## OUR CHURCHES.

St. Michael's (P. E.) church, Mint St. Services at 11 A. M., and 8 P. M. Sunday School at 4 P. M. REV, P. P. ALSTON, Paster M. E. Church, South Graham St; Services, at 3 P. M., and 8 P. M. Sunday School at 10 A. M. REV. S. M. HAINES, Pastor First Baptist chu ch, South Church St; Ser Sices at 11 A. M., 3 P. M. and 8 P. M. Sunday School at 1 P. M. Rev. A. A. Powell, Pastor. Ebenezer Baptist church, East 2nd St. Ser vices at 11 A. M., 3 P. M., and 8 P. M. Sun-day School at 1 P. M. Rev. Z. HAUGHTON,

Presbyterian churh, corner 7th and College Services at 3 P. M., and 8 P. M. Sunday School at 10 A. M. REV. R. P. WYCHE, Pastor. Clinton Chapel, (A. M. E. Z.) Mint St; Services at 11 A. M., 3 P. M., and 8 P. M. Sunday School at 1 P. M. REV. M. SLADE, Pastor Little Rock (A. M. E. Z.), E. St. Services at 11 A. M., 3 P., and 8 P. M. Sunday School at 1 P. M. REV. WM. JOHNSON; Pastor

The mountain lions of Montana are large and ferocious and they frequently attack full-grown steers. The territory offers \$8 for every scalp, and the cowboys make quite a business of hunting them in the winter. Lions are often killed measuring nine feet from tip to tip, and weighing 200 to 300 pounds. Many more measuring from ten to eleven feet are frequently bagged, and occasionally a monster reaching twelve feet.

The Governor of Algeria has discovered a use for standing armies in time of peace. The greater part of the grain crop, he reports, has been saved by turning the military loose on the locusts and crickets. No less than two hundred and seventy-six cubic metres of locusts' eggs and nine thousand five hundred cubic metres of crickets were destroyed. The forced labor employed for this purpose, adds the report, represents a day's work a sad commentary on the son of the desert's capacity for work.

There is trouble over the famous Navarro flats in New York, the model and mammoth apartment buildings that were to revolutionize methods of living, mininize the inconveniences and annoyances and afford the maxima of comfort, luxary and convenience for housekeepers. I'he plan doesn't appear to have proved wholly successful, and the insurance company which holds a mortgage of \$1,-140,000 on the buildings is to foreclose 's claim, while sums aggregating \$40,-(0) are due for taxes, water-rent and other incidentals. The condition of affairs seems to indicate that there is a line apartment-house building which it isn't safe to pass. Persons who can afford to pay for such accommodations as the Navarro plan promised not unnatutally prefer in most cases to own their we houses.

Statistics in regard to newspapers seem easy to obtain, yet it is asserted that for the first time an accurate counting appears in a report read before the Imperial German Diet. According to this there are 34,000 journals in circula-tion in the world. Half are printed in English, one quarter in German and the rest in other languages. America has 12,000 and Europe 19,000. These figares are much larger than those given in "Hubbard's Directory for 1882." Less than 25,000 are estimated there as ministering to the world's daily information. The "Encyclopædia Brittanica" assigns no newspapers to Japan. The Japanese, however, are not so badly off and have journals devoted to various subjects. Seven are medical in character, nine relate to sanitary interests and twenty-nine endeavor to popularize science. A very creditable showing to their taste.

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The New York Graphie says that "nothing is more interesting to those who live on Staten Island or at one of the little bayside villages than to watch the incoming and outgoing steamers and vessels on the daily trips up and down the bay. The first thing that one realizes is that Great Britain rules the ocean, for her blood-red flag is found on nearly every ship, from the colossal Atlantic liner to the moribund and leaky fishing smack from Canada. Most of the British flags, however, are on iron ships. The wooden vessels that are to be seen by the thousands in the bay fly the flags of Norway, Germany, Portugal, Spain and A good many of them seem too the ocean. Some Norwegian "ships" come in that are not 100 feet long. But when you see an American vessel she is looking at, and is conspicuous among those of other nations by reason of her towering but graceful masts, long, sharp hull, trim and taut top hamper and general tidy appearance. Most of the the California trade. Some English ocean tramps are seen that might easily be mistaken for first class Atlantic liners. The majority of the iron freight steamers appear to be engaged in the transportation of live cattle, and are easily distinguished by the rough wooden houses that run the whole length of the deck. They lie out in the bay and the cattle walk aboard from a lighter alongside, when it would seem much less troublesome and expensive for the steamer to go right up to the dock and take the cattle from the cars, hereby saving one transhipment."

