

CURRENT NOTES.

In many parts of Germany the roads are lined along the entire distance with rows of poplars, or of apple trees, the branches of which latter bend beneath the weight of fruit. A fine of three shillings is the penalty for plucking the fruit, consequently it is permitted to reap, and the owners of the community reap the benefit of the foresight in planting shade trees at once beautiful and profitable.

Horse races were introduced into the Grecian games 648 years B. C., and 152 years later, or B. C. 496, a race called the "Calpe," for mares only, was also introduced into their sports. The date of the introduction of racing in England is unknown. In this country the first racing is believed to have taken place almost simultaneously in both Virginia and Maryland, about the year 1750; but the first race for a public stake was on Long Island, in 1818, against time, by a horse called "Boston Blue," for \$1,000.

A post-mortem examination of Edward Parr, the Philadelphia murderer of his daughter, who took his own life in the court-room to save the labor of the hangman, furnishes confirmation of the theory that violent crimes may result from pressure upon the brain, occasioned by physical defects in the skull. Parr's cranium had been fractured, and, in reuniting, an abnormal ossification pressed upon the brain, and this is thought to have aggravated the man's bad passions and induced the commission of murder.

Physicians and dentists who use small mirrors to explore the throat and teeth, astronomers employing large mirrors out of doors—all who have occasion to use spyglasses in foggy weather, and especially those near-sighted persons who cannot shave themselves without bringing their noses almost in contact with the looking-glass, are doubtless aware that the luster of mirrors soon becomes dimmed by the breath, by dew and generally by water in a vaporous state. The way to prevent this troublesome fog is simply to wipe the surface of the mirror before using with a rag moistened with glycerine. By this substance watery vapor is completely taken up.

American Minister White was received by Emperor William, at Berlin, on the occasion of his golden wedding festivities, for the first time, and was the only foreign representative to whom their majesties paid special grace. The Emperor William, after a cordial greeting, asked, "Do you speak German?" to which Minister White promptly replied, "Ja wohl Majestat" ("Yes, your Majesty"). The Emperor then, in German, expressed his gratification and pleasure at receiving a congratulatory message from the President of the United States. He prolonged the conversation for several minutes in the presence of the brilliant surroundings, the court and the guests.

A tragedy was recently enacted in the onion fields of the Stoltenburg farm, six miles north of Davenport, Iowa. Joachim Brockmann, who labored in those fields, fell in love with the farmer's daughter and she would not encourage him. One afternoon he approached her in the garden and asked her to give him a flower. She said she would do no such thing. After she had gone into the house her father went out and asked him what he wanted. Joachim said he wanted to rest a while. The farmer advised him to go and rest somewhere else. Joachim glanced uneasily at the onion fields and then shot himself with a revolver. Within ten minutes he had gone to rest—somewhere else.

The value of California's products is given in these figures from the San Francisco Journal of Commerce: "We have a wheat crop which will reach at least twenty millions of cents. We will have a wool crop of forty-five to fifty million pounds. Our vintage will yield not less than eight million gallons of wine and brandy. Ten million cents of honey will be raised, and two million cents of corn. The south will yield four million pounds of honey. Our gold and silver yield will not fall short of twenty million dollars. Our fruit and raisin crop will sell for at least three millions of dollars. Quicksilver, coal and copper will yield moderately, if not in their wonted abundance."

Peculiar and infrequent crimes are brought to light occasionally in the New York police courts. A woman was recently sentenced to twenty days' imprisonment for unmercifully flogging her twelve-year-old niece, and the child was given over to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. On the same day, in another court, a woman received four months in the penitentiary for throwing kerosene over her husband's body, lighting a match and then trying to set fire to the oil. Husband and wife had not lived happily together for years. One evening he came home, found her slightly intoxicated and the two had some words. Just as the man was retiring his wife threw the oil over him, but was frustrated in her diabolical attempt and arrested.

