THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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THE "PIRATES OF PENZANCE."

Plot of the New Operetta by Messrs. Sullivan and Gilbert—A Rival to "Pinafore."

[From the New York Tribune.]

The pirates of Penzance were the most ruthless and accomplished cutthroats who ever scuttled a White Star steamer. Their lair was a rocky place on the coast of Cornwall, remote enough for quiet, and yet convenient for business. With equal ease they could swoop from their hiding-place upon the Liverpool and New York mail-packets, or cut out the full freighted argosies which ply between Boulogne and Folkestone in connection with the tidal trains of the Southeastern railway. Yet, as their Chief mournfully observed, somehow they never could make piracy pay. This unfortunate failure was due to the tenderness of their hearts. They were far too ready to spare the weak; and when they attacked the strong they always got thrashed. It was their rule to have mercy upon orphans. "Though we are pirates," said the Chief, "we are not insensible to the promptings of humanity; we are orphans ourselves, and we know how it feels." The trouble was, it got about that they always spared orphans, and as a consequence every ship they captured was found (if the captives told the truth) to be manned and officered by that interesting and afflicted class. Yet, as one of the pirates remarked, it is certain that the British mercantile marine is not recruited exclusively from orphans.

It is with the picturesque ruffians of Penzance that the new comic opera by Messrs. Sullivan and Gilbert has to do. The hero of the piece is a young man named Frederic, who was intrusted to a nurse in early childhood to be apprenticed to a pilot. The good woman made a slight mistake, and the boy was firmly indentured to the band of pirates—an error for which the nurse could hardly be blamed, since the words are so much alike. Frederic was a most excellent person and a useful pirate. In all his actions he was governed by the strictest sense of duty. Those who have read in the Bab Ballads the story of "Capt. Reece, commander of the Mantlepiece," are well aware that Mr. Gilbert has a keen appreciation of the heroism of duty, and that he excels in analyzing the operations of a mind controlled by a sacred sense of obligation. The character of Frederic, torn by conflicting emotions, loathing the trade of theft and pillage, yet doing violence to his natural impulses in stern fidelity to the bond of indenture, is happily and powerfully drawn, and the surprising complications which result from his strange situation are treated with the greatest ingenuity.

The opera is in two acts. The first takes place in the Pirates' Lair, and when the action begins Frederic is within a few hours of the end of his apprenticeship. At 12 o'clock he will be 21 years of age. He informs the band that he is about to leave them forever. He loves, admires, reveres them as comrades; he detests them as pirates, and it is his purpose to devote the remainder of his existence to their extermination. Of this resolve, since it is prompted by a sense of duty, the pirates find it unreasonable to complain, and at the end of the act the separation accordingly takes place. Not, however, until there have been some stirring scenes. A bevy of charming girls, looking, in their high-waisted and short-skirted gowns, and their broad hats, as pretty as a picture by Gainsborough, some tripping over the rocks, and prepare to amuse themselves by paddling in the water. They are caught with one shoe off, and their alarm is piquantly expressed in a hopping chorus, to which the pirates contribute, being determined to get married immediately through the instrumentality of

A doctor of divinity
Located in the vicinity.

The discovery that all these girls are "Wards in Chancery and the daughters of a Major-General" is quickly followed by the appearance of their military papa. This personage has been supplied with a rattling "patter-song" which can hardly fail of a great effect. Studded thick with scientific terms of tremendous length and difficulty, it recounts the accomplishments of the distinguished officer who seems to be thoroughly versed in astronomy, mathematics, natural history, and nearly all branches of science except, indeed, in military affairs. The rapid delivery of this song is occasionally interrupted in a highly ludicrous manner by the General's hesitation for a rhyme. We shall not take the edge off the public enjoyment by disclosing the denouement of the first act; it is excessively droll; the music is brisk and taking; and we shall be surprised if the curtain do not fall amidst roars of laughter.

The second act, which passes in a ruined castle by moonlight, is full of surprises and of ludicrous incidents. The nurse, Ruth (represented by the lady who has recently been playing Little Buttercup) divulges a dreadful secret which places Frederic in the most deplorable of dilemmas. Far be it from us to tell the distressing story prematurely, or to describe the behavior of the most excellent young man, when a stern sense of duty suddenly obliges him to dash the cup of happiness from his lips. Without indiscretion, however, we may call attention to one or two scenes which are likely to provoke a great deal of amusement. There is a chorus of policemen, dressed in the uniform of the British "Bobby," and armed with clubs, upon which, being drawn up in line across the stage, they perform, as a refrain to a song, a sort of taran-ta-ra, a trumpet-call before marching to battle with the pirates. The song itself is excessively funny, and the tooting business ought to be a great addition to the effect. There is an admirable burlesque upon serious opera in a scene where the pirates are hidden in one aisle of the chapel and the policemen in another, while the Major-General with his daughters occupy the nave. An elaborate concerted number is sung here, strophe and anti strophe alternating in strict order, and the music preceeding by an intricate interweaving of parts, although the separate groups of personages are supposed to be unaware of one another's presence, and deaf to one another's swelling voices. The perfect solemnity of this performance blinds you at first to the wild impossibility of the situation. You must stop and think a moment before the full absurdity of it strikes you. There is another scene, however, of the same sort, where the General enters the chapel thinking he has heard a noise; and here the impression of the ludicrous is certain to be immediate and overpowering. The police, all through, are delicious. They have a little chant, in monotone, with which they intone short comments upon the language of the prima donna, and in this both the author and composer seem to have made the happiest use of the element of unexpectedness. The catastrophe of the opera is brought about by a device not less daring and ingenious than that of the climax of "Pinafore."

