

THE BLUE RIDGE BLADE.

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FAIR INDIAN SUMMER.

At last the long-encumbered days are over,
And a soft moon is melting in the morn,
The blooms are brown upon the seeding clover,
And brown the silks that plume the ripening corn.
All sounds are hushed of reaping and of mowing,
The winds are low; the waters lie uncurled;
Nor thistle down nor gossamer is flowing,
So hushed in languid indolence the world.
And vineyards wide and farms along the valley
Are mute amid the vintage and the sheaves,
Save round the barns the noise of roust and rally.
Among the tenant-masons of the eaves,
Afar the upland glades are flocked in dapples
By flocks of larks—a gambol from the fold;
And clouds bending beneath their weight of apples,
And groves are bright in scarlet and in gold.
But hark! I hear the pheasant's muffled drumming,
The turtle's murmuring from a distant dell,
A drowsy bee in many tangles humming,
The far, faint tinkle tinkle of a bell.
And now, from yonder beech-trunk sheer and sterile,
The scintillating yellow-hammer's bill,
The sharp scateo bark of the squirrel,
A dropping nut, and all again is still.

A Brave Boy.

I was teaching a school in a little town in a Western State several years ago, and during the winter many farmers' sons and field-boys entered, who were not able to come at other times of the year. Some of them were dull scholars, but nearly all were anxious to learn, and they did not give me much trouble as the few sons of wealthier parents who were also under my charge.
There was one among the suburban faces of these boys that always struck me as especially intelligent. It belonged to Henry Chalmers, a lad of fourteen.
He worked for a neighboring farmer nine months in the year, in order to attend school during the remaining three; but it was evident he had other sources of instruction besides those given in the school, for he often came to me with questions which showed knowledge beyond what I could expect from one no further advanced in his studies.
Most of the scholars were younger than Henry, or else about his age, but there were four or five boys and several girls who were older. There was one boy of nineteen, a slow and stupid, but good-hearted fellow, whom I never beyond liked, George Cassell, and another of sixteen, George Cassell, whom I never beyond liked. If he was not selfish and unprincipled, he was at least very silly.
Henry was more exceedingly flashy neckties; he cocked his hat on one side, and displayed a cheap ring, of which he was evidently very proud, on his stubby little finger.
Moreover, he carried a cane wherever he went, even to and from school, which seems to me very foolish and conceited for a boy with sound legs to do under any circumstances, but especially so in his case.
However, that came proved itself as utmost service to me and to the scholars if it was not of service to Cassell, and he did not end in a very extraordinary manner.
It was one of the last days of the spring term, and I was just reading the first lesson, when a girl burst into the school-room all out of breath with crying and panting, and exclaimed, as soon as she passed the door, "O, Miss Franklin, there's a mad dog right out in the road!"
The scholars all laughed. Mad dogs are a favorite terror with little girls.
"Mad dog," said I, "come here," and I took off her hat and cloak. "How do you know the dog is mad?"
"Why, he was running down the road as fast as could be, and he looked awful mad, and Mr. Atkins says he is mad, and—oh, did you hear that?"
It was the loud report of a gun directly in front of the school-house, followed by a chorus of "Oh's" from the scholars, and some shrill screams outside.
Then another little girl ran along the walk near the side windows, screaming with all her might, and opening the rear door of the building, rushed, just as Maggie had done, into the room where we were all seated.
Closely following her, and at one time almost seizing her dress, came a large dog, without doubt in a rabid condition.
He had been shot at in the road, and was apparently but very slightly wounded.
If the girl had closed the door behind her, which she could easily have done, the dog could not have entered; but as it was, she led the mad creature directly into the room where we were.
The door was behind and on one side of me. As I turned and looked my heart stood still, for I beheld, what I hope I may never again see, a really mad dog, his mouth dripping, his eyes glaring, and his hair bristling.
He stepped at the doorway for an instant, with a growl, he started into the room.
I have heard people tell about thinking quickly in times of great danger, but for my part, I can say that on this occasion I did not think at all. Hardly knowing what I did, I seized a ruler, grasped the two little girls and drew them toward me, but he had not taken three steps when a boy's form suddenly interposed. It was Henry Chalmers.
He had picked up the first weapon that came within reach, which happened to be a cane standing in the corner near his seat. Although its duty when an ornament, it was, however, apparently designed for use, for it had a thick shaft and a large knob for a head.
With this he struck the dog swift blows over the back, and the animal instantly turned upon him with a fierce snarl.
"O Henry," I screamed, "be careful, for your life!"
He did not answer, but held the cane down to the dog's mouth. The animal grasped it in his teeth, but it furiously, receiving as he did so a heavy kick, which sent him off his feet, Henry's motive evidently being to knock him senseless.
This manoeuvre was repeated several times, until the dog refused to seize the stick, and made an attack upon his assailant's legs.
Then the cane came down again with a loud crack and broke in two, or

