

Washed Ashore.

Lines Suggested by some Foreign Letters Picked up on the Boat Cases of Amherst, After a Storm.

To-night there is a storm at sea;
I hear the breakers rear;
There comes across the gray sea
The thunder of the shore,
And pity burns within my soul
For these upon the deep.
Kind Saviour Christ, do Thou control
The waves, and bid them sleep!

A week ago, one walked alone
Across your sandy beach,
And close beside a rocky stone,
Out of the billows' reach,
He found, washed up 'mid weeds and shells,
These letters, stained and worn—
Said records of some heart that dwells
All lonely and forlorn.

Some sad-eyed woman dwells remote
From the tempestuous sea,
And months ago those letters wrote—
An aching heart had she;
Her sailor-husband far away
Bore in his faithful breast,
Those lines of hers which speak to-day
Of home, and love, and rest.

She tells him of her lonely life,
And how she prays that he
May not forget his loving wife
While on the stormy sea;
And how she asks that God would keep
His vessel from all ill
And, as of old, make winds to sleep,
And furious waves be still.

Alas! a schooner on our shore,
By stormy billows tossed,
Went down amid the tempest's roar,
And every soul was lost!
So still, a woman, never-eyed,
May wait in hope at home
For him whom neither wind nor tide
Shall help across the foam.

Ah, me! the wind blows loud to-night.
Christ save poor souls at sea!
Burn brightly every beacon light
Wherever ships may be.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

It is taking an unfair advantage of a Pole or a Russian to ask him his name when he has been drinking.

A young man advertised for a wife, his sister answered the advertisement, and now the young people think there is no balm in advertisements, while the old folks think it's hard to have two fools in the family.

A woman on a street car, for the benefit of the other inmates, told her little girl to look out of the window and see if she could see her dear papa. "Why, mamma," said the child, "is you dot done bein' mad with him?"

"Confound these stamps!" exclaimed Whopper. "There ain't any muclage on em, or else there's something on my tongue that eats it off." "Maybe it's lye," said Jones, trying to be facetious, and it has always puzzled him since why Whopper treats him so coolly.

"I will add," concluded the young man who was applying for a situation, "that I am a college graduate." "Oh, that won't make any difference," was the reassuring reply, "if you stick to your work; and besides, we want somebody about the place who is strong enough to carry in coal."

"Yes," said Hendricks to the minister, "I am proud of that dog. Why, he knows the different days of the week." Just then the dog began to run to a gun which stood in the corner, then back to his master, and wag his tail. "He's made a mistake this time, pa," said young Bobby. "He thinks it's Sunday."

A minister in the country had some clothing repaired by a local tailor, and, in conversing with him, said incautiously: "When I want a good coat, I go to Toronto. That's the place. By the way," he added, "do you ever go to church?" "Yes, sir, when I want to hear a good sermon, I go to Toronto. That's the place."

"You should have a thermometer to ascertain the proper temperature of the water," said a fond mother to the colored nurse who was giving the baby a bath. "Wha' for?" "To tell when the water is too hot or too cold." "Don't use no such a dookerm-ment. Ef der chile turns blue de water am too cold, an' ef hit turns red den hit am too hot." And now the colored lady is open to an offer.

"One of the secrets of muscular recuperation" says an eminent authority, "is in stopping when fatigue begins from exercise." One of the most singular facts in connection with this, is that a small boy can put in a good day's work dragging a gun through the bush without being fatigued. Put him to cut a stick of wood, however, and he is completely exhausted before he gets half through with it.

According to a Berlin despatch to the London Daily News Emperor William of Germany recently shot 28 head of large game in the Blankenburg forest. This is quoted as "good proof" of the old gentleman's "keenness of hand and eye." As the game was driven along lanes of netting right up to the "hunters," as they are pleased to call themselves, it does not require any special skill or keenness to kill the half tame animals.

Peculiarities of Watches.

