

The Mute's Chronicle.

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[NO. 23.]

ALL ABOUT PEANUTS.

I started directly for the peanut man. I found him in the middle of Fulton Market. Anthony Walch. Anthony's little peanut stand is passed by 10,000 people daily. Many stop to buy a cup of peanuts, and some perhaps give Anthony a passing thought, but did anybody ever think that that little stand, where you see a poor little boy rolling a sheet iron cylinder over a heap of coals and a gruff man shivering in the cold, is the beginning and end of a man?—that his whole existence is bound up in the little stand?

I opened my interview with Anthony by handing him a dime and asking for a cup of peanuts.

"What kind?" asked Anthony.

"What kind! Why man, there ain't but one kind of peanuts, are there?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, there is four kinds," said Anthony, with a Hibernian accent.

"Where are they, Anthony?" I asked, wishing to know the genus and species of this great article of daily consumption.

"Well, sur, there is the African peanut. They are mean little black ones, which come all the way from the Cape of Good Hope. My customers is fastidious, and they never use them. Then there is the Georgia peanut, a little better. Then the big, handsome, Virginia peanut, which is the best of all." Then Anthony's face took on a look of handsome satisfaction, just like his Virginia peanut. "My customers," continued Anthony, "especially ladies and gentlemen who is connoisseurs in peanuts, like these Virginia peanuts the best. Then a great many peanuts come from Tennessee. They are not very good. Them Tennessee peanuts have three meats in them and the man as buys them peanuts 'haspecting' to find himself mistaken."

"Well, Anthony, what is the difference in the wholesale prices of these peanuts?"

"For Africans I pay \$1.50 per bushel, for Tennessee peanuts \$1.80, for North Carolinas \$2.25, for Virginians \$2.40."

"How many do you sell a day?"

"About three bushels for the year."

"Let's see, Anthony; 1,000 would be 32,000 quarts which, at 20 cents per quart, would bring you \$4,200. Now, deducting the cost price, \$2,400, and you have a solid profit of \$2,600."

"Yes; that is it on the peanuts; but I sell other nuts, too—but not many after all."

"Now, what expenses are to come out of the \$2,200, Anthony?" I asked.

"Well, my boy who rolls the baker gets \$250 per year, then I pay my man \$300 per year, then my rent is \$400 per year—in all \$850. That leaves me \$1,350. But then, with my other nuts and my bananas, I suppose I clear \$2,000 every year."

Two thousand dollars is good for a peanut stand, I thought.

I found Anthony so wise on the peanut question that I continued to ask him questions. In reply to the question as to who bought peanuts of him the most, he said:

"Mostly women and children, but many rich gentlemen, too. Mr. Harper buys peanuts of me very often. He's a good judge of peanuts. Mr. Greeley has bought peanuts of me, but he don't never care whether we give him Africans or Virginians. He scoops anything he can get in his big white coat pockets and starts off. Mr. Beecher has bought peanuts here too, but he's no connoisseur in peanuts, either. He always spends more time looking at the boy rolling 'em than he does in looking at the peanuts. I 'spect if we should give him him Africans he wouldn't know the difference."

"Is there any particular art in the peanut business, Anthony?"

"Why, yes. A good many people fail at it. If a man didn't know just how to roast them he would soon fail in business. Then he must know good peanuts from poor ones. Here! sir, do you see that?" he exclaimed, holding up a peanut which looked like all the rest.

"Yes."

"Well, that's a poor one. There is no lustre to the shell—it's lifeless, and there is no meat in it." There he crushed it in his hand, and sure enough there was not.

"How many peanut stands are there in the City?" I asked.

"Well, I 'spect there is a thousand stands but they don't sell as many as I do. They call me the king peanut seller in the City," and Anthony drew himself up full length.

WHOLESALE PEANUT MEN.

At the suggestion of Anthony, I now rode around to Meacham Farnham's, No. 254 West street, wholesale dealers in peanuts, for I began to feel a deep interest and I wanted to know all about this branch of the trade.

I asked Mr. Meacham what was done with the African peanuts.

"Many of them are shelled and sold at ten cents per pound for candy, others are ground up to make oil with—sweet oil, such as we use on the table—and some are sold to second-rate peanut men in the country."

"What was the amount of last year's crop?"

Virginia raised 300,000 bushels; North Carolina 80,000; Georgia 20,000; Tennessee 200,000; and 100,000 came from Africa. We consumed in this country, continued Mr. Meacham, "altogether about 800,000 bushels. There was a big over stock of African peanuts during the French war last year. Thirty cargoes of 100,000 bushels, were on the way from the Cape of Good Hope to Marseilles, France, to be made into sweet oil. The war came on, the port closed, and the whole lot came to this country. Since then African peanuts have been a drug in the market."

I now called on Dibble and Worth, No. 188 Pearl street, large peanut dealers. Mr. Worth had been down in North Carolina, and was well acquainted with the culture of peanuts.

"How are they raised?" I asked.

"Well, many gentlemen have plantations of 500 and 600 acres, all in peanuts. D. McMillan, President of the Cape Fear, N. C., Agricultural Society, has a mile square—a place almost as large as Central Park—covered with peanuts."

They raised from 30 to 60 bushels to the acre. The ground is ploughed in the spring by the negroes, and the peanuts are planted in hills like potatoes. The vines grow like cucumbers. In the fall they are ploughed up, the peanuts sticking to the vines in clusters. After laying on the ground for a few days to dry, they are taken away and run through a threshing machine. The hogs are turned into the field and soon root out and eat all the nuts left in the ground. Large droves of hogs are thus fattened in the fall. The threshing machine used was invented by Thomas Caldwell, in 1818, and it is so arranged as to fall out all the light peanuts which have no meats in them. Peanuts are called in the South *gubernuts pinders*, and ground peas. Mr. J. Gore, of Wilmington, is the best authority on peanuts. He has done more to produce a uniform market than any other man. He buys a great many thousand bushels, sorts them over, divides the good ones from the bad, and puts them on the market. His peanuts, marked "W. J. G., AA or AAA," are known every-where in commerce.

"Where is the fun in the peanut business?"

"Fun! There ain't no fun in it—except when some scamp down South ships us a cargo of light ones fanned out because they have no meats."

"What do you do with them?"

"Well, we sell them to the Jews, and I suppose they mix them with good ones."

So you see, dear reader, how much we have gotten to-day from and through the wise peanut man, Anthony Walsh, who keeps the crazy stand in Fulton Market.—*Eli Perkins in New York.*

Rumors have been in circulation at Council Bluffs for some time in regard to the discovery of the gold in the Black Hills, on White Earth river, near Spotted Tail's new reservation. A gentleman from Dakota says that gold in large quantities has actually been discovered in the beds of Ice Creek, a small stream flowing into White Earth River about two hundred miles above Randall. White Earth River is in the vicinity of Big Horn River, where the expedition went that organized at Cheyenne last season.

A Colorado Reminiscence of 1863.

[From the Denver (Col.) News.]

