That Monument to Adam.

A letter from Elmira, N. Y., to the New York *Star* says: Elmira's scheme for a monument to Adam is booming, and facetious editors, who imagine the project only exists in the minds of the newspaper men, who have poked fun at it from its first inception, will yet live to see an appropriate shaft erected to the memory of the late lamented proprietor of Eden plantation. The idea originated with Rev. Thomas K. Beecher and Mark Twain. At first it was proposed to erect a monument at a cost of about $5,000; but since so much interest has been manifested by the moneyed men of this city, the original subscription book has been destroyed and a new one opened. A secret meeting of those interested in the affair was held recently at the banking-house of Mr. Frank G. Hall, one of the prime movers and hardest workers in the matter. A reporter of the *Star* called upon him this morning. Mr. Hall smilingly invited the reporter into his private apartments, and said there was not much to make public at present. A meeting had been held at which a committee of three consisting of Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, M. H. Arnot and Henry E. Drake, were appointed to correspond with the eminent sculptors of this country for appropriate designs for the proposed monument. The meeting then adjourned subject to the call of the committee.

"You really mean business, then, in this undertaking?" said the reporter. "It is generally thought to be a big hoax by people outside the city."

"Certainly we do; we propose to raise a purse of not less than $20,000 to be devoted to the purpose."

"What is your idea as to the design of the monument?"

"Well, as to that I have nothing to say. The committee were instructed to secure a design as near the style of the original man as an artist can possibly create. It is to be of bronze and erected somewhere in the city limits on a site to be selected hereafter. In all probability next June will see our ideas consummated and the monument erected. Mark Twain is to deliver the dedication oration, and prominent men from all parts of the country are to be invited to be present. We have embarked in the enterprise solely upon patriotic principles and a desire to perpetuate the memory of a much-abused man. At the next meeting some definite steps will probably be taken which I shall be pleased to communicate if you will call again."

The reporter next paid a visit to M. H. Arnot, chairman of the committee appointed to correspond with the sculptors. Mr. Arnot said they had already invited several prominent sculptors, both in this country and Europe, to contribute designs, but declined to give their names at present. They are to furnish designs for the proposed monument, and it is expected the committee will make a selection from some of those received. He thought the thing was an assured success, and said that it could not fail for want of funds, for there were capitalists at the bottom of the scheme who would contribute liberally.

Rev. Mr. Beecher is an enthusistic mover in the matter, and in reply to queries upon the subject said he saw no reasor why Adam shouldn't be honored equally with General Sullivan and the rest of the American heroes.

A State Executioner.

In the *Kleine Journal*, a daily newspaper recently started in Berlin by the Prussian railway king, Dr. Strousberg is published some curious details of an interview recently granted to the writer by Krauts, the State executioner, who beheaded Hoedel last summer. While "Monsieur de Berlin" was chatting pleasantly with his visitor about the would-be regicide—Krauts' first performance as a headsman—a knock was heard at the door, and a footman in splendid livery entered the room with the request that the Scharfrichter would be pleased to speak with him for a moment in the passage. Krauts went out with the lackey, and, after a brief interchange of sentences in an undertone, was heard to say aloud: "Tell her excellency the lady countess that I am very sorry, but I cannot, dare not, do it!" Interrogated, upon his return, by the visitor, with respect to the mission of the mysterious man-servant, he replied with a smile: "Oh, it was only a request from one of my 'sympathizers,' such as reach me several times a week. You may often see the handsomest equipages in Berlin standing at the corner of the Mulsack strasse. They bring me lady visitors—young and old, pretty and ugly. Yes, yes; many ladies of our highest aristocracy have called upon me, and have insisted upon seeing my wife, when I was not at home." And what did these ladies want?" "The merest rubbish. Hair-cuttings of criminals, for instance—a blood-stained pocket-handkerchief—a morsel of bread from the headsman's breakfast-table, or one of my gloves." Krauts himself is a fine young fellow, decorated with the iron cross for valor in the field. Like most subordinate functionaries in Prussia, he was a non-commissioned officer in the army, and received his present appointment upon discharge, as a reward for faithful and gallant services. He is married and the proud father of a fine little boy the heir apparent to this important office. With a touch of quaint piety, he introduced this lad to his visitor's notice as "his successor, please God!" and observed that, though he had passed an uneasy night before the morning fixed for Hoedel's execution, when he looked into his "client's" impudent, sneering face he thanked God for making his business so easy for him."—*London Telegraph.*

Cold Versus Warm Water.

