I MUSED LAST NIGHT IN PENSIVE MOOD.

BY ALICE WILLIAMS.

"Oh there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream!"

I mused last night in pensive mood—
Albeit not often sentimental—
My heart was heavy and my frame
Was racked with aches—both head and dental.
I say, as once I've said before,
My mood was somewhat sad and pensive,
I cast upon the Past a glance
Fond, lingering, and comprehensive.

I saw once more that mossy bank
By which the river ripples slowly,
O'ershadowed by the silvery veil
Of willow branches drooping lowly,
Bestrewn with wild spring flowerets dyed
In every color of the prism;
Where oft we sat, May Brown and I—
Nor ever dreamed of rheumatism.

We loved. Ah, yes! Some might have loved
Before us, in their humdrum fashion;
But never yet the world had known
So wild, so deep, so pure a fashion!
We recked not of the heartless crowd,
Nor heeded cruel parents' frowning;
But lived in one long blissful dream,
And spouted Tennyson and Browning.

And when the cruel fates decreed
That for a season I must leave her,
It wrung my very heart to see
How much our parting seemed to grieve her
One happy moment, too, her head
Reposed so lightly on my shoulder!
In dreams I live that scene again,
And in my arms again enfold her.

She gave me one long auburn curl,
She wore my picture in a locket,
He letters, with blue ribbon tied,
I carried in my left coat-pocket.
(Those notes, rose-scented and pink-hued,
Displayed more sentiment than knowledge.)
I wrote about four times a week
That year I was away to College.

But oh, at length "a change came o'er
The spirit of my dream!" One morning
I got a chilly line from May,
In which, without the slightest warning,
She said she shortly meant to wed
Tom Barnes (a parson, fat and jolly);
She sent my notes and ruby ring,
And hoped I would "forget my folly."

I sent her all her letters back,
I called her false and fickle-hearted,
And swore I hailed with joy the hour
That saw me free. And so we parted.
I quoted Byron by the page,
I smoked Havanas by the dozens,
And then I went out West and fell
In love with all my pretty cousins.

—*Scribner's for November.*

"SUMMER-LAND."

The Next World According to Spiritualists.

"Summer-Land" is the name given by the seer Davis to that bourne from whence—it was popularly supposed before the day of spirit-rapping—no traveler returned. In other words, it is the heaven of the Spiritualists who believe in Mr. Davis' teachings. Before going into a description of the Summer-Land, Mr. Davis' statement of the manner in which the spirit quits the earthly tenement by the process called death will be entertaining:

DEATH—SO-CALLED.

Suppose a human being to be lying in the death-bed before you. Persons present not seeing anything of "the beautiful processes of the interior" are grief-stricken and weeping. The departing one, it may be supposed, is a beloved member of the family. But there in the corner of the room of sorrow stands one (the seer) who sees through the outward phenomena presented by the dying one. To the outward senses the feet are there, the head on the pillow, and the hands clasped, outstretched, or crossed over the breast. "If the person is dying under or upon cotton there are signs of agony, the head and body changing from side to side. Never allow any soul to pass out of the physical body through the agony of cotton or feathers either beneath or in folds about the sufferer." The person is dying, and we will suppose that is a rapid death. The feet grow cold. The clairvoyant sees directly above the head what may be called the magnetic halo, "an ethereal emanation, in appearance golden, and throbbing as though conscious." The body is now cold up to the knees and elbows, and the emanation has ascended higher in the air. The legs are cold to the hips and the arms to the shoulders, and the emanation, though it has not arisen higher in the room, is more expanded. Now the death-coldness steals over the breast, and around on either side, and the emanation has attained a higher position nearer the ceiling. The person has ceased to breathe, the pulse is still, and the emanation is elongated and fashioned in the outline of the human form. Beneath it is connected the brain. The golden emanation is connected with the brain by a very fine life-thread. Now the body of the emanation ascends. Then appears something white and shining, like a human head; next, in a few moments, a faint outline of the face divine, then the fair neck and beautiful shoulders; then in a rapid succession come all parts of the new body down to the feet, "a bright, shining image, a little smaller than this physical body, but a perfect reproduction in all except disfigurements." The fine life-thread continues attached to the old brain. The next thing is the withdrawal of the electric principle. When this thread snaps the spiritual body is free and prepared to accompany its guardians to Summer-Land. "Yes, there is the spiritual body; it is sown in dishonor and raised in brightness."

THE SPIRIT JOURNEY.

