

## GALWAY.

**A Port Without Commerce Situated in a Wonderfully Picturesque Country.**

**An Ancient and Ivy-Clad Ruin that is Now and Then Haunted by a Wicked Druidess.**

### The Scenery of Achil.

A foreign enemy wishing to settle in Ireland could not select a better point than Galway bay, writes a correspondent of *The New York Times*. At the center of the island on the northwest coast it is within three days' march of Dublin, so that in the period before railways the power which held these two cities out Ireland asunder, especially if Athlone on the Shannon were secured. By such a line Ulster and Connaught were separated from Leinster and Munster. The name Galway indicates that it was settled by foreigners, but it is uncertain whether the name was applied from early Norse settlers or the Welsh-Norman adventurers of the twelfth century. And as it is so central Galway is to-day the best place for effecting a peaceful landing, guide book in hand, from a transatlantic steamer. The line of steamers that once plied between New York and this old town was discontinued, owing to continual mishaps, occasioned, it is firmly believed in Ireland, by treacherous pilots in the pay of owners of rival lines at Liverpool. In consideration of the great saving of time to passengers by landing them here rather than in Liverpool the harbor of Galway was arranged for an extensive American commerce and a hotel built. But when a steamer was run on the rocks in broad daylight the company gave up, and Galway relapsed into a port without commerce. Yet there is hardly another place in Ireland where the tourist can see at short notice so much beautiful scenery, so many old castles and abbies, such a wealth of remains of the pagan and early Christian epochs. The Arran islands lie before the mouth of the bay, and as one enters the marvelous tones of the Clare mountains develop themselves on the right. They recall the prowess of Clare's Horse on the losing side at the battles of Blenheim (1704) and Ramillies (1706), and the spirited song by Thomas Davis:

When Ramillies' bloody field  
The baffled French were forced to yield  
The victor Saxons backward reeled  
Before the charge of Clare's dragoons.  
The flags we conquered in that fray  
Look on in years' choir they say;  
We'll win them company to-day,  
Or bravely die like Clare's dragoons.

While resting from the fatigues of the ocean at Galway there is a choice of short excursions north and south which can be made with light luggage. If the weather be good the coast of Clare to the southward may be explored in a jaunty car down to Kilkee, where the scenery is magnificent. Thence the lower Shannon may be traversed to Limerick, which has a cathedral remarkable for its ponderous columns and ancient tomb inscriptions, a castle called King John's, and in its neighborhood various ruins worth seeing. Such a one is the picturesque Carrigogunnell, about ten miles out of town, which has the merit of a ghost. A wicked Druidess lived there long ago, and used to light a candle (coinnell) every night to the destruction of all who saw it, for this candle was a very basilisk for killing people. St. Patrick, however, "put his come-hither over her," as the phrase goes in Ireland, and, finding he could not convert her to Christianity, treated her like the serpents. The ghost, however, haunts the lovely ivy-clad rock and lights a spectral candle now and then, just to show people that paganism is not entirely dead and to put to utter confusion those scholars who maintain that Carrigogunnell never meant "rock of the candle" at all, but "Connell's castle." From Limerick you can take a freight steamer up the Shannon to Athlone ("Luan's ford"), or the railway by Ennis to Athenry (Ford of the Kings) and so complete your little orbit back again to Galway. If you goup the Shannon there are points of interest all the way. Lough Dearg is a fine expansion of the river—a Tappan Zee on a smaller scale—which offers at least one island of archaeological importance.—Enis Cealtra, and about ten miles before reaching Athlone there is the ancient monastery and cemetery of Cronmencois (Meadow of the Son of Nos). Here are two specimens of the round tower in close proximity to religious buildings. They bear out the theory of Prof. W. K. Sullivan as to their purpose in Christian lands. Wherever a round tower stands the sound of a bell on its summit will be heard over the greatest amount of land. The early saints bargained with the kings of Ireland that they should have jurisdiction spiritual as far as the sound of their bell. Like the founder of Carthage, who cut out the hide into strips, the early saints were canny; they always selected the meeting-places of a series of plains and raised as high a tower as they could afford, in order to claim as much territory as possible. This explains why round towers are almost never on hillsides, like castles. Athlone has a curious old fortification and a big barracks, where several thousand soldiers are always quartered. An Irish regiment could not be kept here because the men hid themselves in the town and made riots when the guard came to arrest them. The English soldiers were assaulted at first because they insulted women on the streets, but there is no trouble now. In fact, between the English and Irish lower orders there is no real hatred. The trouble has been that the ruling classes have incited them against each other for their own purposes. As democracy increases the people begin to see who are their true friends, and no longer play into the hands of the common enemy.

