Supplement to the "Acton Free Press."

FARM AND GARDEN.

Seasonable Information for Tillers of the Soil.

Raw-Hide Horse-Shoes.

A method of shoeing horses with raw hide has long been in use on the plains, and found so serviceable and convenient that it might doubtless be found useful in many places where there are long periods of hot weather. There are also cases frequently occurring in which diseases of the feet may be alleviated by the temporary use of shoes cut from raw-hide or properly prepared sole leather. With these, that portion of the foot which needs the most precaution, viz., the crust or walls of the hoof where it meets the sole, will be preserved from contact with hard or rough surfaces; while the frog, generally too much protected, will touch the ground and become subjected to healthful action. For warm work, upon smooth soils, free from stones and gravel, this kind of shoe will be useful during the summer season. A simple strip of raw-hide or sole leather, well filled with hot pine tar, to make it hard and waterproof, will be sufficient for general use. A more durable shoe may be made of two or more thicknesses, fastened together by copper rivets.

Winter Treatment of Sheep.

A correspondent of the *American Live Stock Journal* says:

Having practised for several years the system of keeping my sheep in close confinement during winter, I do not hesitate to recommend it to others. For two winters I kept one hundred wethers under a hay mow, 20 by 30, with a side rack round the outside on a sill, with a double rack through the centre which divided the flock into fifties. One 4½ foot door was opened at a time, for an hour in the middle of the day, giving its fifty an opportunity to go into an open yard for water. All the rest of the time they were kept shut close, with only just room to lie down. They did better than those with twenty-five, and were penned by turning two open racks at right angles, giving the ewes a chance at two sides of a rack. These are watered by setting a box 15x24 inches, and 8 inches deep, in the rack and the water carried to it with a pail. This allows two flocks to drink from one box. Before foddering, the box is turned over and left in the rack. A little meal thrown into the box will stop all the leaks. Ten good sized ewes, will drink three pails of water, but will do very well with half that amount daily. The watering should be during the warmest part of the day, and once a day is sufficient. Care should be taken not to overfeed. I think it is equally as detrimental to overfeed sheep on hay, as it is horses or cattle on grain. It is not as well to let a horse or an ox have free access to an oat bin, as to give them a regular meal twice a day. So with the sheep they should only have what they can eat up clean, in from one hour to one hour and a half. Some practice giving the sheep more than they want, and then clean out the racks for the colts. A careful feeder will only give what is needed, and with a very little care can come very near the actual wants of the flock. I do not hesitate to say it is far better for the flock than over-feeding, whether fed on hay, straw, or grain. The practice of stacking sheep out, and at best give them an open shed, cannot be too highly censured. Sheep are very regardless of the future. They will frequently stand out during a sharp rain and chew the cud, when they might as well seek a near shelter. The fleece forms a temporary protection, and a sheep feels the storm very little through it, unless accompanied with wind or severe cold. It is the days that follow a wet fleece that tell on the health and constitution of a flock of sheep. It is this that the flock-master must look to with especial care, as the sheep has only the instinct for his present wants. The future depends on the shepherd. The objection most frequently urged against this method of wintering sheep, is that the ewe has too little exercise for the health and strength of the lamb. I feared that myself, but practice has proved my success, as my flock of lambs can now speak for themselves, as nearly as a dumb animal can speak. They can at least speak understandingly to the eye of a practical wool grower. The flock should be foddered soon after daylight in the morning, and early enough at night to allow them time to clean all up before dark. Sheep kept in this way will have a sprightly look from the eye, and when standing at ease are inclined to stand with fore and hind feet apart. While those exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather, will stand with all the feet close together, roach back and dull eye. Too much ventilation is a source of annoyance to a flock. When I keep all the sides closed for weeks, my flock does better than when left open.

Wearing Out Soils.

We have a good deal said constantly about soil deterioration, and their ultimately wearing out. In all old settled countries where a slack system of farming is carried on, the soil soon loses its fertility, and resort must be had to heavy manuring, or such a system of fallow renovation that while the soil may have rest in the direction in which it may be depleted, some crop may be raised to shade the ground, and eventually be turned under to furnish food for succeeding crops. It is quite true that we may not draw on any soil year after year in the production of special crops, without unfitting it for fair production. We may easily unfit most soils mechanically so that their productive qualities will be locked up, yet this being done under inefficient cultivation, a practical man will take a farm, and in a few years bring it again up in a fair standard of fertility. It is a fixed law that whatever elements of fertility are carried away from a soil must again be some way replaced. Hence the well-known value of manures, of clover and of various plants that may be plowed under to again render the soil fertile. Hence again in all well conducted farming the necessity of a well digested rotation of crops, adapted to the special soils worked. All farms are not adapted to wheat, or to corn, to stock grazing, or dairying. Hence every farmer grows such crops as his judgment dictates as best adapted to the nature of his land, and the more intelligent ones seek by diversified crops not only to keep the fertility intact, but to improve it. The good farmer cultivates not only such crops by are best adapted to his home market, and as exercises of good business sagacity keeps his soil not only intact, but often increases his yield materially. There is, indeed, much sense, as well as nonsense, mixed up with this question of soils running down. It is, however, the non-reading and generally slack farmer who lets his soil run down, while the business farmer is not only careful to keep his farm fully up to its natural fertility, but seeks by every means in his power to make it more and more productive year by year until at last he is gratified with knowing that he has reached the point of maximum fertility.

Lice on Cattle.