rather split, for it left a very sharp-pointed weapon in Henry's hands.
The idea of lending aid in the struggle did not seem to enter the minds of the other boys. In fact, what had occurred took place so suddenly and unexpectedly that but little chance for doing anything was afforded.
Several of the girls pushed up one of the back windows, and by their screams attracted the attention of the man who had already shot at the dog, and was now looking for him.
Meantime Henry was keeping the creature at bay, so that he could not get at the scholars, by continual blows and kicks. He had not yet been bitten, but his trousers were badly torn. At length he tried a new plan.
He held out his left hand towards the dog, and as the animal started forward to seize it, he thrust the point of the broken cane into the open mouth.
The creature bit it savagely, but Henry holding on to the advantage he had gained, continued to push it further into the dog's mouth.
"Come here, Joe, quick!" he called; and one of the largest boys came up.
"Now you kick him while I hold on here," he said, keeping tight hold of the cane, which seemed wedged into the dog's mouth.
Joe drew back his heavy farm boot, and kicked with all his might directly against the creature's side.
"Not there, no, not there!" cried Henry. "Kick him under the stomach, so as to take away his breath!"
Again Joe drew off and kicked, and this time fortunately the dog was lifted off his feet and tumbled senseless against the wall.
"Open the window! open the window!" Henry called out.
Several boys sprang forward to obey, and the dog, on the point of reviving, was seized and thrown out into the yard. A moment later the report of Mr. Atkins' gun told that the poor creature's career was ended.
I took a long breath. It seemed as though it was the first time I had breathed since the dog entered the room. He was gone and the only traces left of the unfortunate creature were some stains on the floor, two windows open, a broken cane, and several scholars out of their seats.
Henry was coolly walking to his seat when I stopped him.
"Henry, are you sure you are not bitten?" I asked.
"I don't think he bit me anywhere," he answered, looking at his hands.
I examined them carefully. How glad I was that I could not find upon them a single scratch!
Involuntarily I exclaimed, "You are a noble, brave boy! I thank you with all my heart, for myself and for the school, and shall remember you as long as I live!"
He smiled for an instant frankly and with a pleased expression into my face, and then without a word, took his seat.
I thought that in the present excited state of both the school and the village, it would be desirable to have the school under the control of this extraordinary event, as was natural it should be. Of course, Henry was quite a hero in the town, but it seemed that he had no amount of praise which he deserved.
I wrote a report of the matter for a local newspaper.
I also wrote to a wealthy gentleman of my acquaintance, and told him the whole story. He replied by an invitation to Henry to come to the city and see him, enclosing a check to pay his fare.
Acting under my advice, the brave boy gave up his place on the farm and went to the city. My friend immediately gave him employment with good wages, so as to allow him to save money to pay the expense of his education. He had also time given him to continue his studies in preparation for college, where I expect he will soon go.
Blatting Her Finger.
One evening when Ralph Waldo Emerson was engaged in preparing his new lecture, Mrs. Emerson, who had at that moment fattened her finger while trying to drive a nail with the smoothing iron, thrust her head into his study and said:
"See here, sir! I want you to drop that everlasting pen of yours, for a minute or two, at least, and go down to the grocery and get a mackerel for breakfast!"
"My dear," replied Mr. Emerson, looking up from his work, "my dear, can't you go? You see I am billed in a dozen places to deliver this lecture on 'Memory,' and it isn't half finished yet."
"And that's what you call your infernal lecture, is it?" said Mrs. Emerson, sharply. "A nice party you are, to deliver a lecture on 'Memory!'"
"And why, my love?" said Mr. Emerson, meekly.
"You never go out of the house that you don't forget to put on your hat or your boots, and you never take a letter of mine to mail that you don't carry it in your pocket for six months or a year unless I happen to find it sooner. During the past thirty days you have carried out of this house and forgot to pack bring no less than seventy-five or eighty umbrellas; and you know yourself that the last time you went to church you took out your false teeth because, as you said, they hurt your corns, and came away and left them in the seat. I say you are a nice man to talk to a cultured audience on 'Memory,' and if you don't trot right off to the grocery, I'll expose you before you're twenty-four hours older."
Mr. Emerson started on a jump for the grocery, and when he got there he couldn't for the life of him recollect what he had come for.
Profit, \$1,200.
"To sum it up, six long years of bed-ridden sickness, costing \$200 per year, total \$1,200—all of this expense was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters taken by my wife. She has done her own housework for a year since, without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it, for their benefit."

