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LOVE NOW.

You will love me the day I lie dying,
Oh! love me then living.
While yet from a full heart repiying,
I give to your giving.

What gain hath my lifetime of loving,
If you pass it all by
To give me back treble my loving
In the hour I die?

All anguish, all maddest adoring,
Will be vain in that day.
Though you knelt to me then with imploring,
What word could I say?

Oh! love me, then, now, that it quicken
My heart's failing breath.
Why wait till to love is to sicken
At the coldness of death?

—*Grace D. Litchfield, in N. Y. Independent.*

BLOCKADE RUNNING.

Some Incidents Related by One Who Helped to Stop It.

The "Captures" of the "Connecticut"—Chasing after "Black Smoke"—The Noted "Herald" Cornered—Love and Matrimony and a Modern "Joan of Arc."

The writer commanded the United States steamer Connecticut on the blockade off Wilmington, N. C., for fourteen months, and during that period captured and sent in four steamers—Juno, Scotia, Minnie and Greyhound, all with valuable cargoes; vessels and cargoes adjudged worth $1,063,352. The Connecticut run ashore and destroyed four other blockade runners—Phantom, Herald, Ceres, and Diamond.

The blockade runners would always select dark nights to run in and out and certain stages of the moon (between the last and first quarters of the moon), when it set early and rose late. This moon arrangement was always a matter of great concern to them; then a tolerably high tide also entered into the calculations.

The first blockade-runner captured by the Connecticut was the Juno. It was a bright, pleasant morning, off shore, and out about seventy miles from Wilmington, when, at bay-break, she was discovered. Chase was immediately given, and in three hours she was a prize. When the Captain was brought on board he was greeted with the usual "good morning," with the additional remark: "Glad to see you," to which he replied, with an oath, "I'm not glad to see *you*." A week before the Juno had safely run in, had discharged her English cargo—taken on board the usual Confederate-American cargo of cotton, tobacco and turpentine, and was now bound to Nassau.

Among other letters found on board was one open and unfinished, begun at Wilmington and addressed to the owners in England. In it the Captain described the successful running past the sleepy-headed Yankees at night, and expected to be lucky in running out. Of this he would inform them upon his arrival at Nassau, where he would close and send his letter. The said letter never reached England, nor even Nassau.

These blockade-runners were all English steamers, and were painted lead or stone color to prevent their being discovered at night when running close in along the land. The fire and steam arrangements were for burning the soft English coal, which always made much black smoke. Thus they could be discovered a long distance off in the day time. The smoke could of course be seen before the vessel was visible.

We have heard and we have read of the excitement on board a whale-ship, produced by the cry of the look-out at the masthead, "Spout, O!" "A whale in sight!" Boats are gotten ready for lowering, with harpoons, lines and lances.

On board of the Connecticut, when the lookout-man at the masthead sang out, "Black smoke!" all was likewise commotion. Every one was upon his feet, and all eyes, as well as the ship's head, were turned in the direction reported. All steam was raised, and the chase commenced.

A chase of this kind once lasted fifteen hours. Black smoke was discovered at sunrise, and pursuit was commenced and continued until after dark, when the blockade-runner was lost sight of. The Connecticut, however, got within two miles of her, making a gain of ten miles, as it was estimated. To enable her to escape she had to throw overboard nearly all her cargo, which comprised English goods, as she was bound in. We passed through and by innumerable bales and boxes during the day, some of which we perceived contained shoes. This caused a waggish sailor to remark: "Perhaps if we could get and put on some of those shoes, we could run faster, and catch that fellow."

We will continue with the further movements of this steamer, which will be found quite interesting. Subsequently she proved to be the Tristam Shandy. As has been stated, she threw overboard nearly all her cargo, went into Nassau, filled up hurriedly with another cargo and steamed once more for Wilmington, ran the blockade, and got in. In order to have the dark of the moon, she unloaded with great dispatch, loaded with the usual Confederate cargo and sailed for Nassau. When she got a few miles outside, she was discovered by the United States steamer Pequot, which gave chase. It soon became very dark, and the Pequot lost sight of her, but continued on the same course as when the blockade-runner was last seen. In a few minutes a tremendous volume of black smoke from the soft coal came into the faces of the people on board of the Pequot, and in a minute afterward she was up with the blockade-runner, and the Tristam Shandy was captured. She had broken down. The Captain of her had stated that the Connecticut had chased him so hard those fifteen hours that his machinery was very much out of order; and he hadn't time to adjust and repair it, for he had to hurry very much to get out of Nassau and into and out of Wilmington in order to save the moon and the tides. So the Connecticut was the remote cause of the capture of the Tristam Shandy with her valuable cargo. Vessel and cargo together were adjudged by the Prize Court to be worth three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. Added to this was the cargo thrown overboard when chased by the Connecticut, making a great total loss to the Confederate cause.