An authority in the London *Lancet* emphatically points out the danger of the morning tub used in cold weather without discretion. He cautions the old, and weakly of any age, from the danger of too sudden or too prolonged cold bathing; he exposes the absurdity of the blind faith in reaction; he explains how persons are deluded by producing a factitious redness by hard rubbing with a coarse towel, for the circulation thus excited is only temporary, and the effect of cold on the nerve-centers is masked, not changed, by the device; and, finally, he declares that it is better by far to use warm water to wash with, and to sprinkle the cold lightly, in such quantity as may be most agreeable, if cold effusion does not at once cause florid redness and a defined and proper glow. As to cleanliness, the writer says, it must be patent to everybody who observes how dirty the hands become in cold weather that the cold bath is a mistake. The *Lancet* points out that "a good wash in slightly warm water, with plenty of soap, is far better, and has the special advantage of being safe."

Gold Fish.

Some time during the seventeenth century, about two hundred years ago, Portuguese sailors saw swimming in the lakes and rivers of China and Japan a very beautiful variety of fish, which glistened like gold. They captured some specimens and brought them to Portugal. The little fish found the lakes of Europe as pleasant to live in as the lakes of China, and they at once domesticated themselves, and raised their little families, until the European streams became well stocked with these beautiful creatures. They are also found in many brooks and streams in the United States.

The glistening gold-color of these fishes made them much sought for as household ornaments, and the demand for them became so general that establishments were opened for raising them for the market. One of the largest and most celebrated of these places for gold-fish breeding is in Oldenburg, Germany, where more than a hundred small ponds contain the fish in all the stages of growth, from the tiniest baby to the big stout fellow eight and even ten inches long. The little ones are carefully kept apart from larger ones, for the gold-fish is a wicked cannibal, and devours its little brothers and sisters, and even its own children, whenever it has an opportunity. At the same time it is a great coward, and will hide away from fish much smaller than itself that have the spirit to attack it. A gentle man who possessed an aquarium in which were several large gold fish, once placed a tiny "pumpkin-seed," or sunfish, about the size of a silver half-dollar, in the water. Watching anxiously to see that the gold-fish did not injure it, what was his astonishment to see the "pumpkin-seed" dart furiously at the larger fish, which huddled themselves in a corner, or scurried hastily through the water to hide among the stones and mimic grottoes of the aquarium! From that moment the "pumpkin-seed" remained lord of the field, scarcely allowing his companions to come to the surface, as they are fond of doing, or to take a mouthful of food until he had satisfied his own hunger. Finally he had to be removed from the aquarium to save the gold-fish from dying of fright.

The enormous demand for gold-fish is shown by the fact that from the establishment at Oldenburg alone over three hundred thousand fish are sent to market every year. Their price varies according to their size and beauty, for there are grades of beauty in gold-fish as well as in all other things. They are very pretty household ornaments, and by caring for them and carefully watching their habits, boys and girls may learn their first lesson in natural history. If kept in a glass globe, nothing can be more interesting than to watch them, for, as Mr. White says, in *Selborne*, "The double refraction of the glass and water represents them, when moving, in a shifting and changeable variety of dimensions, shades and colors, while the two mediums, assisted by the concavo-convex of the shape of the vessel, magnify and distort them vastly.' Still, the fish may be healthier if kept in an aquarium, as it allows more surface to the water, and consequently more air and ventilation. In any caset fresh water should be given the fish ae least every other day, and if the globe or aquarium be ornamented with rocks and water grasses, the fish should be carefully dipped out once a week, and the rocks thoroughly cleansed from all impurities.

