

Miscellaneous Paragraphs.

The North Nebraska Methodist conference has resolved that any member who has fallen into the use of tobacco ought to desert.

A Detroit street peddler has gone to his home near Chicago, to attend the wedding of his daughter, to whom he will make a bridal gift of \$1,000 in cash.

The Canada Pacific Railway's officers say that the distance from New York to Port Moody, over their road when completed, will be 3,164 miles; whereas the distance between New York and San Francisco, by the shortest lines, is 3,331 miles.

The powerful electric light at the Calumet and Hecla mines can be seen forty-two miles away by vessels on Lake Superior.

Last Saturday a farmer living north of Streator, Ill., sold a quantity of rags to a dealer. Monday he was in town, and, after searching for some time, found in his discarded garments \$400, a number of notes, and some deeds which had been put in the rag-bag for safe keeping.

Among the cheerful prophecies of a woman who arose and spoke in the Fulton street (New York) prayer-meeting, were those that the American bishops will bring the pope to this country, and that he will be murdered by Nihilists before next Christmas; also, that President Arthur will be "removed," in like manner before next January, and that Gen. Grant will reign as king. She said nothing about Governor Butler's prospects.

California's vineyards are rivaling her mines as a source of profit.

An importer and exporter of furs gives this information: "The house cat is one of the most valuable of fur-bearing animals, and when they disappear mysteriously from the back fence they often find their way to the furrier. It is an actual fact that in 1882 over 1,200,000 house cats were used by the fur trade. Black, white, maltese, and tortoise-shell skins are most in demand, are made into linings. As for skins, 350,000 were used in this country last season, valued from 50 cents to a \$1.20. They come from Ohio and New York principally, and, as in pursuit of the tiger and lion, the bravest men are required."

Twenty-eight years ago, while Ira M. Thomas of Middleboro was skating on a pond hole in that town, he took off his skates and laid them by a fire built on the ice. The congealed flooring gave way, and the skates were never seen again until last week, when the mud was being removed from the dried-up pond-hole; then they came to light and were recognized, being of the curl-toe pattern, with brass acorns on the ends of the runners.

A Roanoke, N. C., inventor has concocted a machine that will make 180 cigarettes a minute.

Connecticut seed-leaf tobacco has become the bane of New England. Even the oxen chew, and Dr. Holmes writes: "Clear the brown path to meet his colt's gleam! Lo! on he comes behind his smoking team."

A Rhode Island clergyman advertised in large letters, "A man wanted," and the mob that gathered in the evening at the place designated was disappointed to find it only the title of a dry lecture.

Some Arizona mining companies are about to use the electric light in their mines.

A Minneapolis man has paid \$3,000 for medical treatment on account of a bite by his dog, and yet has not sought satisfaction by killing the beast.

The Fire Engineers meet in Nations Convention at New Orleans, October 27.

The New York Mail says that one of the newest private residences on Fifth avenue, built for a gentleman of great wealth, has a music hall and billiard room, a tennis court on the top floor, an elevator, steam laundry and gymnasium. The frescoing was done by foreign artists, and the furniture was made in Paris at a cost of \$10,000.

Liberty, Miss., has grown a cereal curiosity in the shape of an ear of corn seven inches long, perfectly shaped and developed, containing about 800 grains, which is surrounded by five other ears, growing out of and firmly attached to the main ear at its base, and extending more than half way the length of the main ear, although containing more than 1500 grains of corn.

Here is a Georgia minister's advice to the young people of his congregation: "Now, young people, a word to you. When dinner is over do not pair off and get in buggies, but come into the church and serve the Lord, for this is His day; but if you are determined to court, put it off until Monday morning."

General Law Wall.

"Gath" in New York Tribune
Speaking of Gen. Lew Wallace, minister to Turkey, Gen. Brady said recently: "He is an able man, though a dramatic one. His appearance and manners are as dramatic as his mind. His style of writing is also lofty, and for that reason I can't enjoy his novels. They seem so much stilted to me. He is a first rate soldier. Indeed, he was the military genius of Indiana at the beginning of the war. He ran away as a boy to the Mexican war, and after that his whole soul was on soldiering and he always had a military company. Being the brother-in-law of Henry S. Lane, Morton summoned Wallace to Indianapolis and made him adjutant general. I was about the first to come forward with a company from Muncie, and Morton took me right in to see Wallace. I shall never forget his expression and gestures. They were those of a born tragedian. He said he wanted my company immediately, and to go right back and get it, as it must go to the defense of the national capital. I hurried back to Muncie and had the town bell rung, and when the orders were given about one-half the company backed out, the captain included, by which means I became the captain and went to the war. When

Wallace started with his men, the Eleventh regiment, for the field, he made a magnificent speech to them before the state house on how Jeff Davis had trampled the Indiana regiment in the Mexican war, and called them to swear with him to avenge the honor of the state against Jeff Davis and his cause. He drew his sword; all the officers drew their swords; the whole regiment knelt with uplifted hands, and it was a thrilling sight, though a little funny to think of after this interval."