The passage by the Legislature of a bill appropriating \$500 to Thomas T. Tobin for the killing of one of the Espinosas in 1863, recalls to mind one of the most romantic, and at the same terrible, incidents in the history of South Park, and which, in connection with the Reynolds guerrilla raid, a year later, threw a shadow of terror and fear over that section of country in which the bloody scenes were enacted. After a lapse of nine years the whirligig of time again brings this affair to light, and at this distance from the actual occurrence of the tragic events, they seem but as the memory of a dream.

The Espinosas were cousins; Spaniards, outlaws from old Mexico, who came up into Colorado in the year 1863, and before the strong arm of justice had reached them succeeded in assassinating between twenty and thirty of the hardy pioneers and miners of that day, who were struggling to open and develop this wonderfully rich country. The elder Espinosa was a large, coarse, hard-visaged, villainous looking ruffian, while his companion was a small fellow, of no particular individuality, possessing everything but the elements of a law-abiding citizen, coldblooded, desperate, sly, and treacherous. The story goes that the older Espinosa was a religious monomaniac, impressed with the idea that for some fancied wrong, for some unconscious deed whereby the sins of the father has been visited upon his head, or as an atonement for his own shortcomings, he was commanded by some patron saint, some ruling and guiding spirit, or a Nemesis, to avenge the crime against conscience, to go forth into the world, slaughter indiscriminately the white races, offer a prayer whenever he sets a soul free, and thus hope to merit and attain the smiles and gracious favor of his ruling spirit. With this task before him, he enlisted the services of his cousin, and together they journeyed northward and entered into Colorado. On this trail of blood the trip was diversified by the killing of two men in Santa Fe, and a soldier at Conejos. It was in March, 1863, that they arrived in the vicinity of Canon City. There they lurked three weeks, and began in reality the murderous object of their mission. Nine men were assassinated, and the news of the terrible scourge became circulated in other portions of the Territory. No one was left to tell the tale of how these dread events occurred, and for a time the death of various parties was wrapped in an impenetrable mystery. The people of that vicinity were appalled, stricken with fear, scarcely daring to venture beyond the reach of immediate aid. It seemed like a mysterious visitation of Providence—if Providence ever sends bullets through men's hearts—and no one could tell "from what concealment the messenger of death, which had never missed its mark, might reach him." The dread despair, the feeling of uncertainty, the reign of terror, the fear of an unseen and unknown foe pervaded the hearts of those sturdy pioneers who dared face any danger open and known.

The assassinations became more frequent. Men would leave their cabins, their camps, or the cities of the mountains, destined for another section, only to be found a few days later by some more fortunate traveler stark and dead with a bullet through their hearts. Under these circumstances, a company of 20 volunteers was raised in Park county, and headed by an indomitable and energetic leader, all fully determined to solve the mystery. The first good work done was the punishment of a notorious band of thieves; but this did not reach the cause of their trouble, and the murders continued. At Red Rock Ridge near Fairplay, in the immediate vicinity of the Genessee House, all along the trails, murdered men were found singly and in pairs. Ere long, finding a trail in the lower part of the park leading toward Canon City, this troupe of twenty men followed it and finally came to a spot where two horses were feeding. Concealment was the work of an instant, and ere long the hunters were rewarded by the appearance of two men who proved to be the Espinosas. In the fast recesses of the mountains they had halted to divide

their spoils and to refresh their wearied frames, and were probably planning their immediate future operations. The sight of these men was as exasperating as was the memory of their fiendish deeds, and it was but a few seconds before rifles were drawn upon their forms and bullets were speeding on their deadly errand. The older Espinosa fell, but was not killed, and raising himself upon one arm he fought like a wounded and bloodthirsty tiger against his adversaries. The contents of two revolvers were discharged by his hand, without doing any injury to the soldiers, and he finally fell and died. The younger Espinosa was unharmed, and with the agility of a goat he sprang into the rocks, scrambled away, and made his escape.

Upon examining the dead fiend who had been thus summarily disposed of by the mountaineers, a horrid sight was made manifest. There were blood-stained clothing of a dozen victims of his murderous bullets, letters to dear friends away back in the east, memorandum books, personal trinkets, of little intrinsic value, but all going to show that the assassinations were carried on, not so much for gain as for the mere pleasure and gratification of murder, or else as we have suggested above, to appease the wrath of some offended spirit. The head of the Espinosa was decapitated and sent to Canon City, where we believe the skull remains to this day.

But here the depredations did not cease. The escaped assassin picked up a companion, called a cousin—a Mexican can find a cousin in any corner of God's footstool—and imbuing him with the spirit of desperation, or inculcating a feeling of revenge for some fancied wrong, they continued the bloody business of the old firm, though on a much less scale. They drifted into the Southern portion of the Territory, ravaged Conejos, Sagvache, Costillo, and other counties, until finally they were corralled by troops and several citizens from Fort Garland. A reward had been offered by the Governor of the Territory for the apprehension of the remaining murderers, and various efforts had been made to capture or kill them. The party had been searching for several days, when they were guided to the spot where the villains were ambushed by the circling of several crows in the air, which old mountaineers declared to be in the vicinity of the object of their search, as no other beings besides themselves were known to be in that neighborhood. And, sure enough, the sign proved infallible, and the murderers were discovered and both killed. On the body of one was found a book of prayers and a quantity of insane rhapsodies, the latter written probably by the older Espinosa. One of these rhapsodies ended, "The Virgin Mary will be sitting on my head until I die in her arms. Amen. Jesus!" A large amount of like ejaculations seemed to show that it was probably a religious monomania that led to their bloody deeds. However this may be, they were the worst bandits that ever crossed the borders of the Territory, and the end of their lives was but in consonance with their daily acts.

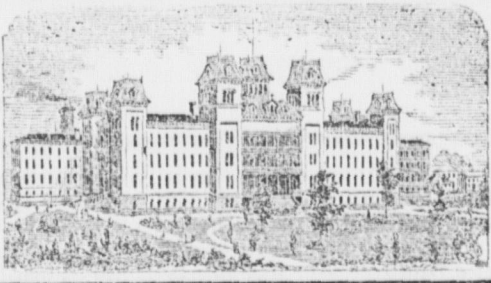
The older Espinosa had addressed a paper to Governor Evans, then Governor of the Territory, setting forth that he alone had killed twenty-two men, and on that account demanded that his property be restored to him—although what his property might have consisted of is not clearly shown.

EXPANDING THE LUNGS.

Step out into the purest air you can find, stand perfectly erect, with head and shoulders back, and fixing the lips as if you were going to whistle, draw the air through the lips into the lungs. When the chest is about half full, gradually raise the arms, keeping them extended with the palms of the hands down, as you suck in the air, bringing them over the head just as the lungs are quite full. Then drop the thumbs inward, and after forcing the arms backward, and the chest open, reverse the process by which you draw your breath, until the lungs are empty. This process should be repeated immediately after bathing, and several times during the day. It is impossible to describe, to one who has never tried it, the glorious sense of vigor which follows the exercise.

THE CHRONICLE.

COLUMBUS, SATURDAY, MAR 2.