Yellow Cake.—One cupful sugar, butter half the size of a butternut, two-thirds cupful sweet milk, one and one-half cupfuls flour, good one and one-half teaspoonfuls baking-powder, yelks of three eggs, one teaspoonful vanilla. This is nice for jelly cake if one desires it.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Live Stock as a Means of Restoring Land.—Such of our readers as are engaged in tilling the rich virgin soil of the West, may not appreciate the following, from the remarks made by Mr. Way, at a recent meeting of the Western New York Farmers' Club; but the time will come when such questions will force themselves upon the attention of farmers everywhere. In the meeting referred to, Mr. Way said that he had learned by experience that it was necessary to keep stock for the benefit of grain lands, and he thought it paid to keep the best quality of stock. He believed that manure was the secret of success. When they were selling all their grain, and keeping but little stock, their crops were yielding less and less; but since they had adopted the practice of feeding stock, the yield of crops was increasing until some got 35 bushels of wheat, 40 bushels of barley, and 150 bushels of corn per acre.—*Live Stock Journal.*

Keeping Qualities of Fruit.—The natural process of ripening fruit on the tree is intended to benefit the seed merely; hence the quality of some varieties of fruit is more or less injured by allowing the completion of this process. When certain fruits are taken off and laid away, just as they come to maturity and before the mellowing process begins, sugar and juice are elaborated instead of woody fiber. The pear and winter apple furnish good examples of this. Probably the superior quality of the winter apples of the North, both for keeping and for flavor, over the same varieties when grown at the South, is due to the greater length of the Southern season, which carries the ripening process too far. The question arises whether by picking the fruit earlier its quality might not be improved. The objection to this is the trouble and expense of keeping the fruit at a low temperature artificially, which the climate would make necessary. The better plan would be for our enterprising horticulturists to produce later ripening apples, suited to a longer season; this is not beyond their skill and intelligence. *J. M. Milligan, in N. Y. Tribune.*

Bran and Meal Feed.—The cream from the milk when the cows were fed on a peck of buckwheat bran each was light colored and thin. Now, when they are fed four quarts of corn-meal, the cream is thicker and more yellow. This means more butter. Bran of all sorts is better for young animals, as it makes muscle; but meal is best for cows, as it makes fat, and milk is fat; that is, milk which will make good butter contains a large per cent. of fat. The bran will make the best manure, because there is more of it which goes into the manure-pile, and this furnishes the supply of nitrogen. The farmer, then, who feeds plenty of bran will have a rich manure heap, and so it is cheaper to buy bran and feed it liberally than to stint one's animals and buy commercial fertilizers. Commercial manures do not furnish much nitrogen. This must come largely from grain, and the bran is the nitrogenous part, and without nitrogen there will not be a perfect plant growth. The lesson we would teach is to save all of the bran for the growing animals, and the meal for the fattening ones and the cows. To make them all healthy and to utilize and assimilate both bran and meal perfectly roots should always be fed. This is an important part of the system, and helps to make perfect digestion.

Grubs in Cattle.—The grubs or worms found under the hides of cattle are the young or larvæ form of the Æstrus Bovis, or gadfly of the ox, which chase and seriously harm cattle, while laying their eggs in summer and autumn. Where the flies abound they greatly retard growth and fattening, and in extreme cases cause much fever and derangement of the system, as well as deterioration of the hide by the larvæ under the skin. But as the fly does not survive the winter, save in this larval form in the skin, it is easily killed out in any district by a uniform destruction of the grubs to be found under the integuments. The parasites are found mainly in the back, and should be squeezed out of their cysts by strong compression of the adjacent skin, and crushed under foot to destroy vitality and prevent them from burrowing in the soil and undergoing their natural transformation into the fly. If the hole be too small it may be slightly enlarged with a penknife so as to allow the easy escape of the grub. The destruction of these parasites by introducing caustic liquids or red hot irons into the sacs is not to be commended, as it leaves a mass of dead matter in the sore to undergo putrefaction, and develops an amount of surrounding inflammation that is altogether unnecessary.

A Pound of Butter.—While ten pounds of milk will suffice, with little variation, for a pound of cheese, the quantity necessary for a pound of butter is exceedingly uncertain—it may be 16 pounds, 32, even 40 in extreme cases. It is a rule adopted by many intelligent in dairy figures to count two and a half pounds of cheese equivalent to one of butter: this would be about 25 pounds. If we call it three gallons of milk, or 25.8 pounds, to one of butter, it will probably be nearer a true average for all the milk of a State or group of States. It is possible that an average for the whole country, including cows of the South not selected or bred for butter-making to any appreciable extent, would be slightly above three gallons, say three and a quarter. What causes the wide difference? First, breeding; the Jersey yields a larger proportion of cream than the Ayshire. Selection, which is a prominent point in breeding, will rapidly improve the cream production of any herd of grades. Then, feeding results in wide differences; Professor Arnold found the milk of a herd 21 per cent. better when fed upon sowed corn and pasture than when fed on pasturage alone. These experiments have shown wide variations between different samples of the same milk set in different ways.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Adventure of Two Americans in Mexico.

The Portland (Me.) *Press* says: Our readers will remember a brief Associated Press dispatch which appeared in the *Press* the other morning telling how two men in a stage-coach in Mexico, named Frank Senter and George Green, drove off a band of highwaymen with Winchester rifles. Frank Senter is a Portland boy, a nephew of William Senter, Esq., and was until lately in the jewelry business with his uncle on Exchange Street. We extract the following account of the affair in Mexico from a private letter written by Mr. Senter home:

