

IOUS FACTS.
of hydropathy was
the tenth century.
e entangle whales
with harpoons and
anon was proved at
three times and
veral sorts of fishes
poisonous spines, and
y, the English
e on food that cost no
day, is now at the point
of Dodge County, Minn.
cyclone cellars. The
vault with an entrance
cellar.
forty men is now at the
Semite road, shoveling
preparing it for travel. It
is twelve feet deep here
of Henry VII., 1480,
seven years of age was
of wool, made in Eng-
blays, or to pay a forfeit-
gs.
ding in India is remark-
hospitality by which
the wedding of the
people were fed on the
and 37,000, and on the
the custom of turning
as follows: Our ances-
usful thing. In driving
river walks on the left
he can handle the
right hand. In meet-
river would turn to the
d be between his own
e other wagon.
669, at a term of court
Jacob Murtine and
succeeded. They were
in on a chestle together,
r waist, and her arms
about his neck, and con-
l posture about half an
e kissed her and she
ssed one another, as ye
atural curiosities of Har-
ida, is an immense live
ookville, which, seven
l, measures thirty-five
circumference: from
p it has but two large
ading out, and at the
yards across. On one
work of nature is a
ssues a continual
ing some subterranean
going on above the sur-
odd names which par-
their children may be
ames. The Puritans
r religious aspirations
ing modes of utterance
paraphrase indicate:
the Bible for appella-
ound, and called his
prodigious, or perhaps
He delighted on his
phenomenon expressing
lar in his religious
ence, Repentance, or
times invented for his
denomination a lengthy
dmonitory, doctrinal
as Fight-the-good-
ures; Hew-Agag-in-
or even If-Christ-had-
had-been-damned,
of the brother of the
bone. The following
st of them apparently
al aspirations, and
ld seem, a religious
mes in recent registers;
e, Affability, Comfort,
Equality, Faith, Free-
e, Hope, Industry, In-
e, Love, Meditation, Me-
ence, Patience, Peace, P-
erience, Repentance, S-
riety, Temperance, Tr-
isdom and Zeal.

Jeanne Bernier's Carbine.
Translated from the French of Trebert Dumontell.
This is not a tale. It is a souvenir that I
It was in 1870, in a farm-house of Cham-
on the edge of the forests. Over the
piece were hung three guns with mas-
sive butts and glistening barrels. One be-
longed to the father, the other to the son and
the third to the grandson.
Near the window a woman of vigorous
with a rare beauty was spinning on a
singing-wheel. She was not yet forty. She
the daughter-in-law, the wife, the moth-
The three men took down their guns and
out furtively from the house after hav-
first embraced the woman, who, after
leaning from the window, sent them
hearted salute.
Where were they going? Is it necessary
The Germans had just invaded the
country.
Life alone, Jeanne Bernier, her arms
rested upon her breast, gazed sadly at a
carbine that stretched along the wall be-
ween a peweeer crucifix and an image of the
Wandering Jew. If, with your finger, you
could draw aside the crumpled tunic, a stain of
blood would see a red spot, a stain of
blood that flowed for the country.
But why was it there, that useless carbine
rest while the three guns were about to go
to work and make the powder talk also?
There was not in the neighborhood a hand
to take it down, a finger to load it, a French
to aim at a German breast along its bar-
rel? Where was the owner of that car-
bine? He was dead—he was Jeanne's
father. One evening when he had gone
out to hunt Prussians, they had brought him
back to the farmhouse, mortally wounded by
a bullet. He was now now sleeping under a
stone, and all the noise of war could
not awake him. That carbine had done its
work; it was no longer a weapon, it was a
relic.
Meanwhile the Prussians were approach-
ing; every day floods of men and horses
came over the hills and swelled, invading a ham-
let, a village, a town, a wood, a forest, a
valley—a rain, covering our mountains and
prairies, reddening with a foam of blood
the brooks and rivers and from every side
flowing upon the plain.
One night a hand rapped gently at the
door of the farmhouse, that opened to give
admission to a sharpshooter. He was a na-
tive of the district, one of Bernier's friends. He
informed Jeanne that her father, her hus-
band and her son were dead.
Surprised and surrounded in the depths
of a wood by thirty Prussians, twelve
sharpshooters had resisted their attack.
The Berniers had fought and fallen like
heroes.