A flight northward can be pleasantly managed from Galway as headquarters by taking a steamer up Lough Corrib to Cong, and driving over into Connemara. The lough offers some very fine scenery in the course of thirty-five miles, with the ruins of a church on

Inchagoil ("Island of the foreigner") and a great profusion of other picturesque islets. Cong has an old abbey and a famous domain—that of Lord Ardilaun, once the Brewer Guinness. He took his title from a sterile island off the coast, whose Gaelic name means "Height of the sea-gulls." Though Lord Ardilaun has opened roads and given much employment to workmen at Cong he is unpopular there. I met his agent walking, followed by two well-appointed constables with their rifles. Ardilaun, it appears, has evicted tenants, and pays low rates to his laborers. Near Cong, on Lough Mask, is the sterile region where the Joyce family was murdered, and at least one innocent man hanged for it. Mask castle is a fine ruin; it overlooks the spot where the monks in the old time had a pleasant little monastery, leaving doorways with very curious capitals, and also the place where two bailiffs were sunk in the water after being done to death by enraged tenants. The land looks incapable of supporting a population without any rents to pay. Cong is a good place to fish from, but its accommodations will not lure the traveler to stop.

From Cong the best way is to take an outside car round the head of Lough Corrib so as to meet the post, which runs twice a day the forty miles between Galway and Clifden. By so doing one sees the southern spur of the Partry mountains and a range in the heart of Connemara (Hound of the Sea) called the Mamturk, or Boar Pass hills. The driver will show you the spot at which poor old Lord Mountmorres was shot, and if the day be as dreary as when I passed, the uninhabited manse of that victim of an assassin's mistake will seem particularly tragic and a fit home for ghosts. The wind would burst downward on the isle-dotted lough, driving the water here in a long line of white upright figures of spray, there whirl the foam spectres round and round like a horrible dance of banshees foretelling death. But, as if to console us for the horror of the scene, a hillside, which suddenly opened on the view, was one solid mass of yellow blossoms. The sun is always beautiful, but I never saw it so resplendent as just there, with the gray islands of Corrib half seen through the sleet and the mildewed trees of Mountmorres' park swaying about the abandoned house. Let it rain or sleet or snow, the bright flowers of this weed do not shrink, but teach a lesson of cheerfulness whatever may befall. As we toiled up the zig-zag road away from the lough the scenery became more and more Alpine—nothing but brown mounds banded with peat bits, knobs of gray stone houses here and there, which were more like burrows than dwellings, having neither chimney nor barn, nor potato-patch—human habitations upon which one might walk inadvertently, taking them for slightly steeper hillocks on the mountain side. Long before the Cross roads were reached the driving rain turned to sleet, then to snow. All the mountain tops were white and we had the pleasure of undergoing a frightful winter storm in mid-May. Buffeted first from one direction, then from another, at times the slight vehicle and patient nag seemed about to be blown from the road. Lake Cullin (Holly lake) is the loneliest of waters, and bears the worst reputation among the boatmen who come up to it from Corrib, as we could imagine well enough, seeing the riot of squalls and whirlwinds that danced about its only building of note, a ruined keep on Inish Kirk. Most of these lands belong to Lord Ardilaun. At the Cross roads, a desolate house on a moor filled with wind-swept pools, one enters a great hunting property, where those who can pay for it and their invited friends shoot hare, grouse, and other small game. The post-road to Clifden takes one past several lakes of no little beauty, of which Glendalough (Valley of the Two Lakes) and Ballynahinch (Valley of the Island) are the most notable. The latter has a ruin on an island which never could have been a village, showing that Bally was sometimes used in a narrower sense. Inislacken (Isle of Stones, perhaps of cromlechs) is an island off the coast thereabout which used to afford great quantities of sea-wood, but no longer does so. Among people so wretchedly poor the failure of this crop has contributed not a little to the recent distress. While want remains chronic here much has been done in Ireland and elsewhere to supply the Achil men and others on the coast with seed potatoes and stores. The population is too large for the barren land, and seems unable to wrest from the sea a means of livelihood. The rain was still falling when Ballynahinch was left behind; but on the moor to the left two wretched figures were seen, their heads half wrapped in plaid shawls, their limbs showing through wet short skirts, and their small feet and legs flying from tuft to tuft of the moss. They were native girls driving the small coal-black cattle of these wild uplands, and the sight of the driver, an ancient friend, put them in the wildest spirits. They swooped down on the car and were soon seated, laughing and singing, brushing the wet from their tangled hair and their hair from their red cheeks, but not forgetting to smooth the skirts of rough homespun modestly about their bare extremities. They were redolent of peat smoke, like the poteen they brew here in spite of all the constables; of good health, good humor, and all that indescribable fragrance which comes from living almost completely out of doors. Presently we drew up before their own home. They seized various parcels coming to them from Galway, and in a twinkling they plunged into a comfortable-looking cabin of large size like a brace of coats, with a flourish from their red heels. The men and boys of the family wore shoes; doubtless on Sunday these same head-long lasses turn out as well shod as any in Connemara. A few years hence these girls will be in the United States puzzling an American mistress by their ignorance on some points and unnatural cuteness on others. If she could see the interiors of some of these cabins she would only wonder how they ever learn to use the resources of "modern improvements." Much is being done in Ireland to give all children a good schooling in the elements of book-wisdom, but there is no provision for the training of servant girls, wherefore

