

HOUSEHOLD.

"She Made Home Happy."

"She made home happy!" These few words read
Within a churchyard, written on a stone;
No name, no date, the simple words alone
Told me the story of the unknown dead.
A marble column lifted high its head,
Close by, inscribed to one the world has
known;
But ah! that lonely grave with moss o'er-
grown
Thrilled me far more than his, who armies led.
"She made home happy!" Through the long,
sad years
The mother toiled, and never stopped to
rest.
Until they crossed her hands upon her breast
And closed her eyes, no longer dim with tears.
The simple record that she left behind
Was grander than the soldier's, to my mind.
—[Henry Coyle.]

Don't Fret.

In this day and age of progressive ideas, the good housewife who reads can hardly pick up a paper that does not contain one or more little sermons that seem to have been written especially for her, or at least are very applicable to her case. Some preach on neatness, some on economy; others lay down laws for the health, which, if followed by any except the most robust, would result in death in six months; others still would teach us how to train our children; our children the rules are for, you understand, not theirs, if they have any. If a woman is inclined to be sensitive, she is overcome with a sense of her weakness, and completely over-powered with the feeling that she is not living her life as she should, that in none of these things does she at all approach the standard of perfection set forth.

Now I want to have my say, too, and will take for my text these two little words: "Don't fret." In the first place, don't fret because you cannot do and be all things in one. For instance, if you find, after trying, that you cannot be a perfect housekeeper, and at the same time a good homemaker, then wake up your mind which you will be before you go any farther.

Perhaps you will say there should be no difference. Maybe so, but I assure you there is, as practiced. A perfect specimen of a housewife might have all the good qualities that go to make the homemaker, and be a good housekeeper, too, but perfect specimens of any class are rare; so if you decide that the health and happiness of your loved ones is of more importance than a few specks of dirt, then don't let it fret you when some plain spoken person preaches you a sermon from the text, "Cleanliness is next to godliness." Next to it, remember, but never ahead of it. And I firmly believe there are people in this world so wedded to their idol, cleanliness, that they run great risks of crowding out godliness entirely. Childless wives who bemoan their loneliness, who yet would give but meager welcome to the child that came endowed with restless hands to soil or mar the beauty of their surroundings. Mistaken notion! For what can outweigh the love of a little child?

Few women who pride themselves on being orderly, and who take great pains to inform you of it make pleasant companions on close acquaintance. They cannot carry out all their pet theories, without making someone uncomfortable. Usually it is their own immediate family that gets the full benefit of their orderliness. It was my misfortune to board with one of these very neat persons one summer. I do not but she took for her motto, "Order is heaven's first law," and she lived up to the very letter of it, until any place was better than home to her whole family. Her good man could smoke his pipe nowhere but in the back kitchen. Her boy could wear his boots no farther. The sitting-room curtains could not be raised on a sunny day for fear of fading the carpet, nor the door left open for fear of flies. The parlor was thoroughly cleaned in the spring and again in the fall, and in the meantime had not been opened to company except on two occasions.

Ugh! It gives me the blues yet to recall that summer. Take my advice; be neat in a general way, but do not put it ahead of everything else. In short do not follow any "fad" until you estrange all your friends, and don't fret if you fail to attain the perfection you see or think you see in others. It hardly seems reasonable for anyone to set down rules for another to follow. In housework, if anywhere in the world, every one should be a law unto herself. For instance what is economy for one is not for another. Some will tell you that it is poor economy to make rag carpets, but my experience is to the contrary. If you have a family of children, the rags are sure to accumulate, and I know of no better use they can be put to. Rag carpets are much nicer than bare floors, for no matter how nicely they are painted or stained, if there are boys around, their noise on the bare floors will distract a nervous person. Then don't fret if they are getting shabby, and don't take them up until you can replace them. Don't fret because you cannot do as others do. You have a perfect right to your own methods, and if you should once try to follow out all the ideas advanced by different writers you would certainly land in the "Slough of Despond." Do the best you can in your sphere and with your circumstances, looking only to Him who has given us our life work for praise or blame, bearing in mind that it is not work that kills, but worry; so don't fret!

Preserving Peaches

The peach is one of the most valuable of our American fruits, and the number of ways in which it can be utilized makes it a boon to the provident housekeeper, since it is capable of furnishing a relish all the year round. Nearly all of the peach compounds are of excellent keeping qualities, and may be depended upon for stability, flavor and attractiveness. With peaches, as with other fruit, it is a mistake to use any which are not perfect. No housewife who cares for her reputation should do so.