The newly arisen spiritual body moves off toward a thread of magnetic light which has penetrated the room. The spiritual being is asleep, just like a new-born, happy babe; the eyes are closed, and there seems to be no consciousness of existence. It is an unconscious slumber. In many cases this sleep is long, in others not at all. The love-thread now draws the new-born body to the outside door. A "thought-shaft" descends upon one who is busy about the body. "This person is impressed to open the door of the dwelling and leave it open for a few moments. Or some other egress is opened and the spiritual body is silently removed from the house." Celestial attraction draws it obliquely through the forty-five miles of air. It is surrounded by a beautiful assemblage of guardian friends. They throw their loving arms around the sleeping one, and on they all speed to the world of Light. When the time approaches for the spirit's awakening, "then celestial music, or some gentle manipulation, or the murmuring melody of distant streams, or something like breathing passes made over the sleeping one, cause sensation to return, and thus the newcomer is introduced to the Summer-Land."

THE LOCATION OF SUMMER-LAND.

Such is Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis' picture of the change called death. It would certainly be a very pleasant thing to believe, if he could bring any other evidence than his visions to prove it, and it would rob the last hour of all its terrors. Now, having taken the spirit into its new abode, it is next in order to ascertain what that abode is. In answering the inquiries which will naturally arise under this head, we are opportunely assisted by a communication from the late Theodore Parker, which appears in a Boston spiritual paper. Being asked where is the spiritual world he replies that it is "About sixty-five billions of miles from the planet earth. It is a spiritual planet, revolving on its own axis, around its own spiritual sun, and in its own spiritual solar system, and is subject to laws just as perfect as the laws governing in the physical solar system that come within the range of human sense; and yet, wherever a spirit can exist, there, in degree, is a spirit world, but not the spiritual planet proper of this material earth."

SPRING GARDEN CITY.

Mr. Parker also says that he lives in Spring Garden City. Spirit is but sublimated matter, and matter, after all; therefore it requires a given time for that body of matter, or spirit, to pass from one point to another. The time required depends very much upon the strength or will of the spirit, and upon its knowledge of the elements through which it has to pass; of the universal powers with which it has to deal. Some spirits can pass through space more quickly than others; some find it exceedingly difficult, because they do not know how to take the best advantage of the currents of magnetic and electric life that they meet with. "So, then," continues the disembodied Mr. Parker, "if I say I can leave this place and be at my own villa in Spring Garden City in five seconds of earth-time, you are not to suppose that every other spirit can do the same thing, only that I can do it." These human wills, in the spirit-world, are the fast or slow horses that you have to drive.

CELESTIAL SCENERY.

Mr. Davis says that the Summer-Land is vastly more beautiful than the most beautiful landscape of earth. Celestial waters are more limpid, the atmosphere more soft and genial, the streams are always musical, and the fertile islands there are always full of meanings. The trees are not exotics, and the birds are literally a part of the celestial clime, every one having its lesson of divine significance. The Summer-Land is every way a world as actual as this. It is a comprehensive sphere. Astronomically speaking the earth is on one side of that vast galaxy of suns and planets termed the "milky way," and directly across this great physical belt of stars we find the sublime repose of the Summer-Land, and this is but the receptacle of the immortal inhabitants who ascend from the different planets that belong to our solar system. These planets all have celestial rivers, which lead from them toward the heavenly shores. The spirit land has a firmament. It is filled with stars, suns, and satellites. It rolls in the blue immensity. The sky there is not without its clouds. They change very much like the clouds of our tropics, yet they do not much resemble them. The changes are like those in the Southern skies, but the clouds themselves are very different.

A SUMMER-LAND CITY.

In a volume containing communications from distinguished personages in the other world, sold at the Spiritualists' bookstores, there is an account of the city of Spring Garden, before alluded to, as the residence of the spirit body of Theodore Parker. The late Margaret Fuller, Countess d'Ossoli, is the alleged authority for the statements contained in this connection. Probably the description will answer for other cities in the spirit world. Spring Garden contains between sixty thousand and seventy thousand inhabitants, a jority of whom are engaged in literary and artistic pursuits. It is just the place where all good newspaper men are likely to go when they shuffle off. The streets are handsome, the pavements being covered with a brilliant enamel, which is formed by dampening a certain yellow powder, which, when hardened, shines like amber. They are laid out in circles surrounding a large park of several acres, which forms the center of the city. This park is embellished with trees and flowering plants of every description, and does not differ materially from the extensive parks to be found on earth, except in its management. Forming an outer circle to the park is the main thoroughfare of the city. The buildings are of a light, graceful style of architecture, adapted to the out-door life which the people generally lead. The street facing the park is devoted to the display of commodities and creations of the spirit world and its inhabitants. Here beautiful fabrics, finer than the web of a spider and ornamented with the most exquisite floral designs taken from nature are exposed to view. There are, however, no millinery establishments in Spring Garden City, and the females wear simply their own beautiful hair, which they adorn with flowers and a peculiar lace "as thin as a breath." There are many artists' studios in the streets, and the art of painting is carried to greater perfection than it ever has been on earth. The city contains many institutions of learning, which are accessible to all.

MARRIAGE.