THE CHRONICLE will be issued every Saturday during the school year and a copy will be given to all about the house who can read it. To others the subscription price for the year is one dollar in advance. Any communication respecting the paper may be addressed to The Mute's Chronicle, D. & D. Inst.

PROF. MORSE.—Prof. E. S. Morse of the department of Natural History in Bowdoin College, Maine, who has just completed a very valuable course of lectures in this city before the Tyndall Association, upon the morning of Wednesday last addressed the pupils assembled in the chapel. The facility of the speaker in illustrating his descriptions with the crayon charmed and astonished his audience. For an hour and longer he presented a rapid succession of the most graphic delineations, instructive and entertaining in the highest degree.

AT THE RINK.—The invitation of T. W. Tallmadge, Esq., to visit the rink Saturday evening last, was accepted by the greater part of the pupils, and an hour of intense gratification was spent. Ample provision was made at the rink for the comfort and pleasure of the pupils. Several of the boys appeared in masque and by their antics, tragic, fantastic and otherwise, contributed to the hilarity of the occasion.

WHO IS QUALIFIED TO TEACH DEAF MUTES?

This question is answered as follows in the Announcement of the National Deaf-Mute College at Washington.

In reply to the possible question whether a high degree of intellectual culture is an essential qualification of an instructor of the deaf and dumb, it may be stated as the result of an experience of 50 years in this country, that while, in what may be termed the infant classes, teachers of especial natural fitness may be satisfactorily employed who have not received the benefits of a liberal education, in a majority of the classes success can only be attained by instructors who have secured the acquisitions and mental discipline afforded in a collegiate course of training.

And it is equally true that the efficiency and usefulness of teachers, even of the elementary classes, would be increased were their own grade of attainments raised above its present standard.

No error can be greater nor more hurtful, wherever it exercises any authority, than the supposition that it is an easy task to impart the *elements of knowledge* to the deaf and dumb, or that their teachers need no other qualifications than an acquaintance with the sign-language added to those which might suffice for a teacher in a primary school for the hearing and speaking.

The difficulties encountered in opening the darkened and bewildered mind of the deaf-mute to the intricacies of written language cannot be adequately described in words, and all who fairly consider the subject, having had an insight into the methods necessarily employed, will, it is believed, be ready to admit that the successful instruction of the deaf and dumb takes rank as an intellectual achievement with the highest efforts of the human mind.

CLONIA.—The meeting announced for Saturday did not take place, owing to an invitation, sent by T. W. Tallmadge, Esq., to attend the rink that evening.

The exercises set for last Saturday will be given this evening.

A. B. GREENER Sec'y.

The last span of the great Missouri River Bridge, at Council Bluffs, was completed on Tuesday night. Trains will commence running to-day. The structure has been four years in course of erection, and will be used by all roads converging there.

PROF. MORSE AMONG THE MUTES.

With the large-hearted liberality of true science, Prof. Morse gave the pupils of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum one of his illustrated lectures yesterday morning. With the whole school present he gave an outline of the animal kingdom, from the lowest organization to the crowning perfection in man.

Mr. Fay, with quick and apt facility, interpreted his clear statements into the sign language, and these children of the shadowed life watched with close attention and growing interest, glancing from their Superintendent to the rapidly moving hands of the lecturer, as they seemed to create with a few motions the full picture he had just described. The signs were but just finished when there stood out the yet clearer picture on the black-board.

Beginning with the radiator, they watched the growth of the star-fish, the coral and other illustrations with only curiosity, but a mollusk they recognized. A slug, with its slimy track, they had seen, a snail they had handled, and soon they clapped their hands and spelled the name.

With the articulates they were still more familiar, and when Mr. Grasshopper impaled himself on the stubble they laughed at his misfortune. Mr. Snake was greeted with a hand-clapping recognition, and his serpentship spelled by a hundred hands at once, in witness of the recognition. But the broad sides of a large back bass was hailed as a welcome visitor, and an ignorant stranger at once introduced.

The birds, the horse—a woeful hag of bones—all out to the weather, to supply the illustrations of astrology; the elephant, and finally a man's skeleton, with the comparative anatomy of bones, completed an hour of rare instruction and amusement.—*Journal.*

The following communication is written by a young man who lost his hearing when a child, and takes a deep interest in all that pertains to the education of mutes, though not engaged in the work himself. He is thoroughly impressed with the superiority of the system of teaching articulation over that of the ordinary sign language taught in most of our public institutions.—*Delaware Gazette.*

TEACHING MUTES TO ARTICULATE.

The latest census returns give the deaf and dumb in the United States 16,205. Of that number 4,068 are at school. Though the census report is startling, yet it does not include all of the mutes in the U. S. There is no means of knowing the exact number of those unfortunates who labor under the deprivation of the loss of two of their most important senses, yet it is generally supposed that they amount to between twenty and thirty thousand. Of that number not more than half were born deaf—the greater part having lost their hearing while young, and a great many after they had learned to speak, in a greater or less degree. If they are sent to a school where signs are the rule and articulation the exception, they will gradually forget how to use their vocal organs, and will end in becoming deaf and dumb. Though there is nothing to prevent such learning to articulate, by the same means they learn signs, through the eye, yet, until a few years ago, nothing was attempted in this country beyond teaching them to converse by means of signs. Then two schools were founded—in New York city, and in Northampton, Mass.,—which discouraged the use of signs among the pupils, and taught them to rely altogether upon their voices to make themselves understood. So far these have been successful. Some of the pupils were born deaf, but by the indefatigable patience and attention of their teachers they have been taught to speak nearly as well as most children of the same age. I say nearly as well, for of course it cannot be expected, except in a very few cases, that those who have lost their hearing can command their voices as well as those who are in possession of all their senses.

In some of the old institutions articulation is now taught as an "accomplishment," in conjunction with signs. Signs and articulation are so antagonistic in their fundamental principles that they cannot succeed together. It has been truly asserted that the deaf, even where they can speak a little, have a strong propensity to make their wants known by signs and unless this is discouraged altogether it will become second nature. Of course such being the case, the pupil will, if signs are allowed, use them more than speech, and in consequence not practice articulation, which, like most things, depends more upon practice than anything else.

One of the arguments most used by the opponents of the articulation system is that the voices of those who are deaf, but can speak, are "disagreeable." In consequence this class, semi-mutes as they are called, get discouraged and never speak when they can get hold of paper and pencil. I know several semi-mutes who never speak from this very reason. They can speak well enough to be understood, but having been told by those who profess to have their welfare most at heart that people do not like to hear such "disagreeable" sounds, they are literally afraid to use their voices. It may be true that some of them have disagreeable voices, but so have a great many who hear. Very few can sing like Nilsson, but nobody makes that an argument against singing. In conversation the tones of a voice are not so important as the words which convey ideas.

It has been said that articulation for the deaf is an experiment. It has been the practice in Germany for over a hundred years, and seems to have succeeded very well there,—the reports of the enemies of the system notwithstanding.

