A REMARKABLE COLONY.

Crime That Resulted in the Evolution of a New People.

Mutiny on a British Man of War Leads to the Development of a New Race—Advantages of Civilization Without Its Attendant Vices.

The ship Bounty, December 23rd, 1787, sailed from Spithead, England, bound for the South Sea. The ship was under a commission from the British Admiralty to visit the Society and other islands and collect a number of the bread fruit plants, which were to be taken to certain of the British West Indies for the purpose of stocking those islands. The vessel started on her homeward voyage with Lieut. Bligh in command. He was of an unusually overbearing and insulting disposition. He accused Fletcher Christian, the mate, with having stolen some cocoanuts which he had bought at Otaheite, one of the islands they had visited. Christian determined to get away from the ship and was informed by the boatswain that the crew were ready to mutiny. He surprised the captain in his berth, made a prisoner of him and took possession of the ship. The captain and eighteen of his officers and men were then set adrift in an open boat. Christian, with the twenty-four others who had remained in the ship, steered for the Society Island, and sixteen of them finally decided to remain at Otaheite, while Christian and the rest, taking with them twelve Otaheitean women and seven men, set sail in the ship for any place that chance might take them. Nothing was heard of Christian and those who had gone on the Bounty for twenty years. At the end of that time an American ship happening to touch at Pitcairn's Island, found there an Englishman called Alexander Smith (his name was afterwards changed to John Adams), who said he was the sole survivor of those who had sailed on the Bounty. Christian, thinking the island a place where there would be little chance of their being discovered, had landed there and burned the ship. Things went smoothly for two years, when one of the men, having lost his wife, insisted on taking one of the Otaheitean men's. The Otaheiteans rebelled and killed three of the whites. The rest of the whites, with the aid of the women, then killed all the Otaheitean men. Only four men were now left on the island. One of these succeeded in making an intoxicating liquor and drank himself to death; another one was executed by his companions, and a third died of consumption. Adams, now an old man, became at last impressed with the responsibility resting upon him of teaching the descendants of himself and his companions the truths of the Bible. The result was a model community. In 1830 the inhabitants moved to Norfolk Island, but in 1856 a part of them returned to Pitcairn. This colony has since been remarkable for the purity in which it has retained the principles inculcated by the patriarchal Adams. Between the years 1860 and 1880 a number of ships called at the island. In 1883 the American ship Harry Mills visited the place, and one of the inhabitants, named McCoy, accompanied the ship to Liverpool. In the same year another American ship, the Wandering Jew, stopped at the island and on leaving Capt. Talpey, the commander, took with him another one of the inhabitants. This was Ernest Heywood Christian, the great grandson of Fletcher Christian. Until his arrival at Hull, England, Ernest Christian had never seen a house, a horse, or any quadruped. His delight and astonishment when he first saw a steam engine and train were unbounded. On his arrival Christian was treated with the greatest kindness, and when he left England he took with him many valuable presents for the islanders. Christian spent three years on the ship, visiting San Francisco, and going completely around the world before he returned to his island home. On her second visit to Pitcairn Mrs. Talpey had with her a young English girl, 17 years old. She was the youngest person who had ever visited the island, and great was the admiration and interest she excited among the girls of her own age. One in particular, Miss Emily McCoy, kept close to her all the time, asking her all manner of questions about the outside world.

"You are the first girl of my own age, outside of this island, that I have ever seen," she said. "Tell me all you can. What do horse cars look like? And the churches—do you have people enough to fill them?"

Among the island women who visited the ship on this occasion was Miss Rosalind Young, one of the most attractive and enterprising on the island. She was at this time about 23 years old, had never had a shoe on her foot, swam like a fish, played the organ in the little island church, assisted her father in teaching the "village school" and was the leader in everything among the women on the island. She has written an account of the island for the *Century*, and she told Mrs. Talpey that she never had an idle moment.

Another curious vein of modern civilization that has cropped out on the island is the desire for some place where one can get a rest and change from the ordinary routine of life. On the isolated island, only a few miles in circumference, in mid-ocean and containing only one village of less than 100 inhabitants, "summer residences" would seem to be hardly practicable or desirable. Yet these people have already begun to build, a little way from the main settlement, a small "summer colony," where the older ones may go away for a little while every year and be more retired than they can in the village. They have named their retreat "Happy Valley."