Although the fish draw nourishment from animalcules supplied by water, and will live a long time without other food, it is advisable to feed them by throwing bread crumbs, or flies and other small insects, on the surface of the water. The eagerness with which they dart for them proves them to be welcome. Care should be taken not to scatter more bread crumbs than will be immediately eaten, for bread sours very quickly, and renders the water impure. In changing the water the fish should never be subjected to any sudden variation of temperature, as the shock produced by a violent change from water of medium temperature, which is always best, to ice-cold might ruin the whole stock of an aquarium in an instant.

The ingenious Chinese make great pets of their gold-fish, and with patience teach them many tricks, such as eating from their hands, or rushing to be fed at the tinkle of a bell.

The gold-fish belongs to the genius *Cyprinus*, or the great carp family, and is sometimes called the golden carp.—*Harper's Young People.*

Drowning as a Substitute for the Halter

"My opinion of hanging, do you say?" said Dr. F. A. Thomas, of East Eighty-fifth street. I have a very poor opinion of it. It is a relic of barbarism which ought to have been abandoned by our grandfathers."

"What would you substitute for it?" asked the reporter.

"I hope you won't be astonished when I tell you. I believe drowning would be the best way to end the lives of our great criminals. Don't laugh! Have you ever seen a person who was nearly drowned?"

"No."

"Well, perhaps you have read of such cases?"

"No."

"Well, then, let me tell you that in every such case that I have heard of the rescued person invariably reported the first sensations of drowning as rather pleasant than otherwise. Up to the disappearance of consciousness, indeed, the person experienced only agreeable sensations. Therefore it appears to be the least unpleasant method. Managed with the most ordinary care it would never fail, like hanging, shooting or poisoning. That would be a great point gained, certainly, for nothing shocks the public more than bungling executions."

"Do you think the public would accept such a radical change?" asked the reporter.

"That is a question that you are better able to answer than I am. Of course, if the public is satisfied, it is useless to discuss the matter at all. If public opinion won't consent to substitute another method of executing criminals then I would suggest that an expert at hanging should be appointed in each State. The work should not be intrusted to inexperienced men like sheriffs, who are apt to be unnerved even when they know enough to make suitable preparations. The business of putting to death should be in the hands of men regularly trained for that business."—*Interview in New York Herald.*

In twenty-three months, King Alfonso of Spain, has been married, widowed, engaged, widowed in his engagement, engaged again, and married.

Why Don't They Like Farmers?

Under the above head the New York *Sun* has an editoral article, which reads: An Iowa correspondent, who is a farmer, finds that simply because he works in the soil he does not have the success with some of the young women in town to which he thinks he is entitled. He thus puts his case and asks us how he can overcome their prejudice against his occupation:

"SIR—I am a young man twenty-one years old, and am enjoying fair business prospects. I am of a respectable family, am of strictly temperate and industrious habits, lay claim to a good moral character, and possess a fair education, having employed my winter months for some years in teaching in the country schools. My chosen occupation is that of a farmer. Have always moved in the society of the town near which I live. Now, in that society are some young ladies whom I highly respect for their intelligence, social qualities, and many other womanly virtues, and to whom I would acknowledge my inferiority. And there are others whose equals I feel that I am, but who on many occasions have indicated that they wish to have nothing to do with me because of my occupation. Now is there any way by which they may be taught to overcome the prejudice existing toward farmers; or are such ladies worthy the respect and esteem of one in my circumstances?

FARMER."

It is undoubtedly true that many young ladies in the towns and villages look with aversion on the idea of marrying farmers. They will prefer the society of sleek young fellows who stand behind the counters of country stores, of doctors and lawyers who are just beginning in their professions, of young preachers, to that of farmers who are better settled in the world and who can offer them a good home. Perhaps the work of the farmers gives them a rougher exterior than the others have, and yet they may be their superiors in those qualities which should most command the respect of women.

