

A Living Death.

A recent sensation in Paris was the case of Jean Mistral, who has been forty-two years in the private lunatic asylum of St. Remy, in Provence. He was, it is now admitted all round, of sound mind when his father, on a doctor's certificate and in virtue of the law of 1828, locked him up there. His reason for incarcerating his son was to prevent him remarrying a Polish lady whom, in good faith, he had married abroad. The marriage ceremony on the petition of the elder Mistral had been set aside by a French tribunal because there had been insufficient publication and other formalities prescribed by the code had not been observed. Old Mistral was a very wealthy manufacturer of jet beads. He wanted his only son to heap fortune upon fortune in marrying the heiress of a Marseilles ship owner. The Polish lady was very beautiful, of honorable life, but poor, and she had been obliged to turn an enthralling voice to mercenary account by singing in theatres and at concerts. Jean Mistral was taking steps to marry her according to French law, when his father one day ran against him in the high street of Tarascon, in the year 1840, and cried out to a couple of policemen who were with him to arrest the madman.

The son made a desperate fight for his liberty, and soldiers were called in. He was subjugated and manacled and sent off to an asylum near Montpellier, where he still is. The fact that he resisted *la force publique* was taken as confirmation of the doctor's *lettre de cachet*, or certificate, and he was treated for raging lunacy. Old Mistral died soon after. The fortune that he made in glass trinkets went equally to the captive at Montpellier and to his sister, Mme. Bernard. As it was a great one, the Bernards kept the alleged madman in durance. His wife (the Polish woman, who in law was no wife) died when he had been a score of years locked up. Her daughter, after an interval of six months, followed her to the grave. Old Mistral had caused the former to be expelled from France on the ground that she was a bad character, was disturbing the peace of a respectable and rich family, and had no visible means of existence. Technically she was a vagabond, as she was reduced to go from one small town to another to sing in cafes. Soon after she was turned out of France she gave birth to a daughter in Switzerland. Mother and child died in extreme poverty some years later.

The news of their death threw the prisoner in the asylum into a state of frenzy. The fortune inherited by Jean Mistral from his father has gone on accumulating at simple and compound interest and has been very carefully nursed by the Bernards, who are his heirs apparent. M. Fournier, who has been exerting himself to get the prisoner released from the asylum, is his first cousin. According to an article in the civil code a rich madman or mad woman is not to be confined in a madhouse, but placed under treatment at home, and is to be provided with a domestic establishment corresponding with his or her yearly revenue. Mistral is an ordinary boarder at the asylum, where he has passed nearly half a century, and is allowed one man servant, whose business is not to minister to his comfort, but to prevent his escaping.

He Got a Nickel.

A hotel guest was standing having his clothes brushed. On finishing he handed a five-dollar bill to the hall boy. He grinned from ear to ear, and nearly broke his back bowing and thanking so generous a being. But his face fell so quickly that he had some trouble in catching it before it reached the floor, when the generous being said, in tones not to be trifled with: "Get it changed!" He went away and brought back the change—five one-dollar bills. Deliberately pocketing four, the generous being handed the one remaining to the duster. Again a sweeping bow from the dust-broom, a "Thank you," and a sudden convulsion as the guest remarked in solemn tones: "Get it changed!" Once more he departed and brought back two fifty-cent pieces. One went into the traveler's pocket, the other into the hall-boy's palm. He smiled, said "Thank you," and was slipping it into his pocket, when "Get it changed!" again rang into his ears. Two quarters came back with him this time, which he handed to the guest, who, putting one in his purse, turned over the other to the hall-boy. This time he was allowed to walk off nearly across the hall, when, as if by an electric shock, he was brought to a standstill, with those terrible words, "Get it changed!" This time two dimes and a nickel were deposited in the hand of the guest, who put the two dimes in his pocket, handed the brush-boy a nickel and walked in to dinner.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Sap-Sucker Shooting.

Several of the smaller American woodpeckers are sap-drinkers; but only one kind, the one of which I am writing, ever pecks holes for the purpose of getting at the sap. He is named by naturalists *Centurus Carolinus*. He is a very cunning bird. One of his habits is to move around the bole of a tree just fast enough to keep nearly hid from you as you walk around trying to get a good look at him. This he will continue to do for a considerable length of time, but finally getting the tree-trunk fairly between you and him he takes to his gay wings and flies in such a line as to keep hidden from your eyes. Usually he says good-bye with a keen squeal as he starts away.