Preserved Cut Peaches.—Having peeled and stoned the fruit, allow sugar, pound for pound. Break a quarter of the stones, extract the kernels, cut them in pieces and boil in just enough water to cover them till soft, then set aside in a covered earthen jar. Put at the bottom of the preserving kettle a layer of sugar, then one of peaches, and so on till the kettle is filled or the fruit exhausted. Let it warm slowly till the sugar is melted and the fruit heated through. Then strain and add the water from the

kernels, and boil the whole till the peaches are tender and clear. The fruit is then taken carefully out with long-handled skimmers, placed upon large platters, and set in the sun to become firm. Meanwhile the syrup is boiled and skimmed till it is clear and thick, when the jars are filled three-quarters full of the fruit and the boiling syrup is poured over to fill the receptacles, which are sealed up in the usual manner. Jars that are without covers may be secured by a cloth with a thick paper tied tightly over.

Peach Jam, without Cooking.—Nice free-stone peaches are to be pared and cut into small pieces, rejecting everything which is not entirely perfect. A stone jar is to be used, the bottom being covered with a layer of granulated sugar, then a layer of the cut-peaches, packing closely and alternating layers of sugar and peaches till the jar is filled, the top layer being of sugar. The jar is then covered, and thick paper is carefully pasted over, so as to exclude the air. This preparation will keep perfectly for several months, it is claimed, and may be used for pies, rolled puddings or sauce. Two factors are imperative, however: there must be no taint of decay in or about any particle of the fruit when it is put up, and the air must be carefully excluded.

Peach Marmalade.—The peaches, having been peeled, stoned and weighed, are placed in a porcelain-lined kettle and heated slowly, so as to extract all the juice possible. It is necessary to stir them often from the bottom, and for this use a wooden spoon is best—never use an iron spoon. Increase the heat gradually till the juice comes to a boil, which is allowed to continue for forty-five minutes, stirring frequently during the time. The sugar is then added, allowing twelve ounces for each pound of fruit, and the whole is boiled for five minutes, all of the scum which rises being carefully removed. Then add the juice of a lemon for each three pounds of peaches, and the water in which a quarter part of the kernels have been treated as described for preserved cut peaches. The whole is then to be stewed for ten minutes more, being stirred meantime, till it becomes a smooth paste, when it is taken from the fire and put into jars or tumblers being covered when cold with branded paper. In place of the lemon juice, a ripe pineapple may be peeled and cut fine into the kettle of peaches at the start, and will give an admirable flavor.

Beverages.

Chocolate.—Dissolve three tablespoons of scraped chocolate in a pint of boiling water and boil for fifteen minutes; add a pint of rich milk; let it scald, and serve hot.

Russian Tea.—Pare and slice fresh juicy lemons and lay a piece in the bottom of each cup; sprinkle with white sugar and pour hot, strong tea upon it. Serve without cream.

Lemonade Syrup.—With one pound of lump sugar, rasp the rind of six lemons. Moisten the sugar with as much water as it will absorb and boil it to a clear syrup. Add the juice of twelve lemons, stirring in well. Bottle at once and cork when cold. Mix a little with ice water when wanted.

Strawberry Sherbet.—Crush a pound of picked strawberries in a basin and add a quart of water with a sliced lemon and let it stand for two or three hours. Put one and a quarter pounds of sugar into another basin; cover the basin with a cloth and pour the berry juice through it; when the sugar is fully dissolved, strain again and set the vessel into which it is strained on ice until ready to serve.

Koumiss.—Into one quart of new milk put one gill of fresh buttermilk and three or four lumps of white sugar. Mix well and see that the sugar dissolves. Put in a warm place to stand ten hours, when it will be thick. Pour from one vessel into another until it becomes smooth and uniform in consistency; bottle and keep in a warm place twenty-four hours. The bottles must be tightly corked and the corks tied down. Shake well five minutes before using. Instead of buttermilk, a teaspoonful of yeast may be used.

Blackberry Cordial.—Procure ripe berries and crush them. To every gallon of juice, add one quart of boiling water; let it stand twenty-four hours, stirring a few times; strain and add two pounds of sugar to each gallon of liquid. Put in jugs and cork tightly. This is excellent for summer complaint.

