

### THE OLD COUNTRY CIRCUIT.

How dear to my heart is the show of my childhood,  
The old country circus my infancy knew!  
In these days of three rings, of hippodromes, railroads,  
How fond recollections presents thee to view!  
For weeks, while the posters on fences and church sheds  
Portrayed to my young eyes the scenes that should be,  
No soft thrill of love—no throb of ambition,  
Has since equalled the bliss I gained dreaming of thee.  
The old country circus, the shabby old circus,  
The wandering old circus my infancy knew.  
How faithful I worked in the ways that presented,  
To gain the few pennies my ticket should buy!  
No toll was so sweetened—no reward so stupendous—  
No miser e'er cherished his hoard as did I.  
How fair the sun shone on the glad day appointed!  
How rife with strange bustle the sleepy old town!  
And when o'er the hill came the rumble of wagons,  
The bound of my heart said: "The circus has come!"  
The old country circus, the faded old circus,  
The one-horse old circus my infancy knew.  
What pageant of now can that "grand entry" compass?  
What wit of to-day like those jokes of the ring?  
And those divans of pine boards—such ease Oriental,  
No reserved cushioned chairs of the present can bring.  
One elephant only, satisfying, majestic,  
Not Jumbo, nor sacred, neither painted nor white—  
Take them all, and the whole gilded fraudulent humbug,  
For a single return of that old honest delight,  
The old country circus, the wandering old circus,  
The shabby old circus my infancy knew.  
—[P. H. Welch.]

### MAY'S SACRIFICE.

"My last hope rests in you, May."  
"In me, father?"  
May Warren made answer in a tone of surprise, raising her sad, anxious eyes to her father's face.  
As if her gaze discomposed him, Mr. Warren turned his head, and his glance wandered restlessly around the apartment. He was an old man, with a tall, spare figure, thin, gray hair, and was sitting in an arm-chair by a table covered with papers, while his pretty daughter, May, sat beside him on an ottoman. She repeated the words:  
"In me, father?"  
"Yes," he replied, starting from a moment's abstraction. Do you remember Colonel Leighton, my dear?"  
"Colonel Leighton? An old man with a heavy beard, partly gray, and pleasant blue eyes. He dined with us a few days ago. Yes, I remember him, father."  
"Not so very old, May—not so old as I am—and one of the finest men living. He is wealthy, very wealthy, too."  
He met his daughter's questioning gaze fully, now, as if he wished her to read something in his face. She kept her dark eyes fixed searchingly upon his countenance, the ebb and flow of the soft color upon her cheeks betraying the quick pulsation of her heart.  
"What do you mean, father?" she asked at length.  
"I saw him last night. He offered to help me—save me, if—"  
"If what, father?"  
"If I would give you to him."  
The words came hurriedly from Mr. Warren's lips, as if he feared that if he deliberated he should not be able to utter them at all. As they fell on his daughter's ears she started to her feet, pushing back her hair from her pale face, in a bewildered sort of way, as if she were half-stunned.  
"Marry me, father? Colonel Leighton?" she cried, in a low tone.  
Mr. Warren took her hand and drew her down to her seat again.  
"May, Colonel Leighton will be a good husband to you. I have known him from boyhood, and understand perfectly his character and principles. He loves you—he will be kind to you, and strive in every way to make you happy. And more—and more, May; he will save me from beggary!"  
He paused, but his child, with her face bowed upon her hands, made no reply—not stirred not. The mute distress that her attitude betokened was not unnoticed by him.  
"I do not force you to do this, May, remember; the matter is left entirely to your own choice. But you know what my wish is—what the alternatives will be if you do not accept the offer."  
She knew only too well. Fully she realized how absolutely necessary the luxuries to which her father had been accustomed were to him. Absolute loss of possession did not seem the most dreadful thing in the world to her, but she knew what a wreck it would make of him. In her youth and strength the future would still be bright and full of hope to her; but how could he, with his aged frame and burden of sixty years, commence life anew? The hopeful thought that she could work for him and supply him with his accustomed comforts afforded her but a moment's comfort. To him, with his staid, aristocratic ideas, this would be the most severe trial of all—his delicately-reared, petted child laboring for his support. He would never be reconciled to it. There was no alternative, she saw at a glance. Then, with a desperate effort to think calmly, she recalled the form of Colonel Leighton. She remembered his bowed head and silvered beard, his dark, deeply-furrowed face and fifty years. She could get no further. A younger face, with merry, azure eyes and tossing, sunny hair sprang up in strong contrast. Stretching out her hands to her father, as if for pity, she cried out:

"I cannot, oh, father, I cannot!"  
The old man sank back with a groan. "Lost—then I am lost!" he cried, shuddering.  
There was no reproach, only those bitter words and that despairing attitude. White and tearless she sat at his feet, the agony of her heart written on her face. The wild, desperate thought that the sacrifice was possible occurred to her.  
"Father, dear father!"  
He raised his head, whitened with the frosts of his sixty winters, and looked at her with a gleam of hope in his sunken eyes. She crept into his arms, as she had done when a child, and laid her soft cheek against his wrinkled brow.  
"You know that I love you, father," she said. "I can never remember you but as kind, tender and forbearing with me. Your heart has been my home all my life. I will work, beg, suffer for you—I will die for you—oh, how willingly, if need be! But that—oh, father, you do not know what it is that you ask."  
He did not speak, but a moan broke uncontrollably from his lips, as he rested his head upon her shoulder. The struggle in her heart sent dark, shadowy waves across her face. Could she—could she?  
"Father," she whispered, hurriedly, "let me go now. I will see you again—answer you to-morrow." And she left him.  
He could not see her face in the gathering darkness, only a glimpse of something white, but he felt the quiver of her lips as she bent to kiss him, and reached out his arms to embrace her, but she was gone.  
"Heaven pity me!" The words came like a wail from her lips. She was alone in her chamber, flung prostrate upon a low couch, with her face hid in the cushions. The sound of the rustling foliage of the garden, and the chirping of the birds came in through the open window with the damp evening breeze, and the pale light of the rising moon filled the room with a soft radiance, but she was unconscious of everything but her misery. The house was so quiet that the sound of a foot-step crossing the hall below fell upon her ear and aroused her to a momentary interest. She heard a door open—the library door—and then a voice uttered a few words of commonplace greeting. She remembered it well, and sprang to her feet with a desperate, insane thought of flight. But the door closed, the house was still again and she was calmer.  
She crossed the room listlessly and drew back the curtain of the window. The scene without was beautiful. The moonlight lay broadly on the garden, turning to silver the tops of the trees and making the little lake beyond look like a great white pearl. Gazing earnestly downward she saw a tall, shadowy figure, standing beneath the shade of the old elm. With a low cry she sprang from the room and a moment later stood beside her lover.  
"Come at last, my treasure," cried Mark Winchester, folding her in his arms. She remained leaning passionately against his breast, while he pressed passionate kisses upon her forehead, cheek and lips.  
"Why have you made me wait so long, darling?" he said, softly, and taking both her hands in one of his, he pressed them to his lips. "Why, how could you are! How you tremble!" he continued, as she clung to him. "What is the matter, May?"  
"I waited because I dreaded to meet you, Mark."  
"Why? What do you mean?"  
And, brokenly, through her tears and sobs, she told him all. He did not speak or stir while she was talking, and when she had finished there was a long silence. She lacked courage to say more—he would not ask. She repeated the last words, "and to-morrow I must give him my answer." Still he did not answer.  
She looked up at him. In the dim light she could see his rigid, agonized face, white lips and gleaming eyes. She stole her arms about his neck, and drew his forehead down to her lips.  
"Speak to me, Mark; say that you do not blame me."  
He knew then that she had decided and what that decision was.  
"And you will leave me, May, and marry that old man?"  
"Heaven pity me, Mark, for I must. I will become his wife, and will be true and faithful to him, for he will be kind to me. You will hear of me thus, and when you do remember my words, Mark, that you are my heart."  
"I will remember, May. God help us both, for I never shall forget you. They shall bury me with this upon my heart."  
And he drew a tress of soft, brown hair from his bosom.  
For a moment more—one little precious moment—he held her against his heart and then kissed her, put her gently from him, and was gone.  
For a moment she stood alone under the trees, with clasped hands and face upraised to the quiet sky, and then she turned and walked silently toward the house. A bright light from the library window streamed down on her, and as she looked up she saw the shadow of a bowed figure fall across the curtain.  
"Father, you are saved!" she murmured.  
A hand was laid suddenly upon her arm, and she started with a low cry.  
"Good evening, Miss May," said Colonel Leighton; "I have been seeking you."  
She bowed, and stood silently before him, with a calm downcast face.  
"I have just been talking with your father," he continued, carelessly pulling a rose from a bush near them. "He told me that you have promised to think of my proposal, and let us know what your decision is to-morrow. Is there anything I can say which will influence you to form that decision in my favor?"  
"You cannot say anything which will influence me in the least, Colonel Leighton. As my father has said, you shall have my answer to-morrow."  
He glanced at the young face so sad in its calm dignity, and then looked down at his fingers again, which were busy tearing to pieces the blossom he held and allowing the crimson petals to fall at his feet as if they were fragments of the heart he was breaking.

