he left
the track at the close in excellent physical
condition.

The second achievement was also of
doubtful utility. As a means of adver-
tising his already sufficiently advertised
swimming suit, designed for life saving
in case of disaster at sea, Captain Paul
Boyton undertook last winter the terri-
ble task of floating and paddling from
Pittsburg to New Orleans. The Ohio
was full of ice when he started, and the
venturesome swimmer was often in im-
minent peril from being crushed in the
ice floes as well as frozen by the intense
cold. The voyage of 2,332 miles was
completed in eighty days, the voyager
looking almost to a skeleton by the
end of his self-imposed task.

Of a very different nature was the
splendid feat of the Sugar Notch coal
miners, who, to rescue seven comrades
—six men and a boy—buried in a mine,
accomplished the great work of driving
and timbering a passage-way of 1,300
feet through rock and coal, mostly rock,
in the brief space of four days and
nights. The imprisoned miners were
found alive and well, notwithstanding
their confinement of five and a half
days. The party had been shut in by
the falling of some acres of mine roof,
caused, it is said, by a reckless stripping
of the supporting pillars of coal; and
luckily the door boys, who had gone in to
warn the miners of their danger, when
the roof began to give way, rode a mule
which the men killed and ate after they
found they could not get out. There
was plenty of pure water in the mine,
and, though gas accumulated somewhat
in places, a spot was found where the
air was fairly good and it was safe to
build a small fire for cooking their mule
meat. It must not be forgotten that the
noble band of rescuers toiled with slender
hope of finding their buried com-
rades alive. If the latter had not been
crushed by the falling roof or drowned
by water, there was a strong probability
that they had perished by the fire which
broke out in the mine when the roof
fell, or had been smothered by the illu-
minated gases of the coal. Yet the bare
possibility of saving life urged the generous
toilers on, and happily their efforts were
rewarded by the highest success.

The men who planned and cut the re-
lief drift were not surrounded in their
labors by admiring crowds, like the con-
tendants for pedestrian honors; they had
not the almost daily "grand receptions,"
"overtures," and the like which gave
the river swimmer an abundance of noisy
notoriety and substantial encourage-
ment. They were probably unconscious
of doing anything specially commenda-
ble; anything more than a miner would
do for a comrade in distress. Yet who
will say that the achievement of Brown
or Boyton, however plucky or enduring,
were not trivial in comparison.—Scientific
American.

An Italian physician claims to have
made a valuable discovery—one that
should be warmly welcomed in this
country. It is a method of tuning up
nerves, just as the strings of a violin,
guitar or harp are tuned up, and o-
bring them into such harmony that the
nervously-disordered person shall be
instantly and entirely relieved. The
nerves of the human body, in the Ital-
ian's opinion, lose their tone precisely as
a musical instrument loses tone. If they
all run down alike, it is of small conse-
quence, as they will still be in unison.
But when some run down completely,
some partially and others not at all, har-
mony is wholly destroyed and nervous
disturbance and suffering is the necessary
result. A great deal of ill-health and
an number of deaths are directly trace-
able to deranged nerves, particularly in
America, where, owing to the stimulat-
ing air, the extremes of heat and cold,
the nature of our institutions and our
ever-shifting conditions, with other
causes, we are the most nervous people
on the globe. If we as a nation could
be periodically tuned up, or rather tuned
down—for we need recession far more
than exaltation—we should be not only
much more contented and physically
much stronger, but we should have a
vast reserve of force of which we have
not hitherto been able to boast. We
make copious music, such as it is, over
here, but its quality and volume might
be improved and augmented by the
proper tuning of our nerves. We need
to have our discords reduced; our chords
are altogether too tense, and are contin-
ually snapping by overstrain. The Ital-
ian should come to our land and begin
his experiments. It offers an admirable
field.—New York Paper.

The Prospects of Cotton.

Mr. Edward Atkinson, one of the
shrewdest business men of New Eng-
land, has lately made a trip through the
cotton States to investigate the prospects
of cotton culture in the South. The re-
sults of his investigation have been given
in the New York Herald. Touching the
main point of his inquiry, he says:

"I consider an ample supply of cotton
as sure or even more sure than that of
any other crop. So long as the cotton
States can buy from the West corn and
bacon at such prices that forty cents will
pay for all that an adult laborer can eat
in a week—about three and a half to four
pounds of bacon and a peck of meal—the
South will raise cotton. It is their money
crop. It is now the product of the farm
and not of the plantation. The farmers
of Northern Georgia make a hundred
bales of cotton where they made ten a
few years since, and the increase of
cotton by white labor in Georgia, North
Carolina and Texas will offset any possi-
ble decrease in Louisiana and Mississippi,
even if the exodus amounts to a severe
drain on labor. Moreover, the value of
the seed of cotton has hardly begun to
be known. Within ten years the seed
will be worth half as much as the bale,
if not fully as much. The lint left on the
hull by the gin is useful for batting; the
hull for tanning or for the extraction of
dye-stuffs; the spent hull for paper stock,
for which it is admirably adapted; the kernel
for oil and the residue for feed. There
are new methods lately disclosed for ex-
tracting every particle of oil, which
leaves the residuum sweet, dry and ex-
tremely nutritious for food for sheep or
cattle—more nutritious than beans; and
if the residue be fed to sheep on the cot-
ton field the crop of cotton will be
doubled and the clip of wool added
thereto."

TIMELY TOPICS.

Although the existence of petroleum
in several of the provinces of Japan is
said to have been known for 1,200 years,
the Japanese did not know how to refine
it till about six years ago. Now, how-
ever, refining establishments are spring-
ing up rapidly, and its manufacture is
becoming an important industry.

Taking the entire length of the New
York Elevated railroad, on both the east
and west side lines, and multiplying it
by the number of trains run during the
twenty-four hours, and again by the
number of locomotives and cars, it is
found that the distance traveled in one
day is 36,352 miles, or nearly one and a
half times around the world; the pro-
portion of miles traveled on the west
side, as compared with the east side,
being about one to seven.

A business letter from New Orleans to
a firm in Providence says: "We are
now organizing a Citizens' Sanitary
Corps that just means business, and if
we cannot keep yellow fever out of here
this season, then we give it up. It is a
very popular movement, and will be
putting right ahead. We wish to get it
circulating through the North that we
are going to bury the dead, clean the streets,
fill the bottom holes, and endeavor to
make New Orleans what it should be,
a healthy city."

The experiment of homes for inebriates
is to be tried in England under the
sanction of an act of Parliament. In-
ebriates, according to the provisions of
the statutes, may determine for them-
selves whether they will enter the "re-
treat" or not; but having signified be-
fore a justice of the peace their wish to
be confined, they will no longer be free
agents, but must stay out the time for
which they have bound themselves, and
conform to all the regulations of the es-
tablishment.

"You attempted to take the life of the
king; the king gives you life," were the
words of the Italian attorney-general,
who communicated to the assassin Pas-
sante in prison King Humbert's com-
mutation of his sentence of death to
imprisonment for life. Passante is
said to have displayed considerable grati-
tude and expressed his deep gratitude.
He will finish his existence with hard
work in irons. The king's popularity
has been increased by this act. Mon-
archs, as a rule, dislike to sign the death-
warrants of their would-be assassins.

Drunkenness in Sweden and Norway
is cured in the following manner: The
drunkard is put in prison, and his only
nourishment is bread soaked in wine.
During the first day the prisoner receives
the bread and wine with much pleasure.
On the second day the food is not so ac-
ceptable. After that he takes his food
with great repugnance. In general, eight
or ten days of this treatment suffices to
produce such a disgust of liquor that the
unhappy man is compelled to absolute
abstinence. After leaving prison his
drunkenness is radically cured, with an
occasional exception, and the odor of
liquor produces an invincible repulsion.

The venerable Peter Cooper has a
device for propelling the cars of the
elevated railroads in New York by means
of an endless wire or chain, and he has
written a letter to show how simple,
cheap, noiseless and safe his system
would be. He offers to turn over the
invention to the east side road for \$100,000
in return for stock, to be immediately
made over to the trustees of the Cooper
Union as a fund for its support, and
thinks it would be no more than fair that
they should take it at those figures, inas-
much as the institute has suffered a great
deal from the proximity of the road,
which has interfered with the students
and cut down the income from the rooms
in the building that are rented.

Mr. McCormick, the commissioner to
the late Paris Exhibition, is of the opinion
that the proposed world's fair in New
York in 1883 is all right, except as to
time. He favors 1886 in order to give
more time for the progress of invention
and not to call on exhibitors too often.
New York is the proper location, and
specialties of Port Morris as against Central
Park. The great essentials are immense
space of unoccupied ground and deep-
water frontage, so as to avoid terminal
freights, which, under unfavorable con-
ditions, are very hard on exhibitors.
Port Morris, situated as it is on Long
Island Sound, can be made accessible
from every point, and can accommodate
any crowd which is anticipated.

