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MY WIFE AND CHILD.

[This poem was written by Henry Rootes Jackson, the recently appointed Minister to Mexico, during the Mexican campaigns, in which he took part. It then went the rounds of the press, and during the civil war by some chance it got into the current of the Southern press, and was attributed to Stonewall Jackson.]

The tattoo beats; the lights are gone,
The camp around in slumber lies;
The night with solemn pace moves on;
The shadows thicken o'er the skies;
But sleep my weary eyes hath flown
And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.
I think of thee, oh, dearest one!
Whose love mine early life hath blest;
Of thee and him—our baby son—
Who slumbers on thy gentle breast.

God of the tender, frail and lone,
Oh, guard that little sleeper's rest!
And hover, gently hover near
To her whose watchful eye is wet—
The mother, wife—the doubly dear,
In whose young heart have freshly met
Two streams of love, so deep and clear
And cheer her drooping spirit yet!
Now, as she kneels before thy throne,
Oh, teach her, Ruler of the skies!

That while by thy behest alone
Earth's mightiest powers fall or rise;
No tear is wept to thee unknown,
Nor hair is lost, nor sparrow dies;
That thou canst stay the ruthless hand
Of dark disease, and soothe its pain;
That only by thy stern command
The battle's lost, the soldier slain;
That from the distant sea or land
Thou bring'st the wanderer home again.

And when upon her pillow lone,
Her tear-wet cheek is sadly pressed
May happier visions beam upon
The brightening currents of her breast;
Nor frowning look, nor angry tone
Disturb the Sabbath of her rest!
Whatever fate those forms may throw,
Loved with a passion almost wild
By day, by night—in joy or woe—
By fears oppressed or hopes beguiled;
From every danger, every foe,
Oh, God! protect my wife and child!

BY MEREST ACCIDENT.

"Mr. Witney!"

"Sir?" replied the individual addressed.

"I want you to cross to France this evening.

"Very well, sir," said Mr. Witney, quietly.

"Or to-morrow morning will do. Here are your instructions. Read these papers carefully; make the best arrangements you can. I may want the house — you will see all about it in these documents."

"Am I to purchase the premises, sir?"

"No, no; they have come to me—to the firm—in consequence of an advance made by my old partner, who, you know, died the other day. Take possession; see what the place is like—whether it will do for a summer residence. You know the kind of thing I want to take the children to, and I can depend on you."

Mr. Witney bowed, and said he thought Mr. Barnstone might depend on him. He took the deeds, made his arrangements at the office, tidied and tied up his papers on his desk, and then strolled homeward at 3 o'clock to pack his portmanteau. He was a man of about forty—good-natured, trustful, and trustworthy—a man of whom little children always stop to inquire "the time," and were satisfied if he did not drag out his watch—a man who piloted old ladies and blind men over dangerous London crossings—a man beloved by animals and children, and who cherished an affection for a cat, which followed him as faithfully as a dog in and about his house at Brixton.

Mr. Peter Witney strolled homeward, first to Ludgate Hill station to take a train to Brixton, where in bachelor apartments he passed his quiet evenings. He was crossing Chancery lane, by the postoffice, when a young and decidedly pretty girl, a French girl, stopped him, and said, in broken English:

"Sare, would you be so kind?—you look very kind—could you tell me where I can find the Lincoln's Inn Fields?"

"Lincoln's Inn, mademoiselle; mais certainement; je—"

"Ah! monsieur parle francais," she exclaimed, interrupting him with a pleased expression.

Then Witney, who was a French scholar, addressed her in her native tongue, and walked with her a few paces in order to put her in the right direction. So they went through Lincoln's Inn, chatting, and he found her destination was none other than Mr. Barnstone's office.

Having parted with his young companion at the office, he hurried away to Ludgate again. He had learned from a slip of paper she gave him that the fair foreigner's name was Pulcherie Malais, but he did not inquire her business in Lincoln's Inn Fields after he had announced her arrival to the clerk in charge.

"A very pretty girl indeed," murmured this middle-aged bachelor; "a charming face; and what a pretty name! Pulcherie; quite fitting too, for a wonder. Malais is not so nice, but it may one day be changed. Ah, me!"

Thinking of Pulcherie, Peter Witney entered the train; still thinking of her, he went home, and packed "Pulcherie" in his portmanteau. But somehow that young person escaped, for she was with him all the evening in the train to Newhaven; she crossed the channel with him in the "Normandy," and reached Dieppe with him in the warm autumn daylight, as bright and fresh a memory as ever! Oh, Peter, Peter! truly thou art in love!

The premises which Peter Witney had to investigate and arrange for, were situated some little distance up the coast at or near a village which boasted a small river and a fishing population of amphibious habits. The place shall not be more particularly described, but the river flowed through the valley of the Ange, and the stream and the increasing vill... bear the same name.

F...ermen, dealers in cattle—for the vall... is pastoral—lacemakers, these are th... inhabitants, and they follow their pe...ul occupations contentedly. It was ...very fine morning when Mr. Witney ...ched the village; he had walked over from Dieppe the day after his arrival in that town, and found the people en fete in the village.