In the long silence that followed she glanced up at him once, with the thought of flinging herself upon his mercy by giving him her confidence; but the stern expression of his face repelled her.  
"Miss May," he said suddenly, "you are averse to this marriage."  
His tone aided in rendering his words an assertion. She was startled, but replied quietly, "Do you think so?"  
"I must be blind if I could think otherwise," he continued, with sudden energy. "May Warren, you know that you hate me—that you would rather die than become my wife, were it not for your father's sake."  
Before she realized what she was doing the monosyllable "yes" slipped from her tongue.  
"And in doing this do you realize how you would wrong us both?"  
She was silent.  
"It shall never be. I shall never call you my wife, knowing that you do not love me—that your heart is not in my keeping. I will not tell you of my hopes, how I have dreamed that my last days would be my happiest ones—it would not interest you. Now I have only to say that you are as free as if I had never seen your sweet face."  
He paused for a reply, but she made none. Bewildered by her position, she did not know what to say.  
"I know that I have only myself to reproach," he went on, "My motive in offering your father my assistance was a purely selfish one. The consequences are only what I deserve. I had no thought of the long years during which he had been my true and faithful friend, but cruelly took advantage of his position to gain my own ends. Yes, I am properly punished."  
There was a bitterness in his tone, a despondency in his attitude, that greatly changed his accustomed dignified composure of manner. Half unconscious of what she did, only sensible of the pity she felt for him, the young girl put her hand upon his arm and thus said, softly:  
"Forgive me."  
"Forgive me, rather, my child," he said, gently, taking the little hand in one of his, for the misery I have caused you. I should have known that our paths in life could never be one. But good-night, I will not detain you."  
She did not shrink from him as he bent down to kiss her forehead with his last words. He stepped aside to allow her free passage to the house, but she did not move.  
"You are thinking of your father," he said. "Do not be distressed on his account. Remember me in your prayers to-night, and sleep sweetly. It is all I ask."  
He did not wait to hear her fervent "God bless you!" or witness her burst of joyful tears, but quickly left her.  
The morning sunshine streamed boldly into the apartment of old Mr. Warren, where he lay in the heavy sleep of mental and physical exhaustion. The forenoon was far advanced when a servant roused him, informing him that Colonel Leighton waited him in the library. Making a hasty toilet, the old man left his chamber and went to join his friend. The gentlemen met cordially, and Colonel Leighton immediately requested that May be sent for. They waited but a few minutes before the door swung noiselessly open, and wearing a white morning robe, the young girl entered. At a motion from her father she sat down upon a low seat at his feet, and then glanced up with a confiding smile at Colonel Leighton, who stood leaning against the mantelpiece with an expression of face half-sad, half-admiringly.  
"We are waiting for your answer, May," said Mr. Warren, quietly.  
"I will leave the matter entirely in Colonel Leighton's hands," she replied.  
The old man glanced perplexedly from her to his friend. Colonel Leighton stepped forward.  
"My old friend, James Warren," he said, "I met your daughter last night and talked with her. I discovered with what feelings she regarded a marriage with me, and cannot allow the sacrifice she would make for your sake. I will never marry her; she is free. And now I have to ask your pardon for the unmanly way in which I have taken advantage of your embarrassments and have come so near to destroying the happiness of your child. Every power of mine shall be exerted to its utmost to relieve you, and all the reward I ask is the knowledge that you and May do not despise me. Nay, nay, no thanks. I deserve rather to be scorned for the part I have acted. I have one favor to ask, old friend. Will you allow me to choose a husband for your daughter?"  
"You have my full and free permission," said Mr. Warren, smiling through his tears. "But I hope you will be more successful in your choice than I have been."  
"Never fear," said the colonel, with a glance at May. Flinging open a door which led to another apartment, he called: "Now, my boy!" and Mark Winchester sprang into the room.  
"Behold your future son-in-law," said Colonel Leighton, and ere the old man could comprehend the scene, the young couple knelt for his blessing. At a motion from his friend he gave it willingly, and never was there a happier party.  
Through the interposition of his friend, Mr. Warren was saved from ruin and his daughter made happy. When May that morning asked for a solution to the problem of Colonel Leighton's knowledge of Mark, he replied: "I did not wait half an hour in the garden to no purpose, little one." And she understood that he had overheard her conversation with her lover. Through his influence Mark's talent as an artist became known to the world, and a few years afterward he became a popular painter and a wealthy man; and, out of gratitude to his benefactor, he christened his first-born son Edwin Leighton Winchester.

