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Raise the Curtain.

Raise the curtain—let the brightness
Of your cheerful light shine forth;
To the poorest in loneliness
It may be of great worth;
Gives a glimpse to lonely wanderers
Of your household full of joy.
It may cause to new ambition
Some poor friendless, lonely boy.

Raise the curtain—we are kindred—
Each to all is bound by ties
Which forbid a selfish shutting
Of ourselves from others' eyes;
Share your light and share your blessings,
God hath made the whole world kin,
And his love is universal,
Takes the weakest sinner in.

Raise the curtain of your window,
Raise the curtain of your mind,
Do not let prejudice or malice
To the wants of others blind.
Helping others we are strengthened,
Giving, we are richer made;
And no one is strong or patient,
But some time hath need of aid.

—[Flora N. Candee.

A MAN-FISH.

At 4 o'clock, in the afternoon of June 21, 1859, I was in the crow's nest or lookout on board the New England whaler Yankee Land, and we were bearing up for Valparaiso from the Juan Fernandez Island, when I caught sight of a floating human body on the lee bow, and half a mile away. We had only a light breeze and the sea was scarcely disturbed, and from my perch aloft I could see even the fish as they played about it.

I had scarcely hailed the deck when the floater raised his head, kicked his feet under the surface, and, after waving his arms as a signal, he began swimming down to us. The sight of a man out at sea, provided with nothing whatever to do it with, was queer enough, but there was something much more queer in store for us. I have seen the natives of almost every country in the water, but I never saw anything like the speed this floater made as he came down to us. He just smoked through water like a yacht with her sail set to a gale breeze. All the men mustered forward to get sight of him, and as he came alongside he checked his way, took a long survey of our craft, and coolly sailed out:

"What ship is that?"

"The American whaler, Yankee Land," answered the mate.

"Want any hand?"

"Yes, we will ship you," replied the captain.

"Very well; so I'll come aboard."

They threw him a rope and he soon stood on deck, the only unconcerned person on the ship. He asked for a chew of tobacco, wrung the water out of his clothes, and when the cook brought him some grub he did not appear over hungry. He refused any clothes, saying that he felt better when damp, and when he had finished eating he explained:

"My name is Tom Finch. I quit the English bark Queen two days ago. I can stay underwater three to a whale with the best of you. Give me a fin and let me run to."

"You quit the Queen two days ago?" queried the captain.

"Yes, sir."

"Where was she?"

"A matter of fifty miles to the south west, sir."

"At sea?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did you quit?"

"Said good by to my watch and jumped overboard, and have been floating ever since."

There wasn't a man in the ship who believed his story. Indeed, what intelligent man would believe it? And yet it was Gospel truth, as we discovered when we reached Valparaiso. The Saxon was there, and half a dozen of her crew had seen him go overboard as stated.

A man fish had come aboard of us. There never was a mermaid, but he certainly was a merman. He was next to amphibious. He was with us for sixteen months, and during that time was the wonder of our crew and of every other crew we met. He was a stalwart, good-looking chap of 35, but his interior may have been built on the fish principle. He swam as swiftly as some kinds of fish, and that without seeming to tire him. He could not be drowned, and no shark would bite him. I said he was a queer man. The reader probably agrees with me. I give my word and honor that every statement I shall make is true, and can be proved true.

Our carpenter was laid up with a broken leg, and when Finch announced that he could use tools he became our penner temporarily. After we left Valparaiso, no longer doubting the story of his two days' float, he gave us a marvellous exhibition of his skill as a swimmer. In running back to the south we struck the fag end of a cyclone, and got a terrible sea. Our big ship was tossed about like a pea, and the waves walled up on us now and then until their crests seemed to tower fifty feet above the rail. Everything was lashed and double lashed, and the cook couldn't make even a cup of coffee for twenty hours. While we were lying to and hanging on for life Finch stripped to his shirt and pants and went overboard for a lark. The best man among us would have been drowned in five minutes. He was in the water two hours, and when he came out he did not puff as heavily as a man who had run across the street. A hundred times in those two hours we thought he was lost, but he had no more fear for himself than as if he was on dry land. In the sixteen months I saw him go overboard as many as fifty times, in all sorts of weather, and by day and by night, and yet he never met with an accident.