The best, as well as the cheapest and surest remedy for lice on cattle we have ever used is kerosene. It is easily applied. First saturate a sponge with water, then dip it in the oil, and go over the parts infested. We propose trying oil in the whitewash for the chicken house and think it will prove a sure cure. It may make the place look a little streaky or smeared, and, if it does, it will not hurt: at it will, we think, rid us of the pests. When we told "Dick" to paint the roosts and nests with it, and put a little under the wings, he thought our idea was to kill off his broods because of their raids on the small fruit bushes; now, he, too has learned its value.

Poultry Notes.

Perches for heavy fowls should be at least three inches in diameter; if they are too small the weight of a heavy fowl is apt to produce crookedness of the breast-bone.

Feed all the unsalable vegetables to the chickens.

Late cut rowen soaked in warm water, and then sprinkled with corn meal makes good winter food for geese.

If you have any first class poultry to [illegible] for breeding purposes, use a little printer's ink—it will accomplish wonders.

Where one wishes to keep a large number of fowls, and to raise early chicks, a two story fowl house will be just the thing.

Mr. Ayers says that the Plymouth Rocks are probably the most perfectly adapted to all climates and localities of any of the modern varities of standard fowls.

Pumpkins boiled and mixed with corn make very good chicken food.

See that your rooster perches are far enough from the side of the house, otherwise you may have a lot of wry tailed chickens on hand.

Don't buy of those who claim to have the "best and only good stock of fowls in the country," and offer to sell them for almost nothing; you will get cheated if you do.

The demand for good Plymouth Rocks is greater this year than ever before.

"DISTRICT" TELEGRAPH BOYS.

The telegraph is now made to do a great many services in large cities. Instead of merely sending messages from one person to another, instruments are placed in private houses, and the occupants, by merely pressing a knob, can summon a policeman, or give an alarm in case of fire, or call a messenger to do any service that may be required. The principal company in New York which controls such a telegraph system, is the American District Telegraph Company. The boys in this company's employ have many duties to perform which are not required of the Western Union boys, and they therefore have a great many things to learn before they can be provided with work. When the hirer of a District instrument calls for a messenger, the boy can never know what he may be wanted for. He may be told to hurry for a physician, he may be given a package for delivery, or a bill to collect, or he may be sent by a broker to deliver stock or have a check certified,—in fine, his duties are too varied for me to name them all. When it is remembered that about 4,500 District instruments are now in use in New York, and that 1,513,265 messages were delivered by the District boys in the year ended September 30, 1877, some notion of manifold services required of them can be formed.

It is easy to see that an inexperienced and unskilful messenger in such an employment would only prove himself a nuisance to the public and an injury to the company. Every boy, therefore, who is employed by the American District Telegraph Company is put into a training-school, and this school is a very interesting one.

The school-room is provided with wooden benches, like those found in old-fashioned country district schools, but the instruction given is entirely in regard to the business of the company. Every candidate for a place must know how to read and write before he can be put into the school. It is of course necessary for the boys to know the situation of every street in the city. A large map of the city is therefore placed before them, with the streets marked on it, but without their names. The teacher points out different streets to his pupils, and they are required to name them. In this way a messenger-boy soon acquires a more complete knowledge of the city's thoroughfares than many an old resident can boast of. In one part of the room are telegraph instruments such as the company uses, and the boys are taught how to send and receive messages on them. Then there is a miniature bank, where they are taught about the use of checks, and there is a kind of make-believe broker's office, where they are taught how to deliver stock, etc. Much attention is given to the instruction in the bank and in the broker's office, as bankers and brokers are the messenger-boys constantly.

There is, beside all this, a great deal for the boys to learn about the company's methods of business, which I need not explain in detail. They must make themselves familiar with the "tariff book," which tells them how much a boy must charge for going from any one place in the city to any other. They must learn the use of the different kinds of tickets, on which the temporary record of their service is kept. They must know when to charge for a car or stage fare and when it is proper for them to walk.

The American District Telegraph Company employs on an average 550 boys, who are distributed throughout the city among twenty-three offices. Each office has from five to eighty boys in attendance, according to its location, and every boy is expected to serve ten hours a day. In some of the offices, constant employment cannot be found for all the boys during this time, and one form of promotion is to send a boy to an "easy district."

When a boy arrives at his office in the morning, he goes to the sergeant, who notes if he is on time or not. Then he puts on his uniform and reports to the manager, who ascertains whether or not his hands are clean and his hair is neatly brushed. If he passes this examination successfully, he takes a seat ready for duty. The boys respond to the calls in the order of the numbers early in the morning; afterward they take their turns.

A faithful boy in the employ of this company is never discharged merely because business is dull, the resignation of boys who tire of their duties or leave for other causes, and the dismissal of boys who are unsatisfactory, rapidly decreasing the force when additions are not made. It has required no little skill to arrange the services that inefficient messengers may be detected among so many; but this has been accomplished by an admirable system of records, and discipline is enforced by means of fines and extra hours, which soon lessen the wages, or prolong the period of daily service, of those boys who prove remiss.—*W. A. Linn, in St. Nicholas for December.*

PERSONAL.

Rev. Mr. Mueller, of Bristol, England, will leave Ottawa for Brockville after filling his engagements at the first-named city. He also intends visiting several of the American cities before returning to England.

Mr. Butler, of the Stratford *Times*, is spoken of as a candidate for the mayoralty of that town.

Labouchere wishes that every man of note who writes an editorial article should sign it with his name.

George Francis Train again becomes a lecture fiend.

