

HOUSEHOLD.

HINTS.

In all our experiments we have found nothing so safe and serviceable in cleaning a carpet as bran slightly moistened—only very slightly—just sufficient to hold the particles together. In this case it is not necessary to stop and clean the broom every few minutes. Sweeping the carpet after the bran has been sprinkled over it not only cleans the carpet and gathers all the dirt into the bran but keeps the broom clean at the same time.

To test eggs, place them in a pan of cold water—those that float should not be used, as they are bad. Another way is to shake the egg gently, close to your ear; if you hear a gurgle or thud the egg is bad. Eggs should be kept in a cool place and if it is desired to keep for an indefinite time rub each egg thoroughly with linseed oil and pack in bran or coarse salt with the small end down.

The cleanest and most polished floors have no water used on them at all. They are simply rubbed off every morning with a large flannel cloth, which is steeped in kerosene oil once in two or three weeks. Shake clean of dust, and with a rubbing brush or stubby broom go rapidly up and down the planks (not across). In a few rubbings the floor assumes a polished appearance that is not easily defaced by dirt or footprints.

Fruit has a much greater food value than is usually supposed. Those engaged in light work requiring thought rather than muscular exertion can use much of it in displacement of heavier and less digestible articles. Grapes and pears are especially valuable; partly, perhaps, because their delicious flavor promotes a free flow of saliva, which is the important digestive fluid.

Soft, nice kitchen towels may be made by folding fifty-pound cloth flour sacks in the middle, turning in the edges, and stitching all around. Then sew loops on each end. This is a good way to use up some of the sacks that will accumulate. I also use them for linings where thin linings are wanted.

An excellent grease eradicator is made of the following ingredients: Ammonia, two ounces; soft water, one quart; saltpetre, one teaspoonful; fine soap, in shavings, one ounce; mix thoroughly and keep in a covered vessel. This recipe is a simple one, yet it has made millionaires of four men who have successively controlled proprietary rights to use it.

A pound of bananas, it is said, contains more nutriment than three pounds of meat or as many pounds of potatoes, while as a food it is in every sense superior to the best wheat bread. It is not generally understood that bananas fried, baked or roasted are very appetizing, and that sliced and placed in a dish with alternate slices of orange they make a most delicious dessert.

One of the very latest ideas for ladies whose time hangs heavily on their hands is to make a patchwork bedcover of the backs of discarded kid gloves, says the London News. To match and combine the colors, both of the kid and the ornamental stitching, and to fit in the shapes, affords an occupation far more fascinating and prolonged than "crazy patchwork." When finished, the quilt must be lined with a delicate soft silk or satin. It will really then look a little nearer to being worth the trouble of making it than might be imagined.

An expert laundry woman recommended to us the use of kerosene in fine starch to make the linen glossy and to keep the iron from sticking. We tried it and the results were admirable. About half a teaspoonful of kerosene to starch enough for six shirts. The odor evaporates entirely before the clothes are ironed. Each molecule of starch seemed to be surrounded with an infinitesimally thin pellicle of the oil, and the iron glided over the bosoms, leaving a smooth, clean, glossy expanse.

We have been requested to repeat the directions for making tomato butter. Pare seven pounds of ripe tomatoes, add to them three pounds of sugar (brown will answer), and one pint of vinegar, one ounce of powdered cinnamon, half an ounce of whole cloves. Boil it for about three hours. It will keep without sealing, and is a very convenient article to have on hand. Try it.

CHOICE RECIPES.

Mince Meat.—Two quarts of chopped apples, one quart of chopped beef, two ounces of minced suet or the same amount of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, two of cinnamon, one of nutmeg, and a little clove—not more than half a teaspoonful—one cup of boiled cider, one cup of clear stock in which the beef was boiled, one pound of raisins seeded and cut in halves, and three cups of nicely flavored brown sugar. Stir all thoroughly together in an earthen or granitized pan and let the mixture come to a simmer at the back of the stove while the pastry is being made.

Oyster Toast.—Select fifteen plump oysters; chop them fine and add salt, pepper, and a suspicion of nutmeg. Beat up the yolks of two eggs with a gill of cream; whisk this into the simmering oysters. When set pour the whole over slices of buttered toast.

