

Outward Bound.
I sit and watch the ships go out
Across the widening sea;
How one by one, in shimmering sun,
They sail away from me!
I know not to what lands they sail,
Nor what the freights they bear;
I only know they outward go,
While all the winds are fair.
Beyond the low horizon line
Where my short sight must fail,
Some other eyes a watch will keep,
Where'er the ships may sail;
By night, by day, or near or far,
O'er narrow seas or wide,
These follow still, at love's sweet will,
Whatever may betide.
So round the world the ships will sail,
To dreary lands or fair;
So with them go, for weal or woe,
Some dear ones everywhere;
And these will speed each lagging keel
When homeward it is laid,
Or watch will keep o'er surges deep,
If there a grave be made.
Oh, human love, so kind, so true,
That knows no mete or bound,
But follows with unwearied watch
Our daily changing round—
Oh, love divine, oh, love supreme—
What matter where I sail,
So I but know, where'er I go,
Thy watch will never fail!
—A. D. F. Randolph, in *Observer*.

ABOUT A DEMIJOHN

A GEORGIA WOMAN'S REMINISCENCE OF THE CLOSING DAYS OF THE WAR.

Although I was in hearing of the battles of Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge, and in the very thick of the fight at Resaca, and lived for two years in constant dread and terror of having to face Federal soldiers, owing to my home being within the lines of military operations, yet, strange to say, I never met the object of my terror till the close of the war, when I was a refugee in middle Georgia. Here, at last, I met my first blue-coat, and, drolly enough, he is associated in my mind with a demi-john.

It was in the spring of '65. Gen. Sherman had made his march to the sea, and Gen. Wilson had started on a raiding expedition through Georgia to capture Columbus and Macon, places Sherman had passed by. This, of course, threw the country through which he passed into the direst confusion. All the population that could fled from their homes and betook themselves to the swamps, leaving their homes in charge of their negroes.

As luck would have it, the friend with whom I was staying lived directly on the route taken by Gen. Wilson on his march from Columbus to Macon. To face a party of raiders in a town is not pleasant; but to face them in the country is absolutely fearful; one has then such a lonely, unprotected feeling; and if face them I must, I would have much preferred to have returned to Macon and there await the dread interview.

But Mrs. Willis, the friend with whom I was staying, entreated I would not desert her. Her husband was off with Gen. Johnson in North Carolina, and she and her four little children were alone on her plantation. So I promised, and we rode over to her brother's plantation to hold a council of war with him. He was at home on crutches from a wound received in one of the battles around Atlanta.

By him it was decided that we had better follow the example of our neighbors, pack up all our portable property, take all the mules and horses and those negroes that would go and betake ourselves to the swamps; and no time was to be lost in making our arrangements. It was dusk when we reached home, but Mrs. Willis sent a runner to "the quarter" to tell the negroes that she wished to see them. There are two scenes in this my last campaign, that are indelibly photographed in my mind, one is the adventure of the demi-john, which I will tell a little further on, and the other is Mrs. Willis' first effort at stampeding.

To this day I can see that double row of stalwart blacks, their dark faces lit by the red glare of the torches held by a squad of half-grown negro boys, while groups of negro women, with babies in their arms and little children clinging to their skirts, flitted around. But all eyes turned to the young and pretty woman who stood on the steps, telling them that she had to leave her home and asking who would wish her, reminding them that when their master had gone to the wars he had placed her and his children and all that he had in the care of his four head men, and they had promised to be faithful.

