

piece of polished stone, the red of the ochre rendering it of a rich brown color.

In less than a week the floors made in this way were sufficiently hard to bear the weight of a horse without indentation. Roofs are made in the same manner, without the coloring matter, which was added only to give the floors a better tint than the gray of the mortar. These roofs were perfectly water proof, and were unaffected by sun or rain.

In the city of Monterey, sidewalks in the principal streets are made in the same manner, and some of them have lasted for years, wearing through like a block of stone.

The greater durability and strength of these floors and roofs are entirely owing to the pounding operation above described, as the same materials were tried in the ordinary way without success.

A Locust Plague in Russia.

The Russian correspondent of the *Newcastle Chronicle* states that most distressing accounts have arrived from Tiflis of the locust plague in the Caucasus. Early last week a mist was seen to the east of the town of Elizavetopol, in the province of Georgia, and in the course of a few hours it darkened into what the people termed a "hurricane" of locusts. The town was speedily encompassed by the hordes, and soon the news came in that every blade of grass on the eastern side had been destroyed by the insects. After finishing the vegetation in the fields and gardens outside Elizavetopol, the locusts invaded the town itself, and soon the streets became so thickly covered with them that the people could scarcely leave their houses. The public gardens immediately fell a prey to their ravages, and thence they attacked the rest of the vegetation in the place, working with such rapidity that at sunset the Governor telegraphed to Tiflis that there was not a "leaf or weed or tuft of grass" to be seen in the town. The following morning the shops had to be kept closed, as the locusts swarmed in as soon as the shutters were removed, and spread themselves over the goods. People had to fasten their windows up, cover over crevices, and keep a vigilant watch when they opened the door, to prevent the pest from swarming all over the house. The bakers could not bake the bread as the insects found their way into the dough troughs and got mixed with the dough, or dropped down the flues into the ovens and tainted the bread with the smell of their bodies. All the water courses in the town became clogged with locusts, and the inhabitants could not drink a drop of water without straining the liquid through a cloth. Nearly every operation in business or commerce was impeded by the pest, and at 10 o'clock the governor telegraphed to Tiflis that everything was at a standstill. Later on, the police finding that the inhabitants did not exert themselves in ridding themselves of the insect swarms, but preferred attending prayers for intercession in the churches, issued a notice requiring each householder to deliver before sunset two pounds of locusts (72 pounds) to the district police inspector. With but a few exceptions the order was fully obeyed, and at sunset a huge mound of dead locusts was found in front of the governor's mansion. The next day the same operation was repeated, and since then the accumulation of locusts has gone on without ceasing. The latest advices speak of a slackening in the swarms arriving, but there was apparently no diminution in the numbers inside the town. The greatest misery prevailed. Scarcely any food had been cooked for a week. The water was so offensively polluted that in some quarters of the town it could not be used. Elizavetopol has the appearance of a town stricken by a plague. Day and night the priests chant services in the churches, and every noon a long procession, consisting of priests with crosses, bands of chorists, and thousands of bareheaded people, pass around the town, invoking intercession from the Almighty. In the streets were to be seen gangs of men, women, and children destroying the locusts, and carrying them in sacks and baskets to the district police-station, where huge wagons are in readiness to convey them outside the town.

A Sketch of the Dead Prince.

