

A Horrible Tragedy.

A horrible tragedy, by which six persons lost their lives and suffered the most excruciating torture, recently occurred at Scharbeek, near Brussels. It appears that soon after midnight the inhabitants at the top of Josephat street were awakened by a tremendous noise like the firing of cannon. Immediately flames were seen issuing from a house inhabited by a druggist and his wife named Molke-Denis. While the police and the excited populace were endeavoring to put out the flames and to remove the inflammable materials, another report, louder than the first, was heard, and six persons who lived in the interior of the house rushed into the street uttering fearful cries. They were enveloped in flames, and resembled living torches more than human beings. They were immediately attended to by those on the spot, who rolled them in blankets and managed at last to put out the fire. One man, named Moreau, of herculean strength, who like the rest rushed out of the house one mass of fire, suddenly seized hold of his left hand, which was causing him intense agony, and pulled it right off. This man was a stone-cutter, and previous to losing his hand he had thrown himself against the front of the house with such violence that he was thrown backward and his head almost smashed. The wife of Molke was being assisted out of the window when she lost her presence of mind, and fell to the ground, breaking her leg in the fall. That catastrophe was made still more serious by the efforts of a party of relief, who rushed into the house at the risk of their own lives to save an old woman who was uttering the most frantic cries. They unluckily happened to upset on enormous jar of petroleum, and were instantly enveloped in flames. The names of those who succumbed are Emil Molke, seventy-five years of age, druggist, and master of the house; Govaats, aged thirty-five years, father of four children; Moreau, forty, father of two children; Auguste Verhoeven, seventeen years old, druggist's apprentice. Two others were fatally burned. All suffered the most excruciating tortures, as when the flames were put out they were only one living sore.

The Sparrow in America.

Dr. Elliott Cones, the ornithologist lifts up his voice in *The American Naturalist* against the sparrows. He speaks of them as a nuisance, as "pestilent famine-breeders," and as "the wretched interlopers which we have so thoughtlessly introduced and played with, and added, like a parcel of hysterical, slate-pencil-eating school girls." The doctor asserts that the sparrows in the country already number "countless millions," and he anticipates the terrible havoc they will commit in the grain fields, orchards and kitchen gardens a few years hence, when they will have increased to "millions of millions." He brings a formidable list of charges against the interlopers, and declares that prompt and stringent measures should be taken as a matter of national economy to check their increase." Dr. Cones would not wage against the sparrows a war of extermination, but offers these suggestions for keeping down their numbers: "I. Let the birds shift for themselves; turn them loose and put them on the same footing as other birds. That is, take down the boxes and all the special contrivances for sheltering and petting the birds; stop feeding them; stop supplying them with building materials; let them take care of themselves. II. Abolish the legal penalties for killing them. The birds are now under the arm of the law, which protects them from most of the natural vicissitudes of bird-life. Let the boys kill them if they wish; or let them be trapped and used as pigeons or glass balls are now used, in shooting matches among sportsmen. Vast numbers of pigeons are destroyed in this way; there are even 'sparrow-clubs' in various cities, which make a business of practicing on various of our small birds, for which the European sparrows would be an admirable substitute, answering all the conditions these marksmen could desire. In this way the birds might even be made a source of some little revenue, instead of a burden and a pest; they are to be had in practically unlimited numbers, and could be sold by the city to such persons as might desire to use them for sporting purposes."

The Monkey Temple of Benares.