A Child Killed by Fright.

From the Arkansas Gazette.
Few people seem to properly estimate the great wrong of frightening children. Nearly every household has its "ugly old man" or its "great old bear." This terrible old man and this great old bear are powerful factors in nursery discipline. "Come along here now," a mother or nurse will say to a child, "and let me put you to bed." "I don't want to go to bed now," the child replies. "You'd better come on here now or I'll tell that ugly old man to come and take you away. There he comes now." This has the intended effect, and the child, trembling in fear, submits at once and goes to bed, probably to see in imagination all kinds of horrible faces.

The sad death of a little girl, which occurred recently, shows what a strong impression these "boozers" make on the minds of children. The little girl was a beautiful child, and every one at the fashionable boarding-house where her parents were spending the summer months loved her with that purity of affection which a child so gentle, yet so strongly inspires. She would stand at the gate and clap her little hands with glee, when her father came to dinner, and when he would take her off his shoulder, she would shout and call to everyone to look how high she was. One day a large shaggy dog came into the yard and when she ran to him and held a flower to his nose, he growled and turned away. She was terribly frightened, and the black nurse, who stood near, was not slow in making a mental note of the impression the dog had made. Several nights afterwards, when bedtime came, the child was unusually wakeful.

"You'd better come heah an, git in dis bed," the nurse commanded.

"I don't want to."

"All right den, I se gwine out and call dat ole dog what growled at yer. When he comes an' fin's yer ou en de bed he'll bite yer head off."

The little girl grew deathly pale.

"Nuthin' would suit dat dog better den ter git a chance hat yer. Tother night he catch a little girl across de road an' eat her all up."

The child screamed!

"Come on heah den, an' I won't let him ketch yer."

The poor little thing obeyed. Her father and mother were at an entertainment, and there was no appeal from the negro woman's decision. When morning came the little girl did not awake with her usual "Good mornin', papa and mamma." She had tossed all night and a hot fever had settled upon her. She grew rapidly worse, and the next day the physician declared that there was no hope for her. She became delirious, and struggling, would exclaim: "Dog shan't have mamma's little girl."

It was a sorrowful circle that surrounded her death-bed. The parents were plunged into a grief which none but the hearts of fathers and mothers can feel.

Her last moments were a series of struggles. How hard the beautiful child! She wildly threw up her little hands and shrieked:

"Go away, dog!"

A gentle hand wiped the death dew from her lips.

Again she struggled and shrieked: "Dog shan't have—" but she died ere the sentence was finished.

The Streets of Cairo.

From Revue's Egypt.

The most populous streets of Cairo are more populous and more crowded than any street in Paris, but their life is of a different kind. There is no regularity in it; in one place the street is blocked up by a group of musicians, around whom a group of idlers gather; in another a "peddler" attracts the crowd, showing the stuffs which he carries on his shoulders; another man, his fingers covered with rings or sale, displays them in the eyes of customers. Often we are stopped on our way by flocks of sheep and goats, or camels laden with great stones or beams of timber that we encounter as we pass. The greater part of the passengers in the streets are mounted on donkeys. How often in the streets of Cairo have I seen the well-known picture of the "Flight into Egypt" reproduced! Upon a donkey is a veiled woman, with a child in her arms; by her side a man with white beard, wearing a long robe holding in one hand a stick and resting the other upon the neck of the beast, to guide and urge him. But there is one point in which the tableau vivant of which I am speaking differs from that of the pictures; that is, that in the east the women do not sit on the animals they ride, as ours do, but bestride them like men. When they go on foot they generally carry their children astride upon their shoulders, the little creatures leaning with both hands upon the head of its mother. It is a picture less familiar to us than the other, but not less attractive.

The End of the World.

The end of the world is confidently predicted by devout Moslems to be approaching with the close of the Mohammedan thirteenth century on Nov. 8. Tradition declares that in the present month, during the Ramadan fast, the sun shall rise in the west, the day of mercy and forgiveness shall cease, and that of judgment and retribution begin. Thus, a proclamation has been issued from Mecca warning all true believers

for the coming day, which, the Times of India tells us, has been widely circulated, and has created a great impression. A fanatical pilgrim to the prophet's tomb at Medina Mohammed Saleh, declares that Mohammed appeared to him in a dream last March, and warned him of the approaching end. There are twenty-five signs to be fulfilled before the Great Day, and some of these the Mohammedans already recognize the closing signs being the coming of Iman Mahdi, the director, with his troops, bearing black ensigns, and a mighty wind which shall sweep away the souls of all who have but a grain of faith in their hearts. After the Mahdi's reign the trumpet will sound two blasts, the dead shall rise and the judgment begin.