The father and the husband fell the
first, almost at the same time, upon five or
six corpses of which they had made a ram-
part.
Leaning against a tree, Jeanne's son faced
the fury of his assailants. He was like an
oak rooted against an oak. He seemed in-
vincible, and each time he thrust forth
his bayonet there was a dead man upon its
point.
Then a young Bavarian officer approached,
and with a smile on his lips, stretched him-
self out with a rifle shot, between the father and
the grandfather.
Thus died the three Berniers; thus
were extinguished in an instant three gener-
ations.
After having delivered his message the
sharpshooter, taking advantage of the dark-
ness of the night, said farewell to the widow
and departed to join his comrades.
An hour later, Jeanne took down her
brother's carbine, put on the garment of
the dead man, and in turn quitted that
farm house that her family would never see
again.
She was now no longer either the daughter-
in-law, the wife or the mother; she was only a
French woman. What do I say? She was
only a soldier.
The three guns were silent, and it was
the carbine, that, passing like a heritage
from the hand of her brother to that of
his sister, was going to make the powder talk.
The first warble of the birds had scarcely
announced the day, when Jeanne, crouching
amid the bushes, saw on the edge of the forest
a Uhlan trotting slowly along on his
black horse.
He was a slender young man with a blonde
moustache and blue eyes. From time to
time he removed his helmet shaking out his
curly locks to the breeze of the wood,
breathing with keen enjoyment the balmy
morning air; then he put spurs to his horse
and murmured a musical German song. The
while admiring the beautiful scenery of
France.
Jeanne called to him; he halted. She
cried; he fell.
"I have avenged my father!" said she,
and disappeared.
And all that day she remained concealed in
the bushes, her eyes open, her ear
listening, and her carbine in her hand. Not
a sound save the chant of the cricket or the
screak of the crow.
Not in the evening, at nightfall, the neigh-
ing of a horse made her start.
Jeanne slowly raised her head, gazing
through a large fern as if behind a ja-
nuary.
It was a lieutenant who was advancing at
the head of six dragoons. He was rosy and
stout like those enormous Cupids, that,
upon the smoky panels of the Munich brew-
eries, pour out beer for King Gambrinus to
drink.
He seemed soldered to his saddle as his
pique seemed riveted to his lips. Through
his spectacles sparkled a shrewd glance that
scanned the vicinity, examined the bushes
and the ditches, the stones, the briars and
the tufts of grass. One might have believed
him mounted on a horse fabricated at Num-
berg. When he halted the six dragoons
halted. One might have thought that one
bride rein guided that automatic caval-
cade.
Jeanne brought her carbine to her shoulder;
a hall hissed, and the lieutenant, staggering
in his saddle like a drunken man, suddenly
bent toward the head of the frightened horse
that started off at a gallop, bearing away
a dead man.
"I have avenged my husband," cried the
widow, while the dragoons, thinking them-
selves about to be hemmed in, vanished at
the top of their horses' speed.
Rapidly as a deer Jeanne fled across the
forest. Her gourd was empty and she had
not a mouthful of bread left. But she had
believed! A streamlet gave her water to
drink; a silver tree bore her supper at the
top of its boughs.
On emerging from a thick copse she saw a
cottage it a turn of the road. There, with-
out doubt, she would find bread and rest;
perhaps, shelter for the night that was ap-
proaching; she advanced, then suddenly
halted, scooped and disappeared. At the
door of the cottage stood a German
sergent. At the window a captain of sub-
piral stature was reading a letter from the
Rhine, a family or love letter that he care-
sided with his eyes and read over and over
again.
Jeanne slipped along and approached with-
out stirring a single branch, without making
a grain of sand cry out.
Suddenly the report of a weapon rang out
through the wood and from every tree fled a
bird.
Captain what did your betrothed say to
you? You will never again see the girl who
loves you.
Now there was only a corpse at the win-
dow.
All the soldiers rushed for the cottage,
their guns in their hands, ready to repel
the enemy. But the enemy had fled afar,
shouting:
"I have avenged my son!"
Jeanne Bernier quitted the forest that
patrols followed in every direction. It was
elsewhere that she took her revenge. Wer-
not Prussians to be found everywhere? But
what could she want further? Had she not
avenged her father, her husband and her
son?
