VOUDOO ORGIES.

Human Sacrifices Practiced in Negro Republic.

Christmas Eve many of the blacks left Port au Prince for the valley at the Lascelle mountains, some miles south of the town, where several thousand of the believers in Voudooism were found assembled, the greater portion being from the vicinity of Jacmel, the most barbarous portion of the island. The correspondent, disguised and blackened, under the protection of a liberally paid guide, arrived on the spot just before midnight. There each of the performers put on a pair of sandals and fastened around his otherwise naked body a number of red handkerchiefs, the King of the Voudoos having an unusually large number, with a blue girdle, and red handkerchiefs bound around his head and worn as a diadem. The Queen, clothed in the charming simplicity of a single broad red sash, was seated with the King on a large box, where the fangless serpent representing the Deity was kept.

Then began the horrible adoration of the serpent, lasting about thirty minutes and ending in a wild saturnalia of delirium. The scene, amid the glare of burning torches and bonfires, can hardly be described. All present took part in dancing around a large altar, erected in the center of an open space. Between the dances abundant potations of the vilest native rum and gin, flavored with herbs and roots tending to increase the delirium, were indulged in by all. After the dancing the crowd separated and, according to seniority, approached the serpent in the cage. Dropping on their stomachs they crawled forward imploring the aid of the voudoo for blessings on themselves and friends and maledictions on enemies, known and unknown. The answer to these appeals was interpreted to the immense crowd by the Queen, they never uttering the most monstrous absurdities and only knowing how to obey what is despotically dictated to them. They then bound themselves by the most horrable oaths to obey the dictates of the Queen and minor priestesses until the next annual assemblage. On this occasion a white goat was sacrificed, but my guide informed me that last year he was present at the same assemblage, four miles north of Jacmel, where a female child was stupefied by drugs, its veins opened, and the blood sucked therefrom by the King, Queen and minor seniors, while the rabble tore the corpse limb from limb and devoured the flesh, still warm, the bones and adhering slips of flesh, with the head, being thrown into a kettle of boiling water with the bodies of small snakes. The broth, seasoned with herbs and rum, was then partaken of by all present. This is incredible, but well authenticated cases where recently buried corpses have been exhumed, cooked and devoured by the almost completely ferocious inhabitants of the southern department—the brutalized descendants of the lowest tribes of Africans—have been heard of.

In February, 1881, at St. Marc a cask of so-called pork was sold to a foreign ship. Fingers and fingernails being discovered, further investigation proved all the flesh therein to be human. An English colored clergyman near Cape Haytian recently found that his wife had purchased human flesh instead of pork in public market. Four people were fined in the cape for eating corpses.—Cor. N. Y. World.

KISSING THE LADIES.

Once a Very Popular English Mode of Polite Salutation.

Nicolaus de Bethlen, a pupil of Dr. Basire at Alba Julia, visited England during the winter of 1663-4, and relates the following in his "Autobiography": "Being unaware of the fact that it was customary in England to kiss the corner of the mouth of ladies by way of salutation, instead of shaking hands, as we do in Hungary, my younger brother and I behaved very rudely on one occasion. We were invited to dinner to the house of a gentleman of high rank, and found his wife and three daughters, one of them married, standing in array ready to receive us. We kissed the girls, but not the married ladies, and thereby greatly offended the latter, but Duval, (a French Protestant clergyman) apologised for our blunder, and explained to us that when saluting we must always kiss the senior lady first and leave the girls and children to the last; after dinner it was considered sufficient to kiss the hostess only in recognition of the hospitality received." Thereafter, he adds, he and all his traveling companions, with the exception of one, who could not be prevailed upon, complied most scrupulously with the rules of etiquette. Bethlen moved in the best society in London. He was received by Charles II. "in publica solenni audientia" surrounded by a throng of noblemen; he talked on the Dux Eboracensis, Rupertus Palatinus Rheni, and many noblemen of high rank. At Oxford he was entertained and made very much of by the professors, who, he informs us, spoke Latin with difficulty. In fact everybody in England, he tells us, considered it a great torture to be obliged to speak Latin, and he was, therefore, compelled to air his broken English, which he had picked up at Leyden under the tuition of a poor Englishman.—Notes and Queries.

—"I used to think," said Uncle Ezra, "that this thing of gals kissin' pug dogs was purty rough, but sence I come to town an' see some of the dudes—well, maybe the gals aren't so much to blame arter all."—Merchant Traveler.

