IN TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

Modern ideas of unexplored lands are limited almost entirely to the north and south poles, whither costly expeditions are constantly being despatched: while in South America alone there are the interiors of Guiana, Brazil, Patagonia, and Tierra del Fuego, besides smaller patches of only half explored land, all calling for more attention than they have hitherto received.

The whole of Brazil has indeed been explored in a superficial sort of way: that is to say, there are certain narrow lines of explored land, chiefly along rivers which intersect the country; but only two people from all the civilized world have ever penetrated beyond the coast of Tierra del Fuego, though the coast itself has been well surveyed, and whalers' boats frequently land there for water.

One of these two pioneers is a Chilian lady who was ship-wrecked on the coast; and saved alive by the chief of a Fuegan tribe which murdered all her companions. She was seen alive and happy by the other pioneer, a seaman, by name Thomas Thorold, who spent nearly six months in the interior of this strange country, and came safe home to England again. It is his story that I propose to tell.

Less than six years ago an English sailing ship, homeward bound from Valparaiso, founded off the west coast of Tierra del Fuego during the cruel, wintry month of July. The crew got into three boats and pulled to the shore, which was not far distant. After rounding a headland, they found themselves in comparatively smooth water, surrounded by bare, bleak hills, beneath which there was a broad, sandy beach, which would afford them easy landing.

But on this beach and about the foot of the hill they saw what above all things they dreaded—the signs of the doom they felt must sooner or later be theirs—the stunted forms of Fuegan natives, standing and lying about their rude huts and canoes.

As soon as the Fuegans espied them, they crowded into their canoes and rowed out toward them, while their shouts brought a multitude of natives to the beach where they clustered like a flock of vultures hovering over their prey.

The Fuegans are a small race, with a dark copper-colored skin. The men are mostly clad in old vests and trousers that they have acquired from some ship-wrecked crew, or from the steamers passing through the straits of Magellan; others wear deer or guanaco skins. The women are dressed more simply in a single garment resembling a poncho, made of some skin: a simple square, with a hole in the middle for the head.

Their boats have none of the graceful gliding of the North American canoes, but are simply made of pieces of bark or wood clumsily tied together with fibres, and are awkwardly rowed with oars formed of poles with flat pieces of wood tied on to the end. The only manufacture in which these men—the lowest type of humanity—at all excel, is that of barbed spear-heads, which they make with considerable skill of an almost transparent sort of flint, very similar to some of the arrow-heads used by the wild Bugres of Brazil. These, dipped in poison and fixed on to long wooden shafts, become dangerous weapons for poor weary sailors to face who have nothing to defend themselves with but oars and stretchers.

Before the three doomed boats were within half a mile of the shore, they were surrounded by seven or eight canoes crammed with these gibbering aborigines, before whom the sailors were perfectly helpless, for from a considerable distance the unerring spears came hurling toward them. The miserable men tried in uain to parry them. One by one they dropped into the bottom of the boat and died in agony, as the fiery venomy from the spear heads coursed through their veins.

Suddenly, when there were only two or three left untouched in each of the boats, one of the Fuegans, who seemed to be a chief among them, gave a shout that made all the others stand motionless, with spears poised in their hands; and he spoke to them in their loud, cracked language for a minute or more; it seemed years to the helpless men waiting to be killed.

At the helm of one of the boats sat mate, Thomas Thorold, a tall, strong man of about 30, toward whom the chief pointed several times as he was speaking. Soon he stopped shouting and gesticulating, and again the spears came whizzing from the strong, savage arms.

But a change had taken place; the weapons were aimed at all the sailors except Thomas Thorold. He sat there untouched, expecting every moment to receive his death wound, and receiving it not. Only he saw his companions dropping one by one, meeting their deaths bravely, as Englishmen are wont to do, but with features tortured into that rigid glare which indicates the height of suppressed terror and extreme suspense.

When at last the mate was the only living one left, to his horror they surrounded him, bound his hands and feet and lifted him into one of their canoes. Then they turned towards shore, towing the three boats behind them.

Thorold, naturally supposing that they were keeping him for torture, and preferring immediate death to a deferred but more horrible fate, attempted to jump into the sea, or dash out his brains against the sides of the canoe; but they carefully prevented him from doing himself any harm. Arrived at the shore, they retired to their huts, leaving him still bound hand and foot upon the beach.

This was late in the afternoon, and all that night he lay there helpless, expecting every moment to be carried to the fire or some other torture. But they went about their business, gathering clams and muscles and eating them raw, collecting fuel and heaping up the fires, and never touched their prisoner at all; only they kept looking towards him, and crowds of the half-naked, hideous children stood a few yards off and gazed at him in awe, and lean dogs came and snarled and sniffed at him suspiciously.