A certain Saturday night, off the Western Bar (one of the inlets into Wilmington), was an exciting one for the blockaders, and blockade-runners also. There was no time to indulge in Saturday-night songs and revelries, or to drink "sweethearts and wives."

We knew that blockade-runners were expected, for the tides and the state of the moon favored them. The moon went down early. Orders had been given that at that time every vessel should have her anchor up, with steam and everything ready for a start. The vessels, four in number—Connecticut, Georgia, Emma and Buckingham—were swinging about, and little steam used to keep them in their assigned positions. They were like restless racehorses awaiting the order "Go!"

The officer of the deck was lying down upon his breast on the hurricane deck, sweeping the horizon with his glass. Suddenly he reported that there was something moving on the water like a blockade-runner. The commander took a look and confirmed the report. Orders were immediately given to start and move at full speed. Two shotted guns were fired at the vessel when she changed her course, stood off under full speed and was lost sight of. In this move she met with the Georgia, which vessel started after her and drove her off. Continuing in her persistency to enter, the Emma met her, and drove her off. She was faster than most of our vessels and, as it was dark, she could soon run out of sight. But she was not willing to give it up. She had now stood pretty well over toward Smith's Island, thinking she might get in by running close along the land; and now for the fourth time she attempted it when the Buckingham espied her, opened her guns upon her, and drove her off. As we didn't see or hear anything more of her that night we supposed she had gone out to sea, to try it perhaps another night, as was frequently done.

But at daybreak the next morning, lo and behold! there was the steamer hard and fast ashore. She had been forced off and shoved over so many times that she had got nearer the land than she calculated, and had run badly ashore. Attempts were made by our vessels to get her off, which was found to be impossible. A few days after a gale of wind came on which broke the vessel to pieces. She was found to be the noted English blockade runner Herald. The officers and crew had left in their boats, and landed on Smith's Island in the dark of the night.

This steamer had been running between Bermuda and Charleston, had made ten or twelve successful trips and had paid for herself several times over. She had changed her route to the one between Nassau and Wilmington, which proved bad luck, as she was wrecked on her first trip.

And now came up the question of common sense versus law.

The Connecticut had captured a schooner laden with salt, a cargo not worth more than three or four hundred dollars. By throwing the salt overboard five or six thousand dollars' worth of valuable goods could be taken from the Herald and put on board of the schooner, which was done. This would naturally be deemed commonsense. But the law says that "no person in the navy shall take out of a prize any goods or any property before the same shall be adjudged lawful prize by a competent court."

This proceeding was duly reported to the Navy Department, but nothing was ever said in the way of approval or disapproval thereof.

The chief engineer of the Connecticut was a zealous, patriotic man, and was well up to his duties in every particular. In the hard chase of fifteen hours as has been described, it occurred to the Captain to step down into the engine and boiler-rooms to take a survey of matters and things. When he arrived, the chief engineer remarked: "Captain, these boilers have now been run many months in chasing blockade runners, and are getting tender. They are under a heavy strain to-day, and I advise you to keep on deck." The Captain replied that if there was any danger he didn't know why he shouldn't share it with the engineer. "But," said the official, "your particular post of duty is on deck, and mine is here. I shipped for this, and if the boilers go it is my privilege and my duty to stick to and go with them." Upon reflection, and deeming discretion the better part of valor, the Captain left and went on deck. The boilers, I am glad to say, did not burst.

Love and matrimony once came in as incidents in the course of this blockade service. Ports and towns may be blockaded, but loving hearts can never be, although hard-hearted parents sometimes attempt it.

When the Greyhound was captured (vessel and cargo adjudged by the Prize Courts to be worth half a million of dollars,) among the passengers on board was the noted Belle Boyd, who had been a prisoner before in the war in the hands of General Butler, and had been made somewhat famous by her general deportment, her speeches and her pertness. The Greyhound was taken to Boston, was adjudged a lawful prize and was condemned. Belle Boyd, with the other passengers, and the officers and crew, were released and permitted to go wherever they pleased. From Boston they all went to Halifax, and from thence to England.