I stated that no shark would bite him. He proved this fact a thousand times over. Harbor sharks, for reasons best known to themselves, will sometimes pass a swimmer by, but they are small fry compared to the hammer heads and white sharks of mid ocean. The true man eater is not a shore fish, except in tropical waters. When a whaler is engaged in cutting in and trying out, and is drifting off before the wind, your real man eater appears. I have seen these twenty, ten feet long, forrowed up and down green like modern whales, and evidently a hundred years old. These are the demons of the deep, who will rush upon a raft and upset it or tear it to pieces, and who seem to feel no pain from the pricks of a lance. We got a whale to the southwest of Conception, a hundred miles off shore, and Finch gave us his first exhibition. We had an elderly barrel fish in tow head and tail to our starboard side, and were just hooking on to the last blanket piece to hoist away, when three or four monster sharks appeared. The one who came up astern was of such size that the men called out in amazement. He lay with his dorsal fin above water, and we could see every inch of him. It was enough to give you a chill to note his wicked eyes and his awful mouth.

When Finch saw the shark he said he would drive him away. The Captain ordered him to go about his business, not wishing to lose a man but Finch waited until the others were off their guard, and then went overboard off the lee bow with a great splash. There was a wild cry from the crew and a rush with a gun, but Tom looked up and laughed and swam around the stern of the ship. The big man eater had kicked off about 20 feet at the splash, but turn other, almost as large, had come upon the quarter, and there for three or the wickedest fish in the Atlantic Ocean. Everybody shouted and [illegible] and half a dozen [illegible] were thrown to Tom, but he would not mind us. He suddenly sank below the surface and made a long time for the big fish, and, to my surprise, the old fellow started aside to escape the collision.

It is truth to the letter that Tom Finch drove every one of those monsters away from the ship, and for an hour he paddled about in the water and was unharmed. In the course of a couple of hours the big shark returned. A piece of blubber was tied up in an old coat and dropped overboard, and he made a dash of a hundred feet and bolted it down like a flash. He then took up his station off our quarter, and not over thirty feet away, and the sailor mounted the rail and made a long leap right at him. The shark went off like a streak, and we saw him no more.

Once, when we were in the harbor of Honolulu, Tom gave a public exhibition, and at least 5000 people saw him swim about among the sharks just outside the surf. Several dogs were thrown to them to be devoured, and gallons of blood were poured on the water to excite them, but never a one came within five feet of the sailor. He had no peculiar odor about him that we could detect, and why the sharks feared him was as much a puzzle to himself as to others.

Among Tom's adventures was his escape from the Greek pirates of the Ægean Sea a couple of years before he joined our ship. I give this because every particular of it is a matter of official record. He was one of the crew of an Italian brig making a voyage to Constantinople, and on the return, while becalmed among the islands at the mouth of the Archipelago, a couple of boats, carrying 20 men each, pulled out from one of the islands and attacked them. There were 13 men on the brig, and, though poorly armed, they gave the pirates a hot fight before the vessel was carried by boarding. When Tom saw that all was lost he hid himself away, and was not discovered until the brig had been towed into a cove. The Greeks had cooled off then, and instead of cutting his throat they took him ashore to make a slave of him. The island was the rendezvous of a bad gang and it seemed that a portion of them were away on an expedition. For this reason the brig was pulled into the cove, which had very deep water, anchored stem and stern, and her overhauling was deferred until the other party should return.

Tom was the sole survivor of the crew, and he was treated like a dog. He had a smattering of the language, and he was told that any effort of his to escape would be rewarded by burning alive. Nevertheless, on the second night of his stay he stole away from his hut to the water, swam off to the brig, boarded her by the fore chains, and finding the two men on anchor watch fast asleep, he brained them with a capstan bar. The cable at the stern was of hemp and easily cut. The other was of chain, and Tom managed to slip it just as the tide turned. The brig was outside of all the small craft, and, as the night was dark, no one saw her drift away. Drift she did, however, aided by a fortunate breeze, and next morning she was sighted and boarded by a British man-of-war heading up from Crete. The Italian government made the Greeks pay a good round sum for the outrage, and Tom got money enough out of it to have kept him all his days had he been a landsman.

