

FROM THE FOUR WINDS.

In Millersburg, Ky., where James G. Blaine taught school when a young man, lives "Ike" Smith, a young colored man, who wears shoes made on a No. 18 last. They are the largest shoes in Kentucky. Smith is six feet seven inches tall and weighs 240 pounds.

Two brothers living near Harrodsburg, Ky., look very much alike. It is said that one of them joined the Baptist church and was about to be immersed when he found that he had no clothes suitable for the occasion, paid his brother 10 cents to be baptized in his place.

Calvin Fairbank, the abolitionist, who received 55,150 lashes at the hands of southerners, is still living in good health at Angelica, N. Y. A movement has been started to raise a fund of \$35,150, or \$1 for each of his stripes, to endow a Calvin Fairbank college for the education of negroes.

A great deal of interest has been excited in Europe by the assertion that there has been a gradual decrease in blondes in Germany. Almost 11,000,000 school children were examined, and the result showed that Switzerland has only 11.10, Austria, 19.79, and Germany, 21.80 per cent. of pure blondes.

Though workers in copper seldom suffer any ill health from their work, yet the particles of the mineral enter their system so as to completely saturate them in process of time. Some old coppersmiths have had their hair turn green instead of gray, and their bones have been found green after death.

Wendell Phillips, in going on his winter lecture tours, always took with him a large canvas bag, into which he put himself feet foremost and then tied the strings of the bag round his neck. The protection afforded by this airtight inclosure was necessary, he used to say, to avoid getting a fatal chill between the damp sheets of the average country hotel.

An excellent quality of paper is now made out of the stems and waste of the tobacco plant. A use has thus been discovered for thousands of tons of material, that has heretofore been practically worthless. Another new paper-making material is bamboo, which, after being crushed to a pulp, can be made into an excellent quality of paper.

"Old Joe Logan" died at Mackinac Island a few days ago. He was in the employment of the American Fur company at the beginning of the century, and used to travel along the shores of Lake Michigan as far as the swamp which is now Chicago, in a large open rowboat, gathering furs. "Old Joe" died on the day he had completed his 92d year. For the last few years of his life he lived in a small wooden hut, and spent most of his time rocking himself in a chair and crooning snatches of old French voyageur songs.

Adelina Patti never takes any out-of-door exercise. She is very much afraid of cold air, and when she goes out for a drive in winter swatches herself in furs, ties up her head, and even puts cotton in her ears. She never speaks in the night air, and when she runs from the stage door to her carriage her mouth is covered by the scarf that goes over her head.

A Scotch terrier owned by C. Graeme, of Watertown, Wis., can at a glance detect a bogus silver dollar from a genuine one. A few days ago he was taken to a bank and a handful of good dollars mixed with bad ones was placed in a pile on a table. The dog jumped on the table, scattered the money with his paw and quickly picked out all the good dollars. The bad ones he would not touch.

The name of Grant is inscribed on a great many American vessels. Nearly a dozen ships are called after Andrew Johnson. Three boats bear Benjamin F. Butler's name, while five use the name of Winfield S. Hancock. Gen. McClellan has eight vessels named for him; Robert E. Lee three, and Jefferson Davis one. There is a boat in Boston called Grover Cleveland and two in New Orleans bear the same name. James G. Blaine is inscribed on four vessels, while Chauncey M. Depew and John Sherman are represented by one ship each in American waters.

Gen. Edward Bird Grubb, captain of the Philadelphia city troop, had to go through an ordeal once, just after the war, that was quite as trying in its way as the enemies' fire. A private in his brigade asked the privilege of naming a child after him, and begged the general to stand godfather. This he consented to do, but he very much regretted his conspicuous position before the chapel railing when the proud father, in answer to the clerkman's inquiry for the child's name, replied, in stentorian tones, "General Grubb." And so it was christened.

Chicago papers are full of accounts of burglaries, which are perpetrated by the fellows engaged in that lucrative occupation with impunity as well financial profit. One of the most notable crimes of that character was that which recently occurred at the residence of a millionaire named Suell, who was murdered by the robbers. A reward of \$20,000 is offered for the arrest of the assassins. In consequence of the wretched state of affairs in the Queen City one of its prominent journals gets this off as a grim joke: "Wanted—A partner in a safe and profitable business—burgling. Only a nominal capital required; income regular and continuous; absolutely no risk."

