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The Empty Schoolroom. Gray dust upon each window-sill,

A broken_cbair; The t raished bell untouched so long-One leaf of a familiar song-Such marks of wear

As hearts with sad remembrance fill. Tired, tired I gaze on these at last. Strangely it seems-The fresh, young faces are all fled-

Some blithe, young hearts among the dead Numbered. In dreams Alone, come visions of the past With something twixt a sob and sigh I s'and to-day

Within this empty, dreary room, As silent as the speechless tomb, And out, away Beyond these walls brown meadows lie.

Brown meadows, where the wild wind sweeps-Chill, ah! so chill;

Just through the cobwebbed window-pa I see the graveyard in the rain, Still sh! so still. Each heart aweary, resting, sleeps.

O room deserted evermore! I love you yet. And sky, that holdeth only gloom, Beyond are skies, of summer bloom Without regret. To shine upon the golden shore.

A LEGHORN HAT.

Nine o'clock of a cloudless summer morning. The basket phaeton stood at the door in the narrow noisy street be-low, but Mr. White had already gone to his office, Annie pleaded headache, and the children had their allotted tasks with the German governess to accomplish. I must either remain within doors during the hot hours of the day or go out alone.

I decided on the latter course. "I am too old to require any chape-ron," I said, with a laugh, and glanced

in the mirror.

There I beheld a not unpleasing image of a little woman attired in gray, with a silvery veil over her plain face, in the act of fitting on a pair of quite infinitesimal gray gloves. I kissed my good Annie and the children, as if bound on a long and perilous voyage, and departed

a long and perilous voyage, and departed in the basket phaeton.

What a new world was that all about me! It was the city of Leghorn, with its tall houses, rendered dingy by sea damp, and wide white squares, the atmosphere redolent of tar, the quays thronged with shipping, the clumsy funnels of Oriental steamships relieved by the lighter tracery of interlacing masts against the sky. I like ships; in their boundless suggestiveness they resemble wishes, hopes, ever coming and going on some fresh errand.

some fresh errand.

The phaeton rattled through the main thoroughfare, once Via Grande, and now rebaptized, after the manner of all Italian cities, in the name of Victor Emanuel. I noticed with the interest of a stranger groups of bronzed sailors; the untidy Leghern woman with trailing gown, and flapping handkerchief tied over her frowzy head; the brilliant uni form of an occasional officer strolling

languidly to his cafe. Then the Sea Gate was reached, and beyond stretched the white road which threads its way beside the Mediterranear to the beautiful suburb of the Ardenza The sea breeze wafted to me delicious coolness; the hedges of evergreens and olcanders in masses of rose bloom mingled rich odors; the stunted trees drooped their feathery foliage laden with gray dust. I gazed out over the sea, which sparkled like a sapphire, with the light houses so bright at night, now pallid in the morning which no longer had need of them, and the sails glistening with an exquisite silvery whiteness on the horizon. I glanced down the white road as it curved along the strand, bordered by its feathery trees and oleanders, its gardens, hotels and villas stretching to the Maremma, and the coast I might

never explore. "This is the most beautiful shore in the world, and the old Romans knew it, I soliloquized; and just then the phaetor

My destination was the bath. Again the charm of novelty delighted me, for it was my first summer with Annie's household. Bathing at Livorno is made a pastime, a recreation, instead of a serious business. I walked out on a pier which terminated in a round space shielded by a tent from the sun's rays, and thence the smiling old bath woman, in a flapping straw hat, conducted me down a passage, bordered on either side by little tents with green doors, to my destination. Once consigned to the baracca, I was free to remain in the tiny house, with its roof of matting and walls of striped canvas, where the water rippled in of a transparently green hue, or to part the curtains and issue forth boldly as a swimmer. I decided to remain secluded in my crystal bath, as I was alone, like a mermaid in a cave.

I was startled by the curtains being separated from without, and the appearance of a man's head, with long sandy beard. The head advanced with such evident intention of a tall body's following that I uttered a faint scream of alarm, when the intruder retreated hastily with a muttered "Beg pardon.

I received the apology with such dig-nity as is possible to a very small lady in a flannel bathing suit, hanging to a rope to avoid drowning in deep water, and with her head done up in an oil-skin

"Some stupid Englishman !" I said, pettishly.