Five days had elapsed since the death of
the captain, but she was still braving the
heroic but wretched life of the woods. One
day she dined on a cup of milk given her by
a goatherd; another time, she, the rich farm
owner, shared with an old mendicant the
bread of beggary.
Lying one morning amid the heath and
brom that bordered the highway, Jeanne
Bernier perceived a mass of soldiers waving
at about upon the sunlighted road. Was it a
company, a regiment, an army? They were
more than five hundred, more than a thou-
sand strong, and behind these foot soldiers
the cavalry pressed onward in a cloud of
dust.
At the head of that formidable column
rode, stern and impassible, an old chief with
a long white moustache and a scarred vis-
age.
He was enormously stout, and at each
movement of his horse his huge body
swayed like a barrel; but his vigorous hand
firmly held a naked sword that shone in the
sun.
Jeanne raised her carbine, and the Prus-
sian General, lifting both his hands toward
heaven, rolled like a mass beneath his horse's
hoofs.
But instantly, a ruck full in the breast by
a bullet, the handsome Jeanne Bernier fell
in her turn upon the golden broom, murmur-
ing:
"I have avenged my country!"

FOR THE FARMER.
The Canadian Live Stock Trade.
The Canadian live cattle export trade in-
creased from \$26,000 in 1877 to \$2,500,000
last year, and special efforts are now being
made to develop it still further. Prof.
Brown of the Guelph Agricultural College,
now in Scotland, is urging the cattle-raisers
of Great Britain to transfer the scene of their
operations to Ontario, where stock-raising
can be carried on at about half the expense
involved in England, while thoroughbred
stock sells one-third higher than at home.
The increase of the Canadian imports has ex-
cited the ill-will of some English f.r.a.'s,
who object nearly as strongly to competition
with the Dominion as with the United
States, and whenever plausible grounds pre-
sent themselves, charges are made that the
Canadian cattle are diseased. Last summer
it was alleged that Canadian cattle sold in
Cambridgehire, had foot-and-mouth disease.
It has been amply proved, however, that
the cattle had been inspected and found
healthy before embarkation; that they were
subjected to 10 or 12 days' quarantine on
board the ship; that they were inspected at
Liverpool and declared to be healthy, and
that after staying four days there, a clean
bill of health was again given. Now as foot
and mouth disease manifests itself within
three days of infection, if these animals
were really suffering from the misdey in
Cambridgehire, they must have contracted it
after landing in England.
The Endurance of Australian Horses.
We (Colonies and India) have heard of a
man who used frequently to ride from Bor-
der Town, in the Tatiara, to Wellington in
one day, the distance being say 110 miles,
through the desert, the character of the
country being heavy in the extreme, most of
the way lying through heavy sand. The
time occupied was from twelve to fourteen
hours; 120 to 130 miles on a good road
would have been easier for a horse. Another
man rode from Arabby, near Kapunda, to
near Correny Creek, say 100 miles, in about
fourteen hours. The same man rode from
Kingston to Mr. A. M'Farlane's, near Wel-
lington, say 120 miles in sixteen hours with-
out unseating. A horse was taken early
one summer's morning from Wellington to
Potalook (then Macoolm's station), muster-
ed cattle for some hours, and returned to
Wellington at about four p. m., the distance
travelled being fully 50 miles. He was then
taken by another rider to Adelaide, where
he reached between ten and eleven p. m.
The only refreshment the horse had on the
road was two bottles of porter. The total
distance travelled from morning was 115
miles. A rider left the Avenue station ab-
out ten a. m., reached the Salt Creek late at
night (about ten o'clock), got a fresh horse
from the celebrated M. Martin, and started
early the following morning, and reached
Adelaide in the afternoon (between four and
five o'clock), having ridden about 130 miles
the last day. A third rode from Salt Creek
south-east, in about twelve hours, having
started at midnight, and reached Adelaide
before noon next day. He rode the same
horse, Percy, who was unmatched for cour-
age, strength and speed, to Mount Barker
the same day, the whole ride being about
150 miles. Another severe ride was once
done by a native of Sydney, who was one of
a party bringing horses down from New
South Wales. The horses broke away back
on one occasion, and the man galloped for
several hours to head them. When he re-
turned to the camp in the evening he was
dreadfully exhausted, and could only just
ask for a drink of tea, and while he was
drinking it his horse fell down dead. The
exact distance ridden was not known, but
it was reckoned to be considerably over 100
miles. On most of these journeys the horses
had little or nothing to eat.