We left Guanajuato at 3 o'clock a. m., Dec. 16. The weather was biting cold, but as usual we took our seats on the top of the coach with revolvers and cartridges and Winchester carbines on our knees. After riding about three hours, and just at light, we heard a rush of horses at our side and a shot fired over our heads, with an order to get down and surrender. We answered the summons with two shots into the crowd, and the man in front of George's rifle fell and his companions started for the leading mules to stop them, and tangle them up, but when twenty yards from me I rolled him from his horse and did not see him move a limb afterward. We then turned to see thirty well armed and mounted Mexicans following and firing. We put in quick shooting and soon drove them back seventy yards or more. They then tried to circle us, but as we turned our attention to the head men they all broke and collected in a bunch. We then had our coats off, and placed in front of us, with a hundred rounds between us, and we ordered the coach to be stopped and began our fine work at sharp-shooting. This seemed to make them wild, and with a yell, like Comanche Indians, 20 or 30 of them came down on us at full speed, firing all the way, and a wilder sight I never care to see. It was no use to give up then, as they would have cut us to pieces if we had surrendered, so we met them in solid shape, showing what a Winchester rifle was good for; and, as luck would have it, after firing 65 shots, we drove them back at full speed. One fellow, whose horse I shot from under him, jumped behind the dead animal and deliberately emptied four shells at me over the saddle, and dodged, under the horse, two of my shots; but my third "took his wind." In the affray George was shot in the shoulder, but it was only a flesh wound, and we kept on our way with a guard of 11, furnished us at the next city, four miles beyond. There were so many bushes we could not tell exactly how many were killed; but we are sure five robbers and four horses will not trouble travelers again.

Inside the coach was a Spaniard who threw his revolver from the window, a Mexican who wrapped his head in a blanket and put his revolver under him, a German who had a pocket pistol and wisely did not shoot, and a lady who did the praying; so you see what a party we had to depend on, and what a lucky escape we had. I shall never get better help from any one man than I did there from George.

Hygiene of the Mouth.

Dr. John A. White, editor of the *Dental Cosmos*, is the author of a little book recently published entitled "The Mouth and the Teeth." In a chapter on the hygiene of the mouth, Dr. White points out how much mischief is wrought by the use of unsuitable brushes and injudicious scrubbing—by the resort to tooth powders and mouth washes made in ignorance of the purposes to be subserved by their employment, and containing ingredients likely to be deposited about the necks of the teeth, and thus cause the absorption of the gums and alveolar processes. There is no agent, for instance, more commonly employed for cleansing the teeth, or more deserving of utter condemnation, than powdered charcoal. Again, the large majority of persons err in choosing brushes which are too stiff and too large, and in applying them too vigorously. A very moderate application of a soft brush, with a gentle frictional powder, such as precipitated chalk, is sufficient for the external surfaces of the teeth; it is quite unnecessary to use the powder oftener than once a day, the best time for such purpose being just before retiring. The morning cleansing may be properly performed with the aid of a little pure, mild soap, like white Castile, and for rinsing the mouth after meals, he recommends tepid water, to which has been added a few drops of spirits of ammonia or lime water. The use of a quill toothpick after meals to dislodge particles of food from between the teeth is advisable, as is also the use of a strand of waxed floss silk, passed between them at least once daily. Perhaps no single article is more useful as a wash, in various disordered conditions of the mouth, than *phenol sodique*, a preparation made from tar. According to our author it unites the properties of an antacid, an astringent, a sedative, a styptic, an antiseptic, and a disinfectant. It checks, we are told, excessive bleeding after extraction, and relieves the subsequent soreness of the gums. Provided there are no local, exciting, mechanical causes, it will be found effective also in that class of cases of soft, spongy, swollen gums which bleed at the slightest touch. This preparation may be used diluted, more or less, according to the varying indications, from half a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful, being mixed with a tumblerful of water. These suggestions, we need not say, are not intended by Dr. White to encourage a dependence upon any of the articles specified, so much as to discourage the use of unsuitable dentifrices and washes, and especially of all advertised or secret preparations warranted to harden the gums and whiten the teeth.

Corns.

Corns consist of layers of thickened epidermis—the transparent coating that protects the sensitive true skin beneath. This epidermis is in constant process of formation from the true skin, and is as constantly being thrown off in minute particles. It is as destitute of feeling as the nails; indeed, the nails—as also the scales on the legs of fowls and on the bodies of fishes—are only modified epidermis. Corns are among the "excrescences" of civilization. A higher civilization, however, which shall conform the shoe to the foot, instead of the foot to the shoe, will know of them only as we know of the crushed feet of Chinese women. A thickening of the epidermis having been caused at the points of special pressure, this inflames still further the skin beneath, giving rise to successive layers of thickened epidermis, which can not be thrown off like ordinary scarf-skin. Between the vital force beneath, and the pressure of the shoe above, the central portion comes to have the hardness of nail. If a splinter is left in the finger, the flesh above and around it will die, and new skin be formed below, which will in time lift the splinter out. But in the case of corns, nature's efforts are thwarted by the persistent pressure from above, which constantly enlarges the corn from below.

The first step toward relief is to secure a shoe *anatomically correct in construction*. Meanwhile, remove the pressure from the corn in whatever way may be possible. A pointed knife run down carefully between the layers will easily take out—for the time—the central core. Sometimes it can be picked out with the nail, after soaking the feet three successive nights in warm water. The soaking swells the core, and, like posts lifted by the frost, it seldom returns fully to its place. But, as the cores always fill up again, the only permanent remedy is the removal of the cause.—*Youth's Companion.*

Southern Gods of the Gallery.

The enthusiasm of a Southern audience is something glorious to an actor. The gallery bursts into yells of sympathy with the conqueror of tyranny, the overthrower of villainy, and hisses roundly the impersonators of the wicked ones. A number of times during our Southern tour the gods of the gallery waited until the stars had been called out after the play, and then called for the villain of the piece. They yelled his name (or rather the name of the character he assumed), and would not be satisfied until he appeared. What was his greeting? The heartiest round of hisses possible. Few actors have ever been paid a brighter compliment than this. Our villain—a very jolly chap in private life—had so well played his part that the gods could not separate actor and *rôle*. Once, too, in Memphis, the boys gathered at the stage door after the performance and hooted the actor who had been so villainous during the play. I think he was the proudest man I ever saw, and the appreciation of his acting was well deserved.—*"An Actor," in the Boston Herald.*

THIS is leap year, girls; but it is just as well to look before you leap.