At this appeal Adam, the stepmother, here literally the first man, stepped out of the ranks saying, "I will go, Miss Fanny." Adam was Mrs. Willis' own personal property, and prided himself on "comin' from de Gibbs family." (Gibbs was Mrs. Willis' maiden name.) At this Jasper, the blacksmith, a most majestic colored man, stepped to the front and made a bow. He was a Willis negro. Whereupon Adam, not to be outdone, hopped upon the bottom step waving his hat. This burst of enthusiasm brought out Scott, the third head man, and captain of the "hoe-gang" and cotton pickers. Scott was as stupid as he was stupid; it had just then entered into his head what was wanted of him. So he stepped out of ranks, dragged off a black thing which he called his hat and scratched his head. This act of allegiance carried all before it. The other negroes, following the lead of their head man, offered to go with their mistress; even Mingo, one of the cargo of the Wanderer (who was so pleased with clothes, that he had just reached Georgia, that he never could get enough bright colors to wear), all promised to cast in their lot with her. All but Alfred, one of the head men, who said he was too old to go on such a jaunt, but would stay and look after the women and children. Alfred was an old bachelor, an uncommon thing with a negro, and his affections were fixed upon a tremendous gray mule, called "White Mike." I will here state that Alfred proved recreant to his trust and fled away the following night on the back of his idol to join the raiders. They, having no sentiment, confiscated "White Mike," and put him to pulling artillery out of the mud, and what became of Alfred I never heard, for he was ashamed ever to return.

The next day, under the management of three head men, the house was dismantled and the furniture hid in the fields, or in the negro houses. For we

were apprehensive that the house might be burned by the raiders, as was often the case. And by sunrise the morning after, with wagon packed and a long train of mules and horses with negro men and boys on them, all under the care of Adam and Jasper, and the old-fashioned family carriage with Mrs. Willis, her nurse and babies and myself all packed in, under the charge of Scott, we wheeled down the avenue to join Mr. Gibbs and his cavalcade.

Mr. Gibbs mounted on a pony, with his crutches hung on the pommel of his saddle, attended by Mrs. Willis' two little boys as aids, headed the procession. We made an imposing array as we journeyed along, looking like a small army train. We heard that morning that the raiders had taken Columbus, were pressing on to Macon, and were then at Butler, a little place not twenty miles from us, so there was no time to be lost in our leaving. They were marching up toward Columbus, on parallel roads. Should any emergency arise, they would strike across the country and travel the road we were on, we would surely fall into their hands. The prospect was not pleasant.

After we had traveled some time, we came to a fearful piece of road in a deep cut; here the mules and horses struggled and floundered, and the vehicles mired up to the hubs of their wheels. We got out of the carriages and let them go over empty, for fear they would break down; and while the men piled saplings into the mud holes, six or eight mules would be hitched to a wagon, and with much shouting and whipping and pushing at the wheels, they would be dragged through. While all this was going on, we ladies stood at the top of the cut, anxiously surveying the road.

That night we camped by the roadside near a spring. A deserted log cabin sheltered the whites; the negroes made up large camp fires and slept around them. Byetimes we started the next morning, and traveled on some eight or ten miles, meeting no one; the houses were deserted; every one had fled to the swamps, leaving a few old negroes to guard the premises. At last we left the road and turned into the woods, making for the swamps, that general refuge. At last we reached the edge of a tremendous swamp. It was densely wooded and looked like a jungle. A little amphitheater of hills sloped gently down to it. On a little plateau at the foot of one of the hills, in a grove of large pines, we made our camp.

Our tents were simple, but comfortable, two tall posts with a ridge-pole and a carpet drawn tightly over it and pegged along the edges to the ground. A bush arbor, back and front, kept off the sun. Clean, fine straw with a carpet spread over it made a nice floor. The wagons containing household effects were unpacked, and we began to make ourselves comfortable. The mules and horses were picketed on the hillside. Rations were issued out to the men. Each family had brought their cook, and they began to prepare dinner, while the children ran to look for a spring, which was easily found along the edges of the swamp.

I was aroused at midnight by the voice of a stranger talking with Mr. Gibbs. A party of raiders, he said, had followed down the road behind us, and might find us in our hiding-place. On the morning of the 12th, he thought they would pass by, and if we saw none till then we might feel safe. He was a Confederate scout, familiar with the whole country, and he left us to go and warn other poor refugees. I did not sleep much after that, and I was glad when day came.