A traveler in India describes a unique institution in Benares, as follows: The Monkey Temple is interesting enough to merit a visit. It is built of brown stone; a double row of pillars support the roof of a gallery running round the shrine of the monkey-god, and swarming inside and out with hundreds of monkeys. On the trees, in the courts, in the street, everywhere, are monkeys. Purchasing a supply of grain, you enter and begin scattering it about. Soon the monkeys collect about us, and chatter, and scream and fight in a most idiotically human manner. Some bolder than the rest will take it from the hand; others look wildly on but keep at a dignified distance. A goat and a dog enter to dispute the food with the sacred animals, and a general squabble ensues. The grain being exhausted, we go. The fact that the monkey is a sacred animal, and that he abounds in Benares, affords the means of inflicting very serious injury when one neighbor has a grudge against another. A quantity of grain scattered on the roof of a man's house, in his garden, on the door-step, in the house, and about it in the streets, attracts a swarm of monkeys; the garden is uprooted, the roof is torn to pieces, the victim and his family are beset by the pests; and woe betide him should he injure one of these sacred but unwelcome visitors.

Sprinkling the Streets.

Mr. Trevelyan, who lives on Court street, has had trouble already with his garden hose. Since the introduction of the Holly water system it has been the delight of Mr. Trevelyan to turn himself into a pipeman at sunset, and with his garden-hose sprinkle the thirsty street with the clear, cool waters of the mighty Mississippi. Miss Norah Donovan, a young lady who is connected with the culinary department of Mr. Trevelyan's house, and is also superintendent of dormitories and general overseer of carpets, had often watched, as her duties would permit, this process of cooling down the streets at eventide, and she had been heard to wish that this duty might be intrusted to her. She finally framed her wish in a direct petition, and last evening she entered upon the active duties of her new office.

When Miss Donovan took the nozzle from the hands of her master, it was pointed almost directly at the middle of the street, and Miss Donovan conscientiously retained it in this position, while her whole frame was convulsed with delight. Presently there came dashing down the street, in a light, open phaeton, two happy young people. In vain the male young person shouted, "Hi, there, I say; turn her off!" and in vain the female young person shrieked and ceased to hide behind a parasol no larger than a water lily. Miss Donovan only stared at them and wondered if pre-venture they might be crazy, and when they passed through the torrent they came out on the other side very sad, very silent and very damp, not to say limp. Then the gentleman who lives next door came out and called to her as he approached, intending to instruct her how to shut off the deluging stream or turn it aside when any one approached. But Miss Donovan, hearing him calling her name, said "Sorr?" and turned about and faced him with the nozzle doing its level best, wide open and fire pressure on. He turned with the first shot and fled for his own door, the cooling stream following him every inch of the way, like an angel of mercy in disguise. But by the time he reached his own door, he was so thoroughly drenched that his suspenders mildewed. Then a North Hill street-car came rattling down, an open, summer car, just crowded with people coming in from a picnic at Sunnyside and when they heard the driver shout, and then dodge, and then swear, they saw their fate and Miss Donovan, and just howled and wailed and screamed, and tried to get behind each other, and crept under the seats, and some of them even jumped off the car, and all of them, by their frantic gestures, wild shrieks, and singular behavior, impressed Miss Donovan with the idea that they were dreadfully drunk. The street-car passes on, and when it was beyond the line of Mr. Trevelyan's garden stream, the driest man in that car could have put out a conflagration by simply leaning back against the house that was burning, and before the car reached the next corner there were four well-defined suits for damages fixed up against Mr. Trevelyan.

By this time Miss Donovan was pretty thoroughly convinced that the manipulation of a garden-hose required that judgment and liberal education and shrewd insight into men and motives that belong only to the aristocratic classes, and she determined to resign her position forthwith. She went into the hall, carrying the nozzle with her, and spreading desolation and dismay wherever she went. "Whist!" she shouted, as the torrents drenched the hat-rack. "Murder!" she howled, when it knocked the globe off the hall-lamp. "Misther Trevelyan!" she shrieked, "where in the wide world is the stopper? And then she bent over the irrepressible nozzle and essayed to stop it with her finger. The howl of dismay that followed this attempt brought the startled family up into the hall, and in less than three minutes every seat in the house was taken, standing-room all gone, and the play declared a success.—*Burlington Hawk-eye.*

Changes Made by the Berlin Treaty.