The Wild Camels of Lob-Nor.

The favorite home of the wild camel is the desert of Kum-Tag to the east of Lob-Nor. One of our native hunters told me that only twenty years ago he had seen herds of several dozen, sometimes even of more than 100, not far from where the village of Tshar-chalyk is now. The old huntsman told me that during his life-time he has shot with an old, crippled gun, more than 100 of them. As the population and the number of hunters increased, the camels wandered further into the desert of Kum-Tag, which, on account of the scarcity of water, is entirely inaccessible to man. No one has ever penetrated it. Two bold hunters made the attempt, but after two days, during which they and their asses, carrying provisions, etc., had toiled knee-deep in the fine, drifting sand, parched and blinded with the dust, they returned, almost overcome with fatigue. In seasons of very great heat the camels are attracted by the coolness of the high valleys of the Altyn-Tag, and ascend as high as 11,000 or 12,000 feet. In contrast with the tame camel, whose characteristics are timidity, want of intelligence and apathy, the wild one is distinguished by a marvelous development of the senses, and great sagacity and acuteness. Hunters have assured me that with the wind they can scent a man at a distance of several versts (one verst is about two-thirds of an English mile), that they hear the slightest noise at an incredible distance, that their visual organs are equally developed. When they suspect approaching danger, they fly at once, and often run a hundred and more versts before stopping. I followed the traces of a camel which I missed for more than twenty versts, where it had turned into a ravine, which, being altogether, out of our way, I did not care to follow. It would seem that an animal so awkwardly built as the camel would not be able to climb about the Altyn-Tag, yet we observed, many a time, their traces and their dung leading in narrow crevices and on steep cliffs, where the boldest huntsman would hesitate to follow. It is, indeed, so strange a sight, that I could scarcely trust my eyes when I saw their trace mixed with the wild camel runs very fast, and would overtake at a long distance, a good race horse. The period of heat is in winter, from the middle of October until the end of February. During this time the males, when not in the female condition of the river's oar, and carries calves for over a year. The hunters whom I had sent back to the mountains returned on the 10th of March, with three beautiful specimens, a full-grown male, female, and a calf. The zoological distinctions between the wild and the tame camel are not very great, and now the question arises whether the wild camel is the lineal progress from tame camels, which, having escaped from the discipline of man, have wandered away in the desert, and became wild? It is my opinion that the former theory is the correct one. I think that those qualities which, in the struggle for existence, offer to the animal the best chances for self-preservation, are strongly developed in the wild camel. Their remarkably developed senses protect them against their principal enemies—man and the wolf. A wolf would scarcely be a match for a full-grown camel, and they have little to fear from man, on account of their acute eyes, ears and scent, and their choice of abode in the most impenetrable localities. It is probable that the desert of Lob-Nor have, from time immemorial, been the dwelling of the wild camel. In former times they may have been scattered over a greater space; at the present they inhabit only the most remote and impenetrable corner of the Central Asian desert.
Chinese Charms.
As a general rule, anything red is serviceable in this way. To mark the "steps" in a book with red ink will keep away evil spirits from the reader; so, also, will pieces of red rags or strings. As those wicked spirits very often mutilate helpless little boys, parents dutifully armed against them, put a piece of red cloth in the pockets of the little fellows and braid the queue with a piece of red silk to prevent fiends from cutting it off. Yellow paper is also very efficacious. Strips of this paper six to twelve inches long, inscribed with red or black ink, are suspended on bed-curtains, or it is burnt and the ashes mingled with tea or hot water and drank as a specific against evil influences. Ancient coins are very good also. They are tied to the wrists of new born babes and put under the bed of the newly married. The small point of an old iron ploughshare will do if the coin is not convenient, for iron of any kind is potent against spirits. A knife that has been used in killing a person is very excellent. Iron nails that have been used in sealing a coffin are not amiss, if carried in the pocket or braided into the queue or they may be beaten into a ring and worn in that shape until a boy is sixteen years old.
Yet, excellent as are these remedies, they are used only on the defensive; but, as the fiend may feel more or less emboldened by mere defensive tactics alone, an aggressive policy is often adopted especially in the case of a man lying sick in bed. For this purpose a hempen whip is made in the shape of a snake, with which the bed and bedstead