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THE WINDS.

The North wind's howling legions Swept down from boreal regions, on the pallid zone where winter's throne as wrought in the wide waste, wan and

Unnumbered years ago;

They come on wings whose flutterings
Bestrew the world with snow,
And their icy breath is bitter death,
Their footfall only woe.

The East wind comes with sadness And pain, and midnight madness, om a solitude where curses brood and poisoned dews on the dales are strewed,

And sorrow throttles gladness; It comes like a ghost from spectral coast Where cypress branches wave, And out of its plumes fall ghastly gloc Like those that encircle the grave.

The South wind comes a-sighing, To buds and blooms replying, comes in quest of love and rest,

In rapture lies a-dving He comes like dreams, and only seems, His cradle is his tomb; His life is a song to murmuring streams,
His death—a rich perfume.

The zephyr, fragrance laden, Brings balm to man and maiden—ings dove-eyed rest to the troubled breast From the mystical regions of the West— From love's euchanted Aiden; It comes with news as fresh as the de

That gather in starry hours, With wonderful store of tender lore From the sweet book of the flo -George K. Camp.

# ATTACKED BY PIRATES.

James Torrence was a foremost hand

on the British bark Huntress, and one morning in the seventies we left Singapore, bound to the South by way of the Straits of Sunda. We had sixteen hands on the bark, and for armament we had a nine-pounder mounted on a carriage and a good supply of muskets and pikes. All of the seas to the north of Australia are suspicious waters for an honest ship. Pirates have abounded there ever since ships began to sail, and I'm thinking it will be long before the business is wiped out. There are hundreds of islands in the Java and Banda Seas, and each one of them offers a secure headquarters for a gang of native pirates. They are not as bold as before the government cruisers got orders to patrol those waters, and sink every craft which could not show honest papers; but they are there still, and the temptations are too great to expect they can ever be entirely suppressed. On our way up, when off the Red Islands, on the northwestern coast of Sumatra, we overhauled an Italian brig called the Campello. She was stripped of sails, cordage and most of her cargo, and had been set fire to and scuttled. For some reason the flames died out, and the water came in so slowly that she was floated six hours after the pirates abandoned her. Our mate was sent off to board her, and he found a shocking state of affairs. She had been laid aboard without resistance by two native boats, armed only with muskets and pistole The crew had at once been made prisoners, and set to work to strip the ship and hoist out such cargo as the pirates coveted. She was run in behind one of the islands and anchored, and for three days and nights the pirates were hard at work on her. Each man of the crew worked under a guard during the day, and at night Captain and all were secured in the forecastle. The crew numbered fourteen. Toward evening of the third day the

pirates had secured all their plunder. Seveveral native crafts had been loaded and sailed up the coast to some rendezvous, and only one remained to take on the last of the plunder. As no actual violence had been offered Captain or crew during the three days, there was hope that the pirates would go away and leave them in possession of the robbed and dismantled brig. Just what shift they would have made in this case I cannot say, for the craft was left without sail, rope, block or provisions. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon the crew were ordered forward, while the natives collected aft, and at a given signal fire was opened on the defenceless men. To their credit let it be recorded that they seized whatever weapons they could lay hands on and dashed at the pirates, but it was simply to die like brave Lien. In ten minutes the last one was shot down. The pirates then raised the anchor and got it into their boat, bored holes in the ship's bottom, and started a fire in the hold amidships. The information I have given you came from a little chap on board who was making his first voyage as an apprentice. rotten to cross Lake Michigan, much less He was, if I remember right, only thirteen years old. On the morning of the third day he managed to hide among the cargo, and the pirates completed their work and sent the hulk drifting out to sea without having missed him. He was on deck to catch the painter of the mate's boat when she drew alongside, and to one of our crew who could speak sea-going American ships are engaged in Italian he gave the story as straight as the Captain could have talked.

