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BALTO. FREE LIBRARY

BY THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI.

The king of rivers has a dolorous shore,
A dreadful dominion of cypress trees,
A gray bird rising forevermore,
And drifting away toward the Mexican seas;—
A lone bird seeking for some lost mate,
So dolorous, lorn and desolate.

The shores are gray as the sands are gray;
And gray are the trees in their cloaks of moss;—
That gray bird rising and drifting away
Slow dragging its weary long legs across—
So weary, just over the gray wood's brink;
It wearies one, body and soul, to think.

These vast gray levels of cypress wood,
The gray soldiers' grave; and so, God's will—
These cypress trees' roots are still running blood;
The smoke of battle in their mosses still—
That gray bird wearily drifting away
Was startled some long-since battle day.

—*Joaquin Miller, in the Current.*

THE LUCKY SHOT.

"Very wet day, sir," said the cheery host of the "Traveler's Rest," as he assisted me to take off my heavy riding coat.

"Very wet, indeed," I replied. "I've had my share of it during my thirty miles ride to-day."

Mine host conducted me to a room with a cheery fire burning in the grate, and having been served with a good hot supper, I began to feel more comfortable. I drew my chair up to the fire, encased my feet in a pair of easy slippers and filled my pipe preparatory to a quiet smoke, when I was disturbed by the entrance of my host.

"Won't you join the company in the next room, sir? We have a social club held here twice a week, and perhaps they may amuse you during the evening."

"With pleasure," I replied. So, taking my pipe I followed my landlord into the large room, which was almost filled with a numerous company. At the moment of my entrance they were listening with evident satisfaction to a story told by one of their number. My host briefly introduced me, and I took a chair close to the story-teller, and prepared to enjoy my smoke.

"Now, Mr. White, you must begin your story again, in honor of the gentleman. So Mr. White recommenced.

"You must know, gentlemen," he began, "that the scene of my tale lies in Australia, just about the time of the gold fever there."

The tones of the speaker's voice seemed familiar to me, and I gave him a searching look. What did I see? The lobe of his left ear was missing. I half started from my seat, upsetting a glass at my elbow, and startling the company generally.

"I beg pardon, gentlemen; a sudden spasm—that is all!" I stammered out.

"It is the same man," I soliloquized.

I was supplied with a fresh glass, and Mr. White resumed:

"Well, I was only a young fellow at the time, and got bitten by the gold fever like many other people beside. Every paper contained dazzling accounts of the riches to be found in that far-off land, so at last I made up my mind to go and try my luck. When I told Mary, she cried, and tried to dissuade me, but it was of no use; I was determined; and soon after left home for London, where I entered my name on the books as a steerage passenger on board the clipper-built liner, Australasia."

"Mary was his sweetheart," interrupted my left-hand neighbor.

"I well remember the day we sailed. The scene at the docks was very affecting. Husbands were parting from wives, brothers from sisters, fathers from children, young fellows from their sweethearts, and I was not sorry when the tug towed us out to sea. We were a motley company. There were representatives of all classes—laborers, mechanics, broken down lawyers, students, clerks, and a sprinkling, too, of the hangers-an about town, and even a couple of Methodist ministers. All were going to try their fortunes in the New Eldorado. We had had very good weather during our voyage, and I suffered but little from sea-sickness. I made many acquaintances, but there was one man I took an aversion to. He was called Wapping Bill. He was a tall, broad shouldered fellow with a great shock of red hair and a close cropped beard; a pair of small ferret-like eyes that seemed to vanish beneath his shaggy eyebrows when any one addressed him, and an expression that showed him to be the reverse of a quiet and respectable man.

"In due time we arrived at Melbourne. It was then a mere collection of wooden houses and hastily thrown-up shanties, and was peopled by representatives from nearly all civilized nations on the face of the earth. Twenty of us formed a party, bought some tools, and proceeded to the diggings on foot. Arriving there, we bought claims, and set to work to unearth the long-talked of gold. My chum was a steady-going young fellow, called Sandy—a Scotchman. We dug a shaft, hauled up the gold-bearing earth, and washed it in a large box with plates full of holes. The water washed away the earth, leaving the gold in the form of nuggets and dust on the plates. For a week or so we found little or nothing, and my golden dreams began to wane. Then one morning Sandy gave a shout of joy, and hastily ascending the shaft, I saw in the cradle several nuggets of pure gold. I was half mad with delight, and for the rest of the day I worked with the energy of two men. Before nightfall we had more than twenty ounces of small nuggets and dust. We stitched it up in small canvas bags, and hid it for safety in the floor of the tent. We went on this way for months, then our claim began to give out.