He quit our ship with more regret than he had entered it. For sixteen months he seemed perfectly content, and was well up to his work. Then the owners at home got into trouble and had to sell out, and we hauled into Rio Janeiro one day to find a new deal on hand. We were paid off and a new Captain put in charge, and such of the men as wished to go were shipped to a new cruise in a clean ship. Most of us joined anyhow, though none of us liked the new Captain. It was curious that he and Tom Finch took a strong dislike to each other at first sight, but the other had signed and would not desert. We had only got well outside when the new Captain made us a speech. We had made an average cruise up to this date, and the ship was in good condition all the way around, but he would not have come up to the mark had he not insulted and abused us. We had a call aft, and I remember how ugly he looked as he swore and cursed for a moment, as an overseer looks over his slaves, and then said:

"You infernal lot of vipers and lobscouses, there's a new deal aboard this ship and I want you to understand it on the go off! There's to be no more sulking and pinocking. There's to be no more gamming between ships and boats. If we have a man sick and where the sharks won't bite he'll heave to look out for me? I will bite him if he doesn't walk chalk! There's going to be discipline aboard and the quicker you come to it the better for your lazy carcasses! Go forward and go to work or I'll be among you!"

Almost every Captain gives a crew that sort of talk. The average master looks upon his men as below the brute creation. He thinks it necessary to bluster and bluster and threaten to let them know the wide difference between them. He had made a break for Tom, who had entered as a boat steerer, and every man of us foresaw trouble.

We had been five days out when the row came. Several of the men had been brutally knocked about without reason, and one day as we were cutting in a sperm, and Tom was placing his boat in order, Capt. Locke took occasion to find a deal of fault. It was plain to all of us that he was seeking a fuss, and that he was bent on stirring Tom up. He kept at it until he roused himself to fury and struck the sailor. We knew Tom would never stand that, nor did he. He squared off and felled the Captain like an ox, and during the confusion he took refuge in the cabin and barricaded the door and armed himself. Wasn't the old man howling mad when he came to! He issued all sorts of orders, but took precious good care not to expose himself to Tom's fire.

The sailor held the cabin for three days, allowing the crew to move about as they pleased, but watching to fire upon the Captain if he exposed himself. On the third night, when we were a good hundred miles off Cape Frio, he dropped out of one of the stern ports into the open sea, and the first we know of it we heard him laughing as he swam away. Six months later we had a "gam" with the Scotch whaler Janet, and the men told us that they picked Tom up when he had been afloat three days, and landed him three weeks later at Bahia.—[New York Sun.

A Family of Coincidences.

On Glade Mountain, W. Va., resides perhaps the most peculiar family in the country. It is a family of coincidences. The father and mother were married on the 11th day of October; they have had nine children, all of whom were born on the 11th of October; five of the children are dead, and all five of them ceased to breathe on the 11th day of October. The name of the head of the family is Joshua Franklin. He says that he was a Confederate soldier; that he was captured twice by the United States soldiers, and that he lost two brothers in the war, and that all four of the mishaps or misfortunes of war occurred on the memorable 11th of October. In the neighborhood the Franklin family is regarded with superstition, and not a human being can be persuaded to stay either in the house or on the premises on either day or night on the 11th of October.—[Chicago Herald.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Naughty Claude.

When little Claude was naughty ones,
At luncheon time, and said
He'd not say "Thank you," to Mamma,
She made him go to bed,
And cover up and stay two hours;—
So when the clock struck two,
Then Claude said, "Thank you, Mr. Clock,
I'm much obliged to you."

The Difference.

Gertie is learning to read, and does not be afraid to ask any one the meaning of new words. The other day she picked up a paper and spelled the word woman.

"Mamma," she said, "what does woman mean?"

"Well, a woman means a girl who has grown up. I am a woman," replied her mother.

"Why, I thought you was a lady."

"Yes, a woman is a lady if she is kind and polite."

"A gentleman is a man. A real gentleman is a man who is always gentle and kind and polite."

"Oh, then my pa is only a man, for he is so cross to me on Sundays."

What a rebuke! and from a little child. Boys, what shall you be called. Are you forming such habits as will entitle you to the word "gentleman?"—Youth's Banner.

A Tame Heifer.

A perfectly tame two year old heifer is the most interesting pet on the farm of Orlando Griffin in Covington Township, Penn. Mr Griffin owns the mother and grandmother of the heifer, and up to three years ago the great grandmother lived on his farm. They are all brindled in color, and Farmer Griffin says that they all possess the gentlest and sweetest dispositions of any cattle that he has ever owned. Lucy, the tame heifer, has followed the children to school nearly every day during the school season this year. The schoolhouse is a quarter of a mile from any other building, and Lucy grazes by the roadside while the children are attending to their studies. Sometimes she is several rods away when school is dismissed, but the moment she hears the released children's noisy voices, she utters a low of gladness and immediately gallops toward them to be rubbed and petted. She lets the children handle her just as they please, and one of the little boys frequently rides on her back to and from the schoolhouse and around the farm. The only animal on the premises that Lucy exhibits a real dislike for is Farmer Griffin's shaggy dog Shep. Once he accidentally tapped her on the hind leg, and ever since then she has shown her hatred by trying to hook him whenever he gets in her way. The old dog realizes her dislike, for instead of trying to scratch when she points at him with her head lowered, he skips beyond her reach and never attempts to fine her. Mr. Griffin says he would not sell the heifer for twice as much as she is really worth.—[New York Tribune.