We reported the affair at Singapore. and a British gunboat was sent off to investigate. She returned before we had completed our loading, and reported that she had made no discoveries. was a warning for our Captain, and he wisely determined to heed it. We took at every shot, and pretty soon the two on shell and grape for our cannon, a craft were near enough for us to open crew, and on the very day we left, the wasted a good many shots, for we were

ounce ball, with powder enough behind it to kick the marksman half way across the ship. We left Singapore as well prepared as a m rehant vessel could be, and it seems that the Captain was advised to bear well up toward Borneo, and give the Red Islands a wide berth. We crossed the equator at least a hundred miles to the east of the islands, as I overheard the Captain say, and then altered our course to the southeast, calculating to pass to the east of Biliton Island before hauling away for Sunda Strait.

The bark made good weather of it, and we had crossed the equator and run down on the new course until Biliton might have been sighted from the masthead, when there came a calm. The wind had died away about midforenoon, and the drift of the bark was to the north. We looked for a change at sunset, but nothing came, and the night passed without wind enough to move a feather. My watch was below when daylight came, and we got the word to turn ap lively. To the Northeast, off the coast of Borneo, two or three green Islands were in sight, and between us and the islands were two native craft bearing down upon us. These craft were about the size of pilot boats, half decked over, and rigged like a catboat. They had been sighted when six or seven miles away, and as my watch came on deck the mate descended from the perch aloft, where he had been using the glass, and reported to the captain that the craft vere approaching us by the use of sweeps. The calm still held, but it was clear enough to a sailor's eye that we should have a breeze as soon as the sun began to climb up. No man asked himself the errand of those boats making out for the Huntress. At that time and locality there could be but one answer. The Captain presently called us aft and said:

"Men, the craft which you see pulling out for us are pirates. We shall have a breeze within an hour, but they will be here first. If we cannot beat them off. we are dead men. They take no prisoners. look to see every man do his duty.

We gave him a cheer, and began our preparations. The cook was ordered to fill his coppers full of water and start a rousing fire, and the arms were brought up and served out. There were three or four men who had served at a heavy gun, and these took charge of the cannon, and the piece was loaded with a shell. When the Captain called for some one to use the rifles, the only man who answered was an American. He took them aft, loaded them with his own hands, and by the time the pirates were within a mile we were as ready as we could be. The bark was lying with her head to the east, and the fellows were approaching us from the north, on our padside. The mate kept his glass going and announced that both craft were crowded with men, but that he could see no cannon. They made slow progress, and we were impatient to open the fight. By and by, when they might have been three-quarters of a mile away, the Captain passed word for the gunners to send them a shot. In a few seconds the big gun roared, and we all saw that the shell flew over the pirates and burst in the air. It was a good line shot and something to encourage, but before the cannon sent another shot the American had a try with one of the rifles. The mate was watching his shot from the rigging, and the report had scarcely died away before he shouted:

"Good for the Yankee! He hit at least couple of them."

The second shell from the cannon burst over one of the boats and took effect on some of the men, as reported by the mate. The American then fired again, and again his bullet told. We were doing bravely and were full of enthusiasm, but the struggle was yet to come. The fellows bent their energies to creeping closer, and pretty soon they opened on us with musketry, and the balls began to sing through the rigging in a lively man-We had our musdets ready, but the Captain ordered us to hold our fire and keep sheltered behind the rail. One of the piratical craft was a quarter of a mile in advance of the other, and the third shell from the cannon burst aboard of her, and must have killed and wounded a dozen or more men. was great confusion aboard, and she remained stationary until the other craft came up. During this interval the American got in two more shots, which found victims. We now looked upon the victory as assured, and there was cheering from one end of the ship to the other. We were a little ahead of time. The third shot from our big gun burst it, and although no one was hurt, we were thus deprived of a great advantage.