"Just about this time a convoy was going to Melbourne to take some gold to the bank there. We therefore agreed to send some of ours to be deposited in the bank and get notes in exchange. When we got to the place of starting I was surprised to see, among the mounted troopers forming the escort, my shock-headed voyager. I mentioned my distrust of him to my chum; and in consequence we only sent half of the intended quantity. The fellow evidently knew I distrusted him, for when I went up with our parcel he gave a malicious look that boded me no good. The escort numbered about ten or fifteen well-armed troopers, with a four-horse wagon, and they left early in the morning for their destination. We gave them three ringing cheers at the boundaries of the camp, and wished them a safe return. I had a singular forboding that I had seen the last of my gold, but I mentioned my fears to none but my chum.

"The day following I went to Mat Durn's drinking-hut—a place frequented by the lucky finders and loafers—to hear the day's news. The saloon was full of diggers. Some were discussing the day's finds; others were playing poker, the stakes being nuggets of dust; the majority were standing at the bar drinking and smoking. I called for a drink, filled a short cutty, and took a seat among the card-players.

"'Well, Tom, how's your luck?" said a broad shouldered Yorkshireman who had come over with me.

"'Very poor at present,' I replied.

"'Have a hand then, man; winning dust at poker is better than digging.'

"I joined the game and played a while. At last one of the players threw up his hand and said he was cleaned ont; so, thinking it might be my turn soon, I stopped. I finished my glass and prepared to leave the room. Just as I got to the door a burly digger came rushing in, almost upsetting me, and uttered the most frightful oaths. The entire saloon was in an uproar in an instant. Revolvers and knives were drawn, and a dozen voices shouted out, 'What's the matter!'

"'Matter enough!' cried the invading digger, with another volley of expletives. 'The escort's been attacked, and the gold is gone!'

"Words fail to describe the scene that ensued. Men swore, tore their hair, danced and raved like madmen. When the tumult was somewhat subsided, I managed to make out that the wagon had been attacked in the dead of night, by a party of armed rangers. A fight had taken place, not a trooper had been killed, and the gold had been taken. The attack had evidently been pre-arranged, for half the troopers had been drugged, and were consequently unable to fight. Three of them were reported missing, Wapping Bill among the number. I went off to our tent and told Sandy. 'You're right about the villain, but we'll be even with him yet.'

"We went back to the saloon, where we found nearly all the diggers assembled, listening to an account of the affair from one of the troopers. It appeared that shortly after leaving the camp the axletree of the wagon broke, necessitating a stoppage. Night came on and found them still delayed by the broken wagon. Rain fell and some of the troopers took a little spirits to keep out the cold. About midnight the troopers who were acting as sentries were alarmed by the rush of half a dozen mounted bush-rangers. They endeavored to wake up the others, but they were overpowered and fastened to the trees. The contents of the wagon were divided among the gang, and they soon rode off followed by Wapping Hill and the three troopers. In the morning the bound troopers managed to awake the others by their cries, and then it was found by their condition that the spirits must have been drugged, hence their inability to offer any resistance.

"We held a hasty council and decided to send to a station four miles away for fresh troopers. By means of a fleet messenger a search party was organized, and they left the camp two hours later, preceded by the black trackers to point out the trail. Luckily I managed to be enrolled among the party, much to my satisfaction. I had a score to settle with Wapping Bill and I intended to give a good account of him if we met. We numbered twenty resolute, well-armed fellows, carrying revolvers and knives, while the twelve troopers with us had rifles in addition.