Benedict Arnold's autographs brought more at a recent sale than those of Bonaparte and Frederick the Great.

Mr. Delane, late editor of the London *Times*, died of Bright's disease, of which two of his brothers have died before him.

The mother and sister of Michael Davitt, one of the arrested Irish agitators, live in Philadelphia.

The Earl of Lonsdale is the defendant in an action brought against him in the Common Pleas Division by a horse-dealer to recover the value of three geldings supplied to his wife. The defendant pleaded that the Countess of Lonsdale had no authority to contract the debt and that the horses had not been ordered by him.

Rev. James Smythe, M. A., formerly incumbent of St. John's church, Strathroy, died at Shelborne on Tuesday.

W. W. S. Ireland, wife of the Manager of the Back of Commerce, in Chatham, is prostrated with pleurisy and inflammation of the lungs.

—They were meandering arm in arm up the street, and a short distance ahead of them walked a young lady very handsomely attired. The sun was about setting and its light was throwing a beautiful crimson glow all over the earth. He said, in a rather subdued tone of voice: "How beautiful! perfectly grand!" etc. "Well, I don't know," was the response from the fair one by his side, "I don't admire her style, and the dress is a mighty poor fit." He weakened, and the subject interested him no more.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

—An Englishman who deplores that England should have made shoddy goods says that their trade was lost to them when they came to the conclusion that all the rest of the world were fools.

COMIC BUDGET.

—Skaters "go as they please" with a green hand.

—Kisses by telephone taste like a boiled china egg on toast.

—You will always find that the man who begs a cigarette can whistle a tune.

—When the time arrives for a baby to commence eating bread, you should break it to him gently.

—It is said that anxious mothers and aunts think that all girls must pass through "the plain age."

—The Russian Government have now decided to transport Siberian prisoners by sea in most cases.

—An ounce of keep-your-mouth-shut is better than a pound of explanation after you have said it.

—It is only in New York that a woman dares sue for a divorce from a man she never was married to.

—A London paper believes that it is much more important to a girl to be pretty than a boy to be clever.

—Husbands never meet their wives with "smiles" on their lips; they wipe them off before they get home.

—When a woman promenades the streets leading a dog, it looks as if she couldn't get anything else on a string.

—Womankind is like cider,—sweet when first squeezed, but growing more vinegar-like after lying around for a few years.

—Baron Nathan Rothschild, of Vienna, pays his cook $2,500 a year and spends $60 a day in wages to his thirty other servants.

—Great men pay high prices for choice library books, make a show of them, die, and the heirs sell out for what they will bring.

—Crepe flowers are considered very beautiful and are extensively used on bridal dresses where orange-blossoms are no longer a prime necessity.

—Dinna forget St. Andrew's Day,
While this year comes on Sunday;
But gae to church baith morn and eve,
And remember the concert on Monday.

—A man who won't git up and git and yell and whoop and upset gates when the fire-bells ring will never be heard of even in a police court.

—Cetewayo's four wives have each been presented with a concertina, and the unfortunate Cet. will immediately take to the woods.

—Give us a pyramid.—*New York World.* Give us a sphynx.—*Chicago Times.* Give us a mummy.—*Cincinnati Commercial.* Give us a rest.

—An English gentleman bought cheap American cheese, and, mixing it with corn meal, fed it to pigs, which it fattened immensely.

—Every man is the architect of his own fortunes. That's the reason a fortune always costs him fifty per cent. over and above his estimates.

—Take a dormant bumble-bee, put him on the teacher's desk before school begins, and then study your geography and wait for a thaw and results.

—A young man in Manitoba sent an offer of marriage to a girl whom he fancied, and in reply received a telegram: "Come on with your minister."

—The thoughtful girl who tells her gentlemen callers what her other gentlemen friends are going to give her Christmas is taking time right by the top knot.

—There was a bold burgher of Ottawa,
Whose cane and legs were all shot away.
He shouted, "I want to
Know what place Tu-tun to,
When once I have moseyed and got away."

—Lady—How old are you, little boy? Little darkey—Well, if you goes by what mudder says I's six; but if you goes by de fun I's had I's most a hundred.

—When a barber takes your nose between his thumb and forefinger you can easily tell whether he has been smoking a real meerschaum or a venerable T. D. pipe.

—Boy, see here. A ten-year-old in Maine hid under the lounge to hear what sister Mary's beau would say. Lightning struck the house, ran along the floor—dead boy.

—If Jacob's ladder was now to be placed against the entrance of Heaven you couldn't induce anybody to ascend it. An opposition elevator would get all the passenger traffic.

—I have gone through life thus far with no mere man dangling at my skirts and impending my progress. Hooray! A bit of the wing, if you please.—*Susan B. Anthony.*

—There are nineteen "sure cures" for intemperance now advertised, but not one of them can begin with putting a chap behind the bars where he can't get hold of whiskey.

—A new-made granger in the West said to his wife, "Martha, we'll have lots of pumpkins next year. I planted about forty; had to dig awful holes to put 'em in though."

—There is an old maid at Duluth
That squints and has only one tooth;
But she thinks that leap-year
Will be pleasantly here—
So you'd better not go to Duluth.

—Spurgeon says: "I care not where a man goes at night after hearing my sermon in the morning. If I cannot impress his mind and keep him from evil it is my fault not his."

—It is the opinion of the *New York Times* that "next to a gift for inventing there is scarcely any more dangerous than that of a talent for singing, especially in the case of a woman."

—Speaking of the Moderation Society, the *Burlington Hawkeye* says its guiding principle prohibits more than one drink at a time. But we dare say there are provisions for cases of sickness.