The prize-master of the Greyhound was a young volunteer officer with the rank of acting Master in the United States Navy, and rather a good-looking fellow. It seems that while on board of the Greyhound together, he and Belle Boyd became greatly interested in each other, and their feelings ripened into affectionate friendship. After they separated at Boston a fervent correspondence was commenced and continued between them, and they became engaged. He resigned from the Federal Navy, and proceeded to England, and they were married in Liverpool. Subsequently, she wrote an interesting book about her life and adventures, in which she gives a graphic account of her courtship and marriage, with all attending incidents. Her career was certainly full of the most eventful, heroic and romantic features; a career softened and varied at the same time, and which showed that hearts could be captured as well as blockade-runners.

It may not be generally known, or may have been forgotten by the public, that Belle Boyd was the daughter of General Boyd, of the Confederate army, who died while a prisoner to the Federal forces. He possessed vast estates in Virginia, early embraced the cause of Southern independence, and was soon entrusted with a General's command. His daughter Belle enthusiastically embraced the same cause, followed her father to the field and accompanied him throughout his campaign. On two occasions, like a modern Joan of Arc, she heroically led on the troops to battle. She was, however, captured in a skirmish, and was a prisoner for thirteen months, as previously mentioned. Then she was exchanged for General Cochrane, who had been made prisoner by the Confederates. After all these years, I remember her second capture and its results with amused interest.—*Rear Admiral Almy, in Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A NEW ALARM CLOCK.

It is Warranted to Rouse the Heaviest Sleeper.

"You've seen lots of alarm clocks, of course," said the watchmaker to a friend, "but there is a new clock now on the market that is the most effective I ever saw. Here it is," he went on, taking from a shelf a small round clock with a cylindrical arrangement at the side. "You see this cylinder? That is the secret of the clock's usefulness. The usual alarm bell is on the top. It rings at the hour it is set for, but many people get so used to that that they sleep right through its noise. Something had to be done, so a genius added this cylinder. The base is filled with air compressed by pushing down this small piston-head, which is then secured by a catch. The space left in the tube is filled with cold water. The cover is, as you can see, a perforated tin tube, which is pointed in the direction needed. At the proper hour the alarm bell goes off, the clock-work releases the piston-head, and the water in the cylinder is driven out through the perforations over the head of the heavy sleeper. He is bound to wake—and there you are."—*Philadelphia Ledger*

A BACHELOR'S TRIALS.

One of the Fraternity Tells All About His Sorrows and Tribulations.

I am a bachelor, a real bachelor—not one of those young men who rather pride themselves on being unmarried, because they know that they will be married just as soon as they really want to. Unfortunately for me, that is not my fix. I have overstepped the limit and my chances of a matrimonial alliance are now very slim ones.

I may get married; I may also pick the single black bean out of a bushel sack of white ones with my eyes closed. One as likely as the other.

Am I complaining? No, it don't do any good to complain; but I want to let some of the troubles of bachelor life be known, that charitably inclined people all over the face of the earth will try to make the lot of some poor, miserable cuss of a bachelor a little easier. If I do this I shall have done some good.

The life of a bachelor is a nice, quiet life—undisturbed by family ties, children and other cares that worry his married brother; but almost every bachelor on this earth would accept the cares and term them them blessings.

A bachelor's room is very often cosy and comfortable; oftener otherwise. It will often be found furnished luxuriously and arranged tastefully; oftener it will be found furnished niggardly and as completely disarranged as if a full-fledged cyclone had superintended its arrangement.

The contents of a bachelor's apartment are only equaled by the exhibition in a museum. You will find almost anything you call for; but if you want to sew a button on a shirt bosom, the button that will be seen, you can find only the black thread; while if the button is needed on a black vest the only thread that will unearth itself is as white as the driven snow. Bachelors used to such little annoyances as this pay no attention to such accidental perversity on the part of the thread, they only wonder then what on earth has become of all the needles? Say it is a white shirt needing the button I have the thread, but it's black; well, I'm in a hurry, so if I only had the needle, a little white chalk would hide the blackness of the thread for to-night. Say it's the black vest that is buttonless, and the thread happens to be white; well, thank goodness, my ink bottle will so discolor the whiteness of the thread that the man who made it would think he turned it out black. But all this don't bring up that needle; yesterday, while hunting up my extra collar button, I saw needles enough to run a family a year. Well, I'm in a hurry, I guess I'll have to pin it again.