Bones on the Farm.
It is well enough known that bone, when
ground fine, makes one of the best and cheap-
est manures, especially on lands long in use.
The needs of farmers with abundant capital
are well enough met in the commercial fer-
tilizers. With the Experiment Stations to
analyze the samples, there is not much dan-
ger of adulteration. The high price of this
communioned bone, two cents a pound and
upward, deters many farmers from using it
on a large scale, even when there is no doubt
that the investment would pay. In a limited
way the small farmer has the means within
his reach of reducing several barrels of bone
to a fine powder every year. A solution of
potash will reduce bone to a fine condition,
and make it available for plant food. Most
farmers still use wood for fuel, and the ashes
from the fifteen or twenty cords used in a
year, if saved, would reduce all the bones
ordinarily within reach of the farmer. The
old-fashioned leach that used to stand at
almost every farmer's back door for soap
making was a good contrivance for reducing
the bone. But any tight, strong cask, or
box, will answer quite as well for this pur-
pose. Water poured upon the ashes makes
a lye, or solution of potash, strong
enough to decompose the bones. The cask
should stand under cover, so that the quan-
tity of water applied to the bone and ashes
may be under control. The time it will take
to reduce the bone to a powder will depend
upon the amount of potash in the ashes, and
attention bestowed upon the process. It is
essential that the ashes and bone should be
closely packed in the mass, and that they be
kept in a moist state, adding water as it
evaporates from the surface. The finer the
bone before it is packed in the ashes the
sooner it will be reduced. The process can
be hastened by putting into the mass a few
grounds of common potash. But this is only
necessary to save time. Ashes from hickory,
or any of the hard woods contain sufficient
potash to decompose the bones. When the
mass is soft enough to down with a spade or
shovel, it can be mixed with land plaster,
dried peat or kyan, to make it convenient
for handling. It is a concentrated fertilizer
to be used with discretion in the hill, or ap-
plied as a top dressing to growing crops in
the garden or field.
We are quite sure that any one who uses
this preparation of bone and wood ashes,
and sees the vigorous peas that give to garden
and other crops, will be likely to continue
it. But many farmers near sea ports and
railroad stations use coal mainly for fuel,
and will have to resort to a hand or horse-
mill to use up the waste bones. Small mills
are extensively used by poultry man, and
crushing oyster shells as well as bone, and
the machinery can be adjusted to break the
bones coarsely for use as a fertilizer. The oil
and grease of the bones have an alimentary
value, and turned into soap, may make better
than when used as a fertilizer for the soil.—
American Agriculturist.

SCIENTIFIC.
A fireproof ceiling has been invented. It
is composed of tiles supported from joists by
hangers, and hanging facing tiles placed on
the sides of the joists at top tiles placed be-
tween the upper joists. The top tiles and the
sides of the joists are covered by a
layer of cement, rendering the ceiling secure
against fire.
To make plastic carbons for batteries the
following receipt is recommended by M. Max
Nitsche-Nitsky:—Good coke is ground and
mixed with coal tar to a stiff dough and
pressed into moulds made of iron and brass.
After drying for a few days in a closed
place it is heated in a furnace, where it is
protected from the direct flames and burn-
ed feebly at first, then strongly, the fire being
gradually raised to a white heat, which is
maintained for six or eight hours. The fire
is then permitted to slowly go down, and
being perfectly cold the carbon is taken out
of the furnace.
In Naples a submarine balloon has been
vented which will sink people to the bottom
of the Mediterranean shore waters, where
they can enjoy the natural aquaria there to
be seen. It is a balloon of steel, with three
compartments—one for the actuating me-
chanism and one for the passenger, to the
number of eight. There are glass windows
for looking at the fishes, shells, and weeds,
and the height of the balloon in the water is
regulated by means of the collapsible bladder.
A telephone connects the balloon, which is
capable of sailing away, with the shore
by a bat above.
Hitherto it has puzzled eminent surgeons
to account for sudden death caused by ap-
parently inadequate wounds in the heart,
such as those made by the prick, without
penetration even of a needle. Herr Schney
a student of the Physiological Institute, Ber-
lin, has, however, just discovered that when
a needle pricks a certain small spot on the
lower border of the upper third of the sep-
tum cordis, quite instantaneously the move-
ments of the heart are arrested and it re-
sets motionless in death. "It is now the
task of anatomical investigation," says Prof.