FORGOTTEN BURIAL PLACES

Clusters of Graves in the Heart of New York City—A Surprising Discovery.

While roaming among the swarming eastside tenements one night last week, seeking to ferret out the story of a stranger who had drowned himself in the river, a World reporter came upon a curious spot. It was a wide open space, closed in on three sides by huge tenements and on the fourth by primary school No. 34 First street and stumbling along a narrow hallway and a hollow back-yard, he was confronted suddenly and rather awkwardly by an opening in the rear fence, through which he fell prone on his face while endeavoring to gain an idea of the locality and to attract the attention of a man in a second-story window in order to inquire for the persons he was in search of. It was a wide level inclosure many times larger than an ordinary yard and rather like a school playground, devoid apparently of all trace of vegetation save a withered willow tree in the further corner and a huge clothes-post in the center, whence numerous lines ran to windows in the surrounding tenements. The ground seemed littered with cart-loads of rusty tin-pans, distasteful tea-kettles and old tomato cans, but from out of the desolation rose two gray shadows and something that in the uncertain moonlight strongly resembled headstones in a grave enclosure.

Cautiously picking his way among the rubbish, the reporter ran his foot against an obstacle that proved to be a marble slab. Placed against the walls of the abutting house, he was able to make out others like it, some whole and others broken. There was no doubt the place was an old graveyard.

Astounded at his discovery the reporter made a circuit of the ground, frightening away a dozen or more black cats that were its only living occupants. Two marble slabs still stood in their original places, marking forgotten graves, and there were remnants here and there of old inclosures. The writing on nearly all of them was effaced by time and weather. The surfaces were rough to the touch, only one being smooth and seemingly perfect. By the aid of a lighted match the following inscription was made out under two weeping willows graven in the stone:

A small memento of sincere and devoted affection this stone was placed here by

MRS. ELIZA FISHER.

To mark the grave of an illustrious husband

JACOB FISHER.

Who departed this life Oct. 20, 1837, aged 40 years 6 months and 1 day.

Oh! shade below, the last memorial take;

'Tis all, alas! thy weeping wife can make.

On this frail stone to mark thy truth and worth

And claim the spot that holds thy sacred earth.

Here the last match went out and the reporter stood in darkness. Hardly forty years had passed and no one now could pick out the spot where Fisher sleeps in that dung-heap, for it was hardly anything else. The refuse from the surrounding houses, had been thrown upon many of the old graves, until they were covered. A side-long glance at another stone showed the half-erased name of Margaret W. Schaefer, 1830. That was all. Her story, if she had any, was a blank. The names of the others, one and all, had disappeared.

Inquiry developed the fact that the grave-yard belonged to Methodists who built a church two generations ago where the school now stands. The ground had been given to them by two brothers named Stillwell, and when the church disappeared it remained where it may never be disturbed for want of owners to dispose of it. His interest having been strongly excited, the reporter found a number of like spots scattered through the city—old burying grounds—the names of original owners of which have been forgotten by the busy world that lives and moves around them. To sell or dispose of a graveyard does not appear to be an easy matter. The title of each grave being vested in its owners or his heirs in fee simple, the scattering or entire extinction of families interferes with the sale of the ground for other purposes. Sometimes survivors are not willing to have the rest of their dead disturbed. Notably is this the case with Hebrews, with whom it amounts to an article of faith. However sharply a Jew may trade with living men, he will not bargain about his father's dust or his grave. Hence there are many old Jewish grave-yards in odd places in New York. The public alone, by right of eminent domain, can acquire the right of way through them.

The old burying ground in the New Bowery, just below Chatham square and one in west Eleventh street, a hundred feet or two east of Sixth avenue, are instances. Both in their day served as grave yards for the Shearith Israel congregation, the oldest synagogue in the United States, commonly called the Portuguese synagogue, now located in Nineteenth street, near Fifth avenue. After their use was abandoned, the streets were cut through them, and the present melancholy remains give no idea of their original form and extent. The New Bowery cemetery was the occasion of a prolonged lawsuit that ended in fixing permanently the sepulchral character of spot. It contains a number of

graves that arouse the curiosity of travelers on the elevated railroad from Fulton Ferry. There are Jewish burial grounds also in west Twenty-first street, Sixth avenue; in Eighty-seventh street, between Madison and Fourth avenues, and a small bit on Sixth avenue near Fifth street. A plot that covers hardly a single city lot at Fifth street and Ninth avenue, and contains only one or two head-stones, is said to be also of Hebrew ownership.