Thus muses the poor bachelor; and cursing his fate, he finds a pin and is gone. How happy he would be if some woman would take him in charge; but no, he has put it off too long, and now he is too settled in his habits to even think of a change in his life except occasionally to brood over it as one of the impossibilities.

A bachelor has sometimes a happy beam falling across his path when he visits some lady friends, and after leaving he feels a slight hope tugging at his heart strings that all chances are not yet gone; but he goes on with his life and his way of living and the sunshine gradually shuts itself from out his heart.

Once in awhile some old-time chum, now married and a happy husband and father, insists on his leaving his restaurant dinner for one day and dining with him in his family circle. The bachelor enjoys this. He hangs out against going at first; but when he sees the little chaps clamber to the father's knee, and watches the beam of pride in the father's eyes as he kisses each chubby cheek, he is real glad that Bob was kind enough to ask him, and hopes to have many dinners with Bob—determines when the little ones become familiar enough to approach and kiss him, that he will cultivate Bob more than he has done. He is tickled at the childish wonder with which the little rosy-faced ones gaze at him, and he is tempted to tell them that he is their uncle, that he may worm himself into their good graces the easier. He remembers a lot of advertising pictures he stuffed into his pocket a day or two since; they are brought out and one by one the children are bribed to his knee.

Bob's wife is a nice, gentle body, very domestic, and a model wife, whom Bob loves devotedly, and who loves Bob to distraction. Bob don't say so, but you can see it. He has a pleasant time and a real nice dinner. Not so varied, possibly, as the one he left untasted at the restaurant, but so much more palatable.

He thinks that he hasn't enjoyed a dinner before in ever so long, and is really sorry he must go, but he must. He has chatted with Bob and his wife and babies, through two of Bob's cigars, and now he must turn his back on this cheerful family circle and get back to his bachelor den.

Truly, to-night it is more of a den than ever before—cold, bleak and so cheerless. Mr. Bachelor thinks for awhile, then goes to bed, lies awake for an hour thinking of Bob's happiness, and of his own unhappiness, and wonders if he should marry would his home be equally as happy. Would it? There's the doubt, the uncertainty—he's free now, why not remain so?

Then disgusted and disgruntled he determines that he will never again go to Bob's, for this visit has almost unsettled him, and surely made him envious. No, he'll endure his lot. Then in his sleep, Bob and Bob's happiness, as well as his own misery, are forgotten.

Look out, boys, and don't put it off too long. My bachelor experience is about the average.—*Peck's Sun.*

LIGHTNING'S FREAKS.

The Remarkable Stroke Experienced and Observed in Minnesota.

The Granite Falls *Journal*, Minnesota, gives an account by N. O. Carle and Christian Olson, farmers of Granite Falls, of the remarkable results of a stroke of lightning which struck the prairie about a mile and a half from Olson's house. It occurred in June last, during a heavy storm.

They say it made a hole in the ground between five and six feet across, and nearly six feet deep, and from this hole there extend six trenches two feet deep, branching off in different directions, and extending for a distance of from six to eight rods. And what was very singular, not a particle of the sod and dirt thrown from the hole and trenches was to be seen, except now and then a large piece of sod twenty or thirty rods away. Mr. Olson says that by actual measurement the ditches plowed out by the lightning from where it struck were all of an equal distance apart; four of them were of the same length, and the other two six feet shorter. The report is said to have been as terrible as if an explosion had occurred. A lady sitting at a window in a house a mile away sensibly felt the shock; two men were sitting outside another house a mile away from the scene, and so forcibly did they feel it that they immediately jumped to their feet and went into the house without speaking. Mr. C. A. Bennett, editor of the *Journal*, writes us that he vouches for the truthfulness of the above account.—*Scientific American.*

—About five hundred divorce suits were filed in St. Louis during the year 1885.

A LONELY ISLAND.

The Melancholy Isolation of It—St. Kilda and Its People.

Standing in melancholy isolation in the midst of the stormy Atlantic, 140 miles from the mainland, the island of St. Kilda is nothing but a lonely and desolate prison, and its inhabitants remain in a state of enforced and dreary exile. Cut off from all communication with the outer world, except for their two posts a year, and a visit from an occasional stray vessel, revolutions may agitate the world, wars may rage, general elections may be decided, and the St. Kildans be unaware that anything important is going on. News may travel to the most distant part of the Queen's dominions before it reaches this corner of the British Isles. Things are improving, however, even in St. Kilda. Now that only eight or nine months elapse at the longest between the visits of the postman, the inhabitants consider themselves tolerably well posted up in news as compared with the condition of things about fifty years ago, when the minister kept praying that his Majesty, King William, might be granted health long to reign over us, and be surrounded with wise and trusty counselors, three years after that gracious monarch was dead.