—Says a New York corn-doctor: "As long as there are women there will be tight shoes and corns and bunions, and as long as there are corns and bunions I can make $10,000 a year."

—Lady—"And put just a tint of carmine on the cheeks, but not too much, you know." Photographer—"Exactly, madame; I perfectly understand; about as much as you have on now."

—A proper conclusion for the marriage ceremony in many of our fashionable "society" weddings would be: "What commercial interests have joined together, let no ill-temper put asunder!"

—"There was never any situation so bad that it could not be worse," says an American philosopher. For instance, a man on the gallows might be lost in the woods without even a dog for company.

—An old farmer whose zeal at grace was hardly sufficient to suppress his appetite used to end his prayer in the following unpunctuated manner: "And bless us all for Christ's sake Joe pass the potatoes."

—They met, 'twas on the street—
"Oh! such a bonnet!" thought the one—
The other thought: "Wha feet!"
Yet they did talk—
Together walk—
And kissed each other's cheeks—and chalk.

—If children were taught to say "Mother" instead of "Ma," the blood curdling cry of a young goat in the adjoining field would never cause an anxious parent to rush out to see what was the matter with her darling.

—Three kittens have died of diphtheria in Ogdensburg. They contracted the disease from children infected with it. The post-mortem examination showed plainly the diphtheritic membrane in the kittens' throats.

—"Hey, Jim, let's be oarsmen." "Oarsmen? Humph, you can't row." "Who said anything about rowing?" "Do Hanlan and Courtney row? And ain't they the greatest oarsmen in the country?"—*Oil City Derrick.*

—A horse in Chicago drank two gallons of beer by mistake for water, and in about fifteen minutes he danced around the wagon and wanted to know who run that town, and didn't. It effects everything just that way.

—The *Chicago Tribune* announces that George Agustus Sala is coming to this country, and incidentally reminds its readers that he is the gentleman for whom the well-known song, A. Sala's wife A. Sala's star should be" was written.

—The liberal man has a blessing
Far greater than miser's pelf,
For there's nothing quite so distressing
As a man in love with himself.

She was my *idol* while I wooed;
My *idol* when I won;
My *ideal* when in after years
Ways *idle* had she done.

—You can train the eye to see all the bright places in your life, and to slip over the hard ones with surprising ease. You can also train the eye to rest on the gloomy spots, in utter forgetfulness of all that is bright and beautiful.

—The subject for conversation at an evening entertainment was the intelligence of animals, particularly dogs. Says Smith, "There are dogs that have more sense than their masters." "Just so," responds young Fitznoodle. "I've got that kind of a dog myself."

—Tis the sweetest thing in life to see the childlike simplicity and deference to maternal authority which a maiden of 35 or 40 will exhibit before a roomfull of people as she skips across the floor to ask dear mamma if she may walk up and down the piazza for a little while.

ANOMALIES.

—The polished stove which warms your room
Is blackest when it's bright;
The head and limbs and mind of man
Are loosest when he's tight;
These folks who are by blood akin
Get up the bitterest fight;
The blindest man can't build a home
Unless he has his sight.

—An old farmer in Oakland county, Mich., 81 years old, was turned out of doors by his son. He hobbled round to the barn and burned up the whole establishment, which represented the work of his lifetime. His grit held out to the end.

—The Berlin correspondent of the Paris *Globe* says that Prince Bismarck, now intent on getting all railroads into the hands of the State, contemplates that as soon as possible the State shall become grand insurer—life, fire and marine. He has directed minute inquiries into the business.

—Writing to your aunt that you would be glad to see her and her five children at your house on Christmas is something like sending for a lottery ticket. In the one case you hope she won't come, and in the other you don't expect to draw a prize.

—We respect an emotionally insane poet, an intellectually eccentric poet, or even a fool poet, but of all the poets we do cordially despise, it is the toadying poet who grinds out machine verse for the purpose of currying favor with a great man.

THE REJECTED LOVER.

Since thou that fatal word hast spoke,
With cruel lip and careless air,
Which, breathing o'er my heart-strings, woke
Æolian moanings of despair;
Since that thy haughty sire has turned
An icy shoulder to my suit,
And, while my wasted love is spurned,
Threatens this wasted form—to boot;
Avenging fury fires my breast—
With wild desire my heart is riven
That thou within thy dowry nest
Mayst get as good as thou has given!

—Lady of the house:—"In the name of common sense, Molly, how many pounds of meat have you brought from the market? I said to bring only two pounds." Molly—"Yes madam, you said two pounds, but I understood four pounds, so I told the butcher six pounds, but he understood eight pounds, so I brought ten pounds."

—A minister once told Wendell Phillips that if his business in life was to save the negroes, he ought to go to the South, where they were, and do it. "That is worth thinking of," replied Phillips; "and what is your business in life?" "To save men from going to hell," replied the minister. "Then go there and attend to your business," said Phillips.

—The Athol *Transcript*, an American paper, vouches for the following inscription upon a tombstone just put in the Pelham cemetery by the brother of the deceased, the names appearing in full:

"W— O— died by arsenic poison, March 23, 1860, [illegible] years.
Think, my friends, when this you see,
How my wife hath dealt by me;
She in some oysters did prepare
Some poison for my lot and share.
Then of the same I did partake,
And nature yielded to its fate,
Before she my wife became,
M— P— was her name."