The condition of the islanders has lately been considerably improved by the numerous visits of English and American ships. The population is increasing slowly. In 1879 it was 94. In December, 1882, it was 108, of which number 2 were shipwrecked sailors who had settled there. The colony consists of about 20 families, who live in single story cottages formed of bamboo, with thatched roofs. The islanders are still noted for their strict religious conduct, grace being said before and after each meal, and swearing or anything of a similar character being absolutely unknown. When any dispute arises among them the settlement of it is laid over till the next arrival of a man of war, when it is referred to the captain, and his decision is final.—*New York Press.*

SLEEPLESSNESS.

Described by One Who Has Evidently Experienced Its Misery.

To say that sleeplessness is largely on the increase in this country is but to reiterate what our best medical authorities say on the subject. There are, undoubtedly, various causes which produce this disease, of which indigestion is the most prevalent. Only those who have suffered from this hopeless disease know of its debilitating effects upon the system. When it reaches the chronic state there is scarcely any alleviation; sedatives and opiates, as administered in other diseases for their quieting effects on the system, in this disease frequently have a contrary effect. When one retires for the night it is impossible to know with any degree of certainty whether they have lain down to recuperate their wasted energies by sleep, or to toss to and fro in utter wretchedness during the greater part of the night. Sympathetic members of your family say to you, "Now lie perfectly quiet and stop thinking and you will soon drop off to sleep." Stop thinking, indeed! One might as well try to stop old Boreas in a gale as to stop thinking on one of these restless nights. More ideas race through your mind in one hour than you have thought of in the past year. Like a panorama, ideas and scenes come and go until dissolved into other thoughts and scenes equally as difficult to dismiss. As the hour of midnight approaches, you mentally exclaim, "Oh, if I could only stop thinking I should go to sleep!" This recalls to your mind what you have read about the great Napoleon Bonaparte who, in the midst of battle, could lie down beside a cannon and by mere will power go to sleep. But alas! you find you have no will power left. If you are a housekeeper you perhaps resolve not to worry about the disasters connected with the household machinery, but find that the cares of the house are so closely woven into your very life that you cannot dismiss them from your mind. Directly, bang goes something that sounds like the outside cellar door, and you almost know that John has forgotten to fasten it, and perhaps some one may be rifling the cellar. But as the noise is not repeated you at length give up that idea. Then as your circle of thought begins to narrow you concentrate it upon the bed. You discover that there are lumps in the mattrass, and that the pillows are hard, for both ears ache from lying on them, and you mentally feel that our modern beds must have been made for discipline rather than comfort. Soon after, another fact asserts itself—your arms and lower limbs have a peculiar sensation and you are obliged to change their position to keep them from becoming cramped; while your hand is almost pressed to bursting, your heart beats as if trying to break down the very walls of its prison house, and everything appears to you as if the world was upside down. Thoughts and scenes are so blended together that you cannot separate them, and within you there is a consciousness that you are going to sleep. You feel uncomfortably warm, and you soon begin to perspire, suggestive that the fever in your system has spent itself; and soon the circulation becomes normal, and you drop off unconsciously into an unrefreshing sleep, which may continue for several hours if you are not disturbed. Where sleeplessness is caused by indigestion the most positive relief that I know of is to be careful of the diet, of over-exerting and over-taxing the nervous system; or in other words carefully avoid doing whatever has a tendency to produce it.—*Country Gentleman.*

The Music of Niagara.

In an article on "Niagara Falls," an evening paper observes, anent the mighty roar of its waters: "One can never forget the effect of listening to this mighty voice for the first time, nor is it an unpleasant sound which assails the ear. The roar is positively musical, they say, and a few years ago a distinguished American organist spent a long time in studying it, and trying to learn the measure and compass of its tones. He finally came to the conclusion that the deepest tone by the falling cataract was that which would be produced by an organ pipe about 160 feet in length and of proportionate dimensions as organ pipes are made. Now, 160 feet, which is about the height of the falls (this varies from 160 to nearly 180 feet), is much longer than any organ pipe is made, and the sound emitted by such a pipe would not be sensible to us as a musical sound. Therefore our ears could not apprehend the music of the deepest tones; and as our ears are at fault, we give this deep toned music such discordant epithets as noise and roar." This story, according to one account, seems incorrectly stated. The organist in question suggested a sound not nearly three octaves below thirty-two feet C, but about F sharp below that note. The present writer tried to define the vast harmonic hum of the great waterfalls, and came to the conclusion that the task was all but hopeless, although a steady kind of a tone seems to be maintained; and certainly the imagination might readily seize upon such a note as the authority in question named, but whether the indefinite sound could be described as of a foundation or upper partial tones character it would be impossible to say.—*London Musical World.*