The tribe appeared to consist of between 100 and 200 , and there were several rude huts formed of trees cut down and stuck close together in the ground, while their branches and foliage were tied together and formed an inefficient roof.

Fuegans appear to be insensible to cold, for though the climate is as cold or even colder than the extreme north of Scotland, they do not attempt to make comfortable huts for themselves, and they wear nothing but the light clothing which I have described. At night, however, most of them slept by the fires, like dogs on a winter's night.

All that night long Thomas Thorold lay bound upon the beach, trembling with cold and terror, and praying, "Lord, now let me die!"

In the early morning he felt that his hour had come, for two or three of the Fuegans came towards him. and one of them had a knife in his hand. But when the they cut the fiber ropes that bound him they left him alone again, standing on the beach, free to do what he liked.

It was useless to think of flight, for their eyes were always upon him, and besides, one man could have done nothing with a boat in the sea outside the bay. So after a while he obeyed the cravings of nature, and collected muscles and clams on the shore, as he had seen the natives do; and on this cold food he made a wretched breakfast.

Thus he spent all that day and all the next thirty-seven days, for he kept a careful count of the time. He ate only the miserable shell-fish that he found on the beach, drank water from a torrent that flowed down the mountain side, and slept by one of the fires, which he boldly approached the first night after they had unbound him, for he had experienced the cold of one wintry night and that was enough.

They were neither kind nor unkind to him, but took no notice of him whatever; they never attempted to speak to him, even by signs, except on one occasion when he wandered too far from them, and one of them ran after him and made signs to him to go back.

During the leaden-footed days he necessarily observed how the natives passed their time, and he did so without the slightest interest, and was unable to relate many details about them. Most of the work, such as hewing wood and drawing water, was done by the women; the men did very little, but spent their time mostly in lying about their huts. Sometimes a few of them went off in their canoes seal hunting, and always returned with one or two seals; sometimes they went hunting inland, and always returned with a guanaco—a species of llama: then they all immediately fell upon it, tore it to pieces, and ate it raw. If a dead seal was washed ashore, they ate it in the same way, gorging themselves on the putrid blubber and flesh.

After these disgusting feeds they lay on the ground in a torpor, and Thorold could easily have stabbed them as they lay asleep, but that some of the weaker ones, having been unable to secure much of the food, were awake and ready to cast their spears at him. Moreover, if he had killed them all he would have been no better off.

All these weeks he was in a horrible state of suspense as to why he was being kept alive and what torture was preparing for him, so much so that he was unable to sleep for terror, until forced into unconsciousness by fatigue.

But on the thirty-eighth day an event occurred which, although in itself gruesome and terrifying, put into his heart a hope that he might some day return to the outer world again, and gave him a clue as to what was his captors' only conceivable object in preserving him alive.

It was about noon, on a fine cold day, when Thorold, standing on the beach and looking out to sea, saw two whalers' boats pull round the headland to a distant part of the shore, where they proceeded to land and get fresh water. The huts of the Fuegans were between Thorold and the new-comers, who apparently did not perceive the natives, and were quietly filling their water casks at a stream.

As Thorold was following his natural impulse to run to them, get into one of their boats, and make them row away, he was pinioned by three or four strong natives. Then a few canoes put out to cut off the boats, should they attempt to escape, and all the rest of the fighting men, and many of the women, caught up their long spears and ran towards their victims.

To Thorold's surprise, he was made to run along with them. The whalers' men were intercepted before they got off, and then it was the old ghastly tale repeated: they were shot down to a man with the poisoned spears. All the while the Fuegans who were holding Thorold made him understand that they wished him to watch what was going on, by gesticulating and pointing towards the slaughter. After it was over they pillaged the dead bodies and the boats of everything they had, and then threw the corpses into the sea.

While Thorold was lying awake that night, and brooding over the horrible event, a sudden inspiration came to him that the object of the Fuegans in keeping him alive was to send him back to his people that he might tell them how they would be treated if they came to the land of the Fuegans—to declare unending war between themselves and the white world; and though, of course, he never knew for a certainty, yet the way in which they made him watch the slaughter of the whalers' men, and everything that happened before and after, pointed to this explanation of their conduct. From that night his great fear and suspense were mingled with this grain of hope.

The next morning the Fuegans collected their belongings, which consisted of nothing but spears and knives, a few skins, and some utensils for holding water, and marched inland, taking their prisoner with them. They spent about six hours a day on the march, over difficult mountain passes and down into deep valleys, making fires to sleep by at night, and living on guanacos, which they occasionally shot.