Watches are never entirely reliable, but have their caprices. For instance, some time about the beginning of last summer, when there had been a succession of fine displays of aurora borealis, it was estimated that in a single night in the City of New York the mainsprings of no less than three thousand watches broke. This estimate is based on actual inquiries. Fine, sensitive watches are particularly liable to be affected by electrical atmospheric disturbances. During the months of June, July and August, when these phenomena are most frequent, there are more mainsprings broken than during all the remaining months of the year. They break in a variety of ways, sometimes snapping into as many as twenty-seven pieces. It is a fact that since the introduction of the electric light has become so general a large number of watches, some of them very fine ones, have become magnetized. While in this condition they are useless as time-keepers. This defect used to be incurable, and because of it thousands of watches have been thrown away after much money has been spent on them in vain attempts to persuade them to keep good time.

"It is strange," said United States Senator Evans five days ago, "that, in administering justice, the wisdom for this world for 6,000 years has discovered no other way than for both sides to hire a man to exaggerate their sides, and then try to find out what is the truth between them."

FARM.

CRIBBING HORSES.

The habit of cribbing is considered by the best modern authorities a symptom of indigestion or diseased condition of the stomach. Horses addicted to this vice are generally thin in flesh, but this condition is probably the result of the disordered state of the digestive organs rather than of the act of grabbing and pressing upon the manger or some other object with the teeth. A horse in which this habit has long existed can readily be recognized by the worn and rounded appearance of the edges of his front teeth, also by the enlarged appearance of the muscles which depress the jaw. The habit can be prevented in several ways, but is liable to return again when the preventing conditions are removed. By taking away the manger and feeding from the ground the animal will have nothing to rest his teeth upon, hence, as a rule, cannot gratify his propensity in this direction, except in some very obstinate cases, when he will seize one of his knees and use it for cribbing purposes. By nailing a strip of sheep-skin about eight inches in width the entire length of the crib, selecting a skin covered with long wool and sprinkling it freely with cayenne pepper, renewing it occasionally, the worst cribber can be persuaded to desist from this habit.

FENCE POSTS.

A writer in an exchange says: I discovered many years ago that wood could be made to last longer than iron in the ground, but thought the process so simple that it was not well to make a stir about it. I would as soon have poplar, basswood, or ash as any other kind of timber for fence posts. I have taken out basswood posts after having been set seven years that were as sound when taken out as when first put in the ground. Time and weather seemed to have no effect upon them. The posts can be prepared for less than two cents apiece. This is the recipe: Take boiled linseed oil and stir in pulverized charcoal to the consistency of paint. Put a coat of this over the timber and there is not a man that will live to see it rot.

TIMELY SUGGESTIONS.

There are three ways of disposing of sheep, in seeking for a profit, outside of what may be obtained for wool. The first is breeding for fat lambs and selling direct from the mother, feeding as largely as possible on succulent and milk-promoting food, so that the growth of the young animal will be quick and without check. Another is the breeding of sheep to be sold in store condition either as lambs or at a more mature age to men whose sole business is to fatten. This is in most places the poorest policy of all. The third is in feeding off full-grown muttons for the butcher, a business which in a term of years is pretty sure to pay. The latter plan has the additional advantage of adding largely to the fertility of the farm. Sheep-raising is a many-sided industry.

The corn-crib should be thoroughly cleaned of all rubbish, as well as of old corn, before new is put in. The object of this is to destroy rats and mice, which harbor under such protection, and getting in a well-filled crib would increase enormously before spring, with no chance for destroying them. If we have not rat or mice proof cribs, it is at least an advantage to begin the year with cribs free from this kind of vermin.

It is not by any means the largest pumpkins that are worth the most money. There are quite a number of varieties, and some small, fine-grained sorts are among the most valuable. Something also depends upon the richness of the ground and the season. Pumpkins grown by themselves in a patch are richer and more solid than those shaded all the summer by growing corn. Usually, if the corn is a good crop, the pumpkins do not amount to much, and in really good corn the best will generally be found around the edge of the field.

What is wanted in a forest for timber is tall, upright growth free from knots. Where side limbs appear they not only waste the vigor of the tree but make knots in the wood which mar it for many purposes. If planted closely enough nature will thin out the side branches by depriving them of light and air thus causing them to rot and fall off. But a clean cut does this more effectually and without waste of force. If trees in woods were kept trimmed up their growth would be much greater and more valuable. The trimmings will often be worth enough for wood to pay the expenses if done when other work is not pressing.