"We proceeded first to the place of encounter. We found the wagon drawn off the track and overturned. The black tracker soon took up the trail and we went into the bush in Indian file. Our progress was necessarily slow, but we were quite certain of coming up with the rangers at last. We followed the blacks for a couple of hours, then one of them set up a warning cry, and we rushed forward. In the center of an open glade we saw the body of a man laid upon the ground. Scattered around were bits of canvas and grains of gold glittered in the grass. Examining the body we recognized it to be a person some of us had seen hanging about the camp for a few days previous to the starting of the escort. A small blue hole in his forehead told what had happened. Evidently a dispute had arisen among the rangers and this poor fellow had been shot for his obstinacy. We again took up the trail and proceeded. The bush now became less dense, and we made greater progress. About a mile further on one of the blacks, who was some hundred yards ahead, suddenly droped flat on the grass, and gave us a warning signal. Advancing cautiously to his side, we peered through the bushes. Down in a hollow were six bushrangers, seated around a small fire. Their horses were tethered near them, and various packages were scattered about. Our plans were soon laid. We made a detour and completely surounded them. I crept quietly through the underwood, intending to reach a tree, which grew about twenty yards from the fire of the bushrangers. Suddenly a hand was laid on my shoulder. I hastily turned and saw a tall ranger close by my side. He grasped me by the collar, and presented a revolver to my forehead.

"'One sound and I'll blow your brains out,' he hissed.

"Resistance was useless, so I submitted. He disarmed me, flung me on the ground and fastened my hands behind me with a cord he pulled from his pocket. He then went a few yards away to warn the rangers, I suppose. I heard a ringing cheer, shots, oaths, and the usual noise of a hand-to-hand encounter. Giving a short and sudden wrench I got loose and rushed forward to see the result of the fight. Just as I advanced I heard two shots fired almost simultaneously, and a bullet just shaved my head. I clapped my hand on my left ear. Heaven! the lobe was shot away. Another inch and I should have been killed.

"'Rather a narrow shave, that,' said one of the troopers, coming forward. 'I just saw the fellow drawing a bead on you when I dropped him.'

"I went forward and found the victory had been ours. Three of the rangers had been shot down, one of them Wapping Bill. Two were wounded, and lay on the ground, whilst one had escaped. Judge Lynch soon settled the two prisoners.

"We recovered all our gold and made preparations for our return. We gave the dead a hasty burial, easing them of course, of all valuables, etc. I found a pocketbook on the body of my would-be slayer, and from it gleaned a full account of the gang. From information therein contained Sandy and I some weeks later made a little expedition of our own to a place in the bush, where we found quite a collection of nuggets and dust—the result of many months of a bushranger's life. As it was impossible to restore the treasure to its lawful owners we were obliged to keep it. We returned to the camp, and, in consideration of our successful efforts, we received a share of the gold. Some months later I left the diggings, and returned home, married Mary, and settled down here. I ought to add that I gave the trooper who so bravely saved my life an old silver ring to wear for my sake. I have never seen him since; but if ever I do, he shall be welcomed as a king. Such, gentleman, is the story of the 'Lucky Shot.'"

The hearty thanks of the company were devoted to Mr. White for his story, and the company drank the trooper's health.

"You never saw him after?" I asked Mr. White.

"Never, sir."

"Could you recognize him if you were to see him?" I asked.

"I can't say; he may have altered considerably; but I should recognize the ring immediately."

"Then is that it?" said I, putting out my right hand, on the little finger of which was the identical ring.

"It is; and you are Jack Fox?"

"I am; and I am exceedingly glad to meet an old friend once more."

Loud were the exclamations of joy at this disclosure. I accepted Mr. White's invitation to stay with him for a short time, and I must admit that I spent some very happy hours in "The Traveler's Rest."

A Famous Inventor's Rise.

In a letter from Fargo, Dakota, to the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* we find the following: On the train from Bismarck to this city I met J. P. Rossiter, who had charge of all the Northern Pacific rolling-stock between Fargo and Livingston. Speaking of electrical inventions and improvements, Mr. Rossiter said he knew Prof. Elisha Gray very well. "We both worked at the same bench in a cabinet-maker's shop in Oberlin, Ohio, in 1854. His genius was a part of his birthright. I remember well his coming to the shop one day with his face badly cut by glass with which he had been experimenting in the mixture of chemicals. We worked a year or two together, and then Gray married Delia Shepherd. I knew her well, and she lived only a mile west of Oberlin. After that he moved on to her mother's farm, and commenced peddling milk and making butter. This he continued until he demonstrated his inability to make a profit, and succeeded in compelling his mother-in-law to mortgage her farm and sacrifice her property, whereupon he began the study of telegraphing and of telegraph instruments, something that he before knew nothing about.