The great tunnel under the Detroit river
will be completed within two years, and
will cost about \$1,500,000. Mr. Tillin-
ghast, the president of the Canada South-
ern Railway Company, says that the loca-
tion chosen for this great undertaking
is the only one where the tunnel can
be made through the rock, as it comes
within twenty-two feet of the surface of
the water at the points selected. At De-
troit the rock is nearly one hundred feet
below the surface. Amherstburg is
fourteen miles below that city. The
proposed location of the tunnel will ac-
commodate traffic from both the North-
west and the Southwest. The tunnel
will be built under the supervision of
E. C. Chesebrough, of Chicago, who
has had experience in the construction
of both road and river tunnels.

Hereafter let nothing be said disre-
spectfully of the mule! The poor man
imprisoned in the mine at Waukesha,
Pa., who were rescued in a fair condi-
tion, after being entombed for over five
days by the fallen roof, owe their lives to
a member of this much-abused species,
for they killed him and for four days
lived upon him. Had the mule been as
positive in his character as mules are re-
puted to be, he might have refused to
die, in which case carving him might
have proved a dangerous operation.
All's well that ends well, and that must
have been an exciting moment when the
seven men who had been in such im-
minent danger of death were liberated in
the presence of eight thousand persons,
having been shut out from the blessed
sunlight since the previous Tuesday
morning.

John A. Sutter, the discoverer of gold
in California, is living in comparative
poverty at Litch, Pa. A correspondent
of the Philadelphia Times visited him re-
cently, and found him a hale old man,
fond of relating his Pacific coast expe-
riences. He went to California in 1839,
became the Mexican agent, acquired im-
mense landed possessions, and was for a
while literally monarch of all he sur-
veyed. He first saw gold there in the
hands of playing children, and soon his
hand, to which he had no legal title, was
taken by miners. Litigation completed
his financial downfall, and he came to

the East. The man who first found
gold in Arizona is equally unrewarded,
according to a correspondent of the Chi-
cago Times, who came across him at
Cora Head. He is an old Spaniard,
named Barardo Treves, and keeps a mis-
erable tavern; but once he was wealthy,
the yield of his first "find" being \$60,000.
Rascally companions robbed him.

Speaking of General Fremont's plan to
make a highway of commerce by tap-
ping the northern end of the Gulf of Cali-
fornia, and letting it run into and fill up
the Colorado desert, the New York
Tribune says: Every now and then
some unwise person, who disapproves of
the surface of the earth as at present ar-
ranged, steps forward with a plan to
cover up some of the land with naviga-
ble water. The valley of the Dead Sea
has always been a tempting basin for
these assailers of the established, and
they live on the hope of seeing a ditch
cut which will let into the waters of the
Mediterranean. It needs little
imagination to picture the bottom of this
parched depression, more than a thou-
sand feet below sea-level, as the "very
roofing of Sheol." And in spite of the
advantages which the enlarged area of
evaporation would bring, in theory, to
the climate and temperature of Europe,
Asia and Africa, the dread of some con-
vulsion which the weight of 1,300 feet of
water might cause, if poured over the
hot crust which thinly covers the central
fires of the earth in this region of death,
will probably discourage judicious per-
sons from trying the experiment. French
engineers, too, have been for years meas-
uring the heights and distances, with a
view to the irrigation of Sahara, the
plan being to convert thousands of square
miles into an inland sea with a depth of
300 feet, fed by the Mediterranean.

John J. Andrews, a Philadelphia
merchant, lost the sight of his left eye
twenty years ago, and physicians told
him that there was no cure. The useless
member gave him no trouble until 1877,
but thereafter it was occasionally so
painful that he writhed on the floor until
the attack was over. Many of the best
oculists made careful examinations, and
were unable to ascertain the nature of
the disease. Lately he put himself in
the hands of a Philadelphia physician,
of whose investigation he says: "He
blistered me around the eye to draw out
the inflammation, and at last he said:
'I know what it is not; it is not inflam-
mation, and that is our only remedy.'
He drew out a diseased tooth and cut
out a piece of the jaw bone and did some
probing; finally he said: 'It does not
come from a tooth nerve, and that is
another point gained.' He dosed me
with quinine until he was satisfied, and
then he said: 'It is not miasma, and
that is another point gained.' He put
me in a darkened room, and, throwing
an indescribably bright light into my
eye, looked into my eye for two mortal
hours. At last he exclaimed: 'I have
the secret.' Looking in through the
pupil of the eye he could see a live cysti-
cercus, or embryo tape-worm." This
was the first case of the kind in America,
and was exhibited to most of the physi-
cians of Philadelphia. An operation with
a knife removed the creature.