It is not claimed by the teachers of articulation that *all* deaf mutes can be taught to speak. A few of the deaf have their vocal organs destroyed by the same disease which deprives them of their hearing, while others are too stupid to learn. For these natural signs—not the signs in present use, but those which every body could understand—and writing are clearly the best means of education. That articulation, even if only partially successful, is the best method of instruction is evident, for the present system of signs does not follow the English order of words. Instead of saying in English "A bear killed my father's geese," a mute would say in signs "Bear, geese, father, my, his, catch, eat." This is no exaggeration, but a literal translation made by a teacher of the sign system. In consequence of being taught in this way the mutes learn to think and write in the sign order. Very few born-deaf mutes taught by signs can express themselves correctly in English; so if articulation does no other good it will at least teach them to write correct English, for that order is generally, or rather as far as I know, always followed by the teachers of that system.

CLEMENT R. THOMSON.

NEW YORK, Feb. 10, 1872.

ADVICE TO GIRLS.

Some body gives the following advice to girls. It is worth volumes of fiction and sentimentalism:

Men who are worth having want women for wives. A bundle of gewgaws, bound with a string of flats and quavers, sprinkled with cologne and set in a carmine sauce—this is not help for a man who expects to raise a family of boys on veritable bread and meat. The piano and lace frames are good in their places, and so are ribbons, and frills, and tinsels; but you cannot make a dinner of the former, nor a bed blanket of the latter—and awful as such an idea may seem to you, both dinner and bed blankets are necessary to domestic happiness. Life has its realities, as well as fancies; but you make it all decorations, remembering the tassels on your curtains, but forgetting the bedstead. Suppose a man of good sense, and of course good prospects, to be looking for a wife, what chance have you to be chosen? You may cap him, or you may trap him, but how much better to make it an object for him to catch you. Render yourself worth catching, and you will need no shrewd mother or brother to help you find a market.

THE "JET OF SAND."

The new mechanical agent, the "jet of sand," has yet only exhibited a fraction of its possible applications. The latest adaptation its inventor has succeeded in developing into practical efficiency is to a peculiar process of replacing the art of wood-cutting. The few experiments conducted in the direction in America have promise of success. The process consists of bringing upon a suitable matrix a photographic copy of the drawing or engraving which it is desired to reproduce. This is then passed beneath the sand-blast, and the cutting thus obtained. This is finally subjected to the electrolytic process, and any desired number of copies thus produced. The same invention has been successfully applied to the decoration of marbles and other stones for ornamental purposes. For this purpose the blocks are protected with an open design of sheet-iron, or of sheet-rubber, and the steam sand-jet directed upon them from a convenient distance.

Where shall our Young Folks Spend their Evenings.

It is not of the marriageable portion of society we wish to speak. We allude specially to those half way between childhood and youth, a great and increasing host; too big to be put to bed out of the way at sundown, full of animal spirits, warm with social instincts, longing to entertain and be entertained, interested in a thousand things that are foolishness in the eyes of maturity—pictures, games, romps—it is to these we would call attention, for these we put in a plea when we ask, Where shall our young folks spend their evenings?

"Not in my parlor, I assure you," exclaims Mrs. Fusabout. "I'm not going to have my young folks taking a crowd in there to soil, deface, and destroy—not I, indeed! And as to having them here where I am, I couldn't stand that no way; they would drive me crazy in a week with their endless chatter."

Hundreds of notable housekeepers brandish their dust-pans before that sacred realm, "the parlor," at the veriest hint of an invasion, and echo Mrs. Fusabout's outcry.

"Mother, can't we go into the parlor?" We were two girls shivering in the damp air of an evening in September,—two girls just budding into womanhood, that critical period when both soul and body need the tenderest care and vigilance. The woman addressed had come from the warmed and well lighted church close by, and was ready to sleep on the sermon. Not so her daughter. That young brain was alive with busy fancies; no end of pleasant confidences were ready at her tongue's tip to be transferred to the sympathizing heart beside her; her pulse throbbed high with youth and hope; she had no desire to shorten her days by a single hour. And what was the answer?

"In the parlor, indeed! I think not! If it's not good enough for you out here on the step, you can come in and go to bed."

Those poor young things had shivered there an entire evening; but what did it matter? Perchance many an after pain and ache, which should by right have recoiled upon the parent, reached the tender frame of her woman-child. So the precious parlor remained undescended, what did it matter? It mattered much, O wives and mothers, so quick to wipe away the least suspicion of a cloud on your window-panes, so indifferent to the clouded eyes of your off-spring; so indefatigable in keeping stains from carpet or curtains, so careless of the one that may have crept into the soul of son or daughter; whose nerves are steady under sound of poker, hammer, scrubbing-brush, and broom, and entirely upset by the patter of childish feet, a game of romps, a whistle, drum, or crying doll; who, with washing, ironing, baking, carpet-rags, canning, and all the various duties of the notable housewife, can "litter up" a room from daylight until bed-time, and take genuine satisfaction in it, too, yet can not endure a stray hat or apron, or a few scattered toys. We say such things matter much, since every species of injustice, however small or seemingly trivial, shielded under whatsoever pretense, will some day, most assuredly, recoil upon the perpetrators thereof.

"I never have known any one who allowed their boys to occupy the parlor of an evening, or bring company in the house at all." Such is the testimony of a person who for several years has been a teacher in one of our public schools, and how many, many witnesses could set their seal thereto.

Walk out any time before ten, on a pleasant evening, almost anywhere in our large cities, and you will see dozens of young girls, mere children, of the most respectable parentage, strolling about the streets, or sitting on the steps, for the purpose of enjoying those social privileges denied them in their homes. These either go to school or to work during the day. Then comes the long evening. Youth very naturally desire recreation and the companionship of their own age. If home is not really a home, but only a place where they are allowed to eat, drink, and sleep, what is left them but to take to the street, fraternizing with others equally as unfortunate as themselves?

Most people think boys take naturally to the street; that is because they are not allowed to be boys in the house. With his mind always open to the wise and thoughtful supervision of parents whose law is love, a little roughing in the street never yet hurt a growing lad, but to leave him with no other resource but stagnation or the street is criminal.

The days are tolerably short, the nights cold, and these rosy, rollicking girls are obliged to remain indoors, and only the boys left out. We shall see them clustering with their cronies around store-

windows, in a circle about street-lamps, anywhere where light seems to impart something of warmth and good cheer; shall see them slapping their numb hands together and dancing about to keep life in their half-frozen bodies. Bright, brave boys most of them are, too, yet we tremble for their future, since their very presence is a living testimony to the fact that parents are too many, fathers and mothers too few; that while we build and adorn too many houses, homes are too few.

Fine furniture, overneatness, and nerves put out the home-fires of many a heart and hearth. We often feel like exclaiming, with some considerable change of the original text:

"That furniture should be so dear,
And these young souls so cheap!"

And we see no open door, no genial fireside, no homes where our young folks, every one, can gather in and spend their evenings, their gayety lightened, not checked, by the tender, sympathizing presence of older heads, until a condition of affairs so consurable no longer has tolerance inside of any four walls which a child calls home.—*Madge Carrol, in Christian at Work.*

SNOWED ON THE PLAINS.