A Pie Chapter.

Pie Crust.—Rub thoroughly one cupful of lard into two cupfuls of flour to which has been added a little salt. Mix with enough ice water to make a soft paste, but which can be rolled out thinly. Do not handle more than necessary as upon that and the coldness of the water depends its flakiness. Have the filling of the pies ready before making the crust, as it should not stand before using.

Apple Pie.—Pare and chop raw apples to a pulp; sweeten, and beat in two tablespoonfuls of whipped cream. Have the pastry already baked and fill with the apple mixture. Spread whipped cream over the top and serve immediately.

Blackberry Pie.—Cover the plate with paste; heap with blackberries; cover with sugar and half a teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of molasses or syrup. Salt takes away insipidity.

Cherry Pie.—Stone cherries; add sugar and three tablespoonfuls of water; sprinkle a tablespoonful of flour over the fruit and add butter in small bits before putting on the upper crust. Bake while warm.

Cranberry Pie.—Three cupfuls of berries stewed and put through the sieve. Add while hot one and one-half cupfuls of sugar. Put into a nice paste and cover with narrow strips of the same.

Cream Pie.—Pour one pint of cream over one cupful of sugar, let stand while beating the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth; add this to the cream and beat together. Grate a little nutmeg over it and bake in two tins. When done it may be thinly spread with jelly, covered with a meringue and lightly browned.

Green Apple Pie.—Pare and slice tart apples, lay them in a rich paste. Add sugar and a tablespoonful each of butter and water. Use nutmeg or cinnamon for flavoring. Bake with two crusts.

Jelly Pie.—One cupful of fruit juice or jelly, one cupful of sugar, one egg, and one tablespoonful of cornstarch. Mix all together and bake with two crusts.

Maple Sugar Cream Pie.—Grate a cupful of maple sugar; mix with it two eggs, a

pinch of salt and as much sweet cream as the pie-plate will hold. Beat all together and bake with one crust.

Rhubarb Pie.—Stew the rhubarb, sweeten, add lemon and beaten yolks of two eggs. Bake, and make a meringue of the whites of eggs.—[The Housekeeper.]

ROBBED BY TRAMPS.

Two Young Men Carried to the Woods and "Gone Through."

A Battle Creek special says:—Wednesday afternoon Robert Case and Joseph Spanker, two young men from Saginaw, came to this city and were captured near the Chicago and Grand Trunk railway by tramps and taken to the woods on the banks of the Kalamazoo, where they were robbed of their watches and what money they had on their persons. The former lost a gold watch and the latter a silver one. They were on their way to Chicago. They were detained as prisoners in the woods by the tramps until evening, when Case got away from them and notified the officers. There were 10 tramps in the gang. This particular piece of woods is the general headquarters for tramps. It is in the vicinity of the Chicago and Grand Trunk yards where all trains start from, and they secrete themselves there until night, when they steal their ride on freight trains. As many as 50 congregate here at one time.

A squad of police went up last night and arrested several of the gang. Case and Spanker could not identify but one of them, a young bootblack from Kalamazoo by the name of John Kavanaugh. The others were discharged and Kavanaugh held for trial. Kavanaugh claims that the fellows who robbed the young men were four thugs from Detroit, who had been to the Sturgis races, and that they held up several men and robbed them while there. The tramp question is becoming more serious every day.

A Lawyer's Mistake.

"I'm a poor book agent," began the tall stranger as he entered a well-known lawyer's office in the building and placed a parcel on a friendly chair. "But I have—"

"Don't want any books," growled the counsellor, with scarcely a glance at the man.

"But, sir, I have given up that line and am now selling maps. Still, that is—"

"Never use 'em, don't want 'em, wouldn't have 'em at any price."

"Sir, map-selling is not—"

"Now, see here, exclaimed the lawyer wrathfully, whirling around in and rising from his revolving chair and facing the persistent fellow, "I wish you to distinctly understand that I will not buy books, maps, porous-plasters, liver-pads, stationery, eyeshades, moustache-curlers, corkscrews, needle-threaders, patent buttons, invisible ink, corn eradicators, popular songs, photographs, nor paper-weights—nothing whatever, see? Now get out."