The Turkey.

The turkey is a bird that is out of much good in a pot, but it usually receives our attention for a few weeks each year. A turkey, like everything else, is lost in moderation, for too familiar and wholesale acquaintance is apt to bring on many a pang.

John Bull gave the name of turkey to this bird under the mistaken idea that it hailed from Turkey, while America, the land of the free, more truthfully claims the turkey as her own child. We do not know the turkey's opinion of which land he claims as his native heath, but we believe that a good, sensible, healthy turkey thinks more about the end than the beginning of his life. Whether either "Bonne" be an English or American stomach is the question that he weighs upon his scales, for stomachs vary as to capacity with the nationality. Therefore the origin of this bird must remain the bone of contention, a funny bone, a wishbone for the nations.

The turkey is raised in all parts of the United States. The male is called a gobbler because he gobbles. He is a conceited creature and when he "spreads" himself, as though he would "carry a tale unfold," he gets prouder and prouder, "swaggers by his beard," and forgets that season in which many of his army are slain and laid low, for pride ever comes before destruction, and it is even so with the turkey.

The female is shy and retiring. She makes her nest in secluded places. She hatches her family and is a fond, though foolish mother, often leading her young to damp places, where they easily contract colds and never live to celebrate Thanksgiving or any of those feasts at which their bonds is prominent.

The wild turkey is found in Arkansas, Louisiana, Alabama, Indiana and Illinois, but it does not thrive west of the Rocky mountains; they are hard to cook and do not taste so good as the undressed "dressed turkey" we get from Chicago.

PHOSPHATE BEDS.

South Carolina's Curious Deposits of Life-giving Rock.

Methods of Mining the Most Valuable Fertilizer Known.

The phosphate beds of Charleston, S. C., have proved of great value to the place, and they have more than compensated for the gradual loss of the cotton trade which has gone largely to the cities north or to Savannah on the south. These beds and the great "Ashley fish heap" are the most wonderful and inexplicable formations known to geologists. The deposits consist of nodules of phosphate of lime, thickly interspersed with the huge bones and teeth of antediluvian mammalian and marine mammoths of gigantic proportions. The mastodons, giant baboons, prodigious gorillas, lizards thirty feet long, and other huge graminivorous and carnivorous quadrupeds have been found lying in the same bed with living leviathans, venomous marine vultures and other monsters of the deep. The beds have been styled by Agassiz "the greatest curiosity of the world," and they constitute by far the most valuable fertilizer known to man since the exhaustion of the Peruvian guano deposits. That they are an almost inexhaustible source of wealth to the whole state may well be judged, and thousands of people are engaged in getting the fertilizers to market. The amount of trade in phosphate rock in Charleston amounts to several million dollars a year, and it is increasing steadily year by year as the demand for the fertilizers becomes more general throughout the world. The deposits underlie a vast region of the country, thirty miles wide and seventy miles in length.

Scientists differ as to the origin of this great deposit and in their estimation of the quantities of rock contained in the deposit. The rock forms the bed of many rivers leading to the ocean, and emerges out of the bed at many points. The river deposits are mined with crowbars, pick and dredge. The land rock is excavated with pick and shovel and is found in a seam ranging in thickness from three to thirty inches, at a depth of about ten feet below the surface of the ground. The country in which the rock is found is generally level, and the soil is soft and moist. The rock is sounded for by a long, sharp pointed steel rod. When rock is struck from six to ten feet below the surface a test pit is sunk to ascertain the thickness of the stratum and to find if the rock will analyze up to the standard.

From the mines the rocks are hauled in dumping cars to the washers. The rock is here crushed into pieces of uniform size. It then falls into troughs or tubs resting on an incline. In each of these tubs an enlarged shaft, covered in iron and set with blades or flukes, revolves, which turns the rock around and forces it out of the tubs upon screens. While in the tubs it is subjected to a continuous and powerful stream of water which cleans it of all foreign matter.