Two or three years he spent in fooling with an old instrument, until his poverty increased to such an extent that his wife had to appeal to friends and neighbors for the necessaries of life. For weeks he would hardly speak to her, and the impression became prevalent that he was not in his right mind. One morning he returned from his work-room with a smile and said: "Delia, I've got it," and at once commenced a long dissertation upon the advantages of "a self-adjusting helix." So incomprehensible were his statements to the uncomplaining wife that she rushed off to the pastor of her church and confidentially told him that her worst fears were now confirmed, and there was no longer any question of her husband's insanity.

While appropriate action to be taken in the case was being discussed Gray slipped down to Cleveland, showed his invention to some capitalists and manufacturers and sold a half interest in the same for $250,000 cash before returning home. When last I saw him he was a millionaire, had traveled around the world with his wife, and had taken out his nineteenth patent.

Artificial Stones.

The ruby and sapphire have been closely imitated by Fremy and Feil, two French chemists, and the chief interest in this process is the fact that the artificial stones possess essentially the chemical composition of the real ones. To produce this, equal weights of alumina and red lead are heated to a red heat in an earthenware crucible. A vitreous substance is formed, which consists of silicate of lead and crystals of white corundum. To convert this corundum into the artificial ruby it is necessary to fuse it with about two per cent. of bichromate of potassium, while, to obtain the sapphire, a little oxide of cobalt and a very small quantity of bichromate of potassium must be employed. The stones so produced possess at least very nearly the hardness of the real stones, as they scratch both quartz and topaz. The French "paste," which imitates the diamond so closely, is a peculiar kind of glass, the manufacture of which was brought to a great degree of perfection some fifty years ago by Donault-Wieland, of Paris. The finest quality of paste demands extreme care in the choice of materials and in melting, etc. The basis of it, in the hands of the expert manufacturer just named, was powdered rock crystal or quartz. The proportions he took were six ounces of rock crystal, nine ounces two drams of red lead, three ounces three drams of pure carbonate of potash; three drams of boracic acid and six grains of white arsenic. The product thus manufactured was extremely beautiful, but rather expensive, compared with the prices now charged for artificial jewels. It has never been surpassed in brilliancy, but of late years the greater purity of the potash and lead oxide used, and the improvements in the furnaces and methods of heating them, have all tended to reduce the price of the "diamonds" thus manufactured.—*Chambers's Journal.*

THE CURSE OF GUITEAU.

PRONOUNCED BY THE ASSASSIN UPON THE SCAFFOLD.

How the People Who Were Prominent at the Trial Prosper Under the Legacy.

For some weeks past, says a Washington letter in the Chicago *News*, a paragraph has been floating about the country setting forth the fact that Guiteau's curse which he pronounced upon the scaffold has fallen with baneful effect upon a number of those who were connected with his trial and execution. Last evening the *News* correspondent directed the attention of General Crocker, the warden of the jail, to the article, and asked him how much truth there was in the statement. "It is utterly without foundation, and is as flimsy and unsubstantial a figment of the imagination as could well be devised," replied the general. "There were probably fifty persons more or less directly connected with Guiteau's imprisonment. Nineteen of these were the guards and prison attaches were Guiteau was confined. Twelve were members of the jury, and the remainder, including Judge Cox, were officers of the court, government counsel, and others. Three of these gentlemen have died since the hanging of Guiteau, but when it is remembered that most of these people were men of middle age or even older, it is a matter of surprise that so few should in the course of nature have passed away. Policeman Fowler has been mentioned as one upon whom the curse has fallen with particular violence. Fowler was killed a few months ago by a prisoner whom he was attempting to arrest. As a matter of fact, he had no more to do with the trial than any of a dozen newspaper men who were present from day to day. He was sometimes detailed for duty at the court room, but beyond that he had no connection whatever with the proceedings. Dr. Noble Young, the jail physician, who died recently, is another victim. Dr. Young died calmly in his bed at the advanced age of eighty-two years, and the only wonder is that he lived so long, as he had been a constant sufferer from kidney troubles for the past decade. The last of these alleged unfortunates is juror Pettibone, but as you may remember, Pettibone was sick during the course of the trial, and a postponement occurred several times on his account. His death, which followed a few months later, can hardly be coupled with any curse Guiteau might have uttered."

"Does it not appear to you, general," interrupted the correspondent, "that, so far from the people who surrounded Guiteau being cursed, the very opposite proves to be the case?"