there is much wailing in American households, great misunderstanding, and many chances of profitable places lost to this class of emigrants. For this reason it is to be feared that our young friends when better clothed, fed, and housed than they are now, will be no longer so jolly and devil-may-care. From Clifden as a starting point there are various trips to make among the islands, such as the Arran group, which contains many ancient fortifications dear to the antiquarian soul, as well as many remains of Christian occupation. The inhabitants still use the corraice, or skin boat, with framework of osier, but tarred canvas is now cheaper than leather. Here are the famous "bee hive" stone huts of early monks, by which architects set great store as elementary in the study of building, and a Teampull Benan, or church of St. Benan, supposed to be of the sixth century, the whole structure about as large as a drawing-room in an ordinary New York house. The Arran group alone will occupy a week if the tourist be an archaeologist, for its antiquities are as numerous as they are original. The scenery of Achil is very bold, and it has its own antiquities, Clew Bay, the islands Turk (boar), Bofin, and Clare, the town of Westport, and thence by rail Killala, where the French landed in 1798, are but a part of the places which call for examination. Ireland is indeed so wonderfully rich in spots worth seeing that one needs a separate guide-book for a comparatively poor region like Connaught alone.

### A Prayer for Vengeance Answered.

A strange occurrence has lately come to light in this country that presents some rather interesting features, writes a *Carthage, Tenn.*, correspondent of *The Nashville American*. It has had the effect to cause many who have heard the facts to believe in special acts of Providence, and is as strange as some remarkable faith-cures. On Defeated creek, near Montrose, about eight miles from this place, there lived until lately an old man named William Hewitt, who for several years has lived a wandering life from place to place, having no settled home. A few years ago the old man made a purchase of a tract of land, and together with two small boys paid a portion of the purchase money. From some shrewd manipulation, however, of one of his eldest sons, Jack Hewitt, the balance of the purchase money was so paid as to place him in possession of the property with the deed to himself, while the old man lost his home. The old gentleman considered himself most woefully mistreated, and he was so disturbed over the affair that he quit the premises entirely and led the erratic life spoken of, having nothing to do with his people. This went on for several years, when recently the old man was taken sick, and after very considerable persuasion from friends he consented to go back to his sons. For several weeks he lingered in his sickness, but saw that he must die. Even in his weakened condition there was one prayer which was always on the old man's lips day after day, and that was that as soon as he would die every house on the place should be burned up. The strange prayer was very little heeded by his relatives and friends and was looked upon only as an evidence of childishness and old age. On last Friday the old gentleman died, and was laid out in the house, a corpse, waiting to be buried. A number of the neighbors and relatives went in to remain with the body and render any assistance necessary. It was a few hours after the old man died when someone discovered the kitchen, which sat off from the main building, to be on fire. Immediately the company ran to the scene, carrying a quantity of water. Considerable effort was made to quench the flames, but as related by eye-witnesses, whenever the water was poured on the burning house the flames would flash up as though the water had been oil. Nothing could be done with the angry flames, and soon they spread to the main building. The corpse was taken out and set down in the yard and every effort made to stop the flames, but to no avail. The two houses were burned to the ground, and as these were the only houses on the place the old man's prayer had strangely been answered. These facts are vouched for by eye-witnesses and responsible parties who know all the particulars.