Stewed Turnips.—Put three tablespoonfuls of butter in a sauce-pan on the stove and as soon as it is melted put in one small onion minced fine and one quart of turnips cut in dice; stir until they are brown, then add one heaping teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of flour, and half a saltspoonful of pepper, stirring for two minutes. At the end of this time add a cupful of milk or stock and simmer for twenty minutes, keeping the sauce-pan covered. Serve immediately.

Ham and Veal Pie.—Take two pounds of veal cutlets, half a pound of boiled ham, two dozen oysters, half a pound of fresh-made sausages, two tablespoonfuls of savory minced herbs, quarter of a teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, a little mace, pepper and salt to taste, with a strip of lemon peel finely minced, two hard boiled eggs and half a pint of water; cut the veal into square pieces, put a layer of them at the bottom of a pie-dish. Sprinkle over this little of the herbs, spices, seasoning and lemon-peel. Cut the eggs into slices, put some of the slices and about eight oysters with part of the sausages, cut into three, then a layer of the ham in thin slices. Proceed thus until the dish is full, arranging it so that the ham is at the top. Put puff paste on the edge of the dish, then pour in half a pint of cold water, cover it with crust, and ornament with leaves cut from the remaining paste;

brush over with the yolk of an egg and bake in a well-heated oven for from an hour to an hour and a half. When removed from the oven pour in at the top through a funnel half a pint of rich gravy, so that when cold it will form a jelly. Mushrooms may be added to this pie.

GENERAL NEWS.

Mr. Goodman, aged 76, and Mrs. Ireland, aged 68 of Farming, Iowa, had to run away from their children in order to get married.

Millionaire Terry, the richest man in Cuba, who recently died, began business as a peddler. He got rich at that, married more money, and died worth \$30,000,000.

Mrs. Jane McEwen, who recently died at Studholm, N. B., at the age of 94 years, left three sons, three daughters, fifty-eight grandchildren, and forty-one great-grandchildren.

Eighteen thousand salmon are said to have been recently caught in Puget Sound at one haul of two seines; and a lot of fish got away, too, by the bursting of one of the seines.

Two lighthouse keepers on the North Carolina coast were recently discharged because for three months they had not spoken to each other. They had quarrelled about the color of the sea.

Pau Dvorak, the Bohemian composer, now in London, is enraged whenever he is called "Herr" Dvorak. He doesn't at all object to the English "Mr.," but the German "Herr" is very distasteful to him. The Bohemian equivalent to "Mr." is "Pau."

Mrs. Fleming of Wood county, Ohio, lighted an extra candle the other night when the preacher and his wife called, and after they had gone away her husband Josiah, boxed her ears for the display of extravagance. Although they have been married forty-two years, she has sued for a divorce.

Two Denver citizens, buffalo hunting in Park county, Colorado, walked twenty-five miles, and thought they were amply repaid when they discovered a big bull bison standing alone in the "very heart of a mountain fastness." Of course they joyfully killed the lonely representative of a once mighty herd.

A burglar broke into a store in Springfield, Mass., the other night, and left a piece of one of his shoestrings on the window where he entered. W. E. Smith was arrested, a part of one of his shoestrings was gone, the remaining part corresponded with the piece found in the window, and so Smith is to be tried for the burglary.

James Truett, a fashionable young man of Hindsdale, Ga., was in danger of having his beauty disfigured by the loss of one of his front teeth. In this dilemma he paid a friend \$15 for a sound tooth. The two then went to a dentist, who extracted the friend's tooth and inserted it in the mouth of Truett. The operation was successful.

Dr. D. H. Platt of Pictou, N. S., has a very intelligent parrot. One of its tricks is to strike a match and hold it for the Doctor to light his pipe. While practising in the Doctor's absence not long ago, the bird dropped a match on some loose paper on the floor, set the woodwork of a window ablaze, and the dwelling narrowly escaped destruction.

Oscar Caley and Will Jones of Stantonburg, N. C., were out shooting and saw a squirrel run into a hole in a tree. Will climbed the tree to scare him out, and Oscar waited for a chance to shoot. The chance came, for the squirrel popped out, but instead of hitting the game the boy hit his comrade, who plunged headlong to the ground dead.

An arrow point made of ivory was lately extracted from the breast of a goose shot near Colusa, Cal. As there are no savages nearer than the Arctic regions with whom ivory is plenty, the conclusion is that the arrow was made from the tooth of a walrus and shot into the breast of the bird by an Esquimaux. The skin of the goose had grown over the arrow.