As soon as the Captain knew what had happened, be called upon all the crew to shelter themselves and wait to fire at close quarters. One man was detailed to assist the cook with the hot water, and powder and bullets were placed handy for reloading the muskets. I was stationed near the gun carriage, and I no-ticed several shells lying about under It foot. The American kept firing away with the rifles, knocking over a pirate dozen revolvers were purchased for the fire with the muskets. I presume we crew, and on the very day we left, the Captain brought aboard two very heavy rifles which he had picked upsomewhere at a bargain. I call them rifles, but they great execution. We had a plunging that a plunging the state of the captain brought aboard two very heavy green hands and greatly excited, but I am likewise certain that we also did Argentine Republic, 82,000 in Brazil, 40,000 in Uruguay, and 6,000 in Mexico.

A man in Pittaburg has just patented Argentine Republic, 82,000 in Brazil, 40,000 in Uruguay, and 6,000 in Mexico.

fire down upon a mass of half-naked fellows, and we must have weeded out a full third of them. There was no air stirring, and the smoke soon grew thick about us. By and by the shouts and yells of the pirates sounded close at hand, and their craft were laid alongside and they began climbing the rail. We now flung down the muskets and used the revolvers and pikes. When the revolvers were empty we used capstan bars, clubbed muskets, or whatever we could lay hands upon. Our rail was clear in half a minute, and then I picked up a shell and a burning wad and ran forward. A dozen natives had gained the bow and were pushing our men back. I lighted the fuse and gave the shell a roll along the deck into the crowd, and I give you my word that not one of them was left alive after the explosion. One of our men on the quarter threw a second shell, and I brought the third one and threw it

The fight was ended. A bit of wind blew the smoke away, and we looked down upon a terrible sight. The boats seemed full of dead and wounded, the living sought shelter under the half-Why, there were bodies without heads, heads without bodies, and arms and legs and pieces of bloody meat enough to make the bravest turn pale. As we cut their lashings they drifted off, and the American with his big rifles, and two or three of the men with muskets, kept up a fire on everything that moved. Presently the breeze came up, and as we made sail and got the bark where we could handle her we ran down for the dhows. They were light built, and it needed only a fair blow to crush them. The first one we struck on her starboard quarter, and, although the bark glanced of went down inside of five minuted and the were about twenty living mes. There other, and as we bore down es on the a good pace they uttered she for her or and made signs of surrender tain had no mercy for the control of the cont tain had no mercy for them. We nut the ship right at the dhow's broadside, and we cut her square in two and rolled the bow one way and the stern the other. while the living, wounded, and dead went into the sea together.—New York

### At a Fair in Savoy. Cless to the gendarmerie there stands

a caravan, the portal of which is decorated with a picture calculated to strike terror into the doughtiest heart. It represents a French sailor being leisurely caten up by a band of savages. Although the luckless mariner is almost dismembered, the expression of his face betokens an intense interest in the ultimate fate of his own left leg, which is, to all appearances, literally a bone of contention between two of the bon vivants. A red-tuffed cap and a striped jersey, lying near, would lead one to suppose that a beloved comrade is by this time undergoing the process of digestion.
And above all this is a richly-emblazoned scroll, which states with pardonable tautology that for two sous a head the public can see the man-eating cannibal from Patagonia. The door is opened as the clock strikes twelve and the booth is opened. In an iron cage is the savage, clad in little more than a string of shells and an elaborate headdress. He is but small and, despite his dusky skin, is by no means so terrible as one might have expected. The proprietor of the show is a voluble little Gascon, who rapidly relates the history of the cannibal and the thrilling incidents of his capture. The story finished, the keeper cuts with a short sword some raw meat from a joint and, unbolting the cage door, flings it to the savage. The latter seizes it and tears at it ravenously. The keeper turns away for a moment to relight his cigarette, when a wild shriek is heard and a nces. The Gascon, it seems, has omitted to bolt the door, and the cannibal, having seized a club which had hitherto been lying in the corner of his cage, has dashed out among the audience. Well might the women clasp their children and cry for aid. The proprietor, however, is equal to the emergency. Throwing himself with drawn sword before the savage, he drives him back, inch by inch, to the dim recesses of his lair. The door is once more bolted, and the keeper is overwhelmed with gratitude and caporal cigars. His heroism is the talk of the fair, and the booth is crammed all day long. The other showmen, however, laugh incredulously. Every fair commences, they say, with a similarly tragic occurrence, and they hint that Cheuzel, the "man-eating cannible," is a very harmless native of the South Pacific Islands, with an unrequited attachment for the pig-faced lady, and a pretty taste in the matter of entre -- London Globe.