ARBUSCUS.  
If spring has maids of honor—  
And why should not the spring,  
With all her dainty service,  
Have thought of some such thing?  
If spring has maids of honor,  
Arbutus leads the train;  
A lover, a fairer,  
The spring would seek in vain.  
For sweet and subtle fragrance,  
For pink and pink and white,  
For utmost grace and motion,  
Of vines and vines' delight.  
For joy of love and lovers,  
For joy of young and old,  
No blossom like arbutus  
In all that springtimes hold.  
The noble maids of honor,  
Who earthly queens obey,  
And courtly service render  
By weary night and day.  
Among their royal duties,  
Bouquets of blossoms bring  
Each evening to the banquet,  
And hand them to the king.  
If spring has maids of honor,  
And a king that is not seen,  
His choicest springtime favor  
Is arbutus from his queen.  
—[H. H., in Independent.]

### SENATOR MANDERSON.

What He Said Concerning Settlement of Abandoned Military Reservations.

Omaha Herald.

Senator Mander son led the debate in the senate committee of the whole, concerning the settlement of abandoned military reservations, with great success, evincing a thorough knowledge of the question and a careful study of the details of the subject matter. He offered numerous amendments, which were all adopted. In support of one providing that any settler who was in actual occupation of any portion of any such reservation prior to the location of such reservation, or settled thereon prior to June 1, 1883, in good faith, for the purpose of securing a home, and of entering the same under the general laws, and has continued in such occupation to the present time, and is by law entitled to take a homestead, shall be entitled to locate under the homestead laws the land so occupied, not exceeding 160 acres in a body, according to the government surveys and subdivisions, (which date was afterwards modified to January 1, 1884), the senator said:

This subject-matter is one of vast importance to the people of the frontier states. The amount of land set apart for military reservations in the United States, as shown by the report of the committee, is nearly three millions of acres—2,920,850 acres. Of these lands there have been already abandoned by the government and no longer used for military purposes nearly 800,000 acres. There have been abandoned in the state of Nebraska, Fort Hartsuff, with 3,251 acres; Fort McPherson, with 19,000 acres; Fort Sedgwick, with 40,960 acres, and Camp Sheridan, with 18,225 acres—making in that state alone 81,436 acres of abandoned land.