It is said that Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor of the German empire, is the special partner in a stock and grain commission house in New York. The resident members of the firm will not talk about the subject, but a good many, remembering that the Prince of Wales was head over heels in oil speculations on the Petroleum Exchange a few years ago, say that Bismarck's desire to scoop in American shekels is as natural as eating to a foreigner.

On reaching Holyhead, the other night lately the Great Eastern had a narrow escape from destruction. When she reached the harbour it was blowing a heavy gale from the north-north-west. An order was given to let go anchors, but some delay arose, and the vessel was rapidly drifting on a dangerous shore. Great consternation prevailed on board, and signals were made for help. The sea was very high, and breakers dashed furiously on the rockbound coast. Just as it seemed impossible to save the vessel, the anchors were got down, and fortunately held.

A despatch from Buda-Pesth tells the story of the discovery and dispersion by the police of sixteen persons who had been driven from their homes by the cholera and had taken refuge under a tent near the Danube. In continuing their search for other vagrants the police found thirty persons of both sexes lying naked in a filthy, but warm stream of water that flowed from the mill. They had taken stones for pillows and were preparing to spend a comfortable night. The condition of the hundreds of paupers who spend the night in all kinds of weather on the benches along the Thames embankment is said to be but little better than this.

Take Your Time, Young Folks.

Marriage should not be a matter of mere impulse, as it often is, but the result of thorough acquaintance and serious reflection. And there is no better means of helping to this end than the plan of putting girls on a footing as independent as that of the boys. When a girl has nothing to do but to get married; when there is no avenue of useful and contented employment open to her; when from lack of the proper kind of education she is unfitted for any practical career in life; when marriage, and marriage alone, is held to be her manifest destiny—under such conditions she is far more likely to enter into a hasty, impulsive, improvident marriage than if she had the same feeling of self-reliant independence that her brother has.

A CAREER OF CRIME.

Strange History of a Remarkable Convict.

In the prison of slope No. 2 of the Pratt mines, at Birmingham, Ala., is to be seen a tall, healthy-looking white man, of about 58 years, whose long white hair and deep cavernous eyes and hard features attract the attention of the visitor. His bunk is covered with books and stationery, and in the corner near it is a large Bible, well worn by constant use. The man when approached beckons, and, stopping suddenly, places his hand across his forehead, and, as if seeming to grasp a thought, says: "God has ordered you to come unto me and ye have come."

He holds out his bony hand and tenderly grasps yours, and says: "Come, sinner, to me and be saved, for I am the way and the life." He reaches for his Bible, selects a chapter, and reads in clear and distinct articulation the words of God, and, closing his book suddenly, begins to deliver a lecture on what he has read, and tells you what good he has done you. He tells you he has read the Bible no less than eighteen times from cover to cover, can repeat it by heart, and that he is inspired by its teachings to do good to his fellow man.

John Wesley DuBose is one of the most remarkable criminals in Southern prisons, whose life has been a career of crime followed by

A TRAIL OF BLOOD.

almost from his infancy, who is now serving a life sentence for murder. The daring deeds and thrilling escapes from justice by this strange man would fill a volume.

Nine years ago he murdered a citizen named Aldrice in Shelby county, and fled to the woods where he lived in the swamps, where he evaded the officers of the law until he became bold to recklessness. His camp was in a dense post oak thicket, flat, and in places almost impenetrable, and a man could hide himself in it for years and no one could find him. DuBose cut through the undergrowth, and on an island surrounded by water on nearly all sides, erected himself and wife a hut of such trees and driftwood as he could secure. The game in the swamp was plentiful, and he lived on it several days. He suffered much from exposure and cold, and his hair grew almost gray. But for his splendid physique he could never have undergone what he did.

The couple could stand the hardships no longer, and left for Montevallo. He appeared as a common farmer, but was detected in spite of his assumed innocence. It was whispered around that he was in town, and the quiet of the village was thrilled with excitement. Brave citizens armed themselves with determination to capture him. He was trading in the store of Mr. Clay Reynolds, and was in the rear room when Mr. Edward Vest walked in with a shotgun and ordered his surrender. He laughed and dashed through a window as Vest fired wide of the mark.

When DuBose escaped he dashed out of the back yard of the store closely followed by his wife,

WHO SCREAMED AS SHE RAN.