The hour was too early for many occu-

pants of the large tent, and when I emerged from my bath I drew a chair near the railing to again gaze out over the beautiful Mediterranean. An American man-of-war had entered the port the previous day. I endeavored to descry her, with the old pain at my heart. My brother Harry, young, brave, good, des-tined to become a great man, as I be-lieved, had died of fever on board ship off Callao five years ago, smitten down without power to send me a message, although, thus stricken, I was left alone. les, all alone ! I shivered in the bright Italian morning, while my eyes searched wistfully for the man-of-war. Since then every frigate had become to me Harry's ship, and every officer in uniform assuredly must be my dead brother's friend.

cld house at home, wandering from room to room in a ghostly fashion, with the portraits of father and mother in the shadow of the best parlor, and Harry's dog following me with dumb intelligence to thrust his nose into my hand; five years of mourning, of silence, that left me a plain little old maid, my hair turned gray! Then Annie, happy wife and gray! Then Annie, happy wife and mother, school-mate and friend of many mother, school-mate and friend of many years, had written to me a long letter from her home at Leghorn, where her husband was engaged in business, urging me to come abroad. I saw my future clearly enough. In this genial household I should be companion, friend, old-maid aunt to the children. I sighed.

Just then the merchant whose wares were displayed in one corner of the tent—tortoise-shell, coral, and sienna-wood trinkets—begged me to take a chance in his lottery. I took the box, and turned out the dice on the board, having paid out the dice on the board, having paid a franc. The merchant counted up the numbers, and found the corresponding one in his stock of prizes represented by a set of coral, resembling sticks of red sealing-wax. Somebody approached and watched the drawing. I recognized the long sandy beard of the intruder of my bath, but gave a little jump when I further discovered that he wore the uniform of an American naval officer. The merchant immediately pounced on him. form of an American naval officer. The merchant immediately pounced on him. Almost unconsciously the stranger of the sandy beard appealed to me in English for explanation, as he did not understand Italian. The next moment he held in his hand a very pretty shell comb for a lady's hair as a prize.

"Madam, do you think this would please—a woman?" he enquired scrutinizing it

izing it.

"Undoubtedly," I replied, camly. I had taken him under my protection as one of Harry's friends.

His face flushed, and a quizzical smile. lighted up his keen eyes. "I mean a lady—home—in America. You are an American?"

"Yes," I said, at my ease; for he was not thinking of me at all. I was even half tempted to ask him if he had known my poor Harry.
"Thank you," he said, with sudden stiffness, and raising his cap, walked

away.

Another hour passed swiftly while I gazed out over the sea from the tent; then the heat of the sun warned me to return. En route I remembered a trifling commission at the milliner's. Entering the shop, the first object presented to my notice was the tall officer with the sandy beard, beset by two clerks, and surrounded by piles of leghorn hats. The poor man's aspect was most bewildered and helpless in that sea of straw. I executed my commission quietly, and was about to leave, when he accosted

"Would you have the kindness to give me your advice?" he said. "I wish to make a present of a Leghorn hat to a erica, and it must be of the lady in An

best quality."
Thus appealed to, I sifted out the at straw for his in horn hats are all made in the Florence manufactories, you know," I said.

He made no response; he was staring at my hands with a very peculiar expression. I blushed slightly, and hid them in the crown of the Leghorn hat. They were very small and well shaped; I had trouble with my gloves usually, wearing a child's size. Brother Harry used to admire their tiny proportions, and ac-cuse me of vanity in the possession of such extremities. Here was this tall officer in a foreign city actually pausing in the midst of buying a gift for an un-known lady—probably his flancee—to stare at my little hands in evident astonishment. I was more vexed than flat-tered. What right had he to gaze at me so fixedly, after having claimed my assistance? What would Annie think

of my adventure? I recalled him somewhat primly to a sense of duty, I suppose, for he pro-ceeded to pay for the hat, after I had warned the shop people not to charge him more than double the usual price. He thanked me in subdued accents, and even hinted that as the ship was to be in port some weeks, he hoped any residents would come on board. I relented sufficiently to inquire how he proposed sending the Leghorn hat, and learned that it was to be entrusted to the captain of a brig, bound for New York.