The effort has been made for several years past by special bills to throw the lands of these respective forts upon the markets, either under the general laws of the United States or by sale under such regulations and restrictions as might be made by the interior department, but these efforts have repeatedly failed; and I am heartily glad to see that the committee on military affairs have reported by general bill a course through which these lands can be placed upon the market. Of the reservations that I have named, Hartsuff was abandoned in 1881, McPherson in 1880, Sedgwick in 1871, and Sheridan in 1881, and during all the years that have elapsed since the abandonment of these lands for military purposes they have remained unoccupied by the military and practically open for civilian settlement. It is also the fact that prior to the location of many of these forts citizens had already under the homestead and pre-emption acts settled upon these reservations. They were not disturbed by the military authorities, but were permitted to remain there, and in many instances within the state that I have the honor to represent citizens were invited even after occupation by the military authorities to make settlement on these lands. They took advantage of that protection which was afforded by the nearness of the settlement to the reservation, and settled there under the invitation and that protection. Now there are parties upon all these reservations, not only in Nebraska, but perhaps in all the states having public lands open to entry, persons who have settled under this sort of invitation, and under, as they supposed, the protection of the general land laws.

I propose to extend the provision of this bill by these amendments so that any settler prior to June 1, 1883—and I fix that date simply that some date may be fixed in the bill; I am not tenacious that it shall be retained—any settler upon the public lands who has gone there in good faith for the purpose of obtaining a home under the homestead or pre-emption acts, having a right so to do, shall be protected in his settlement; and the different amendments to this section that I propose, four in number, reach that result.

### The Greely Relief Expedition.

Inter-Ocean.

Many are inclined to withhold sympathy from the expedition undertaken in relief of the Greely party, because they imagine Lieutenant Greely's voyage was one of adventure. This is no more untrue than unjust. He was indeed a regularly detailed officer acting under government orders to establish circumpolar stations under agreement of the polar conference between England and the United States. July 7, 1881, Lieutenant A. W. Greely, Fifth cavalry, acting signal officer, accompanied by twenty-three officers and enlisted men, departed from St. John in the screw steamship Proteus, bound for Lady Franklin bay, at a point within ten miles of the destination. Here the first obstruction was encountered, and seven days passed before the ice moved

clear out of the way. After that the party were enabled to proceed and reached Discovery harbor, where Greely determined to camp. The station was accordingly established and the Proteus left the party August 18th, returning safely to St. John. Since then nothing definite has been heard from the Greely party.  
Rumors circulated by Esquimaux were plentiful, one of these being to the effect that Lieutenant Greely had been murdered by his mutinous crew, but little reliance can be placed on these reports. The grave danger of Greely's position was recognized by geographical authorities, and in July, 1882, a party sailed from St. John in the Neptune to take supplies to Lieutenant Greely. The ship encountered every adversity of wind, weather and ice in its slow and perilous northward course, and after passing Littleton island the way was frequently blocked for days, and August 9th was nipped by the pack, being so held until the 15th. On the 23d the vessel was forced back on its track and the homeward voyage was begun.  
The second expedition was undertaken last year with similar results. The present expedition, to be begun in a few days, will be by a party in the good ships Alert, presented by the British government for this purpose, the Bear and the Thetis. The Alert was the advance ship of the Nares expedition in 1875, when a point much beyond Greely's was reached. It is classed as one of the strongest vessels afloat, and is a double-skin wooden vessel of 1,270 tons displacement and 381 horse-power. She will be in charge of Commander Coffin, and will follow in the wake of the other vessels, the first under command of Lieut. W. H. Emory, the Thetis under Commander W. S. Schley. The Thetis will probably be the flagship. Chief Engineer George W. Melville will go with the Thetis. The plan of search has been carefully considered, and will be followed on a supposition of Greely's possible movements in view of his knowledge of points and stations. As this is the best equipped expedition yet undertaken the hope of success is proportionately greater.  
Greely's expedition was really in accordance with the meteorological congress of St. Petersburg, held in 1881, in deciding by a national agreement to project expeditions from various countries to establish a series of circumpolar stations for scientific purposes of observation and practical exploration. There were to be twelve of these stations, as designed by apportionment, and it was hoped that ultimately from one of them a determination of the conditions of the polar basin might be secured.