Kronecker, who verified the discovery of his
pupil, Herr Schney, and communicated it to
the Physiological Society of Berlin, "to
demonstrate with accuracy this vital centre,
the existence of which has been proved ex-
perimentally."
Common salt, chloride of sodium, is the
most widely distributed substance, in the
body; it exists in every fluid and in every
solid; and not only is everywhere present,
but in almost every part it constitutes the
largest portion of the ash when the tissue is
burnt. In particular, it is a constant con-
stituent of the blood, and it maintains it in a
proportion that is almost wholly independent
of the quantity that is consumed with the
food. The blood will take up no more,
however much we may take with our food,
and, on the other hand, if none be given, the
blood parts with its natural quantity slowly
and unwillingly. Nothing can demonstrate
its value better than the fact that if albumen
without salt is introduced into the intes-
tines of an animal, no portion of it is ab-
sorbed, while it all quickly disappears if salt
be added. The conclusion therefore is ob-
vious that salt, being wholly so, and indeed,
necessary, should be taken in small quan-
tities, and that abstention from it is likely to
be injurious.

CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.
M. Pasteur's Wonderful Discovery of the
Efficiency of Inoculation.
The Government has appointed a commis-
sion to enquire into the practicability of pre-
venting hydrophobia by inoculation, as pro-
posed by Professor Pasteur.
In an interview with a *Figaro* correspon-
dent M. Pasteur says:—"I have been devot-
ing the last four years to this subject. I
found out, in the first place, that the virus
rabique loses its intensity by transmission
to certain animals and increases its in-
tensity by transmission to other animals.
With the rabbit, for instance, the virus
rabique increases; with the monkey it decreases.
My method was as follows:—I took the
virus direct from the brain of a dog that had
died from actual hydrophobia. With this
virus I inoculated a monkey. The monkey
died. Then with the virus—already weak-
ened in intensity—taken from the monkey,
I inoculated a rabbit; with the virus taken
from the second monkey I inoculated a third
monkey, and so on until I obtained a virus
so weak as to be almost harmless. Then
with this almost harmless virus, I inoculated
a rabbit, the virus being at once increased in
intensity.
"Then with the virus from the first rabbit
I inoculated a second rabbit, and there was
another increase in the intensity of the virus.
Then with the virus of the second rabbit I
inoculated a third rabbit, then a fourth,
until the virus had regained its maximum
intensity. Thus I obtained virus of different
degrees of power. I then took a dog and in-
oculated him, first with the weakest virus
from the rabbit, then with the virus from
the second rabbit and finally with the rabbit
virus of maximum intensity. After a few
days more I inoculated the dog with virus
taken directly from the brain of a dog that
had just died of acute madness. The dog
upon which I had experimented proved com-
pletely insusceptible to hydrophobia. The
experiment was frequently repeated, always
with the same successful result.
"But my discovery does not end here. I
took two dogs and inoculated them both
with virus taken directly from a dog that
had just died of acute hydrophobia. I let
one of my two dogs thus inoculated alone,
and he went mad and died of acute hydro-
phobia. I subjected the second dog to my
treatment, giving him the three rabbit in-
oculations, beginning with the weakest and
ending with the strongest. This second dog
was completely cured, or rather became
completely insusceptible to hydrophobia."
M. Pasteur then went to a kennel and
cared a dog that had undergone this
latter operation. "Voyez!" said M. Pas-
teur, "comme il est bien gentil. Whoever
gets bitten by a mad dog has only to submit
to my three little inoculations and he need
not have the slightest fear of hydrophobia."

CAKE PUDDING.—Butter six of an egg,
one cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of cream-
tarter, half teaspoonful of soda, one pint of
flour, fruit.
HOLLAND WAZZLE.—A half cupful of
rendered butter with a pint of sweet
milk, a yeast cake, one egg, and half nutmeg
and flour to make a batter. Bake in waffle
iron.
Perhaps one of the most beautiful senti-
ments of our fallen humanity, says the
Kilmarnock Standard, is that which prompts
us to conserve the dust of the dear depart-
ed, and to regard their last resting place as
God's-ears as a spot peculiarly hallowed.