Perhaps I had best address the box here," he said, again consulting me with

"Yes," I assented, gaining firmness and decision of tone from his very irresolution. The clerk brought him an immense inkstand with a very rusty and gritty

pen attached. My companion dipped the pen into the ink and stirred it thoughtfully, as if it had been soup.
"I hope she will like it," said the extraordinary man, consulting me again, with a most sheepish expression of coun-tenance. "Perhaps she owns ever so many Leghorn hats already," in sudden

"No, no," I returned, soothingly.
I pictured to myself this lady whom e was so anxious to please. How proud she would be of the exquisite Etruscan straw which she would wear to church! How envious would be her neighbors! "There, will that answer?" he held

before me the written address.
I gasped as I read: "Miss Helen Westmore, Berryville, Vermont."
My own name was Helen Westmore, and Berryville had been my home! The Leghorn hat which I had selected with

so much care was evidently intended for myself.
"You can not be Dr. Easton, who took care of my poor Harry, and wrote me the letters about him?" I cried, between sobbing and laughter. "I am

his sister." "He told me his sister had the smallest hands in the world," he replied with

excitement. After that there were dinners at Annie's, moonlight drives along the shore, entertainments on the man-of-war, with ample leisure for explanations and confidences. The surgeon who had taken care of Harry had been his intimate friend during long voyages, and had retained the image of the sister at home all these years. In retiring on half pay he had been tempted to seek

Had I not assisted at the purchase of Canada is doing an immense business my own hat, he would never have found in shipping lobsters to England.

Five years of winter and summer in the old house at home, wandering from room to room in a ghostly fashion, with the portraits of father and mother in the shadow of the best parlor, and Harry's dog following me with dumb intelligence to there the possible parlor, and the properties of the properties

A box stands on the high shelf in the old home. It contains an untrimmed Leghorn hat.—Harper's Weekly.

Fencing in Japan.

A famous company of professional fencers were performing at Yokohama while I was there, and we went to see them along with several English residents, who had been many years in the country, but had never witnessed a similar exhibition. The gladiators were encased in armor, and were distinguished from each other by the color of their cuirasses. Their appearance was hercuirasses. Their appearance was her-alded by the blast of a conch shell, and all their proceedings were superintended by a handsome young man, attired and shaven in the most orthodox style. Wielding his fan like a marshal's truncheon, he set the combatants upon each other, and separated them with loud ejsculations. At each corner of the arens sat a judge, with all the dignity of a Roman Senator, motionless and silent, until referred to upon a doubtful point of order. Cuts are interchanged so rapidly that it is often hard to say who had dealt the successful stroke. The weapons are long bamboos held in both hands like quarter-staffs, and any sort of blow above the waist is permissible, but the favorite is a good crack on the top of the helmet. Occasionally the combatants get too near together for striking, and the struggle becomes literally hand to hand until they are separated; notwithstanding their savage yells and fierce blows, they preserve the perfect good humor characteristic of their race. By way of variety there was a fight between the sword and the "morning star," a sphere fastened by a cord to a spiked handle. Although the latter appeared to be the until referred to upon a doubtful point Although the latter appeared to be the inferior weapon, its bearer did not come badly off, as he played the part of a retiarius with the ball and string, and retiarius with the ball and string, and when at close quarters brought his sharp hook into active operation. Then two girls, elaborately attired in the wide sleeves and trousers of Japanese knights, attended by female squires to arm and equip them, took their places on opposite sides of the lists, and went through the motions of a fight one having a the motions of a fight, one having a halberd and the other a couple of swords, Finally, another amazon had a duel with a male antagonist, and completely overthrew him; but this was a mere burlesque, as he evidently tumbled over on purpose, and behaved like the clown in a pantomime, whereas an air of stern reality pervaded the other mimic battles, It is remarkable that the Japanese are

able to derive keen enjoyment from performances which involve no peril to life or limb, and if their public spectacles differ in this respect from those of the Roman amphitheatre, they may also compare favorably with many which find favor in the eyes of the which find layor in the eyes of the British public. Various games of skill, including the "Go bang," are popular, but the passion for gambling and cock fighting, so strongly developed in most parts of Eastern Asia, is not conspicu-

ous in Japan, where animals in general may be said to have a good time.—The Fortnightly Review.

Vampire Bats.