It was a holiday—a holy day, apparently, for the inhabitants had just come from the church, and the girls were dressed in holiday garb, walking in picturesque groups; laughing, chattering, and while avoiding, yet glancing saucily at the young men, who, standing or seated, also in pairs or threes, would discuss the we... the fishing and the ... keeping the young ladies in sight. A happy, pleasant picture, and Peter Witney looked on at the scene with great delight.

He determined to give himself a holiday, too. He could not do business amid such a scene. So he made friends directly, and inquiries indirectly concerning the premises he had come to take over and have transferred. He learned that the house lay away from the village; it was a mere farmhouse, amid trees, enclosed by a wall and paling. It had been untenanted some time. The family had sold everything, and quitted the village some weeks before.

"They were poor?" said the Englishman.

The man addressed shrugged his shoulders as he replied:

"Well, not entirely. The good man and his wife had died. His sister and their daughter lived in the house till the last harvest. The son was away in the army of Africa. Young M. Desmoulins, the miller's son, had paid much attention to the young lady and had been repulsed by her. So, being the owner of the property, he had taken his revenge and managed to frighten them away. Poor girl!

"But he had no right to do so," said Witney. "The house was mortgaged to an Englishman—he is dead now. It was handed over as security for advances to the young soldier's father."

"That is as may be. The house is closed up, the affiches of the sale are on the doors. It is desolate—empty."

"Is it far from here?"

"Well, no. A walk of perhaps half an hour or so will bring you there—among the trees yonder. You see those tall poplars, those to the eastward?"

Peter Witney nodded assent.

"Up there you will find the place; it stands above the road on your right hand; a little path leads up to the house. You cannot mistake it."

"Thank you, monsieur," replied Witney. "I think I will go and see it."

Peter Witney made his way toward the poplars and passed them. He then plunged into a more wooded country and the road tended southeast. Then he came to a gate and a path on the right, as indicated. He entered and ascended the path, passing in the direction whence he had come. But in a moment he recoiled in astonishment.

Seated on a ruined portion of a wall was a young soldier, apparently on furlough. A small bundle lay beside him in the rank grass; a short stick was still hooked within it. The man's attitude exhibited the deepest dejection. His head rested, hatless, on his arm; his attitude, the limp and hanging right arm, the hidden face, the whole pose of the poor fellow, told a sad tale of disappointment. He had returned full of life and ardor to the place, perhaps his home, and found it deserted—the torn bills of the sale still flapping idly in the autumn wind which stirred his tangled locks.

"Poor chap!" Peter Witney mentally remarked; "he has found his home deserted. Our house, by the way. Ah! I shall gain some information here."

The spectator after awhile advanced, and then paused. Again he advanced, and touched the young man, who arose with suddenness, angry at being disturbed.

He glanced at the Englishman, and turned round again without speaking.

"My friend," said Mr. Witney kindly, "can I assist you? You are ill, sorrowful; I may help you. Do you know this place?"

Know the place, indeed! Was he not a native of it? Had he not lived there until the conscription came, and when he was paid to take the place of another young man? The money was welcome.

So much the stranger managed to gather from the half-indignant remarks of the soldier, who at length yielded to the kindly influence the Englishman generally exercised. He sat up, and after a few minutes recovered his vivacity. He told how he had been treated.

"You went as a substitute, then?"

"Yes; my relatives were poor; the man had held out threats. I loved my sister—oh! where is she? Monsieur, we were not always poor; we held up our heads once. My poor sister promised for marriage by her enemy and mine. Oh, Pulcherie!"

"Pulcherie your sister! Not Pulcherie Malais?"

"The same, monsieur. How could you know? You are English," said the astonished Frenchman.

"Yes; but I am also interested in this house and in her. An English firm owns this property; the rent has not been paid; the former owner, the Englishman, is dead; all is chaos; but your sister—"

"Yes, yes; tell me of her."

"She is in London—was in London a few days ago."

Then Peter Witney told the young man of his meeting with the young lady, and of his having escorted her to Lincoln's Inn Fields.

"Ah, yes! it is there her benefactor used to live. She has, do doubt, gone to him. Our aunt knew him well. He was a lawyer—un avocat!"

"What! an English solicitor? What was his name?"

"Bernardin—M. Jules Bernardin—he was our friend. He helped us; he assisted my father—my poor father—and lent him money on security. Then father he died, and my mother had already passed to heaven. My sister and my aunt remained. Young M. Desmoulins assisted us, for he pretended to love Pulcherie, monsieur; and I, like a fool, went away and left her. His attentions aroused the fears of my aunt and sister; I could not come. Then they found the wretch Desmoulins had a claim on them; he broke up their home. Oh, monsieur, I wish I had died!"

Peter Witney noticed that the young man felt very bitter against the young Desmoulins, and feared he would proceed to violence, so he said:

"Never mind, I can explain all. M. Bernardin is dead. Julius Bernardin was the partner in my patron's office. I have come to claim the property. I will manage M. Desmoulins. Leave him to me."

A sudden inspiration had seized the middle-aged bachelor lawyer. He had already a romance; he would find Desmoulins and Pulcherie, and then—. So he persuaded the young soldier to return with him, and assume his civilian attire; to quit the army if he liked afterward, but first to come to England and find Pulcherie and the kind aunt. After much parley, this was agreed to.