Some Standards of Human Happiness.

> "But softly the voice within me calls:
> 'Weep not o'er woe until woe befalls.'"

That is merely a poetical reproduction of the ancient and excellent advice to refrain from "borrowing trouble." In the order of this world we should have enough of that questionable property by inheritance, without resorting to the burdensome and bankrupting habit of borrowing.

In practical affairs the habitual borrower is always catching at straws, as if he were never out of desperate straits; and "borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry" in these telephonic times no less surely than when Polonius offered that sage precept to the chivalrous Laertes.

It occurs to me that a healthy state of mind is of greater moment than an easy purse, which suggestion (now I remember it) is only another form of the maxim that contentment is wealth.

At this moment I can not recall a more persistent and patience-killing affliction than the man who always sees calamity looming up; whose life is divided between furtive dodgings of possible missiles and gloomy recitals of his apprehensions.

There are a few natures, however sunny, across whose skies these afflictive and afflicted victims of the dismals do not cast a very somber shadow. My own experience with them has not been very great, but I have known something of their ways in the line of observing their influence on more susceptible persons.

I think that what is called selfishness has been very much abused because it little understood. Suppose every one should address himself solely to working out the problem of his own happiness. We have all, probably, some individual standard of happiness, to reach which is not a vicious ambition, as I understand it. My neighbor has his standard; I have mine. If he rejoice most in those calm joys, which revolve around the domestic hearth (and he could not choose a better standard), why is it not within the easy possibilities that he may assure himself of the highest happiness?

If another find in travel those keen and panoramic delights for which his soul and sense pant, it is certainly not a violent presumption that he may, if he bend all his powers to the furtherance of his projects having that end in view, reach the summit of his desire.

If I extract from work, from books, from companionship with men and women who dare to think, those blessings which seem to me to be all there is of happiness,I shall not have been put to excess of troublesome search to realize my ideal.

I am disposed to look approvingly on the vagabondage of Bohemia. Its soil is favorable to the production of that unique audacity which laughs good-humoredly at those conventionalities to which the most of us are vassal. Few things give me livelier satisfaction, or play more effectively upon my enthusiasm, than a bold defiance of conventionality by the man who knows his ground. I would not have him blatant or vulgar. Indeed, the man of my ideal in that respect could not be so. He would always know when to strike, when to dig trenches, and when to retreat that he might choose a more advantageous battle-ground.

Then, if every man deliberately choose his own happiness, I presume he counts the cost of it. That he may eventually attain it, I see no sufficient reason to doubt. Being human (that is to say finite), it is not to be supposed that he is going to invade the realm of the infinite for his standard of merely terrestrial felicity; and this again proves his power to reach his aspirations.

It follows that one naturally inquires why a man should be called odious for seeking that which every human being covets—his own happiness—unless, indeed, his particular standard chance to be the happiness of others. The alternative implies the existence of men who really seek others' happiness. I do not know just how true that is, but I am not prepared to deny it wholly. There have been occasions in my own experience when I have felt a peculiar satisfaction in seeing the other fellow happy. To that extent I may lay claim to unselfishness, but the virtue is wholly a negative one. Why? Because it is an incident in my own pursuit of happiness, like the traveler along a hot and dusty road who unexpectedly finds a luscious peach, the taste of which is inexpressibly grateful to him. He nevertheless has in mind a comfortable inn, some miles further on, in the enjoyment of which his peach will be quite forgotten.

The obstacle in the way of the trouble-borrower is his want of a reasonable standard. It is true that Mrs. Gummidge did not have a very desirable house to live in on the beach at Yarmouth; but there were Peggotty, Ham and Little Em'ly, any one of whom would have thought it a boon to contribute to her happiness. She had no standard, and that "lone, lorn woman" daily borrowed trouble enough to have broken down an elephantine constitution. In time her slow brain wrought out a standard of happiness. Do you remember what it was? I shall have to own that it was another's happiness, and that other was Dan'l Peggotty.

Now, my dear Mrs. Gummidge, wherever you are—whether in the old hull at Yarmouth, or in the stateliest of Spanish castles—stick to Dan'l and the new-found standard. Whenever you think of yourself you are miserable, and I name you thus particularly as a very striking exception to prove the general rule which I have tried to formulate in respect to individual standards of happiness. You see your weakness for borrowing trouble subjects you to be thus singled out, but, in view of the revolution we have all observed in you, I am not quite sure that indirectly your weakness was not your ultimate strength. If you do not exactly get at the kernel of my thought, keep on hammering out that good Dan'l Peggotty's happiness and you will by and by uncover it. You shall think yourself well rewarded for your patient pains. It was a touch of God's mercy that the good souls who used to hear you whine were never infected. I think they must have found the key to my serene philosophy; but when your borrowed troubles were drowned in the flood of real calamities that bore the Yarmouth folk far out upon the black and angry waters, they had no need to use it. I am sure you will no more go a-borrowing.—"*Signor Max*," *in the Detroit Free Press*.

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"LULU LOLLYPOP" In reply to your favor of the 24th, we would say that the Anglo-American Hugging Gauge and Affection Indicator has received the warmest commendations from several young ladies who have tried it, thereby gaining an excellent quality of husband. The scheme is to fasten one slyly to your dress, and then when the young man is making the ribs of your corset creak spring the little machine on him suddenly, and have your pa open the door before you can get off his knee. With the unerring Register staring him in the face, and the old man talking of shotguns, stealing the affections of his child, etc., there are but few youngsters that will not weaken and declare that every thing was on the square, and at once propose an early day for the nuptials.—*Chicago Tribune*.

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A MAN who quit keeping a diary because he never could find any thing to write in it was the next day run over by a cart, beaten out of $3 on a dog trade, blackguarded by a fishwife and drawn on a jury. He will resume the diary.—*Hawkeye*.