South America also has its large bats, of one of which everybody has heardthe vampire. Much nonsense has been written about it, but there was some oundation for the stories of its sucking the blood of men and animals until i killed them. In the interior of South America nearly everybody sleeps in a hammock either out-of-doors or with the windows open, and the weather is so warm that little covering is used. The vampire comes in on silent wings, and finding a toe exposed, gently pricks it with his sharp tooth, and draws the blood until he can swallow no more. The sleeper rarely is awakened, and does not know his loss until morning. He may then feel weak from the flow of blood, but we are not aware that a man was ever known to die from this cause. Horses are very greatly troubled by them also. Mr. Charles Watterton, an enthusiastic naturalist now dead, who spent several years in New Guiana, has told us much about this ugly bat, but could never induce one to taste of his toe, although he would have been very glad to be able to say that he had been operated upon. For eleven months he lept alone in the loft of a deserted woodentter's hut in the deep forest. There the vampires came and went as they He saw them come in the wished. moonlight on stealthy wings, and pick the ripe bananas; lay in his hammock and watched them bring almost to his bedside the green wild fruit of the wild guava; floating down the river on other moonlight nights was struck by the falling blossoms of the lawarri-nut tree, which the vampires pulled from the branches to get at the tender seed-vessel, or the insects that lurk in the deep corolla. He lay night after night with his bare foot exposed, but could never get them to lance it, although his friends and companions were all bled by this nocturnal surgeon; and except that he once caught one fastened to the shoulder of one of his animals, he came away no wiser than when he went of how the

vampire does his horrid work. The vampires measure about twenty six inches across the wings; frequent old houses and hollow trees, and repose in clusters, head downwards, from the branches of forest trees.

A SHOWER OF PINE BARK .- The Ral A Shower of Pine Bark.—The Raleigh (N. C.) News of a late issue says:
"We are informed by eye-witnesses of the occurrence, that on Tuesday last, in the afternoon, about two o'clock a great quantity of pieces of pine bark fell in and around a yard in this city. The fragments of bark appeared to have been violently torn from the trees. Many of them were of the size of one's hand. The pieces of falling bark might be seen at a great height in the air—as much as 200 or 300 feet. The puzzled viewers of this curious shower could give no explanation of the cause of the occurplanation of the cause of the occur-

Technical Terms Used by Poultry Breeders.
There are very many persons who are familiar with poultry, their general appearance, and common habits, and yet wholly unacquainted with the recently introduced terms as applied to fowls; words the meaning of which, thus used, is Greek even to those well informed on general subjects. For the benefit of those who may desire to obtain the knowledge, I subjoin a glossary of technical terms, derived from the best authorities:

nical terms, derived from the best authorities:

Beard—A bunch of feathers under the throat of some breeds of chickens, such as Houdans or Polish. There are many phrases, such as breed, brood, brooding, carriage, etc., that even the least unlearned will understand. We often hear of a "litter of chickens," or similar expressions. Litter, as applied to poultry, is inelegant and in bad taste. We hear of a litter of pigs, a litter of kittens, etc., but a litter of chicks is entirely out of keeping. Carunculated—Covered with small fleshy protuberances, as on the head and neck of a turkey cock. Chick—A newly-hatched fowl. Chicken—This word applies indefinitely to any age under one year old. Clutch—This term is applied both to the batch of eggs sat upon by a fowl, and to the brood of chickens hatched therefrom.

Cockerel—A young cock. A cockerel

chickens hatched therefrom.

Cockerel—A young cock. A cockerel does not truly become a cock until eighteen months of age, although he is generally thus termed at the age of one year. Not until a year and a half old does he get his final moult, and attain to the full glory of plumage and size. Cockerels have many deficiencies that disappear when they emerge into full-grown, full-plumed cocks. Then they may become exhibition birds, with some trimming, and yet be poor birds to breed from. It does not always follow that a bird is suitable for breeding purposes simply because he or she has won a prize. Many imperfections that presented themselves in the chicken may grow out, but the offspring of such birds generally repeats the discrepancy. Imperfect plumage may grow out or be plucked, and other points be concealed by a covering of flesh. Exhibition birds do not aiways become so without birds do not aiways become so without

birds do not aiways become so without aid. Nature is often assisted by art in this respect as well as others.