The reported exploits of Mile. Sophie von Herzfeld and several other ladies during the recent Nihilist *emule* at Kieff, add one more instance to the long list of female revolutionists in Russia. During the tumult which dethroned Peter III., in 1763, in favor of Catharine II., Countess Dashkoff rode at the head of the Preobrazhenski regiment in male attire, with pistols at her saddle-bow. Several ladies of rank took part in the conspiracy formed against Alexander I. in 1824-5. Among the political prisoners banished to Siberia by Nicholas in 1831, was the celebrated Princess Trubetskoi. One of the principal leaders of the Polish insurrection of 1863 was accompanied everywhere by his young wife, who made herself conspicuous in every skirmish by her reckless bravery. The attempt made by Vera Sassulitch upon the life of the ex-Minister of Police, Gen. Trepoff, is still fresh in every one's memory, and two young ladies of good family were found among the workers of the Nihilist printing press recently seized in St. Petersburg.

In the New York postoffice a force of six men is employed solely in correcting blunders of the people who write letters, and the skill which these men display in deciphering "blind" addresses is surprising. The postmaster gives the following list of a few of the many postoffices in the United States bearing the same name: There are eighteen Brooklyns, twenty Williamshurgs, five Baltimores, ten Bangors, twelve Bostons, sixteen Buffaloes, seventeen Burlingtons, seventeen Charlestons, four Chicagos, eight

Cincinnati, ten Clevelands, twenty-five Dayton, fifteen Louisvilles, fifteen Lowells, three Milwaukeees, fourteen Nashvilles, seven Philadelphiaes, fifteen Quincyces, twenty-two Richmonds, twelve St. Pauls, seven Toledoos, thirty Washingtons, twenty-five Springfields, thirteen Wilmingtons, five Omahaes. This list might be extended to more than 250 different and familiar names. One Saturday afternoon recently after the heavy mails had been dispatched, no less than 4,000 misdirected letters were found in the office in the scattering and supplementary mail matter.

California has a persistent foe in the squirrel (often called a gopher out there), which, when the pioneers of that region first settled on the rich farming lands along the rivers, creeks and sloughs, was not at all mischievous. But the little animal discovered, as cultivation spread, the advantage in living on grain, vegetables and fruits, rather than on grass-seeds, acorns and nuts, and gave those a most liberal preference. The California ground-squirrel is a most industrious and audacious forager, and though he seems very innocent, is a veritable pest. He consumes an inordinate quantity of grain and does a vast amount of mischief to gardens and orchards. He and high farming are declared to be absolutely incompatible, and the Golden State is greatly concerned as to the best manner of exterminating him. Poison has been tried and has proved effective upon many squirrels; but they are so cunning that they refuse to swallow it after one season unless it be offered in a new form. Strychnine, arsenic and phosphorus have been tried, and now other mortal agents must be adopted to get rid of their damage to the wheat crop alone was last season nearly \$1,000,000, and to gardens and orchards fully \$500,000 more.

A New Advertising Wrinkle.
The recent attempted assassination of Edwin Booth recalls an incident that occurred while that tragedian was playing his last engagement in this city, and which is the real origin of the rumor that he intends never to visit the Pacific coast again.

It seems that one morning while Mr. Booth was making his toilet in his room at the Palace, the door quietly opened, and a wide-awake-looking individual slid in and cheerfully bid the astonished actor good morning.

"How's 'Hamlet' to-day?" said the stranger, blandly. "Fraid you wouldn't see me if I sent my card up, so just dropped in informally, as it were."

"So I see," said the only "Iago." "What can I do for you?"

"The fact is, Mr. Booth," said the visitor, hurriedly, "I am the advertising agent for the Bazembee's Auction-house, on Market street. Cheapest clothing-house in the civilized world. Over 50,000 ulsters at—"

"Don't want any ulsters. Can't look trace in a coat with fifteen ridiculous pockets. Awaunt! thou—"

"But I don't want to sell you any, my dear sir," put in the agent; "I just come to make you a regular business proposition. Coin in it, my dear sir; coin in it."