Profound Mysteries.

Jones—The Hatch murder or suicide is very mysterious.

Smith—Yes, it is somewhat mysterious, but to my mind it is not half as mysterious as the fact that it is always the fool who upsets the boat on a pleasure excursion who is saved and the people who keep quiet who are drowned.—*Texas Siftings.*

A Philistine.

Wife—The truth is, woman is a great fact in the world of to-day.

Husband—Yes! yes! facts are stubborn things.—*Harper's Bazar.*

The beautiful young Hessian Princess who has just been married to Prince Henry of Prussia is known here and in England as Princess Irene, but in Germany she is always called Princess Ella. She is the most popular member of a rather unpopular family, but her personal charms and worth would make her an idol anywhere.

Matthew W. Sedam, an ecentric old man who died at Terre Haute, Ind., last week, was buried in a coffin which for 25 years he had kept in his bedroom. The monument over his grave was erected according to his orders fully 30 years ago.

STRANGE EDIBLES.

Fried Toad-Fish, Boiled Shark and Stewed Devil-Fish as Palatable Dishes.

"Little you know of European delights," said a bon vivant to a Galveston *News* reporter, "if you have never tasted the flesh of a shark or reveled in devil-fish stew."

"All fish," continued the speaker, "are edible, but some are, by popular prejudice, adjudged to be unfit for the table. Who would ever dream of eating a toad-fish? The appearance of the creature, with its hideous head and brown spotted sides, is sufficient to take away any man's appetite; yet the flesh is tender and palatable. When fried it tastes very much like flounder. Sharks are also excellent eating. They are plentiful in these waters, and, if people could be made to believe that there flesh is wholesome and agreeable to the palate, an excellent fish would be sold in the market at a remarkably low price.

"Shark flesh is firm, and in taste hardly distinguishable from redfish. A delicious soup can be made from the fins. The meat is best when boiled or fried in oil. The devil-fish, or giant squid, some times seen on this coast, is the same creature of which Victor Hugo wrote in his novel, "The Toilers of the Sea." It is known to scientists as the octopus. In appearance it is a horrible monster, with a huge head and body furnished with snake-like feelers, which some times grow to be thirty feet in length, and are as powerful in their grasp as the grip of a Sixth ward politician on election boodle."

"You do not mean to tell me," queried the reporter, "that the flesh of such a creature is edible?"

"It is simply delicious when properly prepared. It should be cut into small pieces and stewed with herbs. It becomes then a jelly-like substance of delicate flavor that melts in the mouth. I regard the flesh of a devil-fish as a delicacy. There is another species of devil-fish which resembles a skate or ray fish. The largest of them weigh from 100 to 150 pounds. It is excellent eating."

The reporter intimated that his informant might possibly be filling him with stories originally intended for the marines, which the bon vivant bitterly resented, and the two parted, the last words coming from the latter, who continued to assert:

"Sharks is good eatin', and if you don't believe me go and try for yourself. The bay is full of 'em."

The reporter having seen the varied contents of more than one shark's stomach, was compelled to confess a prejudice, and thought the flesh, while too rich for reportorial blood, might be utilized on the county poor farm.

Making Saratoga Chips.