The Sunday-school Drama.

The attempt to combine the Sunday-school and the theater is always a doubtful experiment. The two ingredients can rarely be united so as to produce a satisfactory result. Either there is too much Sunday-school for the amount of theater, in which case the entertainment is unspeakably dreary, or else there is too much theater in proportion to Sunday-school, in which case the performance becomes objectionably worldly. Mr. George MacDonald's "Pilgrim's Progress" is almost the only instance of a successful Sunday-school drama, and even that really meritorious entertainment may be found fault with, on the ground that Faithful's habit of flirting with the pretty girls who keep tables at Vanity Fair is out of keeping with the character of that excellent person as conceived by Bunyan. Still, the belief that a Biblical play can be successfully acted by Sunday-school children can never be wholly eradicated from the enterprising Superintendent's mind, and hence the holiday season always witnesses repetitions of the familiar experiment.

Great things were anticipated, unreasonably of course, by the congregation of the Williston Congregational Church, in regard to the representation of the Scriptural play of "Elisha," last Monday night. The play was written by the Sunday-school Superintendent's wife, who was a clever woman of no little literary skill, and the pastor and members of the Prudential Committee, who heard it read, were greatly impressed with its merits. Of the construction of the play, it is unfortunately impossible to speak, for reasons which will presently appear. There is no doubt, however, that it opened well, and we may concede its author's claim that it contained abundant incident, and was both thoroughly Scriptural in tone and sensational in its climaxes.

The lecture-room, with a temporary stage and a red drop-curtain, made a neat little theater, which was crowded half an hour before the performance began. The curtain rose upon a scene representing a shady valley, with a high hill in the back-ground, up which a practical and very steep road ran. On each side of the stage was a dense forest of ten or twelve trees and a country tavern, with the sign "Railway Hotel," stood on the left side. In front of the tavern forty-two children—who constitute nearly the whole strength of the Sunday-school—were engaged in various games. Some of them were pitching quoits, others were playing marbles. All were quarreling fiercely, and from their appearance, were children of the very worst moral character and most curiously ragged clothes. To them presently entered from the right lower entrance the Prophet *Elisha*, carrying his hat in his hand, in order to display his total lack of hair. He was a large Prophet, with a long white beard and a walking stick of great size; but there is no doubt that he would have looked better had he been provided with a little hair. As he passed the Railway Hotel he stopped to ask the way to the nearest Post-office, but it is painful to relate that the boys refused to give him a civil answer. In fact, they chaffed the Prophet and made allusions to his lack of hair, which were both personal and rude. The good man betrayed no anger, but he told them that they disgraced their parents by their conduct, to which they with one accord triumphantly answered that they "hadn't got none," and that they were "orphants." Greatly disgusted by this repartee, the Prophet shook his stick sadly but kindly at them, and proceeded on his way. The wicked children continued to yell after him, advising him to buy a wig, or to try somebody's hair restorer, and in other ways expressing their wicked want of respect. Endurance having ceased to be a virtue, *Elisha* paused and whistled loudly. Whereupon two frightful bears issued from the forest, and, falling upon the children, began to tear them in pieces.

All would perhaps have gone well, had not one of the wicked boys refused to be torn. The others had promptly fallen flat on the ground the moment the bears arrived, instead of climbing trees or seeking refuge in the Railway Hotel; but this particular boy, who, as it subsequently appeared, had been borrowed at the last moment from the Methodist Sunday-school, and who had not attended the rehearsal, showed fight. He caught up a stick which happened to be at hand, and hit the first bear a resounding whack over the head, drawing from that astonished animal the exclamation, "By gosh!" Leaving the forty-one prostrate children, the incensed bear rose on his hind legs and hit the borrowed boy a beautiful blow straight from his shoulder. The two then rushed together and fought all over the stage, while the other bear, yielding to the excitement of the moment, encouraged his associate brute by loudly requesting him to "go in," and by offering to bet 10 cents on his success with any one who might be willing to put up the money. The Prophet, in view of the uproar, turned back and belabored both bears and the borrowed boy with his stick with great impartiality, until all three cried for quarter. It was while he was engaged in this praiseworthy work that he accidentally knocked down the chandelier with his stick, and thereby created an alarm of fire, which speedily emptied the house, and brought the entertainment to a close.

The fathers of both bears have since sued the Prophet for assault and battery, and the whole congregation is divided over the question whether the Prophet had any right to thrash other people's bears in public, no matter if the latter had yielded to strong temptation to infuse an unexpected realism into the drama. However this may be decided, there is no doubt that the play was a failure, and it is to be hoped that it will have some little influence in inducing Sunday-school Superintendents to abstain from complicating religious instruction with amateur theatricals.—*New York Times*.

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Adventures of the Count Maurice De Fez.

NEW YORK, January 8.—About four months ago a genteel foreigner, about 27 years old, calling himself Count Maurice De Fez, took apartments with a private family on Twelfth Street, and apologized for his quiet way of living by stating that remittances from his mother, in France, the Countess De Fez, had failed to reach him. He lived at Spanish and French restaurants, and so ingratiated himself with the proprietors that he was allowed to run up large bills. He claimed acquaintance with leading resident foreigners, and talked for a time of taking service in the Cuban army. In the meantime he became very attentive to a prepossessing young lady on Twenty-fourth Street, an orphan, who owned the furniture of the house in which she lived. The young lady disliked him, and when she refused a proposition of marriage, he drew a pistol and threatened to shoot himself. Her sisters became favorably impressed with him, and on their solicitations she finally agreed to marry him. It was decided that the ceremony should be performed on Monday, and immediately after it the couple should sail for France, where, he said, they should settle on his estate. In view of the event the young lady sold off all of her furniture and made preparations for the departure. Last week the Count confided that he was short of funds, and obtained from her about $300. The French Consul was invited to give the bride away, and many well known French and Spanish residents were asked to be present. The Count ordered a wedding breakfast, to cost $350, from a well known restaurant into whose confidence he had worked himself, and in ordering, he succeeded in borrowing $25 on the strength of his approaching marriage with an heiress. He also ordered many valuable presents for his affianced, but managed to stave off payment. On Friday last the young lady for the first time suspected his sincerity, but the wedding was not postponed. On Saturday morning the Count drove up to his lodging-house in a carriage, packed his trunks and mysteriously disappeared. When the fact was told to the lady, she took it quietly, and canceled the invitations and all wedding arrangements. A detective was employed to hunt up the Count, and found that on Saturday he had taken a train for Montreal. The French Consul admits that he had a slight acquaintance with the Count, but says that he knows nothing about his history. Cubans say that he talked to them of going to Cuba, but that subsequently he wanted to borrow money from them and they dropped on him.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

During the Commune.