Next day the lawyer called on M. Desmoulins; found him a bully and a roue; quelled him by stern threats of exposure in the tribunal and in the village, where he was hated. Finally, he succeeded in getting from him a quittance of al... and, with the French avocat w... ...panied him, took his leave.

In fiftee... in London. The bus... ...d in a romance and Peter Witney was as eager as a boy.

* * * * * * * *

"Then you do not think the place will suit me," said Mr. Barnstone, after talking the matter over. "It is dull, quiet, not near the sea. No, I will let it to some young couple who want to live and love alone. They may have it for a song. It's no use to me, and only a farmhouse, after all!"

"May—I—have the—refusal, sir?" asked Peter, timidly.

"You, Witney, you? are you going to be a Benedict, after all? Well, I am surprised. My good sir, certainly. You are a faithful, good fellow. Take it as a wedding present. It will cost me little, remember, and may do you good," he added, hastily. "No thanks, please."

"Miss Malais wants to see you, sir," said a lad at this juncture.

"Let her come up," said Mr. Barnstone. "My charming French client," he added; "you shall see her." She is connected with this very house—my tenant. Ah! here she is."

As he finished speaking, Mademoiselle Pulcherie entered with a little woman, whom she called ma tante. She at once greeted Peter Witney, and in broken English and more voluble French, explained to Mr. Barnstone and her aunt alternately how she had become acquainted with the "monsieur."

"Then you actually directed mademoiselle here?" said Mr. Barnstone. "If you had known, you might have saved yourself the journey. Have you any news of your nephew, madame?"

"Alas! no; he was in Africa, in the 144th of the line. He will come home and find it desolate—our home. We must return, monsieur, to Dieppe. You have been an angel to us, indeed."

"Not a bit, madame, only doing my duty; in this instance a positive pleasure. Have you—pardon me—all necessaries for your journey?"

"Madame need take no journey to see her nephew," said Peter, in French.

"How, monsieur! Is it possible—he is—he is dead?"

"No, madame; alive, well, and in London. He returned with me; I will bring you to him. I met him near the old home yonder."

"Go," said Mr. Barnstone, wiping his spectacles. "Run away, good people; I am busy."

So they went and found Antoine, as had been promised, and after awhile the three returned to Dieppe. The following month, plain good Peter Witney again crossed the channel, and spent three weeks in France near his new friends. Lo and behold! the year after the old farm-house was again inhabited: not by Antoine, who had gone away on promotion to a commission—an officer; not by the kind aunt, for she lay in the village churchyard; but by "M. and Madame Veetnee," as they were called, who had come for "their honeymoon."

So Peter Witney, the "old bachelor, met his fate—a charming wife and some fortune—in Pulcherie Malais—all, as some think, "by the merest accident," but you and I know better.

Saved by the Microscope.

"The only instance on record when the blood of two persons was compared in a criminal trial," said Dr. Piper to a San Francisco *Call* reporter, "was in a murder case in Chicago. The comparison settled the innocence of the woman on trial for her life. The story of the bloody transaction is as follows: A comely woman, with $20,000, married a man in Chicago, and placed her snug little fortune in his business. In the course of time he began to abuse her, and finally she decided to apply for a divorce. The double calamity of losing a woman to beat and the withdrawal of her $20,000 from his business made the brute furious, and the next morning he was found dead in one corner of his bedchamber, a bullet having gone through his heart. His wife was found wounded in another part of the room. She said that her husband had come home the night before in a rage and began to abuse her while she was in bed; that he hit her on the head with the butt of his revolver, while her head was on the pillow, and spattering blood over the linen; that she jumped up and he shot her, inflicting a slight flesh wound in her side. She then rushed at him, and snatching the revolver from him shot him through the heart. He reeled to the corner where he was found and died. The prosecution did not believe her story, and set up the theory that she had shot him while he was asleep and dragged him to the corner, and then inflicted the wound on herself. The carpet where the dead man lay was saturated with blood. According to the theory of the prosecution the blood on the pillow was his also. I put sections of the pillow, with blood upon it, under the microscope and drew on a cardboard the shape of the corpuscles enlarged about two thousand diameters. I then put the blood on the carpet under the microscope in the same way. The comparison was wonderful. The corpuscles on the pillow were bright, round and clean. They were beautiful. The corpuscles on the carpet were large and disfigured, the result of disease. The comparison settled that question at once. The blood corpuscles were as different as day and night, and sustained the women's account of the shooting. She was acquitted on that and other evidence.

"As between human blood and dog's blood, the microscope enables the expert to determine precisely whether a specimen is from a human being or a dog. But it is impossible to determine between human blood and hog's blood. This fact convicted one man that I know of. He claimed that the blood on his clothes was dog's blood. I was able to show that it was not dog's blood; but if he had said that it was hog's blood I could not have contradicted that statement."

Coal Consumption of Big Steamers.

Ocean steamers are large consumers of coal, says an English paper. The Orient line, with their fleet of ships running to Australia every two weeks, may be mentioned. The steamship Austral went from London to Sydney in thirty-five days, and consumed on the voyage 3,641 tons of coal; her coal bunkers hold 2,750 tons. The steamship Oregon consumes over 330 tons per day on her passage from Liverpool to New York, her bunkers will hold nearly 4,000 tons. The Stirling Castle last year brought home in one cargo 2,200 tons of tea, and consumed 2,800 tons of coal in doing so.