—In Louisville lives an old negro named Andrew Ferguson, who before the war "belonged" to Rev. Andrew Reid, of Kentucky. After emancipation he started a barber shop in Louisville, saved money and bought a piece of ground. This he loaned to Knox Presbyterian Church for ten years. The time expired and the church was unable to pay, so Andrew generously deeded the property to the Presbytery and went on shaving for a living. The value of the ex-slave's gift is $10,000.

—Mrs. August Belmont has the finest collection of sapphires in this country. William Astor is credited with having the finest single one. The younger Astors was a present was given by a wedding slipper of satin elaborately cut in a white [illegible] which in

WELL-SEASONED TIMBER.

How Wood Is Dried in the Large Furniture Factories of the East.

"It is mighty hard work to buy thoroughly dried 'lumber' nowadays," said a furniture manufacturer, "because the great demand for it in the East for building and manufacturing purposes leads the Western lumbermen to ship it before it has been thoroughly seasoned. A few years ago it was customary to take the wood from the saw and pile it up out-doors, where it would remain from eighteen months to two years before it was considered fit for shipping. Now, six months is considered long enough, and in consequence we receive very little wood dry enough to be worked to advantage."

"How then do you manage to get along?" was asked.

"We have dry-rooms or kilns, in which we place the wood and season it ourselves. We buy the best-seasoned timber we can get, and then shut it up for from one to three weeks until it is in fit condition for use."

"How can you tell when it is?"

"In several ways. We notice how it cuts, and examine the saw-dust and shavings. Even then we are often deceived, and discover warps and cracks in our manufactured product before it leaves the salesrooms. You yourself have probably noticed cracks in the fine bedsteads of even the best makers, or have seen the top of a nice hardwood desk split from side to side. All this comes from the use of unseasoned lumber. It makes up neatly, and may seem to be perfectly dry, but when exposed to the changes of the atmosphere, the moisture in the pores of the wood evaporates, shrinkage ensues, and something gives. I was much mortified the other day, and at the same time lost a good customer, by just this very thing happening. An order had been received from a wealthy woman in New Haven for a finely-carved cabinet. Unfortunately, I was called out of town before I had finished selecting the wood for it and had to leave some of the selecting to an assistant. The cabinet was finished, and was an exquisite bit of workmanship. In three weeks after delivery it was sent back to me, and right across one of the finest panels there was a crack that you could put a pin into. That customer has never been near the store since, and yet I venture to say that the same thing is liable to occur at any time in any establishment."

"How do you dry timber artificially?"

"There are a number of ways. Naturally, heat is the fundamental principle in all. The kilns are of all sizes and shapes. Some are heated by furnaces, some by steam-pipes, and some by hot air sent from a distance by fans. In some a vacuum is created, in others compressed air is used. The great point, I think, is to get a good circulation all about the lumber. One method is used by which a large volume of hot air is sent into the kiln at one end and exhausted at the other. Every minute or two the air in the kiln is thus changed and the moisture from the wood passed off. There is an arrangement by which any degree of heat can be produced, and different kinds of wood are treated differently. This process dries green 'lumber' in seven or eight days. It would take one or two years of exposure to dry the same wood in the open air."—N. Y. Evening Post.

WHY MORTAR HARDENS.

It Is Due to the Combination of Lime with Water.

In writing upon this subject G. R. Burnell says: Until very recently it was held by most engineers and architects, by myself among others, that the solidification of mortars took place in consequence of the absorption of carbonic acid gas by the lime during the process of crystalization; but it has been fairly objected to this theory that the quantity of carbonic acid gas contained in the atmosphere which could be brought into contact with a large body of cement would not suffice to saturate the latter.

The generally received opinion on the subject now is that lime hardens simply in consequence of the combination with water which takes place during the slaking, and that the rapidity of the setting, and the permanence of the newly-formed hydrate of lime, depends upon its being combined with some other salt; the pure hydrate of lime, in fact, is soluble; the hydrated silicate of lime is tolerably insoluble, but it forms slowly; while the hydrated double silicate of lime and alumina, or of lime and magnesia, are practically insoluble.

The facts actually observed seem to confirm these views, and they certainly enable us to account for not only the different modes of setting observable in different limes, but also for some of the more gradual actions which take place in that material, and the effects reciprocally produced by the mixtures of various ingredients.

In the case of the now generally-used Portland cements, and in that of underburnt lime, some very curious phenomena may, however, be observed, which appear to indicate that the simple laws mentioned above do not comprehend all the conditions which may arise, so that the above theory itself must only be considered as a step toward the attainment of a complete one of a more general character.