Fighting was going on at Clamart and Meudon. General Duval, having been made prisoner by General Viney, was shot dead. The foaming rage with which the fighting was carried on is indescribable. Two combatants, one of the regular army and the other a *federe*, had met at a bath establishment on the Avenue Neuilly. They continued fighting until by successive attacks made on one another they reached the roof of the house. When both there, they threw away their rifles and began a hand-to-hand struggle, the trooper trying to free himself from the grasp of his enemy and to make his escape. Seeing this, the *federe* drew a knife from his pocket, and as he was going to stab him the trooper laid flat on the roof, and by a rapid movement got hold of one of his enemy's legs, and both fell on the pavement, a height of twenty-five yards. Neither of them was killed, but the trooper had his face besmeared with blood and dust. The *federe*, having fallen on the trooper's body, had the best of it, and killed him by stabbing him in the head. One could not help being struck with the contrasts presented in the city itself, destruction and death raging in some of its quarters intersected by barricades, while cannonade was leveling to the ground its beautiful environs; and at the same time its fashionable boulevards crowded with elegant folks loitering and smiling as if nothing was going on. The theaters were open. Light-hearted people were heard saying: "Well! they fight there, let us enjoy ourselves here!" The cafes were ordered to be shut at midnight; useless precaution—you could see the light through the interstices of the shutters, and men and women chatting, smoking, playing and drinking, while the cannon was roaring in the distance, the mitrailleuses rattling incessantly, and the musketry crackling without intermission. That was not all; after spending part of the night in these dens of infamy, it was considered a good joke to spend the rest in hiring a cab and, the weather being fine, to drive to the Arc de Triomphe to see how the fight was "progressing!" The troops of the National Assembly, re-enforced by the arrival of the prisoners made by the Prussians at Sedan, grew in strength, and their assaults against the forts occupied by the *federes* and the walls of the city became more successful. Confusion and despair began to reign in the camp of the Commune. They tried to check the advance of the regular army by deeds of violence and cruel retaliation. They arrested, during the night of the 5th, M. Duguerry, the cure of the Madeleine, the Archbishop of Paris and several other dignitaries of the Church and political men of high standing. The same night the Archbishop's residence was pillaged. A man named Raoul Rigault had been appointed Prefect de Police; unprincipled, daring and unfeeling, this officer issued a decree by which any person suspected of being a partisan of the National Assembly should be immediately arrested and tried. He might as well stated, "Shot without trial." The delivery of letters was interrupted; gas was shut off; Paris was in the dark with the exception of a few lampposts supplied with mineral-oil lamps. To make good the deficiency by death or wounds in the ranks of the Army of the Commune, groups of armed men were ordered to enter the houses at night, and to seize in their beds every fit man to carry a rifle. Men above sixty were exempt. Finding, however, that this method of recruiting did not answer their expectations, owing to many avoiding to sleep in their own houses, they had recourse to the following statagem, which I saw myself from a window carried into effect with the utmost brutality. Ten men were posted at each side of a street with their backs close to the wall. The street had no other issue except by the two extremities. As soon as the street was seen to contain a sufficient number of passers-by worth catching, the soldiers coming from both sides formed a barrier at both ends, and arrested every body. Women, children and elderly men were set at liberty; all the others were armed and sent to the front to fight against the regular army. Terror and distraction were at the highest pitch. The inhabitants of Neuilly, Courbevoie, and those who were still in the military zone, had been left houseless. With whatever they could get hold of they took refuge in Paris. Hundreds of small vehicles were seen coming in loaded with mattresses, blankets, kitchen utensils, etc., to take shelter wherever they could find it.—*Count Orsi, in Fraser's Magazine.*

A Romantic and Remarkable Life.

At Bird-in-Hand, in Lancaster County, Pa., the remains of the late Rebecca Evans were buried. She was without doubt one of the strangest women of her time, and the story of her life and surroundings is romantic and remarkable. She died at the advanced age of 88, and was never married. She had lived alone for the past 30 years, and for years and years before that lived in company with her brother, who was insane. The man died about 30 years ago, and for several years before his death was confined just outside the house in a large pen, made by building a high fence. Before this he ran about the country dressed in a frock, and to this the people who lived in the neighborhood objected; hence his confinement. The property for years has not been kept in repairs, and the buildings, which consist of a two and a half story house and small barn, looked 20 years ago as though they had been deserted for a century. There was not a sash in the house that did not have the glass broken out; some of the shutters were hanging on one hinge and some lying under the windows; the fence about the yard falling over, boards dropped off the barn and holes rotted in the roof. Part of the pen in which her brother was kept is still standing. Across one field near Mill Creek, which runs along the farm, stood a two-story and a half tenement house which has only been occupied for a year or two during a period of 25 years; consequently it is in about the same condition as the other buildings.—*New York Star.*

IF you presented any body with a dollar locket on New Year's and hinted that it cost about fifteen dollars, there is no need of any quickened conscience about it. It was taken to some jeweler's to be valued on the 2d of January, very early in the morning.—*Detroit Free Press.*

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A MAN who caught malaria while imprisoned in a jail at North Adams, Mass., has sued the town for damages.