—The Pekin *Gazette* is nearly twenty-five hundred years old, and every now and then an old man hobbles into the office and pays a year's subscription, with the remark that he has been a subscriber ever since the first number was printed. The clerk, without betraying any surprise, observes as he hands him a receipt, "Yes, we have several names on our list who have been subscribers from the start." Then the old man goes out muttering something about this world being full of liars.

—Shyly he bent over the shining head,
And "won't you—won't you?"
He softly said.
Pleading with the bright-eyed miss
Just for the loan of one sweet kiss.
The maiden tossed her pretty head,
And "No, I won't you!"
She saucily said.
"How foolish he is," thought the little miss;
"He should not ask for, but steal the kiss."

—Oh, come and take a walk;
The stars are softly winking
Above the placid lake;
And really I am thinking
It would be just delicious.
Now then, put your hat on, old girl, and come along, for you must be aware of the fact that
O'er the flowery lea
Twinkles sweet capella,
And the lily closes up
Somewhat like an umbrella
From which the syringe has been lost or stolen.
The squirrel jumps upon the tree,
Enjoying splendid fun,
Until he tumbles down before
The greasy Dutchman's gun.
And then he is divided up
In a way to make one sigh;
The outside goes on D—'s hat,
The inside in a pie.
The fall, the all, the lovely fall,
Oh autumn nought can sweeten,
Because it is the time at which
The carpet isn't beaten—
Sighs the major dame.

A FIVE-POUND NOTE WITH A STORY.

[London Telegraph.]

Not long ago a well-known collector of curiosities in Paris, who had devoted considerable sums of money to the gathering together of bank-notes of all countries and all values, became possessor of a Bank of England £5 note to which an unusually strange story was attached. This note was paid into a Liverpool merchant's office in the ordinary way of business sixty-one years ago, and its recipient, the Cashier of the firm, while holding it up to the light to test its genuineness, noticed some faint red marks upon it, which, on closer examination, proved to be semi-effaced words, scrawled in blood between the printed line and upon the blank margin of the note. Extraordinary pains were taken to decipher these partly obliterated characters, and eventually the following sentence was made out: "If this note should fall into the hands of John Dean, of Long Hill, near Carlisle, he will learn hereby that his brother is languishing a prisoner in Algiers." Mr. Dean was promptly communicated with by the holder of the note, and he appealed to the Government of the day for assistance in his endeavor to obtain his brother's release from captivity. The prisoner, who, as it subsequently appeared, had traced the above sentence upon the note with a splinter of wood dipped in his own blood, had been a slave to the Dey of Algiers for eleven years when his strange missive first attracted attention in a Liverpool counting-house. His family and friends had long believed him dead. Eventually his brother, with the aid of the British authorities in the Mediterranean, succeeded in ransoming him from the Dey and brought him home to England, where however, he did not long survive his release, his constitution having been irreparably injured by exposure, privations, and forced labor in the Dey's [illegible]

—A recent writer says that laughter [illegible]

THE LION KILLER.

(From the French of Dustyeff.)

People in Tunis, Africa—at least, some of the older people,—often talk of the wonderful exploits of a lion-killer who was famous there forty years ago. The story is this, and is said to be entirely true:

The lion killer was called "The Sicilian," because his native country was Sicily; and he was known as "The Christian" among the people in Tunis, who were mostly Arabs, and, consequently, Mohammedans. He was also called "Hercules," because of his strength,—that being the name of a strong demi-god of the ancient Greeks. He was not built like Hercules, however; he was tall, but beautifully proportioned, and there was nothing in his form that betrayed his powerful muscles. He performed prodigies of strength with so much gracefulness and ease as to astonish all who saw them.

He was a member of a traveling show company that visited Tunis,—very much as menageries and circus troupes go about this country now from town to town. His part of the business was, not simply to do things that would display his great strength, but also to represent scenes by pantomime, so that they would appear to the audience exactly as if the real scenes were being performed before their very eyes. In one of these scenes he showed the people how he had encountered and killed a lion with a wooden club in the country of Damascus. This is the manner in which he did it:

After a flourish of trumpets, the Sicilian came up the stage which was arranged to represent a circle, or arena, and had three palm-trees in the middle. He was handsome dressed in a costume of black velvet, trimmed with silver braid, and as he looked around upon the audience with a grave but gentle expression, and went through with the Arabian salutation, which was to bear his right hand to his heart, mouth, and forehead successively, there was perfect silence; so charmed were the people with his beauty and dignity.

Then an interpreter cried:

"The Christian will show you how with his club, he killed a lion in the country of Damascus!"

Immediately following this came another flourish of trumpets and a striking of cymbals, as if to announce the entrance of the lion. Quickly the Sicilian sprang behind one of the three palms, whence to watch his enemy. With an attentive and resolute eye, leaning his body first to the right, and then to the left of the tree, he kept his gaze on the terrible beast, following all the movements with the grateful motions of his own body, so naturally and suitably as to captivate the attention of the spectators.

"The lion surely is there!" they whispered. We do not see him, but *he* sees him! How he watches his least motion! How resolute he is! He will not allow himself to be surprised—"

Suddenly the Sicilian leaps; with a bound he has crossed from one palm-tree to another, and, with a second spring, has climbed half-way up the tree, still holding his massive club in one hand. One understands by his movements that the lion has followed him, and, crouched and angry, stops at the foot of the tree. The Sicilian, leaning over, notes the slightest change of posture; then, like a flash of light, he leaps to the ground behind the trunk of the tree; the terrible club makes a whistling sound as it swings through the air, and the lion falls to the ground.