are well whipped and the lurking spirits made to take a hasty exit. Evil spirits are much addicted to the malicious practice of injuring houses in the course of erection. To put a stop to their pranks, a piece of red or yellow paper, inscribed with the proper form, is tied to the ridge-pole, or a small bag of red silk, or cotton is used instead, containing five kinds of grain in honor of five successive emperors, five iron nails of different length. Another very excellent safeguard against evil spirits is a picture of a tiger, the spirits being much afraid of that ferocious feline. A lion grasping a sword is good; but two lions grasping a sword is better. A made of lime and burnt clay, and laid at something at distance, is also good; or three paper arrows, or a boy in the attitude of shooting an arrow, or an earthen lion, either of these is also good.
The child of a gourd is suspended by the neck in children who have not yet had the smallpox, on the last night of the year, because the god of measles will only the small pox into the shell if it placed convenient to his hand. But a better plan is to cover the child's face with an ugly mask, and the god of measles, who is mischievously addicted to spoiling pretty faces, will not think it worth while to visit his small pox upon so ugly a child and will pass him by. The fiend is also pictured out by a tiger, lizard or snake, and an unknown animal with three feet, suspended round the neck, keep off the evil. A mirror suspended to a bed curtain, face outward, will keep the devil away, because on approaching the room, he will see himself reflected in the glass, and, loathed with his own ugliness, will hide himself in some deep cavern until he forgets his life.
Of the few innumerable omens of good or evil which the provident gods assign to manifest a few here are given: The magpie is a bird of good omen; and hence if a man projecting, say an investment in stocks, and hears the voice of this bird, it is a sure sign that stocks will go up, and that this investment will be a success. A crow on the other hand, is a bird of evil omen. A strange, chilly sensation of evil will be felt in the spine of rats and mice, and the screech of a crowing hen and a whistling woman are both bad omens—both being unnatural, and whatever is unnatural is also unlucky. A cock crowing before midnight is another bad omen and will soon be killed or sold.
Disadvantages in Life.
Cultivating a beard.
Sitting at the foot of a boarding-house table.
Wearing tight boots with big wad of cotton-darning in the heel.
Walking through a crowded ferry-boat with a year-old baby in your arms.
Passing the club or billiard room without "dropping in to see who's there."
Having a bad cold in the head and no handkerchief within hailing distance.
Being asked what time it is when your uncle is keeping your watch to suit his time.
 endeavoring to persuade a tailor that the longer your bill goes over the sooner will the sun of resumption rise like a forty cent sky-rocket.
Carrying a scuttle of coal up stairs while the partner of your joys stands in the hall, and yells "Oh, Henry what a dirt you are making on my new carpet!"
For the first time in one's life asking a girl if she "wouldn't like to go out some evening next week," and have her coldly say "No, you mustn't keep late hours!"
Taking off one's shoe in the lower hall to walk up stairs noiselessly, and just as the top is reached, to drop one shoe, hear it go rattling to the bottom like the gong of eternity.
Owls and their Uses.
The utility of the common owl as a destroyer of vermin is scarcely likely to be called in question at the present day. A remarkable instance in point is recorded by Herr Grote in the Journal of the Hanover Agricultural Society. Last year this gentleman discovered in his garden an owl's nest built in a hollow tree. When first observed it contained four eggs and the bodies of seven field mice. On the following day six of the mice had been devoured and eight fresh ones introduced in their place. On the third day six more mice were added to the stock, and the carcasses of seven more were found in a contiguous hollow of a tree. Day after day the same thing was observed, a fresh supply of mice being constantly introduced. From circumstances which are not specifically mentioned, Herr Grote was only able to continue his observations for a period of fourteen days, but within that time the number of mice found in the nest was ascertained to be more than two hundred, and in addition to these the wing cases of a large number of dung beetles were found in the same place. In order to avoid any source of possible error in this computation, the observer took the precaution of marking each day's supply of mice when first noticed, so as to make quite sure that none of the bodies should be counted twice.