The phenomena to which I thus allude are connected with the obscure subject of the chemical actions which take place under the influence of high degrees of temperature.—Boston Budget.

—Every member of an Atlanta family of seven wears eye-glasses.

—A certain California millionaire wrote his own will so carefully and clearly that none of his relatives could break it. He was not a lawyer.

—Captain William S. Adams, of Kingston, who died not long ago, was a good friend of his calling, for he left $125,000 to the Boston Marine Society and $60,000 to the Boston Pilot Society.

—President-elect Harrison is described by the Figaro, of Paris, as an accomplished hand-shaker, a descendant of Pocahontas and the husband of a woman who is fond of afternoon teas.

—A London editor refused to go to bed when taken ill, saying that it was his rule to retire at a certain hour, and he did not propose to deviate from the custom. So he died in his chair.

—Among the private philanthropies established by Joseph W. Drexel, the banker of New York, [illegible]

CONDITIONS OF SUCCESS.

Why Some Men Fail Where Others Grow Wealthy and Prosperous.

There are a great many people who seem to think that their success in life depends upon certain conditions, are always finding fault because those conditions are not in accordance with their ideas. This would seem to be not a fault of the conditions, but of the person to whom the conditions apply. The fact is, conditions are just what we make them, and the whole secret of success rests entirely with ourselves, and we are responsible for the results. The reason for one man's success and the failure of another in the same line are not facts governed by circumstances or conditions, outside of the individuals themselves.

We see quite often a man, who, judging from his education and training, ought to be successful, only make a dismal failure, while another, with comparatively little education, and who has had no training, other than that he has given himself, is eminently successful, and every move made by him turned to good account. In such a case no particular credit is given the man himself, but "the conditions were right," or "luck favored him." Nothing could be more foolish or do the individual a greater injustice. Luck, conditions and circumstances are mythical so far as any reality or influencing existences are concerned.

The men who are the most successful are the men who, combining a strong will power with active and energetic determination, make the conditions and circumstances, and never allow themselves to be influenced by these mythical nonentities.

The only conditions there are governing success are not those that precede the man, but those existing in the man at the start, and which he controls by his own action.

The man whose motto is *palma non sine pulvere*, and who thoroughly and honestly lives up to his motto, will be pretty sure of success.

Some men do not succeed because they undertake something for which they have no natural adaptability, and because they fail of success, curse luck, conditions and circumstances, when if they would undertake another line of accomplishments, they might gain the success they so much court.

Adaptability has more to do with success than either conditions or circumstances, and this should be the first study of the young man who is looking for a chance to start in life.

A business that will pay one man will not pay another, and because one man makes a certain line pay and is successful, is not a good and sufficient reason why every one should rush into that business. Such examples of hot-headed haste to become wealthy are too common, and the lesson they teach should be thoroughly learned by every young man.

If you would be successful, choose that business for which you have the most natural adaptability, and which is not beyond your powers of control, and then stick to it. When reverses come and losses occur, do not stop to mourn these, or make yourself and friends miserable with complaints about luck and conditions, but put all the more vim and energy into your business. You can't undo what has been done; you may prevent a recurrence, and may certainly profit by the experience; while if you stop or become downhearted, morose and uncomfortable yourself, every thing about you will be contaminated, and instead of improving will grow worse.

Before entering business, prepare your mind to meet all these changes, which are sure to come, and when they do come meet them like a man, and conquer them.

These are the only conditions of a truly successful career.—A. B. Grimes, in Boston Budget.

TO REMOVE STAINS.

A Mint of Useful and Practical Information for Housekeepers.

To remove coffee stains put thick glycerine on the wrong side of the article and wash out in lukewarm water. Ink stains on clothes, dip in milk and wash as usual. Remove ink stains from silver-plated ware by rubbing on a paste of chloride of lime and water; then wash and wipe dry. Wash out common oil stains in cold water; oil stains on carpets can be removed at once by scattering corn meal upon them, also by applying a hot iron through a heavy sheet of blotting paper. Boiling new milk will take out most fruit stains; dip the articles in several times; another way is to dip in sour buttermilk and dry in the sun; wash in cold water and dry two or three times daily. For raspberry stains, a mixture of weak ammonia and water is best. Remove stains from the windows by using diluted spirits of salt. To take out iron mold stains, wet with milk and cover with salt. The latter also rubs egg stains from spoons. Wet grass stains on white goods with water, rub in some soft soap and as much soda as will adhere; let stand half an hour, then wash in the usual manner. For stains on teacups or tinware dip a damp cloth in common soda; rub briskly, then wash and wipe dry. Stains on marble are the most obstinate. Take ox gall, a wineglassful of turpentine, and mix into a paste with pipe clay; spread this paste on the stained marble and let it remain several days. Mildew is removed by rubbing on common yellow soap, then a little salt and search. Rub all well on the article, and put out in the sunshine; or, after rubbing on the soap, scrape chalk over it and rub well; put in the sun, and as the stain dries, wet it a little. It will come out with two applications.