Thorold took little interest in observing the nature of the country, but he reported it to be very similar to that seen on the coast—bleak mountains, with occasional copses of stunted trees, and all else absolutely barren and uncultivated. There is little doubt, however, that it is a treasure house of mineral wealth, for various ores, including gold, are picked up in plenty on the coast, and there is every indication of coal. If a coal mine was once got into working order here, it would be of inestimable value for the coaling of ships alone, as well as for use in South America itself, for coal is at present brought from England at great expense all the way to Monte Video, and to Sandy Point, in the straits of Magellan, from the north of Chili.

On the fourth day of the march they met another tribe, also on the march, and the two bodies of men fell to fighting at once, as is their invariable custom. After an hour's fighting there were only about fifty men left of the first tribe; these surrendered, and became prisoners of war to their conquerors, who had also sustained heavy losses. The prisoners, however, did not appear to be regarded as slaves at all, but simply mingled with the victorious tribe. After the battle the prisoners spoke to their captors about Thorold; whom they brought forward, apparently explaining their object in keeping him; and he lived with the new tribe on exactly the same footing as he had done with the old one.

Nearly six months Thorold spent in this way, the tribe in which he lived sometime marching for five or six days, and then settling down for several weeks; sometimes they were on the sea shore, and then he lived as they did, chiefly on raw mussels and other shell fish; when they were inland he lived on pieces of raw guanaco, which he grabbed along with the others.

There is a story current in Chili that the Fuegans, when driven to necessity, first eat their dogs, the only domestic animal which they keep, and, when these are all gone, proceed to devour the old women of the tribe. Thorold saw no signs of cannibalism, but this was perhaps because no necessity for it arose. He states that the old women were treated with especial care; and it is doubtful whether this affection arose from the hearts or the stomachs of their grandchildren.

Five times he saw a fight with another tribe; in three out of the five his tribe was conquered, and he changed hands, the prisoners always appearing to explain to their captors their object in keeping him.

Among the third tribe with which he lived he saw a white woman; she was the Chilian lady whom I have already mentioned, and Thorold took the first opportunity of going up to her. The Fuegans held him back at first, for they regarded her as a goddess; but at her command they let him approach her. They were unable to converse, for she spoke only Spanish, and he only English; but from that time Thorold was treated by the natives with more deference than before.

He was never allowed again to approach the Chilian woman, who appeared to be rather ashamed of her situation before him, but he saw her manner of life. She was the wife of the chief, and had apparently a large number of children. The natives treated her with the greatest respect, and cooked meat for her, and made her a more elaborate hut than they made for themselves. Her dress was a mixture of civilization and barbarism. On the whole she appeared satisfied with her strange life.

About four weeks after Thorold joined this tribe, another tribe came upon them; there was a fight, and he changed hands. Just before the fight began the Chilian woman went away with a few companions, and he saw her no more.

Toward the end of the sixth month the tribe which possessed Thorold reached a place on the sea shore which consisted of a bay almost shut in by land. He had often reached a similar place, for there are many bays on that coast with an island facing them.

On the morning of the third day after they had reached this spot he was on the beach gathering his usual breakfast of shell-fish, when he heard a sound that sent the blood rushing toward his heart. It was the familiar sound of a steamer, and looking up he saw the black smoke floating away in the wind.

Then he knew that he was on the shore of the straits of Magellan, and before he had time to consider how to secure his safety he had dropped on the beach in a dead faint, for six months' living in horrible suspense, without shelter, and with the poorest apology for food, had left him very little of his old strength.

On that day the steamer "Aconcagua," of the Pacific Steam Navigation company, bound from Liverpool to Valparaiso, left Sandy Point and was proceeding westward through the straits. The bulwarks were crowded with passengers and officers and crew looking out for native canoes, for it is the custom of steamers passing through these straits to slow down, unless they are in a great hurry, and interview the natives in their canoes, ending by dropping over the ship's side a barrel filled with old clothes and tobacco and other things calculated to please the savage mind. Once or twice a couple of natives have been hoisted on board and shown round the steamer. With awe they gazed at the long saloon, and in horror they fled when they were taken down to the fire-room and a furnace door was suddenly opened at them. reminding them of a crater of one of the volcanoes that gave their land its name of Fire.

Before the awful adventure of Thorold, all that was known about these strange people was learnt in this way, and thus the curious fact was discovered that although their near neighbors the Patagonians will drink all the rum and other fire-water they can lay their hands on, the Fuegans will take no alcohol of any kind, but, when offered it, turn away with the same appearance of disgust that a dog shows under similar circumstances, in this way, among others, showing how they stand in the scale of humanity. Tobacco, however, they greatly appreciate.