Down in the mountain valleys of Northern Georgia I used to amuse myself with watching the little half-naked negro boys trying to shoot sap-suckers by means of their blow-guns. Such a blow-gun as they had is a straight reed or cane about six feet long, through the whole length of which a smooth bore is made by punching out the joints. The arrow used in this gun is made of a sharp piece of cane-wood not longer or larger than a knitting-needle, with a ball of cotton-lint bound on the end opposite the point. The arrow is blown out of the gun by the breath from the shooter's mouth. It flies with so great force that I have seen a bird killed at a distance of forty yards. Some of the little negro boys were very skillful in using the blow-gun and as sly as cats in creeping up close to a bird before shooting at it. Many people in Northern Georgia have China trees on their lawns. The berries of these trees intoxicate or render drowsy the robins which feed upon them, and then the poor birds are killed very easily by these blow-gun Nimrods; but the sap-sucker never eats berries of any kind, so he keeps sober and gives his persecutors great trouble, nearly always outwitting them, for birds, like people, succeed better by keeping clear of everything intoxicating.

In our Northern States, when the winter is very cold and all the maples and ash and hickory trees are frozen so that their sap will not flow into our bird's pots, he is compelled to depend upon the cedar trees for food, since their resinous sap is not affected by the cold. Often I have seen him pecking away at the gnarled pole of an evergreen when the thermometer's mercury stood ten degrees below zero, and the air was fairly blue with winter's breath. Even in Georgia it is sometimes so cold that he chooses the pine trees, finding between their bark and the underlying wood a sort of diluted turpentine upon which he feeds. While busily engaged pecking his holes on cold, windy days, he is not so watchful as in fine weather. At such times I have seen a little negro "blow-gunner" stick three or four arrows into the soft bark all around the busy bird before it would fly, and have been just as much surprised at the boy as at the bird; because, if it was strange how the bird could be so busy as not to notice an arrow "chucking" into the tree close by him, it was equally strange how that little negro could "stand it" to be out so long in such a cold, raw wind with nothing on but a shirt!—*Maurice Thompson, in St. Nicholas.*

A Clock Which Does Not Need to be Wound.

In September last a new perpetual clock was put up at the Gare du Nord, Brussels, in such a position as to be fully exposed to the influence of wind and weather, and although it has not since been touched it has continued to keep good time ever since. The weight is kept constantly wound up by a fan placed in a chimney. As soon as it approaches the extreme height of its course it actuates a break, which stops the fan; and the greater the tendency of the fan to revolve so much the more strongly does the brake act to prevent it. A simple pawl arrangement prevents a down draught from exerting any effect. There is no necessity for a fire, as the natural draught of the chimney or pipe is sufficient; and if the clock is placed out of doors all that is required is to place it above a pipe, sixteen or twenty feet high. The clock is made to work for twenty-four hours after being wound up, so as to provide for any temporary stoppage; but by the addition of a wheel or two it may be made to go for eight days after cessation of winding. The inventor, M. Auguste Dardenne, a native of Belgium, showed his original model at the Paris exhibition of 1878, but has since considerably improved upon it.

Seventy mills in the South now work up 200,000 tons of cotton seed, making 7,000,000 gallons of oil, worth \$28,000,000.

A Georgia Corn-Shucking.