Immense stocks of coal are kept at various coaling stations, St. Vincent, Madeira, Port Said, Singapore, and others; the reserve at the latter place is about 20,000 tons. It is remarkable with what rapidity these steamers are coaled; for instance, the Orient steamship last year took in over 1,100 tons at Port Said in five hours.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES

Hoist by His Own Petard.

"I have here," said the drummer, as he entered the grocery store, "a wonderful baking powder; beats anything you ever saw for raising."

"We," responded the keeper, "it may be pretty good for raising, but I've got a powder I keep here would raise a rock."

"What is it called?" demanded the drummer.

"Blasting powder, sir; blasting powder."

And then a sort of never-advertise silence crept over the group that lingered about the raisin box and cracker barrel. —*Boston Post.*

Not Alone.

A Galveston female school teacher was on intimate terms with the male teacher in the same school. He was in the habit of strolling into her room during the recess and chatting with the object of his affections. His name was Smith.

One day the lady teacher endeavored to make the class comprehend the omnipresence of God. She explained to them that God was everywhere.

"Now, my dear children, suppose you all go out of the room, except myself, and I stay in here. Am I alone?" asked the female teacher.

"No," exclaimed one of the little girls, "Mr. Smith will be with you."—*Siftings.*

He Boomed Too Hard.

A Detroit firm employed a new collector a few days ago, and among other bills he was given one which had long been classed under the head of "doubtful." He was informed that the chances of his getting anything were extremely dubious, but was promised half of all he could collect. In two hours after starting out he was back with the money on the doubtful bill, and when asked how he succeeded so well he replied:

"After getting into his office I locked the door, pocketed the key, and told him he'd either got to come down or I'd break every bone in his body. He shelled out, and both of us are $10 ahead."

The next day the firm paid $75 to settle a case of "extorting money by threats of violence," and the collector was kindly informed that he could have a long vacation for the benefit of his health.—*Free Press.*

Why She Wouldn't Have Him.

"And so she wouldn't have you?"

"Indeed she wouldn't."

"How'd that come?"

"Well, I sat down alongside of her and took her by the hand, as I heaved a sigh too deep to sound."

"How was that?"

"It didn't make noise enough. You see, I alwa's do my sighin' in'ardly, an' breathe through my nose.

"Well, what then?"

"I felt her hand flutter in mine, an' I could hear her heart thumpin' like a Waterbury watch. I thought that meant 'say the word an' I'm yourn,' an' so I said it, but I got left."

"You don't tell me. How'd it happen?"

"Well, she fired up like a hornet, an' said she wouldn't never marry no man what popped the question as though he was referrin' to sp'ilt fish."

"Well, that beats all. How in the world did you do it?"

"Well, I sorter give her hand a little squeeze, to show her I was cheerful, an' then I says, quite glib like, says I—Mirandy, can you stomach me?"—*Chicago Ledger.*

Old, but Good.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* a number of years ago published a good story on a distinguished lawyer named Benham, of that city. He was a fine orator, but much given to a display of his vast classical learning. In a murder trial he warned the jury to not allow public opinion, which was against his client, to influence the verdict. In concluding his appeal, he said: "Gentlemen of the jury, give up; drop all feeling in this important matter, and be like the ancient Roman in his adherence to the truth, who in its defence eloquently declared: 'Amicus Cato, amicus Pluto, amicus Cicero, sid major veritas" (I am a friend to Cato, a friend of Pluto, a friend of Cicero, but a greater friend to truth). The papers the next morning reported the eloquent lawyer as having "closed his great speech to the jury by finely saying: 'I may cuss Cato, I may cuss Pluto, I may cuss Cicero, said Major Veritas.'"

This is something similar to a story that has been going the rounds of the press concerning General Sherman. He was walking along the streets of St. Louis with a friend and was very pleasantly accosted by a gentleman whom the general did not quite remember. The gentleman, seeing how it was, said in a low voice: "Don't you remember me, I make your shirts." "Oh, yes," replied the general, smiling, then turning to his friend, said: "Colonel ——, allow me to introduce my friend, Major Schurtz."

Bill Nye on El Mahdi.

This great heathen and full-blown prophet was once a poor boy, without a dollar in his pocket. Years ago when little Mahdi used to snare suckers along the White Nile, no one thought that to-day he would be the champion heavy weight prophet of the known world. It shows what can be done by a brave, courageous little boy even in a foreign land.

In apperance he is a brunette of about the style of the successful meerchaum pipe. He does not dress as we do, but wears a white turban that looks some like an Etruscan hen's nest. On chilly days he adds other articles of apparel to his turban, though during the summer months that is sufficient for evening dress. In the morning he puts on his turban, buckles a six-shooter around his waist and he is dressed. It doesn't take Mahdi long to make his toilet.

Years ago he decided that he would retire to a lonely island in the Nile and put himself in training for a prophet, so he crawled into a cave and lived there on whatever he could get hold of. While others were down at Khartoum, having a good time at the skating rink, Mahdi remained in his gloomy cave, setting up the pins to go into the prophet business and murder the king's English.