A ROCHESTER (N. Y.) horse, frightened by a first sight of a railroad train, trembled violently a few minutes, and then fell down dead.

GEN. ROGER A. PRYOR, now a New York lawyer, has received from a Virginia friend a curious relic of the war. It consists of two bullets that evidently met in the air over some battle-field, and, happening to strike each other on their conical points were firmly wedged together.

CLARENCE G. HOWARD, said to be an exemplary young man, and the son of a respectable citizen of Huntingdon, Long Island, entered the recent walking match in New York, but after accomplishing seventy-five miles he withdrew, complaining of sickness of the stomach. He was taken home and continued to grow worse, and died from utter exhaustion on Saturday morning.

THE London *Times* of a recent date contains notices of hunting appointments of 120 packs of hounds in England and Wales. This represents, in one way or another, an expenditure of at least $6,000,000. Nearly all packs are now more or less supported by combined subscription. The cost of efficiently keeping up a first-class pack is estimated at $20,000 to $30,000 a year.

IT has been thought that forks were used by mankind in eating food at a very recent period in history. But the art of eating with a fork is proved to be a revival of a very ancient one. The fork is by no means an invention of modern times. Lately, in the debris of the lake-dwellings, forks evidently designed for table use have been discovered. They were made of bone. The spoon is a still more ancient instrument.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL KEY, says a Washington correspondent, "always has a pleasant word for every body, and is very generally liked. He is a large, heavy man, with closely cropped gray whiskers and hair, a round, solid head, and a face which always looks smiling. He dresses in a very simple manner. A black frock coat with velvet collar, dark trousers, low collar with a small bit of black ribbon to serve as a necktie, and a rather rusty-looking silk hat make up his costume."

LAWS for the suppression of mendicancy are strictly enforced in Switzerland. Relief is refused to the idle and dissipated, and the property of spendthrifts may be seized and administered for their benefit, while they are placed under official guardianship, should there seem any likelihood of their coming to want. On the other hand, orphans are assisted in every possible way. About 5 per cent. of the members of the Communes are annually relieved of their cost. A recent return proves that pauperism is not more widely prevalent in Roman Catholic than in Protestant cantons.

A CANARY bird, which we think is the only specimen of its kind in Buffalo, says the *Courier*, can be seen at the store of Mr. Geo. Benzino, 146 William Street. After long months of patient training, during which time the bird was kept in a dark place and had a certain tune played to him several times a day, the little singer did actually succeed in imitating the familiar melody, and can now be heard all day singing this song, very seldom forgetting his training to fall into the old canary bird-like strain. To hear the little bird imitating the long drawn notes of the tune will be a rare treat to all lovers of bird music.

A ST. LOUIS quack doctor, who professed to cure all diseases through the help of spirits, bargained to rid a man of rheumatism for $800. They could not agree, at first, as to whether the money should be paid before the recovery or afterward. The quack finally proposed that the $800 be placed in a sealed envelope and kept for 12 days by a third person. Then, if the patient was well, it should be given to the doctor, but, if he was still ill, it should be returned to him. The dupe readily agreed to this; but, when the time was up, and he had as much rheumatism as ever, he tore open the envelope and found in it only scraps of worthless paper. The doctor was arrested.

ENGLISH farmers will derive small comfort from the report on American competition which Messrs. Read and Pell are preparing for the Royal Commission of Agriculture. They affirm that the resources of the United States for supplying England with food are receiving every day a new development, both in the extension of agricultural enterprise and in the facilitation of transport. Mr. Gladstone suggested some time ago that the farmers should turn their attention to raising fruit, vegetables, poultry, eggs, and butter, but the *Echo* apprehends that even in this limited field they will be outdone by foreign competition. In that case nothing will avail them but a universal reduction of rents.

A RECENT visitor to a great North German country house writes: "The great feature of the day is dinner (at 2 or 3), when the food is of that frightfully substantial kind wherein the German nation excels. The length of the meal on the occasion of a party is appalling, and it is apt to be taken for rudeness if a guest is unable to do ample justice to every dish. After their coffee the gentlemen play a hand of long whist for small points, while the ladies, left to themselves, knit, talk, play, and sing. At about 7 or 8 there is supper, and toward 10 the guests depart. Some of the more modern-minded people are beginning to shorten these wearisome entertainments, but they are still carried out to the fullest extent in the country."

FRANCE has agricultural schools for girls. One of the chief is near Rouen, which is said to have been begun with a capital of one franc, by a Sister of Charity and two little discharged prison girls, and to be now worth $160,000. The establishment has 300 girls, from six to 18. The farm, entirely cultivated by them, is over 400 acres in extent. Twenty-five Sisters form the staff of teachers. More than one medal of the French Agricultural Society has been awarded to this establishment at Darnetal, and the pupils are in great demand all over Normandy on account of their skill. They go out as stewards, gardeners, farm managers, dairy women and laundresses. Each girl has, on leaving, an outfit and a small sum of money, earned in spare hours. If they want a home they can always return to Darnetal, which they are taught to regard as home.

ROMANCES may be developed even in the dull routine of business in the governmental departments. Complaint was made to the Post-office authorities by a gentleman that his letters to "Miss O'Leary" were unanswered, and he charged that they had been neglected or missent. Word was sent to the postmaster of the village where the fair addressee resided, to investigate. His report was as follows: "Respectfully returned, with the information that I yesterday called upon Miss O'Leary, and it is a somewhat singular fact that she informed me that she had received all three of the letters. I would state further that I was invited by the lady to stay to tea, which invitation I accepted, and had a very fine time, as Miss O'Leary is a very fine young lady, and the very best of company." The complainant in the above case was a rejected lover, whose letters the lady had received with silent contempt. The sequel of the affair was the marriage of the gallant postmaster and the young lady about four months ago.