"But, sounds, sirrah, I am an actor—not an auctioneer!"

"That's exactly it. You know we agents are always up to some new advertising dodge or other. I attended your performance last night, Mr. Booth, and it occurred to me if you would only introduce some mention of our establishment into your lines, we could afford to pay very liberally for it."

"You'd like that, would you?" grimly inquired Mr. Booth, slowly unsheathing the sword behind his back, and getting in front of the door.

"Yes, sir; we shouldn't mind \$100 a night to have that done in first-class style. Just think how it would make trade boom down at our place to have you thunder as 'Othello'—'Desdemona, where is the elegant kerchief I bought for thee at Bazembee's, at six bits a dozen?' Why, sir, it would fairly—"

"There was a funeral from the agent's house the next day, and in deference to the last wishes of the martyr to advertising, his hearse bore on each side a splendid canvas inscription:—

"Just arrived—50,000 more boys' suits at Bazembee's! Call early!"—*San Francisco News Letter.*

A Pertinent Inquiry.
Professor Huxley says that one of the most curious peculiarities of the dog mind is its inherent snobbishness, shown by the regard paid to external respectability. "The dog," adds the professor, "who barks furiously at a beggar will let a well-dressed man pass him without opposition." Will Mr. Huxley explain in this connection why a half-starved cur belonging to a poor man whose clothing is a tattered as a professional beggar's cannot be coaxed to leave his master's hovel and scatty fare, and follow a gentleman who dresses in broad-cloth, has a five-hundred dollar diamond pin in his shirt front, two thousand dollars in his pocket, and is a member of church in good standing.—*Norristown Herald.*

A Diamond Eye.
A story comes to us from Brussels by way of Australia and the Melbourne Argus, apropos of a lady with a diamond eye, which, having lost her natural eye, she wore instead of a glass one. The truly brilliant orb sparkled so brightly and was so suggestive of riches that a Parisian adventurer married the lady on sight, took her to the gay city with him, and there, having squandered all her property, he one night decamped, carrying off her diamond eye, which she used to keep in a glass of water by the bedside. The deserted wife is now suing the pawnbroker who advanced money on it to her husband for the recovery of the jewel.

Licksillet, Mudcock and Dogtown are three choice names of localities in Indiana.

SURROUNDED BY ZULUS.

A Hide for Life Down a Rocky Pass Swarming With the Merciless Savages—An English Victory.

A letter to the Edinburgh *Scotsman* says: I have obtained from a trustworthy source the following graphic description of the terrible encounter on the Ziobana mountain, South Africa, by one who participated in it:

On March 27 we started from our camp at Kumbula Hill, in Zululand, to attack a Zulu stronghold some twenty miles away called the Ziobana mountain. We numbered about eight hundred mounted men, and were nearly all of us volunteers, under Colonel Wood nominally, but the real command was exercised by Colonel Buller. We started about eight o'clock in the morning, and very cheerful and lively we all were. About five o'clock in the evening we reached the slope of the mountain. We were here fired at, but took no notice, as we wanted to get along unperceived. When darkness set in we bivouacked, each man holding his horse in hand while he lay down to rest—not to sleep. During the night there was a terrible thunderstorm and we got thoroughly drenched. At four a. m. we were all astir, feeling miserable enough; our saddles were nearly as soft and wet as our clothes. We ascended the hill pretty easily, but nearly at the top the Zulus began to make us aware of their presence. By six o'clock we were at the top of the plateau and our native allies were setting fire to some Zulu huts and collecting the cattle, about 2,000 in number. After a time we collected at the opposite end of the plateau, and here we found the Zulus in stronger force than we had estimated. They commenced a heavy fire upon us and we were engaged fully half an hour with them before we succeeded in silencing them. About eleven we became aware of the serious fact that while we had been engaging a few Zulus at one side a very large number of them had come the way we ascended, and others to our right and left, and that we were being surrounded. A very few minutes' observation was sufficient to convey the terrible impression to our minds that once more the Zulus had got us into a trap and that we were going to have to fight for our lives to get out of it as best we could or die. The wily savages began to appear on every side—not in twos or threes, but in hundreds and thousands. Some of them had their bows drawn and what to us seemed a positively perpendicular buttress on our left. Our retreat was cut off, and there was nothing to be done but either "fight it out to the end" or endeavor to escape down an almost perpendicular pass a few hundred yards in front of us. There had been too much "fighting it out to the end" in the two months immediately preceding Isandula. There was but one outlet for us, and toward it we had orders to gallop. I was in the rear, and when I reached the place the sight was sickening. There was an almost perpendicular pass about ten feet wide, and about 200 or 300 yards down it was filled with rough, ragged boulders, between which and over which where once the poor horse and rider fell he was seen no more. It seemed full of horses and men floundering one upon the other in dire and dreadful confusion while the Zulus were pouring a murderous fire among them. How I got down I do not know; I have not met with a single comrade yet who does. The chief sensation I experienced was that behind me, at about 800 yards distance, was a very strong force of Zulus yelling in a manner the most bloodthirsty and fiendish. In one or two places progress was altogether impeded by chasms six or eight feet wide, and it was only by jumping them, or rather by risking the attempt for many a poor fellow lost his footing and his life here; that further descent was possible. Nearly all the horses were killed or had to be left before we reached the bottom. All this time the Zulus were firing on us, and amid the most piteous shrieks for mercy rushing from the sides of the pass and assailing our poor fellows. How any of us escaped it is to me, and almost every one else, a miracle. At last, somehow or other, I got to the neck of the pass, escaping injury from the heavy fire of the enemy, but only to find that on the plain in front was a big Zulu army engaged with our men who were divided into parties and fighting for dear life. Colonel Weatherly and his corps were almost cut up to a man. They were separated from the main body and the last that was seen of the gallant colonel was his commanding figure, sword in hand, killing the enemy right and left and selling his life as dearly as possible. The retreat home was a fight. We reached the camp in the evening by twos and threes, some with arms and clothing, others almost devoid of either. Some horses were carrying two men, others three; every one was humiliated and dispirited. This is one picture of the disaster in the Devil's Pass on the Ziobana mountain on March 28, 1879.

It was getting considerably into the forenoon of the 28th before I had sufficiently recovered myself to feel exactly how and where I was. The ordinary morning duties of camp life had been going on, and now and then I had come across a companion of the previous day whose haggard face still betokened how he had been "face to face with death." Our camp was to all-intents and purposes impregnable. It was proof against an ordinary European army without artillery. About 11 a. m. we learned that a Zulu spy had been caught and informed Colonel Wood that the Zulus were to attack us during our dinner hour. Shortly afterward it was shown plainly enough that it was so. The Zulus could be seen in a huge black mass about five miles away coming on very slowly and leisurely. Everything went on in camp just the same; even the dinner was prepared and eaten. There were 2,000 of us, and we were confident and eager to be avenged. When they got within about three miles the alarm was sounded, tents struck, the forts manned and every one stood to arms. The Zulus appeared to form themselves into battle array about three miles off, the main body advancing direct to the camp and the "horns," as they are termed, stretching to the right and left. When they got within about three thousand yards the cavalry were sent out and did good service by drawing them on (firing and retreating) within range of the artillery. The cavalry, being a very small force, retired within the camp, and at about a mile range the artillery opened upon the enemy. The rapidity and precision with which this branch volleyed death and destruction into the dense masses of Zulus was admirable. Ten or fifteen of them were sent to glory every shot; next day they lay in rows. But still on they came with the ferocity of tigers, never halting, never wavering, never flinching or hesitating for a moment. Say what people may about its being