The territorial changes effected by the treaty of Berlin are of a most comprehensive nature. By the treaty of San Stefano Turkey was called upon to surrender 78,550 square miles, with 4,539,000 inhabitants. The treaty of Berlin deals with 83,300 square miles and 4,882,000 inhabitants, as follows:

	Square Miles.	Inhabitants.	Moham. medians.
Ceded to Roumania.....	5,935	246,000	142,000
Ceded to Servia.....	4,228	154,000	100,000
Ceded to Montenegro.....	1,849	40,000	9,000
Ceded to Austria.....	5,800	3,000
Ceded to Greece (I).....	5,800	750,000	40,000
To be occupied and administered by Austria.....	26,125	1,061,000	513,000
Formed into the Principality of Bulgaria.....	24,404	1,773,000	681,500
Included in Eastern Roumania.....	13,646	746,000	365,000

The island fortress of Ada Kaleh, recently occupied by Austria, is not referred to in the treaty at all, and will probably remain in the hands of the power which now holds it. Roumania, in exchange for the territory ceded, is called upon to surrender 3270 square miles, with 140,000 inhabitants, to Russia. The political divisions of the Balkan peninsula will henceforth be as follows:

	Square Miles.	Inhabitants.	Moham. medians.
(Roumania).....	49,463	5,149,000	143,500
(Servia).....	18,816	1,642,000	75,500
(Montenegro).....	2,808	310,000	9,000
(Turkey).....	140,955	8,359,000	3,681,000

But if we exclude the Provinces "indefinitely" to be occupied by Austria, Bulgaria and Eastern Roumania, there remain to Turkey only 74,790 square miles, with 4,779,000 inhabitants, of whom 2,521,500 are Mohammedans. In Armenia Russia takes 10,000 square miles, with about 350,000 inhabitants. Cyprus, intrusted to the keeping of England, has an area of 2,288 square miles, and about 150,000 inhabitants.—*London Athenaeum.*

Chancellor Haven, on Sea-Sickness.

Chancellor Haven, who was a passenger on the steamer City of Chester, from New York, and was not sea-sick, has written a paper on the subject of sea-sickness for the *Syracuse Northern Christian Advocate*, in which he says: "My theory of sea-sickness requires first that you should know the cause. Now, the cause is that you are subjected on shipboard to a chronic succession of earthquake. Whatever will neutralize earthquakes will cure it. You look at the side of your room; it is going down, down, down. Then it creaks and turns about and goes up, up, up. Then it wriggles. Now one corner tips in one angle, and now another corner tips in another angle. You start to pick up your hat and run against your roommate, or plunge against the wall; your head begins to swim, and you begin either to shrink into helplessness or to resist and to try straighten things out. You say, 'This shall not be,' or you cower down like a wretch. Now for the cure. Just let it rock. Remember earthquakes now are according to the order of nature! Put your mind into a condition expressed in some such words as these: 'Rock away! This is grand! This is pushing ahead nobly over the waves! Why shouldn't you rock? You are strong as the wisdom of men can make you. Turn entirely over if you want to. Icebergs could not crush you. And if they should, what then? We might as well die at sea as on land, and it would be a noble death.' By that time your threatened sickness will begin to disappear, and you will feel like running, though if you attempt it you may find yourself engaged in a dance. In other words, you must consent to let the ship toss about without any muscular or mental uneasiness, and then all tendency to sickness will slowly disappear. Some seem to do this unconsciously; others will not do it until they are driven to it by an exhaustion that makes them incapable of noticing anything. Then, giving up, their sickness disappears. If you cannot do this—why, just succumb to it. No medicine can cure you."

Selecting Their Husbands.