"Very well, sir, I will leave; but before taking my departure let me say this: Map-selling was not my business with you. I mentioned that only by way of introducing myself. My intention was to retain you as counsel in a contest of the will of my aunt, who died recently, leaving an estate in Putnam County, valued at some \$75,000, but that is past," and he gathered up his parcels, turned on his heel, and walked away.

"Hold on there!" cried the lawyer as soon as he recovered from the shock. "I beg your pardon."

But his speech was cut short by the clash of the elevator gate in the hall. The tall stranger was gone.

THE FLY SEASON.

A Suggestion as to How to Rid the House of Them.

There are always a few extremely annoying flies that seem to linger, as it were, in the lap of summer. They are anything but welcome visitors, and are diligent spreaders of disease. They come buzzing about the house and alight on the food, after having skirmished around all sorts of evil places. They fly a considerable distance, and one has no security that yesterday or this morning they were not in some adjacent neighborhood, circling around some contagious disease patient. They may be killed very easily by folding a large newspaper until it is about four or five inches wide and half the length of the page. With this and a little practice one may strike a fly and hit it nine times out of ten. Five minutes of diligent attention will almost clear the house of these pests, and if this is persisted in every day or two, or three times a day, as occasion requires, there will be no reason for complaint of these unwelcome visitors.

A Strange Story.

An old woman has just died in a Vienna hospital whose history is worth recording. The Vienna correspondent of the Daily News tells us that when this woman was twenty-five years old, and had been happily married three years, her husband suddenly disappeared, and though he was sought by the police and advertised for, no trace of him was found. Thirty years after the disappearance of her husband Magdalene Wildhofer was enticed by the Austrian law to have her husband declared dead and to marry again. He was again advertised for, and as he did not come she married one who had long been her suitor. After two years' happiness the first husband, who was sixty-eight years old at the time, returned, and the woman did not hesitate to let him take his old place, and had a judicial separation from her second husband, who perfectly understood that he must give way to prior rights and withdraw. Frau Magdalene nursed the first husband faithfully until he died a few years ago, and she never heard of her second husband again.

Painfully Incorrect.

"I see a mistake in your paper that I thought you might want to straighten up," said the man in the linen duster, who had toiled up three flights of stairs to see the editor.

"Well?" said the editor.

"Why, it's just like this: You say that when the balloon went up a cheer arose from a thousand throats and that two thousand eyes were gazing at the intrepid aeronaut. Now, that there ain't right, 'cause I know there was three one-eyed men in the party, and that only leaves on 'y 1,997 eyes to be a-gazin' into space. I 'lowed you would like to know," and the linen-dustered man trotted downstairs.

YOUNG FOLKS.

Two Young Crusoes.

Teddy Brinser and Nick Talbot considered themselves two deeply injured lads. Through the long vacation days they worked in the field, and when evening came they met behind Mr. Brinser's barn, or down in Mr. Talbot's orchard and exchanged grievance and sympathy. One half holiday a week was all their fathers allowed them for fishing and base ball. They missed the circus that came that way in July, and all because the hay had to be made and taken in while the weather was fair. Their request to go camping with some other boys in the middle of harvest time was sternly denied. But the climax of this reign of tyranny and oppression was reached one morning when Mr. Brinser found both lads hidden in a shady fence corner reading a tattered copy of "Robinson Crusoe." The angry farmer appropriated the book, drove Nick back to his own side of the fence and cuffed Teddy severely as he marched him off to resume his distasteful task of hoeing corn.

That evening the boys held an indignation meeting and decided to run away.

"We were not born to be slaves," said Teddy, "and I won't stand it any longer. Let's live on an island in Kiester's Swamp, like Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday did. We can shoot birds and rabbits and catch plenty of fish; and no one will think of looking for us there. Won't it be grand?"

"Scrumptious!" assented Nick. "No more hoeing corn or digging potatoes. Why, we can do just as we please, Teddy."

The boys were all impatient to carry out this tempting plan, and before daylight the next morning, when their parents believed them to be sound asleep, they were tramping lightly over the fields. They had helped themselves to whatever supplies they could find—bread, pies, lard, pepper and salt and a leg of ham. Nick had not forgotten to bring knives and forks, tin plates and a frying pan. Each carried a fishing rod, a blanket and a small ax. A rusty muzzle-loader was slung over Teddy's shoulder and a shot pouch and powder flask dangled from his side. Nick was armed with bow and arrows and a hammerless pistol.