Some people began to hear of El Mahdi, and as he put a card in all the morning papers of the Soudan, he at once had all the prophesying he could do and had to hire an amanuensis or assistant prophet to help him out. During the holidays, when trade was brisk, the Mahdi had to sit up and prophesy till 10 or 11 o'clock at night.

His real name is Mohammed Achmed, and he was the son of a petty sheik, whose name I have forgotten. This man was an inferior person and a very ordinary sheik, I am told—just such a sheik as you could go in and find on the ten-cent counters of the Soudan anywhere.

Mohammed Achmed for a long time showed one of the prevailing characteristics of a tramp, and so they began to educate him as a fakir. A fakir is a man who has permission to ramble through the country, chiseling people out of money and groceries in the name of religion. He is a sort of Oriental gospel bum, whose business is to go around over the country weeping over the sins of people who are too busy to be hypocrites. These fakirs are always devout, hungry and sad. They yearn for a bright immortality, but they are in no great rush about acquiring it. They are perfectly willing to wait till the Egyptians pullets run out. I am glad that we have no fakirs in America.

By and by Mohammed Achmed got a call to rise up William Riley and gather the clans of the Soudan together. He went to them and told them in confidence that he was the only genuine, all wool prophet on the Nile, and if they wanted some fun, to get their double barrel shot guns and join the gang. They did so. None of them ever did anything at home to obtain a livelihood, so they could go away on the warpath all summer and their business wouldn't suffer at all.

They then proceeded to murder the king's English, who had come there to conquer and acquire their sand pile.

The Arabian style of warfare is peculiar. It consists largely in drinking alkali water on their part and in requiring their enemies to do the same for ninety days. So it becomes simply a question of who has the firmest and most durable Bessemer steel bowels.

No one but a Bedouin would have thought of such a style of warfare. It is not, therefore, a question of courage or everlasting justice, it is a question of who can drink concentrated lye all summer and take his alimentary canal home with him in the fall.

In the battle, the Arab charge is peculiar in the extreme. The Arab does not stand up in line of battle for an hour, while the commanding officer gallops up and down the line on a "heavy" horse and the enemy pours a galling fire into his ranks. He sails up toward the enemy, waves his Oriental night shirt in the Egyptian air, shoots some one and goes away. When the battle-ground is examined on the following day, it is discovered that eight hundred brave and handsome English soldiers are killed and one old moth-eaten Arab has stepped on his Gothic shirt tail and sprained his ankle.

El Mahdi is not a bad looking man at all, and the report that he has lost his teeth, so that when he gives his orders he has to gum Arabic, is not true.

BILL NYE.

Crescent City Cemeteries.

New Orleans' cemetery system is one prolific source of disease, even at its best, writes an *Inter-Ocean* correspondent. As is well known, there are many burial societies in the city, which have vaults peculiarly fitted up for the reception of bodies. The swampy nature of the ground makes it impracticable to inter below the surface, and so in the case of the poorer classes a large number of immense depositories are needed. Some of these have accommodations for as high as 100 corpses, to my personal knowledge. When a vault becomes quite full of bodies, and the society lacks funds for purchasing ground and building again, it is customary to remove the coffins, and hold a grand, open-air cremation. The evils of this operation are apparent, inasmuch as no furnaces are provided for carrying off the deadly fumes that must necessarily be generated.

But in time of epidemics the question of burial is one of difficulty, and the consequences from crowded interments are most appalling. More than once large vaults have been burst asunder by the action of gases arising from a large number of freshly entombed bodies. Of course the wealthy endeavor to have their own private family tombs, or belong to influential burial societies that maintain some specially imposing vaults. The colored people have cheaper burial societies by themselves, and the various secret societies have their own cemeteries. This classification system brings about a multiplicity of cemeteries, as, for instance, the Free Masons' cemetery, the Odd Fellows' cemetery, the Firemens' cemetery, the Jewish cemeteries, known as Gates of Prayer, etc. The payment of a fee, varying from twenty-five cents a month to several dollars, entitles the member to free burial at the hands of the society to which he belongs.

These burial societies, paradoxical as it may sound, are also instrumental in promoting social intercourse among the members. The colored people give a big yearly entertainment in connection with one of their leading societies, in which the most elaborate festivities are held, and full dress prevails.

To Carve Poultry.

Place the fowl on the platter with the head at the left. Cut through the skin round the leg joint. Then cut off the wings, and divide wings and legs at the joints. Carve the breast in thin slices parallel with the breastbone. Some prefer to cut it at right angles with the bone. Take off the wishbone, separate the collar bone from the breast; slip the knife under the shoulder blade, and turn it over. Cut through the cartilage which divides the ribs; separate the breast from the neck. Then turn the back over, place the knife midway, and with the fork lift up the tail end, separating the back from the body. Place the fork in the middle of the backbone, and cut close to the backbone, from one end to the other, freeing the sidebone. As soon as the legs and wings are disjointed, begin to serve, offering white or dark meat, as each prefers. Do not remove the fork from the breastbone till the breast is separated from the back. Use an extra fork in serving. If all the fowl be not required, carve only from the side, leaving the opposite side whole for another meal.—*Godey's Magazine.*

A Peculiar Community.