Comb—The fleshy protuberance growing on the top of the fowl's head. Condition—The state of the fowl as regards health and beauty of plumage. Crest—A crown or tuft of festhers on the head; of the same significance as top-knot. Crop—The receptage in which the fowl's food is stored before passing into the gizzard for digestion. Cushion—The mass of feathers over a hen, covering the tail—chiefly developed in Cochins. Dubbing—Cutting off the comb, wattles and ear lobes, so as to leave the head smooth and clean. Ear lobes—The folds of bare skin hanging just below the ears, by many called deaf ears. They vary in color, being red, white, blue, and cream colored. Face—The bare skin around the eye. Flights—The primary feathers he eye. Flights—The primary feathers of the wings used in flying, but tucked under the wings out of sight when at rest. Fluff—Soft, downy feathers about he thighs, chiefly developed in Asiat-

Furnished-When a cockerel has ob tained his full tail, comb, hackles, etc., he is said to be furnished. Gills—This term is often applied to the wattles. Hackles-The peculiar, narrow, long feathers on the necks of fowls. Henny or Hen Feathers-Resembling a hen, from the bsence of hackles and sickle feathers, and in plumage generally. Hock—The joint between the thigh and shank. Keel -A word sometimes used to denote the breast bone. Leg-In a living fowl, this is the scaly part, usually denominated the shank. In a dressed bird, the term refers to the joint above. Leg Feathers -Feathers growing on the outer sides

of the shanks in many of the Asiatics. Mossy-Confused or indistinct marking in the plumage. Pea Comb-A triple comb resembling three small combs in one, the middle being the highest. Pencilling—Small markings or stripes over a feather. These may run straight across, as in the Hamburgs, or in a crescent form, as in Partridge Cochins. Poult-A young turkey. Primaries-The flight feathers of the wings, hidden when the wing is closed, being tucked under the visible wing, which is composed of the "sec-ondary" feathers. Usually the primaries contain the deepest color belonging to the fowl, except the tail, and great importance is attached to their color by breeders. A cockerel or a pullet of som breeds should never show a white quill, or a white shaft to a quill, to become perfect breeding birds. - C.B., in Coun try Gentleman.

SPICED SWEET POTATOES .- Boil one dozen small potatoes till they are done, but not too soft: peel and slice them and sprinkle over them a teacupful of sugar and a tablespoonful of ground alspice. Now put into a frying pan a ablespoonful of lard, and as soon as it is hot, lay in the potatoes and fry them.

When the potatoes are taken up, put a little water, sugar and spice in the pan and make a gravy to pour over the po-tatoes. You will find this dish generally liked. BEEF Sour.—Take four pounds of fresh beef, or what is better and more economical, a nice beef shank or "soup oone"; put it into four or five quarts of water; salt it and let it boil slowly five

of potatoes, carrots, onions and celery, cut in small pieces, ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING.—Take measure each of sugar, flour, finely chopped suet, mixed raisins, currantt and citron; stir well together and wet is with new milk just enough to "stick it well together. Season it with cinna-mon, rutmeg and cloves, and don't for-get a teaspoonful of salt; tie in a welland will keep for several weeks in win-

Egg Toasr.-Beat four eggs, yelks

The following vivid pen-picture is from "The Old Roman World," by John Ford: If anything more were wanted to give us an idea of Roman magnificence, we would turn our eyes from public monuments, demoralizing games and grand processions; we would forget the statues in brass and marble which out-numbered the living inhabitants, so numerous that one hundred thousand have been recovered and still embellish Italy, and would descend into the lower sphere of material life—to those things which attest luxury and taste—to ornaments, dresses, sumptuous living and rich furniture. The art of working metals and cutting precious stones surpassed anything known at the present day. In the decoration of houses, in social entertainments, in crockery, the Romans were remarkable. The mosaics, signet rings, carriers bronzes, signet rings, carriers bronzes. signet rings, cameos, bracelets, bronzes, chains, vases, conches, banqueting tables, chariots, colored glass, gilding, mirrors, mattresses, cosmetics, perfumes, hair dyes, silk robes, potteries, all attest great elegance and beauty. The tables of thuga root and Delian bronze were as expensive as the gidaboards of were as expensive as the sideboards of Spanish walnut, so much admired in re-cent great exhibitions. Wood and ivory were carved as exquisitely as in Japan and Chins. Mirrors were made of pol-ished silver. Glass cutters could imi-tate the colors of precious stones so well that the Portland vase from the tomb of Alexander Severus was long considered a geuine sardonyx. Brass could be hardened so as to cut stone. The palace of Nero glittered with gold and jewels. His beds were of silver and his tables of gold. Tiberius gave a million of sesterces for a picture for his bedroom. A banquet dish of Drusillus weighted five hundred pounds of silver. The cups of Drusus were of gold. Tun-ics were embroidered with the figures of various animals. Sandals were garnished with precious stones. Paulina wore jewels, when she paid visits, valued at \$800,000. Drinking cups were engraved with scenes from the poets. Libraries were adorned with busts and presses of rare woods. Sofas were in-laid with tortoise shell and covered with gorgeous purple. The Roman grandees rode in gilded chariots, bathed in marble baths, dined from crystal cups, slept on beds of down, reclined on luxurious couches, wore embroidered robes and were adorned with precious stones. They ransacked the earth and the seas for rare dishes for their banquets, and ornamented their houses with carpets from Babylon, onyx cups from Bythinia, marble from Numidia, bronzes from Corinth, statues from Athens—whatever, in short, was precious or rare or curious in the most distant countries. The lux-uries of the bath almost exceed belief, and on the walls were magnificent freseces and painting, exhibiting an inexhaustible productiveness in landscape and mythological scenes, executed in lively colors.