In the Summer-Land (we again quote from the volumes just alluded to, and not from A. J. Davis this time) the unions of male and female occur from very similar causes to those which bring about like unions on earth. The parties are drawn to each other through the operation of a natural law, and the result is greater happiness than is usually found on earth in these relations. Marriage in the spirit land is not an indissoluble bond. Some minds associate together in harmony and expand in the same direction, and with these the union is permanent. There are others whose states and conditions after awhile become changed. Such seek new companions, and this is permitted without discredit to the individuals. Many forms of marriage ceremonies are extant in the different societies and countries. Garlands of flowers and symphonies of divine music are bestowed upon the bride and bridegroom. From these spiritual marriages are born soul attributes [*sic.*] Human beings are never generated. They need what is known as the material world for their nurture and growth.

PARSON POHICK'S PERIL.

The Rev. Abiram Pohick was a devout man and zealous circuit-rider, but in worldly matters notably absent-minded. So much so that if his wife, who was a noticing woman, hadn't kept a keen lookout when he rose in the morning, ten to one he would have appeared in public, half the time, arrayed in *her* habiliments instead of his own—an exchange which some would have scoffingly declared not inappropriate.

His head once set on a text, he was oblivious of all else. To find his way round the ciruit, he trusted implicitly to Old Job's geographical knowledge. Old Job was the parson's horse. He was not an *old* horse, either, but a likely animal in the prime of life. It was his gravity and patience, mayhap, that earned him the *sobriquet* of "Old Job." He was a horse of sense, withal, and, to a congregation that understood *Houyhnhnm*, could probably have preached a more practical sermon than his master.

A portion of Parson Pohick's field of labor lay in a wild, out-of-the-way region; and it was on his first journey to keep an appointment there that he met with the adventure we are about to relate.

After a wearisome day's travel, Old Job and the parson sought and found rest one night at a settler's cabin. At a later hour another wayfarer arrived; and, after a hearty supper, and a sociable chat, the two guests, who were to take an early start in the morning, retired to rest, both being assigned to one apartment.

Mr. Pohick, his devotions ended, would gladly have conversed a little with his fellow-guest, but the latter was disinclined to talk; and the parson, from falling into a revery on his forthcoming sermon, in due time fell sound asleep.

He awoke at daybreak, but found his companion had already gone.

Having a long road yet before him, the parson rose at once, and having made his toilet, and performed his morning duties with all proper dispatch, he left the house without disturbing the family—having paid his scot the night before—and finding his way to the stable, he saddled his horse and rode off, intending to breakfast further on.

It was a fresh, bright morning; and, as the parson rode along, he sought to improve the time by more fully working up the details of the discourse wherewith he was preparing to enlighten a people hitherto groping in darkness.

"Get along, Job," said the parson, at the end of a mental paragraph; "I never knew you lag so before."

But the horse seemed absorbed in his own reflections, and paid no heed.

Inattention to his master's words was an unusual thing in Old Job, and might have attracted the parson's notice; but just then he began subdividing his "*Nineteenthly*," and the horse might have stopped stock still for all his rider would have known.

The clattering of hoofs, and the cry of "*Stop thief!*" behind him, at length broke the parson's chain of thought.

"Stop, you old villain, or we'll blow you through!" yelled several voices, accompanying the command with divers expletives which greatly shocked the parson's ears.

Parson Pohick had no suspicion that such words could *possibly* be addressed to him; but the reproof of profanity was a duty he never neglected. So, turning about, he quoted several texts on the subject, and would have enlarged upon them edifyingly but for the derisive shouts of the company in whose midst he quickly found himself.

"Ha! ha!" laughed one; "jest hear the old rascal!"

"Satan reprovin' sin!" added another.

"Whose hoss is that?" queried a third.

"Whose horse?" echoed the parson—"whose is *what* horse?"

"Why, that 'ere you're mounted on."

"*This?* Why, this is *my* horse—Old Job," answered the parson, more and more surprised.

"*Your* horse!" exclaimed a burly fellow. "You say that agin, an' I'll mash your mug. That's *my* hoss as was *stole*, an' you stole 'im, an' his name's not Job; it's Pete."

The horse whinnied at the name, as if turning State's evidence against his rider.

"Git down, you old reprobate!" the burly man continued. "Why, I've owned that hoss ever sence he was foalded, an' there's plenty here ken prove it."

"That's so!" chimed in several. "Git down! git down! you tarnal old thief!"

A dozen revolvers were leveled at him, and the parson felt constrained to dismount.

"I assure you, gentlemen, the horse is mine," he protested earnestly, "and being a minister of the gospel, my word should have some weight."

"Minister of the—haw! haw!"

The man who tried to repeat the words broke down with laughter.

"A pretty minister *you* are!" jeered another, who, searching the parson's person, drew a pack of cards from one pocket and an empty whisky bottle from another.