There are sixteen companies now engaged in mining the land rock, with a joint capital of about $2,000,000. The production of these mines averages about 300,000 tons of rock a year. This industry has been the bed rock of Charleston for life for many years, and now it seems all along the coast the potential fruits of the earth, which in themselves are things of beauty, will become as valuable to a commercial city as the life-giving rock which has been vitalized by the decaying bones of antediluvian monsters. Side by side with the rivers and fields which furnish forth phosphate rock are the broad savannas and low lying islands where melons, cabbages, asparagus, potatoes and strawberries flourish abundantly. Large quantities of these products are shipped north every year.—[Commercial Advertiser.

Who Directed Booth's Captors?

I had an interesting chat with a colored woman who was a slave in Maryland just previous to the assassination of Lincoln, writes a Washington correspondent. Speaking of that tragedy, she said: "I didn't see Booth when he came to Dr. Mudd's, but I saw his boots and razor. The boots were long ones, and must have reached to his hips. You know that Booth was captured in Mudd's barn, which was burned to the ground. The soldiers came down there with a rush, and were going by where a little boy, not more than five years old, told them that there was a man in the barn. He was betrayed by that little boy."

Signs of Greatness.

Mrs. Hopeful—Is my boy improving any?

Professor of Penmanship—He is getting worse. His writing is now so bad no living soul can read it.

"How lovely! The darling! He'll be a great author some day.—[New York Weekly.

The History of Handwriting.

The earliest writing of the Western world, that of the so-called Uncial manuscripts, was copied more or less directly from the inscriptions cut on tombs or stone. The type of letters was practically the same. But with the change of the materials used there came almost necessarily in time a change in the mode of forming the letters. Cursive manuscripts—that is, manuscripts written in a running hand, with flowing and connected letters, took almost universally by the tenth century the place of the earlier Uncial manuscripts with their stiff upright, isolated letters, and handwriting, as we now understand it, emerged. But during the Middle Ages writing was the art of a comparatively few highly trained scribes, carried by some of them to a wonderful height of perfection. After the introduction of printing the very finest writing disappeared, for the profession of the scribe was superseded, but the number of those who could write possibly increased as the habit of correspondence grew, and writing was no longer for the ordinary man the difficult, laborious process that it used to be. With increased practice handwriting became somewhat easier and more free. The progress in this direction went on with little interruption from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century; each generation shows somewhat of an advance on that which had preceded it. The writing became continuously less awkward and less stiff. But it is in our fathers' time and in our own, that the great change has taken place. The increased number of letters which are now written has led to increased speed in the writing of them. With increased practice the hand comes to move more speedily and easily, there is no longer the same care in the formation of the individual letters which there was while people had more time for writing. Words are, so to speak, dashed off, and we are content if we can make the whole word intelligible without considering too minutely the letters of which it is formed. I think, too, that the improvements which have been introduced in the mechanical appliances for writing in pens, ink and paper have not been without their influence, and this influence has tended in the direction of giving greater freedom and facility to the writing. The great superiority which in these mechanical appliances we in England enjoy over most of the nations of the Continent, will also explain why it is that the handwriting of English men has a bolder character than that of most foreigners.—[Murray's Magazine.

Big Gambling Profits.

There never was a gambling resort in the world like Monte Carlo. It is a mine of wealth to the managers of its magnificent roulette tables, and a very simple calculation will show how princely are the profits of the table. The management admits that its annual profits are $3,500,000 at least, but it is over $5,000,000. Now, inasmuch as the chances of the game are 1 to 36 in favor of the bank, to gain annually $3,500,000, which it professes to do, $126,000,000 must have been staked on its tables—must have been won and lost. The bank's $5,000,000 profits is its royalty at the rate of 1 to 36 on the enormous amount of money, which must therefore have been played, lost and won. It is this fact of the gambler sitting with large masses of money that partly accounts for the fascination exercised by gambling. A careful player who begins with, say $1000 capital, may have fingered, according to the doctrine chances, $36,000 before he loses his capital. If he plays long enough the bank royalty of one in thirty-six is sure to swallow up his capital, and then he has had all the emotion of having been alternately successful or the reverse, rich or poor. At Monte Carlo the bank royalty must inevitably ruin all who play long enough to have risked their capital thirty-six times. The annual profits of the tables exceed the annual aggregate income of all the Vanderbilts. During the lifetime of Mr. Blanc it was easy enough to get a statement of the amount. Blanc delighted in letting it be known what a wonderful prosperous fellow he was. His daughters, who married princes, are not proud of the source of their wealth, and since their father's death have sought to divert attention from themselves and their affairs as much as possible. M. Wagatha is now the general manager of the Casino, and he has lately given it out that the net profits of the tables last year were only $1,250,000, or one fourth of what they used to be.