But these were not all. The most amazing wealth and the loftiest taste went hand in hand. There were "citizen nobles who owned whole provinces; even Paula could call a whole city her own. Rich senators, in some cases, were proprietors of 200,000 slaves. Their incomes were known to be \$5,000 per day when gold and silver were worth four times as much as they are now.

Turkish Love of Water. A Turk thinks he can do nothing so grateful to God and man as the setting up of a fountain by the roadside or in the streets of the city, where the wayfaver and his animals may appease their thirst and bless the name of him who provided for their wants. Often in my travels, says a correspondent, I have halted beneath the shade of a wide spreading plane tree to slake my thirst at the limpid waters of a marble fountain, and to repose from the noonday heat. There is always some edifying distich from the Koran, that "Water is the gift of God, and blessed is he who distributes it," or that "Water is the source of health and life," etc. There is a practical piety in these monuments of charity that speaks well for the benevolent disposition of the Mussulman. The Turks are great consumers of water, and they are good judges of its quality and nice in what they use. The favorite water, that is sold at a para a glass in the streets, is from Asia; either from Tchamildja, on the mountain about Scutari, or from Karakoulak, some ten miles up the Bosphorus, several miles inward from Beleos. This is brought to the landing in barrels, on horses' backs, put in barges, and in this way carried to Constantinople before daylight. Notwithstanding the length of the journey, it is as clear as crystal. The venders cry it as, "Bowz guibi"—as good as ice. A pasha will drain two goblets at a swallow. As water is said to have fattening properties, the large draughts they take of it may be the cause, in part, of the obesity to which both sexes of the Turks are subject.

Something About Heads.

The Scientific American is authority for what follows: Complete roundness is most nearly attained by a skull from Tartary, of which 97.7 is the index of breadth. With this Huxley contrasts a head from New Zealand of 62.9 as the or six hours; skim well; half an hour before you wish to take it up put in a cup partly full of rice, a small quantity narrowest of all known skulls. Bernard Davis has obtained, however, a so called Celtic skull which has an index of fiftyeight, so that these indices for extremes fluctuate between fifty-eight and ninetyeight, but the average is only between sixty-seven and about eighty-five. King Kalakana seems to have a head curious ly protuberant along the entire left side and in marked contrast with that of Mr. Manton Marble, whose conform shows protuberance on the rear, and almost indentation forward on the same side. It four or five hours; serve with lemon liquid sauce. This pudding is just as good steamed over as when first boiled, ery example here given—and the same holds true in the great majority of all in-stances—the left side is most protuber-ant. It may be surmised between this circumstance and the fact pointed out by Brown-Sequard, that the left lobe of

The Russian Knout.