The utilitarian spirit of the age has converted some of the grave-yards of old New York, upon which business did not intrude from resting places for the dead, into breathing spaces for the living. The potter's field was once where now is Washington square, and the old Quaker burying-ground behind St. Augustine chapel in Houston street next the Bowery, has been made into a handsome lawn that is a God-send to the surrounding tenements. So is the Second avenue part of the Marble cemetery, which one approaches through a spiked iron gate near Second street. Few have any idea that the long lane between the two tall buildings leads to a great burial ground, quite shut out from sight by the houses on Second avenue and the Bowery. Unlike its handsome neighbor around the corner on Second street, which most people take to be all there is of the Marble cemetery, it has no fine monuments but there are trees and shrubs. Huge vaults yawn at every step.

The vault in St. Mark's church-yard in Stuyvesant place that once held the body of A. T. Stewart, the merchant prince, is still minus its stolen tenant. Behind No. 615 Broadway, where a little wooden door opens on a narrow lane, there is a vacant spot that once was, but no longer is, a burial ground. John Jacob Astor began his long sleep there. The bodies were removed fifteen years ago and the vaults filled up, and the ground became private property, but has never been built upon.—New York World.

Personal Mention.

Twenty-five hundred negroes have left South Carolina during the past four weeks for Arkansas and Texas.

The flag that was used on the Bon Homme Riand and the cutass worn by Paul Jones are said by the New London Day to be in the hands of a private citizen of that place.

James Sullivan, the Mexican railroad builder, is a short, broad-shouldered, round faced man, with large eye, intelligent face, and charming conversational powers.

Laban H. Clair, of Van Wert, pardoned from the Ohio state prison last April on condition that he leave the state and keep sober, has been returned to prison as he went back to Ohio and got drunk there.

A Mrs. Furlong, of Westmoreland county, Virginia, who is in Washington on a visit, says she owns the horse that J. Wilkes Booth rode after he assassinated Lincoln, and on which he escaped to Virginia. The horse, though 25 years old, is still lively. It was generally supposed that Booth killed the horse he rode and left him in the swamp before he crossed the Potomac from Maryland to Delaware, but Mrs. Furlong says this is not so.

The ascent of Mont Blanc was accomplished the other day by a young Irish lady of 15. Earlier in the summer a Norwegian damsel named Guennessen performed the same feat, but she was a year older than the maid of Erin, who can boast that she is the youngest of her sex who has ever reached the highest European summit.

Sir Edward Sullivan, who has just been appointed Lord Chancellor of Ireland, ran a brilliant collegiate course and obtained a scholarship at Trinity college. His rise at the bar was very rapid. He was called in 1848, took silk in 1858, was made Solicitor-General in 1865, Attorney-General in 1868, and Master of the Rolls in 1870. He has an admirable address, is a keen logician, and an orator of no mean power. His speech in the Yelverton case was a remarkable specimen of forensic eloquence. He was equally successful in the House of Commons, through which he piloted Mr. Gladstone's Land bill with great skill. He is a bright, energetic little man from Malloy, in the county Cork, which he represented for five years. He is 61 years of age.

A statue of Daniel Rowlands has lately been unveiled at Llangeitho, Wales. He was the founder of the Calvinistic Methodist church, which is now the most numerous in the principality.

The Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise will sail from Quebec for England by the first Allan Line steamer after the arrival of the Marquis of Lansdowne, the new Governor General.

Rev. Father Seguin, of Montreal, startled his congregation by remarking that the English, Irish and Scotch portion—about one-quarter of the 2,000 members of his church—could go to Ireland or elsewhere if they wanted to, as his parish could get along better without them; and the prescribed element, mostly Irish, arose and walked out.

Gatasha A. Grow, the Pennsylvania politician, is described as a "slender, bald-headed, silvery-bearded, thin-voiced, pleasant-spoken old gentleman. He is out of politics and will not speak in this campaign."

A Submarine Balloona.

During the forthcoming International Exhibition at Nice the submarine observatory of M. Tosselli will be in use something the same way as the captive balloon at the Paris exhibition of 1878. It is made of steel and bronze to enable it to resist the pressure of water at the depth of 150 meters, nearly 100 pounds to the square inch. The vessel is divided into three compartments, the upper for the commander to enable him to direct the observatory and give explanations to the passengers, who, to the number of eight, occupy the middle compartment. They have under their feet a glass plate, enabling them to see the bottom, with its corals, fishes, grass,

etc. The third compartment contains the buoyant chamber and can be regulated at will. As the sea is dark at the depth of 70 meters, the observatory is to be lighted by electricity and a telephone communicates with the surface.