A Clean Breast of It.

Broadcloth Lawyer (to opposing witness)—Where you ever arrested for felony?

The Witness (desperately)—Yes.

Lawyer—Ah! What was that felony?

Witness—Arson.

Lawyer—What building was it that you set fire to?

Witness—The ice palace at Montreal.

A Country School.

Pretty and pale and tired
She sits in her stiff-backed chair,
While the blazing summer sun
Shines in on her soft brown hair,
And the tiny brook without,
That she hears through the open door,
Mocks with its murmur cool
Hard bench and dusty floor.

It seems such an endless round—
Grammar and A. B. C.
The blackboard and the sums,
The stupid geography;
When from teacher to little Jess
Not one of them cares a straw
Whether "John" is in any "case,"
Or Kansas in Omaha.

But Jennie's bare, brown feet
Are aching to wade in the stream,
Where the trout to his luring bait
Shall leap with a quick, bright gleam;
And his teacher's blue eyes stray
To the flowers on the dock hard by,
Till her thoughts have followed her eyes
With a half unconscious sigh.

Her heart outruns the clock
As she smells their first sweet scent;
But when have time and heart
Their measure in unison bent?
For time will haste or lag,
Like your shadow on the grass,
That lingers far behind,
Or flies when you fain would pass.

Have patience, restless Jess
The stream and the fish will wait;
And patience, tired blue eyes—
Down the winding road by the gate,
Under the willow shade,
Stands someone with fresher flowers;
So turn to your books again,
And keep love for the after hours.

—[Omaha Herald.

HUMOROUS.

Every bakery has its pie-rate.

Aquatic oratory—Water spouting.

Regular church goers—Sextons.

A soldier is known by the company he keeps.

The dog-tree will make the lover of pork chops bristle with indignation.

According to the market reports, onions are strong at ten cents a bunch.

Your washerwoman may be a good soft soaper, but she is not always a whitewasher.

First Lady—What an imperious, dictatorial, arrogant man that Mr. Pompus is. Second lady—Yes, you know he has never been married.

A chemist declares that wood can be converted into palatable food. Those persons who pay for "chicken" will not be surprised at the statement.

The man who first suggested the use of an X as the signature of a person who could not write was no philosopher. The fitness of things should have led him to select the cipher, which as a autograph is eminently significant in most cases.

Sentenced to the Bamboo.

This punishment is as peculiar as most Chinese punishments are. The man is seized by four or five stalwart attendants, thrown down on his face, his loose pajamas rolled up. He is firmly held outstretched in this position by men at his head and feet. Two operators then squat down opposite one another on each side of the victim. One takes a strip of seasoned bamboo about three feet long and one inch wide, and begins lightly spanking the backs of the thighs. He gives twenty of these apparently harmless spanks, and then hands the bamboo to his vis-a-vis, who gives his twenty, and then hands it back; and so on, turn about, until the two hundred blows are administered.

At first the punishment looks ridiculously light; but by the time the first fifty blows are reached the skin of the parts beaten begins to assume the appearance of thick washleather, and before the hundredth blow the skin begins to fly off in loose white flakes; before the time two hundred blows have been struck, the whole of the back of both thighs looks like a mass of swollen raw liver, though not a drop of blood flows from the parts. It is said that a man would expire under the excruciating torture of two hundred and fifty of these blows. I have never seen anything like the exquisite agony depicted in that man's livid, quivering features, when he was carried into the prison to recover.—[Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Expedition of a Cossack Zealot.

The Czar of Russia has forbidden the Ashinoff expedition to start for Abyssinia. Ashinoff is a Cossack zealot who two years ago entered Abyssinia with a band of armed monks, and he pretending to hate the Italians bitterly he won the favor and confidence of King John, and was welcomed in Abyssinia more heartily than any previous white visitor. He founded the town of New Moscow, convinced King John that their religions were practically identical, and obtained permission to bring in a large number of Russian immigrants. The advance party was to consist of forty priests and sixty monks, and it was to be followed next month by 2000 young men who had to undergo a medical examination before they were accepted as emigrants. The Czar, however, has disbanded the expedition, and forbidden Ashinoff to continue his plans.—[Washington Star.