There is probably no more terrible instrument of punishment, or it may perhaps be more properly called torture, than the knout in the hands of a Russian or counting. sian executioner. To give our readers some idea of its form, the mode of administering it, and its horrible effects, we quote the following from a recently published work, entitled "The Knout and the Russians:" "Conceive, reader, a robust man, full of life and health. This man is condemned to receive fifty or a hundred blows of the knout. He is conducted, half naked, to the place chosen for this kind of execution. that he has on is a pair of simple linen drawers round his extremities. His hands are bound together, with the palms laid flat against one another, and the cords are breaking his wrists; but no one pays the slightest attention to that. He is laid flat upon his stomach, on a frame inclined diagonally, and at the extremities of which are fixed iron rings; his hands are fastened to one end of the frame, and his feet to the other; he is then stretched in such a manner that he cannot make a single movement, ust as an eel's skin is stretched in order to dry. This act of stretching the vic-tim causes his bones to crack, and dis-locates them—but does that matter? At the distance of five-and-twenty paces stands another man; it is the public executioner. He is dressed in lack velvet trousers, stuffed into his boots, and a colored shirt buttoning at the side. His sleeves are tucked up, so that noth; ing may thwart or embarrass him in his movements. With both hands he grasps the instrument of punishment—a knout. This knout consists of a thong of thick eather, cut in a triangular form, from four to five yards long, and an inch wide, tapering off at one end, and broad at the other; the small end of which is fastened to a little wooden handle, about two feet long. The signal is given; no one ever takes the trouble to read the sentence. The executioner advances a few steps, with his body bent, holding the knout in both hands, while the long thong drags along the ground between his legs. On coming to about three or four paces from the prisoner, he raises, by a vigorous movement, the knout towards the top of his head, and then instantly draws it down with rapidity towards his knees. The thong flies and vhistles through the air, and descending on the body of the victim, twines round it like a hoop of iron. In spite of his state of tension, the poor wretch bounds as if he were submitted to the powerful grasp of galvanism. The executioner retraces his steps, and repeats the same operation as many times as there are blows to be inflicted. Where the thongs envelopes the body with its edges, the flesh and muscles are literally cut into stripes, as if with a razor; but when it falls flat, then the bones crack. The flesh, in that case, is not cut, but crush-ed and ground, and the blood spurts out in all directions. The sufferer be-comes green and blue, like a body in a state of decomposition. He is removed to the hospital, where every care is taken

where he disappears for ever in the bowels of the earth." Chinamen's Bones.

of him, and is afterward sent to Siberia,

According to a San Francisco correspondent, whenever a Chinaman is sick and beyond recovery, he is placed in some out-of-the-way place and left to die. None of his countrymen ever go near him, and he is left to "paddle his own canoe" across the Styx in his exit from this mundane sphere. When the deceased is buried, however, offerings will be made at the grave, and in time his bones will be sent back to China, in accordance with the contract made with the six companies which brought him here or from subscriptions by Chinese merchants. Every year there are tons of bones of defunct Chinamen sent to China to be buried. The business of exhuming and packing these bones is an extensive one, and, very naturally, it is pursued by Mongols. Many of these bones are polished. When disinterments are in progress the graveyards of the Chinese present the appearance of a Golgotha. Very small wooden coffins are used, just large enough to contain the bones of the deceased. It is proposed to impose a tax of ten dollars on every dead body disinterred, and to require the bones to be placed in a metallic case, the price of which is some fifty dollars. The object of which is to prevent spread of infectious diseases by careless exhuming.

The Scrap-Book.

Every one who takes a newspaper which he in the least degree appreciates will often regret to see any one number which contains some interesting and im-portant articles thrown aside for waste paper. A good way to preserve these is by the use of a scrap-book. One who has never been accustomed thus to pre-serve short articles can hardly reslize the pleasure it affords to sit down and turn over the pleasant, familiar pages. Here a piece of poetry meets the eye, which you would long since have lost had it not been for your scrap-book; there is a witty anecdote-it does you good to laugh over it yet, although it may be for the twentieth time; next is a valuable recipe you had almost forgotten, and which you found just in time to save much perplexity; there is a sweet little story, the memory of which has cheered and encouraged you when almost ready to despair under the pressure of life's cares. Indeed, you can hardly take up a single paper without reperusing. Then hoard with care the precious gems, and see at the end of the year what a rich treasure you will have accumulated.

An Extraordinary Tumor.

An inquest has been held at Consett says an English paper, on a woman named Wake, whose death was caused by a tumor of extraordinary dimensions, It had been growing for four years, but the woman refused to have it removed. She was attended by a "herbalist," who foolishly by giving her medicine en-deavored to burst it. Dr. Benton was called, and said that the tumor was three and a half feet high, and contained forty imperial quarts of semi-solid fluid. The coroner said that the herbalist had and whites together thoroughly; put the brain comes into greater use, in its two tablespoonfuls of butter into a sance pan and melt slowly; then pour in the open and melt slowly; then pour in the eggs and heat without boiling over a left side.

The coroner said that the herbalist had acted with gross ignorance, but he was not criminally responsible for the woman's death. Items of Interest.

Members of the ton-coal dealers. Never tell a weather-cock to pull down

Hugo has fought seven duels and has ome off Victor every time.

Crabbing is the favorite fun with ceaux and belles at Fernandina. The other day a deaf mute was given hearing by a police magistrate.