Why do these young women, then, look with less favor on men who till the soil than on those who work in other ways? Why do they prefer to marry somebody else than a farmer? Some of them may have vain and silly reasons—may like to see their lovers in good clothes every day and to feel that their hands are soft; but they generally are better pleased with the idea of living in a town than on a detached farm.

In times past the wives of our farmers have had a very hard life of it almost universally. Many of them have been about the worst drudges in the country, up and busy before daylight, and with no time the day through and no strength at night for amusement or refining and diverting occupations. Their existence has been one of monotonous work, and they have grown old early under the weight of it. Moreover, their diet has been wretched—salted meat and hot bread chiefly—and their health and spirits have suffered so that they have looked like jaded and miserable women, to whom life presented few pleasures

The farmers are living better now than formerly, and there have always been a minority of them whose wives were not such monotonous workers; but many of the women on farms are still far away from the pleasures of life, while of its hardships they have daily experience.

Perhaps it is their observation of these unhappy cases which makes the town and village girls of whom our correspondent speaks less friendly to him than he would wish; but no girl of sense can entertain a low opinion of the occupation of a farmer, for it is one of the most honorable in which men engage. A thoroughly well tilled and appointed farm is something of which anybody may be proud; and the girl who marries the possessor of such a farm has reason to share his pride.

My Rules for Living.

I am no doctor, quack or pill-vender, yet I have had a pretty good long life and a happy one. May I not, therefore, just give my simple rules for health in hope that some poor traveler on the up or down hill of life may look at them and perhaps be benefited by them. I have practiced them for many years and they have done me good; perhaps they may do good to others. They are inexpensive and may be easily abandoned, if they cause any harm.

1. Keep in the sunlight just as much as possible. A plant will not thrive without the sunbeam; much less a man.

2. Breathe as much fresh air as your business will permit. This makes fresh blood; but it is never found within the four walls of your building. Beneath the open sky, just there, and only there, it comes to you.

3. Be strictly temperate. You cannot break organic law, or any other law, with impunity.

4. Keep the feet always warm and the head cool. Disease and death begin at the feet more commonly than we think.

5. Eat white bread when you cannot get brown bread.

6. If out of order see which of the above rules you have not observed, then rub yourself all over with a towel, saturated with salt water and well dried, and begin upon the rules again.

7. Look ever on the bright, which is the heaven side, of life. This is far better than a medicine.

These seven simple rules, good for the valid or invalid, if rightly observed, would save, I apprehend, a deal of pain, prolong your life, and, so far as health goes, make it worth the having.

Will you, then, practice them?—*W. Waybridge in Boston Traveller.*

Not His Darling.

After a down-town young man had been keeping company with a girl at the north end of Third street for several months, her father suddenly got the idea that a salary of seven dollars per week would not support his daughter in proper style, and he forbade the young man to come to the house. Letters were exchanged and stolen interviews followed, but nothing of the sort will occur again.

The other night the old man observed his daughter acting nervous and queer, and he scented cologne in the air. Whispering in the old lady's ear, he dodged out doors and took a position favorable for one determined on evil. Pretty soon soft steps were heard. The old man coughed. The gate opened, the steps came nearer and a voice whispered:

"Is that my darling?"

"Not hardly!" replied the old gentleman, as he rose up and reached out for a coat collar, and the next moment a pair of polished boot-heels revolved in the air, swept off the top of a rose-bush, came down and demolished a flower pot and then shot out of the gate at the rate of a mile a minute, bearing away a young man whose hair had pushed his hat off.—*Detroit Free Press.*

J. WILKES BOOTH.

Another Graphic Account of His Capture by the Man in Charge of the Command Which Captured Him.