Half a dozen with pistols and guns, led by Messrs. E. Vest and John Garner, ran him through an old field, firing as they went. Both DuBose and his wife fell, and the crowd drew up to find it a ruse. He was placed in jail, but, aided by his faithful wife, made his escape. He was recaptured and escaped no less than five times from the jail, which was regarded secure. He was removed to the Chilton jail, from which he escaped twice, and was regarded by the people as a man inspired by God. The country was in a state of terror, and did not know what course to pursue. He was finally captured by an armed band, was tried by a jury composed of good citizens, and sentenced to the penitentiary for life. He was sent to the Pratt mines to work out his sentence. In January, 1884, he made a daring and successful escape from the Pratt mines. A party was organized and started to capture the noted desperado, consisting of the officers of the Pratt mines prison, the Sheriff of Clinton, and the famous E. O. Cranwell, with his pack of bloodhounds. The party went to the home of DuBose, twenty-eight miles from Clinton, on the Coosa River, where his wife lived and had assisted in his escape. The house was deserted, but evidences indicated that they had been there. The bloodhounds were made to circle round the premises, and it was discovered the pair had escaped five hours before. DuBose and his wife

WERE RUN BY THE DOGS.

until next night. The next morning his trail was followed to Canton and struck sixteen hours old, which was followed three miles when their fierce bray told the fugitives had been found. He and his wife were asleep on a bed of pine straw, and were awakened by the bark of the dogs. DuBose left his wife and ran 100 yards and got behind a tree and began to fire as the dogs gathered round him. He killed one of the hounds, and as the others of the pack caught the sight of blood they became frenzied and made a dash for him, when Cranwell rode up and called them off. DuBose swore he would never be taken alive and fired at the men, who fired back, and in the change of shots his arm was broken. When the prisoner was handcuffed he turned to the crowd with a sneer, and said:

"Well, boys, you have got me this time; but I'll make a break again."

He next escaped from the mines in May, 1884, when he did not go, for he discovered the dogs were after him by their yells. He made a circle of two miles and returned to the prison, and as he gave himself up to the guard, said:

"There is no use trying to get away from those bloodhounds. I have come back home."

DuBose was taken with a peculiar mania for Bible study, and beseeched the prison management to allow him to have a Bible in his bunk, which was allowed him, with paper, pen and ink. He wrote poetry and prose from the Bible, and would fill page after page of foolscap paper with his writings.

HE WOULD PREACH TO THE CONVICTS,

and has for a long time been the bible oracle of the place. He preaches and teaches, and imagines himself the son of God. He conceived the idea in February, 1885, that he must fast forty days and nights, and refused to eat, but was prevented from doing so by the prison authorities. He determined to do so or make his escape, which caused him to be more carefully watched by the guards. He waited his opportunity, and one day at 3 o'clock in the afternoon passed the mining boss in the slope with a crowd

of convicts who were behind in their task, and asked him if he had any objection to his unloading an extra car. Permission was granted him, and at supper he turned up missing when the count was made. It was thought he was trying to escape through the mine to the old entry, and several miners were detailed to look for him, which search proved fruitless and was given up. The next day the entire mine was searched with experienced miners with lanterns and lights without finding him, and a reward of \$10 was offered for his body, dead or alive, as he was believed to be in the mine somewhere. For several days two men watched every inch of room they could walk over, and were about to give up when one of them spied a light in the farthest end of an abandoned section and went toward it, when suddenly it was blown out. It was decided it was a light made by DuBose, but no one would approach it for fear of being killed. The light was seen again, but the authorities concluded he would need food and come out.

For fourteen days DuBose remained in his place of seclusion without food or water, and did not budge until the fifteenth day, when he heard the men running the pump in the slope, and he made a noise. The men stopped work and abandoned the pumps,

THINKING IT WAS A GHOST.

they saw. One strong miner, braver than his companions, caught him and carried him to the top. He was a strange looking sight, and had changed almost beyond recognition; his hair had grown white, his frame was bent, and what was once a well-developed physical man was a partial wreck. He acted strangely, and would not eat or drink, and for several days was unfit for work of any kind. He has never been the same person, and is not required, on account of his physical condition, to do hard work.

The place where he was concealed for so long was a remarkable stronghold, on which he had worked for months.