On this occasion the passengers of the "Aconcagua" were not disappointed in their desire to see the natives. Several canoes were shooting out to meet them, and in one of them they saw to their intense surprise a white man standing up, and heard him shouting to them in English to "stop for God's sake!" Of course they stopped. The canoes came alongside, and the white man was hauled up on deck without the slightest opposition from the Fuegans, and indeed by their evident desire.

On reaching the deck Thorold fainted. He was carried away and attended to by the doctor; and the natives, we may be sure, got a good toll that day. Several barrels were dropped over the ship's side, laden with all things that the savages could desire.

The rescued man soon recovered sufficiently to tell his wonderful story. He was taken to Valparaiso, and thence back again to England in the steamship "Galicia," as a distressed British seaman.

During the first part of the voyage his mental faculties appeared to be a good deal weakened. He would frequently hang over the bulwarks in a sort of stupor, and the doctor ordered any one who saw him in this state at once to approach him and touch him, and ask him what he was thinking of, until he answered them.

And the answer that came at last was always the same:

"I was thinkin' of how the faces of my mates looked when them savages was murderin' of them."—Cornhill Magazine.

Skin of a Huge African Lion.

The tanned skin of a huge African lion, said to be the largest animal of its kind ever killed by a white man, has just been made into a rug for a gentleman in New York city. The owner was one of a hunting party that captured the animal last August on a mountain precipice near the Sand river, east Africa, about 180 miles back from the coast line at Delagoa bay. The lion killed a native Zamala, who was trying to beat him out of the bush so that the hunter could get a shot at him, and the owner of skin brought home the skull of the poor follow as another souvenir of the exciting chase. From the nostrils to the tip of the tail the skin measured ten feet three inches. It is beautifully colored, and all the claws and teeth are preserved perfectly. Two of the teeth are four inches long. The head measured two feet eight inches across the forehead, with all the muscles strongly brought out.

There is a big hole in the skin that pierced the animal's heart. The owner of the skin left Africa with it before the hot season came on. It was packed in lime to preserve it until the traveler reached London, and was covered with arsenic soap for further transportation to this city. The lion skin has been surrounded with twenty-one bear skins, the whole forming a rug twenty-one feet long and thirteen feet wide, enough to carpet a large room. The skin has been the object of a good deal of interest and curiosity to men in the trade.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Paganini's Unparalled Feat.

Paganini happened to play before the Princess Pauline Borghese, sister of Napoleon I, when his chanterelle (the E string) snapped. Whether accident or his own design, the A broke after this, and he played so wonderfully on the two remaining strings a duet between two lovers that the princess said to him: "You do such incredible things M. Paganini, with two strings, that I am almost sorry that the D string didn't give way too, so as to leave you only one string. I should like to see what it is possible even for a sorcerer like you to do on the G alone. "Qu'a cela ne tienne," said Paganini with the greatest equanimity, and he coolly took the D off and began his famous variations on the Prayer of Mose on the G alone. It is useless to try and give a description of the amazement, not to say stupefaction, of his hearers at this unparalleled feat, and of the admiration which followed the first surprise, when they saw what a man's hand could do with one string. True, it was that man's hand.—Temple Bar.

A More Practical Interpretation.

A young negro in the south had been converted and at once wanted to preach. His elders thought he was not fitted for the important work: but he well-nigh staggered them by relating a vision in which he had plainly seen the letters "G. P. C.," which could mean only: "Go Preach Christ." A white-haired negro preacher slowly arose and told the ambitious young brother that while he had, no doubt, seen the letters in a vision, he had failed in the interpretation. They probably meant: "Go pick cotton," or "Go plant corn." This settled the matter. A preacher in the New York conference, when the story was told a few days ago, remarked to a friend sitting near: "I wish we had men in our white conferences sharp enough to explain away as satisfactorily the arguments by which our young incompetents try to convince the committee that they have been called to preach the gospel."—New York Tribune.

THEIR LAST RESTING-PLACE.

A Visit to Hollywood Cemetery, Near Richmond—Confederate Dead.

Among the many beautiful places about the capital of the old dominion none is so lovely in the spring time as Hollywood Cemetery. Some of the greatest men Virginia or America ever produced are buried here, and the wind as its sighs through the beautiful trees sings ceaselessly their requiem.

