

Capized at Sea and Twenty-two Men Drowned—Three Perishing Sailors Rescued from the Wreck.

The following account of a disaster which occurred to a whaling vessel from New Bedford, Mass., rivals the fictions of the most graphic writers and appeals far more strongly to one's sympathies than could any imaginary tale of shipwreck and suffering.

The pilotboat Isaac Webb, No. 8, left Sandy Hook, near New York, at two P. M. on a recent Monday, and at four o'clock the next morning, when forty miles south of Block island, passed close by a floating wreck, barely showing above the surface of the water.

Recovering themselves they looked again and saw not a ghost, but two human beings wrapped in canvas reaching out their hands for help.

But the sailors were not disheartened by the difficulties of the situation, and having taken the two men to the pilot boat, they returned to the wreck and commenced cutting through the oak and iron fastenings of the vessel's side.

Taking the sufferer into the yawl the party returned to the pilotboat and did what they could to aid the rescued sailors, from one of whom, Joseph Reis, they obtained the following story of their shipwreck:

"Our names are Joseph G. Reis, Manuel Alvis and Henrique Gancavis, all of the Cape de Verde Islands. Last Saturday we shipped on the bark Sarah, of New Bedford, for a whaling voyage of two years.

"We called to each other and found that there were six of us alive—five men and one boy. One man, a brother of Alvis, died a little while after. The boy died the next morning.

"Manuel tried first, and on the second attempt succeeded in reaching the open air. This was on Sunday afternoon. I tried twice, and was almost drowned before I could get back again.

A man who was in the habit of talking to himself, being asked by his wife why he did so, remarked that he liked to converse with a man of sense.

that day; but the next day, Monday, I made another attempt, and, after a desperate struggle, got out and found Manuel clinging to the upper side of the vessel.

"There was a dead man (Joseph Barro) lashed to the rigging. I cut him adrift, as he made me feel bad. Manuel said he saw a steamer about eight miles off the day before.

Cannibal Caves in South Africa. We left Thaba-Bosigo early one morning, writes a traveler in South Africa, and passing along the Beria heights, reached the deserted mission-station of Cava.

Their mode of living was to send out hunting parties, who concealed themselves among the rocks and bushes, and lay in ambush near roads, drifts, gardens, and watering-places, for the purpose of surprising women and children, travelers, boys in search of lost cattle, etc.

There are still old cannibals in existence. On the day that we visited the cavern I was introduced to one of them, who is now living not very far from his former dwelling-place.

At one of these caverns we met with an old savage, who told us he had formerly assisted in cooking thirty persons. He seemed, like the "Last Minstrel," greatly to regret

"That old times were changed, Old manners gone;" and that "The bigots of this iron time Has called his harmless life a crime."

A Few Odes to Autumn.

The man who can look at all the wondrous, vast machinery of a universe and see the seasons come and go in regular succession and not have the poetry of his nature stirred up to its most depths would be a phenomenon.

For ourselves, we have none of that sort of meanness that would keep down panting genius lest it rise above and beyond us, and we are determined that as long as our good right arm does not fail us, and we are re-elected by a discriminating public to edit a newspaper, the season poets shall have a chance—by the Great Grand Master of poetry, so they shall!

The odes to autumn are coming in rapidly. There are too many of them to print in full, but we give a verse or so from each, merely for the purpose of encouraging the writers and pointing out defects.

"Time when comes the falling of leaves! Time when comes the lowing of beoves! Time when comes the mending of eaves! Fading, ever fading autumn."

It will at once be perceived that "Doitus" is a poet of no mean order. A poet who can take falling leaves, the lowing beoves and broken eaves, and bake them into a poetical pancake, and pour over it the syrup of flowing rhythm is possessed of genius.

The next comes all the way from Michigan in a blue envelope with the superscription written diagonally, and sealed with flour paste. It says, "By Josie-phine," and the first four lines are as follows:

"October glows on every cheek— October shines in every eye, While up and down the hill and dale Her crimson banners are let fly."

By Josephine, we have heard of people with bad eyes, but imagine all Michigan with Octobers in their eyes, and crimson banners let fly up and down all the hills and dales.

We have space for only one more, so we give "Pearl Dallas" a chance. Sweet Pearly steps forth and thusly warbles:

"Jennie and I, in the summer time soft, In the gladsome month of June, Played together by the brookside When the merry singing feathered songsters were in tune."

"But times have changed since then; Now comes the lingering fall, And Jennie's married another fellow, And we don't roam the woods at all."