**An Entertaining Journalist.**  
"I was snowed in once at Bristol, a little station on the Northern Pacific," said a man from Cincinnati to a writer in *The St. Paul Globe*. "It was in the winter of 1885. We were there for about five days. We had plenty to eat, such as it was, but were all anxious to get something to read. The large majority of passengers on the train were men, and we all wanted a late daily paper, but we could not get it for love or money."  
"There was a little weekly paper published in Bristol, and it tried to fill the want. The first day of the snow blockade the weekly paper was issued, and nearly everyone on the train took one. I suppose the paper had a larger circulation at that time than it has had since or ever had before. The editor, proprietor, and reporter, all in one, was a wide-awake fellow. He saw that there was a demand for a daily paper, so he got one out every day during our stay. He came down and got our names and residences, and published them. This, of course, made the paper sell. The next day he got something of our histories and wrote them up. The next day he wrote up how we passed the time. By this time he had exhausted all his white paper."  
"He didn't give up. Not much. You don't find a newspaper man in the northwest that will give up for such little trifles as that. He went out and got some brown paper, used in tying up bundles at the grocery store, and printed his edition on that. He got all the brown paper and wrapping paper in town, and then he went for the wall paper and printed his last edition on that. We bought them every day, more as little souvenirs of the snow blockade than for anything else, although I think I read everything that was printed, from a recipe on cookies to the legal notices about pre-emption of certain tracts of land. When we got out of town he resumed his weekly issue."

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

All woods with ornamental grain are in great demand for cabinet work.

Egg shells will settle coffee as surely as eggs, but they do not impart the richness and flavor.

In warm weather, refrigerator closets should be washed with soda and cold water once or twice a week.

Coffee beans placed upon a hot plate or over hot coals throw off an aroma which is healthful and agreeable.

Pails and all vessels used in chambers should be rinsed thoroughly in cold water, never in hot or lukewarm.

To remove candle grease from furniture without injuring the varnish, rub it off with a little warm water and a rag.

When window curtains or portieres are hung inside the casings the poles are usually sunk in sockets, instead of showing fancy knobs.

Furniture coverings are changing this year. Plush, which has held the public for years, is giving way to silk tapestries and brocades.

Buffalo horns, besides adorning walls and surmounting doors and cabinets, compose back and sides of settees, hall seats and single large chairs.

Stale lard can be made sweet by bringing to a boil, with slices of cold raw potatoes thrown in. The impurities will rise at the top and can be skimmed off.

Feather bed and pillows would be very much lightened if left out in a drenching rain; they should then be exposed to the sun and air on every side until perfectly dry.

Pulverized borax, sprinkled on shelves and in corners of store-closets, is a safeguard from ants. If pulverized borax is mixed with Persian powder, the powder will be more effective.

Cold water and plenty of it, properly applied with a fair amount of soap or pearline is the best thing to clean a kitchen floor. The regulation "boiler suds" is apt to make a kitchen floor greasy.

Spirit of salt, with powdered salts of lemon, in the proportion of 4 oz. of latter to 1 oz. of former will take out ink stains which have dried. When the spots are removed, wash off in cold water.