### Dead.

Arkansas Traveler.

The alligator that was sent from Florida to the editor of this paper is dead. After life's fitful fever he sleeps as well as circumstances will admit. The gentleness and persuasion of man have thus far failed to place an alligator on a social basis. In this world of selfishness the alligator has selected his own course and desires to scramble for himself. The glass tank, with a bed of gravel where the reptile could crawl out and sun himself, was looked on, not in the light of a great favor, but as a matter of course. There never was, in either one of his eyes, a single gleam of thankfulness. His tank was shared passively with a brother that came in the same assortment with him, but there never passed between these descendants of a parent stem a single sign of recognition nor a word of kindly greeting. They would sometimes, in a kind of dreamy forgetfulness, bump their noses together, but they would immediately turn away without a change of countenance, and fall into deep reverie. Tennyson, the one whose cold claws are now folded in death, seemed to be in average health until a few moments before the summons came. He had taken a bath, and was lying on the gravel, when his keeper observed a change of countenance. Revolution of expression, with an alligator, has ever been regarded as a precursor of coming dissolution. The owner was summoned to the gravel-side of the sufferer. He seemed to be suffering with meningitis, for his head was bent like a bull-tongue piow, and cords hitherto unobserved arose to the surface of his neck, so tightly drawn that they almost cut through the rough hide. He opened one eye and closed it slowly. A Florida man who stood near the tank shook his head ominously, and an old Florida dog that had doubtless gone through many narrow escapes, walked off to one side and shook with laughter. Tennyson reached out one claw and began to claw around. He then extended his hind legs, braced himself and slowly turned and lay on his back. The old dog observing this movement, walked away again and laughed in retributive chuckle. The sufferer lay for a time, breathing at long intervals, and then, turning, he raised up on his elbows, looking at the sun and fell back dead. This proved that he was a sun worshipper and consequently settles a question which has long been in dispute, Herbert Spencer holding that alligators worship the moon with the morning star as a delegate and the north star as an alternate.

### The Well at Cawpore.

Correspondent London Daily News.

Havelock was already on the march, his nearer approach being made the signal for an episode which is the darkest act in the hurried tragedy. On the eve of going out to give battle to the English general, Nana Sahib issued orders for the massacre of the women. They were invited to leave the house under pretence of being conducted to a place of safety. But they had had enough of the Hindoo's clemency. They refused to move, and were shot by volleys fired through the windows, sepoy entering sword in hand and completing the work. This done, they were dragged out dead and dying, women and children, and cast into a well that stood opposite the house. There they were found when Havelock's men, having utterly routed Nana Sahib, entered the town, flushed with the generous hope of rescue.

Now only a marble cross set in a grass plot—dark in the shadow of solemn pews—marks the site of the butchery, while the well itself is a prominent object in a rich and well ordered garden. When Havelock reached Cawpore and found this terrible truth at the bottom of the well, it was too late to furnish Christian burial to Nana Sahib's victims. The well was bricked over, and in due time there has risen upon the site a beautiful marble figure—an angel with sad face, yet not sorrowing as those that have no hope, but carrying in either hand the palm of victory. Over the gateway of the inclosure which surrounds this solemn burial place is written: "These are they who came out of great tribulation." Round the base of the statue runs the inscription: "Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, who near this spot were cruelly massacred by the followers of the rebel Nana Dhoondpout of Bithwoor, and cast the dying with the dead into the well on the 15th of July, 1857."