The grounds cover about ninety acres and there are nearly 50,000 graves. The sexton is a character in his way, and many a little tale of romance did he tell me during my walk, many a tale of a broken heart or of forgetfulness. But we need not dwell upon these. Human nature is the same under every sky, and the same stories can be heard in every grave yard in the land. There is a story worth telling connected with every little mound in the wide world.

One of the first spots the stranger wants to see is President's hill, where lie buried within twenty feet of each other two presidents of the United States, Monroe and Tyler. Over the former is a large cast-iron monument, but the other has not even a board to mark his last resting-place, not as much as a pauper in a potter's field, only a magnolia grows near, fit emblem of the south he loved so well.

Near these two graves, Gen. A. P. Hill, of the Confederate army, is buried. It is a strange coincidence that his name was in both the lips of Lee and Jackson when they died. Scattered about in various sections of the place are the graves of John Randolph, of Roanoke; J. E. B. Stuart, the dashing cavalry leader of the Army of Northern Virginia; Commodore M. F. Maury, "the Pathfinder of the Seas;" James A. Seddon, Confederate minister of war; Governor Henry A. Wise; John R. Thomson, the poet; Gens. Ashby, Steven, Picket, Moore, and many another of Virginia's sons, whose names are written high on the scroll of fame.

In another part of the cemetery, the "New Part," is the Confederate section, where under the sod sleep 12,000 soldiers, waiting the sound of the last reveille. In the center of the army of the unknown and unrecorded dead rises a splendid monument, a pyramid of rough Virginia granite, erected to the memory of the southern soldier by the ladies of the south. Ah, those ladies of the south, fit mothers and sisters of brave sons and brothers. How many of their best beloved lie to-day under the soil of the Old Dominion. And how many brave northern soldiers lie by their sides. Truly Virginia is the burial place of the nation, and our hearts should soften when we think of her. Speaking of the monument Joaquin Miller, who visited it says: "This grand tribute of cold gray stone is taking to itself the softening and subduing mantle of verdure. Up the four steep sides of stone the ivy is climbing, is nearing the summit. It will meet there on the topmost pinnacle some day soon, and joining hands, bend down in perpetual pity over the 12,000 dead."—Richmond (Va.) Cor. Detroit Free Press.

To Awaken the Chinese People.

There are only three influences which can be successfully exerted upon the Chinese people to awaken them to their real condition as compared with the people of other countries; first, war and diplomacy, which work slowly and spasmodically, but very effectively at times; secondly, commerce, which "has done and is doing much along the sea coast; and thirdly, the missionaries, who push out into the interior armed with dogmatic religion, and good works are slowly making their way, though not nearly so much by the former as the latter. They are truly the advanced guard of civilization; and while they carry its highest and most abstract principles to those who are but little fitted by habit or education to receive or understand them, they are surely and steadily gaining the confidence and regard of those among whom they are laboring. The more practical their work becomes, the more rapidly will good results flow from it.—Peking Cor. New York Sun.

The Proprietorship of Love-Letters.

The proprietorship of love-letters has been forever set at rest in England, three of the lords-justice deciding that the letters belong to the writer, who in case of estrangement may demand and receive them back, provided they have not been destroyed. Ladies may write in them whatever nonsense they may see fit, with the full assurance that they can not be published without their consent, nor can they be sold or disposed of contrary to the author's wishes.—Chicago Journal.

Largest Diamond in the World.

The king's treasury is within the ark or citadel, and the crown jewels are kept there. The most famous of the diamonds is that called Dareae Nur, or Sea of Light. It was obtained in India, and is said to be the largest first-class diamond in the world. It is thought, however, to be somewhat inferior in quality to that of the Kune Nur, or Mountain of Light, now in possession of the British crown.—Land of the Imams.

Set on Fire by a Meteor.

The captain of an Australian schooner, Mr. F. H. Griffiths, reports the setting fire of his vessel by a meteorite. No shock was felt, but two or more hot metallic pieces as large as a man's hand were picked up.—Exchange.

Flax Straw for Fuel.

In some sections of Dakota where fuel is expensive farmers this year will grow an acre or two of flax for fuel. It is claimed that a ton of flax straw is worth more for fuel than a ton of soft coal.—Philadelphia Call.

The Average Lenght of Life.

The Popular Science News asserts that the average length of life is constantly increasing, and the time may yet come when persons 100 years old will excite no more curiosity than one of 80 years at the present time.

"Cyclone Cellar" for a Hotel.

A Pukwana (D. T.) hotel advertises as among its attractions a "cyclone cellar," with an easy slide into it in case of danger.—Inter Ocean.

The English Fond of Postscripts.