In his thirty-nine years of journalism
the late M. de Villemessant, proprietor
of the Paris Figaro, established nineteen
papers. Alphonse Daudet tells a story of
the "brutality" with which Villemes-
sant got rid of his writers the moment
they ceased to draw. Half a dozen of
them, says M. Daudet, were gathered
round the table clipping papers, writing,
smoking, chatting, among them M.
Paul d'Ivoy, the famous chronicler
who had been injured from the Courier
by an engagement at a very high price.
" M. Paul d'Ivoy was writing, smiling,
like a man who is satisfied with him-
self. Suddenly there was heard the
sound of a heavy footstep and Villemes-
sant entered. Pens scratched, joking
ceased, cigarettes were flung away. M.
Paul d'Ivoy alone dared raise his head
and gaze familiarly upon the deity.
That's right, boys; all at work, I see.
Well, d'Ivoy, how's the chronicle for
to-morrow? Are you satisfied with it?
'I think it is pretty good.' That's right
—quite lucky; glad it is, for it is to be
your last.' My last? Exactly; I'm
in earnest about it. Your articles are
feverishly dull; everybody says so.
You've been running the paper into the
ground long enough.' But your en-
gagement with me—' Oh, that doesn't
amount to anything. Just go to law and
I'll have your articles read in open court,
and see if any judge will declare that I
am compelled to stick such stupid stuff
into my paper.' This fashion of shaking
his editorial staff out of the window, like
an old carpet," says M. Daudet, "sent a
chill down my spine."

A New York scribe has paid Edison,
the great inventor, a visit at his work-
shop in Menlo Park, N. J., and says of
him: "He looked little enough like a
man who had succeeded half a dozen
times in his short life of thirty and odd
years in setting the world agog, and no
one would have guessed that he had an
income of an indefinite number of dol-
lars a year and had recently solved that
much-mooted problem of an economical
electric light. He does much and says
little about it, and while money comes
to him from many sources, he is one of
those peculiar men who never seems to
have any. If he feels as if he could
enjoy a holiday, he takes one and every-
body about the place participates. They
go down to Staten Island Sound on a
fishing excursion or up on the hills to
shoot, and Edison pays all the expenses
while the works stand still. When the
inventor wants anything done, however,
he wants it then and there, and it must
be done just as he says. Hence one may
visit the shops in what are ordinarily
working hours and find everything still.
He may go at two o'clock in the morn-
ing or at Sunday noon and find every-
thing as full blast. When the writer
called he found Edison—who is twice
hundred and more times a patentee—
busily improving what little time the
outside world leaves him. His feet were
on the table casting a shadow over a new
experimental vacuum pump, and, as he
grasped his visitor's hand, he remarked
pathetically, 'Give me a chew of
tobacco to excess, he never drinks, and
has little patience with those who do.'"

Siberia has long been not merely the
political but the universal prison of
Russia, capital punishment being now
reserved for cases of high treason and
murder punished with transportation
for life. But in this transportation
there are many different grades. Ban-
ishment to one of the border fortresses
is its mildest form, usually inflicted
upon military offenders. Next comes
Western Siberia, which, traversed by
several commercial highways, contain-
ing many large towns, and in constant

communication with Russia, offers so
many advantages that more than one
criminal whose term had expired has
remained there in preference to return-
ing home. Eastern Siberia, called by
the Russians "Za Baikalski" (beyond
Lake Baikal), is reserved by the convicts
for its remoteness and sterility, it being
a common saying among them that
"one year in the East is worse than two
in the West." More terrible than all,
however, is the sentence of hard labor in
the mines, especially those of quick-
silver, which, by its corrosive action
upon the bones, make a certain and
horrible death the inevitable climax of
the penalty. Escape is all but impossible,
from the countless military pickets, and
the strictness of their surveillance; but
as if to make assurance doubly sure, the
Russian government is now sending
many of its political prisoners to the
newly-acquired island of Saghalin, lying
between the Siberian coast and Japan.
In the reign of Nicholas, prisoners were
often compelled to march the whole dis-
tance with chains on their ankles; but
happily this barbarity has become a
rare of late years, though there seems reason
to fear that it may be revived before
long.

A Professional Female Swindler.