One of the most peculiar communit... in Michigan is at St. Naziane. Though founded in 1848 its populaton is now but 212. The articles of association—for the settlement is, in fact, but a society—provide for a board of seven trustees, consisting of a priest, three men and three women, elected by all the adult men and women annually. German is the only language spoken, and only two, the general manager and the doctor, know English. They live entirely by themselves, taking no interest in the outs... world, and the women work in ... fields the same as the men.—*Chic... Herald.*

TIMELY TOPICS.

The most destructive vermin in this country is of imported stock. What was original here is kept in check by their natural enemies. Rats and mice, natives of the Old World, destroy many more millions worth of property every year than any of the animals native to our continent.

The healing power of earthquakes is a subject for discussion in the Spanish medical press. The statement is made that in the recent shake-up at Malaga most of the patients forgot their diseases and took to the open air. The change agreed with them so well that a few only have returned to the hospital.

The Russian language is extremely difficult, but is equally pretty, soft and musical. The alphabet contains forty-one letters, derived from the Oriental and Greek alphabets. Russia is provided with a general system of popular instruction; there are several universities beside the ecclesiastical high schools attached to the church at Kieff, Moscow and St. Petersburg.

The editor of a Buffalo newspaper recently asked the subscribers to name the ten most important inventions of all time. More than 800 answers were received and the ten inventions receiving the most votes were: the telegraph, printing press, steam engine, cotton gin, telephone, mariner's compass, gunpowder, sewing machine, telescope and photography. Twenty-one votes were in favor of the steamboat, six for paper, two for timepieces and only one for the ocean cable.

The manufacture of watches in Switzerland is almost exclusively confined to the French speaking cantons of Geneva, Neufchatel and Vaud and to Berne. Neufchatel manufactures about 1,000,000 watches a year, worth on the average $10 each; while in the Vaud about 8,000 persons are employed in making watches and musical boxes. In the canton of Berne there are 13,000 men and women engaged in watch-making, and their labor is estimated to yield $6,000,000 per annum.

The English camel corps in Egypt is a novelty merely renewed from the Roman army in the East. Mr. Robert Mowat, the editor of the "Bulletin Epigraphique," reminds us that about the year 420, Thebes, the capital of Upper Egypt, was garrisoned by a wing of military dromedarians, whose very name—Ala prima Valeria dromedariorum—indicates that they had been founded by the Emperor Diocletian more than a century previously, and had retained, as an honorary title, his own family name of Valerius.

The Philadelphia *Press* is authority for the following: "Cocaine, the new anæsthetic, is a colorless fluid not unlike glycerine. Under its effects a patient at a hospital the other day submitted to the ball of his eye being punctured by a delicate spearhead knife, and in its place a small suction pump inserted, which brought out some pus from a sac which the knife had punctured, and all the while the patient, mentally concious, chatted pleasantly with the operator, as insensible of the operation as though it were being performed on his hat-band.

The Hydrographic office at Washington has undertaken to collect information as to the utility of using oil to smooth the surface of the sea in bad weather. From data collected it appears that paint oil and kerosene oil have given better results than sperm oil. The latter seems to harden on the water and does not spread over the surface to such an extent as the former. The effect upon the sea is to immediately decrease the "combing" force of the waves, and ultimately to cause the curling waves to assume the nature of a heavy ground-swell. The importance of the subject to ship owners and captains of vessels cannot be overestimated.

The "ready-made" wooden houses of America are attracting attention abroad as well as at home. These houses are constructed in sections which can readily be placed in position. Many towns located on the plains where timber is not available, are formed entirely of this line of American manufacture. Several shipments on a large scale of these "ready-made" houses have been sent to Buenas Ayres, over 1,500 of them being put together in the embryo city of La Plata, the new capital of the province. Some of these houses are being erected on remote cattle farms, but it is feared they will prove too light to withstand the fierce southwest winds of the Argentine.

There is an organization in London for furnishing poor children with a dinner for two cents; and from a recent published report it seems to have proved a successful experiment, in a pecuniary as well as beneficent sense; so much so, in fact, that another society has undertaken to furnish dinners to poor children in the poorest and most populous part of London for a cent. It is said that the children who take their meals at the penny establishment show a marked improvement in health, are more regular in attendance at school, and accomplish better work in their studies than when they commenced their new regimen. The bulk of the ingredients is, of course, vegetables and bread, potatoes and peas holding a prominent place. Both meat and milk are used in moderate quantity.

Despite the prediction of Mr. Charles Marvin, a noted author and explorer of Eastern countries, made over a year ago, that the Pennsylvania oil kings were in danger of dethronement by reason of the immense yield of petroleum in the newly discovered Russian oil fields at Baku, on the Caspian sea, that happy consummation—happy from the standpoint of a Muscovite—is not likely to be reached, at least not immediately. Mr. David Ker, and intrepid an equally well known traveler, who has but recently returned from a lengthy visit to Baku, takes a view decidedly opposed to that of Mr. Marvin, the American product in Mr. Ker's opinion being every way superior to the Russian article and commanding a higher price and finding a readier sale even on the "native heath" of its Russian rival. The difficulties attending transportation must also, until relieved, inevitably operate in favor of our trade.