A Turkish slave ship was captured the other day by an English vessel, and the slaves it contained, consisting of seventy women and ten men, were liberated. The men volunteered into the Egyptian army, but it was more difficult to dispose of the women. Under the treaty concluded between the British government and the Khedive the importation and exportation of slaves are forbidden; but the detention and sale of slaves in the country are permitted for about six years longer in Egypt, and eleven years in the Soudan. Several officers accordingly came to the Pasha of the district with offers to buy some of the female slaves, but the Pasha declared he would not part with them unless they got married. He then announced that any soldier or civilian wishing to marry one of the slaves would have to pay six thalers for her dowry, but that the women would be allowed to choose their husbands from among those who should present themselves for the purpose. A great number of men, chiefly soldiers, assembled on the day appointed for the selection. The women were so shy that they "huddled together like a flock of sheep," and could not be induced to move. At last one of them, taking courage, advanced slowly to an Egyptian sergeant, who was anything but young or handsome, and put her hand on his shoulder as a sign that he was the man she wished to marry. Her example was instantly followed by the other women, who rushed forward to choose their husbands as if they feared to be too late. It was now the men's turn to say whether they accepted the selection. All were satisfied but five, and even the five women who were consequently obliged to choose again were ultimately provided with husbands.

Queer Place for a Worm.

Henry R. Funk of Allentown, has for some time been the victim of a disease which he believed to be consumption. He wasted away under his besetting malady until there was hardly anything left on his bodily frame save the skin, and he had about made up his mind that it would be best for him to prepare for the inevitable. He had for a considerable time experienced at intervals queer sensations in his windpipe, as if there was some creeping thing in it, and frequently remarked these experiences to his family, but was as often talked out of it as being the natural results of his sickness or mere imagination. On a recent day, while seated in a rocker the sensation again presented itself. It felt exactly, he says, as if some reptile was endeavoring to crawl up and out of his trachea, and being about the same time taken with a severe coughing fit he, to his great surprise, as well as to the utter astonishment of his family, expelled a curious worm about two inches in length and thick in its middle as a straw stem. It was of a whitish color, and so transparent that the blood in its vitals, and which it had absorbed from its victim, could be clearly discerned. The worm's head was sharp as a needle and its hinder part flat and stumpy. It was remarkably active and worked its head with great energy. How it came to the man or in what manner it originated is a thing altogether inexplicable, his doctor, to whom the worm was given, and who has it preserved in alcohol, never having heard of a like case before. The man has since experienced a change for the better, and feels so much improved that he is inspired with confidence that he will soon again be a well man.—*Reading Eagle.*

Palm leaves, straw, yucca fibers, whalebone shavings, and feathers, are used in making artificial flowers.

Egypt at the Paris Exposition.

Egypt has a large place in the beautiful gardens of the Trocadero. I think her exhibit here is much superior to that which she had at Philadelphia. This is not remarkable, inasmuch as both France and England are greatly interested to have Egypt take high rank, commercially and otherwise, as they propose to seize her at no distant day, perhaps. French interests in Egypt have led to French collections of curiosities and almost priceless articles from the strange land of the Pharaohs, and any one who is at all pleased with Egyptian art may here feast the vision upon it. In the long semi-circular galleries in the Trocadero Palace a vast space is given to the ethnography of Egypt, and to pictures illustrative of the life of its varied and singular peoples; and not far from the Seine's bank is a palace, built in the style with which every one has become so familiar, either from having seen it on the stage, in imitation, or on the Nile in reality. Within this palace are numerous chambers, where very practical subjects are treated, such as the growth and culture of Egyptian cotton; the construction and management of the Suez canal; the improvements made under the rule of the present khedive, who, although a thorough rascal in finance, is a benefactor to his own land; and a room specially adapted to the uses of the "International African Exploration Society." This section has almost a pathetic interest. Here the whole grand story is told; here hang the maps and charts which represent the labors of successive explorers in the beginning of the century to the present; the portraits of Cameron, Livingstone and Stanley hang side by side here, and beneath them are the maps which tell the story of the great work which Stanley finished for Livingstone and for the world. Nearly opposite these now universally famous faces hang two well executed pictures representing the horrors of the slave trade.