A TRANSFER FROM WINTER TO SPRING IN SIX HOURS.

Charles Nordhoff, one of the cleverest of American journalists, has been across the continent by rail, through the snow storms of the Sierras. From his brilliant and reliable account of the trip we condense the following:

When a cutting has been filled with snow, the superintendent summons by telegraph three or sometimes four locomotives, which are joined in a battering train. The foremost engine carries an immense plow, eleven feet in height and the same in width, heavily framed of oak timber and shod with boiler iron. Thus armed, the battering-ram takes a start of two hundred to four hundred yards and rushes into the snow-bank at the rate of twenty and occasionally even forty miles an hour. Weight and speed combined give it a fearful momentum; and unless the sand and snow have frozen on the rails—in which case the whole battering train may fly the track—the snow is flung violently upward and outward, and in a few efforts the cut cleared. Where the track is encumbered with ice, or where, as sometimes happens, the snowplow itself gets stuck, gangs of men with shovels clear the way by a more tedious and expensive process.

If you remember that, no matter how cold the weather, your car is thoroughly warm; that it is easily and thoroughly ventilated; that it has no drafts, no matter how driving the storm; that careful and abundant provision is made for food and coal, under any possible emergencies; that the telegraph guides your car from station to station; that at intervals of from seventy-five to one hundred miles, night and day, men specially detailed, sound every wheel to see if it is compact; that the conductor is always ready to give you information of what is going on ahead; that you are conscious of a small army of zealous and well-directed men watching the road, and instantly clearing away obstructions; you will not think a winter journey overland either dangerous or uncomfortable. The sole fear which I felt, in setting out with a lady and some little children, was lest it might prove impossible to keep the cars sufficiently and equally warmed. We carried with us a quantity of rugs and carriage blankets to guard against extreme cold; but they were never unstrapped, and might as well have been left at home.

The back of the winter was broken before us, when we reached Laramie, on the Union Pacific railroad. The fierce sting of the gale was gone; it was cold outside, but it was no longer terrible. At Ogden the snow was soft and presently became slush. At Elko I saw two Californians shake hands, with exuberant manifestations of joy, and the exclamation, "What a beautiful snow-storm!" I could hardly see across the track, the snow flew so thickly. The day after we left Ogden we sat at open windows in the cars. At Summit, the following morning at seven, it snowed more fiercely and terribly than I ever saw it before, and the searching gale filled even the edges of the low snowsheds, under which we rushed along in safety and unobstructed. At ten we passed Cape Horn with open windows, but occasionally driving showers. Two hours later at Auburn, we emerged from clouds into sunshine, and saw the green grass; about one o'clock I heard the song of birds, and at two, as we swept into the

muddy streets of drenched Sacramento, we saw green fields everywhere, and I noticed oats and barley at a siding where a grain car had been unloaded. Steaming down the Sacramento, in the afternoon, we sat on deck, ladies and children, till long after dark, and at dinner on the boat were served with spring vegetables from gardens which we saw Chinaman cultivating on the shore of the river. To-day we are sitting in open windows, in a room without fire, healthy in the mild air, and the children eating great luscious grapes and wondering what sort of a Christmas this was.

From the blinding storm at the summit of the Sierras to the spring sunshine, green grass and song of birds below, was but a six hours' ride, and the locomotive, which we dismissed to its stall at Junction, had on its cow-catcher remnants of the snow through which it had plowed on the heights above. There is, to me at least, a pleasant exhilaration in thus apparently defeating the very forces of nature, and conquering at once mountain heights and winter's cold, ice and snow.

The plains and mountains, in their winter dress of snow, make a wonderful sight; the deep, black shadows, which mark the scarred and gullied sides, make a strange contrast with the pure white of the higher points. The Rocky Mountain range, which is kept in sight all the way from Denver to Cheyenne, was indescribably grand and lovely, and I am satisfied that the Sierra Nevada must be seen in the winter by him who wants most to enjoy that lovely range of mountains.

All California is laughing with joy over the recent rains, which insure to the whole agricultural interests of the State one of those wonderful crops which, after such rains, make, so they say here, every farmer rich. The losses and obstructions are laughed at. The farmers are putting in different crops wherever they have means, and though the railroads have suffered some, but not serious damage, and though much land has been overflowed, California is keeping Christmas with an uncommonly joyful and thankful heart.

Seven Persons Plunged into the Icy Waters of Black Lake.

COCHECTON, Sullivan Co., N. Y. Feb. 17.

Thirteen miles east of this place, is Black Lake, one of those small inland lakes for which the county is noted, and named on account of the very dark color of its waters. A tannery is erected here, and scattered here and there in the forest and clearings are the homes of the laborers at the tannery, which made quite a settlement about the lake. There in that quiet and solitary spot, was witnessed within the past week a scene that struck terror to the stoutest hearts, and which called forth the exhibition of those qualities of courage and endurance which are the pride of the backwoodsman to a degree that has no parallel in the annals of courageous deeds.

The children of some of the employees of the tannery had gathered at the house of one of them, where they enjoyed themselves until nearly evening, one day this week. Two little girls Helen Brooks, daughter of the foreman of the tannery, and Hattie Shoemaker, proceeded home from the party, took a "short cut" across the lake, which is frozen over, and were considered safe. When they had reached almost the other shore, Hattie broke through the ice, and, in trying to help her out, Helen slipped in too. They both sank, and when they came up, were entwined in each others arms. Young Kileain, a lad of fifteen, working a few rods from the shore started toward them. When he reached them they were struggling to grasp the ice. Kileain got hold of them, and had them half way out of the water, when the ice gave way beneath him, and all three were plunging beneath the chilling water. When they came up the lad began to shout for assistance.

James Brooks, who was in the woods near by, now came upon the scene. It was his sister in the water with the others, and he ran to help her. In reaching out he slipped into the water. Both girls had been clinging to Kileain, and he was fast becoming exhausted with his efforts to keep them and his body above the surface. When the other boy fell in his sister let go of Kileain, and twined herself around her brother. He succeeded in freeing his arms and then attempted to reach one edge of the ice. It would break away with the combined weight of him and his sister, and tired him so that he desisted, and the two boys began shouting for aid. Thomas Dent, another boy was attracted by the cries, and ran to the edge of the ice, and instantly broke through. There were now five of them in the water, all struggling fearfully for life. A man named Max Deseker, hearing the shouts of the child-

ren where he was working in the woods, ran down to the lake shore, and beheld the situation. He had a little five-year old son with him and telling him to remain quiet rushed to the struggling little ones in the water, only to share their fate. As soon as he plunged in the water both little girls grasped hold of his coat, and he was keeping them afloat, when his little son, terrified at seeing his father in the water, jumped in and grasped him around the neck.