The guns were all hidden in the bushes. Henry and Walter Willis, aged ten and twelve, were directed, in case the raiders came, to fly to the swamps, taking all the negroes with them. Mr. Gibbs would have his hands full parrying with the intruders. His wife and sister had their little children to look after, and to me, the single woman of the party, was assigned—the demi-john. In those days it was all but impossible to get a drop of whisky, and as a good deal of it was used on a large plantation for medicinal purposes, Mrs. Willis, who was the wealthy owner of a five gallon demi-john of it, had foolishly lugged it into the great woods after her. Being well aware of the great danger we ran in case a band of roving soldiery should get hold of it, she determined to destroy it, but rashly postponed it till the last moment.

"When the raiders came upon us, Charlotte must take the demi-john and run off and break it. She has been under fire so often she won't get frightened and lose her wits," Mrs. Willis said, and pleased with the arrangement, I readily undertook the job. It was but a trifling matter, I thought. I had a vivid recollection of the extreme brittleness of all glass demi-johns; of the number I had smashed in my childhood, and the trouble I got in for so doing, and I rather liked the idea of wrecking it out on this one.

All our arrangements being made there was nothing left to do but wait, and that I have always found the hardest thing under the sun. The hours dragged slowly on. Every noise startled us. Every time a horse neighed or a mule brayed we thought that we were lost. But at last the longed for, the dreaded twelve o'clock came—and passed; and we began to breathe freely. Afternoon came on and we felt safe. "Now," said Mr. Gibbs, "as soon as we hear that the raiders are in Macon we will go home."

The weather was mild and balmy, and made me feel drowsy. So Mrs. Willis and I betook ourselves to our tent to take a nap. Mr. Gibbs and his wife following our example. It was late in the afternoon when I was aroused by a scream, followed by a rushing sound, and, springing up, I saw Harry and Walter dart by, a troop of little darkies at their heels, flying for the swamp. "The raiders! the raiders!" they cried, and plunged into the morass. Rushing to the door, we looked out. The whole hillside was alive with surging, plunging horses. To my dazed eyes it seemed as if a regiment of cavalry were riding down upon us. It was, in reality, not fifty yards to Mr. Gibbs' tent, but it seemed to me that I would never get there. I had seen a good deal of active service, for a woman, and had stood under fire without feeling a particle of fear. But now I experienced my first panic. My knees knocked together and I could hardly make my trembling limbs support me as I tottered along in the wake of Mrs. Willis, who, in spite of her little girl clinging to her, made excellent time.

Mr. Gibbs stood in the doorway of his tent, leaning on his crutch, and even in the dim twilight I could see how pale his swarthy face looked. His wife was hid crept out of her bed and stood looking over his shoulder, quite still, with the calmness of desperation. Even in the midst of my panic I could not feel sorry for Mr. Gibbs, as he stood there,

crippled and helpless, the center of a group of trembling, terrified women.

"Oh! Brother John," Mrs. Willis gasped, "have the raiders come?"

"Looking at the waving hillside and hearing now the loud talking of men, Mr. Gibbs nodded his head without uttering a word. "Brother John," said the irremissible Mrs. Willis, "the demi-john and my Charlotte better smash the demi-john!"

"Yes," he said, harshly, "and lose no time about it." Here all the other females of the party, except myself, ran to fetch that pernicious jug from its hiding place in the back of the tent. I had entirely forgotten the demi-john, and now that it was brought to my mind, heartily wished it to Kamschatka. To tell the truth, I did not fancy going off all alone in the dusk with that dangerous luggage. But being a celebrated veteran, I was ashamed to object.

"Here!" said Mrs. Willis, thrusting the dangerous burden into my hands. "The raiders are coming. Run! Run! What makes you so slow?"