Hanging lamps in imitation of the old fashioned lanterns set in iron work are now used in vestibules; they are suspended from a bracket also in iron work a little distance from the wall.

Olecloths should never be washed in hot soap suds; they should first be washed clean with cold water, then rubbed dry with a cloth wet in milk. The same treatment applies to a stone or slate hearth.

For Gooseberry Jam—A gill of water to each pound of ripe fruit; boil for an hour. Then add the sugar, three-quarters of a pound for every pound weight of the fruit. Cook slowly for another hour.

To prevent wet from penetrating boots, take half a pound of tallow or mutton suet, four ounces of lard and two ounces of new bed's wax and olive oil, dissolve over the fire, mixing well, and apply it to the leather.

It is a great mistake to use lemon, vinegar or any acid for cleaning brass trays or other brass articles or mountings; they look bright for a day or two and then get dull. Nothing is so good as sweet oil and putty powder, followed by soap and water.

As the frieze has generally as much to do with the appearance of the room as the paper, great care should be used in selecting. Recollect that the frieze is not exposed to so bright a light as wallpaper, and consequently should be brighter in its color.

Strawberry Salad—This is simply a mixture of strawberries and red and white currants, and equal portions of each, or raspberries and cherries, stoned, may be added to it. It is to be eaten with sugar and cream, but these should only be put on at the last moment.

To make brass appear antique, dissolve one ounce sal ammoniac, three ounces cream of tartar and six ounces common salt in one pint hot water; then add two ounces nitrate copper, dissolve in a half pint water; mix well, and apply it repeatedly to the article by means of a brush.

Baked Cucumbers—Pare the cucumbers, chop them fine with a small onion; put them on with very little water and stew for ten minutes. Prepare a rich dressing as for poultry of bread crumbs with herbs and yolk of egg; pour off all the water from the cucumbers; add the dressing and one tablespoonful of butter, and bake in a deep dish.

The best plaster for a quick restorative is to take a six inch square of common adhesive plaster and sprinkle it over with cayenne pepper. It does not adhere to the underclothing, as the plasters that are made up with pitch are sure to do, and it "sticks" fast enough for as long as is required. The yellow adhesive plaster can be purchased in long strips very cheaply.

Compote of Strawberries—Put half a pint of strawberry juice, or the same quantity of water and one pound of sugar into an earthen or stoneware pipkin; place this over the fire and stir till the sugar is entirely dissolved and the syrup reaches the boiling point. Then add a quart of strawberries. Let these remain until the whole is about to boil. When the first bubble appears, pour into a china dish. When cold it is ready for use.

### A Nice Little Fellow.

The little fellow had been in the habit of going out with his nurse, and she had a bean who was a car-driver. Naturally, she was very careful to take that car, and the child knew her bean and all about him. When they would pass that car he always bowed and smiled, and the maid would throw a kiss to him. One day the boy was out with his mother in the carriage and suddenly he began kissing his hand to somebody and smiling all over his face. "Who is it, child?" asked his mother. "Mamma, don't you see him? It's Wilson. Why don't you kiss your hand to him, ma? Maggie always does."—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

## ROBBING THE INDIANS.

**Alleged Unlawful Occupation of the Crow Reservation by Favored Cattlemen, Friends of the Agent.**

The current number of *Forest and Stream* (New York) contains the following:

The Crow Indian reservation includes about 4,500,000 acres of land in western Montana south of the Yellowstone river. Except along the river bottoms it contains little arable land and no where can farming be carried on without irrigation. But the broad prairies, rolling foothills, and mountain parks are luxuriant with nutritious grass, and the reservation's advantages as a stock country are unsurpassed. This reservation is all that is left to the Crows of the broad lands that once were theirs. Here they live subsisting on what the government issues to them, for few of them have made any progress in industrial pursuits, and there is no game left. A few of the Crows have cows which were issued to them by the government, and they have a good many ponies, but they have as yet done hardly anything toward learning how to till the ground.

Over the length and breadth of the reservation the cattlemen's herds feed and fatten on the acres which belong to the Indians. The few cows belonging to the latter range with the thousands owned by the whites, and are absorbed by them. It is the old story of the poor man's one ewe lamb which his rich neighbor coveted.