"That is the very suggestion I was going to make. Colonel Corkhill, the United States district attorney who had charge of the case, has fallen heir within the past eighteen months to a fortune variously estimated at from $70,000 to $100,000, and is to day more prosperous and wealthy than ever before. His assistants, Messrs. Davidge and Porter, are well and happy and enjoy a large practice in this city and New York. Sergeant Mason, who attempted to kill Guiteau by firing into his cell and in fact narrowly missing the assassin, is living in peace and retirement on his farm in Virginia, purchased with the $7,000 contribution which was raised by voluntary subscription during his confinement in the Albany penitentiary. Prior to this Mason had drawn a salary of $17 a month as an under-sergeant in the regular army, while his wife had helped support the family by taking in washing and performing other menial services. They are rich to-day beyond their wildest expectations. But for Guiteau they would still be living a hand-to-mouth existence. Bill Jones, the avenger, as he was facetiously called, who, in a drunken frolic, also attempted Guiteau's life, pursues his vocation as a farmer just across the Maryland border, and finds great comfort in the thought that his name will be linked with that of the assassin of Garfield by the historian of future ages. The eleven jurymen who survive Mr. Pettibone are all leading contented and peaceful lives, and the same may be said of the prison attaches. Perry Carson, the tall, good-looking negro who drove the prison van from the jail to the courthouse, became a figure of such importance during the trial that his admiring colored friends of the district sent him as a delegate to the Republican convention at Chicago. He is now the proprietor of a flourishing liquor-saloon near the Pennsylvania avenue railway station, and has a substantial sum to his credit in one of the local savings banks. He never probably earned $50 a month before the shooting.

Mrs. Garfield, as you know, is worth half a million of dollars. President Arthur has lived to finish his term as chief magistrate. So you see there's nothing in Guiteau's curse. The people who fell under his displeasure seem to have prospered, while, so far as I am able to judge, it has injured no one."

"What disposition of Guiteau's body was made?"

General Crocker, who had been talking with great glibness, began pulling his beard nervously, and when he replied did so with evident embarrassment. "I can't answer that question," he replied.

"Why not? Is there any mystery connected with it?"

"There are but two other people in the world who know the place of Guiteau's burial. There are reasons why it should be kept a secret."

"But his skeleton is said to be on exhibition at the medical museum?"

"If people choose to believe so, that don't prove its correctness, does it?"

"No; but why should you object to enlighten men?"

"Men at Washington, higher and mightier than I, desired that the secret of his grave should die with those of us who performed the interment. I do not think the exact place of his burial will ever be known to another living soul."

There was the same mystery about John Wilkes Booth's last resting place. Years afterward it was discovered that he had been buried in the basement of the United States arsenal, where the remains had been deposited in quick-lime and almost entirely destroyed. Within recent years the few bones that remained were disinterred at his brother Edwin's request, and now rest in the family vault of the Booths at the cemetery in Baltimore.

WISE WORDS.

Do not speak of your happiness to a less fortunate man than yourself.

There is a class of men ever ready to pump you to any extent, if you only give them a handle.

Independence and self-respect are essential to happiness, and these are never to be attained together without work.

You may safely commit the child's clothes to the servant, but the rest of the little one you had better take care of yourself.

Smiles are the higher and better responses of nature to the emotions of the soul. Let the children have the benefit of them.

It is little troubles that wear the heart out. It is easier to throw a bomb-shell a mile than a feather—even with artillery.

Nothing is so dangerous as that self-sufficiency which comes from comparing ourselves with companions who are inferior to us.

Mental pleasures never cloy; unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.

The world deals good-naturedly with good-natured people; and we never knew a sulky misanthropist who quarreled with it, but it was he, and not it, that was in the wrong.

Good manners declare that their possessor is a person of superior quality, no matter what his garb, or however slender his purse. They prove his respect for himself, and also prove his respect for those whom he addresses.

When we become exclusively absorbed in one pursuit, however legitimate it may be in itself, it draws the mind and interests away from all other things, and causes us to neglect them, though some of them may be distinctly defined duties as itself.

Beauties of Madagscar.