Mr. Pohick was dumbfounded.

"There is some terrible mistake here!" was all he could utter.

"What say you, gentlemen?—is the pris'ner guilty or not guilty?" sang out the leader of the crowd.

"Guilty!" they all said.

With equal unanimity it was voted to hang him on the spot!

"My friends, before taking a fellow creature's life," pleaded the parson, "you should have clear and certain proof."

"*Proof!*—what proof would you have?" replied the leader. "Wasn't the hoss found on you—or you on the hoss—which is the same thing in law? Come, string 'im up, boys!"

And the poor parson would surely have ended his worldly career then and there but for the timely arrival of another party.

In their midst was a man in clerical garb—none other than Mr. Pohick's companion of the preceding night—securely bound on a horse.

The new company was headed by a Deputy Sheriff well acquainted with Mr. Pohick.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Pohick," said the officer; "but, bless me, I hardly knew you in that rig!"

The parson's eyes, for the first time, fell on his garments. They were certainly not his own. Nothing could be more unclerical than their cut and material. The cards and whisky bottle were now accounted for; and when Old Job, on whose back the other prisoner was tied, greeted his master with his old familiar neigh, the whole truth flashed on the parson's mind. The man with whom he had shared his room the night before was a *horse-thief*, who, rising first in the morning, had not only taken the parson's clothes for a disguise, leaving his own, but had taken Old Job, who was far the better horse, instead of the one he had recently stolen—the parson, in his absent-mindedness, never noticing the difference.

The thief was one well known to the officers, who had been for some time on his track; and when the Sheriff's deputy, who knew Old Job as well as his master, saw the former and the clothes of the latter in the possession of a noted outlaw, he feared at first that murder as well as theft had been committed—and murder *would* have been committed but for his arrival in the nick of time.

"Let it teach you to keep your eyes open next time," was all the consolation the parson got from Mrs. Pohick on reaching home and telling her how near he had come to being hanged.—*New York Ledger.*

WHILE Northern woolen-mills are stopped, those of Georgia are increasing the number of looms and reaping dividends. Columbus has 35,000 spindles, 60 woolen and 879 cotton looms, all built in less than seven years by a city which lost 60,000 bales of cotton, worth fifteen million dollars, and millions of other property.

All Sorts.

OLIVE LOGAN is deaf.

BISMARCK is a great fox-hunter.

THE Astors own 1,500 houses in New York city.

THERE are thirty-eight Roman Catholic churches in Brooklyn.

COOPER'S "Bee-Hunter" chewed tobacco, and he lived to be 103.

THE Jews say that Judaism is declining, and they ought to know.

MILWAUKEE'S census shows a population of 94,405, an increase of 22,955 since 1870.

TWO ATLANTA professors, who recently tried a mule steak, pronounce it finer than real beef.

THE hair of a lady in Montpelier, Vt., turned white in a single night. She fell into a flour barrel.

GOV. FURNAS, of Nehama county, Neb., raised 5,000 bushels of peaches in his orchard this year.

THE first daily journal in the world was that of Frankfort-on-the-Main, established in 1615. It is still issued.

"AS I NEVER pay my own debts it isn't likely I shall pay hers." This is the frank way a Tacoma manadvertises his errant wife.

THE Northumberland House, in London, was bought for the purpose of opening a new street. The price paid was $2,489,500.

A NEW salt-basin has been discovered in Saginaw Valley, Mich., which is deemed inexhaustible. The brine is obtained at a depth of 1,764½ feet.

YEDDO has eighteen newspapers, among others the "Nischinshinjishi," the "Tokionichinichi Schimbum," and the "Chinbansashi."

HONOR and glory to E. F. Phillips, of Michigan, who has written 5,115 words on a postal card! These would make about three columns of closely-printed matter in a large newspaper. A great man Phillips is!

"THE Son of Man" advertises in a Cincinnati paper that the world will come to an end on the 4th of July, 1876. The sooner, therefore, this hopeful son of a gun gets out of "sin, sin," and into another State, the better.

THE Austrian Polar expedition, which has declared to the world the inadvisability of attempting to explore the far north or discover an open sea, would seem to have been composed of explorers competent to judge. From recent and more detailed reports, it is shown that the expedition last spring did reach the most northerly point ever trod by the feet of men, 82 degrees 50 minutes north latitude. Here they raised their native flag and gazed away to the north as far as the eye and glass could reach over a dreary waste of perpetual ice. Austria will send one more party over the same ground.

ONE of the most pathetic reminders of the recent Fall River disaster is the habit of a woman whose three daughters were killed, but who still insanely believes that they are alive. Every day, when the factory bells are ringing for dinner, the woman, who saw her three daughters borne away to be buried, that Sunday, takes a tin-pail, as she used to do, and starts for Granite Mill No. 1. Sometimes her neighbors divert her attention by telling her that it isn't bell time, but other days she walks to the place where the mill once stood, sees nothing that she can recognize, turns back in a dazed way, and goes to her deserted home again.