Where DuBose's wife is not known, but he swears that God has promised him to let him escape, which he will do when he gets an opportunity. In the meantime, he is as gentle as a lamb, and spends his time reading the Bible.

PEOPLE.

Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich will reach the half century line of years on the 11th of November.

Miss Kate Field's favorite saddle horse is Tuck, a coal black stallion, upon which she takes daily exercise in Washington.

Ex-President Arthur was too ill to go to the polls at the elections. This is the first time that he has failed since he was old enough to vote.

That wonderful machine, the type-writer, is manipulated with great dexterity by ladies, and some of them are also good stenographers.

The King of Portugal recently bestowed upon the King of Spain three military orders, and his Royal Babyhood was so delighted that he tried his best to swallow them.

Mrs. Beecher says that the only fault she has to find with England is the bad climate and bad bread, the latter being so hard that it could almost be used for paving material.

Sarah Bernhardt actually talks about turning stock farmer in the Argentine Republic. Should Sarah begin to talk tragedy to an Argentine steer she will scare the entire drove.

When Chauncey M. Depew came down from the stand under the Bartholdi statue after his oration he declared, with a long-drawn sigh, that it was the first time he had ever delivered an address to an audience of applauding steamboats.

Dr. Joseph Burnett, father of Mr. Edward Burnett, who is a son-in-law of James Russell Lowell, declares that the report of the engagement of Mr. Lowell to an English widow is utterly without foundation.

George Alfred Gath says he had a tendency to blush when he first entered a newspaper office. This was when George Alfred was young. He is old enough now to let the newspaper office do the blushing.

Mr. George Gould and his wife are evidently not hearty eaters—at present. The Chicago News says of them: "They remained in town only a short time, but during their stay Mr. Gould purchased a basket of grapes and a fishing outfit. Mrs. Gould carried the grapes into the car where the couple made a light lunch." Mr. Gould probably ate the fishing outfit.

W. A. Croffut, of the Washington Post, says that the remains of A. T. Stewart lie in the Cathedral at Garden City; that Mrs. Stewart consented to pay the robbers \$25,000, and that the money was paid and the bones were handed over to an agent of hers on a hill in Westchester County at the dead of night. Mr. Croffut says he had the story from a member of the Hilton family.

The father of Lord Clanricarde, whose eviction proceedings are causing so much excitement in Galway just now, must have been a curious personage. According to the London correspondent of the Liverpool Host, the late Lord, when on his death-bed, asked his doctor how long he had to live, was told a couple of hours, and thereupon requested his valet to wind up a music-box. It was whilst listening to its melodious strains that he went to his rest.

Marshal Bazaine fell while walking in the Retiro at Madrid one day last week, fractured his leg, and had to be carried to his house by the police and bystanders. He is old, poverty-stricken, and broken-spirited, and he wanders about the streets of Madrid shabbily dressed and wearing a long gray beard. He lives entirely alone, his wife having gone to Mexico last spring with the hopes of getting some money from certain family interests there. His son is a volunteer in a Spanish regiment of chasseurs.

Dr. Furnivall, President of the Maurice Rowing Club, and at 81, has won three prizes in races this season, lately sent Mr. Gladstone a copy of his letter on "Sculls or Oars," proving the great superiority of sculls to oars in pairs, fours, and eights. The ex-Prime Minister, in returning his thanks for the letter, says:—"When I was at Eton, and during the season, I sculled constantly, more than almost any other boy in the school. Our boats were then not so light as they now are, but they went along merrily, with no fear of getting them under water."

The chewing gum yearly used by a certain family of eight persons in Minnesota costs \$150.

The Canadian Cattle Ranges.

Montana cattlemen have lately been pushing their way into the District of Alberta in Canadian territory. They have made satisfactory arrangements with the Canadian Government, and there has already been a large increase in the stock on the Canadian ranges. The Montana men are experienced cattle raisers. Before completing their arrangement, they examined the country all the way from the International Boundary Line to the Red Deer River, a distance of nearly three hundred miles, and they were fully satisfied as to the stockraising capabilities of the country examined.