Lieutenant Shufeldt, of the United States navy, who recently crossed Madagascar from east to west, accomplishing what few white men and no American had done before, said in a recent lecture about the island and his explorations there:

"Madagascar is the third largest island on the globe. Its area covers 230,000 square miles; being 1,000 miles long, and averaging in breadth 230 to 400 miles. It is four times the size of Great Britain. The interior gives the observer a potent sense or silent and majestic vastness. It exhibits some of the grandest specimens of nature's handiwork, consisting of mountain peaks, plains and forest cataracts and waterfalls. Around the area coast stretches a dense belt of tropical forest, the home of malarias and deadly fever; the abiding place of savage and barbarous people, and of richly plumed birds. The chief river, the Sizebouge, is the size of the Ohio, and shows some of the most magnificent scenery in the world, thunderous waterfalls and cataracts bordered by primeval forests."

The speaker said he thought this river would prove navigable and might be made the highway for the products of the interior, ebony, sugar, rice, and other articles of commerce, in quantities sufficient to make it "the El Dorado of the Eastern seas." The climate he described as variable. In the interior it is equable and temperate, frequently reminding one of a New England autumn, but about the sea coast it is always warm and unwholesome. He estimated the population at 5,700,000, embracing many races of men varying in color, physique and civilization. The principal tribe, the Hovas, are men of Malay origin, with fair complexion, bright and sparkling eyes, aquiline noses, numbering about 900,000, and far in advance of the rest of the inhabitants in intelligence and the arts of civilization. The women are often handsome. Some of these advantages can be attributed to climate, the region inhabited by them averaging 4,500 feet above the sea level, and affording a bracing atmosphere. Next in importance and intelligence he placed the Betsileo tribe, the men possessing lithe and active frames, but the women, unlike the Hova women, are seldom or never handsome. The Barra people, in the southern part of the island, are distinguished by their lack of ennobling qualities. The morality of the Barra, said Lieutenant Shufeldt, might thus be summed up: "Give me my gun and my spear, my rum and my wives, and my oxen; let me steal, plunder and destroy everybody; let nobody molest me, and I care not who is my king."

A Man's Frame Reduced to Solid Bone.

A peculiar case, and one of great interest to the medical profession, is described herewith. It is that of Jonathan Bass, of Lewiston, about fifty years old, who has been afflicted with anchylosis for thirty-six years, and whose joints are now all immovable and his frame reduced to solid bone. For twenty-seven years he has reclined upon an invalid's bed, without the ability to move, and has been blind since 1869 from constant use of his eyes to read during his enforced confinement. His disease started in 1848, when he was a young lad eighteen years of age, living in Lockport. He did more or less work until 1857, constantly growing worse, until that year he was placed upon an invalid's bed, where he now lies, and, in fact, which he has never left since that time. He fed himself, however, until 1865, when his jaws like his other joints, became set and immovable, and he has since been fed with a spoon. He has a very hearty appetite, eats almost everything, and has a good digestion. He also converses easily and intelligently upon all subjects with which he is acquainted.

Every point is now perfectly anchylosed, or grown into solid bone, and his backbone is rigidly fixed, his arms are set at his side, and only five inches round at their largest part, while his legs are solid bone, eight and one-half inches round at the thigh. The bones of his fingers and toes have become absorbed, however, and have disappeared, leaving the flesh soft and plastic. He only weighs seventy pounds. His vital organs are in good order, and he may live for several years to come.

Doctors say this is a case without comparison in this or any other country.—*Lockport (N. Y.) Journal.*

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

To recent progress in sanitary science Sir Joseph Tayrer, formerly surgeon general of the army in India, attributes the fact that England's death-rate has decreased during the present century from forty in the thousand to twenty in the thousand.

A mountain explorer just returned from Asia states that during a four months' residence at a heighth of more than 15,000 feet above the sea his pulse, normally sixty-three beats per minute, seldom fell below one hundred beats per minute, and his respirations were often twice as numerous as at ordinary levels.

After many years of experimenting, a German chemist claims to have succeeded at last in coating instantaneously all the ordinary metals and their alloys with a thin film of brass, which can be varied in color. He uses only a single battery cell, and obtains at will solid deposits of various hues and brilliancy.

A new process of separating mixed cotton and wool rags consists in subjecting them to the action of a jet of superheated steam. The wool melts under a pressure of five atmospheres, and sinks to the bottom of the receptacle; while cotton and other vegetable fibres stand, thus remaining suitable for the paper manufacturer. The liquid mud containing the wool is then dried, and the residue, known as azotine, is valuable for its nitrogen.