—Our standing army, small as it is, is enormous compared with that of Canada, which has 950 regulars well scattered in military schools and skeleton regiments. But there are 36,783 men in the militia.—Independent.

—A Wichita (Kan.) clergyman was lately asked to resign because his sermons were too long; and a clergyman in a neighboring town was asked to resign because his sermons were too broad. Apparently, a sermon to be popular should be short, narrow and shallow.

—President Legitime, of Hayti, is described by a correspondent who recently interviewed him as "black as the ace of spades. He is a tall, finely-formed man about forty-five years old. His face is covered with a heavy black beard and mustache. His manners are those of a refined and courteous gentleman. He was not dressed in military uniform at the interview, but wore a loose [illegible] so much [illegible]

PRIVATE LETTERS.

The Poet Whittier Has Something to Say on a Ticklish Subject.

The poet Whittier has enunciated a hard doctrine in a recent letter to a friend in regard to the publication of private epistles. How it chances that the principles he so emphatically lays down are violated by the publication of this particular document is not explained; but it is rather surprising, since he writes: "Some years ago I destroyed a large collection of letters I had received, not from any regard to my own reputation, but from the fear that to leave them liable to publicity might be injurious or unpleasant to the writers or their friends. They covered much of the anti-slavery period, and the war of the rebellion, and many of them, I know, were strictly private and confidential. I was not able at the time to look over the MSS., and I thought it safest to make a bonfire of all. I have always regarded a private and confidential letter as sacred, and its publicity in any shape a shameful breach of trust, unless authorized by the writer. I only wish my own letters to thousands of correspondents may be as carefully disposed of."

The ground here taken is certainly a sufficiently high one. The logical deduction from the position of the writer is that most biographies are practically violations of the decent reserve which should surround the dead, since it is difficult to believe that there exists a modern biography which does not owe its information largely to what Mr. Whittier calls private letters.

Leaving, for the moment, the wider question whether biographies as such are or are not of value, it is fair to consider that every honest man, if told that his history will be written, will first of all desire that it be true. To destroy his letters would, in the case of any person of sufficient note to have been concerned in important events, be to lessen the chance of the truth's being known, either in regard to himself or others. Certainly if biography and history are to be written, it is important that they shall approach as nearly as possible to the truth; and neither Mr. Whittier nor anybody else has a right to destroy documents which would assist in bringing the truth to light. Justice to the memory of his friend should lead one who has important letters to see that they are properly used, not that the risk is run of having history misrepresented for want of them. Mr. Whittier himself would undoubtedly prefer that "his letters to thousands of correspondents" should be printed to having his life misrepresented and the high causes in defense of which he has fought so well misunderstood.

The fact is that while this matter of publication seems at first glance both unpleasant and unjustifiable, it is but another form of the universal truth that no man's life belongs to himself. Perhaps a man has no more right either to expect or to wish to take to the grave with him any more than he takes his gold the personal privacy which is as much a luxury of life as is his treasure. In any case the history of man belongs to the living; and since the history of man is made up of the history of men, in their story the world has an inalienable right. It follows that documents which seem private property are often public trusts, and not therefore to be disposed of according to the simple will of the possessor, who is really simply a custodian.

It is not of course meant that all the details of life, the private experiences, hidden emotions and intimate secrets of the heart, are to be laid open to the market place. It is not that public vulgar curiosity is to be satisfied, but the significant, the general, the things which belong to the life of the people or to the growth of the public sentiment or belief—these things belong not to the individual, but to the race. And so, despite our recognition of the genuine sincerity of the act and of the delicacy of feeling which prompted it, we can not help feeling that it is at least an open question whether Mr. Whittier had a moral right to destroy those letters, relating, as many of them must have done, to some of the most important events which have ever shaken and shaped our Nation.—Boston Courier.

The Vital Functions.