Ten Thousand Years Ago.

About four miles below Camp Verde, Arizona, there are about fifty cliff or cave dwellings, known here in a solid cliff of rock. One has to use ladders in order to penetrate some of them. The rooms are plastered inside, and have side rooms leading from the main room. Many of these side rooms seem to have been used for granaries, for in them have been found wheat and other seed, and then cemented over and made air-tight. When these places are picked into, you find the ears of corn at first apparently natural, but when the air strikes them, or the fingers touch them, the grains fall to ashes, leaving nothing but the cob, which seems to be little affected. In one of these cells I found a bunch of well-preserved wheat, and another of the same kind as to what it was made of. They also contain water tanks or cisterns nearly hewn out in the open valleys, extensive ruins of great cities, judging from the debris, many of the buildings have been four or five stories high, built of stone neatly dressed, showing considerable mechanical skill in their construction. The parts of walls that are still standing bear traces of ancient writings and sculpture, with crosses and notches cut deep into the solid rock at regular intervals. There are also traces of canals and reservoirs of vast dimensions, from which it is inferred that the country at one time was fertile and well watered. But the once beautiful and fertile valleys are now covered with boulders and flat-rocks from the mountains. They are also defaced by great ravines cut down by the winter torrents of perhaps ten thousand years since the inhabitants have fled from their homes or perished amid wars and pestilence. Several of the largest cities must have contained several hundred thousand inhabitants. With the exception of broken pottery, but few relics are found. Some pieces of pottery are remarkable from the fact they have been finely glazed and bear paintings of flowers and ornamental figures, the coloring matter of a high mineral substance of some kind, which can not or has not been defaced, and appears to be perfectly indelible. These relics have been exposed to the storms, which have worn away the solid masses of the walls, and show the colors as when new. The pottery itself has been found to be perfectly fire proof, upon a severe trial in crucibles, while the heat of furnaces will not affect it. If the secret of its manufacture could be discovered, it would be worth millions of dollars to the possessor. The ruins are undoubtedly those of the cities built by the Aztecs, who populated the Southwest centuries ago, and had their capitals on the present site of the City of Mexico when the Spaniard took possession of the country.
I visited the park this fair day, for I wish to show you a certain carriage and occupants and tell you a story. The turn-out is a magnificent diamond, and a driver not in the habit of driving, but looking just the man for an are, and such a load as are making merry within—every one of them a hunchback! Yes, from the crooked gentleman on the back seat to the little fellows up by the driver, are hunchbacks, well dressed, happy seeming, but with a wistful look—and as they roll by, you see in them the introduction of my little story.
Something like twenty years ago a miserable brick house in a back alley was the home of Archibald Ramsey, a Scotch carpenter. He worked down town in a shop, making cornices, moldings, mantels, and a variety of the more elaborate parts employed in finishing houses. Every evening he took home pocketfuls, and often handfuls also, of bits and ends of the shop.
These oddly shaped fragments of soft, sweet-smelling pine furnished amusement for poor little Alec, Mr. Ramsey's hunchback boy; and when they had served this purpose, they were used as kindlings in the kitchen stove.
Alec was sixteen years old, and not taller than an average boy of 10. He was very much deformed, and had lived in an age and country of kings seeking dwarfs oddities for "court foibles" or "jesters," he would have been a prize to some iron-handed tyrant. It is about his play with the bits of pine from the shop that I wish to tell you.
Many a droll pile he built on the kitchen floor; many a funny thing he whittled out to amuse the little ones; many a comical toy he made and gave away to neighboring children.
One genial afternoon in May, Alec crept out to enjoy the balmy air, and by the noise of the crowd of urchins on a vacant lot at a little distance, was drawn in that direction. Here he saw a colored boy, named Jack, attempting for the amusement of the party all sorts of pranks in imitation of circus performers. Bareheaded and clothed in striped red and yellow garments of coarse quality, the negro had seemed almost made in India rubber.
Alec watched his capers in amazement. Never before had he seen such antics, or even thought them possible. It was no wonder that the frail stilted little hunchback dreamed it all over again, as he did that night.
The next morning his whittling genius took shape from this event, and before noon he had produced a rude pine image of the negro—head, arms and legs loosely hung with bits of broom-ware, and the whole curious arrangement, and by working a string, it would so jump, nod and turn somersaults, and through quite a series of contortions. With colored pencils, of which he had some cheap specimens, he blackened his head, neck, hands and feet, and reddened his lips, whitened and red the rudely striped in yellow and red the body, all in imitation of the little negro gymnast. Before it was completed his younger brother, named it "Jumping Jack." And in the afternoon, when he went to the vacant lot and