An old man who sent \$2 to a New York advertiser for a reliable method of reducing gas bills, was told to burn oil.

Here is the way in which a Cape Cod, onist apologized in a recent number of *Di Afrikaner Patriot*: "I, the undersigned, A. C. du Plessis, C. son, retract hereby everything I have said against the innocent Mr. G. P. Bezuidenhout, calling myself an infamous liar, and striking my mouth with the exclamation: 'You mendacious mouth (gh leugeachtige bek) why do you lie so?' I declare further that I know nothing against the character of Mr. G. P. Bezuidenhout. I call myself besides, a genuine liar of the first class."

(Signed) A. C. du Plessis. Witnesses: J. du Plessis, J. C. Holmes."

The Crown Prince of Germany, the telegraph now confesses, is rapidly growing worse, though the dispatches have persistently tried to make it appear that he was improving. The suggestion of a measure to be introduced into the German parliament making provision that Prince William should be regent in case death, disability, or his own volition should cause the Emperor to vacate the throne, is deeply significant. The further suggestion that the removal of the whole or a portion of the larynx may become necessary, in addition to the operation performed a few days ago, is further proof of the precarious condition of the Crown Prince.

WOLVES AND COYOTES.

THE PEST OF THE SHEEP MEN.

"One of the greatest pests that the sheep men of the west have to endure," said Robert P. Dodd, a large sheep-owner of Hugo, Col., to a *Post Dispatch* reporter yesterday, "arises from the ravages of wolves and coyotes. The great gray wolves of the plains are particularly fond of mutton, and are very dainty in their tastes when they have a chance to gratify them, if a wolf gets into a flock when the shepherd is out of sight he will kill at least a dozen sheep in half an hour, as he does not pretend to devour them, but sucks the blood from their throats and then turns to another."

"Some four or five years ago several sheepmen, myself among the number, bought a dozen greyhounds, intending to run down these animals and rid the country of an intolerable pest. But the experiment was by no means a success, as, although the greyhounds could easily run down the coyotes, when they came to close quarters the latter were far more than a match for the dogs. Turning over on their backs they would snap to the right and the left with their sharp teeth, inflicting severe wounds, and by the time the following horsemen came up the hounds were badly injured. In a short time the hounds could not be induced to go anywhere near the coyotes and we got rid of the useless animals. We had given up in despair any hope of ridding ourselves of the pests, as poisoned meat had a more disastrous effect upon our dogs than upon the wolves and coyotes, and by shooting we could not dispatch any number worth counting. But last summer a Mr. Lane of Cheyenne recommended us to buy a pack of Scotch deer-hounds that had proved of great use on the Laramie plains. We bought half a pack—sixteen dogs—and since then we have enjoyed some of the grandest sport I ever saw in my life. These animals are shaped somewhat like a greyhound, but are heavier, but not quite so fleet, and are very fierce. They possessed ample speed to run down a coyote, and when once they had overtaken one were sure to kill it. At first they did not escape without wounds, as the coyote is generally so cowardly, will, when cornered, fight desperately. But it was beautiful to watch the way in which the dogs would deal with one. When overtaken the coyote would lie on his back, presenting a keen row of teeth for the inspection of the hounds. Instead of springing on him all at once the pack would wait until some old veteran, of which he had four, came to the front. This dog would stand over the coyote and make a movement, as if to seize him by the throat but would immediately draw back his head. Snap would go the sharp teeth, and before the coyote could again prepare himself the dog would have him by the throat and in a few seconds he would be throttled. During last July and August the dogs must have killed upward of two hundred, and the losses among the sheep have almost entirely ceased."

"But when the hounds got after an old gray wolf," continued Mr. Dodd, "there would be a battle royal. The great gray wolves are larger and far stronger than the hounds, and fight furiously. They don't lie down to receive the attack, but turn on the hounds, and in a moment there is a writhing, struggling mass of yellow hair, in the center of which can be seen the long gray fur of the wolf. The fight lasts from five to ten minutes, and although the wolf always succumbs to numbers there are usually three or four crippled dogs to be taken care of and during the summer nine were killed outright."—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

A gentleman at the Atlanta (Ga.) custom house said recently: "I have been here five years, and I saw something the other day which I have never seen before. I saw a jury in the United States court room every man on which could write his name."