Their advent has provoked criticism and objection, but only from a few persons who have been actuated from prejudice. Southern and Central Alberta and the western portion of Assiniboia are essentially a stock district. This is now a fully recognized fact, and the race is only for those who understand the business. When the Dominion Government first undertook to grant leases to cattlemen the terms were easy, and the Government depended very much upon the good faith of the leaseholders; but the experience has been that many took up leases who never intended to stock them. If the defaulters did not possess romantic notions of the business, they must have been depending on speculation as their principal object; but all this has passed away in view of the great demand for ranges by bona fide cattlemen, who have no sooner made arrangements than they fortify their intentions by stocking their ranges without delay.

The objections raised in two or three quarters, because the Canadian Government was leasing the ranches to Americans, were too narrow to hold weight, for if the long list of Canadian would-be ranchmen be looked at, it will be found that where an American has failed to stock his ranch is the bare exception, while the Canadians who have defaulted in this respect, and whose leases have been cancelled, may be counted by the score. It is not merely because our western ranges are overstocked that the Montana cattlemen are taking up ranges in Alberta, but because they find it a splendid stock country, summer and winter. This invasion of Montana cattlemen into Alberta adds much importance to the Canadian cattle trade. The influx of stock this year—exclusive of sheep—must foot up at least twenty thousand head, and if the arrangements which the Canadian Government has already made with American stockmen should be carried out—as no doubt they will be this fall—the stock on the Alberta ranges will be nearly double before November. American cattlemen, who have examined Alberta, say that the pasturage is excellent, that there is good water, and stock can winter out without much protection. They find that there is sufficient rain-fall to ensure good grass, that the country is not subject to continuous drouths which we experienced South and East, and that the results already attained by those stockmen who have had several years' experience in the country, fully entitle the Monto and Medicine Hat districts to all the praise which has been bestowed on that region by experienced stockmen.

Sheep-ranching is claiming a great deal of attention in Alberta, but the sheep district has been limited from High River on the south to the Bow on the north. Eventually the boundaries will be changed. Flock-masters will, no doubt, observe that the country on both sides of the Canadian Pacific Railway, from Medicine Hat to Moose Pass, is a district admirably adapted to sheep. As cattle and sheep must be kept separate, the distinction will be best carried out by confining the sheep to the country which is best suited to them.—*American Agriculturist.*

FATAL FROLICKING.

A Party of Drunken Young Men Cause a Girl's Death.

A shocking report comes from the usually peaceful and law-abiding parish of St. George, Beauce, Que. On Wednesday evening of last week a number of young men there got on the spree, and in their drunkenness resolved to go out there and pick a quarrel with a neighbor named Wintle, or to have some fun at his expense. They took a quantity of liquor with them, and Wintle, who had no notion of their intentions, received them with open arms. They piled him freely with the liquor until he became sufficiently intoxicated for their purpose, when they began the proposed quarrel. Drunk as he was, however he did not want to take it up, but did everything in his power to keep the peace. They would not listen to his reason. Finally, goaded beyond endurance by his provocation, he seized his loaded gun to drive them off his premises and fired at them. The bullet missed them but lodged in the body of his niece, a young girl who happened to be in the house at the time. On perceiving this horrible result, Wintle's tormentors fled precipitately, and medical aid was called in for the wounded girl, who lingered until Friday, when she expired. The district coroner then had Wintle arrested. At latest accounts the inquest was still proceeding. The tragic affair has created a most painful sensation in the locality.

Human Sacrifice in India.

A recent occurrence in Rainpootana shows the hold that ancient superstitions still have among the natives. Some years ago the native States of Oodeypore and Tonk, with a view of simplifying their boundaries, exchanged certain villages near Neemuch. In this process a village inhabited entirely by Brahmans passed from Oodeypore to the Newah to Tonk. This village had been granted in perpetuity to the Brahmans by a former Maharana of Oodeypore, subject only to the nominal annual fee of twelve rupees for protection. After the exchange the Tonk authorities imposed a revenue assessment, which was raised from time to time till it reached 500 rupees annually. Successive deputations of the villagers proceeded to Tonk to lay the case before the Dunbar, but without effect.

Thereupon the Brahmans assembled and decided by the voices of all present, women as well as men, that nothing was left to move the Dunbar except the human sacrifice known as "Johur." Four women presented themselves as victims, but at the last moment two became frightened and withdrew. No opposition being offered, the other two went bravely and willingly to meet death, and were burned alive in the presence of the assembled community, their charred hands being afterward carried by the villagers to Oodeypore with a demand for redress. This occurred a few weeks ago and at midday, no attempt at concealment being made.