A Matrimonial Sensation.

A singular story comes to us from Westmoreland, and I feel that no injustice will be done the parties by giving the facts as they have thus far occurred. There are two residents of that town (whom we will consider Jones and Smith), whose land "joins." Jones is a farmer and has a daughter who will be sixteen years of age in a few weeks. His neighbor Smith (who is in the employ of the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad Company) has among his children a boy who will be sixteen years of age next January, and to whom it was his intention to give a trade and educate till he should attain his majority. Last April Mr. Smith indentured his son to farmer Jones for a period of six or seven months, and at the expiration of that time the boy was to go to school. An attachment sprang up between the young people, and a few days ago young Smith asked his father's consent to the union, saying that Farmer Jones favored it. Smith called on Jones a few days subsequently, who denied giving his consent to the matrimonial arrangement, and told Smith in straight English that his son had lied. After Smith left the house, Jones is said to have told young Smith that his father proposed locking him up the next morning. What particularly followed is not known, save that these two children were packed off to the church in Lowell and legally married, young Smith wearing a suit of clothes belonging to Jones' oldest boy. As soon as Mr. Smith was informed of the marriage he saw his boy and made this proposition: To stay at the home of Farmer Jones three nights in the week, and at his (Smith's) the remaining four nights, which would insure going to school and a trade, as a start down the matrimonial stream. Up to yesterday, young Smith had not reported, and "All's quiet along the lines."—*Correspondence Utica Herald,*

The Sczaroch.

The Russians, it is said, have adopted a new shell which, from its formidable character, according to recent experiments, is attracting much attention on the part of military authorities. The following description of the new projectile is going the rounds of the scientific press. It is well known that the ordinary elongated bolt will not permit of a ricochet fire, and as this species of firing is very effective against masses of troops, the loss is a matter of considerable moment. The sczaroch, as the new projectile is called, is either a percussion or a time shell, combined with a shot. The latter ricochets beyond the point of explosion of the bursting charge. The shell portion is a simple iron cylinder, to one end of which is secured by a thin sheet of lead a spherical shot. On leaving the gun the combined projectile acts like an ordinary elongated shell, but as soon as the explosion of the charge takes place the cylinder flies to pieces, while the shot, impelled with the additional velocity ricochets for hundreds of feet ahead. In firing at batteries it is claimed that the double effect of this projectile comes into excellent use, as the shell might be exploded among the guns, while the ball would strike far in the rear among the reserves; or while the shell might burst in the front rank of an advancing column, the ball would continue its course through several succeeding columns.

Trials of a Ticket-Seller.

"Ticket to Ne Yark," said Pat, the other day, at the Providence railroad station.

"By the Shore Line?" inquired the ticket clerk, who always wants to be certain with this class of customers.

"Shure line? Faix I do, and mighty shure too, for I want to see me brother Dennis in Worcester, shure, an the way."

"That's not the Shore Line. You want to go to the station on Albany street."

"Divil a bit do I want to go to any station. Faix, I was in a station all night for givin' an omadahn a black eye that was blackguardin' me, jist."

"You don't understand. The Shore Line don't go to Worcester."

"Augh, bother that! Me brother towld me the train was always shure to go to Worcester, and I want the shure train."

"No, no!" said the clerk, laughing. "This train does not run to Worcester, this is the Shore—S-h-o-r-e—L-i-n-e—on shore. You understand what coming on shore is, don't you?"

"Coming ashore, is it? An' is it laughin' ye are bekase ye think I'm just ashore, and I a votin' more than a dozen times wid the byes of the owld sixth since I set me fut in Amerikey?"

"I tell you this train does not run to Worcester."

"Don't it? Bedad, perhaps it walks there thin, for I've heard av things bein' slow and shure."

"If you want to go to New York by way of Worc—"

"I don't want to go any by way, avic; it's the shure way, I towld ye and stop at Worcester."

"This road don't stop at Worcester, I tell you; it goes to New York."

"An' Worcester is betwane Boston an' New Yark?"

"Yes, but not on this road."

"Augh! go away wid ye! Give me me ticket, and let me go. Faix, I'll stop if the road don't."

"There's a ticket for New York," said the clerk, "but you can't stop at Worcester with it, mind that."

"Shure I do," said Pat, passing over his currency. "Faix, I've no desire to shtop at Worcester wid it. Shure, I'll leave it wid some gentleman in the car till I return."

The case was hopeless, and the ticket-seller was obliged to let Pat go, but could not help but smile at the task the conductor had in prospect.

"Blazer" Finds a Paradise.