So little is known of St. Kilda that early last year it was thought that the rocky island, which is only three miles long and two broad, had been submerged or carried away like a huge iceberg, by the waters of the Atlantic. St. Kilda has been in trouble, but its misfortune did not amount to complete annihilation. Disastrous storms distress the inhabitants. Although girt round with rocks sometimes rising precipitously from the waves to the heighth of two hundred feet, the wild tempestuous ocean throws its angry spray over the high cliffs, oversweeps the island and destroys the crops which the people try to raise. Last autumn the whole of the crop was destroyed by one of these storms. With starvation staring them in the face the distressed inhabitants sent message after message adrift in the hope that some would be found and assistance sent them. One of these messages was picked up toward the end of September, and through Sir William Collins of Glasgow, and Principal Rainy a relief expedition was fitted out and the food was landed, though as the vessel arrived on Sunday these simple folks declined to give a hand in discharging the cargo until Sunday had passed. The Captain of the vessel swore and pointed out that a change of wind would compel him to put to sea. "Go, then," replied these stern people. The minister said he could not guarantee the continuance of fair weather, "but he trusted that the same Providence which had put it into men's hearts to send them corn and potatoes would keep the wind steady in the northeast." And Providence was kind, for the wind remained steady in the northeast.

The St. Kildans are seventy-seven in number. They have decreased in number lately because of a singular mortality among the children, the majority of whom die before they are many days old. This may be due to the system of intermarrying that goes on, or because there is no doctor to combat with the mysterious baby foe. There are only one or sometimes two births a year. Rev. John Mackay, who ministers to the spiritual wants of the people, tries to do a little medicinally, but his prescriptions are confined, as a rule, to a poultice and a hot-water cloth. The community includes a schoolmaster. There are about fifty cows and one thousand sheep, which are common property; but there are no horses, that animal's work being relegated to the female St. Kildans. The minister's watch keeps time for the whole island, and, when informed by the men of the Hebridean that his watch was two hours fast, he chuckled over the fact that he could thereby bring the congregation together at nine instead of eleven o'clock, while he only was aware of the pious fraud. The houses of the people were tolerably good; McLeod, of McLeod, to whom this unprofitable piece of property belongs, having improved the buildings recently.

The great occupation of the people is catching sea-fowl. From March to November the island is covered with sea-fowl, and catching these birds is the staple industry. Multitudes of solan geese cover the rocks; there are myriads of gulls, northern divers, stormy petrels, black, solemn cormorants and simple guillemets, and, indeed, almost every kind of sea-bird. The difficult work of climbing about the rocks catching the birds is engaged in by both men and women. Enormous numbers of fowls are sent off every year. Then a great deal is made out of feathers. Referring to this subject, Dr. MacCulloch, in his account of the island, says: The air is full of feathered animals, the sea is covered with them, the houses are ornamented by them, and the inhabitants look as if they had been all tarred and feathered, for their hair is full of feathers, and their clothes are covered with feathers. The women look like feathered Mercuries, for their shoes are made of gannet's skin. Everything smells of feathers.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

HISTORY OF A FIDDLE.

The Adventures of a Polish Suicide's Valuable Violin.

In the park of the Polish Count P., the body of a young man was found one morning who had blown out his brains with a pistol. By his side there lay on the ground a very ordinary looking fiddle, which was subsequently given as a plaything to the children of the Count, who soon damaged its neck and used it as a sledge to drag about in the nursery. It was afterward given to a poor street musician by a compassionate servant maid. He had it repaired and begged his way with it to Vienna. There an assistant of S., the famous musical instrument maker, purchased it for a small sum and parted with it to his master for five florins. The latter speedily recognized it as the production of those most celebrated makers, Nocolo and Andrea Amati. When the violin had been skilfully repaired he sold it for two hundred and fifty ducats to Count K., who a few years later became an attache to the Austrian Embassy at Madrid. He lost it, however—it is believed in some gambling transaction—and it became the property of Donelli, the leader of the regimental band of the Italian Guards of Nobles, that joined in the Russian campaign in 1811. Here nearly the entire regiment perished and the baggage train was plundered by the Russians. The Amati violin fell into the hands of a Cossack, who sold it for a rouble to a joiner in Moscow. After the latter had given it a coat of thick red paint, he took it with him to Breslau, his native town, where he disposed of it to a violin maker for two thalers. It so happened that the latter had formerly been in the employ of S. in Vienna. He knew the instrument again by the traces of its former repair. He therefore wrote to Vienna and sold it to his old master for two hundred thalers. Count C. was at that time in London, and S. offered him the violin for the second time and got two hundred and fifty ducats for it. Two years later the count made the acquaintance of Paganini in Florence, who offered him at once five hundred ducats for the instrument; but the Count, completely carried away by the wonderful skill of the great artist, generously made him a present of it.—*N. Y. Star*