At some length Pearl proceeds to speak of the "dainty red-bug," and works in much "flowing-water" and "sweetening flowerets," but life is too short to take in all its excellencies. The rhythm, which is flexible enough to make a seven and a fourteen syllable line rhyme together, and not make a man who is reading it stop to catch his breath between bases, is its strong point.

Russian Soldiers Returning Home.

A St. Petersburg letter, describing the return of a regiment of Russian soldiers from the campaign against Turkey, says: The Russian peasant is an undemonstrative fellow. He possesses the quality of self-control in a very high degree. Those who were looking at the soldiers surveyed them as calmly as if they had not been the heroes of that winter passage of the Balkans.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Farm, Garden and Orchard Notes.

Soot is a powerful stimulant.

Clay soils are best suited to beans.

Caladium bulbs must be kept dry and cool, and secure from frost.

Only the flowers of saffron are useful, and they are gathered when in full bloom.

Club-root in cabbage is caused by the sting of an insect. A preventive is the free use of lime and phosphate manures.

Mr. Elbert S. Carman recommends protecting trees from mice during winter by means of lath tied on with twine. Dry bark has been successfully used for the same purpose.

As a manure for Dutch bulbs, well-decayed sandy cow manure is the best; but where this is not conveniently at hand, well decomposed surface soil from a forest growth will answer a good purpose.

Frequent, perfect and regular milking is a very efficient means of promoting the flow of milk and preventing change in its quality, for, so long as a large flow is maintained, so long will it maintain its earlier characteristics.

Damaged straw may be profitably used as a mulch at the rate of one ton to one and one-half tons to the acre, and will increase the yield. It is also highly beneficial when used over top-dressings of stable manure to preserve and absorb moisture.

To plant peach stones, dig a hole in the ground (say six or eight inches), plant as soon as the pulp is off; let them remain in the ground all winter. In the spring take them up, crack the stones, plant the meat. The first year they will grow five feet.

For some sorts of vegetables, as lettuce, cress, radishes and others, the Chinese system of keeping the soil continuously wet is the best that can be adopted. It produces a crispness in the vegetables that is obtained only when there has been no check in the growth.

Dahlias, gladioli, tuberoses and other plants that require winter protection for their roots in cellars, should be taken up at once on their leaves getting injured by the first white frosts. Dahlias may be put away at once, but gladioli and tuberoses should be pretty well dried before storing away, or they they may rot.

Care should be used in securing good potting earth for plants, without insects or worms. A little tobacco or lime water will compel angle worms to come to the surface, when they can be removed. If the ball of earth is slipped from the pot the angle worms will be found on the outside and can be removed by hand.

Young and quickly-fed animals have more water and fat in their flesh, whilst older and well-fed animals have flesh of a firmer touch and fuller flavor and are richer in nitrogen. The former may be more delicate, the latter will be more nutritious.

As soon as currants have cast their foliage, the young shoots may be taken off and cut into lengths of say six inches, and planted in rows, merely allowing the top bud of each to show above the surface of the soil. Tread them firmly, and when freezing weather approaches, sprinkle over a slight covering of long, strawy manure. They will mostly form roots before winter, and be prepared to start strong next spring.

In regard to the crossing of plants and fruits *Vick's Magazine* says: "The fertilization by the pollen of the flower affects the seed, and not the flesh, as a general rule. Many curious facts have been published showing, however, that the character of the flesh is sometimes changed by cross-fertilization. The contrary, however, is the general rule.

Christmas Gifts.

A very pretty present is a toilet set, made of silver or plain cardboard, and wrought in worsted. A hairpin cushion, hair receiver and match safe comprise the set, and are neat, pretty and useful. A piece of cardboard five inches square, sewed together in a roll, and stuffed with curled hair, with ends crocheted, some pretty design on one side, worked with the same shade of worsted that is at the ends, and suspended by a cord, with balls of worsted to match, is for hairpins. A straight slip of cardboard, five inches wide and five in length, with a crocheted bag at the bottom, the upper end cut either pointed or square, a crocheted edge around it, and trimmed with cord and bells, hung on the other side of the mirror frame, is for the combings of the hair.

The moment a man is satisfied with himself, everybody is dissatisfied with him. There are many shining qualities in the mind of man, but none so useful as discretion. If we do not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others will not hurt us. The man who minds his own business has a good steady employment

Sequoia Trees in California.