Napoleon Eugene Louis Jean Joseph Bonaparte was the full name of the young and ambitious prince whose death has been announced. The son of Napoleon III and the Empress Eugenie, he was born in the Tuilleries, March 16, 1856, and was therefore in the 23d year of his age. He was born a very delicate child, and had to be nursed with the utmost care until he was 10 years old. His nurse was an English woman, and he had a German-Swiss valet. Both were enjoined to speak to him always in their respective tongues, while his mother addressed him in Spanish, so that the boy grew up to be a good linguist without any effort. At the age of seven he could read in four languages. In all other branches of knowledge his education was equally thorough. During the Franco-Prussian War he accompanied his father to Metz, and went thence to Saarbrück, where, according to Napoleon's famous dispatch to Eugenie, the young prince received his "baptism of fire." As the military situation became critical, the emperor provided for the safety of his son by sending him to Belgium, and subsequently he joined his mother in England, where he remained until a few months ago, when he determined to join the English army in the war with the Zulus. He was recommended to Lord Chelmsford, commander-in-chief of the South African forces, and shortly afterwards, with the rank of captain, unattached. On February 27th he bade a last farewell to his mother, who bravely struggled to hide her emotion, and sailed on the *Danube* from Southampton for the land in which he hoped to win lasting laurels. His reason for entering this war as a volunteer was thus explained in a letter to Mr. Rouher: "For the last eight years I have been the guest of England. My education was completed in the English military school. I have strengthened my ties of friendship with the English army by taking part in its annual maneuvers. The war at the Cape having assumed a more serious character, I have wished to follow the campaign. I could not refrain from sharing the dangers and fatigues of the troops, among whom I have so many friends. Moreover, the time spent in witnessing the struggle of civilization against barbarism will not be wasted for me."

Before he sailed in the steamer *Danube* from Southampton, his mother requested him to visit St. Helena, and beneath his great relative's willow tree meditate and "ask inspiration and counsel of that mighty shade," and Queen Victoria, when he took his leave at Windsor Castle, placed upon his finger a ring which she had removed from her own as she told the young soldier to wear it as a mark of her personal regard for him and kindly feeling towards his late father and the Empress. "It is in every respect significant," wrote a correspondent of the *London Daily News*, "that the French Imperial, who had his 'baptism of fire' at Saarbrück, has gone to Zululand to seek his 'confirmation in blood.'" The phrase was a prophetic one. The end was nearer than any one dreamed, and the "outing" in Zululand something more serious than a frolic or even a political move on the table.

The last mails from the Cape announced his arrival and how he cared kindly for the baby of a passenger on the *Danube*, who, when she came to land, was so alarmed at the raging of the surf that she left the little thing behind her on the steamer. The last mails from Europe announced by cable from Africa that he had been so dangerously ill that for two days his life was despaired of. His mother was having mass said daily for his safety in the chapel at Chislehurst, but the report of his illness was subsequently contradicted. The Empress Eugenie, in the full belief that her son would safely return to her from Africa had, during his absence, prepared for him many pleasant surprises, among which was the collection of Napoleon autographs, portraits, etc., which were sold in London for \$2,257.50, and which came into her possession. Then came the end. What would the first Napoleon have thought had any one predicted in the heyday of his glory that he should die a prisoner on a tropical rock, the second of his race perish in an Austrian palace, the third end his days in England, a fugitive from the re-

publican soil of France, and the fourth, the last of the line and the only one killed by a foe, be slain in a cornfield in Africa, thrust through by a negro with a bit of hoop-iron on a pole, leaving the grandson of the repudiated Betsey Patterson, the really legitimate head of the imperial family of Bonaparte!

A Human Electric Battery.

We have been favored with the details of one of the strangest cases of which we ever heard, and one which is sure to excite a good deal of interest among medical men. The particulars of the case are given below.