The sanctity of the church is enhanced by
the graves of buried love that lie around it,
and there is no more fitting preparation for
the solemn services of the anniversary than a
meditation among the tombstones. As Gray ex-
presses it in his *Elegy*:—"From the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
'Tis in our ashes live their wonted fires."
Despite the croakings of utilitarians this im-
mortality of love cannot be eradicated from
the soul, nor is it desirable that it should be.
It has its origin in the self same feeling
that animates the patriot, and in those
bonds of human affection that form the
very foundation of society. Anything,
therefore, that tends to outrage or repress
this last salute of the afflicted soul is to be
regretted, more especially where it appears to
be the outcome of mere wantonness and not
justified by actual necessity. Last week
we had occasion to chronicle the burial at
sea of the remains of Mr. David Hill Dow,
a Kilmarnock gentleman, who died sudden-
ly on his way to revisit his native town, and
the last rites, strange to say, were perform-
ed within two days of the vessel's arrival at
Glasgow.
A still more melancholy case is that of
Mr. James Hendry, of the National Bank,
Patrick, and a magistrate that burgh,
who left his native country recently in the
hope of restoring his health by a voyage to
America. Sea-sickness, however, struck
him down soon after a sailing, to which he
succumbed when the vessel was but four
days' sail from New York. The conduct of
the ship's officers to his anguished widow,
though quite within their powers, has the
appearance of being hard-hearted in the ex-
treme. To her piteous pleadings that the
body be left on board for the few interven-
ing days they turned a deaf ear; within two
hours after decease the corpse was commit-
ted to the deep. This haste was surely un-
seemly and altogether unnecessary, gratui-
tously adding to the pignancy of the grief
of the sole human being on board to whom
the dust was dear. In cases of contagious
or malignant disease stern necessity must
override all other considerations, but in
cases such as we have just cited it is surely
possible to place the remains in a mortuary
on board, convey them to their destina-
tion, and hand them over to the sorrowing
relatives. Such a provision, on steamships
especially, should be easy of accomplish-
ment and the wonder is that things have
been tolerated so long in their present un-
satisfactory condition.
Law-Made Evils.
And yet the mischiefs wrought by unin-
structed law making, enormous in their
amount; as compared with those caused by
uninstructed medical treatment, are con-
spicuous to all who do but glance over its
history. The reader must pardon me while
I recall a few familiar instances. Century
after century statesmen went on enacting
laws which made worse the condition of the
debtor—raising the rate of interest "from
five to six when intending to reduce it to
four," as under Louis XV., and indirectly
producing untold evils of many kinds,
such as preventing the reproductive use of
spare capital, and "burdening the small
proprietors with a multitude of perpetual
services." So, too, the endeavours which
in England continued through five hundred
years to stop forestalling, and which in
France as Arthur Young witnessed, pre-
vented any one from buying "more than
two bushels of wheat at market," went on
generation after generation increasing the
miseries and mortality due to death; for as
everybody now knows, the wholesale dealer,
who was in the statute of "De Pistoribus"
vituperated as "an open oppressor of poor
people," is simply one whose function it is
to equalize the supply of a commodity by
checking unduly rapid consumption. Of
kindred nature was the measure which, in
1315, to diminish the pressure of famine,
prescribed the prices of foods, but which
was hastily repealed after it had caused en-
tire disappearance of various foods from the
markets; and also such measures, more
continuously operating, as those which
settled by magisterial order "the reasonable
gain" of vintners. Of like spirit and fol-
lowed by allied mischiefs have been the
many endeavours to fix wages, which began
with the Statute of Labourers under Ed-
ward III., and ceased only a sixty years ago;
when, having long galvanized in Spital-
fields a decaying industry, and fostered
there a miserable population, Lords and
Commons finally gave up fixing silk-weav-
ers' earnings by magisterial order.
The Luxury of Life in India.
We have no idea of the extreme to which
luxury may be carried, says a Calcutta let-
ter. When I say luxury, I have in mind
personal helplessness, acquired by long an
diligent study. Think of sleeping with a
punkah waving over you all night, operated
by a tireless coolie, as many of the wealthy
people in Calcutta do. Soft-footed Hindoos
move noiselessly along the marble floors,
their spider-like bodies concealed in respect-
able sirrags. Every want is attended to before
you can get a chance to help yourself. Even
if it is so small a thing as putting on your
hat or slippers, opening an umbrella, or
washing a id dressing in the morning, there
is a polite attendant waiting at your side to
assist.