We have, says the Virginia (Nev.) *Enterprise*, in this town, a genius known as "Blazer," who is "never at peace except when at war." He would leave his dinner any day if he thought he could find a fight. When he is unable to find a muss he is perfectly wretched. A week without a battle, and he begins to think there is nothing in the world worth living for. Although he seldom wins more than one fight in ten, it is all the same to him. He rather enjoys a good pummeling. A night or two since some friends of his, who happened to be passing through the "Barbary coast" region of the town, had their attention attracted to a shebang near at hand by a tremendous uproar. There was a smashing of glass, a crashing of chairs, bottles, and tumblers; fierce yells, bitter curses, and, in short, a fearful commotion. Thinking one of the voices within had a familiar sound, the gentlemen looked in at the door of the "gin-mill," and there beheld Blazer surrounded by about half a dozen "coast rangers," who were giving it to him "straight from the shoulder" on all sides. Blazer's nose was flattened; one eye boasted a watch-fob; his upper lip was laid open by a blow from a tumbler, and his clothes were nearly torn from his back. A clip under the eye sent him "to grass," while those nearest him began jumping upon him and kicking him in the ribs. His friends at once rushed to his rescue. The breath was completely knocked and kicked out of poor Blazer, and he lay stretched upon the floor. Some water dashed in his face revived him. Recognizing his friends, he smiled as amiably as was possible with his bloated and distorted upper lip, and huskily whispered:

"Boys, it's gorgeous! I've stumbled into a regular paradise!"

Danbury Bailey in England.

A dog show was the principal feature to-day, and I am extravagantly fond of dogs. The afternoon I came into the city I found two mastiffs in the depot. In the confusion I thought they were two freight cars that had by some inscrutable means got off the track. I was glad to find they were dogs. The larger of the two was called the champion of England, and added other laurels by carrying off the prize at the show. This was the largest dog I ever saw; it was the largest dog any two people ever saw. I thought at first I would buy him, but partly hesitated on learning the price—$1,000—and completely gave up the idea before I saw him out of the depot. He was secured by a chain in the hands of an attendant, a man who appeared to be in a chronic state of perspiration and protestation. And he was an erratic dog. He made violent and entirely unexpected dashes at various objects or openings, and wherever he went the perspiring and protesting individual was sure to go. He snapped him off his feet every other minute, and in the intervals hauled him over square-cornered trunks, bumped him against other people with luggage in their hands, or shoved him over highly indignant but utterly helpless little boys, whose unrestrained curiosity had led them too close to the performance. The last I saw of the keeper (?) he was passing through the door in charge of the mastiff, a boy was running after with his hat, and people on the sidewalk were appropriating elevated places with spotless alacrity.—*Manchester Letter.*

Velocity of Thought.

The velocity of thought is commonly regarded as unsurpassed in nature, a notion which is well illustrated by the phrase "quick as thought," so frequently used to express the utmost conceivable rapidity of action. But Mr. George F. Rodwell, in an extremely suggestive paper on the perception of the invisible, lately printed in *Macmillan's Magazine*, points out that "quick as thought" is not nearly so "quick as lightning;" for while, according to Sir Charles Wheatstone, a flash of lightning lasts only the one thousandth part of a second, the experiments of Donders show that it takes about one twenty-sixth part of a second to think. We believe, however, that the experiments made by Prof. Ogden N. Rood, of Columbia College, New York, during a thunder-storm in August, 1870, showed that the duration of the flashes of lightning then seen was twice as great as Sir Charles Wheatstone's result—or, in round numbers, the five hundredth part of a second.

Lost in a Wisconsin Pinery.

J. L. Robinson, train-boy on the Wisconsin Central railroad, conceived the novel idea of hunting partridges with a revolver, and in order to give shape to his thought, left the upward bound train at Mill Creek Station, fifteen miles northwest of Stevens Point, Wis., on Friday, Oct. 9. It was his intention to return on the first incoming car, which was due one hour from the pinery. Alas for human purpose and expectation! A few rods from the station and he was as thoroughly bewildered as though a hundred miles intervened between him and civilization. His hunt for game proved fruitless, as well as his effort to retrace his steps. The young man wandered about in the woods for four days, and when found was half famished. Scores of people turned out to hunt for the wanderer, and the excitement attending the search is described as intense. When Robinson first realized that he was lost he wrote and attached to a twig the following note:

"I am lost in the woods and can't find my way out. J. L. ROBINSON.
"Oct. 9."

After sleeping on the ground during Friday night he moved on and dropped the following in his path:

"I am lost in the woods; if anybody will show me out I will give them $5. I am news agent on the Wisconsin Central road. Keep calling me; if I hear I will come.
"J. L. ROBINSON.
"Oct. 10, Saturday."

At this time if he had taken a southerly course it would have brought him to the railroad track. Instead, however, he went north, reaching the east side of Bear creek, where he left another communication as follows:

"I am lost, and can't find my way out. Look for me and you shall have $100 reward.
"J. L. ROBINSON."

