

JOHN JANKIN'S SERMON.

The minister said last night, says he,
 "Don't be afraid of givin';
 If your life ain't nothing to other folks,
 Why, what's the use o' livin'?"
 And that's what I say to wife, says I,
 There's Brown, the mis'erable sinner,
 He'd sooner a beggar would starve than
 give
 A cent toward buyin' a dinner.
 I tell you our minister's prime, he is,
 But I couldn't quite determine,
 When I heard him a givin' it right and left,
 Just who was hit by his sermon.
 Of course there couldn't be no mistake
 When he talked of long-winded prayin',
 For Peters and Johnson they sot and
 scowled
 At every word he was sayin'.
 And the minister he went on to say,
 "There's various kinds o' cheatin',
 And religion's a good for every day
 As it is to br'g to meetin'.
 I don't think much of a man that gives
 The Lord Amens at my preachin',
 And spends his time the followin' week
 In cheatin' and overreachin'."
 I guess that dose was bitter enough
 For a man like Jones to swallow;
 But I noticed he didn't open his mouth,
 Not once, after that to holler.
 Hurrah, says I, for the minister—
 Of course I said it quiet—
 Give us some more of this open talk;
 It's very refreshin' diet.
 The minister hit 'em every time;
 And when he spoke of fashion,
 And a riggin' out in bows and things,
 As woman's rulin' passion;
 And a-comin' to church to see the styles,
 I couldn't help a winkin'
 And a nudgin' my wife, and says I,
 "That's you,"
 And I guess it sot her thinkin'.
 Says I to myself, that sermon's pat;
 But man is a queer creation;
 And I'm much afraid that most o' the
 folks
 Won't take the application.
 Now if he had said a word about
 My personal mode of sinnin',
 I'd have gone to work to right myself,
 And not set here a-grinnin'.
 Just then the minister says, says he,
 "And now I've come to the fellers
 Who've lost this shower by usin' their
 friends
 As sort o' moral umbrellas.
 Go home," says he, "and find your faults,
 Instead of huntin' your brothers';
 Go home," he says, "and wear the coats
 You've tried to fit for others."
 My wife she nudged, and Brown he wink-
 ed,
 And there was lots o' smilin',
 And lots o' lookin' at our pew;
 It sot my blood a-billin'.
 Says I to myself, our minister
 Is gettin' a little bitter;
 I'll tell him when meetin's out, that I
 Ain't at all that kind o' a cr'iter.
 —Harper's Bazar.

—A Chicago editor heard once the words, "Sister, thou wast mild and lovely," sung at the funeral of an old lady who was known to have been a perfect vixen.

—Mr. Sargeant Simon, M. P., seems to be an English Sir Boyle Roche. He lately began a speech on the Judicature bill by saying, "I cannot keep silence without saying a few words."

—And now some scientists are claiming that instead of being cold the moon is in reality red hot—so much so that no living thing known to our world could exist there. This also knocks the green cheese theory.

—A murderer confined in the Vermont State prison has been so terrified by imagining visits from his victim to his cell, that he refuses to eat, and is in danger of starving.

—Drive slow in hot weather. Wash out your horses feet. Bathe their necks in cold water. Wash their collars often. Look out for galls. Do not let them suffer for water. Lengthen your check reins. —Our Dumb Animals.

—Mr. Schlokumber, of Shelby county, Ill., met Dora Hassel-meyer for the first time, proposed on the spot, drove her out to see his farm, was accepted and in less than an hour was married. Not such a Schlo Kumber after all.

—In his last letter to the Baltimore American from Vienna Mr. Fulton tells how they utilize dogs in Vienna by making them draw small wagons through the streets. After a dog has been at work that way for twelve or sixteen hours he is doubtless glad to sleep at night and loses his desire to "bay the moon."

A TALL YARN.

ALLEGED REMARKABLE DISCOVER-
 IES BY A RUSSIAN CONVICT IN
 SIBERIA — MAMMOTHS, WOOLLY
 HORSES AND SEA MONSTERS.

The New York World publishes what purports to be a letter from Moscow, June 6, giving an account of the adventures of a Russian named Cheriton Batchmatchnick, who, sentenced to hard labor for life in the mines of Nestchiusk, Siberia, made his escape after four years, and, in the course of his subsequent wanderings, made some wonderful discoveries; on account of which, and the hardships he has undergone, he has received a pardon from his government.