Saratoga chips, as all know who have ever seen or tasted the article, are made from potatoes, says the Pittsburg *Dispatch*. The process of manufacture is a very simple one, the only machinery used, if such simple tools can be called machinery, consists of a parer and a slicer. The former is composed of a round piece of tin, one end of which serves as a handle, while the other contains a knife so set that it will cut only a thin paring. The latter consists of a knife, set in a wheel-shaped contrivance, which, on being turned by a crank, cuts the potato into slices of the requisite thickness. Only the best of potatoes can be used, and even then there is great waste, as all "specks" and other imperfections must be carefully cut out. After the potatoes are sliced they are placed in water and allowed to remain several hours, being stirred occasionally. This is for the purpose of removing the starch, which, if allowed to remain, would cause the chips to become sour. The slices are then ready for boiling. A large kettle, set in a brick arch, in which a natural gas fire is burning, is kept nearly full of hot lard. Enough of the slices are placed in the kettle to cover the surface, when they are boiled until they become crisp and brown. They are then ladled out, sprinkled with salt, and placed in a sieve to dry. After cooling the chips are ready for packing. They are put in stout paper boxes, one-half pound in each box, and retailed for fifteen cents per package.

Names that Deceive.

Catgut is made from the entrails of sheep.

Whalebone is not bone and is said not to possess a single property of bone.

Pompey's pillar had no historical connection with Pompey in any way.

Black lead is not lead at all, but a compound of carbon and a small quantity of iron.

Cleopatra's needle was not erected by the Egyptian queen, nor in her honor.

The tuberose is no rose, but a species of olyanth.

German silver was not invented in Germany, and does not contain a particle of silver.

Turkish baths did not originate in Turkey, and are not baths, only heated chambers.

Cuttle bone is not bone, but a kind of chalk once inclosed in the fossil remains of extinct specimens of cuttlefish.

Sealing-wax does not contain a particle of wax, but is composed of Venice turpentine, shellac and cinnabar.

Burgundy pitch is not pitch and does not come from Burgundy; the greater part of it is resin and palm oil.

Brazilian grass never grew in Brazil, and is not grass; it is nothing but strips of palm-leaf.

A Good Combination.

Mrs. Marrywell—Ah, Jennie, I understand you are going to marry a second husband. Miss Jennie, who has chosen a widower—Yes, but I'm a ready maid, you know, and the combination won't be so bad. Mrs. Marrywell—Ah, I see, a kind of a miss-fit establishment.—*Washington Critic.*

Free Medical Advice.

"Now, doctor," he said, as he joined the medical gentleman in the street, "in the case of a man who can't sleep at night what would you advise?" "I would advise him to sleep in the day-time."

"What Shall I Write About?"

Graduate college department of journalism—"I've come to join your staff. What shall I write about?"

Editor "Right about face!"—*Journalism.*

HOW TO MAKE A TENT.

Some Information for Boys Who Are Going to Camp Out This Summer.

Boys always begin to think about camp-out-out equipments as soon as spring fairly sets in. The most important thing to provide for such an expedition is a tent, and as it costs a good deal of money to have one made to order, perhaps the boys who intend to spend a few days in the woods this summer would like to know how to make one themselves and at a trifling cost. Buy nine yards of good stout yard-wide cotton cloth and cut into three strips of three yards each. Sew these strips together securely by overlapping, and you will then have a piece three yards square. Make a solution of twelve ounces of lime and five ounces of alum in three gallons of water, and soak the cotton in it for a day. Rinse it in warm rain water and stretch in the sun to dry. It will then be waterproof.

Having reached your camping-out place, cut two poles eight feet long, each with a fork at one end. Sink the other ends in the ground about a foot and beat the earth well to keep them firmly in place. These poles should be about eight feet apart. Now cut another pole about nine feet long and put it on top of the other two, resting in the forks. Cut two more poles ten feet long for the sides of your frame, resting one end of each pole on the cross pole and the other end on the ground. Stretch the canvas over the frame and tack it to the poles. You can make the sides of your tent weather-proof with the boughs of cedar and other trees. This is the simplest and least expensive tent you can have, and it will answer your purposes fully. The interior of the tent, however, would be a little more roomy and comfortable if you would put up a second frame in the rear similar to that in front, say two feet high, and stretch the canvas over that and thence to the ground. Select sloping ground to put your tent on, so that if it rains the water will readily run off; and also dig a little ditch around the tent with an outlet leading down the incline. As the front of the tent will be open—unless you choose to provide enough canvas to close it—you had better place it with the front towards the north or northwest, for storms, if you have any, will probably come from the south or the southwest.