animal ferocity rather than manly bravery, no soldiers in the world could have been more daring than were the Zulus that day. When the main body got within about 800 yards the men of the Ninetieth regiment, who were opposing them, opened one of the most deadly fusillades it is possible to imagine. Numerous as they were, this galling fire stopped the progress of the enemy, and they began to break up and shelter behind stones and trees. In the meantime the forces that had attacked our right and left flanks had been equally warmly received. And the enemy apparently saw that they must change their tactics. They did so, and scattered themselves and began to creep up through the long grass, while one portion made a desperate rush and succeeded in getting possession of a small hill commanding the cattle laager. It was necessary to dislodge the enemy from the hill, and Major Hackett and two companies of the Ninetieth were sent out, and although they suffered severely they succeeded in doing so, firing volley after volley and at last charging the position at the point of the bayonet. In bringing back his men Major Hackett was fatally wounded and Lieutenant Bright was killed. During all this time fighting had been going on all round, and a party of Zulus made a desperate rush and got into the cattle laager, driving a company of the Thirtieth out of it. They, however, gallantly reformed and gallantly drove back the enemy at the point of the bayonet. The artillery all the while had been pouring grape and canister into the Zulus with murderous precision. By about 5 o'clock the enemy evidently began to see we were not to be taken, and began to slacken their fire, ultimately retiring altogether. At 5.30 p. m. they had fired their last shots and began to retreat, and the cavalry and horse artillery were sent after them. Terrible execution was the result, and no quarter was shown. Exeter Hall may say what it may, but it was death to every Zulu who came within range of the carbine of a trooper or the stroke of his sabre. The cavalry pursued them for about ten miles, returning to camp at dusk. The few native allies we had left did terrible work in this pursuit, and it was difficult for our officers to recall them to return. As they cut off and dispatched the retreating Zulus the cry of "Isandihwana" resounded in the evening air.

About Suffocation.
The following facts in relation to the case with which the suffocation of a person can be effected under certain conditions, which were related to a reporter of the *Evening Post* by one of the most eminent surgeons in New York city or county, will be read with interest. This gentleman said, in speaking of the murder of Mrs. Hull: "As soon as you begin to lose any of the vital elements of life, you begin to lose strength, and oxygen (the life-giving element in the air) is what purifies the blood, and gives it power of sustaining our life; the moment that by any means you are deprived of a fresh supply of air you begin to lose strength. Thus the moment that cotton or clothing or anything similar is placed over the nose or mouth the person immediately begins to lose strength. The question how long will a person retain consciousness after the supply of air is cut off depends entirely upon the facts; whether the supply of air is formed, or partly cut off. If a little air is admitted that will create some vitality and will promote the possibility of the person's struggling.

If by struggling the person succeeds in getting more air the strength is correspondingly increased. Thus the person may get the better of the would-be murderer. But when the exclusion of the air is perfect then the time of consciousness lasts only while the beating of the heart circulates what good blood there is already in the body about the body. The heart beats seventy-two times a minute, and it will take but a few seconds to use up the good blood. When we inhale, the air comes in contact with the blue (bad) blood, oxygenizes it—that is, puts oxygen into it, makes it red and good and capable of sustaining our life. This red blood the heart forces through the veins and over the body. When we exhale we breathe out the carbonic acid, which has been eliminated from the blood. By each respiration we take in life, and send out the destroyer of life which is all the time forming inside of us. As the blood circulates through the body it becomes carbonized, and when it meets fresh oxygen it gives off its carbon or poison. When the supply of air is cut off all the blood becomes carbonized, carbonic acid is formed, and heart keeps on pumping the blood and carbonic acid from the heart into the head and about the brain. Carbonic acid is the best kind of a sedative and acts as a narcotic. Stupefaction similar to drunkenness is produced. It is just as if the person were put to sleep. The arteries become overloaded and congested, congestion of the brain is created and tranquil death results.