THE RIGHT USE OF LIFE.

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON PREACHED IN THE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, CHARLOTTE, MICHIGAN, BY REV. J. H. PALMER.

Let us fix the fact in our minds, that this life is not for idleness, not for ease, not for happiness. It is more nearly true than we think, that supreme happiness in this life is only possible in supreme selfishness. In fact supreme happiness—so has God ordered life—is largely a dream, and it is a dream of selfishness. Happiness is the word of the egotist, Heaven, as a happy home, is the faith of the egotist. Rest, as a condition of happiness, is the ideal only of slaves and sloths.

Duty is the divine word, and duty is doing. It is doing for others, not for ourselves. Duty brings a song into suffering, puts a smile upon the face of sorrow, puts a willing arm under the severest burdens of life. It finds heaven in service, and grows in grace, in power, in godlikeness, by the might of its word and the mercy of its work. Its thought is the need of the hour, not idle peace, enervating indolence, or personal pleasure.

"I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of Him that sent me," is the words typical of its highest ideal. The flag flying to the breeze lasts longer than the flag folded away in the darkness. The ship moored to the wharf soonest becomes a rotten hulk. It is the unused string that breaks, the unused life that is most a waste.

Let us look for a moment at the demand of these truths upon the easy selfish thing which we today attempt to glorify by the name of Christianity. In the mind of its founder it was a mighty helpfulness, a most intense self-abnegation, a supreme call to remember, not ourselves, but the demand of the time into the midst of which our lives are cast. "Do good," not for pay, not for Jesus's sake, not for a seat in glory, but "hoping for nothing," is its dictate almost divine. "I am the good shepherd, and the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep," is the sentence which marks the limit of its law of self-sacrifice. "Whoso saveth his life shall lose it, and whoso loseth his life for my sake shall find it," is the law which reveals its secret of recompense.

And yet the word oftenest heard in Christian churches is something about saving ourselves. We are not thinking of others, nor of the immediate and pressing duties which the present hour absolutely thrusts upon us. No! We are going to get to heaven—about which we know nothing, and are going to see God, about whom we know less. We sit about "resting in the arms of Jesus," as though we expected to remain big babies to all eternity. Now all this hasn't a shred of Christianity about it. It isn't even decent Paganism.

Jesus has nothing of this cant and selfishness, this babyhood and mustiness, in His immortal Word. He would have us manly and womanly. The fighting Peter was one of His favorite, most trusted friends. Virility, action, development through trial—these are the badges of discipleship. The true Christianity is generous, honorable, unselfish living, and reversing the sentence, generous, honorable, unselfish living, no matter where, or under what banner, or in the name of what leader, is Christianity.

In this view of it, how much grander a thing it becomes, than when we consider it as a mere selfish subjective experience. It consecrates not only the church but the workroom, not only the Bible but the arithmetic, not only the prayerbook but the pocketbook.

It does not believe in making a one-sided thing of salvation. It laughs at, when it does not pity, the idea of the weaklings who go from the crib to the school room, thence to the academy, thence to some sectarian college, and thence to some theological school—poor creatures who never traded jack-knives when they were boys, who never helped to paint the town rose-colored when they were young men; who never were in a town caucus, nor belonged to a brass band nor a fire company, nor a band of wide-awakes, and above all, who never earned a dollar by honest contact with the soot and grime of the common earth in their lives, and who never for one single moment felt a throb of downright anger at any actual sin—I say it laughs at the idea of any such lady-fingered Chadbands teaching the men and women of this larger life anything about a real Christianity.

Their world, with its sins and sufferings, its joys and woes, its hopes and fears, its storms and calms, its vices and virtues, its heavens and its hells, is purely theoretical. They have beheld actual life only through a study window, touched it only secondarily through the pages of their books. It is to them just what color is to a blind man, sound to a deaf man, the beauty of material order to the clod of earth that is governed by its law. They sing, "Nothing but the blood of Jesus," and at the same time are so afraid of blood that they would almost faint if they saw a boy shoot a cat. Religion is something nice, to be professed by nice people, to be nurtured in nice places. They ignore the existence of that law which compels the harmony of action and environment. In their idea of the divine economy, rough, turbulent and coarse men are abnormal. God does not think so, nor has He created the world of men and the demands of duty upon any such an idea.