In Egypt, on the River Nile, as well as in Italy, on the Po, the custom of traveling for bee pasturage has been continued from the remotest ages to the present time, as there is about seven weeks difference in the vegetation on the Upper and Lower Nile. They use large flatboats holding from sixty to one hundred hives of bees, and float slowly along as the vegetation advances. The sinking of a boat to a certain depth in the water indicates when they have filled the hives

## LADIES' COLUMN.

Mrs. Cleveland in Church, "When Mrs. Cleveland goes to church," says a Washington letter to the Memphis "as soon as she enters the pew and takes a seat, she drops her pretty head upon her daintily gloved hand and devotes a moment to prayer. Then she settles herself for a quiet attention upon the service. She knows, of course. that she is the target of every eye in the church, and, though she tries to conceal her embarrassment, she is not able to do so entirely. When the pastor gives out the hymn she is glad to turn her attention to the hymn-book and forget the uncomfortable feeling which is the natural result of being stared at. When the minister leads in prayer her head is bowed, and it drops a little lower when he prays for 'the chief magistrate of the nation' and adds a petition for 'those that are dear to him.' She does not fidget about and lean up in the corner and rest her head upon her hand as Grover docs, but sits straight and quiet, listening to the sermon from beginning to end. Of course she fans herself constantly, for she would not be a woman if she did not. When the basket goes around, she drops her contribution modestly into it, and when the closing hymn is given out, finds not only the hymn but the doxology corresponding in metre with it, and follows them closely to the end. When the services end, every neck is craned to get a look at her face and figure. She tries to appear unconcerned, bows to the church people near her whom she knows, talks a little to those nearest her, and is evidently relieved when the carriage door bangs and she is hidden from view of the crowd that was gathered on the sidewalk to see her pass from the church door to the carriage. Throughout, her conduct is full of dignity and gentle grace." A Romantic Wedding. Herman Krause and Anna Eeschen-

bach, each of whom was born in the lit-

tle German town of Friederichsaw on the Rhine about thirty-eight years ago, and whose peculiar outfit and small acquaintance with the English language indicated that they were strangers to these shores, were married yesterday by Mayor Whitney in his office m the City Hall, Brooklyn. The Mayor and Secretary Phillips each kissed the bride and wished the couple all kinds of prosperity. It was not until after they had gone that the Mayor learned that the marriage was the climax of a long and romantic attachment. The story is that Herman and Anna, when a boy and a girl together in the little town on the Rhine, had fallen in love. When the Franco-German war broke out Herman became a soldier and Anna, with equal patriotism, accompanied his corps as a nurse in cone of the Red Cross Hospital wagons. Early in the campaign Herman, with a score of his comrades, were mown down by a French shell, and being supposed to be dead, he was buried with others in a trench. During the night Anna went to the trench and dug up the body of her supposed lover. To her surprise he showed signs of life. He was sent to the hospital and he recovcred. Anna's grief, however, was intense when she was informed that an injury to his skull was of such a nature that he could never recover his reason.

Years rolled on, Krause remaining in a military hospital and Anna in her native village. Her father had meanwhile come to this country, and nearly two years ago, in despair of ever seeing Krause restored to reason, she joined him in Brooklyn. Last fall a German physician succeeded in performing an operation on Krause's skull, which brought it back to its normal condition, and this restored his reason. He then thought of the girl who had followed him to the war and saved his life, and he never rested until he found her in this country.

The marriage followed as a matter of course. Mayor Whitney, who believes the story, says it is not more improbable than other tales of love and war which he has heard .- New York Sun.

# Fashion Notes.

White silk stockings are quite the thing as a novelty in foot wear.

Corduroy is the most desirable material for boys' knockabout suits.

Black jersey silk gloves are embroid-

ered on the back in fine jets. The skirts of pongee dresses have a

broad band of colored velvet at the bot-Black lace skirts are worn with bodices

of colored crepe de chine, silk, satin or moire antique. Wide white Hercules braid fringed and knotted at the ends is used as sash belts

for little girls. Turkish crepes are among the prettiest inexpensive cotton dress goods. Laces

trim them admirably. Afternoon dresses of faille veiled with lace have overdresses of figured silk, having the same colored ground as the plain faille.