The farmer who proposes to give a corn-shucking selects a level spot in his lot, conveniently near his crib, rakes away all trash and sweeps the place clean with a brush broom. The corn is then pulled off the stalks, thrown into wagons, hauled to the lot and thrown out on the spot selected, all in one pile. If it has been previously "nored" through the neighborhood that there is to be plenty to eat and drink at the corn-shucking, and if the night is auspicious, there will certainly be a crowd. Soon after dark the negroes begin to come in, and before long the place will be alive with them—men, women and children. After the crowd has gathered and been moderately warmed up, two "gin'r'ls" are chosen from the most famous corn-shuckers on the ground, and these proceed to divide the shuckers into two parties, later comers reporting alternately to one side or the other, so as to keep the forces equally divided. The next step, which is one of great importance, is to divide the corn-pile. This is done by laying a fence-rail across the top of the corn-pile, so that the vertical plane, passing through the rail, will divide the pile into two equal portions. Laying the rail is of great importance, since upon this depends the accuracy of the division; it is accompanied with much argument, not to say wrangling. The position of the rail being determined the two generals mount the corn-pile and the work begins. The necessity for the "gin'r'ls" to occupy the most conspicuous position accessible from which to cheer their followers is one reason why they get up on top of the corn; but there is another equally important, which is to keep the rail from being moved, it being no uncommon thing for one side to change the position of the rail; and thus throw an undue portion of the work upon their adversaries. The position of "gin'r'l" in a corn-shucker differs from that of the soldier in that the former is in greater danger than any of his followers; for the chances are that, should his side seem to be gaining, one of their opponents will knock the leader off the corn-pile and thus cause a momentary panic, which is eagerly taken advantage of. This proceeding, however, is considered fair only in extreme cases, and not unfrequently leads to a general row. If it is possible, imagine a negro man standing up on a pile of corn holding in his hand an ear of corn and shouting the words of a song below, and you will have pictured the "corn gin'r'l." It is a prime requisite that he should be ready in his improvisations and have a good voice, so that he may lead in the corn-song. The corn-song is almost always a song with a chorus, or to use the language of corn-shuckers, the "gin'r'ls give out" and the shuckers "drone." These songs are kept up continuously during the entire time the work is going on, and though extremely simple, yet, when sung with fifty pairs of lusty lungs, there are few things more stirring.—*Century Magazine.*

Bismarck's Album Verses.

Many a mighty man, reluctant to make use of pen and ink, has been overcome by the smiling importunities of fair autograph-hunters, inflexible in their resolve to enrich their collections. If report speak truth, for once in a way a titled lady has this year succeeded in getting one page of her autograph album filled by the silent Moltke and by another great man, who, although not an artist, rarely exchanges his gigantic pencil for a pen. More remarkable still is the fact that Prince Bismarck has commented upon Count Moltke's text, which deals with the contrasts between pretense and genuineness, truth and falsehood, and with the distinction between inner worth and outer show, so admirably summarized in the French proverb, "Mieux vaut etre, que paraître," (Better be than seem.) Count Moltke's contribution to the lady's album:

"Schein vergeht,
Wahrheit besteht,"
may be freely rendered thus:
"Shams soon fade away,
Truth endures for aye."
Underneath this couplet are inscribed the following lines, in Prince Bismarck's handwriting:
"Ich glaube dass in jener Welt
Die Wahrheit stets den Sieg behält;
Doch mit der Länge dieses Lebens
Kampft unser Marshall selbst vergebens."
Of which I subjoin a hasty paraphrase:
"I do believe, forsooth,
That in some distant 'Happy Land'
The spotless virgin, Truth,
May exercise supreme command.
But on our worldly scene,
Where Falshood and Deception reign,
Lies are so strong, that e'en
Our Marshal fights with them in vain."
—*Berlin Letter.*

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Housekeeping.

Among the varied employments now fortunately open to women, none may ever supplant that of housekeeping. And while it is true that there are women to whom no amount of domestic training will ever impart a genius for it, it is equally true that nothing fits a woman with such grace. Thousands have been moved by the dignity of Lucretia Mott as she presided over deliberative bodies met to discuss the cause of the oppressed of universal peace on earth, good-will to man. But the few who were privileged to sit at her teatable have been the more charmed by a hostess who, while remembering the woes of the world, with her own hands wiped the silver and china. It is not too much to say that good housekeeping is a compound of chemistry, cultivated taste, natural, mental and moral philosophy, economy, and that most uncommon article, common sense—seasoned with grace. Then if the true housekeeper feels all this to be inferior to her office as homekeeper, if hers is the spirit that calls into the house—be it stately or be it simple—comfort, trust, ambition, devotion, peace, then not only may the heart of her husband trust in her; so may the hearts of children, servants and guests.—*Chicago Advance.*

A Hungarian Beauty.