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Mrs. Lydia Reed Davidson, of Lyme, Conn., died a few days ago, at the age of 95 years. She was the last of six children, all of whom attained the age of 80 years. The mother of these children died at the age 101.
—Samuel East, Jr., died recently at his home in Newark, N. J., aged 89 years. He served as a private in the American army during the war of 1812. He was wounded by the explosion of a magazine, which was blown up by the British. His wife, 83 years of age, survives him.
—Mr. John D. Philbrick, the United States Commissioner of Education, at the Paris Exhibition has received the title of the University of France.
—In the missions of South Africa there are 180,000 native adherents; for whom 35,000 are communicants; colonial adherents, 358,000, giving a total of 573,000, making some 10 per cent. of the population of South Africa up to the Zambesi.
—At the end of January the total number of paupers in London was 88,663, of whom 44,709 were in workhouses and 43,954 received outdoor relief. These figures show a marked increase since January 1878 and 1877, but a decrease when compared with the figures of January, 1876.
—Two of the four 100-ton guns bought by the British Government from the Armstrong Company, for \$81,000 apiece, are to be sent to Gibraltar and two to Malta, where they will be mounted behind barbettes earthworks. Before being shipped to these two important positions they will be thoroughly tested.
—The Episcopal Church in Iowa has received a large bequest from the estate of the late Mrs. Clarissa C. Coon of Davenport. The will gives in all \$161,000, of which \$100,000 goes to destitute parishes, nearly \$12,000 to the Diocesan Board of Missions, \$50,000 to the Home of the Friendless, and smaller amounts to churches and other causes.
—The widow of Robert Willis, who was killed by a general during the war, recently died at Marrowbone, Ky., and on her death-bed told of \$65,000 in gold and \$10,000 worth of jewelry which her husband buried in a cave to hide it from the rebels. The treasure was found by a farmer, and the widow bequeathed most of it and her homestead to her servants.
—Superintendent Elliot, of the Boston Department of Public Schools, recommends that whipping pupils should be discontinued. He says the teacher is in a passion, and that "there should be an interval between the offence and chastisement at least as long as that between two seasons." By the same means the boys' strike was put down.
—Of late years the policy of running heavy engines and long trains seems to have prevailed on the Boston and Albany Railroad, but the managers are not all agreed on the advisability of this plan. The testimony of the engineers and track hands is to the effect that the heavy engines now being run are tearing the track all to pieces, and will necessitate the laying of new rails and building up the road-bed anew much oftener than ought to be necessary.