The whole settlement had now been attracted to the shore of the lake and the wildest excitement prevailed. Women fainting, crying, and praying; men shouting, and the chilled, failing, persons in the water battling with death, that stared them in the face. Men shouted to do this and to do that, and between it all nothing was done to aid them. When Deseker found his little boy about his neck he seized him in his powerful arms, kissed him several times, and with a look of despair threw him far out on the ice, where he was taken up and carried to his mother. The little girls were now rapidly failing, but young Kileain succeeded in climbing out on the ice, and shouted for a tannery hook. One was brought and he succeeded in pulling out the inanimate form of the Shoemaker girl as she was sinking beneath the ice. Thomas Dent, father of the boy who had already fallen in in aiding the girls now jumped into the assistance of Deseker and the rest, had after him went Thomas Hanley. Those two sustained the almost exhausted and almost frozen Deseker and the boys until a plank and more tannery hooks were brought and by their aid all safely landed. The girls, although believed to be dead, were resuscitated. The others were restored by warm fires and clothing. The affair created a sensation throughout this entire section of country, and the courage and noble conduct of Deseker, Hanley, Dent, father and son, and the lads, Kileain and Brooks, is a theme of hundreds of admiring tongues.

THE ART IN FARMING.

A man possesses a farm, the land being of average fertility, which medium state means it is half worn out, or only exhausted of half its plant food, and thus has the power of growing half crops. If this man goes on lowering the condition of the land, he is a bad farmer; if he does not weaken the soil further nor improve its capability to grow heavier crops he will be a non-progressive one—a kind of milk-and-water farmer; but if he manages so as steadily to increase the fruitfulness of the whole extent, till, in the end, it becomes sufficiently rich to grow as heavy crops of every variety as can be brought to perfection, he is a good farmer; and one the country should honor; he has not hidden his talent under a bushel.

It is easier to farm well than ill. The man who makes two blades of grass grow where one only grew before, and makes every other kind of produce double too, is a happier man than the one who plods on, doing neither better nor worse than the average; while the miserable mortal who impoverishes his land must feel how degraded a position he stands in, and his mind must sink lower and lower with his property. If a report of every farm through every parish in the Union was made once in seven years, and the improvement, or the non-improvement of each was published, it would give the country at large a better idea of what is going on in agriculture.

It is no use denying facts, and the truth is, starting from the east, the land is robbed of more than half its fertility, and still as population moves on so does the exhausting system. If, when a parish, a country, or state is half impoverished, a stop can be put to the debilitating process, why not stop at the beginning? Why not re-imburse from the start? Land is seldom too rich, and when it is said to be "in the very highest state of fertility," what a pity to bring it down! Yet this is the custom, the fashion, and the example set by all. This kind of policy carried into other lines of business would cause men to say the guilty parties were insane or fools. Land can not throw up immense crops on water and air; therefore if these crops are sold off, the land is that much the poorer, but science and even common experience prove there are stages at which some of the productions of the earth can be taken away when nothing has been abstracted to cause injury; and if at this period of the crop's growth it is turned into manure, the land is benefited without any foreign aid. Thus, by having intervening crops of this kind, there may be things sold one year which will be replaced the next by this renovation. This is why the four-course system, or some other suitable rotation, is insisted upon in

England. Poor land is brought to be rich, and good land is kept up, on the best estates; yet there are annually great quantities of fat cattle and sheep sold from these farms, and wool, cheese, butter, &c., continue to be produced because there is an art in doing this so as to improve and increase the stamina of the soil.

There is no mystery whatever in the case; for here is a field of barley, say grown after roots; this barley, probably sixty bushels per acre, takes away considerably from the soil, though, being a quick-growing grain, not so much as other sorts; but clover follows, having been sowed with the barley. Every body knows when clover is cut young the ground is benefited by producing it; therefore, if it is mowed twice, and cut each time when coming into full bloom, there will from the two mowings be tons per acre of matter to be manufactured into manure, which has not weakened the land it grew on; consequently this is a renovating crop, and has done more in adding fertility than the barley did in subtracting; next comes wheat, and that takes away more than the barley did; but then comes the intervening root crop, which puts far more into the soil by being consumed than the wheat has taken out, and so this easy, plain system is a fair exposition of all those which are devised to enable farmers to make money while sustaining their land.—*Country Gentleman.*

HOW TO CARVE A TURKEY.

The one who does the carving firmly takes the knife in the right hand, picks up the steel and sharpens the knife thereon; then, with the left hand, takes the fork and inserts it in the breast of the turkey, one time each side of the breast-bone, just above where the highest point is. With the turkey on its back, the fork well in the breast, the head of the turkey toward his left hand,—without any fussing, spattering, haggling, or sawing,—he cuts off the first joint of the wing farthest from him. Then he cuts away the second joint, giving fair play and full sweep to the knife, then comes the work of shaving from the breast.

After the wing is cut and carved, with a dexterous movement he cuts off the first joint of the leg, letting the drum-stick fall neatly down upon the side of the platter; then he shaves off three or four slices from the second joint, that there may be enough dark meat to go around. Then he cuts the second joint out in a nice, artistic manner, being careful not to take out the fork, or lessens his hold thereon.

After he has taken off the wing and the leg, and duly carved them, he lifts the turkey, changes ends with it, and serves the other side in the same way, taking care not to spatter the gravy or flip the dressing all over the table and into the laps of the guests. After the limbs have been cut away, he shaves the breast down in thin slices with the point of the knife, carving out all those little tit-bits which people generally like. Then he cuts into the dressing, and, if he pleases, follows up the work of dissecting without having taken the fork from the breast bone till the bird is completely disjointed. In order to do this well he must have a steady hand, and a sharp knife,—one with a stiff back preferred. The point wants to be keen and substantial. He must do the work quickly—in less time than has been occupied in writing this much of this article.

Never cut a turkey or meat of any kind in chunks; always cut it in slices. Never undertake to carve with a case-knife, or a dull knife, or one that is limber like a piece of tin, for such a performance will only secure for you the name of a "botch" and for your guests any quantity of grease-spots and just cause for complaint.

IS YOUR NAME BROWN?

London has recently sustained a bereavement in the person of a lady of the not unfamiliar name of Brown. Some time back she offered the Metropolitan Board of Works \$250,000 if it would make a contemplated alteration in a street in a manner she wished, but they were unable to accede to her wishes. She generously offered them \$30,000 for the erection of a drinking fountain, to be placed at the end of the street in which she lived, and this was about to be erected. The Board also communicated with her about public baths, which she intended to erect at a cost of \$50,000, when suddenly *pallidum mors*, who had taken some time coming, for Mrs. Brown was ninety, stepped in and dissipated her benevolent intention. She died intestate, leaving an estate of \$50,000 a year, and without a human relative. It is therefore stated that the property will go to the crown, but as there are several Browns about, it will be hard one of that enterprising and ubiquitous family can't substantiate a claim.

MY LITTLE MEN.

Oh what a noise and clatter!
Feet and tongues go patter, patter,
Do you ask me, What's the matter?
'Tis my noisy "little men!"

This morn, at half past four,
(I'm sure 'twas little more)
Bang! went the nursery door,
In came the "little men."

"Mamma! We both are here,
Please tell that story dear,
That fairy story queer."
Said the teasing "little men."