The Lansing (Mich.) *Republican* has obtained a full account of the exciting capture of J. Wilkes Booth from the lips of Lieutenant L. B. Baker, who commanded the escort of twenty-five cavalrymen which was sent out in pursuit of Booth after Lincoln's assassination. Col. Conger also accompanied the party. After various adventures the pursuers reached the Garrett mansion, where Booth and Harold had taken refuge. The narrative then proceeds:

The dash was made through the lane in short order, and the house surrounded. Lieut. Baker dismounted, went on the piazza and thundered at the door. The old man Garrett threw up a window near and asked in a frightened tone, "What is the matter?" Lieut. Baker seized him by the arm, and ordered him to unfasten the door and strike a light. This he did, and the lieutenant entered the hall. Mr. Garrett soon appeared with a tallow candle. The lieutenant took the candle and asked: "Where are the men who are stopping with you?" The old man was very much excited, and he stammered out that "they went to the woods when the cavalry went by." The lieutenant said: "Don't you tell me that again; they are here." The sight of a pistol brought young Garrett to the front, who said: "Don't injure father and I'll tell you all about it; they are in the barn."

About this time Col. Conger came into the hall. Lieut. Baker took young Garrett by the collar and led him out on the piazza, while Conger formed the men to surround the barn. The lieutenant then ordered Garrett to lead the way. Before reaching the barn Garrett said: "I have forgotten the key, but my brother has it, who is sleeping in the corn-crib. We would not let those men sleep in the house, and were afraid they would steal our horses and get away." The brother soon appeared with the key and delivered it to Lieut. Baker. The barn was then surrounded, and Lieut. Baker unlocked the door. Up to this time Booth and Harold seemed to be asleep. Col. Conger came up, and a rustling was heard inside the building as if the inmates were rousing up from sleep. Lieut. Baker said to Conger: "Garrett must go in, demand their surrender, and bring out their arms." To this Conger assented, but Garrett was reluctant to obey, saying, "They are desperate fellows, and armed to the teeth." Lieut. Baker seized him, opened the door, shoved him in, and then closed the door. The lieutenant hailed the assassins and said: "We send this young man, in whose custody we find you, and you must surrender your arms to him, or we will set fire to the barn, and have a bonfire and a shooting match." A low conversation took place inside the building, and Booth was heart to say to Garrett: "—— you! you have betrayed me; get out of here, or I will shoot you."

Garrett came back to the door and said: "Let me out, captain. I will do anything for you, but I can't risk my life here." The door was opened, Garrett came out with a bound, and the door was again closed. Lieut. Baker had the light in his hand, and young Garrett said: "If you don't put out that light he will shoot every one of you." The light was placed at a short distance from the door, but so as to light the whole front of the building, which had been once used as a tobacco-house. The light was necessary in case the assassins should make a break for the door and get out. The soldiers were dismounted, but refused to stand in the light, and they were allowed to seek a safer position. Lieut. Baker again demanded their surrender. Booth replied, in a clear, ringing tone, "Captain, there is a man here who wishes to surrender very much." At the same time a conversation took place within, and Booth was heard to say to Harold, "—— you, leave me, will you? Go, I don't wish you to stay;" and in a few moments Harold rapped at the door, saying: "Let me out; I know nothing of this man." Lieut Baker said: "Bring out the arm and you can come." He replied: "I have no arms." The lieutenant said: "You have a carbine and pistol; bring them out and we will let you out." Booth then said: "He has no arms; they are mine, and I shall keep them."

While this parleying was going on, Col. Conger was doing all in his power to keep the men aroused and on the alert for they had become so exhausted with their ride of two days and two nights without rest and with but one meal, that it was almost impossible to keep them awake. Strict orders were given not to fire, as it would endanger the lives of the men who were surrounding the building. Harold begged and entreated in the most piteous manner to be let out, and the lieutenant ordered him to put his hands out of the door, which was partly ajar. He stuck his hands out, the lieutenant caught hold of them, pulled him out, and immediately closed the door. Harold was turned over to two soldiers. He kept making assertions that he knew nothing about Booth, and Col. Conger threatened to tie him and gag him if he did not stop his noise. This had a quieting effect. It had been decided to fire the building, so that Booth would be driven to the small door, where, it was thought, he could be easily captured.