—The usual number of men employed upon the scavenging of the streets of Berlin is 700. But during almost the whole month of January it was necessary to supplement the regular staff by a corps of about 1400 assistants, in order to clear away the snow which fell in January over 100,000 cartloads of snow were carried away, and yet a great number of streets remained impassable. From the commencement of the snowfall (about December 11) to the close of January, 1879, 1,000,000 cartloads of snow had been carried away, and about 250,000 marks (\$62,500) expended on the scavenging of the streets.
—In the Government of Cherson, Russia, in the bed of a river, a peasant found an egg of unusual size. It is equal to forty hen's eggs, whereas the ostrich egg is equal to only twenty-four. It is of a yellowish color, and being found between the clay and gypsum layers, is supposed to belong to the tertiary formation. The purchase of this egg offered it to the Imperial Academy of Sciences, St. Petersburg, for 1000 roubles. The Academy failed to buy it, on account of lack of means, but asked permission to take a mould from it. The British Museum has now bought this unique egg, to the grief of the Russian students of natural science.
—In digging the foundations for a new shaft at the rear of premises in Long-acre, London, a week or two ago, some workmen came upon a chest containing a large number of gold and silver coins of the reign of Henry VIII in a high state of preservation. Besides a quantity of miscellaneous articles, the box contained about twenty pieces of church plate and ornaments. Among these were a massive chalice, a ciborium and a non-trance, all set with precious stones; a finely-carved crozier head, a lapis lazuli crucifix, a peccoral cross, a lead chain attached, some small vessels, and what appears to have been the mitre of an abbot or a bishop. At the foot of the chalice a cross with a nimbus is engraved, and in a scroll the Latin inscription, "Ad majorem Dei gloriam."
—Miss Lucy A. Osborne of New Milford, Conn., whose scalp, right ear and part of the right cheek were torn off in September, 1874, by machinery in which her hair caught, and who has since been at a New York hospital, is now at home. A new scalp has grown upon her head by the grafting of a portion of minute bits of skin. The pieces were contributed from the arms of the hospital surgeons. The total number of pieces used in this operation was 12,000. One of the surgeons contributed from his person 1200 pieces, and another gave 865. The appearance of the scalp now is similar to that of a healed wound. Of course there can be no growth of hair thereon. In the first of the grafting process bits of skin the size of nickle pieces were employed, but not with good success, an! at the suggestion of an English surgeon much smaller pieces were substituted, and with excellent results.

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