A small volume of statistics, showing the work done by the postoffices of the world, has just been published in Florence, Italy. From this it appears that in 1883, the latest year for which complete retur... boxes. The total number of persons employed by the various postoffices was 356,000 and in the twelve months there were transmitted 683,000,000 letters, 546,000,000 postal cards, 1,046,000 books and parcels, 1,672,000,000 newspapers and 117,000,000 telegrams, the gross weight of the matter sent though the post being estimated at 800,000 tons. The lowest charge for the conveyance of any letter or post card was one-fifth of a cent, the highest was twenty-five dollars. The total receipts of the various offices amounted to $190,750,000 and their expenditures were $159,750,000. These figures are surprising when one remembers that less than half a century ago the number of packages of all kinds that passed through the postoffices of the world was well under 100,000,000.

The proffer to England by the Maharajah of Nepaul of "15,000 picked Goorkhas" for service in Afghanistan might prove embarrassing to the English authorities. Despite their small stature, these miniature Montenegrins are certainly the best soldiers in India. One of them lately killed a man-eating tiger in the jungle with one slash of his huge curved knife. Another, in a former war, slew three British soldiers with three successive blows, the victims being almost cut in two through their thick cross belts. But although the valor of the Goorkhas in 1880 dismayed even the Afghans themselves, they were an equal terror to their English leaders, from the cruelties in which their native ferocity and fierce religious hatred of their Mussulman foes found constant vent. After one of the battles near Candahar, a Goorkha battalion went over the field with their long knives and literally cut to pieces every wounded Afghan whom they found. On another occasion a Goorkha soldier set fire to the clothes of a fallen Mussulman, and then danced around him with shrieks of delight while the poor wretch was slowly burning alive.

Herat, the "Gate of India" and "Pearl of Khorassan," is one of the oldest cities in the world, and probably the most unfortunate. Situated on the Heri-Rud, at the northern extremity of a fruitful province, through which lies the easiest and best road from Central Asia to Hindostan, its possession was a matter of the utmost importance to northern warriors who passed through Afghanistan on their way to the golden plains beyond the Indus. Thus, to use the words of a Persian historian, "the city has been fifty times taken, fifty times destroyed, and fifty times has it risen again from its ashes." The few Europeans who have visited the town agree in describing it as one of the filthiest in the world. The place would be totally uninhabitable were it not endowed by nature with a particularly healthy atmosphere and a benignant north wind, which tend to counteract the unwholesome smells and dirty habits of the people. The surrounding country is exceedingly fruitful, seventeen sorts of grapes, numerous varieties of melons, apricots, wheat and other cereals being among the more valuable products. Silk and carpets are the principal manufactures.

Killing Cattle in Chicago Stock Yards.

The modus operandi of killing and preparing cattle at the Chicago stock yards for the market is described by a writer for the *National Live Stock Journal*, who says:

"One man with a good breech-loading rifle, used at very short range, does the killing. This has been found the surest, quickest and most humane way of extinguishing the life of cattle by the firms engaged in the business here. One concern uses a heavy hammer to deal the death blow, and a few years ago 'spearing' was resorted to. This was, in appearance at least, a very barbarous practice. A man armed with a bar of round iron, seven or eight feet long and sharp-pointed at one end, would take his place over the narrow chute through which the bullock was driven, and plunge the instrument into the top of his head, just back of the horns, severing the spinal cord. Generally the spear was effective and caused instant death; but in the case of badly frightened and restive beasts, it would frequently go wide off the mark and maim them in a horrible manner. After the shooting the animals are dragged head foremost by a chain from where they fell into the main building and their throats are cut, the blood being caught, as it flows, in pans. These are allowed to stand until the blood coagulates, when it is removed and dried, for not only the blood, but the horns, bones, entrails, tails and everything, except the contents of the stomach and bowels have a commercial value here. The tail does not 'go with the hide' at the stockyards, but is taken out entire and has a market value of about sixteen cents. Ox-tail soup is made from them. The intestines are all wanted for sausage casings and the bones are sold mainly to knife manufacturers. They are worth fifty to fifty-five dollars per ton. There is a demand in some quarters for 'blood sausage,' and the blood not used in this way is sold to sugar refineries. It is worth twenty-eight dollars per ton. Hog's blood is used but seldom, except as a fertilizing material. The visitor is always amazed at the incredible short time it takes a butcher to remove the hide from a bullock. The whole operation of skinning and dressing is accomplished at the rate of one every ten minutes to each butcher, or about the length of time it takes a farmer to skin the hind leg of a cow to her gambrel joint."

Thanked by Congress.

Since this government has been organized there have been only thirty-four people named in resolutions of thanks by Congress. With three exceptions this honor has only been paid to officers of great gallantry in action during a war. The three exceptions were those of Captain Ingraham, Captain Ringgold and Captain Dahlgren. In the first case, Captain Ingraham cleared his ship for action and rescued at the cannon's mouth an American citizen by the name of Martin Koszta from illegal seizure and imprisonment on board the Austrian war-brig Hussar. Captain Ringgold was honored for his daring and skill in rescuing the crew of the steam-transport Gouverneur, wrecked in a gale the 1st of November, 1861, having on board a battalion of United States marines, and also for the search and rescue of the battle-ship Vermont, which was disabled in a gale on the 26th of February, 1864. The third, Captain Dahlgren, was thanked for his improvements in gunnery. This honor gives the recipient the right of admission to the floors of Congress at any and all times.