Once I was called to the home of one of the most reputable ladies in the country. I found her dead, lying on a sofa. The servant girl had come into her room early in the morning to make the fire. When the girl went out the lady, just dressed, threw herself down on the sofa and picked up the morning newspaper. The lady did not appear at the breakfast table, and at about ten o'clock they went up stairs to her room to see what was the matter. She lay on the sofa apparently asleep. The newspaper was in her lap, and one hand lay upon it, the other arm rested gracefully over the back of the sofa. There was no expression of pain on her face. Her position on the sofa was perfectly natural. There were no signs of a struggle, but she was dead. Upon examination I discovered that her false teeth had dropped back and closed up the larynx so as to cut off the supply of air. She had fallen asleep, but the teeth had dropped back and she had died without a struggle. She was a large, strong, vigorous woman in good health. I believe thoroughly that she passed away without any consciousness of the fact that she was dying. A person who is asleep can be smothered by means of very little force. A large strong woman can be smothered by a weak girl if all the air is promptly excluded, by covering the mouth and nostrils. If the woman is asleep quite possibly there would be no struggle at all and no consciousness.

A father said to an old acquaintance who came to condole with him on the unmanageableness of his two sons, who had committed a burglary in the next town and had been sentenced to prison: "It is pretty rough on me to have them both go to once, but there is one thing to it—when it comes night now, you know where them boys be."

The Cork Tree.
The cork tree is a species of the oak, found as a natural growth in the southern parts of Europe and the northern portions of Africa, where it is also extensively cultivated. Its product forms one of the most important articles of export from these regions. The tree is an evergreen, not large, growing only from twenty to forty feet high, and having many slender and wide-spreading branches. It produces an acorn which is much like the acorn in taste, and is gathered to some extent for use, though, as is well known, the tree is chiefly valuable for its cork.

When the tree is only from three to five years old, its bark has already attained that peculiar cellulose or spongy appearance which is so familiar as the special characteristic of the cork. From the first, the growth of the inner portions of the bark is much more rapid than the outer; and, as a consequence, the outer covering soon begins to crack off, its place in preserving the vitality of the tree being taken by the newer growth next the wood. The cork bark intended for the market is cut off a year or two before it would thus naturally fall away by itself. The process is simply to cut it to the proper depth around the tree, and then make incisions up and down the trunk, when, with a sort of curved drawing-knife, it is not difficult to cut away the long layers which we see coming afterward in bales to our markets. Of course, layers of bark when taken from the tree are round, like the trunk, but they are easily flattened by soaking in water and pressing, after which they are usually charred before being packed in bales.

The trees are generally allowed to stand till they are twelve or fifteen years old before stripping the first time. This first product is usually of a poorer quality, having more of the woody fiber. It is used chiefly for floats and buoys, and such coarser purposes, or else burnt for lamp-black. After the first harvest a new layer, an inch or more in thickness, is formed every six or eight years; and the trees will live, affording a yield about at this rate, for one hundred and fifty years. The bark taken away has ceased to have vitality; therefore its removal, if carefully accomplished, is never a detriment to the tree. It rather promotes its health and growth, being merely the removal of an incumbrance.

Most of the uses of cork have been long familiar, many of them being mentioned by our older historians. Of course its chief use, that for stoppers, has greatly increased since the manufacture of glass and earthenware has been so common. For this purpose it is of unrivaled convenience, and well-nigh indispensable. But beside this, cork is put to a great variety of uses, among which are some for which its being impervious to water and a bad conductor of heat specially fit it. The cork sole of our shoes readily occurs to every one; but it is not so well known that Russia is one of the best countries for cork, and in that cold climate large sheets of this material are slit into plates and used to line the walls of their houses.

In some parts of Southern France and Spain the cork forests are deemed among their most profitable lands. The annual product is at the rate of about two hundred and fifty pounds to the acre. In Algeria large tracts of cork woods are owned by the government, which leases them to individuals, receiving from this source a revenue of about two million dollars per annum.