Now, a five gallon demi-john of whisky is mighty heavy, and my trembling limbs could with difficulty support my own weight, and the energetic shove she gave me nearly upset me, as I tottered unwillingly away with my odious load. I could but think what a fool I was to run so far and then at last be caught like a rabbit in the woods, and I heartily wished myself in Macon. While such unpleasant reflections flitted through my mind I staggered along with the hated demi-john toward the swamp. On its edge I stopped, for I was afraid to go any further, and getting behind a large pine tree I threw my burden down, confidently expecting it to smash. But it did nothing of the sort, but lazily rolled about on its fat side. Then it burst upon me that there was a vast difference between the soft swamp soil of middle Georgia and the rocky ground of the mountains where I had destroyed the demi-johns of my childhood. I looked wildly about for a friendly stone, forgetting that that was a thing unknown in this region. Then I looked for a pine knot, but strange to say, not one could I see in the gathering gloom. In my impotent wrath I kicked the demi-john; but alas! my shoes were Confederate and thin and soft. All the while I could hear talking going on at the tent and did not know at what moment some investigating raider might come in pursuit of me. In despair I pulled out the stopper and tried to turn out some whisky. But the exasperating demi-john calmly went "guzzle, guggle," and discharged its contents with a deliberation that froze me. Worse still! I heard footsteps approaching. Great heavens! I thought, they are following me and if they find this whisky we are lost. With this courage of desperation I stepped quickly in front of the pine tree, behind which I hid the dreadful jug and faced about, standing with hands mechanically clinched ready to meet the intruder. The next instant, in the dim twilight, I recognized Mrs. Willis with a hatchet in her hand. Snatching it from her I darted back and shattered the glass demi-john at a blow. The whisky flew in the air and bathed us in a very odoriferous shower.

"How did you get away from the raiders?" I asked.

"There is but one."

"One! Why, where is all that cavalry I saw riding down the hillside?"

"Those were our horses picketed there, which took fright and tried to stampede. After all the much-dreaded raider had come as a messenger of peace. It seems that the head of Gen. Wilson's raiding column had reached Macon, when rumors of Gen. Lee's surrender having arrived, the authorities had effected an armistice for ten days in which to learn the truth. On hearing of the armistice the colonel commanding the rear guard sent squads of men in every direction along his route to tell the inhabitants to hide to go home. Engaged in that errand he stumbled upon our camp."

"How do I know you are telling me the truth?" asked Mr. Gibbs.

"I am here alone and unarmed," said the man; "you might kill me if you chose."

That was so; for one of the two negro men suggested that we should tie the raider to a tree in the swamp and leave him there, and was surprised at our declining. The news of an armistice conveyed no idea to his mind.

The Federal soldier spent the night at our camp, sleeping on a pile of carriage-cushions in the front of Mr. Gibbs' tent, took breakfast the next morning and escorted us a part of the way on our journey home. No burning had been allowed since the raiders left Columbus, so our houses were uninjured. We returned peacefully to our homes. I had met my Federal soldier and broken my last demi-john.—*Detroit Free Press*.

To Relieve Catarrh.

A writer in an exchange gives the following eight hints for relieving catarrh: Inhale through the nostrils a strong solution of salt in water. I would advise as strong a solution as an ounce to the pint, though some will tolerate more. In this strength it is not painful, but acts as a tonic and astringent, relieving congestion, and preventing the endosmosis effect which would accompany the use of pure water or weaker solutions. But it is a mistake to suppose that salt water will cure all cases of catarrh. When the condition is one of chronic congestion simply, with acid secretion, it may be sufficient; but in the worse forms, where there is a deep-seated inflammation with ulceration, more powerfully astringent, as well as stimulant, and even escharotic solutions are requisite to effect a cure. Inhale the smoke from pine tar. Get a pint or more of pure pine tar (not the oil) from a ship chandler; heat a poker red hot, and stir the tar with it; a thick smoke will rise. Hold your head over it, keep your mouth shut, and inhale through the nostrils; heat the poker three or four times, until the room is filled with smoke, shut doors and windows, and remain in the room as long as possible. It is a good plan to smoke mullin in one's bedroom just before retiring; after smoking open a window from the top; the smoke slowly escapes, but enough remains to be of some benefit. Mullin leaves should be thoroughly dried and then used the same as tobacco in a pipe. The smoke should be pressed to the back of the mouth and exhaled through the nose; once or twice a week will suffice, and should be persevered in. If properly cured there will not be an acid exudation. A little piece of sponge in the bowl of the pipe will prevent the juices from passing into the mouth. Mullin will be stronger gathered before the frost inures it, but will answer even if dug from under the snow. It will also be found an excellent remedy for cold in the head.