The exhibition of Egyptian antiquities and of the works executed in that country, which the imperial government gathered on the Camp-de-Mars in 1867, was remarkable, but in no respect as fine as this one. Here we have a house contemporary with Abraham's grandfather, if we may take the commissioner's word for it, and Mariette-Bey, poet, philosopher, Parisian *viveur* and a kind of Layard also, has assembled the results of his researches for many years around the ruins of old Egypt. Mariette-Bey has divided his portion of the exhibition into three parts, illustrative of the Egypt of the Pharaohs; the Egypt of the Caliphs and modern Egypt—the country such as the dynasty of Mehemet Ali has left it. For Pharaoh's Egypt you must look in the galleries of the retrospective arts. I have not yet been able to take a single note here, as the guardians object. They fancy every one who has a note book and pencil some agent of a prying publisher who wishes to make copies of the priceless antiquities, and they motion to him to "move on."

The most remarkable series of works presented to the public by Mariette-Bey are tables representing the civilization of Egypt forty centuries before the Christian era. Everything is here—navigation, construction of ships, agriculture, workers in ivory and marble, hunters, fishermen, and toilers at pyramids and temples of those times. In the gallery of retrospective arts the walls are, for long distances, covered with these curious tables, which hold popular attention much more readily than do the beautiful majolicas of Italy or the tapestries of Spain. At intervals are placed the sombre Egyptian deities, with hands crossed upon their knees and their eyes looking straight on into the centuries through which they seem to last, as if they really were endowed with immortal life. Arab art is here represented in a very large degree by richly illuminated manuscripts, wonderfully ornamented lamps for mosques and delicately cut ivory work. The Egyptian government does not seem to have made a school exhibit in Paris this year, at least I have thus far been unable to find it. The French journals are filled with complaints against the English just now, because the latter have seated themselves at the very door of Egypt and are now only waiting a good occasion to enter. Everything indicates that the movement for seizure may come much sooner than has been generally expected. The Egyptians seem to care but little who is master, so long as they are not disturbed more than usual.—*Edward King's Paris Letter.*

A Mule's Performance.

At one of the theaters in a town of Nevada, the play of the "Forty Thieves" was lately presented, but in rather a meager manner, as may be inferred from the lack of abundant scenery and properties in the far West. When Ali Baba had seen the thieves enter and quit the cave, he went to the wings and brought in a mule, which, having taken grave offense at something, awaited his opportunity for revenge. No sooner had Ali come out of the cave with his bags of wealth, and attempted to put them on the back of the beast than he began his part of the performance. He let fly with his heels; kicked the shavings (the supposed riches) out of the bags; kicked down the cavern; kicked down a whole forest; kicked down the wings; kicked the end of the base viol, leaning against the stage, to pieces; smashed the footlights; and finally doubled up Ali by planting both feet in the pit of his stomach. The mule fairly cleared the stage and set the audience into a great roar, the miners laying wagers that he could out-kick any mule in the State. The quadruped continued kicking as if he were hung on a pivot, until a rope was fastened around him and he was dragged off by the united strength of the company. The Nevadans want to give the mule a benefit.