FIGURES FOR FARMERS.

The report of the Bureau of Industries shows that:—Wheat, barley, oats, rye and peas, were reaped and housed in fair condition, and the final report of yield differs but slightly from the August estimate. The wheat crop is about 3,000,000 less than the average of five years; barley is only 50,000 bushels less, and oats is 3,300,000 more. Rye is diminished in breadth and yield. The area in peas is steadily enlarging, being this year nearly 100,000 acres more than the average of five years, while the produce is 3,000,000 in excess of the average; the pea-bush has vanished from almost every section of the Province. The corn area is 20,000 acres less than the average, and its yield is less by 1,000,000 bushels, while the bean crop is about the same as in previous years; the autumn weather was generally very favorable for the ripening of both crops. The area in potatoes is 19,000 acres less than the average, and in the eastern counties of the Province the crop has rotted badly; the total yield is nearly 4,000,000 bushels less than the average of five years. Carrots, mangels and turnips vary but slightly from the average of area, but the yield of turnips exceeds the average of five years by 7,500,000 bushels. Fruit of all kinds has been fairly abundant, and in many sections there is a large surplus of apples damaged to some extent, however, by the great gale of 14th and 15th October. Live stock are in good and healthy condition, and the dairy industry is brightening with the improved prices for butter and cheese.

Mabel—"Won't you come in, Charlie?" Charlie (gloomily)—"You forget that your father injured my tenderest feelings last evening when I was leaving." Mabel—"Yes, darling; but he wore his carpet slippers at the time, and now his foot is done up in a bandage, and he goes on a crutch. Come in, darling?"

A MYSTERIOUS ROBBERY.

An Old Detective's Story.

As an old detective who has landed his full share of criminals on the gallows and behind the bars, I have had some rousing adventures and queer experiences. One of the latter has been called to mind within a day or two by reading of the death of a man in a neighboring city. For convenience sake I will call him Charles Lennox. I was attached to the force of a certain Canadian city, and we had been running along for many weeks without any break on the part of evil-doers when a murder occurred. The janitor of a bank was found dead in the business office of the bank, with the outside doors open. The man had been struck on the side of the head with some heavy weight and his skull crushed. Nothing had been taken from the bank, and so we reasoned in this way: The robber had called the janitor to the door on some pretext or other, and as soon as he opened it they rushed in and dealt him the blow. It was the night before a local election, and the approach of people who were carousing or electioneering had rattled the robbers and they had fled. In these days a bank robber would have coolly shut the door and gone to work on the safe, but they were a different class of men then. If they had not been, we should have probably argued differently.

An inquest was held, a verdict rendered that John Shields came to his death at the hands of parties unknown, and he was buried. The robbers had not left the slightest clue behind them, but as I was ambitious to make a name I was allowed to begin work on the case. In a town twelve miles away I found, after a long hunt, a lively stable man who had let a horse and buggy THAT NIGHT TO TWO STRANGERS.

whom he accurately described, and whom he believed to be two brothers. They had told him they were going to Amesbury, but I traced them straight to Blankville, which was the place where the murder occurred. The town where they hired the horse was Rosburg, and they had come there by train in the afternoon. They could have come down to Blankville by the same train, and that they did not I argued was a sharp trick on their part. They had driven away at half past 7 o'clock. The body of the janitor was found about 10. The horse had been returned just before midnight. About 10 o'clock, as I had forgotten to tell you, there was an alarm of fire in Blankville, and the fire department was called out to quench a fire which had been set in one corner of a large tannery. The flames had not got much of a start and were speedily drowned out, and the case was reported as the work of boys.