It seems that about two years since a daughter of Mr. Richard Clare, Caroline by name, and then seventeen years of age, living in lot No. 25, on the second concession of Rodney, was taken ill. Her disease could not be correctly diagnosed, and had many peculiar features. Her appetite fell off, and she lost flesh till from a strapping girl of 130 pounds weight she barely weighed eighty-seven pounds. There did not seem to be any organic complaint. The bodily functions were not impaired, and, although she ate less than formerly, the falling off in this respect was not such as in itself would alarm her friends. After the lapse of a few months she took to her bed. Then it was that a change took place in her mental condition. Formerly she was noted rather for lack of conversational powers, but now fits or spasms would come over her, on the passing away of which her eyes would become set and glazed, her body almost rigid, and while in that state she would discourse eloquently, and give vivid descriptions of far-off scenes, far exceeding in their beauty anything which she had ever seen, or presumably ever read of. On the passing away of this state she exhibited a great degree of lassitude and indisposition to move, and was taciturn and surly in reply to any questions. This continued till a month since, when an extraordinary change occurred. The girl, although still not gaining flesh, appeared to rally. She became light-hearted and gay, and her friends anticipated an early release for her from the room to which she had been confined so long. Their expectations were not in vain, for she is now about the house apparently as well bodily as ever. But a most remarkable development has taken place. She is constantly giving off electrical discharges, and seems to be a perfect battery. A person, unless possessed of the very strongest nerves, can not shake hands with her, nor can any one place his hand in a pail of water with her. By joining hands she can send a sharp shock through fifteen or twenty people in a room, and she possesses all the attraction of a magnet. If she attempts to pick up a knife the blade will jump into her hand, and a paper of needles will hang suspended from one of her fingers. So strongly developed in this electrical power that she can not release from her touch any article of steel which she may have taken up. The only method yet found is for a second party to take hold of the article and pull while the girl strokes her own arm vigorously from the wrist upward. On her entering a room a perceptible influence seizes hold of all others, and while some are affected to sleepiness, others are ill and fidgety till they leave, and even for a considerable time afterward. A sleeping babe will wake up with a start at her approach, but with a stroke of her hand she can at once coax it to slumber again. Animals are also subject to her influence, and a pet dog of the household will lie for hours at her feet as motionless as in death. A curious part of the phenomena is the fact that the electricity can be imparted by her to any article with which she habitually comes in contact. The other day a younger sister, while doing the house-work, took up a pair of corsets belonging to Caroline, and on her hand touching the steel she was compelled to drop them with a loud cry, and an exclamation to the effect that she had run a needle into her finger. Wooden spoons have had to be made for her, as she cannot touch metal. Altogether the case is a most remarkable one, and attracts scores of visitors to the house of Mr. Clare. Medical men are especially

interested themselves, and it has been stated that Dr. Tye of Thamesville, will read a paper on the subject at the meeting of the Provincial Medical Association, which is to be held in London in the course of this summer. Mr. Clare is the father of seven children, none of whom except Caroline show any abnormal qualities.—*Boudon (Ont.) Advertiser.*

Preparing Wool for Market.

The *National Live Stock Journal* gives some timely and valuable suggestions to wool growers in regard to preparing wool for market, as follows:

There is small room for doubting that it is to the ultimate interest of sheep breeders so to cultivate their flocks as to induce the growth of the greatest possible weight of cleansed wool for their expenditure of labor and food. With each recurring season comes the usual avalanche of advice from middlemen and manufacturers, topped off with an emblazonment of the great advantage to the grower in placing his wools upon the market in the lightest possible condition. Certainly no teaching of the *Journal* has been at variance with this proposition. There is, however, one view of the situation which the complaining parties have overlooked, i.e., that the would-be teachers are, by their action, continually, discouraging any general adoption of their precepts.

Wool growers will average with the best half of humanity; but as the majority of men will be found acting in the line of their present advantage, those who repeat to the wool grower the oft-repeated maxims favoring clean washing, early shearing, neat rolling, and minimum of string, to-day, and tomorrow offer them no more, or very little more, than the price paid for wool not so systematically manipulated, must attribute the failure of their teachings to that excusable selfishness of man which prompts him to realize for his capital and labor the maximum results consistent with law and equity. The incentive to wool-growers money making; and so long as the flockholder can get more money for the fleece of a sheep when unwashed, or half unwashed, or one that, after having been properly washed, was allowed to remain on the sheep until the normal amount of grease had been restored, just so long will fleeces be found as heavy as legitimate means can make them. The manufacturer or dealer who expects an opposite result must base such expectations upon elements of character seldom found outside the lists of those who are prompted solely by philanthropy.

The growing and selling of heavy fleeces—fleeces carrying a large amount of grease and gum—is altogether legitimate, so long as the seller practices no deception by concealing the true condition of his product. The man who would buy an invoice of wool without examining its condition and quality, or having such examination made by some competent party, would find in his carrying a more appropriate field for the display of his peculiar qualifications than a wool lot can ever afford. As markets usually run, the grower gets more money per head of sheep for heavy wool than for the same fleeces in the lightest possible condition; and so long as such a premium on heavy fleeces is held out to their pockets, all appeals to the ears of men will be but as the noise of "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." Wool will, as a rule, be made as light as possible, and its subsequent manipulations attended to with the most rigid oversight, whenever the markets show a premium upon such observances; but until that time very little change from the present practices need be looked for.