### POPULAR SCIENCE.

Camphor gum, when packed with furs, is said to have a tendency to lighten the color. Thorough cleanliness and tar paper are commended as moth destroyers.  
A correspondent of the Scientific American recommends sowing Hungarian grass around the outer edges of a wheat or corn field as a protection against the ravages of the chinchbug.  
Dr. Squib has substituted for the ordinary blue and red litmus paper a single color, viz., purple. This purple litmus paper turns red with acids, blue with alkalis. It is claimed to be much more delicate and convenient.  
Hydrophobia is said to be unknown among the dogs of Australia, which circumstance is supposed to explain the action of New South Wales and other colonies in forbidding the importation of dogs from Europe and America.  
The analysis made by Dr. Reusch of volcanic ash from the Krakatoa eruption shows the principal constituents of the ordinary pumice-stone, with fragments ranging in size from that of impalpable powder to upward of one millimeter in length.  
The fibre of silk is the longest continuous fibre known. An ordinary cocoon of a well-fed silkworm will often reel 1,000 yards, and reliable accounts are given by Count Dandolo of a cocoon yielding 1,295 yards, or a fibre nearly three-quarters of a mile in length.  
The power developed by the explosion of a ton of dynamite is equal to 45,685 tons raised one foot, or 45,675 foot-tons. One ton of nitro-glycerine similarly exploded will exert a power of 65,482 tons, and one ton of blasting gelatine similarly exploded, 71,050 foot-tons.  
As a cure for pimples: Wash the face in a solution of carbolic acid, allowing a teaspoonful to a pint of water. This is an excellent and purifying lotion, and may be used on the most delicate skin. Be careful about letting the wash get into the eyes, as it will weaken them.  
MM. Houles and DePietra Santa have communicated a paper to the Academy of Sciences, Paris, stating that they have been unable to discover any injurious effect produced by copper on the health of the persons engaged in working it, and advancing the belief that colique de cuirve does not exist.  
It is stated that sackcloth or canvas can be made as impervious to moisture as leather by steeping it in a decoction of one pound of oak bark with fourteen pounds of boiling water, this quantity being sufficient for eight yards of stuff. The cloth has to soak twenty-four hours, when it is taken out, passed through running water and hung up to dry.  

### De Lesseps and His Health.

Courier.

M. de Lesseps, in fact, as one of his friends says, has a running account with sleep. He can sleep twenty-four hours at a stretch and then remain for five or six nights without sleep. He sleeps at will, when and where he pleases. When he travels he gets into the first compartment at hand. He sits on the front seat or back seat, in one of the ornate or in the middle, if these are taken. He examines his traveling companions. If he recognizes one of them, or is alongside somebody disposed to talk, he speaks, and does not cease talking; if, on the contrary, he knows nobody, he crosses his arms, drops his head, and the train has scarcely started before he is asleep, and so he remains without interruption till he arrives at his destination. When he went to his property, La Chesnay, near Bordeaux, he requested the guard to wake him in time, lest he should go on to Bordeaux. At sea M. de Lesseps "settles his accounts" with sleep in a still more perfect fashion. He remains stretched in his berth, and sleeps all the way, except at meal times. He was thus able to sleep on a voyage from Marseilles to Alexandria 107 hours out of 130 for which the voyage lasted. M. de Lesseps, at the present moment, is the man who possesses, in the highest degree, what we call recuperative power. Till of late years he had recourse to the external application of cold, and even of iced water to maintain himself in vigorous health. He had been invited under the empire to spend in November a couple of days at Compeigne. The winter was severe. The day after his arrival at Compeigne a telegram arrived for him. At 7 o'clock in the morning the valet de chambre went to call him. He found the bed empty and that M. de Lesseps was absent. In alarm a search was made in the park, and, after half an hour's hunt, he was seen emerging from a pond, in which he had broken the ice to take his bath. He has now renounced such cold water exercises, but he continues to devote himself passionately to horsemanship. He may be seen at some hour or other galloping amid the troop of his children through the Bois de Boulogne.  
The New York Telegram asks: "Are boys getting worse?" They are not. It is impossible.