A Story of Two Continents.

A New York correspondent of the *Detroit Post* tells this story: Not very long ago, a young lady, the daughter of a French gentleman resident in this city, but herself American born, I think, went to the French capital with her mother, sister and sister's husband. During their visit they met a Parisian who fell, or claimed to fall, violently in love with the young girl, and in due season became engaged to her, pressing for an early marriage. The brother-in-law felt a violent prejudice against the lover at first, but having found his reference satisfactory, could take no step toward interrupting the course of true love. The tresspass was ordered; the European tour cut short, and finally the day set for the expectant bride and her mother to return to America in order that the girl should be married from her father's house. Then, contrary to all French etiquette, which is extremely rigorous in forbidding a lover to travel with his betrothed, the amatory Frenchman insisted upon crossing the ocean by the same steamer that bore his future wife. This still further roused the suspicions of the brother-in-law and to some extent of the mother; for she was still influenced by the customs of her native land, although she had so long lived away from it.

The young lady herself, having been reared in the freer atmosphere of the republic and doubtless feeling a pardonable pride in the devotion of her lover, thought very little of the matter, and ultimately the lover carried his point in spite of the earnest remonstrances of the mother and the brother-in-law. No sooner had the party of three sailed, however, than the brother-in-law, who with his wife had remained in Paris, applied to the perfect of the Paris police for the history of the man he distrusted. In three days he was sent for to come to the prefecture and there handed the dossier of his sister-in-law's impatient swain.

It began with his birth at such a place on such a date; gave his real name, which was quite different from the one he was passing under; the name of his parents, the places of their birth and their occupation; in what towns he had lived, the streets, numbers and rooms he had occupied, with the price he had paid for his lodgings at the different houses; the journeys he had made, the luggage, naming number of pieces and each article that he had each time taken—as, for instance, that he had gone January 25, 1869, from Brussels to Ghent, carrying a sole leather trunk, a black hat box, a canvas traveling bag, and a brown rug in a shawl strap—and in fact the minutest details of his misspent life, including the most important points of all, that on a certain date he had been married to a Belgian lady, by whom he had several children, stating the dates and places of their birth, and that he was then wanted by the Belgian government on a criminal but not extraditable offense.

The happy brother-in-law, delighted with this easily and promptly obtained evidence he wanted, cabled to his father-in-law in this city to stop all preparations for his marriage till his letters were received; and when the lovers arrived in New York they were met by the stern parent, who forbade any communication between them till he learned the nature of the charges against the would-be bridegroom. In due time the whole thing came out, and the wretched scamp offered to be bought off for \$500, but was finally contended with \$100 and took his departure, leaving the unhappy girl he had imposed upon very thankful for her escape and for the efficiency of the French police.

Ostriches in the Army.

It having been seriously proposed by some one to utilize ostriches instead of horses in the United States cavalry service, the *Detroit Free Press* refers to the matter in a spirit of badinage, thus: It is reported that a grotesque genius some years ago conceived the idea of importing and utilizing ostriches for the United States cavalry instead of horses, and actually imported eighteen of these long-legged birds to his land numerous eggs in the sands of New Mexico, and the flock of ostriches now number 117 stalwart members. It is added that Colonel Hatch, of the Ninth regiment of cavalry, is about to mount one of his companies on ostriches. "They are strong, docile, fleet as a horse, will live for days without eating or drinking, and need little or no grooming." It is to be hoped these birds will not supplant horses in our army. Our cavalry have never, or, at least, hardly ever, been known to fly, but if ostriches are introduced they will become common. There will then be too many wings in the army, which, hitherto, has only had the right wing and the left wing. It would also be extremely difficult to prevent our troops from showing the white feather, in fact several white feathers. Besides, it would be impossible to keep the guns, swords, etc., from these birds, as it is well known that they do not such delicacies, while a lunch of ten penny nails is their special delight. Any thinking man will at once see that the introduction of ostriches in our army would be a calamity, and, indeed, taking it all in all, a fowl innovation.