The trespassing of these cattle on the reservation is expressly forbidden by the regulations of the Indian department, but under sanction of permits issued by Agent Williamson to a number of firms, the practice still continues. Having acquired this foothold, the cattlemen propose to make still more sure of this great pasture land. They wish to secure it beyond a peradventure and for all time. They desire to fasten their grip upon these lands so firmly that it can never be loosened. This is their plan: They have arranged with the present agent to give them permits to throw their cattle on the reservation. Having secured these permits from the agent, they have turned in the stock in large numbers and are now taking possession of the best locations. The permits which they have obtained cover the best agricultural and grazing lands on the reserve, and on these lands the cattlemen are building permanent improvements, which will enable them to hold the land should the reservation ever be thrown open to the public and to bluff off actual settlers.

Among the firms and individuals who are alleged to have succeeded in getting permits to throw cattle on the reserve are the following: Briggs & Ells, renewal of permit to graze cattle on the reservation, at 50 cents per head; Huskins & McGill, permit to graze bulls on the reservation when not needed with the cows that graze north of the Yellowstone; Ash, permit to graze a small band of cattle on the reservation.

It is believed that there is no law for this permit system which is being carried out by Agent Williamson, and that any cattleman has as much right to turn his cattle on the reservation as those who have these permits. It is stated by those who are perfectly familiar with the reservation that Nelson Storey, of Bozeman, is building a permanent ranch on the reservation near Pryor mountains, and that he has a permit to graze his cattle on the reserve. Whether he has such permit or not his cattle are there by thousands. So also are those belonging to I. K. Dillworth, making with those of Storey perhaps twenty thousand in all. Last winter and spring they dotted the whole country between Pryor river and the western boundary of the reserve. Storey had then a hay ranch and corals on Clark's fork. Several of the cattlemen have boasted that they have the reservation securely in their power.

It is not only the cattlemen who are encroaching on the reservation, for Thomas Barry, a sheepman of Rock Creek, stated last spring that he had a permit to graze his band of 6,000 on the reservation up to June.

On the south, a cattleman of Wyoming, H. C. Lowell, whose stock ranges on Sage creek and Stinking Water, takes advantage of his proximity to the reservation to graze his cattle there, too. As the case stands at present, the cattlemen seem in a fair way to gain absolute control of the reservation. This control will not benefit the Indians, who are at present unaware of this state of things and would strenuously object were they not deceived in the matter, and when the time comes for throwing open the reservation the desirable locations will be found to be all occupied by the cattlemen, who will find some means of holding on to them. The people and press of the Yellowstone valley are very silent on this matter, for the great cattle firms interested have too much influence to be openly resisted.

The greater portion of the reservation is now under the control of the cattlemen. The Crows receive little or nothing in return, certainly not enough to pay them for the risk to their own small bands of cows and horses which are certain to be absorbed by the herds of the white men. The reservation should not be thus taken away from the Indians without their consent and handed over to the control of the rich cattle firms, who, if they once fairly become established in it, will with difficulty be removed.

A searching investigation of this whole matter ought to be instituted by the interior department. If the agent has any authority for issuing these permits it ought to be at once removed, and the agent too.

### He Soared Above It.

"Hello Jim," said a gentleman to a friend whom he met on the top of a mountain; "what on earth are you doing away up here?"  
"Well, you see, for many years I have been 'under a cloud' in Chicago, and I thought I would get out from under it, if but for an hour, to see how it seems, so I came up here, and am last above the clouds."—*National Weekly*.