The rude hut described—for it is little else—will no doubt seem a flimsy shelter to those who have never occupied one, but for perfect rest and the soundest of sound sleeping you will find it superior to the best room in your city house.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Cemetery Decorum.

Mr. J. C. Olmsted, in *Garden and Forest*, takes strong exception to the monumental monstrosities to be found in some modern cemeteries. He prefers the simple graves, such as are often to be seen near farm houses, bordered by wild flowers, lying peacefully and unobtrusive, to the miracles in stone and iron fencing, often standing in inharmonious proximity in suburban burying grounds. How much more appropriate modest grave stones than the big, staringly white Egyptian obelisks, broken topped Greek columns, Roman urns, weeping Italian angels, Renaissance canopies, Gothic spires and all the other kinds of showy monuments, and where all restfulness and seclusion are annihilated by rows upon rows and scattering swarms of factory-made, white marble grave stones, all set up on edge so as to be as conspicuous as possible, and looking as though they would be heaved out of plumb by every frost. And as if all these white monuments and grave stones were not enough to frighten Nature into submission, innumerable fences are added, mostly of a sort which may be described as the "this-is-the-most-show-you-can-get-for-your-money" cast iron fence. And, as iron rusts into a color which is somewhat harmonious with nature, such a catastrophe is generally avoided by painting all iron work a gloomy black, or vivid white, or by gilding it, like a cresting over a chromo tea store. The writer thinks that the managers of country cemeteries should establish a rule limiting fences to those that are necessary, and requiring these to be in comformity with some general scheme devised with due regard to harmony with and strict subordination to nature. There shall be a like subordination to nature in all other artificial constructions, such as retaining walls, bridges, roads, walks, gutters, steps, guide posts, vault fronts and so on. They should avoid formality and artificiality in all things and at all times, for they should remember that they have set out to make a rural cemetery and not an architectural one.

The Population of Mexico.

Possibly there are 1,500,000 white men, properly so called, in Mexico, and, as I have shown, they are differentiated among themselves by climate. Then there are mixed bloods to the number of about 2,500,000 approximately, and these, scattered over the republic, differ in many ways through climatic causes. Then come about 6,000,000 Indians, some very much civilized, some semi-civilized and others barbarous. Of the barbarous Indians some are peaceful enough, and others, like the Chan Santa Cruz Indians of the Yucantan peninsula, are fierce and warlike. The Yaquis of Sonora may be taken as examples of semi-civilized Indians. These Indian races speak different languages, though many tribes use Spanish to a greater or less extent, according to the measure of their contact with white men.

Potatoes and Cigars.

The funniest thing in town, says the Lewiston, Me., *Journal*, is the mishap of a gentleman whose wife runs the store bill. He has been in the habit of having his cigar bill charged up as potatoes, and the other day his wife took her pencil and began to reckon. She finally found that they had eaten over ten carloads of potatoes the past year and she just didn't believe that the account was right. The grocer and the smoker are now between the upper and nether mill stones, and it is hard to tell who will be pulverized the finest at the close.

Col. A. L. Rives, the father of the young Virginia authoress, is a leading southern engineer, and up to about a year ago he was connected with the Richmond and Danville Railroad. He then accepted an important post on the Panama Ship Canal and soon after went to Panama.

PEN PICTURE OF TIBERIAS.

One of the "Holy Cities" of the Jews—An Old Synagogue—Relics.