A Big Grapevine.

The Stockton (Cal.) *Independent* mentions an immense vine growing over the residence of W. J. Phelps, only a mile from the city. The vine was planted nineteen years ago as a cutting, and is now twelve inches in diameter at the trunk. A foot or two above the ground it divides into three main branches, each over five inches in diameter at the base, and from twenty to forty feet long, spreading over a large trellis and covering the whole rear of the house. It is of the Mission variety, and is yearly loaded with grapes. Mr. Phelps estimates that he has already picked at least one ton of grapes from it, and at a fair calculation it now has not less than a ton and a half of grapes still hanging upon it. The leaves have begun to fall from the vine, so that the immense mass of fruit with which it is laden can be seen to advantage. It is a rare sight to behold. On one side of the house is another vine of the same variety, and planted at the same time, but as it was placed on the north side of the building, where it received less sunlight, it has not attained such a great size, but it is, nevertheless, very large, and would of itself be a wonder for the mass of fruit it bears if it were not compared with its larger companion. On the south side of the house is a vine of the Black Prince variety but seven years old, which has taken possession of a peach tree and festooned all its branches with great masses of grapes, not less than half a ton in the aggregate.

PRINCE NAPOLEON'S TALISMAN.

History of the Reliquary that the Zulus Left Beside his Body.
In the will of Napoleon III. occurs the following remarkable passage: "With regard to my son, let him keep as a talisman the seal I used to wear attached to my watch, and which comes from my mother; let him carefully preserve everything that comes to me from the Emperor, my uncle; and let him be convinced that my heart and my soul remain with him." The telegram from Cape Town which announced the finding of the late ex-Prince Imperial contains these words: "The Prince's body was found stripped of all clothing, but had not suffered any mutilation, and the reliquary which he wore suspended by a chain from his neck, together with his watch and rings, which was found lying near the spot where he fell."

The "talisman" which the late Emperor so solemnly enjoined to his son to wear, which he did wear, and which returned to his mother from that wild scene beside the Tombakala, is almost certainly the once famous charm of the Charlemagne. It has a more interesting story than any gem in Europe, if not in the world. In the course of studies for other purposes I have recently come upon legendary traces of this object. "La plus belle reliquie de l'Europe," as a French antiquarian described it in the last generation, was by one myth said to have been contrived by one of the Magi belonging to the court of Haroun-al-Raschid, who came from the east to pay homage to the great emperor of the west along with certain ambassadors. The wife of Charlemagne, Fastrada, asked the Magi for a talisman which would always cause her husband to be fascinated by its wearer, and this charm was framed at her instance. But another fable ascribed to it the following origin: While Charlemagne had his seat at Zum Loch, near Zurich, administering exact justice to all, he had a column fixed at his gates with a bell and a rope. It was open to any one demanding justice to sound this bell; and when the emperor heard it, even though at his meals, he would instantly answer the summons. On one occasion this bell was repeatedly rung without any person being found near it. At length an enormous serpent was found twined around the rope. The emperor hearing this immediately went forth; the serpent inclined respectfully before him, and then moved slowly to the river, where he saw a monstrous toad sitting upon the nest and eggs of the serpent. Resolved to administer justice to all creatures, the emperor ordered the toad to be burned.