The scene was so well played that the wildest applause came from all parts of the audience.

Then the interpreter came in, and, throwing at the feet of the Hercules a magnificent lion's skin, cried:

"Behold the skin of the lion that the Christian killed in the country of Damascus."

The fame of the Sicilian reached the ears of the Bey of Tunis. But the royal dignity of the Bey, the reigning prince of that country, would not allow him to be present at exhibitions given to the common people. Finally, however, having heard so much about the handsome and strong Sicilian, he became curious to see him, and said:

"If this Christian has killed one lion with a club, he can kill another. Tell him that if he will knock down my grand lion with it, I will give him a thousand ducats"—quite a large sum in those days.

At this time the Bey had several young lions that ran freely about in the courtyard or garden of his palace and in a great pit, entirely surrounded by a high terrace, on a level with the ground-floor of the palace, a superb Atlas lion was kept in royal captivity. It was this lion that the Bey wished the Sicilian to combat. The proposition was sent to the Sicilian, who accepted it without hesitation, and without boasting what he would do.

The combat was to take place a week from that time, and the announcement that the handsome Sicilian was to fight a duel with the grand lion was spread far and wide, even to the borders of the desert, producing a profound sensation. Everybody, old and young, great and small, desired to be present. Moreover, the people would be freely admitted to the garden of the Bey, where they could witness the combat from the top of the terace. The duel was to be early in the morning, before the heat of the day.

During the week that intervened the Sicilian performed every day in the show instead of two days a week, as had been his custom. Never was he more calm, graceful and fascinating in his performances. The evening before the eventful day, he repeated in pantomine his victory over the lion near Damascus, with so much elegance, precision, and suppleness as to elicit round after round of enthusiastic cheers. Of course everybody who had seen him play killing a loin was wild with curiosity to see him actually fight with a real loin.

So on the following morning, in the early dawn, the terrace around the loin's pit was crowed with people. For three days the grand loin had been deprived of food in order that he might be more ferocious and terrible. His eyes shone like two balls of fire, and he incessantly lashed his flanks with his tail. At one moment he would madly roar, and, in the next, rub himself against the wall, vainly trying to find a chinck between the stones in which to insert his claws.

Precisely at the appointed hour the princely Bey and his court took the places that had been reserved for them on one side of the terrace. The Sicilian came a few steps behind, dressed in his costume of velvet and silver, and holding his club in his hand. With his accustomed easy and regular step, and a natural elegant and dignified bearing, he advanced in front of the royal party, and made a low obeisance to the Bey. The prince made some remark to him, to which he responded with a fresh salute; then he withdrew, and descended the steps which led to the lion's pit.

The crowd was silent. At the end of some seconds the barred gate of the pit was opened, and gave entrance not to the brave and powerful Hercules, but to a poor dog that was towards the ferocious beast with the intention of still more exciting its ravenous appetite. This unexpected act of cruelty drew hisses from the spectators, but they were soon observed in watching the behaviour of the dog. When the lion saw the prey that had been thrown to him, he stood motionless for a moment, ceased to beat his flanks with his tail, growled deeply, and crouched on the ground, with his paws extended, his neck stretched out, and his eyes fixed upon the victim.

The dog, on being thrown into the pit, ran at once towards the corner of the wall as far as possible from the lion, and trembling, yet not overcome with fear, fixed his eyes on the huge beast, watching anxiously, but intently, his every motion.

With apparent unconcern the lion crept [illegible] with a sudden movement he was upon his feet, and in a second launched himself into the air. But the dog that same instant bounded in the opposite direction, so that the lion fell in the corner while the dog alighted where the lion had been.

For a moment the lion seemed very much [illegible] surprised at the loss of his prey; with the dog the instinct of self-preservation developed a coolness that soon overcame his terror. The body of the poor animal was all in a shiver, but his head was firm, his eyes were watchful. Without losing sight of his enemy, he slowly retreated into the corner behind him.

Then the lion, scanning his victim from the corner of his eyes, walked sidewise a few steps, and turning suddenly, tried again to pounce with one bound upon the dog; but the latter seemed to anticipate this movement also, and in the same second jumped in the opposite direction, as before, crossing the lion in the air.

At this the lion became furious, and lost the calmness that might have insured him victory, while the courage of the unfortunate dog won for him the sympathy of all the spectators.

As the lion, excited and terrible, was preparing a new plan of attack, a rope ending in a loop was lowered to the dog. The brave little animal, whose imploring looks had been pitiable to behold, saw the help sent to him, and fastening his teeth and claws into the rope, was immediately drawn up. The lion, perceiving this made a prodigious leap; but the dog was happily beyond his reach. The poor creature, drawn in safety to the terrace, at once took to flight, and was soon lost to view.

At the moment when the lion threw himself on the ground of the pit, roaring with rage at the escape of his prey, the Sicilian entered, calm and firm, superb in his brilliant costume, and with his club in his hand.

At his appearance in the pit a silence like death came over the crowd of spectators. The Hercules walked rapidly towards a corner, and, leaning upon his club, awaited the onslaught of the lion, who, blinded by fury, had not yet perceived his entrance. The waiting was of short duration, for the lion, in turning, espied him, and the fire that flashed from the eyes of the terrible beast told of savage joy in finding another victim.