WONDERS OF MODERN

The How a Lady Who Lost Her Hair Was Treated. A correspondent of the *Illustrated London News* describes very intelligently a case in surgery, as follows: "On the 1st of August, 1877, the daughter of the proprietor of the Alpaca Mill at Jamestown, Orange county, N. Y., while passing a rapidly revolving shaft connected with the mill, was caught by her long hair, and instantly her entire scalp was torn from her head—so completely was she scalped that the back of her ears were partly laid bare, as was also the back of her neck below the hair, and on one side the skin was torn off nearly to the eyelid. Dr. George W. Whitney, of Jamestown, the family physician, was instantly called. He found his patient a bad object, lying in an unconscious state. The writer is responsible for the assertion that he believes the doctor at first was undecided what to do, but to do something, he inquired for the scalp. An employee had unwound it from the shaft, and finding it torn to pieces, had thrown it upon a wood pile. The doctor sheared off the hair, and deliberately with koeedle and thread sewed the pieces together, and then replaced the scalp in its original position. I suggested to him that probably he could think of nothing else to do. He had very little faith that any real good could be accomplished, but her appearance would be improved for an event in the near future. After four days, little being done but to make the unconscious woman as comfortable as possible, with the fact that the doctor did very little, as was very natural, the anxious family suggested a council of physicians. Slight suppuration had commenced under the scalp, and as the only possible thing which could be done to change Dr. Whitney's *modus operandi*, the majority of the council decided that the scalp must be removed. Unwilling to assume the responsibility of overruling the decision of the council, yet contrary to his better judgment, he removed the scalp. Upon top of the head the scalp slightly adhered and some healthy granulations were observed. In about eleven days a thick scalp came off the skull on top of the head, and in a short time Mrs. Hays became conscious and began to realize her condition. She is about 35 years of age, of medium size, and had previously enjoyed good health. It now occurred to Dr. Whitney that he could supply a substitute for the lost scalp by engrafting. Two or three medical students, and then others, young men and young women, volunteered to lend small pieces of skin from their arms, and these were successfully placed upon different parts of her head. When I visited the lady professionally with Dr. W. about thirty-five pieces of skin of the size of a silver five cent piece were firmly growing upon her head. She was a sorry-looking sight—her head being in color and appearance like a piece of fresh beef. The poor woman had any amount of fortitude and courage. She asked Dr. W. if he would advise her to take a ride of a mile or two. He replied that he should not take the responsibility just then. She asked him what he would do about it if he were in her position. He replied that if he felt like taking a ride in an easy carriage for a couple of miles, he should do so. The result was that in a day or two Mrs. Hays commenced taking early morning rides, without any bad results. The last I heard from her, a few weeks since, she had had 1,330 pieces engrafted upon her head, and she was doing well.

Origin of Some Familiar Names.

It is not often that we know, or remember, if we do know, the origin of names with which we are most familiar. Their significance is frequently lost by altered circumstances or by want of information on our part. It is not generally known that the Hudson was called North River in contradistinction to the South River, as the Delaware was formerly styled. Massachusetts was so dubbed because in the aboriginal tongue it meant "about the great hills," i. e., the Blue Hills. Boston, named after the English city, was originally St. Bardolph's Town, of which Boston is an abbreviated corruption. Albany was so christened in honor of the Duke of York and Albany, (afterward James II.) at the time it came into possession of the English, (1664). Catskill is Dutch for panther or lynx, which once infested those mountains. Cataraugus was so designated by the Indians because they had, for some mysterious reason, associated it with unpleasant odors. It means ill-smelling shore. This is not quite so bad as Chicago, an Indian word, signifying a fount, which, judging from the complaints in Chicago papers of the city's peculiar fragrance, would seem to have been properly named. Chemung means big horn, from a fossil tusk found in the river. Crown Point is said to have been so-called because scalping parties were sent thence by the French and Indians. Erie signified wild-cat, and was borne by a fierce tribe of savages exterminated by the Iroquois. Manhattan is eminently fitted for the Metropolis, its import being town on the island. Mohawk was applied by the New England tribes to the Iroquois, from their habit of eating live food. Niagara means neck of water; Oneida, people of the beacon stone; Onondaga, place of the hills; Saratoga, place of the miraculous waters in a rock; Ontario, a village on a mountain—the chief seat of the Onondagas; Schenectady, river valley beyond the pine trees; Seneca (a classic, as many have supposed), corrupt Indian pronunciation of Dutch word cinnabar—vermillion; Cayuga is a corruption of Cassara, Latin name of the largest of the Great Lakes. Passaic signifies the sea; the Atlantic comes from the Greek *pe-* *kos pelagos*, the sea; and *Alas*.