They escaped observation by striking to the wooded hills and ravines, and several hours after sunrise they penetrated the edge of Kiester's Swamp, which stretched for three or four miles along the base of the mountain, and was almost as wide as it was long. It was a weird and lonesome place, full of pine trees and tangled thickets, grim beds of rock pierced by shadowy caverns, marshy spots criss-crossed by slimy streams and deep pools of inky black water. In fact, there was water every where, and thus the swamp was a veritable nest of islands. The boys made their way to the very center, crossing the pools and streams by natural bridges of fallen trees. Here they found hard soil and choosing an open glade among tall pine trees they built a rude lean-to of bushes and fragrant pine boughs. This labor occupied them until late afternoon, and when they had prepared and eaten a hearty supper the twilight shadows were falling on the lonely swamp. A blazing fire made the scene more cheerful and banished a touch of homesickness. The young Crusoes were too tired to sit up long. They laid down side by side in the cosy lean-to and pulled the blankets over them. In less than five minutes they were sound asleep. They awoke to find a thunderstorm raging which forced them to take shelter on a rocky ledge.

Suddenly a rustling was heard in the bushes, and as the startled lads riveted their eyes on the spot a man strode into the firelight. The visitor was soiled and tattered. His clothing was soiled and tattered. His hair and beard were matted and unkempt. He had bleary eyes and swollen purple cheeks.

There was no time for escape, even had the boys chosen to rush into the darkness and storm. They shrank back against the rock as the tramp seized Teddy's gun, and brandished it menacingly.

"Here's luck!" he cried, in a harsh, cracked voice. "Good company, a warm fire, an' plenty to eat, all ready an' waiting, as sure as my name's Rusty Walker. What do I see here? Ham? An' ain't that a pig stickin' from under that blanket? Well, this is a lark!"

The boys shrank closer to the ledge, shivering with fear. At that moment they bitterly regretted the rash impulse that led them to run away from home and parents. Would they ever see either again?

Mr. Rusty Walker observed the dread that he had inspired, and straightway scowled ferociously.

"Don't you stuck-up young cubs know a gentleman when you see him?" he snarled. "I'm one, if I don't look like it. You've hurt my feelin's, an' I intend to pay you up for it. Turn your pockets inside out, quick!"

He emphasized the command by taking a step forward, and lifting the gun as though to strike.

"Please don't hurt us," whined Teddy.

"We're doin' it as fast as we can."

With trembling hands he and Nick emptied their pockets, until a little pile of coins, handkerchiefs, Barlow knives, fish-hooks and other boyish treasures lay at their feet.

The tramp grimly appropriated the spoil. "What brought you chaps into the swamp?" he demanded, eyeing the boys curiously. "I more'n half believe you run away from home."

"Not exactly that," Teddy ventured to reply, in a timid voice; "but we had to work hard, and couldn't go fishing or to the circus."

"Well, you're a precious pair of fools!" said the tramp; "You don't know when you're well off."

He paused a moment and looked straight into the fire, as though he saw something among the flames. Then he resumed, in a strangely husky voice:—

"I was a boy once, an' lived on a farm. I wish I'd staid there. But I got fool notions into my head, an' thought I was treated badly. So I run off, an' never seen my parents again. You see what I am now. An' that's just what you young fools will come to some day, if you don't take warning. Better steer another tack while there's time."

"He stared into the fire once more, and when he turned again to the boys the momentary softness had faded from his face and voice.

"Now, light out," he snarled. "Make tracks for home, an' stay there. You won't

need your traps any more. I'll take care of 'em. Off with you!"

Teddy and Nick were only too glad to obey. They fled empty-handed into the darkness, and the last they saw of Mr. Rusty Walker, he was sitting on a flat stone with a pie in one hand and a loaf of bread in the other.

The storm had now ceased, and after wandering for several hours through the gloomy recesses of the swamp, the boys stumbled upon open country. They reached home at daybreak, greatly to the relief of their anxious parents, and as they showed genuine repentance for their misconduct, they were freely forgiven.

A New Substitute for the Potato.