So they climbed upon the bed,
And they tumbled o'er my head,
Till my patience almost fled
With the jolly "little men."

But the story then I told,
While my arms must doubly hold
The dear heads of brown and gold
Of my precious "little men."

Then we laugh and talk till light
Sends away the dusky night,
And the golden sun shines bright
On my merry "little men."

Then through all the livelong day,
I must join the fun and play;
And the quarrels soothe away
Of my naughty "little men."

And I often ask, perplexed,
With my spirit sadly vexed,
Surely what can I do next?
For my restless "little men."

But when falls the twilight grey
And they softly kneel to pray,
Oh how earnestly I say,
God bless my "little men."

And my weary heart finds rest
As I think of him who press'd
Little children to His breast,
There I leave my "little men."

WAITING.

Only an almshouse, that was all. Standing towards the outskirts of the city, so that there was even a little stretch of land running down in the rear, not yet built over by brick walls, but planted with grass and vegetables. That was the poor-farm; at least so called, though it seemed rather an odd sort of compliment to the paupers than as a statement of fact, for the whole did not measure three quarters of an acre, and the little portion cultivated required no more care than old Ben, the patriarch of the little company, stiff with rheumatism, and tremulous with palsy as he was, could give it.

And it must always be Ben. No one among the rest ever thought of venturing to touch so much as a stray weed, any more than they would have thought of going in advance of the city physician, on his occasional rounds through the establishment, and feeling the pulse, or prescribing the medicines of the sick.

For wasn't it Ben's profession? No one need suppose for one moment that he had always been old Ben of the almshouse. How he would have straightened himself up, forgetting the rheumatism in every joint, to tell them that he was a gardener—that he had always been a gardener—and would never be any thing else. Had not the good Lord Himself declared that he was an Husbandman, and walked in the garden of His spices? And as for his own work at present, although he had been the best years of his life among the rich, with his conservatories, and his graperies, and garden in charge, and now had only to raise and gather a handful of something fresh for the pauper's table, what then? Was he not a gardener still, and did not the same good Lord when He was here, gather His sheaves mostwise among the poor?

That is what Ben would have answered, and then he would have buttoned on his blue frock and marched down the path to his little kingdom, with rather an uncertain tread it is true, but striking his spade upon the gravel stones at every step, as proudly as if it had been a scepter indeed.

But there came a day when there was no footstep on the path. A glorious, mellow, Indian summer day, too, when the air seemed golden around you, and the hills, away beyond the water, on the other side of the bay, lay in a purple haze. There has only been room to plant three or four hills of squashes in the little garden, and the pumpkin seeds had been dropped at the roots of the corn; but the vines of both had run their long, creeping arms over every inch they could beg from their neighbors, and now there were great gleams of red and yellow, peeping out from under the withering leaves, and the corn was ripe, and rustling stiffly in the breeze. Where was Ben? Something must have kept him. Yes, and something stronger than rheumatism or the palsy, a touch that would not let him go.

All that bright day, and all the night, he was tossing on his bed, in one of the little rooms that had been roughly finished in an outer passage of the rambling old building. Sometimes there was a strange light in his eyes, and sometimes they drooped heavily for hours; then they would open with a startled look, and he would try to get up hastily from the bed.

"They are waiting to be gathered," he

would cry, "all waiting, let me go and get them in;" and then, as he fell back again upon his pillow: "but I say let no one touch them until I come."

Day after day passed on, and still Ben lay there with the same cry, "They are waiting, I say—the winter things; they are waiting to be gathered, and the sun shines clear. Let me go! But I say, let no one touch them till I come!"

There was no change from that, unless he either slept, or, looking earnestly at the faded squares and angles of his patch work quilt, would suddenly smile as his dreamy eyes danced they saw his garden beds at last. Then he would reach out towards them, and try to gather them into heaps, picking at them with uncertain but busy fingers for hours together.

"He'll go!" whispered the sister pauper who held the flickering candle while she measured his drops at the side of the bed. "I never saw one yet begin at that, that their time wasn't come. We might just as well drop water out of this bottle, for all the power 'twill have on him. It's small use for man setting up his devices, when once the Lord's summons is gone forth. Don't tell me!"

"Dear, dear," said the other below her breath, "but it's a great thing when that time comes," and the two old women shook their heads as they gazed down at Ben, still busy with his gathering, afraid to say more lest they should do harm in breaking the midnight silence of the room.

But they might have spoken as freely as they liked, Ben did not hear; he was smiling as he drew the brown and green and yellow patterns closer together; he did not even see that they were standing there. He only saw the fancied fruits of his summer's care and toil, garnering a last under his hands.

When the first ray of dawn broke through the gray cloud that was going to warm into crimson and glory with the rising of the sun, old Sue was asleep in the great hollow-backed chair where she had proposed to watch by Ben; the flickering candle had burned itself out, and so had the fever in the old man's veins. When Sue, roused by the light creeping in at the window, started up, and looked over to the bed, Ben's eyes were open and turned quietly upon her, his hands had ceased their busy motion, and were folded peacefully before him. He smiled when Sue looked up, and beckoned her to his side.

"Sue," he said, "you can bring them in, the winter things. Any one may touch them. They need not wait. It is I who am waiting, waiting to be gathered in!"

That was all he said, as through the day one after another of the paupers stole softly in, hearing that the old look had come back into Ben's eyes, and longing for one more kindly glance before it should be too late.

"Waiting, waiting," he would always say, as he smiled gently upon each one, "waiting to be gathered in;" and sometimes he would add, "something keeps the Husbandman. I am ready, and the sun shines clear. But He will come! He has watched and watered and tended ever since I stood in His garden, and He will not leave me out until the frost!"

And so the sunshine crept slowly across the room, until its rays grew red again with the evening, and slowly darkened into twilight, and still Ben's hands were folded, and his eyes looked tenderly and peacefully at all who came into the little room. Then old Sue came once more, and stood by the bed dropping the medicine into her little cup.

"No, no," said Ben, as she put it to his lips, "that's not for me. I am waiting; waiting; waiting to be gathered in! Something keeps the Husbandman, but let no one touch me till He comes!"

Sue put it away, and took her place in the hollow-backed chair again. She grew drowsy, and looked sleepily at the bed. Ben was smiling still, and she heard the same whisper, "waiting, waiting to be gathered in." So she drew an old foot-stool under her feet, and laid her head against the chair. She did not go to sleep; oh no! No one ever watched the sick more faithfully than she, and it was no more than a quarter by the old clock in the hall; so she would have told you. But when she opened her eyes, the eastern sky was glowing once more and Ben was gazing earnestly upon it.

Suddenly a radiance, brighter than the morning, shone upon his face. Sue gathered herself up hastily, and without stopping to knot the gray hair that had fallen down in her sleep, crept over to the bed. Ben did not seem to see her. He was clasping his hands, and crying out, "Now He comes! The good Husbandman. And He does not even thrust in a knife! He gathers me with His own

gentle hand! I am ready, and the sun shines clear! Let me go!"