A few days after this serpent crept into the judgment hall, bowed low to the emperor, crept upon the table, and having dropped a precious stone in a golden goblet, gilded quietly away. The emperor, impressed by this marvel, built on the spot where the serpent's nest had been a church called "Wasserkelch." He gave the precious stone to his beloved spouse, Fastrada. The stone was drawn toward her the emperor's love that he could hardly suffer her out of his sight. In the hour of her death the empress, dressing less another should succeed her in the affections of the emperor, placed the gem beneath her tongue, and it was buried with her. Charlemagne could not separate himself from the body, and for eighteen years carried it about with him. At length his confessor, by some black art, discovered the stone and its virtues; after which Charlemagne allowed the body to be interred, and transferred his affection to the confessor, who became his prime minister, archbishop of Mainz, and chancellor of the empire. But then, either in a moment of repentance or, rather, this individual threw the stone into a lake near Ingelheim. The affection of Charlemagne was diverted from his former favorite to the lake, and he built beside it a palace, for whose decoration his other imperial residences were made bare. But when Charlemagne came to die his throes were long and violent; and the archbishop, knowing the cause, had the lake dragged for the gem he had thrown into it. The talisman having been restored to the person of the monarch, he died peacefully (814).

The tomb of Charlemagne, at Aix-la-Chapelle, was opened by Otto III. in 987, and it is said that the wonderful gem was found suspended from his neck. However that may be, the gem had been in Aix-la-Chapelle when it was presented by that city to Napoleon I. It was at a moment when he seemed to many, pre-eminently to himself, an avatar of Charlemagne. Napoleon presented it to his favorite Hortense, *ci-devant* Queen of Holland. At her death, in 1837, it passed to her son, Napoleon III. It shared his imprisonment at Ham and accompanied him through all his vicissitudes.

In the course of its long history the precious stone has undergone evolutions. The nut-like stone constituting its basis is surrounded by antique filigree of fine gold, and is set with various gems. There are several relics about it.

It is open to speculation how far the young ex-prince was influenced by this talisman. That which his father wore at his watch chain the son wore suspended upon his breast, as Catholics wear the most sacred reliquaries in whose protective virtues they believe. The strange mystical addresses to the Deity found among this youth's papers reveal a degree of superstition about himself which amounts to a psychological phenomenon. At the seat of war, in Africa, he displayed a recklessness which has led some to believe that his desire to do "something to get himself talked about" (words reported from him by his intimate friend M. Amigues) amounted to insanity, while others believe that he sought death. But it is possible that a natural rashness of disposition, and the tradition that a Napoleon must begin with a military halo, were turned to fatal forces by secret faith in the potency of this talisman.—*Monneur D. Conway*, in *Harper's Weekly*.

The Fan She Bought.

"How much for that fan?" she inquired, as she admiringly held up an elegant specimen of breeze-dispensing architecture. "Twenty-eight dollars and a half, ma'am," smilingly observed the clerk. "And this one?" holding up another which was much larger and had more wind power. "Oh, that. Fourteen cents," not half so smilingly. "I'll take it," and she gazed longingly at the high-priced one as she slowly laid the change on the counter, and carefully counted the rest of her funds to be sure that she had a horse-car fare left.—*St. Louis Register*.

American Physique.

It has been, and is with a large class of people to-day, a generally received opinion that Americans as a whole are deficient in physical development. The ideal Jonathan, a lean and withered specimen of humanity, has been popularly looked upon as the typical American citizen; but let us see if this theory is borne out by adequate evidence. A distinguished lecturer connected with the Harvard Medical School recently stated before one of his classes that, on a careful comparison of the vital statistics of school children in this country with those of the same class in England, he found the Americans slightly superior to their English cousins in strength and stature. This statement, coming as it does from so high an authority, must be a surprise even to many scientific men. The fact is there has been a vast change in the physical condition of American citizens during the past half century. The statistics of our army surgeons in the late war show that our native soldiers were taller and stouter than their comrades from England, Ireland or Germany. All our representative men of late years, with few exceptions, have been men of magnificent physique. The members of our present Congress are remarkable in this respect, and undoubtedly afford the finest spectacle of physical development to be found among existing legislative bodies.