It is well understood that the vital functions are more or less processes of combustion, and are subject to laws similar to those which regulate the burning of coal in our fireplaces. We are apt to put on too much coal, or allow the fire to be smothered in ashes. The child pokes the fire from the top to make it burn faster; but the wise man pokes it from below to rake out the ashes and allow free access of oxygen. And so it is with the functions of life, only that these being less understood, many a man acts in regard to them as a child does to the fire. The man thinks that his brain is not acting because he has not supplied it with sufficient food. He takes meat three times a day and beef tea to supply its wants, as he thinks, and puts in a poker to stir it up in the shape of a glass of sherry or a nip from the brandy bottle. And yet, all the time, his brain is suffering from accumulation of ash, and the more he continues to cram himself with food, and to supply himself with stimulants, the worse he ultimately becomes, just as the child's breaking the coal may cause a temporary blaze, but allows the fire to be smothered in ashes.—Hall's Journal of Health.

—"Joe, I think you are getting a bit bald," said a working-man to his mate, playfully smacking the shiny place with his palm. Joe answered with dignity: "That isn't any thing new. I was always bald. 'Cos why? My mother 'ad so often to pat me on the 'ead and say: 'Well done, Joe, my boy!'—so she were all the 'air off."

—Encroaching on Another's Domain.—"Come, dear," he pleaded at the front door, as he was bidding her good night, "give me one little kiss, just one little kiss, and if you won't let me kiss you for your own sake let me kiss you for your mother." "I'll attend to that, young man," growled the old gentleman from the floor above, and the young man waited to hear no more.—Epoch.

—"Yes," said Mrs. DePorque, at a social gathering, "I read the French authors a great deal. There is one thing about them, though, that I could never understand." "What is that?" asked the gentleman with whom she was conversing. "I can't see," replied the lady, "why they don't write in English in the first place. It would so much [illegible]

MAN AND HIS BRAIN.

Some Startling Facts Revealed by a Chicago Medicine Man.

Now that the idea is played out about fish being good brain food—except when taken in the quantities prescribed by Mark Twain—it may be satisfactory to eager inquirers after knowledge to know that there is a cheaper and more pleasant way of increasing brain power than can be found in fish diet. I was startled by hearing a physician say lately: "Our brain is only half developed, anyhow; we are right-handed and left-brained, the right side of the brain being practically unused, just as the left hand." "At that rate," said the patient, "our gymnasts should have well-developed brains, as, with the practice on dumbbells, Indian clubs, the horizontal bar, trapeze and other muscle manufacturers, the left and right arms are equally developed." "That is quite true," said the medicine man. "Gymnasts bring the physical portion of the brain into the most favorable conditions, but something more than physical exercise is required to produce intellectual results from an excellent physical brain. Ambidextrous men are apt to be smart fellows if they give themselves any kind of a show. For instance, President Garfield, when he was teaching school, acquired the habit of drawing on the black-board very rapidly with both hands at the same time. There is a very distinct relation between the left side of the body and right brain, as also between the left brain and the right side, but it is hard to say how many hours exercise with dumb-bells would transform the average peanut vender into a Daniel Webster. It is, however, something to know the physical conditions of brain power, and if you call again in about half a century I may be able to tell you something still more interesting."—Chicago Journal.

—Ethel had given her dolly's arm a great gash with her brother's penknife, and the saw-dust came forth in great quantities. "O, mamma," cried the little one, in distress, "my dolly's been and cut herself, and she's got wooden blood!"

A Terrible Misfortune.

It is a calamity of the direst kind to feel that one's physical energies are failing in the prime of life—to feel more nerveless, more dispirited, weaker every day. Yet this is the unhappy lot of hundreds who surround us. A source of renewed strength which science approves, in behalf of which multitudes of the debilitated have and are every day testifying, and which, in countless instances, has built up constitutions sapped by weakness and infirmity and long unbenefitted by other means, surely commends itself to all who need a tonic. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is such a medicine—pure, botanic, soothing to the nerves, promotive of digestion and a fertilizer of the blood. Dyspepsia and nervousness—the first a cause, the second a consequence of lack of stamina—depart when a course of the bitters is tried. All forms of malarial disease, rheumatism, kidney and bladder trouble, constipation and biliousness are annihilated by this standard family medicine.

The devil speaks for a man in a passion.

LUMBAGO.

Gen'l F. B. Spinola, Member of Congress from New York City, writes:

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Palestine, Texas, July, 24, '88.
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