A BLIND TRAVELER.

Dr. Campbell's Chat About His London College—Climbing the Alps.

One of the most remarkable blind men in the world has just paid a flying visit to Washington. He is Dr. Francis J. Campbell, LL. D., principal of the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind in London. A native of Tennessee, for many years a resident of Boston, he went to Europe, especially to Germany, in 1869, to study, and he was mainly instrumental in 1872 in founding the great institution of which he has ever since been, and still is, the principal. He comes to this country at the present time nominally as a royal commissioner to investigate and collect information about the best methods of educating the blind that obtain here, but principally to show to the people of America some of the results produced by the Royal Normal College. He is an American citizen and owner of property in this country, and is working for the establishment of a National college in America for the higher education of the blind. In the Royal Normal College in London, over which Dr. Campbell presides, music is one of the main objects, but the education given is general. The college embraces a preparatory school, a grammar and high school, a technical school and an academy of music. A great deal of attention is paid to physical training. The doctor is a little man, approaching sixty years of age, wears dark glasses to cover his empty eye-cavities, and a dark gray beard. In conversation he is as frisky as a Frenchman, his features are enlivened with a wonderful animation, he talks quickly, and there is a peculiar childlike cheerfulness in his tone that is only found in blind men, and only in a few of them.

"Physical exercise is most essential in the education of the blind," said the doctor. "I have generally found in the college that it has taken as much effort to overcome their habits of idleness and indolence as to give them the training for their special avocations. As a rule," said he, "the vitality of the blind is below the average vitality of seeing persons. The lack of physical power leads to indolence, timidity and discouragement. The blind must be roused from their willingness to depend upon others, and made to believe in the possibility of independence and success. We give our pupils courage and vitality by gymnastic exercises. We have a very well appointed gymnasium connected with the college. We teach the boys to swim, too, and skate. They don't have any more falls in learning to skate than seeing people do, and the falls they necessarily receive give them a hardihood that is worth everything to them."

"Yes," said the doctor's son, "we have some boys who can play around on the ice and describe fancy figures as neatly as you or I or perhaps the most expert skater you can find in Washington."

"Does every one get the ice all to himself in turn or do they all skate at once and together?" asked the reporter. "If many skated at a time would there not be frequent collisions?"

"The ice-pond is circular in shape," was the reply, "with a small islet in the center, profusely set with trees and shrubbery that overhang. This little islet in the center gives an echo by which the boy knows how far he is from the bank. A dozen of them will often skate for half an hour around that pond without a single stumble. The echo prevents them from running into the bank. When they have skated perhaps half an hour in the one direction a bell is rung, and then they turn and skate perhaps for the same length of time the other way. They go round on the ice with just as free and easy a swing as the contestants in a skating match at Madison Square Garden, in New York."

"Doctor, you climbed the Alps once yourself?"

"O, yes. In 1880, I think it was, I ascended to the top of Mont Blanc. My son, who was then only nineteen years old, accompanied me, and was the first of his age who ever rose to that height. But Mont Blanc is not by any means the most difficult mountain to climb. I never will forget being snowed up for twenty-three hours on the Matterhorn. That was in 1882. I thought I was never going to get down. It rather dulled my appetite for mountain air, but I am very fond of travel and exercise. You see I have so much thinking to do that a great deal of physical exercise is necessary for me. Two years ago my son and I took a tandem tricycle across the channel, and crossed the continent on it from Sweden to Russia. We brought the machine with us to New York, where we arrived from England last Monday, and we intend to do a good deal of riding on it. But this country is too big and distances are too great to cover on a tricycle."—*Washington Post.*

STRANGE RITES.

The Revolting Funeral Ceremonies Practiced by the Burmans.