Mr. George M. Beard, writing in a recent number of the *Atlantic* concerning the future of America from a physiological standpoint, records very accurately the changes which have led to these changes. There are three important factors in the physical development of any nation, viz., race, climate and surroundings. Perhaps the most important factor of all is climate. It is the difference in climate between this country and Europe which has wrought such wonderful changes in our people in so short a time. To this cause alone may be ascribed our tendency to nervous diseases, for such things as nervous exhaustion and nervous fevers were comparatively unknown during the first century of this nation's existence. Our English ancestors, coming to these then inhospitable shores, brought with them a brain-working temperament which had been developed through centuries of residence in a moist and equable climate. Time was required to bring about a change, but from the day the Pilgrim Fathers landed on this continent there has been a gradual evolution of a new race. The fevers incident to residence in a moist climate have given place to the alarming train of nervous affections which are often regarded as mythical by many who still retain the Anglo-Saxon temperament. With time also, wealth has increased; people are better fed, better clothed, better able to withstand the sudden changes so injurious to a foreigner, and in this accumulation of transmission of wealth brought with it the agents which are required to alleviate nervous disorders. With increased prosperity comes leisure, and with leisure physical improvement, and the above-mentioned writer pictures to himself an ideal state of society in which the wealthy few will be occupied in advancing the temporal welfare of the needy many. His summing up of the result of race evolution during the past history of the nation is, however, entirely satisfactory; he says: "During the last two decades, the well-to-do classes of America have been visibly growing stronger, fuller, healthier. We weigh more than our fathers; the women in all our great centers of population are yearly becoming more plump and beautiful, and in the leading brain-working occupations our men are also acquiring robustness, amplitude, quantity of being. On all sides there is a visible reversion to the better physical appearance of our English and German ancestors. A thousand boys and girls, a thousand men in the prime of years, taken by accident in any of our large cities, are heavier and more substantial than were the same number of the same age and walk of life twenty-five years ago."

Whence it appears that the American, in spite of his much-derided want of enthusiasm for athletic sports, stands even now at the head of the nations in physical development; and this certainly is a good omen for the future.—*Boston Traveller*.

Area and Population of Texas.

Texas has a vast domain. Between the Sabine river on the east, the Red river on the West, and the 400 miles of coast line on the south you inclose 274,000 square miles, or over 175,000,000 acres of territory. This one State is larger than the Kingdom of Great Britain, larger than France, and larger than the German Empire. You could carve out of Texas thirty-five States as large as Massachusetts, or nearly six as large as New York. Place the six New England States on Texas, and you have covered but little more than one-fourth of the Great State, and still you have covered only two-thirds. Not till you have combined Maryland, Virginia and Ohio with the Middle and New England States, do you equal the immense area of Texas.

And this "lone star" is not so lonely as some may imagine. It already has a population of 2,000,000, and the marvelous immigration now pouring into the State increases the number at the rate of 300,000 a year. These new settlers are mostly from the Northern States and from Europe. Well, let them come—

"Uncle Sam is rich enough
To buy us all a farm."
You could gather the entire population of the United States into Texas, and not have it more crowded than some parts of our land are now.—*Troy Times*.

Desperate Duel Between Women.

A frightful duel was fought some years ago by two girls employed in the royal tobacco factory in Seville, that factory in front of which the first act of the popular opera, "Carmen" is supposed to eventuate. The chief actresses in this Spanish tragedy of real life were young girls of twenty, perfect types of that Iberian beauty which the painters and poets love. The day selected for the fight was a lovely one in midsummer. In company with their friends, the enemies breakfasted at separate tables in a wine shop a couple of leagues out of the city. Then they sent their witnesses out, barred the doors and windows, and fell upon one another knife in hand. At the end of ten minutes the doors were forced. Both girls were groaning on the floor; one was bleeding to death from ten wounds, the other expiring with her throat cut. Both still gripped their ensanguined knives with clutches which even their last agonies could not loosen. For a wonder the authorities took action on the case. They sent the accords to prison for six months, and enacted an edict against the carrying of knives, which every one, of course, disobeyed.