A St. Louis child weighed one hundred pounds when thirteen months old.

The Yonkers Gazette says there is one consolation, very few snow banks failed

The people of England are not allowed oraise tobacco. It is strictly prohibited by law.

Let ers were invented in Phynicis, and you cannot Phynicis education without them .- Cin. Sat. Night.

The proverb, "out of sight out of aind," is no where more applicable than in the case of an advertisement. R. H. Babcock, a blind man, has been

made a doctor of medicine at Chicago. He graduated with high honors.

"Everybody," says an exchange, "likes radishes in Japan." It's a mistake. We don't for one. We like ours

The world can maintain sixty thousand millions of people. It has never had more than two per cent, of that number iving at any one time on its surface.

The value of fruit crops in the United States is estimated by the government statistician at \$140,000,000 annually, or

about half the value of the wheat crop. There are about one million operators engaged in the iron industries of the United States. The entire value of manufactured iron for one year is \$900,-000,000.

Under the new army regulations every Prussian soldier has to carry in his left trousers pocket the plaster, lint and bandage necessary for a first dressing of a wound, so that in an emergency each can help himself or a comrade. The most expensive railway car in the

world cost \$35,000, was completed last autumn by the Pullman Company, and has since been used in various parts of the country by tourists able to pay for its luxuries. It is a French flat in miniature, What is the difference between a

tenant and the son of a widow? The tenant has to pay rents; the son of a widow has not two pa-rents.

The noblest lesson taught by life
To every great, heroic soul
Who seeks to conquer in the strife,
Is self-control.

There is a very curious race of sheep living upon an island in Englishman's Bay, coast of Maine. They are nearly as wild as deer, living almost entirely upon sea-weed in the winter, also devouring the small branches and shrubs

that grow upon the island. We see it stated in a scientific journal that every adult man has fourteen hundred square feet of lungs. That may be about the right figure, but we can name people who would walk a mile to find a chance to bet that the man who sells fish in the suburbs has more than two thousand .- Cincinnati Breakfast

Two young farmers desired the exclusive privilege of dancing with the same girl at Mount Vernon, Ill. There was a quarrel, ending in an agreement to settle the question with a fight. The com-batants and a few friends went to a barn; but before beginning the fight one demanded that the other be searched, to see if he had any weapon. The search was not thorough, for the searched man drew a knife, on finding that he was being whipped, and inflicted a mortal

WHY HE DID IT. He stood on his head in a crowded street, At a place where the knights of the paste-brush

meet, And attracted a mob around him : A riddle he couldn't well solve on his feet Stared him full in the face, and so not to be

It was thus on his head I found him. The cause was as plain as the rose on your face. Though perhaps you'd have thought it a lunacy And declined any further to heed it ;

But the fact was a sticker of bills in a hurry Had posted a bill upside down in his flurry, So he stood on his head to read it. Some stupendous figures are furnished by the recent census of the British Empire. Its total population is 234,-750,000, or nearly double that of the Roman Empire in its palmiest days, while its territory, 7,750,000 square miles, is almost five times as great. A sixth of the queen's subjects are Christians, a little more than a tenth Mohammedans, over two-fifths Hindoos and a fourth heathens of various sects. The titled property holders of Great Britain

number 186,000. "Hold the Fort" may be a grand song, but is not appropriate for all occasions. At least so some people thought when a worthy descon, on some anni-versary occasion, formed his Sunday school in line and marched them along the aisies himself in front, and all vigorously singing "Hold the Fort." consternation which seized all parties at the second-

"See the mighty host advancing, Satan leading on—" can be better imagined than described.

Wait. Wait, husband, before you wonder audibly why your wife don't get along with the household responsibilities "as your mother did." She is doing her est-and no woman can endure, est, to be slighted. Remember the long, weary nights she sat up with the little babe that died; remember the love and care she bestowed upon you when you had that long fit of illness. Do you think she is made of cast iron? Waitwait in silence and forbearance, and the light will come back to her eyes-the old light of the old days.

Wait, wife, before you speak reproachfully to your husband when he comes home late, and weary and "out of sorts."

He has worked hard for you all day perhaps far into the night; he has wres-tied, hand in hand, with care and sel-fishness, and greed, and all the demons that follow in the train of money making. Let home be another atmosphere entirely. Let him feel that there is no other place in the world where he can find peace, and quiet, and perfect love,