Diet Prejudice.

The prejudice which the French manifested at the corn bread and mush-hominy and grits, maizola and maizone, dished up cold at the French Exposition, to tempt and educate the European taste to eat and enjoy our American staple corn, is only matched by the prejudice of American farmers and farmers' wives, who declare that oat meal is only fit food for horses. Science and the history of the Scotch tell us that oat meal has no superior as an article of human diet. It feeds both brain and muscle, and gives power of endurance which can not be enjoyed from our average American diet.

Oat meal and milk forms a most nutritious article of diet, and if American children were brought up on such food, rather than on nick nacks, candies, pickles, pastry, cake and the thousand abominations of the frying-pan, we would have a nobler race, and the type of American manhood would be improved in all that goes to make up a great and powerful people. We are careful to feed our young horses oats and grass, and not allow them to have corn, as it is too heating, but how many farmers and their wives think of the effect of the vile compounds of fine flour and fat, sweets and acids, spices, and condiments innumerable, upon their children?

Science and experience tell us that the whitest flour is not the most wholesome or nutritious. It is fashionable and looks nice, and very poor people can not afford to eat the whitest flour! Therefore it is ignoble and degrading the children and family to the level of the horse and of the poorer classes, to feed our children on inferior and cheap food, such as oat meal and cracked wheat. Perhaps the Almighty might have compounded a more complete article for human food than the grains of wheat or oats, but He has not done it yet, nor has the ingenuity of caterer and cook yet concocted any thing which so completely meets the wants of the human system. The nitrates, or muscle makers; the carbonates, or fat producers; the phosphates, or food for brains and nerves, are happily combined in the wheat grain to meet the wants of man.

But fashion and ignorance have perverted the taste and led parents to rob their offspring of the better portion, and to feed them mostly on carbonates. The nitrates and the phosphates are deftly eliminated by the sieve and the bolting cloth, and the beautiful white bread and flaky pastry and delicious cake, the pride of the cook and the baker, like the beautiful snow, are wanting in the elements required to harmoniously develope the complex structure of brain, nerve, bone and muscle. The fat formers are abundant in all the fashionable articles of food; but on what are the muscles, brains and nerves to be developed when we studiously and carefully withhold from them suitable support?

The intelligent manager of poultry knows that if he would expect eggs he must feed for eggs and not for fat. The successful horseman does not feed his horse corn and middlings if he wishes him to endure and win the race. The wise breeder of swine and cattle varies feed from bone formers to flesh and fat formers, according as he wishes the animals for meat or for breeders.

Let us be as careful to set before our children food suited to the demands of their nature. Less carbonaceous food, and more of the muscle and nerve and brain formers will not be amiss in most families.

Yet the American prejudices in the matter of diet are not more commendable than the prejudices of the Frenchman against our corn-dodgers and mush.

The oat meal porridge of the Scotch and the mush and milk of the American are national dishes, good enough for a King, but the oat meal furnishes more brain and nerve food, and should be more used among Americans.—*Cor. Detroit Free Press.*

How Bismarck Once Resigned.

It will be remembered that about the end of March, 1877, a report was current that Prince Bismarck had resigned, and that his resignation had been accepted by the Emperor William. In M. Hansen's "Coulisses de la Diplomatie," the following account is given of the event. The Emperor William spent the evening of Thursday, the 27th of March, in the house of Prince Anton Radziwill, who is distantly related to the Royal family, and there met the Count N., who also is an intimate friend of the Radziwill family. "Well, Count," said the Emperor, "are you going to dine off the Easter lamb with Prince Ferdinand on Easter Sunday?" "Certainly, your Majesty," replied the Count, "unless Herr Falk confiscates the lamb." "In that case," replied the Emperor, "you need not be under any apprehension for your dinner." "I am, however, not quite certain," replied the Count; "for how can your subjects feel safe when even her Majesty the Empress has to hide her charitable acts to avoid being annoyed?" "How so, Count?" asked the Emperor. "Why, Sire," replied the Count, "the Empress gave officially 200 marks (about £10) to the Ursuline nuns who had been expelled from Berlin; but secretly her Majesty sent 1,000 marks." Encouraged by the Emperor, Count N. cited a great number of other vexatious acts of Herr Falk, acting according to the orders of Prince Bismarck. The Emperor, evidently much annoyed, left early and the next day he sent for Prince Bismarck, who pleaded ill health. A second messenger ordered the Prince immediately to appear at the Castle, unless he were so ill as to have to keep his bed, in which case the Emperor would call upon him. Prince Bismarck had to obey, and was closeted for more than an hour with the Emperor. On returning home, he at once sent in his resignation.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

FRENCH poultry raisers adopt the following method of feeding in fattening for the market: "To get good weight and delicate color, only meal from grain one year old should be used, and the water used in the mixing of food should have suet added to it in the proportion of three-eighths of an ounce to a quart of meal. A small quantity of coarse gravel should be added to the paste thus made, so as to assist the bird's digestive functions. Special care should be taken not to give them any food for at least twelve hours before they are killed, so that the intestines may be empty at the time of death, and the acid fermentation of their contents, which would otherwise ensue and which facilitate decomposition, may be avoided. Plucking the fowls should not be attempted too soon. If feathers are pulled out while the blood is still fluid, the vesicle at the root of each of them becomes engorged and the skin becomes spotted. A fowl killed while digestion is going on will hardly keep for a week. A few pieces of charcoal put inside will assist preservation.

A LATE writer says: Most farmers have noticed that in fattening swine rapidly, they appear weak in their hind legs, and sometimes lose the use of them entirely. In such cases we find that a small quantity of bone meal mixed with their daily feed will prevent weakness, and will strengthen the animal so as to admit of the most rapid forcing.

IT is said that Senators Sharon, Butler and Booth are all looking about for wives. The first two are rich and the latter good looking, and the ladies are urged to take advantage of their leap-year privileges.