One of the most successful swindlers in
New York, writes a correspondent, is
a girl not more than twenty-three or
twenty-four years of age. She is hump-
backed, but has a very sweet, ladylike
face, and works upon the sympathies
of all with whom she comes in contact.
She seems to be well educated, and is
certainly clever. Her dress is always
in good taste, and she has not the ap-
pearance of a beggar. The way she
manages is to find out the name of
some one you know, and she makes
a regular call upon you, as any lad
might do, representing herself the
friend of your friend, who has
requested her to call. She comes
several times, and therein that about her
that interests you at once. After you
begin to know her quite well she asks for
money, but in the most delicate manner
in the world. She is raising funds for a
mission school, or she has a check to be
cashed, and the banks are closed. In-
deed, she is so clever about it that you
never suspect a thing until you find that
her visits cease after the money has been
advanced. She completely fooled Dr. Hol-
land some time ago. The doctor is one
of the most tender-hearted of men, and
he had the greatest pity for the poor de-
formed creature, and gave her quite a
little sum of money. I am sure he felt
a great deal worse at his disappointment
in the girl than in the loss of his money.
He expostulated with her and begged
her to give up her swindling ways; but
she positively refused. He went to her
house and found that she lived with her
mother in very comfortable style, and all
on the money she made by such nefari-
ous means. During Mme. Modjeska's
last visit to New York this clever little
adventuress called upon her and said
that she had just received a letter from
some of madam's friends in Cincinnati,
who requested her to call. She came
several times and Mme. Modjeska, like
all the others, became very much inter-
ested in her. One day she asked the
actress for \$35, giving some good reason
—I forget now just what it was.
Madam did not have the amount in her
pocketbook just then, so she told her to
call in the afternoon, and she should
have it with the greatest pleasure. I
happened to call on Mme. Modjeska in
the meantime, and she told me about this
poor child who was in such difficulties.
"Is she hump-backed?" I inquired.
"Yes, poor thing she is," replied the
kind-hearted lady. "Then beware,"
said I, "for she is the biggest little fraud
in New York;" and I told madam of her
tricks. "I should rather have lost the
\$35 and been deceived," said she, "than
to know that the young girl was an ad-
venturess." Indeed, I had great difficul-
ty in persuading Mme. Modjeska of her
unworthiness, and even after she knew,
she wanted to let her have the money.
I do not suppose the girl was surprised
when the money was not forthcoming.
She probably supposed that she had been
discovered, and started off for fresh
fields.

Maritime Disasters.

A supplement to the American Ship
furnishes the public with an elaborate
table of maritime disasters, compiled by
Mr. G. B. Winslow from records in the
archives of the Atlantic Mutual Insur-
ance Company. It will be invaluable
for future reference. It shows the num-
ber of vessels lost in transatlantic steam
navigation from 1838, when the Sirius
first crossed the ocean. The whole num-
ber of vessels, by the different casualties
specified, is 145; of which never were
heard of after leaving port, 26; wrecked
on coasts, 80; foundered at sea, 6; sunk
at sea, 6; abandoned, 8; by collision
with icebergs, 3; collision with other
vessels, 4; capsized, 1; burned, 11. 147,
as far as ascertained, was as follows:
By missing vessels, 850; by vessels sunk
at sea (including loss by Arctic, 562), 778;
by vessels burned, 533; by vessels
wrecked, 1,611; by collisions, 350; by
vessels foundered, 10; by other casual-
ties, 70; total, 4,302. It is remarkable
that the loss of life appears to have been
matter of open record in the case of only
three out of the twenty-six missing ves-
sels in the list given. These were the
President, which left New York for
Liverpool in 1841, and of which the loss
is vaguely given as 300, when it has
always been supposed to be much
higher; the City of Glasgow, for New
York in 1853; and the Pacific, of the Col-
lins Line, which left Liverpool for New
York in 1856. The United loss by these
vessels was 850. The total loss, as given
above, does not include that of the
twenty-three vessels against which the
record is, "Missing, all lost." As far
as can be judged from the character of
these, and from their points of departure,
they were mostly transient ships, carry-
ing few or no passengers. With an average
of 100 person to each, including crew,
the total loss of life on the list would
be increased to 6,500 human beings.

Ice in the Sick Room.

Mention is made in a foreign paper of
a plan pursued by an ingenious physician
for insuring a supply of ice for use in sick
rooms during the hottest nights, and
without disturbing the patient. This
plan is to cut a piece of flannel about nine
inches square, and secure it by ligature
round the mouth of an ordinary tumbler,
so as to leave a cup-shaped depression of
flannel within the tumbler to about half
its depth. In the flannel cup so formed
ice may be preserved many hours—all
the longer if a piece of flannel from four
to five inches square be used as a loose
cover to the ice cup. Cheap flannel,
with comparatively few meshes, is prefer-
able, as the water easily drains through
it, and the ice is thus kept quite dry.