I had, then, after two weeks' work, a clue. Two bank robbers, doubtless from Buffalo or some other American city, had come over to Blankville to do up a bank, but had been frightened away after committing a murder. I knew just how they reached Blankville and just how they left it, and I had descriptions of both. You may say I had but little to work on, as the man had come one hundred miles and might not then be within a thousand, or if they were, they had changed their identity; but even the smallest points will

ENCOURAGE A DETECTIVE

who has his heart in his work. In describing the men, the stable keeper, who was naturally observing and had a good memory, remembered that the elder one carried a lop shoulder, had gold filling in his front teeth, and there was a tremulous motion of the eyelids. You have observed this in people. Those who do it would stammer if they did not wink. There were no points in the description of the other which would serve to identify him on the street. He simply "looked enough like the other to be his brother."

I spent two weeks in Buffalo looking for my man, and, although I was well assisted by the detectives, my search was vain. No one could remember a crook bearing that description. I was at the depot ready to take the train for home, when I ran across a Grand Trunk detective whom I had not seen for several months. As we talked about the Blankville murder I gave him a description of my men, and I had hardly done so when he replied:

I know them both, or at least where they can be found. I saw them in Rosburg yesterday, and they are often on the road."

The town he named was about seventy-five miles from Blankville, on a cross-line railroad, and I had not been in it two hours when I located my men. They were brothers, and one kept a bakery and the other a saloon. Both had the reputation of being peaceful, law-abiding men, and they had families. It therefore behooved me to go slow, and the arrests were not made until they were positively identified by the livery man and I had positive evidence that they were away from home at the time. In each case, when making the arrest, I was asked concerning the nature of the offence or crime, and I replied that it was for the murder at Rosburg. The prisoners

WERE STRANGELY SILENT,

and, though seemingly anxious about the future, they refused to talk of the case. I took them to Rosburg, put them in jail, and in two or three days they were arraigned. They had sent to Montreal for counsel, but he had not arrived. Temporary counsel appeared for them, they pleaded not guilty, and in an hour or two were returned to jail.

You may now ask yourself what case I had against the brothers. As I looked it over I came to the conclusion that my work had just begun. They had left home without noise, if not secretly; had hired a horse and buggy under false pretences; had driven secretly across the country under cover of darkness. They were objects of suspicion, but I had no proofs. It was my duty to hunt for proofs. I went to the bank to have some questions answered. It was in summer, and the front door stood open. A new janitor had been employed, and as I entered the cashier was saying to him:

"John, get a paper and wrap around that brick which holds the door back. It is no ornament as it is."

Naturally enough I glanced down at the brick. As the janitor lifted it up I took it from his hand, and next instant I had made a discovery. There was a clot of dried blood on the brick, and in the clot were sticking several hairs which I knew had come from the dead janitor's head. I had made an important discovery, but had at the same time ruined my case. The brick had been in the office a year or more. The blood and the hairs were evidence that it was the weapon used to strike the janitor with. Then followed the queries: "Would

men come to rob the bank without weapons? Was it likely that the brick was used?" I replied to these in the negative, and I walked straight over to the jail and into the presence of the prisoners, and said:

"Neither of you is guilty of the murder of the janitor."

"We are not," they answered.

"You were not near the bank that night."

"We were not."

"But yet you had a secret purpose in coming here that night."

"We had."

"What was it?"

"We will not tell."

That ended the interview. Mind you, every man in the community believed them guilty of murder, and I was the recipient of praise on every hand for what was termed a clever capture. You may think it strange that I went away from the jail as fully determined to clear them as I had been to convict them. The drawback to good detective work is the hesitancy to drop a false scent, or to admit that a pet theory is wrong. I returned to the bank and asked for the average health of the dead janitor. He had been heard to complain of pains around his heart, but otherwise nothing could be said.

"Gentleman," I said to the bank officials, "your janitor had gone to his cot for the night. A sudden illness seized him, and in his alarm he made his way to the door to call for help. He had got the door open, when he fell to the floor, probably dead, and in his fall his head came in contact with the brick."

"That is theory," they answered.

"But I will furnish the proofs. I want a post-mortem examination of the body."

I had hard work to get it, but the result was that three reputable doctors found that the man came to his death from heart trouble. They mixed in some professional terms and some Latin, but that was the substance of it. The day the two prisoners were discharged from custody I said to them:

"I caused your arrest, but I have also brought about your liberation. Now tell me what brought you to Blankville that night."

"And you will keep it a secret?"