...apids, Michigan, ... alcohol every

THE HEART OF THE HOME.

Be the home where it may, on the hill, in the valley.
Hemmed in by the walls of the populous town,
Set fair where the corn lifts its plumes to the rally,
Or perched on the slope, where the torrent rolls down,
Still ever the heart of the home is the same,
Still ever the dearest of names is the name,
And ever the purest of fames is the fame,
Of the home-queen, the mother, whose gentle command,
Unchallenged, bears rule in our beautiful land.

Be the home what it may, whether lofty or lowly,
The mansion, the cottage, the plain little room,
'Tis the heart-beat of true love shall make the place holy,
'Tis the outlook to heaven shall keep it from gloom.
For the heart of the home is the same, is the same,
In hall or in hut, there is ever one name,
Which kindles the torch of a swift leaping flame,
As we bow to the mother, whose gentle command
Is the sceptre that sways in our beautiful land.

Oh, sweet with the dawn-flush of morning upon her,
She cradles her first born in tender embrace;
And sweeter, when age brings her glory and honor,
She smiles with the glow of life's eve on her face,
We are glad of her praise, we are sad at her blame,
Her name was the first for our child lips to frame,
And loyally, proudly all homage we claim
For the home-queen, the mother, whose gentle command
Is potent and strong in our beautiful land.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Dogma—Parent of puppies.

A grave responsibility—The sexton's.

The success of a church choir singer is, after all, largely a matter of chants.

In the bright lexicon of the district messenger youth there is such a word as snail.—*New York Journal.*

All animals have their good points, but for abundance of the same none can compare with the porcupine.

While roller-skating may do well in the spring, one would think it would be unpopular in the fall.—*Siftings.*

The principal instrument of music in China is the tom-tom. It produces better music than a piano, and is much cheaper. Any one can readily make a tom-tom by tying two cats by the tails and hanging them across a clothes-line. —*Newman Independent.*

In the spring a young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of—Nancy;
But in the summer turns again,
And then his thoughts are all of Jane;
When autumn comes—thrice-fickle man!—he
Proclaims himself the slave of Fanny;
But soon, these three forgotten quite,
Dear Rose becomes his heart's delight.
—*Critic.*

"A scientist says that 'the way to sleep is to think of nothing,'" read Mrs. Smith in a newspaper. "If that be true, I should say that you would sleep all the time, my dear," said her husband. "No doubt, Mr. Smith, for I think a great deal of you."—*Newman Independent.*

THE POET'S LOT.

When the editor's a prey to indigestion, indigestion,
And his liver isn't working worth a cent, worth a cent,
When he gives a gruff reply to every question, every question,
And in grumbling o'er his woes his time is spent, time is spent—

Then the poet makes some verses and he writes 'em, and he writes 'em,
And he brings them to the office when they're done, when they're done,
And the editor he takes a club and smites'im, club and smites 'im—
Oh, the poet's lot is not a happy one, happy one,
Oh, the poet's lot is not a happy one!
—*Boston Courier.*

Shoplifters.

Talking with a Chicago *Herald* reporter, a floor-walker in a large retail dry-goods store said:

"Professional shoplifters are hard to catch; they are as cool, calm and collected when 'nipping' a roll of lace or silk as a corpse, and they do it so deftly it is seldom they are detected. A shoplifter rarely enters a store alone, but brings an accomplice with her, who engages the clerk in conversation and averts his attention while she gets away with whatever she can conveniently stow away. She always dresses elegantly to disarm suspicion, and the various plaits and trimmings on her skirt conceal the openings of large pockets into which the 'swag' is deftly slipped. Shoplifters are more common in New York and Boston than in Chicago, as they easily can find receivers for their stolen goods who pay them such a price as makes their vocation profitable. Of course we are not free from shoplifters by any means, but the eastern cities seem to be headquarters for them. It is not seldom that clerks are in league with these thieves. Floor-walkers as a class are well paid; many of the shrewdest men in the New York and Boston houses get as high as $6,000 a year, but the majority get from $500 to $2,500. Yes, we are well paid, but our work is tedious and our responsibility heavy."

Punishment in Persia.

Nor is justice at all times slow in Persia. It is administered often in a rough and ready fashion, and to the terror of evil-doers. The king himself is much averse to the shedding of blood, and has abolished the old custom of monarchs presiding at capital punishment. Still, capital punishments for quasi-political crimes, such as the non-payment of revenue, are not uncommon; and the bowstring and the poisoned cup are no mere nominal terrors. The bastinado flourishes in fact, without it the Persians declare that chaos would come again. A defaulting debtor, a thief, an ignoramus, a highway robber, a provincial governor behind-hand with his revenue—the punishment for all these faults and crimes, irrespective of age, rank, or sex, is sticks, and nothing but sticks, varying in quantity perhaps, but seldom differing in quality; for, unless th... can bribe the executioner, t... ...iably well laid on.—*Lo...*

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