Another parley ensued. Lieut. Baker again made the demand for his surrender. Booth said: "Who are you and what do you want of me? It may be that I am being taken by my friends." The lieutenant said: "That makes no difference, we know who you are and want you. We have fifty men armed with carbines and pistols, around the barn, and you cannot escape." After a pause he said: "Captain, this is a hard case, I swear. Give a lame man a chance. Draw up your men twenty yards from the door and I will fight your whole command." The lieutenant replied: "We did not come to fight, but came to take you, have got you, and you had better surrender." Booth replied: "Give me a little time to consider." The lieutenant said: "Very well, take time. You can have five minutes." He was heard to come toward the door, or near the door. As he came he said: "Captain, I believe you are an honorable and brave man. I have had half a dozen opportunities to shoot you, and have a bead drawn on you now, but don't wish to do it. Withdraw your forces a hundred yards from the door and I will come out. Give me a chance for my life, captain, for I will not be taken alive." Lieut. Baker said: "We have waited long enough. Now come out or we will fire the barn." Col. Conger then said: "We had better fire the barn;" and to this Lieut. Baker gave his consent. Booth said, in his peculiar stage tone: "Well, my brave boys, prepare a stretcher for me then." After a pause of about half a minute he was heard to say: "One more stain on the glorious old banner."

Just as he ceased speaking, Col. Conger applied a match to some hay which he drew through a crevice, and in an instant the inside of the building was a blaze of light. The lieutenant then opened the door to give him a chance to come out, and from his position on the outside could see every movement made by Booth. He seemed to be leaning against the hay-mow, supported by his crutches, with his carbine in hand. He sprang forward toward the fire with the seeming intention of shooting the man who touched the match. But the intense light inside the building prevented him from seeing objects in the darkness without. He then turned, and with the aid of one crutch came rapidly in the direction of the door, but halted about the center of the floor. Here he drew himself up to his full height, and seemed to take a survey of the terrible situation. He looked first at the roaring flames, and then his glaring eyes rested on the open door. He resembled an infuriated wild beast at bay. A cloud of smoke rolled to the roof, swept across the room, then came down to the floor on the other side, and he appeared to be standing in an arch of fire and smoke. He remained but an instant in this position, and then dropping his remaining crutch, with his carbine in one hand and a pistol in the other, he dashed for the door. When within about ten feet from the opening the crack of a pistol was heard from the rear of the barn. Booth reeled forward, threw up one hand, dropped his carbine, and fell face downward on some hay which was scattered on the floor.

Lieut. Baker rushed in, followed by Col. Conger and young Garrett. The lieutenant, not knowing how fatal the shot, seized him by the arms, intending to secure him in case he had only been stunned. On turning Booth over, Lieut. Baker found a pistol in his left hand, which he still held with a vice-like grip, and it required great strength to wrench it from him. A leathern belt was around his body, with a bowie-knife and another revolver in it. Lieut. Baker then accused Col. Conger of shooting him, which the colonel denied, and said "Booth shot himself." This, the lieutenant claimed, was impossible, as he saw him every moment from the time the hay was fired until he fell. Col Conger said "the man who did shoot him shall go back to Washington under arrest." Upon further inquiry it was found that Sergt. Boston Corbett fired the shot from a navy revolver, through a crevice in the rear of the barn. This was a most difficult feat to perform, for the ball struck Booth on the side of the neck, a little back of the center, and passed entirely through, breaking the spinal column. The fire was making such progress that Booth was taken out of the building and carried a short distance and placed under a tree. He began to show signs of life. Water was dashed in his face, and a little poured in his mouth. His lips began to move, and he faintly whispered, "Tell mother—tell mother." He seemed to gain further strength, and then in a more distinct voice said: "Tell mother I died for my country." Day was breaking, and the heat from the burning barn was so intense that the wounded man was removed to the piazzi of the house. The young ladies brought out a narrow straw bed, and on this Booth was placed. A cloth soaked in ice-water and whisky was placed in his mouth, which revived him. He opened his eyes, seemed to take in the situation at once, and said: "Kill me! Oh, kill me quick!" The lieutenant said, "No, Booth, we did not want to kill you, and hope you will recover. You were shot against orders." He then was unconscious for several minutes, when he again revived. His chest heaved, his chin dropped, he put out his tongue and seemed to wish to know if there was blood in his mouth. He was assured there was none, and then said, "Tell mother I died for my country. I did what I thought was best." He showed no signs of life in his body below the wound, with the exception of the action of the lungs. He said, "My hands," when one of his hands was raised so that he could see it, and it was bathed in ice-cold water. His hand was placed by his side, and he said, "Useless, useless!" which were the last words of the dying assassin.