Transfusion of blood has been successfully tried in the collapse of cholera by a member of the Paris Faculty of medicine. The patient, who was moribund when the remedy was tried, recovered from the death coma in a few minutes, and from the moment of the transfusion spontaneously and rapidly improved. Human blood was employed in the case; but experiments are to be made with the blood of domestic animals, particularly sheep and cattle.

According to the novel computation of a German histologist, who has been calculating the aggregate cell forces of the human brain, the cerebral mass is composed of at least 200,000,000 of nerve cells, each an independent body, organism and microscopic brain, so far as concerns its vital relations, but subordinated to a higher purpose in relation to the function of the organ, each living a separate life individually, though socially subject to higher law of function. The life term of a nervé cell he estimates to be about sixty days, so that 5,000,000 die every day, about 200,000 every hour and nearly 2,500 every minute, to be succeeded by an equal number of their progeny; while once in every sixty days a man has a totally new brain.

Beside the vast quantities of solid particles which are washed from the land into the sea—reducing the height of the entire Mississippi basin at the estimated rate of one foot in 6,000 years—much matter is dissolved by the water, and carried away in a state in which it ordinarily escapes notice. From data furnished by the Mississippi, the La Plata, the Amazon and the St. Lawrence, Mr. T. Mellard Reade, an English geologist, who has devoted much attention to the chemical denudation of the earth's surface, has calculated that the whole American continent is losing in this way an average of 100 tons per square mile each year. Similar results have been obtained for Europe, leading Mr. Reade to infer that the whole of the land draining into the Atlantic Ocean from America, Africa, Europe and Asia contributes matter in solution, which, if reduced to rock at two tons to the cubic yard, would equal one cubic mile every six years.

Creole Society in New Orleans.

A correspondent says that of recent years the creole element in New Orleans society has lost, to a considerable extent, that prominence which it formerly possessed. The old creole families have been slow to adapt themselves to the changed conditions of life in the Crescent City. Tenacious of old ways and forms, clinging with characteristic French fondness to the homes endeared to them by a thousand tender associations and pleasant memories, they have retired more and more within themselves as the waves of modern progress have swept with ever increasing force across the familiar paths they and their ancestors had trod for many generations, and gradually obliterated the landmarks which told of the luxury and splendor of the ante-bellum period. The loss of their slaves and the ravages of the war reduced most of these old families from affluence to comparative poverty. Most of the creole mansions in New Orleans are fallen into architectural decrepitude; but the occupants are still as stately, as dignified and as courteous as in the days of their prosperity. They are, if anything, more exclusive than before, and general society knows them less and less as the years pass by. Some of them of advanced years have never crossed Canal street, the line which separates the old city from the new.

A Terrible Fate.

Prompt vengeance upon unfaithful members is a necessary element of every conspiracy, and Nihilists, Socialits and Fenians have alike made themselves noted for their ready use of the brisk method of administering justice recently exemplified by Mr. Richard Short. But on one occasion, which several men still living may be able to remember, the vengeance of the self chosen judges was made memorable by a picturesqueness of atrocity not easy to parallel. A suspicion of treachery (which afterward proved to be wholly unfounded) having fallen upon an Irish peasant in one of the western counties, he was visited one night by a band of men with blackened faces, who bade him take his pick and shovel and follow them. Supposing the whole affair to be merely a frolic, the unsuspecting man obeyed, and was led up to a lonely spot among the hills, where his conductors ordered him to dig a trench. "Is it big enough yet?" asked the poor fellow, innocently, after toiling for some time; "sure I'm getting tired." "Lie down in it and see," answered one of his gloomy companions. Scarcely had he done so when the others flung in the loose earth upon him, stamped it down, and buried the miserable wretch alive in the grave which his own hand had dug.—*New York Times.*

Mahogany is coming more and more into use in the manufacture of furniture.

RULES FOR A HAPPY LIFE.