## Knowledge With Intelligence.

A man may have intelligence, and can scarcely be without knowledge. A man may have a good deal of knowledge and hardly have much intelligence. We see multitudes coming out of our colleges every year with a good deal of knowledge and very little common sense. We see men that have plundered right and left through the whole of history and in all directions; but they are not intelligent men after all. They do not know what to do with it, and they are no more rich in knowledge than the ass that carries gold from the mine to the mint is a rich ass. But where one has both intelligence and knowledge and where he is growing in them both, that is a transcendently noble thing. It is said, in the eagerness of some men for religion, that intelligence, or education, without religion, is prejudicial; and it has even been said that intelligence without religion is educated vice. Truth is sacrificed here to a phrase. It is the direct tendency of intelligence and knowledge to produce morality. I aver, without fear of contradiction, that if you take the statistics of vice and of terrible crime you will find that by far the largest number of those that have stumbled on the threshold of life and are ruined for life were men without knowledge and without any reasonable degree of education. They are poor, ignorant creatures, that have followed their passions. I declare that education, or the development of the knowing parts of a man, gives to him so large a view of the field of life that he is more likely to see that morality is safety, than if he were ignorant; and that the general fact stands proved that intelligence and knowledge tend on the whole by immense measure toward goodness, respectability, virtue and morality. So that if we shall grow in knowledge and grow in aptitude for intelligence and knowledge, we shall make a long stride away from animalism and from the dangers that beset the passions and the appetites of human life.

There is, therefore, in our great land, a good deal of reason why we should bring to bear on all classes of men—the sweaty laborer of the farm, the dusty men at the smithy or in the mine, everywhere, up and down, through society—we should exhort men to abate their passions and to learn pleasure out of the development of intellect and knowledge. There is no reason in this land why men should be ignorant except original limitations of capacity. We are a reading people, and if we were a thinking people in the same ratio with which we read we should be a very wise people. The food for knowledge was never so abundant.—*Henry Ward Beecher*.

### How to Tell Counterfeits.

The United States Treasury Department has, of late years, adopted for bonds and currency, a peculiar paper described below, and which is deemed a stronger protection against counterfeits than that used by the Bank of England, which has recently been dangerously counterfeited in £50, £100 and £500 notes.

As the first issue of greenbacks, which were not printed on fiber paper, were most dangerously counterfeited, but have almost wholly disappeared from circulation, therefore, receive them with great caution, or refuse them if in doubt about their genuineness.

All other genuine greenbacks, gold and silver certificates and later issues of national bank notes are printed on the government fiber paper; the first kind with the fiber distributed in short pieces, localized with a blue tint, detected by picking it with a pen; the other with the fiber in two parallel threads, red and blue silk, running lengthwise through the note, seen by holding the note up to the light. The public are cautioned not to draw these threads out of the paper.

If in doubt about the genuineness of any bank note in the report refuse it unless printed on government fiber paper. All national bank notes not in this report are genuine, whether printed on government paper or not.

The counterfeit \$10 and \$20 silver certificates are not on government paper. Some of the counterfeit \$5, \$10 and \$20 greenbacks (series of 1875) and \$50 and \$100 (series of 1869) are an imitation distributed fiber paper. Very dangerous. These are all the counterfeits on the new greenbacks worth noticing.

Better refuse all twenties, fifties and one hundreds, on the banks in this report, unless printed on the government paper.

All genuine bank notes, having brown back and seal, have both kinds of the fiber paper combined; while the counterfeit \$10, on the Third National Bank of Cincinnati, O., and the photographic counterfeit \$5, on the First National Bank of Milwaukee, Wis., have no fiber. These two are the only counterfeits on the Brownbacks.

Better refuse all piece notes. All United States currency having a brown seal has the parallel threads or cables. Since 1869 is on government fiber paper.

There are in circulation a great many very dangerous counterfeit \$10 greenbacks, dated 1875. All the genuine of that date are on distributed fiber paper.

### Strength and Diet.

The Roman soldiers, who built such wonderful roads and carried such a weight of armor and luggage that would crush the average farm hand, lived on coarse brown bread and sour wine. They were temperate in diet, regular and constant in exercise. The Spanish peasant works every day and dances half the night, yet eats only his black bread, onion and watermelon. The Smyrna porter eats only a little fruit and some olives. He eats no beef, pork or mutton, yet he walks off with his load of 800 pounds. The coolie, fed on rice, is more active and can endure more than the negro fed on fat meat. The heavy work of the world is not done by men who eat the greatest quantity. The fastest or longest-lived horse is not the biggest eater. Moderation in diet seems to be the prerequisite for endurance.