Col. Conger gave Sergt. Corbett a stinging reprimand and said to him: "Why did you shoot without orders?" The sergeant took the position of a soldier, saluted the colonel, and with right hand pointing upward said: "God Almighty ordered me to shoot." At this reply the colonel mellowed in his manner and said: "I guess he did;" and then dropped the subject. Col. Conger immediately started for Washington to apprise the authorities of Booth's capture, and Lieut. Baker and the escort remained to bring the body as soon as life was extinct. A neighborhood physician was called, who gave it as his opinion that Booth could not survive much longer. Col. Conger started for Washington a little after sunrise, and Booth died about fifteen minutes after he left. The body was sewed up in a saddle blanket, placed in a one-horse wagon, driven by a negro, and taken across the country to Belle Plain, where the party arrived about dark. The tug Ide was waiting, the body was put on board and she then steamed up the river for Washington. The capital was reached about daylight in the morning and the body delivered to Secretary Stanton, who ordered it placed in the navy yard. Here it was kept one day for identification, and the evidence of various parties taken.

A Strange Life.

William John Scott Bentinck, fifth Duke of Portland and one of the greatest of English landowners, whose death, in his eightieth year, was announced recently, was of a taciturn nature, akin to madness, never marrying, and for many years was subject to a painful malady. He was morbidly averse to society of any kind, devoting his whole time and part of his enormous income—estimated at about $1,400,000 a year—in keeping his estate at Welbeck in the most superb order. He employed hundreds of men, and although constantly among them giving orders, he would allow no one to speak to him, discharging any man who even touched his hat to him. The tenants on his estates and the village parson and doctor were informed that the duke wished to be passed by as "they would a tree." The estates and title now pass to Lord Howard de Walden, his nephew.

TIMELY TOPICS.

It sometimes happens that strange difficulties beset the paths of those seeking marriage, and an Ohio couple found this out the other day. They went into town to get married, but it got dark before they could get their license. When they went to the court-house the offices were all closed, and the prospect looked gloomy indeed, until the young couple found the bell-cord communicating with an immense bell in the tower of the building. This cord they pulled with tremendous effect; everybody in the town turned out to see what was up, and the young folks got their license. These were hardly the sort of wedding bells that have been so much done in poetry, but they were of undeniable utility.

The extent to which the cucumber is consumed by the inhabitants of Egypt and the southwest of Asia, and also in European Russia and Germany, would scarcely seem credible to this country. You never see a Russian peasant at dinner but you see the lump of black bread and a cucumber. The vegetable seems certainly a singular dish to be so national in a country with a climate like that of Russia. Some writers say that there used to be a great annual fair at Leipsic for cucumbers, when the streets were heaped up a story high with that precious element of German cookery. In Germany barrels of half and also full grown cucumbers are preserved from one year to another by immersion in deep wells, where the uniform temperature and exclusion from air seem to be the preserving agents. Tartary has been assigned as the native country of the cucumber, but upon what authority is equally questionable with that of the melon. No modern traveler appears to have found it growing wild.