Hebron, Jerusalem, Safed and Tiberias became the "holy cities" of the Jews after the Roman persecution had ceased somewhat. The Sanhedrim was at Tiberias for a number of years. Thirteen synagogues were here at one time, each one having a school connected with it as certainly as the present churches have their Sunday schools. A Jewish school of languages became the centre of the Jewish faith. To learn Hebrew from a rabbi of Tiberias is even yet considered a great privilege. The old synagogue carries one back 1,000 years. Its roof is supported by stone arches and columns. In the centre is a great cage-like inclosure, constructed of wood which is dried and twisted by centuries of exposure, but yet as sound as when hewed from the log. This is the reading place. Ascending the steps which lead to the interior, the rabbi opens the scroll and begins to teach the intone. The assembled congregation walk around the cage, muttering and gesturing, some chiming in a high key or imitating the blasts of a trombone through the hands. Some weep as they frantically throw up their arms; others kiss their phylacteries as they fold and unfold them about the left arm and the head; others march around and beat time with their hands and feet. Any reference to the coming of the Messiah excites them to frenzy. Little else remains in Tiberias to interest the student. Relics of the past are found intermingled with the necessities of the present. Disks cut from the syenite columns of the old temple serve as millstones to grind barley for the sons of Mohammed; fine old porphyry columns are thrown upon the ground and hollowed out for public horse troughs; threshing floors are paved with bits of frieze chiseled after Grecian designs paid for by Herod Antipas. The cattle are slaughtered in the public thoroughfares; the streets are hopelessly filthy; the bazaars are unattractive; the people are depressed; and, as the dragoman tells us, "the king of the fleas" resides here. Yet here come the pilgrim Jews to die, in order that their bones may rest close to the tombs of their wise men who have gone before; some declare that here the Messiah will appear.—*Edward L. Wilson in the Century.*

For Cramps in the Leg.

Many persons of both sexes are greatly troubled with cramps in one or both their legs. It comes on suddenly, and is very severe. Most people jump out of bed (it nearly always comes on either just after going to bed or while undressing) and ask some one to rub the leg. I have known it to last for hours, till in despair they would send for the family physician, and even then it would be hours before the spasm would let up. There is nothing easier than to make the spasm let go its hold, and it can be accomplished without sending for a doctor, who may be tired and in need of a good night's rest. When I have a patient who is subject to cramp I always advise him to provide himself with a good strong cord. A long garter will do if nothing else is handy. When the cramp comes on take the cord, wind it around the leg over the place that is cramped, and take an end in each hand and give it a sharp pull, one that will hurt a little. Instantly the cramp will let up, and the sufferer can go to bed assured it will not come on again that night. For the permanent cure, give about six or eight cells of galvanic battery, with the negative pole applied over the spot that cramps, and the positive pole over the thigh. Give it for ten minutes, and repeat every week for a month. I have saved myself many a good night's rest simply by posting my patients subject to spasm of the legs how to use the cord as above. I have never known it to fail, and I have tried it after they had worked half the night, and the patient was in the most intense agony. Even in such cases, at the first jerk of the cord all pain left.—*R. W. St. Clair, M.D., in Medical Age.*

Teaching a Wife Sense.

Wife (counting over her change after making a purchase)—I guess he's given me the wrong change. Husband (savagely)—I thought so, I thought so; that's the way my hard-earned money goes. Trust a woman to get fooled. Go back to the counter and get it made right at once. Wife returns to the counter and hands the clerk a $2 bill. Husband—Why, what have you been doing? Wife—Making the change right. He gave me $2 too much. Husband (more savagely than ever)—Well, by jingo, you are an idiot.—*Boston Courier.*

Pleasant for the Doctor.

A medical missionary nearly lost his life through an outburst of fanaticism at Foochow, China. It seems that the doctor, who was attending a patient with hemorrhage, immediately proceeded to check the latter, in disregard of a native superstition, according to which delay should have been made until the patient's friends had finished consulting the gods in the joss-house. The patient died, and the Chinese would have boiled the doctor in oil but for the courage of some of the converts.—*The Lancet.*

The Smallness of the Small.

"I would like to start in some business with small means," says a young man. Then, son, do you start a daily paper. Your means will be too powerful small to heft after the fourth pay-day, and so you might just as well have them as small as they can be strained to begin with.

Had Got Used to It.

She wanted to take some lessons in archery, but she was very, very verdant. "Have you a bow and quiver?" asked the teacher. "Ye-ye—yes," she hesitated, "I have a beau, but I haven't a quiver any more. He's been coming for about two months now, and I'm used to it."

Mrs. Cleveland sent a piece of her wedding dress to her friend, Miss Lucy Coffin, who married Charles DeKay in New York Monday. It was in a case with two salt cellars, in the shape of tiny shoes, made of platinum and gold.

Tim Williams, an old hermit of Lebanon, Conn., had a hive of bees which swarmed on a huge apple tree. Fearing that they would escape he climbed the tree after them, but fell and broke his leg, stirring up the bees in his descent. They followed him down and stung him to death.