Some Little Things Learned by Experience.

If your coal fire is low, throw on a tablespoonful of salt, and it will help it very much. A little ginger put into sausage meat improves the flavor. In icing cakes, dip the knife frequently into cold water. In boiling meat for soup, use cold water to extract the juices. If the meat is wanted for itself alone, plunge in boiling water at once. You can get a bottle or barrel of oil off any carpet or wooden stuff by applying dry buckwheat plentiful-

ly and faithfully. Never put water to such a greasy spot, or liquid of any kind. Broil steak without salting; salt draws the juices in cooking; it is desirable to keep these in if possible. Cook over a hot fire, turning frequently, searing both sides; place on a platter, salt and pepper to taste. Beef having a tendency to be tough can be made very palatable by stewing gently for two hours, with pepper and salt, taking out about a pint of the liquor when half done, and letting the rest boil into the meat. Brown the meat in the pot. After taking up, make a gravy of the pint of liquor saved. A small piece of charcoal in the pot with boiling cabbage removes the smell. Clean oil cloth with milk and water; a brush and soap will ruin them. Tumblers that have had milk in them should never be put in hot water. A spoonful of stewed tomatoes in the gravy of either roasted or fried meats is an improvement. The skin of a boiled egg is the most efficacious remedy that can be applied to a boil; peel it carefully, wet and apply it to the part affected. It will draw off the matter and relieve the soreness in a few hours.

A Trick of the Clairvoyants.

In drawing out the facts of personal or family history, clairvoyants do not always ask direct questions, but rather make statements with an implied interrogation, to which the victim, oftentimes entirely unconsciously, responds by word or look or gesture, or perhaps by all three; and, at a later stage of the interview, these secret facts are artfully given back to the victim, who has no recollection of having previously imparted them, and will not believe that he has done so, but prefers to believe that he is in the presence of Divinity.

It is not only possible but easy for a practical adept to draw out in this way minute and elaborate details of secret family history. A few years ago, while connected with one of the public institutions of this city, I made a number of experiments in this line. I told the patients afflicted with various forms of nervous and allied disorders, not to tell me about their symptoms, nor give me any facts in their cases, but to let me tell them; and then I would proceed to indicate, after the manner of a clairvoyant, the locality of their maladies, and the history of their troubles. In the majority of cases I was successful, and made out the diagnosis to the satisfaction of those who sought my advice, and with good reason, for nothing that I could do prevented them from telling me, although I asked them no questions; unintentionally and unconsciously, they would guide me at every stage of the interview. By a little practice any one could easily acquire this art; and long study such as professional clairvoyants bestow upon this subject, develops great skill in thus managing and deluding the unwary and non-expert.—*Scribner for July.*

A LADY who had had much experience in teaching both boys and girls, speaking of the extraordinary obtuseness of a certain pupil, said: "In a physiology class, this young lady of fifteen inquired with languid surprise, 'Is there not a straight passage through the head from one ear to the other?'—a somewhat natural conclusion," she teacher commented dryly, "if she had ever watched the processes of her own mind."

"Which would you prefer teaching," asked a visitor, "boys or girls?"

"Boys, infinitely," was the prompt reply. "No boy, for instance, would ever have asked such a question as that. He would long before have investigated the subject with a lead-pencil. Not, probably, in his own ears," she added meditatively, "but in his younger brother's."—*Scribner for July.*

CLOGS.—At a colliery village in the eastern part of Durham, a little girl had been guilty of some petty pilfering, for which her mother gave her a sound thrashing. The little girl left the house, and not long after, word was brought to the mother that her child had drowned herself in the pit pond. "That's a bad job," said the mother, "for she has wor Tom's clogs on; an' he'll not get to wark the morn!"