The English people are very fond of postscripts. The young man who wants his father or mother to send him a 5-pound note, this being the real object of his letter, always covers the four sides of his note-paper with generalities about mutual friends and his intense zeal at his desk, and then slips the request in as a postscript. So if he wants to borrow money from a friend. So if it isn't convenient to repay borrowed money borrowed money or reclaim an I. O. U. So with the young lady who writes a confidential letter to a friend. The pith of the whole communication is sure to be in the postscript.—London Cor. Baltimore Herald.

Australia's Natural Bird Trap.

The ornamental Pisonia grandis of Australia has seeds like an elongated barley corn, which are covered with a sticky gum. This adheres to the legs and feathers of winged creatures coming in contact with it, and makes the plant a natural bird catcher, no less than 100 birds having been known to be captured by one tree in Victoria.—Arkansaw Traveler.

A Toy Steamer for the Empress.

The Viceroy Li has had a complete toy steamer made for the empress of China, so that she may work it herself and see the importance of steam locomotion.—Philadelphia Call.

Highest Exploit of Sportsmanship.

To drop an elephant with a ball in the forehead is still the highest exploit of sportsmanship; for the brain is very small for the size of the beast, and the immense skull is almost wholly filled with a mass of honeycomb-like bone, in the cavities of which a bullet produces no immediate effect.—Chicago Herald.

VEILCHEN.

Did ever the sound of a snatch of song,
Whistled in careless tune,
Float in your mind the whole day long,
Taking you back to June?
Did ever the scent of a good cigar,
Blown on the breath of the evening air,
Bring to you memories different by far—
Not of tobacco at all, ma chere?
What do you think a voilet said
In this same magical way?
Nothing at all of the garden bed
Where it bloomed until to-day.
A walk in the moonlight, with none to mark,
The clasp of the hand that is dear to me;
A passionate thrill, a kiss in the dark,
The violet's scent brought near to me.
—Providence Journal.

NATIVES OF COUNTY CORK.

Potatoes Twenty-One Times a Week—In Typical Attire—An Interview.

The diet of the Irishman in this part of the country is, of course, potatoes and milk. As he himself puts it, he has potatoes twenty-one times a week. In the event of a blight, such as the historic one, the result in certain parts of Ireland could scarcely be less disastrous than at any former period. If one may judge from the physique of his consumers, the diet requires no recommendation of the medical faculty, for a more stalwart race it would be difficult to find. In this corner of the country so long "preserved," we should expect to find the natural Irishman, and we certainly found him, The native Irish is almost universally spoken; but at the same time the majority of the younger generation speak English with a brogue of the most exquisite flavor.

Here, also, we have the Irishman in the typical attire to which caricaturists have accustomed us. To the visitor from the other island, it is a ludicrous picture to see him in tall hat, blue tailed coat, and knee-breeches at work in his wretched plot, like a philosopher out for a little recreation. It is not so much the style of his garments, however, that makes their picturesqueness; it is their positively miraculous raggedness. We feel that this raggedness has quite passed the stage of disreputability, and has actually become ornamentation. But it is above all the hat that fixes the attention. We have often closely inspected it, and our wonder never ceased how, in the course of a single life, any hat, however weather-beaten and however brutally used, could attain that pre-Adamite look.

It is the great charm of travel in Ireland that one can become acquainted with its people in so short a time and on such easy terms. The Irishman is the most approachable of human beings, and as the very Irishman the stranger wishes to know is in most cases his own lord and master, intercourse is thus made doubly easy. If in the course of a solitary walk you should desire the solace of a little conversation you have but to take your seat on one of the turf walls that form the fences in these parts of the country. If you are a smoker and produce your pipe, you will present an additional inducement. Before you are well seated you will be saluted with: "A fine day sir, God be praised!" and a careless figure will be seen approaching with a spade or pickax over his shoulder.

Sharing your tobacco with him it will remain with yourself to conclude the interview. Before ten minutes have passed you will have had the outlines of his family history, and his views on things in general, not even excepting his priest. At the end of as many hours' conversation as you please he will speed you on your way with a fervent "God preserve you long!" and part with you as if you had been his life-long friend.—Chambers' Journal.

A Valuable Fish for Trade.

Not a particle of the porpoise is wasted in preparing it for the market. First, the skin is taken off, which is superior even to alligator hide for carriage leather and for shoes. The skin is nearly an inch thick, but it is planed down until it becomes nearly translucent. The blubber is tried out, yielding an oil equal to the best sperm oil for lubricating, and two other grades are made from the head and jaw, both being superior to that from the blubber. The jaw oil is used by jewelers and watch-makers, who pay at the rate of $15 a gallon for it. There is a tradition that anciently it was so highly esteemed that it was in demand for the table of royalty. In the times of Queen Elizabeth it was served to the nobles of England with bread crumbs and vinegar. It is a chief dainty of the Greenlanders. It is dark-colored and bloody. The carcass of the porpoise is thrown in with menhaden, and a little more oil is tried out of it, after which it becomes a fertilizer. An average porpoise is worth in all about $40.—Chicago Times.