Having reached the summit of the Aldan range of mountains, right at his feet he beheld a parallelogram of valley, fifty miles wide, 150 long, and with a blue, quiet lake in the centre. To descend into this valley would be to get into a cul-de-sac; but Cheriton looked at the bleak snowy region behind him, and then down into the pleasant valley before him—green, placid, quiet, cheerful—and hesitated no longer. He could see no sign of habitation anywhere, but animals were browsing on the meadows by the lake, what sort he could not detect at that distance. He descended to the pass, put a new string to his bow, loaded his pistol afresh, tightened his belt, and began to go down the mountain towards the valley.

As he descended the snow grew less deep, and he camped that night on a bed of fragrant mosses, such as the reindeer loves, that was entirely free from snow. The next day, having his sled, he continued to descend the mountain side, which sloped regularly downward, without being materially broken by spurs. As he descended, it was quite evident that the valley was of great depth, and far below the level of the steppes on the other side of the range. Indeed, if his observations are at all to be relied upon, the lowest part of this singular land-locked valley must be not above the level of the sea, if, as he supposes, it be not several hundred feet below it, like the valley of the Dead Sea. Cheriton soon came in his downward course to a vast forest of firs, larches, pines, spruces and ash, through which progress was difficult, and at times almost impossible. Several species of deer, some of which he knew, and others which he had never seen before, ranged this forest in great numbers, feeding upon a crisp green herbage with an aromatic odor. Foxes and lynxes were frequently met, with bears, and a sort of plantigrade resembling the American wolverine or glutton. There were no wolves, but the Alpine foxes, black here as jet, and with beautiful glossy fur, hunted the deer in packs with a cry resembling that of the jackal. These animals were so tame and fearless, yet so little inclined to molest him, that he came at once to the conclusion that they were unacquainted with man, and consequently that the valley was not inhabited.

The next day's journey brought Cheriton through the coniferous forest, and to a wood of primeval deciduous trees, much larger than any he supposed Siberia to be capable of producing. This forest was open, without much undergrowth, and was turfed with succulent herbs and grasses, except where the rocks, which were of a limestone formation, cropped boldly out in enormous masses. Among these rocks were many caves, and from some of these beautiful rivulets trickled out and ran down towards the bottom of the valley. Cheriton at nightfall selected one of these caves for a lodging place, and built a fire at the entrance—which was no sooner done than a bear ran howling out and escaped among the rocks. This made our adventurer determine to keep up his fire and also to explore the cavern before sleeping. He made himself torches and went into the place, finding nothing, however, save some great bats and the bones and teeth of some great animal. The next day Cheriton proceeded onwards, passing below the region of the forest and coming out upon a broad terrace covered with the greenest grass. This terrace, which sloped gradually towards the centre of the valley, was about eight miles in width, and seemed to bind the foot of the mountains all around, as far as Cheriton could see. He found it warm enough there to make his coat of sable very uncomfortable.

The terrace, which struck Cheriton as affording the finest natural pasture he had ever seen, was unbroken on its surface by any trees, and perfectly smooth except for an occasional boulder of basalt, that stood up black and frowning. The plain was full of animals feeding, like domestic herds at pasture. At the lower margin of this terrace Cheriton came to a steep slope that descended fully 1,500 feet at a sharp angle, but not so steep as to be bare of the prevalent grasses. At the foot of this slope was the valley proper, and the lake in the middle of it. He immediately went down, and, just at nightfall, forcing his way through a fringe of willows, he stood on the pebbly brink of this lake of dark blue, transparent water, scarcely ruffled by the faint breath of an evening breeze. Thoroughly tired out, Cheriton built himself a large fire, cooked and ate a hare, made himself a couch of willow branches, drew his sable coat over him, and lay down with his feet to the fire, but not to sleep.