Cork trees have been planted in England, but without much success. The southern part of our own country, however, ought to be adapted, both in climate and soil, to the production of this wood.—*New York Mercantile Journal.*

A Remarkable Man.
One of the most remarkable men alive, says the London *Sunday Times*, has been added to the roll of members of Parliament by the election of Colonel O'Gorman Mason for the county Clare. It is doubtful whether, outside the record of Munchausen or his many rivals, there is to be traced a more extraordinary career than that of the gallant patriarch who has resumed his seat in the Imperial Legislature after a twenty years' interval of absence from it. But it is a longer time than that since the colonel entered Parliament. He was elected in 1830 by the constituency which adopted him again after nearly fifty years. In the interim the colonel has amused himself with other than political pursuits. He has fought eighteen duels, in six of which he was wounded by the enemy's fire, in seven of which he pinked his man, and in five of which honor was satisfied without hurt to either principal. His affairs of honor were but trivial episodes in the strangely varied and adventurous career of the member for Clare.

He began public life in 1828—over half a century ago—as one of that "Fighting Brigade" whose duty and delight it was to support at fifteen paces or so whatever Mr. Daniel O'Connell said of a political or personal antagonist. Then he went into Parliament. The turn of time found him a journalist in Paris, where, had he been contemporary with the fire-eating Paul de Cassagnac, Greek would assuredly have met Greek. Then he plunged into finance and politics, and was disported in the troubled waters of both.

Having skimmed the cream of Old World excitements, he set out like a knight errant in quest of fresh exploits. His search met with more success than falls to the lot of the crowd. Joining the Peruvian army, he rose to the rank of commander-in-chief. There was a question of appointing him President of the Republic, but he evaded the perilous eminence by throwing up his exalted post in a fit of *ennui*, and passing into the naval service of Chili, the neighboring State. The ex-Generalissimo of the Peruvian land forces actually became Lord High Admiral of the Chilean fleet—such was his was.

A Trustworthy Clerk.
A certain merchant in a Minnesota village was indisposed recently, and his clerk was left to take care of the day's accumulation of cash, which amounted to about eighty dollars. Failing to manage the combination lock on the safe, he was unable to get the money in and was obliged to put it in his pocket. He had been in the habit of sleeping on the ground floor, but that evening when he went home he insisted upon sleeping upstairs. The family thought it strange that he should so suddenly show such an aversion to sleeping in his accustomed place, but acceded to his request and arranged a bed for him on a lounge up stairs. The next morning he was found lying on his back with his hands crossed over his breast, sound asleep, with a murderous hatchet tightly grasped in one hand and a huge bar of iron in the other. The money was safe.

HIS HEART ON HIS RIGHT SIDE.
The Singular Displacement in a Man's Body.
The physicians of New York are very deeply interested in the treatment of a man whose heart has in some way been shifted from its natural place to his right side, and has been doing duty in an inadequate fashion in this novel location for two years past. The patient is La-throp G. Warford, a native of West Troy, who was forced to give up his place as cashier in French's Hotel two years ago on account of his malady. His first seizure, and the first serious illness of his life, began early in the winter of 1877. He contracted a very severe cold, which had a medicinal skill, and must have been pleuritic. The cold ran its course with great violence, and the physicians agreed that the patient was well advanced in the first stage of rapid consumption. Late in the spring of 1877 Warford had become emaciated to a skeleton, and so weak that he was sent home to die.

In West Troy he put himself under the care of a physician, who was at a loss to account for the absence of some of the most characteristic symptoms of consumption, and made a thorough sounding of the chest of his patient. He soon found that the left lung was so withered that it performed no function whatever, but, singular to say, he could find no disease therein to account for its wasted or atrophied state. It was dumbfounded, however, extending his auscultation to the right side, he found the heart of his patient beating there quite regularly, and with all the strength that was to be expected in a person weak as he was. Warford himself was ignorant of the location of his life-pump. He was of such robust constitution that his attention had not been called to it by any morbid symptom, but when he had last felt for it he found it in its right place. This was proof enough that the displacement had been forcible, and not congenital, so the doctor set about finding the cause.