HYDROPHOBIA.

Death of a Child in Philadelphia—Strange Developments of the Dreadful Disease.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.
Wasey Alberson, aged ten, died at his parents' residence, Philadelphia, of hydrophobia. He was badly bitten on the hand October 13th of last year, while playing with a Spitz dog. The wounds were promptly cauterized, the dog was killed, and no symptoms of the distemper showed themselves until Wednesday last. He became unusually nervous and showed signs of increased intellectual power. He was unusually bright and talkative, and astonished his parents by the brilliancy of his remarks and his unusual talkativeness. That night at supper he tried to drink his tea, but could not, and subsequently when water was offered him he refused it, and said he could not swallow it. Later that night water was offered him again, and he tried to take it, but the effort to swallow threw him into a convulsion, during which he had a sharp barking cough. The physician who was summoned pronounced the child's distemper to be hydrophobia.

The child could not swallow anything, though consumed by thirst all day Thursday. Thursday night one fit succeeded another until he died. These fits lasted from ten to fifteen minutes, and then a period of five or six minutes of comparative rest and quietude came, to be followed by another spasm of intense agony, during which his face was horribly contorted, his hands tightly clenched and his knees drawn up. In fact, every muscle in his body seemed brought into violent action. In the intervals between the convulsions he was sensible and able to tell his feelings. He said he did not dread water because it was water, but because he knew that the muscles of his throat were so contracted and so sore that he could not swallow it without intense agony.

Jilted Japanese Damsels.

The curious hold superstition has on the mind of the Japanese is very well illustrated by the proceedings taken by a Japanese damsel when her lover proves false to his vows. When the world is at rest, at two o'clock in the morning, the girl rises. She dons a white robe and high sandals or clogs. Her coif is metal tripod, in which are thrust three candles; around her neck she hangs a mirror, which falls upon her bosom; in her left hand she carries a small straw figure—the effigy of her faithless lover—and in her right she grasps a hammer and nails, with which she fastens the figure to one of the sacred trees that surround the shrine. Then she prays for the death of the traitor vowing that if her position be heard, she will herself pull out the nails which now offend the god by wounding the mystic tree. Night after night she comes to the shrine, and each night she strikes in two more nails, actually believing every nail will shorten her lover's life, for she got to save this tree, will surely strike him dead!

Petroleum Motors.

Petroleum motors—that is, engines for obtaining motive power from an explosive mixture of gasoline vapor and air—are now constructed in Germany on a principle which, it would appear, realizes effectually some long-sought advantages. The working cylinder is eight inches in diameter, with a fourteen and three sixteenths inch stroke, and the general design of the machine is similar to that of certain types of gas engines. The gasoline is led through pipes to the pump cylinder, where it mixes with a definite proportion of atmospheric air; and the mixture is then compressed and forced into the working cylinder, where it is ignited by a lamp separately supplied with oil. In the various trials made with this description of engine, the maximum force obtained is given as four and five tenths horsepower, with 130 revolutions per minute; the consumption of spirit, of specific gravity 0.675, was at the rate of one and three-fourths to two and one-half pints per horse power.

Paper Gas Pipes.

These are made by passing an endless strip of hemp paper, the width of which equals the length of the tube, through a bath of melted asphalt, and then rolling it tightly and smoothly on a core, to give the required diameter. When the number of layers thus rolled is sufficient to afford the desired thickness, the tube is strongly compressed, the outside sprinkled with fine sand, and the whole cooled in water. When cold the core is drawn out, and the inside served with a waterproofing composition. In addition to being absolutely tight and smooth and much cheaper than iron, these pipes have great strength; for when the sides are scarcely three-fifths of an inch thick they will withstand a pressure of more than fifteen atmospheres. If buried under ground they will not be broken by settlement, nor when violently shaken or jarred. The material being a bad conductor of heat, the pipes do not readily freeze.

"We have been married now twenty-five years," said an Austin lady of somewhat vinegary disposition; "let us go to church to-day and thank God." "You can try it," answered her husband. "You have reason to do so; I haven't. If I celebrate the day at all, I'll hunt up some sackcloth and ashes."

Biggs had eaten pretty heartily. He left the table before his host and hostess, excusing himself, of course, as in polite-bound. "Excuse yer," exclaimed Farmer Sparrowgrass; "oh, get out, love to see a man eat."—Boston Transcript.