There are rougher things in the world than rough men, and God made them. There are rough storms in the world physical, as well as in the world moral, and they are not in either case to be avoided or outridden; they must be defied. There are mines of metals and miseries, which must both be worked, great highways for moral and material travel, over the continents and over the centuries, which must be built, battles for the higher truth, and battles where the blood of thousands must run like water for the salvation of country and the integrity of national honor, and the world needs rough men to man the ship, pierce the earth, level the mountains, and shed the blood, or it will lose ground and retreat toward barbarism.

The Christianity of plush pews and rhetorical preachers, the emasculated thing that carries an umbrella in summer for fear that the sun of heaven may touch it too fervently, cannot understand that a blacksmith's hammer, a miner's pick, a ditcher's shovel, the scrub broom and washboard of the brave woman who from necessity and with supreme love of home and child labors humbly, but honorably, for shelter and bread, are symbols of salvation as worthy in the sight of God as a martyr's pile, or the cross on calvary!

When we return to the simple faith of the immitable Galilean peasant, we will not have half the trouble which now perplexes us in our attempts to correct the mistakes of the Almighty. We shall not be so intent upon belittling life, so busy devising schemes of salvation that do not save anybody, or plans of redemption that do not remedy anything, but which fill the world with pious pride and theological toadies. I'd rather go straight to hell, carrying a sense of manliness with me, feeling that I had done my own work, thought my own thought and fought my own fight, than to beg for heaven as a cur begs for a bone.

Let us take this good world in which God has placed us, for what it is, and for what we may be able to make of it. It is a glorious thing to live, to be able to take some place in the mighty columns of the toilers, the burden carriers, the warriors of our time.

We need pray for no troublous gift: there is a surfeit of singers of psalms and ditties of dolor. Let us not seek for over much of pietistic puffery; a million prayers have been this day offered in the name of Jesus that have hardly gone far enough to disturb the air on the lips of the men and women who uttered them. Better than this, let us take our talent, and, recognizing the divine law of increase, by the work of our hands, the sympathy of our hearts, the worthiness, hopefulness and love, we shall add to that which we already possess. Let us dare to contradict the false teaching of the apostle in regard to man. Let us joy to take the risk of the natural man warring at enmity with God, and if we pray, let it be that we may be natural—natural as the sunshine, as a bird's song, as the sweetness of a rose or the breath of the morning; natural as a mother's love for her child, a patriot's offering of his life for his country, the self-sacrifice of a Socrates, a Sordani, a Jesus. In this way life shall bring us a wealth which cannot be lost; a joy higher than can be found in any selfish pleasure, a faith in God and man too large to be formulated in any creed; a salvation which is an accomplished fact with the close of each day's duty nobly done.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

LITTLE FORTUNE IN SHELTS.

COLONIES OF MEN FISHING THROUGH THE ICE.

Not the least important of the winter industries of Bath is the business of catching smelts. Every man with a trade temporarily unemployed, rigs out three or four smelt lines and crosses the river in quest of the mighty dollar through the shining little six-inch smelt. Thus it is that today not less than 150 men and boys, occupying not more than two acres of ice in Back River, are making money. One little fellow, about 13 or 14 years of age, has for the past week realized \$3 per day, but there are men on the ice who fished before he was born who are not doing so well. The men who enter into partnership and construct a little cabin over their hole in the ice. These cabins defy description. A stout frame is made, and this is covered with anything obtainable, no matter what it is, provided it will keep out the cold. There are about seventy-five of these cabins, and each has a crew of two men, one of whom fishes all day, while the other fishes all night. Besides these there are many who fish unprotected by any shelter, and frozen fingers, etc., often result. The catch this season has been very fair. Good fishermen have thus far averaged about fifty pounds per day.

What becomes of them? Well, that depends largely upon the condition of the catcher's finances. If he can wait a few days for his money he will send them to Boston or New York and get 10 to 15 cents a pound, but if he is in need of ready money, then there is no other resort than to sell them to the local markets at 4 or 5 cents per pound, or to speculators on the ice at 8 cents per pound. The speculators are rather shrewd fellows. They enter the settlement with baskets and scales, buy the fish on the spot at 3 cents and send them to Boston and receive 10 for them. There are three or four of these fel-

lows, and as one of them told me that he sent away over 600 pounds every day last week, it can easily be seen that he can afford to take a long vacation next summer.—*Lewiston Journal*.