Cheriton says he will never forget that first night of horrors by the haunted lake. He was beset with monsters. Dark shadowy forms came over the water, splashing towards him, and seemed to seek what his fire might mean. The tramping of great beasts that crushed the willow stalks like pipe-stems on their way to the water's edge, and then came and stood over him, breathing heavily and slow as they seemed to gaze at the fire with stupid wonder, made him afraid each moment of being overrun. Wild eyes, reflecting the fire-light, shone around him out of the gloom upon all sides, and wilder cries and howls gave new horrors to his position. He sprang to his feet nearly paralyzed with fright, and fired off his pistol at the nearest intruder. The echo of the shot rang long around him, and it seemed the signal for the cries of a thousand new monsters to burst forth. There were mad, plunging rushes of frightened beasts around him that made the ground tremble; a peculiar long, shrill, quivering shriek sounded over the lake, and was answered by a harsh, full-guttural bellow near at hand. Soon there were more of these deep, full-toned impressive bellowings, and Cheriton, flinging a burning brand in the direction of the sound, saw the dark shadow of some huge, unknown, towering monster move slowly away. Immediately he kindled a broad circle of fire about his resting-place, and in this charmed ring sat watching all night long, until, morning approaching and the sound ceasing, he fell at last asleep.

When Cheriton awoke it was broad day, and there were no traces of the animals that had disturbed him over night, except the paths they had worn going down to the water. In these paths he saw the deep-planted spoor of some animal larger than anything of the sort he had ever before beheld. His first care was to seek some place to pass the next night, where he would be free from the alarms that had made the past night so terrible. He recrossed the meadow, and followed the edge of the slope around in a direction in which he saw some rocks. Among these he found the wide and lofty entrance to a cave. He entered with some precautions, for the rocky pavement was worn as if by use, and within he heard a slow, measured movement, as of an animal gently ruminating, and heavily breathing with great calm inspirations and expirations like the sigh of a smith's bellows. One turn, then another, he heard a heavy startling snort, and there in the half light of the cave, standing full before him, alive, chewing the cud, and waving its proboscis to and fro with a slow, gentle, majestic motion, he saw—a mammoth! "I did not know then," said Cheriton, "what I have since been told, that Siberia was an old habitat of these animals, and that some of the best scientific judges are uncertain whether to look upon the remains found on the shores of the Arctic Ocean as fossil animals, or as the remnants of wandering herds caught and perishing in storms, individuals of which may still exist under favorable circumstances. Without intending it I have solved that doubt."

Cheriton describes the mammoth as being a very imposing looking animal, covered with reddish-brown wool and long black hair. During his stay in the valley he was close to five of them, all of which were

nearly of a size, being about twelve feet high, eighteen feet long, with tusks projecting about four feet, and being eight or ten feet counting the curve. The skin, which was bare on the upper surface of the ears, on the knees and rump, was of a mouse color, and seemed very thick. The animal was nocturnal in its habits, frequenting caves or forest depths by day, and feeding at night and early morning. Cheriton thinks there might be some fifteen or twenty of these monsters in the valley altogether, but that all these are aged, and that very few are born nowadays. At any rate, he saw none that had the least appearance of being young. They were very peaceable animals, torpid and sluggish as old oxen, never disturbing Cheriton, nor indeed took much notice of him.

Batchmatchnick found a small cave which he could climb up by the face of a perpendicular rock, and in which he was comparatively free from the incursions of wild animals. In a recess of this cave he built his fire, which he never suffered to go out again during the whole course of his stay in the valley, which continued all winter and until about April, as nearly as he could guess the time. In all his stay there, so sheltered was the valley and so permanent the warmth that seemed to be nursed there by radiation, that the lake was never frozen over, nor was there any more than an inch or two of snow, and no frosts sufficiently bitter to destroy the succulence of the grasses. These were fed by repeated gentle rains, constant dews, and frequent mists. The valleys swarmed with animal life, while, as the winter progressed, the waters of the lake were literally covered with wild fowl. Birds of prey fed upon them in numbers, while the foxes, lynxes, gluttons and wolverines preyed upon the herds of deer and smaller tribes.

Batchmatchnick explored the valley thoroughly during his stay there—a stay which was entirely enforced from the fact that he could not, after repeated endeavors, make his way out of the valley through the ranges to the eastward, and to go back by the pass through which he had entered would have been simply lost labor and lost time. In the course of his explorations he encountered many animals indigenous to the valley, which he thinks are not known to exist elsewhere except in the shape of fossil remains. Among these were a species of horse, a wild and beautiful creature, that went in droves and ran with lightning-like speed. These horses were small, pure white in color, with long black mane and tail; they were covered, however, rather with fleece than hair, and in running looked as much like lambs as horses. The lake was full of fish of many species, but was inhabited by a monster of which Cheriton was in constant dread, a sort of saurophidian, which he described as being thirty feet long, and armed with scales and horrible fangs. This monster—he never saw but the one—was master of the lake, and lived by devouring the animals which came by night to its brink to drink. Cheriton gives a graphic and exciting description of a contest which he witnessed one morning at early dawn between this crocodile-serpent and one of the mastodons. The battle, which lasted more than an hour, ended in the discomfort of the mammoth, which could hardly limp away after having been constricted in the serpent's folds. Doubtless, in respect to these and similar discoveries, Cheriton's book, when it appears, will be one of the most interesting narratives of adventure ever published.—Ex.