A little farther on he dropped his handkerchief, which, together with the former memorandums, aided largely in the success of the search.

On Sunday he reached an old haying camp, where he found several bushels of potatoes and some salt. Here he remained until Monday afternoon, when he left the following, written on an old tea-chest cover:

"Friends, I am lost. For God's sake look for me. I am starving to death; can't find anything to eat. Five hundred dollars to the one that finds me and leads me out of these woods. I live in Menasha, Wis. My name is Joseph L. Robinson. Carry the news to my poor wife.

"I am going to leave here in the morning. I go right straight through the woods. Please hunt after me, and you will be well paid for your trouble. May God have mercy on my soul. Tell my wife my last words were about her. Directions—Mrs. M. V. Robinson, Menasha, Wis. I leave Tuesday about 9 o'clock.

"Five hundred dollars to any man that finds me and leads me out of these woods, and takes me home to my family. O God! I am starving to death by inches. Follow me, won't you, for God's sake? It is hard to give up life. I haven't had anything to eat since last Friday.

"If I am dead when you find me, take me home.

"JOSEPH L. ROBINSON, Menasha, Wis."

On Tuesday he was observed near this shanty, and on perceiving his rescuers, he shouted, "I am lost, I am lost, I am lost!" and then lying on the ground and kicking with all his might, he cried, "I am found, I am found, I am found!" Robinson is now at home with his friends, with a wholesome horror of pistols and partridges.

The Koumis Cure for Consumption.

A correspondent of the London *Daily News*, writing from Samara, on the Volga, says: "It has long been known that the Tartar tribes inhabiting what is generally known as Independent Tartary (no longer, however, since Gen. Kaufmann's visit, particularly independent), and nomad tribes scattered over its northern frontiers, the Turkomans and the Kirghis, as well as other tribes more or less akin to these, such as the half-nomad Bashkirs of Orenberg, all used fermented mare's milk, which they called Koumis, not only as a beverage, but as a substantial portion of their daily food. It was reported to combine the nourishing properties of milk with the invigorating qualities of alcohol; indeed, among its other virtues, it was said to exhilarate and intoxicate. It came into the heads of some Russian medical men, of whom, I believe, Dr. Portnikoff, of Samara, to have been one of the first, that this koumis might possibly possess medical properties as well. It was observed that consumption and its cognate disorders were unknown among the tribes who habitually drank koumis. Starting from this observation, experiments were made on the *vilia corpora* of consumptive patients, and with highly beneficial results. Upon this Dr. Portnikoff started a koumis establishment at Samara. Its situation offered him many advantages. In the first place, from its position on the Volga, it was at least approachable, whereas Orenberg, the nearest spot where koumis could be said to be indigenous, was the *ultima thule* of the civilized world. This new establishment on the Volga was the means, therefore, of pushing the koumis outposts 300 miles westward. In the next place it was observed that the pasturage at Samara was similar to that of Orenberg. It is supposed that the virtue of koumis consists in a great measure in the rich quality of the mare's milk, which again is dependent, not only on the race of mares, but on the pasturage on which they are fed. All these are propositions which are more or less vehemently affirmed and denied by the different camps into which koumis connoisseurs are divided."

Produce of the Earth.

Take the potato away from Ireland, and starvation comes. Famine recently had its hold on Bengal on account of a failure of the rice crop. Bread fruit is to West India both food and clothing. Heaven sends it and causes it to grow, and the lazy natives ask nothing further. And yet all these yield to the despised bamboo. We go fishing with these poles; the Chinese eat them. The uses to which it is put render it a national benefactor. Houses, boats, screens and water-wheels are made of it, together with fences, ropes, furniture, hats, umbrellas, and all varieties of weapons, lamp-wicks, pencils, brushes, pens, aqueducts, telescopes, and a thousand other things of daily use. We might almost say that were the bamboo to perish suddenly from off the earth the whole Chinese Empire would collapse.

A SINGULAR and affecting trait is recorded of the bison when young. Whenever a cow bison falls by the hand of the hunter, and happens to have a calf, the helpless creature, instead of attempting to escape, stays by its fallen dam, with many expressions of strong affection. The mother being secured, the hunter makes no attempt on the calf, because this is unnecessary, but proceeds to cut up the carcass; and then, laying it on his horse, he returns home, followed by the young one, which thus instinctively follows the remains of its parent. A hunter once rode into the town of Cincinnati, between the Miamis, followed in this manner by three calves, all of which had just lost their dams.

Naming Children.