Deep collars of lace reaching to the shoulders are worn with afternoon dresses. They are finished about the throat with a band and bow of the velvet or ribbon with which the dress is

"By their works shall ye know them." -Watches .- Merchant Traveler.

The more you cheque a spendthrift the faster he goes.—National Weekly.

Why is a successful pouitry-man like a carriage-builders? Because he makes a coop-pay.

The barber can be relied upon for data in the making up of "crop" reports .-Yonkers Gazette.

A way to get even with the Canadians on the fishery question: Make them eat shad .- Boston Post. A theatrical manager in London says

that 150,000 persons in that city live by playing .- Free Press. A young man who lives on a rich

mother-in-law is not necessarily a Cannibal, but approaches that tribe for laziness .- National Weekly. Australia has had a ball game, but as the Australians have not learned to kick at the umpire's decisions, it was not very

exciting .- Lowell Citizen. "I know what the nights of labor are," said the mother of six boys as she sat down to repair the pile of trousers and

jackets. - Boston Courier. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes used to be an amateur photographer. When he presented a picture to a friend, he wrote on the back of it: "Taken by O. W. Holmes & Sun."-Detroit Free Press.

Bornsterne Bornson, the Norwegian poet, wants to come to America for visit. [jjjjjjjj.] Those j's belong in the name somewhere, and the reader can distribute them to suit his taste .-Norwich Bulletin.

What every married man in this country wants is a trained, fierce-looking little mouse that will appear whenever called. It will stampede a family quarrel in less time than it takes to provoke one. - Macon Telegraph.

"Have you heard Miss Simpson sing since she returned from Europe?" eral times." "Do you think she has improved?" "Very much." "In what particular?" "She doesn't sing as much as she used to."--Musical Journal.

"Horace, why don't you sit down? You've been standing there for over an hour." "Cawn't sit down, Fweddie. Going to 'the reception, you know."
"Well, what of that? It's early yet." "Just had my twowsers cweased, Fweddie. Do you think I've got s-s-s-softenof the bwain ?"-Life.

# How to Punish Children.

"How to punish children." said Prof. Adler, in a lecture recently, "is one of the burning questions of the day. Upon it depends in a greater degree than people imagine the welfare of the state, the family, society and the ethical development of humanity itself. We would be the physicians onr enemies; we would profit by their hostility and lead them to better mind by gentleness and firmness combined, and even chastise them when their own good and social advancement require it. How many parents know how to punish children?

"A child will grow up, in nine cases out of ten, the embodiment of the influences that surround him. Never chastise a child in anger. Socrates, the great Pagan philosopher, refrained from punishing a slave until his passion had cooled. An angry father sets a perilous example to his offspring. He exhibits his weakuess when he should be firm and contained. The child drinks in the lesson, and his moral nature is lacerated and warped.

"How many children are spoiled by discouragement? Parents grumble and chide the livelong day, and never praise, It is wrong. Nothing will so effectually crush a child's ambition to be good and noble. The sweet approbation of a good mother is enough to make a young man face fire and death in a worthy cause."

George Wickham, the brother of ex-Mayor Wickham, who has just returned from Europe and dazzled the other diamond merchants with the splendor of his importations, describes an eccentric establishment in Shoreditch, London, known as "Dirty Dick's." The original proprietor would not have the spiders disturbed nor the floor swept, and was imitated by a chop house in Thames street, New York. But he had other peculiarities which are not observed by his successors. No person could be served twice at his bar on the same day. Wags who tried to deceive the landlord by walking out and then coming back through another door, with their coat collars turned up and their hats tipped over their eyes, discovered that the barkeeper was keen enough to detect them. and that the rule was inflexible. All drinks were the same price. For threepence you might take a glass of ale, of gin, of brandy or of champagne. The queer tavern in a street of London, which corresponds to our Bowery, was the first place in which champagne was sold by the glass. As patent corks were not yet invented, the cranky proprietor preferred to spoil a whole pint of the wine rather than violate his own regulation about prices .- New York Star

The total membership of the Sons of Temperance of North America, is over 98,000, the net gain of the year 1885 be-