"Yes."

"To burn that tannery. It belongs to an estate in which we should have shared, but we were defrauded of our rights. In revenge we sought to burn up \$15,000 worth of property."

I kept the secret until both were dead.

"The Evil Eye."

An English writer, Mr. Hodden Westropp, recently traced the singular superstition of the Evil Eye back to the Aryan race. This will account for the almost universal belief in it in the poorest classes, even of nations now widely separated. The ignorant, not only in all European countries, but the Arabs, the Hindoos, the Maoris in Australia, the Romany, all African tribes, and our own Indians hold this absurd superstition.

In many cases, too, the belief that the eye has power to cast a malignant spell is supplemented by faith in some unpleasant object to ward it off. Usually this is the sign of a bloody hand. In Turkey, Arabia, Hindostan and Malabar, children are decorated with some brilliant jewel to attract the eye of the spectator, and so to divert its possible influence. In Egypt, even when they belong to wealthy people, they are sent upon the street in ragged and filthy garments for the same purpose. Lord Lytton says:

"At Naples the superstition works well for the jeweller, so many costly charms do they sell to ward off the ominous power of the *mal occhio*. A coral ornament among the ancient Greeks, as now in modern Italy, was a favorite averter of this evil influence."

This malignant power, according to the Italians, may belong to a person of good, even holy, character. Pope Pius IX., although revered by his people, was popularly believed to have the *mal occhio*, and it is stated that the more ignorant of Romans, while receiving his benediction for their soul's health, would hold up a cross, lest his glance might accidentally fall upon them and wither their bodies.

There is a basis of truth in the most grovelling superstition, and the germ of this one was probably the perception among the earliest dwellers on the globe of the strong personal magnetism possessed by many men of evil nature. It was natural for ignorant men to attribute this to some physical power of the eye.

While no educated Canadian believes in the power of any man to shrivel his limbs, or infuse a deadly poison into his blood by the mere glance of his eye, it is nevertheless true that a man of strong will and magnetic manner can and does exercise a strong influence over every person who comes near him. In every community, church, or school this power is possessed by one or more persons. They are the leaders; the others follow. Sometimes this influence is as malign to the soul as the *mal occhio* was believed to be to the body.

How the Pen Travels.

A rapid writer can pen thirty words in a minute. To do this he must draw his pen through the space of a rod, 16½ feet. In forty minutes his pen might travel a furlong. In a little more than five hours the small instrument may have gone a mile. In a year of three hundred such working days the pen would have traced a mark on paper three hundred miles long. Each letter of the ordinary alphabet requires from three to seven turns of the pen—on an average of three and a half to four. Writing thirty words in a minute, at least 480 such curves must be made; in an hour, 28,800; in a day of five hours, 14,400; in a year of 300 days, 43,200,000. The man who makes a million strokes with his pen in a month is not at all remarkable. Many persons, newspaper writers for instance, make four times that number.

Pleasing His Wife.

"Take hold of my collar, will you?" inquired a half-drunken man to one of the officers in the patrol wagon which was taking him to the station the other day.

"What for?"

"Because that's my house down on the corner."

"Well?"

"Well, my wife will see us, and if she thinks I'm taking you two fellows down she'll feel so stuck up over it that she won't speak to one of her neighbors for a month."

HEALTH.

CLOTHING FOR WOMEN.

It is a good sign of the times that many of the girls of to-day, the very young girls who are just coming up to womanhood, have very little to unlearn in the way of the proper sort of underclothing to wear for the best freedom and comfort and grace. Elder women, especially the mothers of the present generation, were so badly dressed when they were girls, so perfectly untaught in regard to all hygienic necessities of dress, that there is little wonder that so many of them are broken down, worn out before their time, with the burden of many bands and heavy skirts and tight garters and thin stockings, with too much clothing on the body in Summer and absolutely too little on the limbs in winter.