Brutality of Napoleon Bonaparte.

In the "souvenirs" of Victor de Broglie some striking stories are told of the First Napoleon. Gen. Bertrand was ordered to examine the defensive means of a small town. He called the emperor's attention to the fact that in order to place it in a proper state of defense it would be necessary to destroy a number of small dwellings, which he considered a useless sacrifice, as the point was of slight strategic importance. The emperor listened without interrupting and then calmly remarked: "An engineer ought to be only an engineer;" then, pacing up and down, "it is useless to be an engineer without fulfilling the duties of an engineer." Then, going to the door, added. "An engineer must ignore mercy or pity," and thereon slammed the door violently. After the Russian campaign Napoleon, conversing with M. de Narbonne, stated: "After all, what have I lost? Not more than 300,000 men, and even at that there were a lot of Germans among them!" This last sentence is truly Napoleonic.—Detroit Free Press.

A Pre-Edison Phonograph on Record.

A writer in China claims to have discovered a record of the existence of a speaking phonograph in that country as far back as the seventeenth century. The instrument is mentioned as "the thousand-li speaker," and the description is as follows: "It was a bamboo tube covered with a disk of glass and opened by a key. After speaking into it several thousand words, it was closed and carried to a distance not exceeding a thousand-li. On opening it and applying the ear, a voice was distinctly heard. If carried a greater distance the voice became indistinct." Dr. Macgowan suggested that indistinctness might result from injury sustained by the apparatus in a long trip over the rough roads.—Arkansaw Traveler.

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We believe the RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE has real, genuine merit. It is this faith which has led us to put our money into it so liberally. We have put more into it than money—money could not buy the fair name we have gained by twenty years of honorable business dealing right here on Market St., Philadelphia, and yet so great is our faith in the Russian Rheumatism Cure that we are willing to stake our reputation on it as a safe, speedy and permanent cure for all Rheumatic troubles. Could we offer any better guaranty of good faith? Others besides ourselves have tested its merits, and add their hearty and unequivocal endorsement.

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FUSIL OIL—Do you know what it is? Ask your Physician or Druggist and he will tell you that IT IS A DEADLY POISON. Positive Sure Cure for Malaria, Pulmonary Complaints, Indigestion, Nervous Prostration, Bronchial Troubles, General Debility, Loss of Mental Power and all Wasting Diseases. Endorsed by over 3,500 Physicians' and Chemists. Invaluable as a STIMULANT AND TONIC in Typhoid Fever, Dysentery Diarrhœa, and all low forms of Disease. THE RECOGNIZED

ANTIDOTE FOR CHOLERA.

We are the only concern in the United States who are bottling and selling to the Medical Profession and Drug Trade an absolutely Pure Malt Whiskey, one that is free from FUSIL OIL and that is not only found on the sideboards of the best families in the country, but also in the physician's dispensing room.

DR. ARENDT, the great German Chemist, says:—"I have made an analysis of your PURE MALT WHISKEY, which gave a very gratifying result. Your Malt Whiskey, obtained mostly by extract of malt convusion and a very careful fermentation and distillation, is entirely free from fusil oil and any of those similarly obnoxious alcohols which are so often found in whiskey. I therefore, RECOMMEND IT TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

Prof. VON VONDER, writes:—"Purity itself—Duffy's Malt Whiskey, is the purest liquor that I have ever analyzed. I must therefore unqualifiedly recommend it to the medical profession."

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JAMES J. O'DEA, M. D., of Staten Island, the author of several works on insanity, writes: "When I prescribe an alcoholic stimulant, I order your famous Malt Whiskey, I know it to be wholesome, clean and unadulterated."