CRIME IN CUBA.

RESULTS OF THE WRETCHED GOVERNMENT OF THAT ISLAND.

The press of the entire island of Cuba raise the cry as to the present state of the island. It is claimed by both the Liberal Conservative parties that are interested in the political moves of Cuba that brigandage, murder, arson, kidnapping, rape and other diabolical crimes are gaining such a headway in the principal cities in the island, such as Havana, Matanzas, Cardenas, Villa Clara and others, that the authorities have no control whatever over the criminals, and the inhabitants of this poor island are living in perfect terror, not knowing what moment they may be stopped and murdered in cold blood. It is an every day scene in Havana to see a man stopped on the street by desperadoes, and after relieving him of what he carries he is brutally murdered in cold blood. If an honest citizen should see the crime perpetrated and attempt to make known the facts to the authorities, he is either exposed to be murdered by the murderer's "chums," or he is arrested and kept in jail for six or eight months so that he will be on hand when required to testify against the criminals; consequently, if an honest citizen should see any crime committed he dare not say a word about it.

These crimes are boldly committed in broad daylight and on the most crowded streets, such as El Parque, Central Calle, De Obispo, Calzada, De La Reina, El Louvre, etc., and the most remarkable feature concerned in these outrages, and that reflects very little credit on the Spanish tyrants that now occupy the island, is that the entire city of Havana is patrolled by no less than 6,000 police soldiers, who are paid about \$15 per month, and get paid about two months in the year. Consequently they rob and plunder, and even murder a man for 25 cents in Spanish paper money, which is about 10 cents in our currency. Matanzas has always been the residence of rich sugar planters that own large plantations, and during the dull season they generally come to the city, as a change. Kidnappers, formed in bodies of from fifteen to twenty men, come boldly into the city and watch one of these planters as he goes out to take a ride or to some place of amusement, and when he least expects any trouble he is pounced upon suddenly by two or three of these murderers, who immediately put him into a carriage, and he is driven, he does not know where, as he is blindfolded and kept in a den until ransom is paid for his release. This same thing happened to Senor Forres, a rich planter, in Matanzas last week. He was "secuesterado" (kidnapped) and held a prisoner fifteen days, and was released after his check for \$30,000 in Spanish pesos was sold by the "Banco Español de Matanzas" (Spanish Bank of Matanzas).

The pirates have another way of kidnapping. They will watch a planter's maid go out with his children for a walk, when they deliberately come up, seize the children and away they go. Two or three days after the occurrence the parents receive a letter by mail, bearing the city stamp, saying: "If you don't deposit such and such an amount in such and such a place, we will in ten days send you the child's head by a peon." Last week the merchants of Havana gathered to the number of over 200, and, accompanied by hundreds of citizens, appeared before the palace of Captain General Martin and demanded protection. He said he was doing all he could and would do no more.

No one in Havana or in any other city of Cuba is allowed to carry arms, under a heavy penalty, yet all criminals in Cuba are always armed to the teeth and always ready at any moment to kill. About a month ago thieves broke into the Captain-General's garden. "Quinta de Los Molinos" occupied by a whole regiment of guards, and not only stole all the furniture, but went so far as to carry away over 100 gas-fixtures belonging to the premises. The Spanish authorities claim they cannot stop brigandage in Cuba, yet it is hardly expected for them to do so when they require all the time they can get to prosecute the Cuban press.

Victorine Reiner, the famous Cuban editor, has been in jail for over a year for saying in his paper that Olivores was a Gentile thief. *La Lucha* was suppressed by the authorities on December 21th, 25th and 26th for having articles derogatory to the Government. *El Criollo* had the same mishap last week for abusing the Government. What would Columbus say if he was to get out of the Havana Cathedral and take a look around? Olivares, who was Administrator General of Customs, was lately bounced by Captain-General Martin. He stole over \$1,000,000 of Government funds.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat*.

M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu gives figures showing the quantity of tobacco consumed in the different countries of Europe. The rate per 100 inhabitants is, according to him as follows: Spain, 110 pounds; Italy, 128 pounds; Great Britain, 138 pounds; Russia, 182 pounds; Denmark, 224 pounds; Norway, 229 pounds; Austria, 273 pounds.