The prize offered for the most beautiful woman at the people's festival in Buda Pesth, Hungary, created a national sensation and attracted an immense multitude to witness the competition. Over 150 women presented themselves before the bench of judges. They were inspected one at a time, and each candidate, as soon as judged, was passed on to a waiting-room. When the whole number had been reviewed they were again taken before the judges singly, and finally all were placed together in a line. After critical inspection the ten most beautiful ones were selected and the rest dismissed, and then from this number the two loveliest of all were chosen for the first and second prizes. But this was a work of difficulty, and was not settled to the satisfaction of all. The victor in the tournament was Miss Cornelia Szekely, a maiden of sixteen, the daughter of an official in the imperial household. Her claims to beauty rest upon a charming transparent complexion, melting brown eyes, a small mouth, rich dark-brown hair and a form of youthful grace; but her features are not wholly regular, and the mouth and head are not perfect in shape. Her photograph, taken in a dress that is being made for her by the first dress-maker of Hungary, is to be sent to all the illustrated journals of Europe for publication. This competition is said to have shown the Hungarians that they can boast of every type of female loveliness, and they are taking advantage of the privilege.

Fashion Notes.

Fans rival sunshades in size. Moires retain their popularity. The jacket is the rage this fall. Velvetene is revived for skirts. Soutache embroidery is the rage. Chenille fringes will be much worn. Braided costumes will be much worn. Velvetene are much worn in London. Variety rules in fashions for everything. Feather trimmings are again in vogue. Filicel lace has been introduced into lingerie. Pelerines and shoulder caps remain in vogue. There is a revival of plain stuffs for costumes. Pokes will be more in vogue this fall than ever. Jackets and pelisses are the leading fall wraps. Red prevails in watering-place toilets for the fall. Bonnets are worn tip tilted far over the forehead. Brick-red long-wristed kid gloves are all the rage. Sailor hats are the rage at English watering-places. Mauve and blue are combined in children's dresses. White flannel, cashmere and veiling are the favorite materials for lawn tennis costumes. There is a tendency to increase the size of the sleeve above the elbow and in the armhole. Chenille, satin cord and braids of various widths all play their part in dress trimmings. Entire tabliers of netted chenille appear on imported dresses and among trimming goods. Velvet flowers on woolen grounds

in strong contrasting colors appear among fall goods.

Flower garniture for wedding and ball dresses will be more in demand this winter than last.

A fashionable London journal urges young ladies to lay aside the piano and take up the violin.

White muslin or lace about the neck casts reflected lights on the face, thus clearing the complexion.

Two and three rows of small buttons fastening the front adorn many fall jackets and corsages.

Buckles of all kinds, antique, modern, medieval, metallic and jeweled, will be very fashionable.

Silk jersey cloths come in shades of white for the corsages of bridesmaids' and other white evening dresses.

A massing of color and a gentle passing from one tone to another is more pleasing than violet contrasts.

The richest trimming of the incoming season is velvet bands embroidered in open designs with silk floss.

Darned work plays a conspicuous part in embroidery and darned work and outline stitch usually go together.

Jet and metal buttons come in handsome improved designs that make them suitable for the richest costumes.

Elderly ladies will wear black cashmere costumes trimmed with black laces and brightened with red accessories.

Standing military linen collars, fastened with a gold or jeweled button, are first favorites in plain neck lingerie.

Navy blue and rich reds will be popular colors for fall wear; but brown and rifle green will also be worn.

Coarse straw hats, white and black, trimmed with lace and flowers, are worn for the close of the season in Saratoga.

Boys' sailor suits of blue flannel are trimmed with yellow kid cuffs and belt, and sometimes a kid waistcoat appears.

Patent leather shoes are in fashion for little boys, and foxing of this material is used with cloth tips for little girl's button boots.

Large figure and flower designs sparsely scattered over plain self-colored grounds are the features of fall woollens and silks.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

It costs more to revenge wrongs than to bear them.
Early and provident fear is the mother of safety.
Man cannot live exclusively by intelligence and self-love.
The word "impossible" is the mother-tongue of little souls.
Youth is in danger until it learns to look upon debt as a virtue.
Life, that ever needs forgiveness, has for its first duty, to forgive.
From the lowest depth there is a path to the loftiest height.
The trees that are not most in the sun bear the sweetest fruit.
Every day brings them, and once gone they are gone forever.
It is less painful to learn in youth than to be ignorant in old age.
We should not measure the excellence of our work by the trouble that it has cost us to produce it.
To pretend to have many good friends is a sweet illusion of people who believe that they merit the affection of others.
In youth, grief is a tempest which makes you ill; in old age it is only a cold wind, which adds a wrinkle to your face and one more white lock to the others.
Our affections are like our teeth; they make us suffer while they are coming, after they have come and when we lose them. They are not less the smile of our life.
A Curious Pet.
In respectable native houses in Java a pet is made of a curious little creature called the shooting fish. A small stick is fastened in the reservoir containing the fish, projecting some two feet above the level of the water, and when it is to exhibit a large fly or other insect is lightly fastened on this. The fish swims round the stick once or twice to examine the object; then, rising to the surface, remains for a few seconds motionless, and suddenly ejects a few drops of water at its intended prey, with a noise not unlike that of a squirt, generally bringing the mark down with the first shot. If this fails, however, he repeats his circuit of observation, pauses again apparently to measure his distance, and then discharges at the fly once more. This curious pet is described as seldom reaching ten inches in length, and being of a yellowish color, marked with dark stripes.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