Dropsy of the thorax sometimes produces displacement of that organ, but no recorded case told of any such radical change of location. Many of the most characteristic symptoms of dropsy were wanting, but physicians in consultation finally agreed that Warford's disease was dropsy, and located the spot where the dropsical effusion was poured into the thoracic cavity. But Warford was so far gone that they did not think he could bear the knife. Unexpectedly he rallied, and one day they fortified him with brandy and began to operate. The primary incision, about eight inches from the spine, between the fifth and sixth ribs of the left side, fortunately struck the very center of the diseased portion. Through a rubber tube, in five minutes, nearly a gallon of purulent serum matter was drawn off. For a month after this Warford improved, but then he began to sink again. Six weeks after the first tapping the operation was repeated, and seven pints of matter were removed. Then his improvement was so rapid that for the first time his physicians began to think of permanently curing him. He has now been tapped six times, and thirty-nine pints of the dropsical matter have been drawn off. The last tapping was done three months ago, and his physicians hope that another will not be needed for three months to come. The patient is so much better that he has returned to New York, and is about to engage in active business again. Whenever it shall become necessary to pump him out again, his physicians intend to try to introduce active inflammation in the diseased part, hoping thereby to cure it radically. There is no active disease in the atrophied lung, which exhibits some signs of returning activity. Should it become inflated again and go to work, they hope that the heart may be induced to return to its normal place.

The only recorded case at all similar was described in the English medical journals a short time ago. The patient in that case was a contortionist who managed to displace the organ once too often. His natural constitution was inferior to Warford's, and he died.

Camels in Arizona.
Some two years since a herd of camels was driven to Yuma county, Arizona, with the intent to render them servicable in the Territory as beasts of burden. As the expectation formed of them was not realized, they were turned loose by their owners to roam eastward along the Gila river at their own ruminating will. They appear to have enjoyed their liberty, and to have profited by it. Not only have they thriven as though they had been in their native Africa, but they have bred liberally, and seem to have become domesticated to the region. It is thought that the new generation of camels will be thoroughly acclimated, and used to the alkaline waters peculiar to that section. The waterless desert of Sonora, to the south and southeast of Yuma county, contains vast deposits of salt, sulphur, borax and soda, with immense mineral ores in the mountains. These camels may yet be employed to advantage in transporting those products, for they can go without water as well as horses and mules can. As it is well known that inside of their second stomach and of a portion of their first stomach is lined with cells in which water is stored up and retained, enabling them to endure long drought. It would be singular if the rejected and wandering camels should yet be found to be the best means of developing the resources of Sonora and much of the country roundabout. Nevertheless, it would be only one of many instances in which apparent accident has succeeded where design has failed.

Fun with the Bears.
Nobody who visits the Zoological Garden goes away without seeing the bears, and from looking at them the desire to see them eat is as natural as second thought. There are three bear pits containing altogether eight bears. In the first pit are two cinnamon bears, noted for their laziness and their disposition for climbing the artificial trees placed there for their benefit, and falling asleep on the loftiest perch in the sun. The next pit contains two huge grizzlies, and the third four black bears. This last pit is the chief center of interest. The black bears stand on their hind legs as erect as the stump of a tree, fold their fore paws across their breasts, and opening their mouths as wide as possible, look up at the spectators, mutely appealing to them to drop something good in them. This is the critical moment. There is a rush of men, women and children for apples, peanuts, ginger-cakes, sugar-cakes and bananas, and the bears' throats become a target for the skill of old and young. It is like an exciting game of base-ball. When a peanut or ginger-cake is dropped into a bear's mouth, the feat is hailed with universal applause.—*Philadelphia Times.*