Here, however, the animal showed for a moment a feeling of anxiety; slowly, as if conscious that he was in the presence of a powerful adversary, he retreated some steps, keeping his fiery eyes all the time on the man. The Sicilian also kept his keen gaze on the lions, and, with his body slightly inclined forward, marked every alteration of position. Between the two adversaries it was easy to see that the fear was on the side of the beast; but in comparing the feeble means of the man—a rude club—with the powerful structure of the lion, whose boundings made the very ground beneath him tremble, it was hard for the spectators to believe that courage, and, not strength, would win the victory.

The lion was too excited and famished to remain long undecided. After more backward steps, which he made as if gaining time for reflection, he suddenly advanced in a sidelong direction in order to charge upon his adversary.

The Sicilian did not move, but followed with his fixed gaze the motions of the lion. Greatly irritated, the beast gave a mighty spring, uttering a terrible roar; the man, at the same moment, leaped aside, and the lion had barely touched the ground when the club came down upon his head with a dull, shocking thud. The king of the desert rolled heavily under the stroke, and fell headlong stunned and senseless, but not dead.

The spectators overcome with admiration and awed at the exhibition of so much calmness, address and strength, were hushed into profound silence. The next moment the Bey arose, and, with a gesture of his hand, asked mercy for his favorite lion.

"A thousand ducats the more if you will not kill him!" he cried to the Sicilian.

"Agreed!" was the instant reply.

The lion lay panting on the ground. The Hercules bowed at the word of the Bey, and slowly withdrew, still keeping his eyes on the conquered brute. The two thousand ducats were counted out and paid. The lion shortly recovered.

With a universal shout of relief, followed by deafening shouts and cheers, the spectators withdrew from the terrace, having witnessed a scene they could never forget, and which, as I said at the beginning, is still talked of in Tunis.

THE POPULATION OF AFRICA.

Data Furnished by M. A. Rabaud to the Geographical Society.

(From the London Times.)

We cannot hope for many years yet to have anything like accurate statistics on the population of Africa. Several regions, the population of which is certainly great, will probably long escape anything like a thorough examination. There are, for example, in the regions of the Great Lakes, countries quite as thickly peopled as many of the States of Europe. Stanley tells us of countries of relatively small extent, and which yet possess millions of inhabitants. When we shall have succeeded in making an approximate census of all the populations, we shall probably reach a figure considerably higher than the present estimate. Some authorities accord Africa not more than 100,000,000 of inhabitants; others less still. German geographers suppose that Africa contains somewhat more than 200,000,000 of inhabitants. The latest English publications estimate the population at 186,000,000, which for an area of 11,500,000 square miles, gives an average of sixteen inhabitants per square mile, or a specific population eleven and one half times that of France. Africa, which has fifty-seven times the area of France, has probably scarcely more than eight times the population. The suppression of the slave trade, and the influence of European civilization, may lead to an increase of population very rapid and very great. It should be observed that the approximative figures of the specific population, applied to the whole of the African Continent, will not give a just idea of the compact character of the population of the interior. According to Behns, the negro regions are by far the most populous parts of the Continent. If the populations are sparse in the desert parts they are very dense in other regions. Thus, in the Soudan the population is estimated at 80,000,000, or about fifty-three per square mile; the town of Bida, on the Niger, has a population of 80,000 inhabitants. The population of East Africa is estimated at about 30,000,000, and that of Equatorial Africa at 40,000,000. One of the latest authorities divides the population of Africa as follows among the great families into which ethnologists have divided the peoples: Negroes, 130,000,000; Hamites, 20,000,000; Bantus, 13,000,000; Fulahs, 8,000,000; Nubians, 1,500,000; Hottentots, 50,000. This would give a total population of 172,550,000. These figures are, of course, only approximate, and may be much modified by new and more precise information. The Bantus, for example, who, according to F. M. Muller, form at least one quarter of the population of Africa, might be found to number 50,000,000. These data we take from a paper by M. A. Rabaud in the *Bulletin* of the Marseilles Geographical Society.

—It is becoming the fashion, at distinguished weddings in Paris, for page boys to be substituted for bridesmaids. They are all dressed alike, mostly in red or blue velvet or satin, with silk stockings and gold buckles, and, for their business, have to attend on the bride, carry her prayer book and bouquet, support her trail and veil, and generally be at her bidding all the day. Young brothers, or relatives under 12 years of age, are usually selected for the office.

—He was weary on the day of Grant's reception—completely tired out. He crawled out from a box in the rear of a San Francisco saloon, and, seeing the flags flying in every direction, looked upon the scene with horror, and exclaimed: "My God! What have I come to here is the 4th of July—nine months [illegible] I am going to [illegible] to brace up." He arrived this morning, and immediately sent a postal card back to his friends dated the 5th of July, 1880.

—Contentment is better than riches until you want your boots half-soled. Then riches knock the spots off contentment or anything else.

AROUND THE WORLD.

—Englishmen acknowledge that in wood engraving America excels the world.

—The new "cats" approved by the British Admiralty are being made by naval prisoners.

—The lottery rage is so great in Burmah, under the wise and beneficient rule of King Theebaw, that daughters are sold for a few rupees to buy tickets.

—A Washoe jury was called on to try a man for stealing milk, by drawing it at night from his neighbor's cow. They found a verdict of "guilty of stealing in the first degree."

—The greatest taxpayer in the United States is Mr. Blackwell, the North Carolina tobacco manufacturer, who pays a tax of $520,000 a year, $10,000 a week or over $1,428 per day.

—Erasmus Wilson, the great English authority on skin diseases, who paid the cost of erecting Cleopatra's Needle in London, is about to spend $100,000 on a sea-bathing infirmary for the scrofulous.