To us this multiplicity of servants is, at
first, a nuisance. We feel that we might as
well be permitted to make our own toilet in
peace, and look upon these silent but omni-
present attendants as annoyances. But when
we reflect that the servant can not enter a
room without a knowledge of the English lan-
guage, our independent spirit gradually suc-
cumbs to the climate, and we at length pass
into a languid, dreamy state of acquiescence,
accepting the most trivial and petty ser-
vices from these dusky creatures as though
always accustomed to them.
Really help is to reap here that it seems
a pity not to avail yourself of a small army
of servants. I have yet to meet a mission-
ary family in the Orient that did not em-
ploy at least three or four, who take upon
themselves the entire responsibility of the
house-work.
Every Wednesday for years Miss Braddon
(Mrs. Maxwell) has given a roasted leg of
mutton for a dinner to the poor children of
a neighboring public school.

Names of Vessels.
The London *Nautical Magazine* says:
"The name borne by the largest number of
vessels is Mary. There are over 200 sailing
vessels, and 5 steamers named Mary, over
100 Mary Ann, and about 700 vessels in
which Mary is the first word of the name.
Next to the Marys come the Elizabeths,
Janes, and Sarahs, and then the Williams,
which alone of male names exceeds 106. A
very large number of the names in the list
are Christian; and perhaps next to them is
a class of names in which the word Brothers
occurs, indicating, doubtless, a partnership
in the vessels. There are 80 Brothers (of
which 26 hail from one port, St. John, N.-
foundland), 42 Two Brothers, 36 Three
Brothers, 20 Four Brothers, 7 Five Brothers
and Six Brothers, 8 Seven Brothers, 2 Nine
Brothers and Ten Brothers. Not only do
popular statesmen, members of the royal
family, and distinguished generals furnish
names, but in the Mercantile Marine List
one may see celebrated the last victory, the
winner of the Derby, and the sensation of
the hour. Ten Gladstones attest the popu-
larity of the present Premier, five Escoffiers,
two Earl Escoffields, three Earls of
Escoffield, and three Lord Escoffields
commemorate the last. Among the additions
of last year was a Lord Wolesey, an Alce-
tor, and a Tel-el Kebir. The great trial of
twelve years ago has traces left in a Dr.
Kenely and a Sir Roger T. Chborne; the
Ashantee war in a Coomassie, a Black
Watch, an Ashantee, and more than one
King Koffee; the Zulu war in two Csty-
wayos, a Runke's Drift, and a number of
Zulus."

INSANE FROM GRIEF.
The Reason of a Maryland Mother De-
throned by the Death of Her
Children.
A sad case of insanity, caused by a
mother's devotion to her sick children, has
just been brought to light at Baltimore, M. I.,
by the removal of the victim to the asylum
for the insane. About seven years ago
Miss Ella Sherwood, a pretty young girl re-
siding in Frederick County, M. I., married a
young farmer named James Douglas, of
Hartford County. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas
lived near Pleasantville, and two pretty
children were the fruit of their union.
About three weeks ago the children aged
three and five years, were taken sick with
whooping-cough. Mrs. Douglas nursed
them, and for days never left their bedside.
On Monday she became delirious, and it
was thought she would die before her child-
ren. On Monday night, about midnight,
the youngest child breathed its last, and the
next night the oldest child died. The
corpses were prepared for burial and placed
in the parlor adjoining the bed-room occu-
pied by Mrs. Douglas. The husband of the
latter sat up with the corpses on Tuesday,
latter sat up with the corpses on Tuesday,
and about midnight Wednesday, becoming
exhausted himself from loss of sleep, he
went in to a side room and napped for a few
hours. He awakened about 3 o'clock next
morning and discovered that during his ab-
sence from the parlor the dead body of the
youngest child had been taken from the cof-
fin and carried away. The occupants of the
house were aroused, and a search developed
that Mrs. Douglas, mother of the children,
had during her delirious moments arisen
from her sick bed, gone to the parlor, and
taken the corpse to an outside building, where
she was found later with the dead child
clashed tightly to her bosom. Physicians
were summoned and she was declared in-
sane. She was removed to an asylum next
day.