—An aged couple on Wooster street are very fond of checkers, and play quite frequently. When he beats at the game she loses her temper, and declares she will not play again. It vexes him to have her act so, but he controls the irritation and talks to her about it. He tells her how wrong it is for people at their age in life to be disturbed by such trifles, and shows her so clearly the folly of such a course, that she becomes ashamed of her weakness and returns to the game, and plays it so well that she beats him. Then he throws the checkers in one direction and kicks the board in another, and says he will never play with anybody who cheats so all-firedly, and stalks moodily to bed, and leaves her to pick up the things.—Louisville Journal.

What We are and What We Eat.

The following interesting facts in regard to the composition of the human body and its food necessities is taken from Dr. Edward Smith's valuable work "On Food" recently published by D. Appleton & Co., in the "International Scientific Series."

The following is a summary statement of the principal materials of which the body is composed:

Flesh in its fresh state contains water, fat, fibrine, albumen, and gelatine, besides compounds of lime, phosphorus, soda, potash, magnesia, silica, and iron, and certain extractives.

Blood has a composition similar in elements to that of flesh.

Bone is composed of cartilage, gelatine, fat, and salts of lime, magnesia, soda and potash, combined with phosphoric and other acids.

Cartilage consists of chondrine, which is like gelatine in composition, with salts of soda, potash, lime, phosphorus, magnesia, sulphur, and iron.

The brain is composed of water, albumen, fat, phosphoric acid, osmazone and salts.

The liver consists of water, fat, and albumen, with phosphoric and other acids in conjunction with soda, lime, potash and iron.

The lungs are formed of a substance resembling gelatine, albumen, a substance analogous to caseine, fibrine, various fatty and organic acids, cholestrine, with salts of soda, and iron and water.

Bile consists of water, fat, resin, sugar, fatty and organic acids, cholestrine, and salts of potash, soda, and iron.

Hence it is requisite that the body should be provided with salts of potash, soda, lime, magnesia, sulphur, iron, and manganese, as well as sulphuric, hydrochloric, phosphoric, and fluoric acids and water; also nearly all the fat which it consumes daily, and probably all the nitrogenous substances which it requires, and which are closely allied in composition, as albumen, fibrine, gelatine, and chondrine. It can produce sugar rapidly and largely, and fat slowly and sparingly, from other substances; also lactic, acetic, and various organic acids, and peculiar extractive matters.

So great an array of mysterious substances might well prevent us from feeding ourselves or others if the selection of food depended solely upon our knowledge or judgment; but it is not so, for independently of the aid derived from our appetites, there is the great advantage of having foods which contain a proportion of nearly all these elements; and combinations of foods have been effected by experience which protect even the most ignorant from evil consequences.

Thus flesh, or the muscular tissue of animals, contains precisely the elements which are required in our flesh-formers and, only limited by quantity, our heat generators also; and life may be maintained for very lengthened periods upon that food and water when eaten in large quantities. Seeing, moreover, that the source of flesh in animals which are used as food is vegetables, it follows that vegetables should have the same elements as flesh, and it is a fact of great interest that in vegetables we have foods closely analogous to the flesh of animals. Thus in addition to water and salts, common to both, there is vegetable jelly, vegetable albumen, vegetable fibrine, and vegetable caseine, all having a composition almost identical with animal albumen, gelatine, chondrine, and caseine.

Hence our appetites and the bountiful provision made for us extend our choice to both the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and it is possible to find vegetable foods on which man could live as long as upon animal food alone. Bread is in vegetable foods that which flesh is in animal foods, and each within itself contains nearly all the elements required for nutrition.

When, however, we bring knowledge of a special kind to the aid of our appetites, we are able to discover both the deficiencies in any given food and the kind of food that would meet them. Thus a knowledge of the requirements of the system and of the available uses of food leads to the proper combinations of food or to the construction of dietaries.

We have thus placed face to face the requirements of the body and the qualities of the foods to be used to supply them, but it is of very common observation that the effect of the supply is but temporary, and