A new vegetable is about to be introduced to the people of the United States through the Department of Agriculture. It is the root of the calla lily, which, according to Science Siftings, resembles somewhat in appearance the ordinary Irish tuber, with the addition of a few fibrous roots that have nothing to do with the qualities of the article as an esculent. It is more elongated, and when cut the interior is a trifle more viscid. But a section of it is so potato-like, one would not be likely to distinguish any difference. In cooking, it has first to be boiled in order to destroy certain acid properties, after which it may be fried, roasted, baked, or what not, according to taste. Farmers in Florida have begun to raise these calla roots for market. The plants grow so thickly in swamps, and so thickly that the yield of a single flooded acre is enormous. They reproduce themselves by the multiplication of their bulbs under ground, so that the grower has simply to dig up the offshoots and leave the parents to propagate anew. For centuries the Egyptians have cultivated a similar crop during the seasons of the Nile overflow, and at the present time calla lily bulbs are a common vegetable in Japanese markets. So prolific and palatable are they that their propagation in many parts of the United States, where conditions are favourable, may reasonably be looked forward to as an agricultural industry of the future.

Awkward Request to the Sultan.

A Brussels correspondent states that the text translated from the Arabic of a petition submitted by the Mohammedan functionaries in Egypt to the Sultan on the occasion of the visit of the Khedive to Constantinople, in favour of British evacuation, is published. The petition, after eulogising the Sultan, continues as follows:—"And now, O Caliph! we approach you humbly in submitting that the foreigners have come into our country under fallacious pretences and with periodically reiterated promises to quit; but they persist in encumbering us with their presence, they are the cause of all the great trouble, and are the motives of all the great disturbances in every part of the Empire. We supplicate you to deliver our native country, which has deteriorated into a dead world for us, and which might be revived by your august intervention, in order that the power and glory which has been bequeathed by the great Sultan Salim may be maintained. O Caliph! this is the soil of Egypt, this is the sacred sun which is the joy of thy crown, the gate to Mecca and Medina, and we, thy people, turn in tears towards the Khedive, who is your representative, to whom we do homage. We look to you for your favour, at all times willing to obey your orders. Liberate us at once and finally from the merciless trials that the foreigners have scattered among us."

Fifteen Days in Open Boats.

Captain Gjersten and crew of the steamer Arctic have arrived at Christiania. The Arctic was lost on June 8 at Jan Magu. The captain and crew, 29 in all, took to the boats and landed after 15 days of great suffering and anxiety at Akulgr, Iceland. All they had in the boats was some bread a little bacon, and a trifle of butter. Water they had none, and clothes only what they had on. There were six boats, two of which soon capsized. The men in them were saved, but the provisions were lost. They set their course for Iceland, but their position soon became desperate. Fog and afterwards storms were encountered, but the boats managed to keep together. On June 13 they reached the edge of the ice, and could then satisfy their thirst, having had no water for four or five days. Some time was spent on the ice, off and on, for several days. Once or twice the boats were in a most critical position. The men, however, bore up well, and on the 22d Grimso was sighted. On the following afternoon Akulgr was reached, after 15 days' terrible hardship, during which the men had hardly anything to eat or drink.

Beauty Not a Curse.

The favorite wife of the present Sultan of Turkey was once a poor girl, living in the coal mines of France. She was a beautiful girl, as she is now a beautiful woman, and some charitable person found her an occupation in a famous dressmaking establishment in Paris, where her superior intelligence soon made her madame's most valuable assistant, and she was sent to Constantinople with dresses ordered by the Sultan's mother. Nothing more was heard of her for many years, until a little inheritance was left her by a relative, and notices were published asking for her whereabouts. In answer to all these notices, a wonderful equipage, escorted by mounted eunuchs, stopped at the door of the Embassy, and the Sultan's wife stepped down to declare herself the once Flora Collin, and renounced the legacy in favour of her kindred, who were still poor. It was the old story of love at first sight between the Sultan and the beautiful modiste.

Massacre on a Dutch Steamer.

The following official despatch has been received regarding the recent fatal fighting on a Dutch steamer:—"On the 27th ult. a riot broke out among the Chinese passengers on the steamer Rajah Kongsi, sailing under the Dutch flag, off the coast of Acheen, between Telok Semawe and Edi. The crew were nearly all massacred by the Achines, the killed numbering 34 and the wounded 15. The captain and mate, both Englishmen, are among the dead. The two European engineers were spared, and they remain on board. The Achines left the ship with some prisoners near Diamond Point. Three of the prisoners escaped to Telok Semawe. The steamer remains in the hands of the Dutch, and the authorities have proceeded to the spot to make inquiries."