Wouldst thou be a happy liver,
Happy and studious to enhance
The glory of the great Life-Giver,
Launch not thy boat to drift at chance
Where strong floods roll and wild waves dance
On life's broad rushing river.
Live as a man and count it treason
To man to live divorced from reason;
Prove your ground and know your game,
And ply your task with stout endeavor,
Nor courting praise, nor fearing blame.
Know your own worth and know not less
Your neighbor's weight and worthiness.
And where he works well let him do
The work that might be spoiled by you.
Make a good friend where'er you can;
Not wise is he who hath no eyes
To know how fools may help the wise;
With loving deeds bind man to man,
But never shrink with blinking eyes
From what they only learn who try;
And though you stand alone, in sight
Of God be bold to hold the right.
March bravely on and if you stumble
Never groan and never grumble;
Rise again with wise forgetting;
Wounds were never salved by fretting;
Watch your chance and know your hour
And let the moment feel your power;
Shape your path and keep your rules
With deaf ear turned to meddling fools.
'Tis dull to wait and hard to stand,
But God's time comes with high command,
That claims the service of your hand.
Let the wise farmer teach you knowledge,
Oft sought for at school and college;
Split the rock and turn the sod,
With busy hands cast honest seed,
Stoutly uproot each harmful weed
And let the seasons wait on God!

—*John Stewart Blackie, in Leisure Hour.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY

An early riser—Yeast.

A wet day—Wash-day.

The dark cages—Dungeon cells.

A man need not necessarily be possessed of musical ability to strike a liar.—*Bloomington Eye.*

None of our dentists have yet evinced enough enterprise to advertise "Misfit teeth a specialty."—*Norristown Herald.*

A little New Hartford three-year-old boy, in admiring his baby brother, exclaimed, "He's got a boiled head, like papa."

The fact that the poet is born, not made, relieves our educational system from a serious responsibility.—*Boston Courier.*

A New York woman ate a porous plaster instead of applying it in the usual way. Her neighbors declared she was a terribly stuck-up thing.—*Blizzard.*

They are experimenting at Staten Island with some new cannon. These cannon have the latest style of breeches, with four pockets, and are very killing.—*Lowell Courier.*

Miss Angelica: I suppose you have been going out a great deal lately, Mr. McFamish?" "No; I have only been to one dinner in two weeks." "Dear me! You must be hungry."

"I am surprised, John," said an old lady when she found the butler helping himself to some of the finest old port. "So am I, ma'am. I thought you had gone out," was the reply.

The true use of a porus plaster, according to a Milwaukee druggist, is "to retain the back in its proper place and let the pain crawl out through the holes."—*Newman Independent.*

"Have you any 'home ties?'" asked a lady of a young man whose appearance indicated dissipation. "Oh, yes (hic) home ties, lots of 'em, g-g-got a mother-in-law!"—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

As we look through the lists of "the dead of the year,"
We notice without surprise,
The names of a great many business men,
Who refused to advertise.
—*Merchant-Traveler.*

An exchange has an article on "The rise of the roller rink." This ought to confirm the theory of the young man new to the rollers that the floor flew up and hit him in the back of the neck.—*Blizzard.*

An Australian naturalist is reported to have discovered that sponges are endowed with a nervous system. All the "sponges" known to us socially certainly display a great deal of "nerve" in their own peculiar way.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Reciprocity—Landlord: "Have you any family?" Intending lodger: "No." L.: "That's right, for I don't let my rooms to lodgers with families." I. L.: "Have you a family?" L.: "Yes; four children." I. L.: "Sorry to hear it, for I never take apartments with landlords who have families."—*St. Petersburger Zeitung.*

An eminent sportsman was boasting his skill,
And was "going it," too, pretty hot.
He swore on his honor, that once on a time
He hit seventeen hares with one shot.
But a friend standing by rose up in his wrath
And exclaimed, "That there statement's too big;
We can't swallow it, unless you admit
You were shooting that day at your wig."
—*Judge.*

A pie in 1770 was made of two bushels of flour, twenty pounds of butter, four geese, two turkeys, two rabbits, four wild ducks, two woodcocks, six snipes, four partridges two neats' tongues, two curleys, seven blackbirds and six pigeons. A pie can now be had from one slice of dried apple and a piece of soggy dough, such is the march of improvement.—*Courier-Journal.*

A Bean Feat.

The following story of a bean feat, or of feet and beans, appropriately enough comes from Boston and the columns of the *Journal:*

A Florida youth who bought a pair of shoes without trying them on found on reaching home that they were just an eighth of an inch too small all around. He thought, however, that he would enlarge them sufficiently by the "bean" process, so he filled each shoe to the top with large white beans—the variety that swell nearly double their size—gave them all the water they would hold, and left them over night to the mercy of the beans. In the morning he found that they had increased in size from No. 5 to apparently No. 8, and that the uppers had raised up on one side, exposing a huge crevasse and allowing the beans to escape for several feet around. The next time he will pare down his feet.

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