The Detroit *Free Press* thinks it would be as curious as unexpected if the next form of freight vehicle were to carry its own road with it, and to be vehicle and wheel in one. The first type is on exhibition at the garden of the Tuileries, in Paris, where three carriages, filled with thirty children, are with ease drawn by two goats. The wheels have two flanges; around the whole system of wheels turns an endless chain of jointed rails, so that the carriages constantly lay down their tracks just in front of them and take them up behind. The same weight on an ordinary road would require a dozen goats. The other type occurred to a Minnesota farmer while watching his children "play cars" by rolling a big spool across the floor. The idea occurred to him that natural products, like grain, ore, coal, etc., might be transported in cylinders, rolling directly on the rails, with suitable frame-work for attaching them to other cars. Various advantages of speed, loss of friction, cheapness, durability, ease of loading and unloading, etc., are suggested. By combining the two ideas, cylindrical cars, carrying their own track as well as their freight, might be seen rolling all over the country.

The Berlin *Militar-Zeitung* prints an interesting paper on the resistance made by the several French fortresses attacked by the Germans during the campaign of 1870-71. Altogether, it appears that during the six months' campaign from the beginning of August, 1870, to the end of January, 1871, the Germans took or forced to surrender six-and-twenty French fortresses. Of these two, Metz and Pfalzburg, fell because the provisions of the garrison and inhabitants were exhausted; hunger, and the devastation wrought by a partial bombardment caused one—Paris—to capitulate; thirteen were reduced by bombardment—namely, Lichtenberg, Marsal, Sedan, Toul, Soissons, Schlettstadt, Verdun, New Breisac, Diedennofen, La Fere, the citadel of Amiens, Montmedy, Mezieres and Peronne; one, Strasburg, was taken by a regular siege, while two, Vitry and Laon, surrendered upon a bombardment being threatened. Finally, two fortresses, Bitche and Belfort, invested early in the campaign, held out until the preliminaries of peace had been concluded. The longest resistance was made by Paris, the siege of which lasted for 132 days, while the siege of Metz was continued for sixty-nine days, of Strasburg for forty-eight, and of Verdun for forty-five days.

W. W. Corcoran, the well-known Washington millionaire, eighty-one years old, is another prominent man believed to have been virtually dead, who has unexpectedly recovered. It was thought, not long ago, by his physicians and friends, that he had not twenty-four hours to live. The former showed conclusively that he was doomed, and the latter took eternal leave of him. After the last vestige of hope had been relinquished, after his pall-bearers had been selected, and every arrangement made for his funeral, he rallied, to the amazement of everybody, and so steadily got better that within two or three months he was going about on foot, and attending personally to any number of affairs. He is said now to be much stronger than before his last illness, and his friends believe that he will see his ninetieth birthday. "Mr. Corcoran," says a New York paper, "is of a different pattern from most of the very rich men we have here. He has founded a gallery of art at the national capital, and made many charitable gifts to the city where, as a banker, he has gained his fortune. He is much and deservedly loved there, and the continuation of his benevolent life is naturally the cause of satisfaction in the community. There is no danger of his example becoming contagious in this quarter. The air of New York is thought to be pernicious to the development of generosity in millionaires. Corcoran has, in all probability, preserved his liberality by keeping sedulously away from Manhattan."

Animal Rubber.

An insect which produces a species of India rubber has been recently discovered in the district of Yucatan, Central America, by an American explorer. It is called *neen*, and belongs to the Coccus family; feeds on the mango tree, and swarms in these regions. It is of considerable size, yellowish-brown in color, and emits a peculiar oily odor. The body of the insect contains a large proportion of grease, which is highly prized by the natives for applying to the skin on account of its medicinal properties. When exposed to great heat the lighter oils of the grease volatilize, leaving a tough wax, which resembles shellac, and may be used for making varnish or lacquer. When burnt this wax, it is said, produces a thick semi-fluid mass, like solution of India rubber.