A child has a right to his individuality, to be himself and no other; to maintain against the world the divine fact for which he stands. And before this fact father, mother, instructor should stand reverently; seeking rather to understand and interpret its significance than to wrest it from its original purpose. It is not necessarily to be inscribed with the family name, nor written over with the family traditions. Nature delights in surprises, and will not guarantee that the children of her poets shall sing, nor that every Quaker baby shall take kindly to drab-color, or have an inherent longing for a scoop-bonnet or a broad-brimmed hat.

In the very naming of a child his individuality should be recognized. He should not be invested with the cast-off cognomen of some dead ancestor of historical celebrity, a name musty as the grave-clothes of the original wearer—dolefully redolent of old associations—a ghostly index finger forever pointing to the past. Let it be something fresh; a new name standing for a new fact, the suggestion of a history yet to be written, a prophecy to be fulfilled. The ass was well enough clothed in his own russet, but when he would put on the skin of the lion every attribute became contemptible. Commonplace people slip easily through the world, but when we find them heralded by great names we resent the incongruity, and insist upon making them less than they are. George Washington selling peanuts, Julius Cæsar as a bootblack, and Virgil a vender of old clothes, make but a sorry figure. Leave to the dead kings their purple and ermine, to the poets their laurels, and to the heroes of the earth sole possession of the names they have rendered immortal.

Let the child have a name that does not mean too much at the outset, but which he can fill with his individuality, and make by-and-by to stand for exactly the fact that he is.—*Victoria Magazine.*

Sunlight for the Sick.

Dr. Wm. H. Hammond, in discussing the sanitary influence of light, observes that the effects of deficient light upon the inmates of hospital wards and sick chambers have frequently come under his special notice; that most physicians know how carefully the attendants upon the sick endeavor to exclude every ray of light from the apartment, and even some members of the profession are singularly assiduous in this respect; but that the practice, except in some cases of actual disorder of the brain and other parts of the nervous system, is pernicious, admits of no question. During the late civil war Dr. H. visited a camp and hospital in West Virginia, in consequence of information received that the sickness and mortality there prevailing were unaccountably great, and he made a minute examination into all the circumstances connected with the situation of the camp, the food of the men, etc. Among other peculiarities he found the sick crowded into a small room, from which the light was excluded by blinds of India-rubber cloth. The patients were as effectually bleached as is celery by the earth being heaped up around it; pale, bloodless, ghost-like looking forms, they seemed to be scarcely mortal. Convalescence was, under such circumstances, according to Dr. Hammond, almost impossible, and his belief was that many of the men had died, who, had they been subjected to the operation of the simplest laws of nature, would have recovered.

An Earthquake Experience.

A lady correspondent of the Cleveland *Herald*, writing from Callao, gives as follows her first experience of an earthquake shock: "Night before last we were having a very restless night; could not get to sleep. About 12 o'clock Belle awoke, her big eyes wide open, and a few moments after a low, underground thunder came rolling toward us. H. sprang up and said 'earthquake,' but there was no need of being informed, for it was unmistakable. I jumped from my bed and cried, 'O, my God!' By the time we were fairly up, the house was convulsed with the demoniac shake. I had but one idea in my head; it had been told me a few nights before to keep my slippers always by the bedside. I had neglected to do so, and in the frenzy of fright I could only cry out, 'Oh, where are my slippers?' B., who lay in her little bed quite composed, not appreciating the danger, told me just where they were. My hands were cold and clammy, and I was truly beside myself. I cannot describe an earthquake in a manner that you could comprehend. They are neither sublime nor grand, but terrible and demoniacal. This one lasted about fifteen or sixteen seconds, yet it aroused sensations that I did not get over for twenty-four hours. All night I was trying to realize that God had anything to do with a terror so horrible."

The Famine in Nebraska.

Death from starvation,—for the actual want of food,—within eighteen hours' travel of Chicago, and in the heart of the grain-growing region of the country, is something that should attract the attention of the public. Gen. Ord, commanding the Department of the Platte, and who is personally cognizant of the facts, addressed the Board of Trade yesterday, telling in plain and direct terms the sad story of the destruction in Western Nebraska caused by the ravages of the grasshoppers. From the reports of his officers on the ground and among these people, he has reliable information as to the actual condition of affairs. He states that several cases of actual death of children have already taken place. Fathers have been compelled to abandon their families and seek work and food. In one house the corpse of a child was found that had perished for want of food, and near it the mother, prostrate and dying from the same cause. He states that in Boone, Greeley, Sherman, Howard, Buffalo, and all the counties fifty miles west of the Missouri river, two-thirds of the people are destitute of all the necessaries of life. They have neither clothing nor shoes; and food is impossible to get.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A BAPTIST missionary in India proposes that men and women who go out as missionaries shall enlist for ten years only. He thinks by this plan the missionary service would be more effective, as many missions are ruined by sick men hanging on, and by the retention of men too old for hard service. Furthermore, more persons would be willing to serve as missionaries than on the life plan.

FOUR times as many patents were issued in this country last year as were granted in England during the same time.