Forgiveness.

It is quite easy to talk sentimentally about the beauty of a forgiving spirit, but who finds themselves able so to forgive one who wrongs them as to do him a favor? An English bishop gave a fine example of this Christian virtue when one of his clergy who had abused him through the newspapers solicited his request. His astonished reviler replied: "My Lord, I must say I very much regret the part I have taken against you. I beg your forgiveness." The bishop promptly forgave his former enemy, who then asked: "But how was it you did not turn your back upon me? I quite expected it." "Why," nobly rejoined the bishop, "you forget that I profess myself a Christian." Has the reader an enemy? Let him also try to melt his enemy in the furnace of kindness.—*Zion's Herald.*

Religious News and Notes.

Chicago has 400 ministers and lay readers.
New York city has sixty Methodist churches.

There are thirty-two Episcopal newspapers in the United States.

The Hon. Jacob Sleeper has been superintendent of a Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school in Boston for fifty-two consecutive years.

There are thirty-nine Roman Catholic churches in Philadelphia, and it is estimated that the Roman Catholic population is about 200,000.

Many people regard religion very much as they regard smallpox. They desire to have it as light as possible, and are very careful that it does not mark them.

The converts to Christianity from among the Dakota Indians are gathered into eleven Presbyterian churches, which together form a presbytery. Several of the pastors are full-blooded Indians.

A large number of the Japanese students sent to America returned to their native country Christians, while not one such case has occurred among those sent to Germany, France and England.

The Episcopal Clergyman's Insurance league in the last thirteen years has paid \$316,000 to the widows and orphans of deceased clergymen, and of this sum \$15,552 was paid during the past year.

During the visit to England of Cetawayo, the captive king of the Zulus, a former missionary in Zululand presented him with a handsome Bible printed in the Zulu language. He was much gratified at the gift.

An English journal says that "Mr. Moody's evangelistic campaign will not be forgotten while Scotland stands." It regards his work in that country as one of the greatest events in the history of Christianity.

During the past two years sixty-five ministers of other denominations have been ordained deacons or advanced to the priesthood in the Protestant Episcopal church. Of these 13 were Congregationalists, 11 Presbyterians, 1 a Lutheran, 2 Second Adventists, 17 Methodists, 12 Baptists, 3 Universalists, 1 a Unitarian, 1 a Reformed Episcopalian, 1 a Moravian and 1 a Hebrew Rabbi.

Training Vicious Horses.

A new and very simple method of training vicious horses was exhibited at West Philadelphia recently, and the manner in which some of the wildest horses were subdued was astonishing. The first trial was that of a kicking, or "bucking," mare, which her owner said had allowed no rider on her back for a period of at least five years. She became tame in about as many minutes, and allowed herself to be ridden about without a sign of her former wildness. The means by which the result was accomplished was a piece of light rope, which was passed around the front of the jaw of the mare just above the upper teeth, crossed in her mouth, thence secured back of her neck. It was claimed that no horse will kick or jump when thus secured, and that a horse, after receiving the treatment a few times, will abandon his vicious ways forever. A very simple method was also shown by which a kicking horse could be shod. It consisted in connecting the animal's head and tail by means of a rope fastened to the tail and then to the bit, and then drawn tightly enough to incline the animal's head to one side. This, it is claimed, makes it absolutely impossible for a horse to kick on the side of the rope. At the same exhibition a horse which for many years had to be bound on the ground to be shod suffered the blacksmith to operate on him without attempting to kick, while secured in the manner described.

Naturalists say that a single swallow will devour 6,000 flies in a day.