By the time Sue had made her way to the matron's door, he was gone. The sun had passed the crimson cloud, the sky was growing blue once more, the smile was still on Ben's face, but the life was not there. Gathered in!

"Waiting!" said the old woman who had held the candle for Sue. "Dear dear, and what are we all doing else? What are any of us doing here but to wait? Dear dear! But it was not long for him!"

"Long enough," said Sue, shaking her head. "He had lived into the evening of his day."

"And the evening and the morning were the first day," said the matron slowly. She did not know why she said it, but the words came to her mind. Then she left the others with Ben, and bustled away to send word to the city authorities that a pauper funeral must be attended.—*Congregationalist*.

A DOLLAR IN THE SHOE.

A teacher and his pupil, a rich lad, were walking together one day in the country. As they walked along they saw a pair of old shoes lying in the grass, belonging to a poor man, who was at work in a field far off, and who had not finished his day's work.

"Now let us have a bit of sport," said the boy. "Suppose we hide this old man's shoes, and then hide ourselves, and see what he will do when he comes and can't find his shoes."

"Oh, no," said the teacher, "we should never amuse ourselves by giving pain to others, and especially to the poor. I will tell you how you can give yourself much greater pleasure by means of this old man. Put a silver dollar in each of his shoes, for you can well afford it, and then we will hide ourselves and see what he says when he finds them."

The boy willingly did so, and they both hid themselves behind some bushes, where they could easily watch the old man, and see his surprise and joy when he found the money.

It was not long before he finished his work and came across the field to the spot where he left his coat and shoes. While he was putting on his coat he slipped his foot into one of his shoes, when, feeling something hard in it, he stooped down and found a dollar. Could anything equal his surprise? He turned it round and round, and looked at it again and again. Then he looked all around, as if to see where it came from; but he could see no one. He slipped the money into his pocket, and began to put on his other shoe. How great was his astonishment when he found the other dollar. This was more than he could stand. His feelings quite overcame him. He looked up to heaven, and poured out aloud his thanksgiving to God. Tears rolled down his cheeks as he spoke of his sick wife and helpless children, who would be saved from much suffering by this unexpected gift.

The boy could not help shedding tears as he saw and heard all this, and as they went on their way thanked his teacher again and again for the good and precious lesson which he had taught him. I am sure it is one which he never forgot.

Preparing Rubber for the Market in Bolivia.

Since the surveys of the Madeira rapids have been finished a considerable number of Bolivians from Mojos and Trinidad have settled along their line, to tap the rubber-trees, which are found in great abundance on both sides of the river. The following illustration will give an idea of the process used there in preparing the gum for market. The sap, or milk, of the tree has been received in an inverted turtle-shell. An earthen jar, with a hole in the bottom, sits over a palm-nut fire, the smoke ascending through the jar. A Bolivian Indian sits near; he dips a paddle into the milk, and holds it over the smoke until the gum is hardened, then dips it again, and again hardens it over the jar. This process is continued until the end of the paddle is covered to the proper commercial thickness. The gum is then cut off, and is ready for market. A good boy's work is six pounds. The rubber product of the America Valley is increasing with great rapidity. That for 1870 was correctly estimated at 5,760 net tons, and once the lands of Bolivia are penetrated, this figure will be very largely increased. In Northern Bolivia, especially upon the Manu-tata River and the western branch of the Beni, are vast groves of rubber-tree as yet untouched. They border lands of exceeding fertility and health, and are destined, ere long, to attract much attention.

A PECULIAR PEOPLE.

Two or three years ago, an American vessel, the Japan, was shipwrecked on the extreme northern coast of Siberia, inhabited by a mixed race supposed to have originated from a mingling of the Russian and Tartar tribes, among whom the crew spent considerable time. Ultimately they were taken off by a New Bedford whaler, and lately reached the Sandwich Islands, with the crew of the ships abandoned in the Arctic Ocean. The description which they gave of the customs and mode of life of their singular entertainers ought to have an especial interest for those sanguine persons who imagine that the whole world is ripe for the immediate establishment of a universal Republic. The staple food for these people consists of raw whale and walrus in a state of decomposition, love of tobacco, which in common with alcohol, they procure from occasional traders, that children of both sexes, only a few months old, may be seen engaged in chewing the weed. In the summer months they live in huts made of walrus hide, and in winter in holes excavated in the mountain sides, daylight being admitted through holes cut in the rock which are stopped up with ice instead of glass. During the summer the men employ themselves in hunting the whale and walrus in canoes while the women are kept busy in gathering grass and herbs for edible and other purposes. In winter the chief objects of pursuit are deer, bears, and foxes. The walrus, however, is their staple reliance, the blubber being placed in pits, whose warmth soon reduces it to a state of putrefaction, in which condition it is esteemed as a great luxury, while the hide furnishes material for huts, canvas, clothing, fishing nets, and pretty nearly everything else. Polygamy is indulged in to an unlimited extent, each man having as many wives as he can keep, the women, if they do not suit the tastes, or meet the expectations of the husbands, being discarded and sent back to their parents after a few weeks' probation, while in case of infidelity to their liege lords a portion of the offenders nose is forfeited for the crime. The mariners say, very often, that they met with many victims of this rigorous law during their sojourn among them.

THE SERPENT OF APPETITE.

BY MRS. J. E. MC'CONAUGHY.

It is an old Eastern fable that a certain king once suffered the devil to kiss him on either shoulder. Immediately there sprang therefrom two serpents, who, furious with hunger, attacked the man, and strove to eat into his brain. The now terrified king strove to turn them away and cast them from him, when he found, to his horror, that they had become a part of himself.

Just so it is with every one who becomes a slave to his appetite. He may yield in what seems a very little thing at first; even when he finds himself attacked by the serpent that lurks in the glass, he may fancy he can cast him off. But alas! he finds the thirst for strong drink has become a part of himself. It would be almost as easy to cut off his right hand. The poor poet Burns said that if a barrel of rum was placed in one corner of the room and a loaded cannon in another, pointing toward him, ready to be fired if he approached the barrel he had no choice but to go for the rum.

The person who first tempts you to take a glass may appear very friendly. It was not a dart that Satan aimed at the fated king. He only gave him a kiss. But the serpent that sprang from it was just as deadly for all that.

Oh! be careful of letting this serpent of appetite get possession of you; for it will be a miracle of grace indeed, if you are ever able again to shake him off.

Guard against every sin, dear children, however small; let it not gain a hold upon you. Pray to be kept from temptation in every form, and think not that in your own strength you can battle against it.

The fast train west, on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, while running at a good speed ran into a heavy fall of rock, sixty miles east of Parkersburg, West Virginia. The engine and baggage car were hurled down an embankment and several passenger cars thrown from the track. J. Dorsey, the fireman, severely injured, the passengers escaped with slight injuries.

A passenger train coming north on the Louisville and Cincinnati Short Line railroad, due at Covington at one p. m., fell through the bridge three miles north of Elliston Station. Twenty-six passengers were on the train, and it is reported that all were more or less injured and several killed. No other particulars yet received.