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TO CONSUMPTIVES, and those afflicted with HEMORRHAGES, WE WILL on receipt of SIX DOLLARS, send to any address in the United States (East of the Rocky Mountains), all Express Charges prepaid a plain case (thus avoiding all opportunity for comment), containing Six Quart bottles of our PURE MALT WHISKEY and with it in writing, and under the Seal of the Company a SURE and POSITIVE CURE for CONSUMPTION and other WASTING DISEASES in their early stages. This Formula has been prepared especially for us by the great German Scientist, Dr. Von Vonders. It can be prepared by any family housekeeper at slight expense (Raw Beefsteak and our PURE MALT WHISKEY being of the ingredients.) After this preparation has been taken for a few weeks, the previously conspicuously prominent bones in patients suffering from Consumption and the like diseases, get covered with a thick coating of fat and muscle, the sunken and bloodless cheeks fill up and assume a rosy hue, the drooping spirits revive, while all the muscles of the body, and chief among them the heart, are stronger and better able to perform their functions, because of being nourished with a richer blood than they had been before. In other words, the system is supplied with more carbon than the disease can exhaust, thereby giving nature the upper hand in the conflict.

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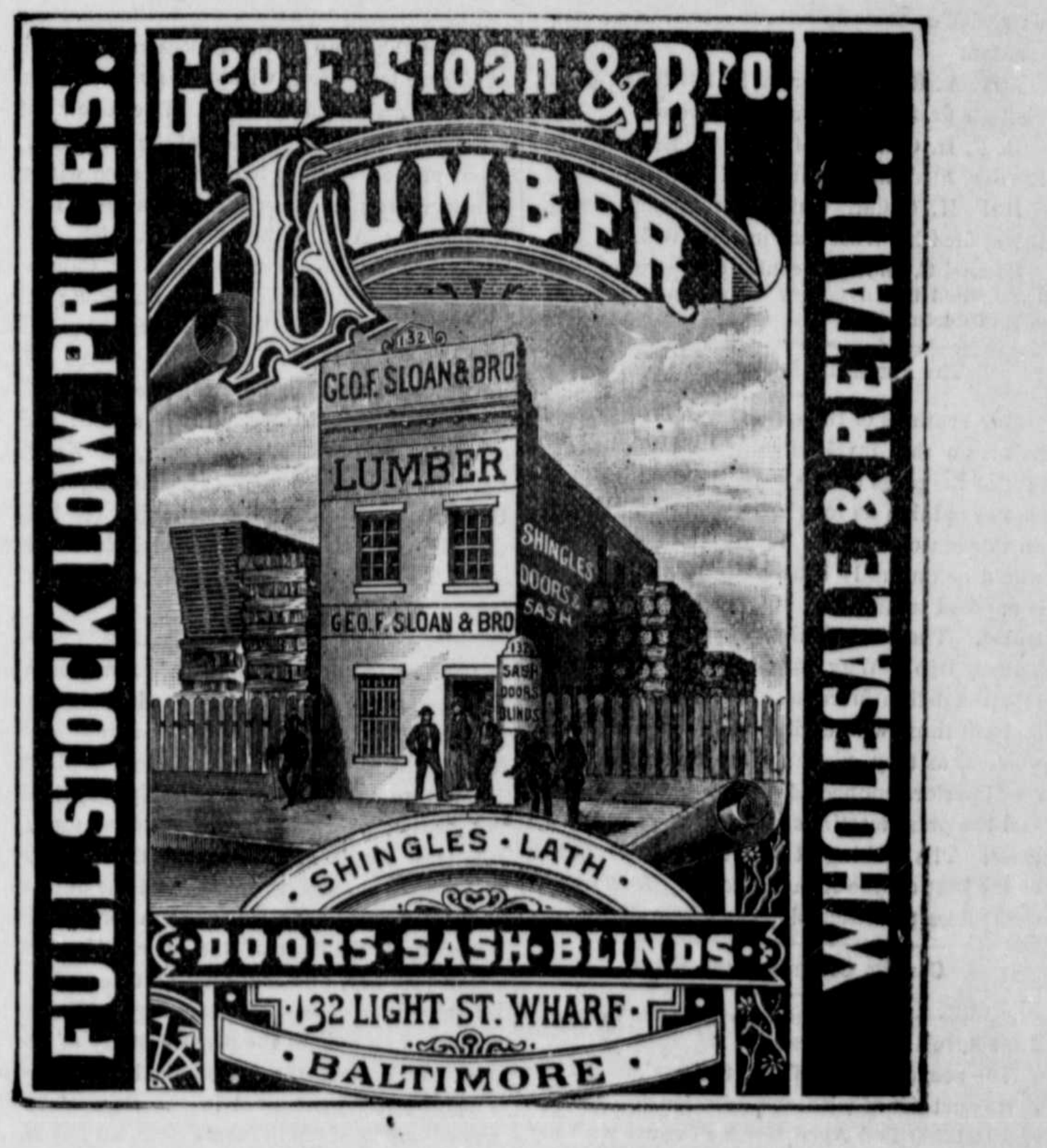

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