—In Paris there is an "Association to Prevent the Abuse of Tobacco and Alcohol." A prize of two hundred francs and a medal for the best work showing the evil effects, moral and physical, of the abuse of tobacco and alcohol.

—Very cheap straw Chinese hats have this year been the rage in England, Duchesses wearing precisely the same article as dairy maids; "but," exclaimed one great lady, "none of those dreadful middle class people wear them."

—The Marquis of Bute has recently devoted himself to the study of the Eastern tongues. He is now engaged in mastering the mysteries of Coptic, and there is a probability of the result of his studies being given to the world.

—During December the planet Mars will come to the meridian during the evening and precede the group of the Pleiades. A small telescope will show peculiar markings on the planet, but a very large telescope is required to distinguish the moons.

—The red clay soil of Harford County, Md., produces the sugar beet in great perfection. Of three lots recently subjected to a chemical analysis, two showed a percentage of 9.27 per cent. of sugar each and one of 10.27 per cent. This is equal to the best yield.

—Dr. Drysdale said lately, that whereas the death rate among English infants of the comfortable class is 80 per 1,000, in cities such as Liverpool and Manchester it is 240 per 1,000, in some places even 300, and in Berlin it actually reaches 500. Indigence is the main cause, he thinks.

—A colossal monument to Beethoven, upon which high praises are lavished, is soon to be added to the ornaments at Vienna. It will consist of a group of thirteen figures, in the centre of which stands the composer. The material is bronze, and after three years labor the last figure has just been cast.

—Don Geloso was lately elected parish priest by the citizens of Aqi, Piedmont, whereupon he drew up a constitution for the city, which placed himself and flock outside of the jurisdiction of the Bishop and of the Holy See, for all administrative purposes, and constituted King Humbert his protector.

—Vera Sassulitch will not be able to collect the legacy of $800,000 recently left her by a Russian merchant because in order to do so she would have to go to Russia, where she would immediately be arrested, and either imprisoned, expatriated, or pronounced an alien, and so not receive it at all.

—An Edinburgh woman, whose husband had beaten her 920 times in four years, had him arrested, and he was sent to jail for three days. The punishment was too light. The brute should have been sent to jail for a whole week. The next thing we know he'll kill his wife, and then he'll get locked up for a month.

—A German has discovered—what won't a German discover?—that 29 per cent. of men and 71 per cent. of women miss railroad trains. But that German should remember that a woman's back hair always wants fixing just at the critical moment, while the men generally have very little, if any, hair to trouble them.

—Italian journals report that the famous "Madonna del Sacco," of Andrea del Sarto is seriously imperilled by infiltration of damp through the wall on which it is painted. As no steps have been taken to protect this noble picture, one of the masterpieces of the world, from further damage, its complete destruction may soon be expected.

—The occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina cost Austria, to the end of 1878, 50 officers killed and 116 wounded; 1,157 privates killed, 3,838 wounded; 335 missing, 1,879 rendered unfit for service otherwise. Of sickness 2,233 died, 50 killed by sunstroke, 27 committed suicide. These are official figures, just published by the war ministry.

—The celebrated chestnut at Tortworth, which is said to be the oldest tree in England, still stands, the pride of its noble owner (Earl Ducie) and the boast of the district. Its present dimensions are as follows: Circumference, three feet from the ground, 49 feet; spread of branches from north to south 86 feet; from east to west, 88 feet.

—Another ruined gambler's suicide is announced from Monte Carlo. It was a Russian who lost $280,000 at roulette. The proprietor of the bank offered him $4,000 to enable him to return to his home, but the Russian haughtily declined it. He went, with apparent composure, to his hotel, and there he was found in his room the next morning, hanging by the neck, dead.

—In Paris a few weeks since there were at the theatres on one Saturday night, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Czarewitch and the hereditary Grand Duchess, Prince Napoleon, the Count of Paris, Queen Isabella of Spain, Don Carlos, the Duke d'Aumale, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Adelina Patti, and half a dozen Russian Grand Dukes—a rather brilliant group of celebrities.

—One of the latest Ritualist developments in England has been the formation of what is called the Guild of St. Luke. This society, which seeks to bind together medical men of pronounced Anglican tendencies, recently held high festival in St. Paul's Cathedral and in various ways is thrusting itself upon the notice of the public. The London *Lancet* observes the movement, it says, with unfeigned apprehension.

—Emperor William was petitioned by a synod of Prussian clergymen not to permit a military review on Sunday. His reply was: "The Sabbath has been created for man, not man for the Sabbath. The Puritanical and Calvinistic conception of the Sabbath as a day of mortification and penance is entirely foreign to the feeling as well as the taste of German people." Emperor William is, however, a religious man.

—According to the investigation of a Russian professor, Dr. Monassein, singing is an excellent means of preventing consumption, and for the development and strengthening of the chest it is more efficient than even gymnastic exercises. The Professor has examined 220 singers varying in age from nine to 58 years, and found the chest is greater and stronger among them than among persons of any other occupation.

—The Duke of Norfolk, Premier Duke of England, gave recently an "at home," at his residence in St. James's square, London, to meet three illustrious guests—Cardinal Manning, Cardinal Howard and Cardinal Newman. At no previous period in English history did three Englishmen occupy simultaneously places in the Sacred College. Cardinal Howard, the near kinsman of the Duke of Norfolk, represents the old traditions which unite the Roman Catholic Church with the princely houses of Europe.

—Here's a good joke. The *Times* last night, in alluding to the engine test, said: "As we have repeatedly stated, we are absolutely [illegible]