The making of simple and healthful undergarments was a good deal of a problem, but the dress reform women, have solved it, and a woman may be dressed very sensibly, very comfortably and very prettily in the clothing without bands, which can now be purchased so reasonably. It is a mistake to suppose that "reformed" underclothing is ugly, for it is not. The French have taken it up and their touch alone would straighten out the harshness, which for sake of courtesy, one may grant that the pioneers in dress reform put into the garments they introduced. Some of the most dainty union garments possible come now in woven goods of wool or silk or cotton, or of combinations of these, and many of them may be trimmed as delicately and fancifully as one may desire.

It is harder to emancipate womankind from heavy skirts than from corsets. Hundreds of women have left off their corsets with a great deal of hygienic ardor, and then have gone on hanging heavy skirts on their long suffering waists, with nothing to relieve the dead weight from the hips, until even a dress reformer at the sight would call for the return of the corset. The only sensible way is to wear the made waists, which are fitted to the form, and which have buttons on them and serve both for corset and skirt-supporter. With one of these and a good stiff mohair petticoat buttoned to it over her union undergarment, a woman is ready to put on a walking dress and walk three times as far with one-fourth the fatigue felt in the ordinary dress.

There is one point on which dress reformers are usually too silent, and that is that it is very hard indeed at first to dress sensibly if one has been accustomed to corsets and three or four petticoats. It is harder than learning to ride horseback or to play tennis or ride a tricycle. But it is an accomplishment worth gaining, and a woman who has once earned by a fortnight's effort the use of her own muscles and the delight of carrying around the weight of two or three or four pounds of clothing, instead of eight or ten pounds, will never go back to tight and heavy garments.

CONTAGIOUS CONSUMPTION.

At a meeting of the Council of Hygiene last week a committee was appointed, including Professors Trelet and Proust, and Dr. Dujardin-Bennet, who were charged to make researches to see what could be done to stop the development of pulmonary phthisis, the following resolutions were adopted:

1. The most active agent in the transmission of this disease resides in the Sputa. 2. Care must be taken not to allow this expectoration to be thrown on the ground nor on linen, where it may be transformed into dangerous dust.

3. We recommend, therefore, that patients be instructed to spit into utensils containing sawdust, and that these are to be emptied and washed once a day, and their contents are to be burnt.

4. Any room which has been occupied by a phthisical person should, after his death, be disinfected with sulphur before it is again occupied, and all linen must be steamed.

FIRST ESSENTIAL OF MENTAL HEALTH.

To be satisfied, or at all events reconciled with our occupation, whatever it may be, is the essential of mental health. It is of the utmost importance for a man to choose such a profession or occupation as his education and mental qualities best fit him to pursue, and having made his choice to recognize the fact that he is working for some fixed and definite purpose. Let a man so school and discipline himself that when misfortune or disaster comes it shall find him with sufficient reserve force, with enough mental or nervous stamina, to make the best of what remains and not to be overcome by an unlooked for and unexpected stroke of misfortune. The habit of doing one thing at a time and doing it well; the power of concentration, which is the outgrowth of this habit, and a resolution to make the best of life and the work one has chosen, are the surest defence against misfortune and the best safeguard against disease.

That Pipe of Yours.

M. Zulinsky has recently published, says the *British Medical Journal*, in a Polish medical paper the result of a long series of experiments on men and animals, made for the purpose of ascertaining the physiological action of tobacco smoke, when not inhaled too freely, is deleterious only to a limited extent. M. Zulinsky declares that the poisonous character of the smoke is not entirely due to the nicotine which it contains. Tobacco smoke rendered free from nicotine remains poisonous, though not to so great a degree as before. The second poisonous principle is an alkaloid—collidine. Carbonic oxide, hydrocyanic acid, and other noxious principles, are also contained in tobacco smoke. There can be little doubt that many of the light-colored tobaccos have been partially bleached in order to give them that pale tint which moderate smokers believe to be an infallible indication of mildness. The decolorizing agent is suspected to be in many cases a deleterious chemical compound. Some of the light tobaccos smoke exceedingly hot, owing to the quantity of woody fibre which they contain. Dark tobaccos are readily adulterated; but when pure, they are probably the most wholesome for pipe smoking.

There is a sweet pleasure in contemplation; and when a man hath run through a set of vanities in the declension of his age, he knows not what to do with himself if he cannot think.—Blount.