When a Burmese priest of any note dies, he is embalmed and kept for a year, and then burnt with much rejoicing and festivity. All the inhabitants of the neighboring villages, and even of those far distant, turn out. Many dummy coffins are made, beside the one containing the defunct. The procession starts from the place where the body has been lying in state toward the place of cremation, which is always at a place some distance off, accompanied by a vast concourse of men, women and children, all dressed in their Sunday best, preceded by a noisy band of wind instruments. On approaching the funeral pyre, which has already been prepared, the crowd forms into two parties, ropes are attached to the bier—a wheeled vehicle containing the coffin—front and rear, and a struggle takes place, which much resembles the game known as French and English. Sometimes the coffin is upset, and its ghastly burden thrown out, but generally the struggle is a mere sham, the party behind give way, and the bier is run in amid deafening yells. The coffin is placed over the pyre, which is a mass of dry faggots, in the center of which is concealed some gunpowder; to this numerous ropes are attached and stretched to a spot beyond the rough palings which surround the place of cremation; to these ropes again are attached rockets, which are lighted and propelled toward the pyre and he or she, who first succeeds in setting it alight, is looked upon as one destined to a happy life. These funeral pyres are very tastefully built and erected; they consist of inflammable materials, but are as gorgeous as tinsel and bright colors can make them. They are very prettily grouped, and often cost many thousands of rupees. The hubbub and noise are deafening and the dust fearful. Stalls are erected, and a brisk trade carried on. Everybody is happy and merry, and decked out with all the ornaments they possess, and in their finest apparel. After some hours' jollification, in which women and children freely mix and join, the whole of the structures so carefully and tastefully erected are burned down, and the crowd goes its way rejoicing. The fellow "phoongies" of the defunct collect the ashes of their dead brother, and deposit them in an urn, which again, if the deceased has been a high priest, is inclosed either in a pagoda or in the bosom of one of the immense images of Guadama, which surround most sacred shrines.—*All the Year Round.*

THE ELDER BENNETT.

Hon. John Russell Young's Recollections of the Great Journalist.

"I first saw Mr. Bennett in 1864, when I came to New York with a message to him from Mr. Forney. Mr. Forney had some ideas about being a member of the Cabinet of Mr. Lincoln, and there were good reasons why he expected such recognition. I came to New York at his request to see Mr. Bennett. I was introduced to him by Hon. John B. Haskin, then member of Congress from Westchester County. I went to Fort Washington one snowy night and saw Mr. Bennett for the first time. From that began an acquaintance that lasted until he died. He was then an old man of nearly seventy, with a curious humor. He talked until late in the evening. He had an interesting Scotch accent. He told me about his early days and his first editorial, on the battle of Waterloo, in a Scotch newspaper, and I remember he impressed me as a combination of Horace Walpole and Cobbett. He was to me always very kind. He had the genius of journalism, a streaming humor, a fine head, utterly indifferent to public opinion and political relationships, profuse in personal courtesy and with a strong admiration for both General Jackson and General Grant.

"I remember when General Grant came to New York in 1869 or 1870 he said to me: 'I owe a great deal to Mr. Bennett. He has treated me with kindness from Fort Donelson down. I wish I could make some return; but he wants no office, takes no part in politics, asks for no appointments, despises patronage, and I can not do anything for him. I ought to do something to show my appreciation of his profound and perfect support.' I said to him:

"'You can only do one thing for Mr. Bennett, Mr. President. Go and see him.'

"Horace Porter, I think it was, was with the President, and he said: 'Yes, Mr. President, I don't think you can do anything better than to go and call on him.'

"I gave him Mr. Bennett's address, and General Grant went with General Porter and sent up his card. He thanked Mr. Bennett for his uniform and strenuous support as General and President, and said he knew he could not return Mr. Bennett any office or dignity or courtesy that would be acceptable to him, so he had simply come to say to him that he was not unmindful of the support he had always received from the *Herald*. I saw Mr. Bennett that evening and he referred to the visit. They had talked a good deal about Jackson's administration. Mr. Bennett said to me that he had told General Grant that no man had had such an influence in the country since Jackson's time, and General Grant would have his perfect and assured confidence as President. General Grant was afterward extremely solicitous to give Mr. Bennett some indications of the appreciation he felt. But that was out of the question. Mr. Bennett would accept nothing from General Grant except the assurance of his personal friendship and regard, and so it continued to the end of his life."

"What do you think of the elder Mr. Bennett as a journalist?"