The trees in most of the small northern groups have been counted. Those of the Calaveras number twelve or thirteen hundred; in the Tuolumne and Merced groups there is less than one hundred; in the well-known Mariposa grove, about six hundred; and in the North King's River grove, less than half as many; but the Fresno group, the largest congregation of the north, occupies an area of three or four square miles.

The average stature attained by the big tree under favorable conditions is perhaps about 275 feet, with a diameter of twenty feet. Few full-grown specimens fall much short of this, while many are twenty-five feet in diameter and nearly 300 feet high. Fortunate trees, so situated as to have escaped the destructive action of fire, are occasionally found measuring thirty feet in diameter, and very rarely one that is much larger.

Yet so exquisitely harmonious are even the very mightiest of these monarchs in all their proportions and circumstances, there never is anything overgrown or huge-looking about them, not to say monstrous; and the first exclamation on coming upon a group for the first time is usually, "See what beautiful trees!" Their real godlike grandeur in the meantime is invisible, but to the loving eye it will be manifested sooner or later, stealing slowly on the senses like the grandeur of Niagara, or of some lofty Yosemite dome. Even the mere arithmetical greatness is never guessed by the inexperienced as long as the tree is comprehended from a little distance in one harmonious view. When, however, we approach so near that only the lower portion of the trunk is seen, and walk round and round the wide bulging base, then we begin to wonder at their vastness, and seek a measuring rod.

Sequoias bulge considerably at the base, yet not more than is required for beauty and safety; and the only reason that this bulging is so often remarked as excessive is because so small a section of the shaft is seen at once. The real taper of the trunk, beheld as a unit, is perfectly charming in its exquisite fineness, and the appreciative eye ranges the massive columns, from the swelling muscular instep to the lofty summit dissolving in a crown of verdure, rejoicing in the unrivaled display of giant grandeur and giant loveliness.

About a hundred feet or more of the trunk is usually branchless, but its massive simplicity is relieved by the fluting bark furrows, and loose tufts and rosettes of slender sprays that wave lightly on the breeze and cast flecks of shade, seeming to have been pinned on here and there for the sake of beauty alone.

The young trees wear slender, simple branches all the way down to the ground, put on with strict regularity, sharply aspiring at top, horizontal about half-way down, and drooping in handsome curves at the base. By the time the sapling is five or six hundred years old, this spiry, feathery, juvenile habit merges into the firm rounded dome form of middle age, which in turn takes on the eccentric picturesqueness of old age. No other tree in the Sierra forests has foliage so densely massed, or presents outlines so firmly drawn and so constantly subordinate to a special type. A knotty, angular ungovernable-looking branch eight or ten feet thick may often be seen pushing out abruptly from the trunk, as if sure to throw the outline curves into confusion, but as soon as the general outline is approached it stops short, and dissolves in spreading, cushiony bosses of law-abiding sprays, just as if every tree were growing underneath some huge invisible bell-glass, against whose curves every branch is pressed and molded, yet somehow indulging so many small departures that there is still an appearance of perfect freedom.

The foliage of the saplings is dark bluish-green in color, while the oldest trees frequently ripen to a warm yellow tint like the libocedrus. The bark is rich cinnamon brown, purplish in younger trees, and in shady portions of the old, while all the ground is covered with brown burs and leaves, forming color masses of extraordinary richness, not to mention the flowers and underbrush that brighten and bloom in their season.—John Muir, in Harper's Magazine.

Cincinnati Breakfast Table Diet.

Curd is alluded to as "offal from the dairy," but it is an offal allusion.

"Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" We can tell you: he has got trusted for a new suit of clothes.

Most women have need to whisper "lead us not into temptation" when they see another with a new bonnet.

Serpent skin shoes for ladies are the latest Paris novelty. Thus it is that they get even for the way the snake treated Eve.

The proverb "a short horse is soon curried," must not be construed as applying to mules. The shortest are the most careless with their feet.

Appearances cannot always be relied on. A young man may seem to wear a fine gold watch-chain, girls, but after all it may be plated, and pinned into his vest pocket.

It is said that the left foot of a left-handed man is always longer than his right one, but when the old man reaches after Adolphus from the top step he always sends the right foot, and in most cases it is long enough.

"Educate the nose," says some writer on physical culture. A great many are sufficiently educated now to turn up a people who are their betters.

The people of Ceylon bake and eat bees. If we were going to indulge in this kind of provender, we should want to know that the baker understood his business, for if a bee should revive after he had been swallowed—!