"I think, taking the whole history of journalism into consideration, Mr. Bennett was its most original, daring and audacious example. His independence, his courage, his honor, his knowledge of the world, were remarkable. He brought into journalism the principles he had learned as a boy from Cobbett. He tried to control events. He made the paper he founded the embodiment of what a journal should be."—*Chicago Times.*

PENNY GROCERIES.

How the Poorest People Manage to Live in New York.

Within the last six months a number of Italians and Germans have started penny groceries in the parts of the city populated by the poor, and these places all seem to be prosperous and thriving. Ten cents is thought by these grocers to be a big bill, and the investor of a quarter is inevitably regarded as a millionaire. In conversation with a reporter, a leading retail grocer said:

"There is no doubt these penny groceries are on the increase. They are an evil, and the penny grocer is really the poor man's enemy instead of his friend. In the penny grocery the poor man pays twice as much for his provisions in the long run and doesn't get as good quality as if he bought them in moderate quantities from larger stores. The penny groceries are stocked with what the poor man is likely to buy. The quality of the provisions is not good; the coffee and tea are especially poor, and the vegetables invariably stale."

An Italian who keeps a penny grocery in South Fifth Avenue, near Bleecker Street, gives the following list as an illustration of what can be done in a penny grocery with a silver quarter:

	Cents.
Three ounces of coffee	1
One ounce of tea	1
Three ounces of rice	1
Small loaf of stale bread	1
Six sticks kindling-wood	1
Three onions	1
Four potatoes (old)	1
Three ounces of barley	1
Three ounces of brown sugar	1
Four ounces of starch	1
Thin slice bar soap	1
Enough raisins for rice pudding	1
Small tea-cup of black molasses	1
Lampful of oil	1
Quarter of a yard of lamp wick	1
Quarter pound of oleomargarine	4
Scuttle of coal (mixed)	4
Three ounces of lard	1
Two pickles	1
Total	25

A small family can live for a day on these purchases. The coffee will be sufficient for a big potful, and the tea is enough for two drawings. The rice and raisins make a small pudding. The stale bread will serve for a meal, and there is enough sugar to sweeten the tea and coffee. The onions, potatoes, and barley, with the addition of a beef bone or piece of meat and a penny bunch of potherbs, will make a stew or soup. There is enough soap to wash the dishes and scrub the children's faces, enough oil and wick to last all night, a scuttle of coal and wood to kindle the fire in the morning. Then there are lard, molasses, and the next thing to butter, oleomargarine, and the two good sized pickles for a relish. The penny grocers buy small stale loaves for a half cent each and retail them at a cent. Medium-sized stale loaves cost them one and a half cents and sell at two cents, and large stale loaves they retail at three cents. The coal they sell is coal-yard sweepings screened, and contains a good deal of slate.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

The Rights of Inventors.

Rudolph G. Solomon, of Newark, claims to have discovered valuable secrets in connection with the manufacture of Cordovan leather, and for coloring kangaroo, alligator and snake skins. He employed a bookkeeper and a superintendent, with the understanding that they were not to divulge the secrets of the business. They, however, after learning his methods, made arrangements with two strangers to go into business in Newark and compete with Solomon. Chancellor Runyon has issued an injunction against them, holding that "a discoverer of a secret process of manufacture, whether patentable or not, has property therein."—*N. Y. Post.*

—There are firms in New York and Philadelphia who hire out clean cuffs and collars.—*N. Y. Mail.*

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results from that true contentment which indicates perfect health of body and mind. You may possess it, if you will purify and invigorate your blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. E. M. Howard, Newport, N. H., writes: "I suffered for years with scrofulous humors. After using two bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, I

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great relief. It has entirely restored me to health." James French, Atchison, Kans., writes: "To all persons suffering from Liver Complaint, I would strongly recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was afflicted with a disease of the liver for nearly two years, when a friend advised me to take this medicine. It gave prompt relief, and has cured me." Mrs. H. M. Kidder, 41 Dwight st., Boston, Mass., writes: "For several years I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my family. I never feel safe, even

At Home

without it. As a liver medicine and general purifier of the blood, it has no equal." Mrs. A. B. Allen, Winterpock, Va., writes: "My youngest child, two years of age, was taken with Bowel Complaint, which we could not cure. We tried many remedies, but he continued to grow worse, and finally became so reduced in flesh that we could only move him upon a pillow. It was suggested by one of the doctors that Scrofula might be the cause of the trouble. We procured a bottle of

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and commenced giving it to him. Literally worked wonders, for, in a short time, he was completely cured."

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