

cardinal points. The west seemed to attract me. I felt as if a sacred power drew me in that direction—as if an inward voice said, "There you will find deliverance."

I began with great strides to go in a westerly direction. Bushes, brambles, reedlike grasses stood in my way, but I overcame all obstacles; the sensitiveness occasioned by a peaceful life had left me. What to me now were the sharp brambles which tore my clothes and pierced my flesh? Soon the twilight deepened into night; I could hardly distinguish the trees; and only the stars which looked sorrowfully down from on high, seemed to assure me that I was yet on earth. In this darkness I wandered about, from time to time stopping and listening for a human voice, but all was still.

Suddenly I remarked, notwithstanding the darkness, through a gap in the foliage, the form of a hill or a distant mountain. I could hear my heart beat. I began anew to run. In another half hour I felt I was ascending a mountain, the bushes became thicker, and there were no trees. Like a hunted animal, I pressed on, crept, climbed, until I reached the summit. Then, and then only, I breathed freely and deeply; the feeling that I could at least look around me made me unspeakably happy. But the night—the night reigned here also, and shut out all signs of my companions. Ha! is that smoke or fog? Do my eyes deceive me?

For a long time I stared in this direction, hardly daring to breathe, and the longer I looked the brighter shone the spark of hope, which fear had already nearly extinguished in my heart. * * * It was no fog, it was smoke!

I had soon descended the mountain and re-entered the forest, keeping steadfastly in the direction of the smoke, for a quarter of an hour longer. I continued running on, hoping, longing to see again a human face. There was a noise in the bushes near me. I stopped quickly and listened. It seemed as if a man or animal were gliding through the brushwood. When I stopped the sound ceased. "Who is it?" I exclaimed, and grasped my sword, but as no answer came, I concluded that it must be an animal, a hungry wolf or fox. I continued my way. A few steps further, and the same sound was repeated, but nearer. Looking quickly round, I saw nothing, and redoubled my steps in the direction of the friendly smoke. Crack! the noise was close behind me, like the falling of broken branches. Quick as a weathercock, I turned and saw, not far from me, two glittering eyes, which disappeared immediately in the darkness. "Wolf," I thought! I don't know if I was right, but I felt consoled even with the idea that it was only a wolf that was bursuing me. And there, at last, was my long sought-for token!

Never in my life have I experienced such a feeling of supreme delight as I did on seeing again those waves of curling smoke mounting to the heavens. A few steps more and I should stand by their burning source. On, on! what was exhaustion or fatigue, when deliverance was so near? In the foggy distance I saw a red light shimmering through the trees, at first small, like the fire of shepherds, then larger and larger. At last I saw several fires and men moving around them. But who were these men? Were they not, perhaps, those from whom I was fleeing? I shuddered with the thought; but nothing remained to me but to approach silently and cautiously near enough to observe who they were. As I approached within 200 feet of the nearest fire, I noticed some Turks squatting on the ground, quietly smoking their pipes, as if they had just finished some work pleasing to heaven. My blood stood still in my veins, a cold perspiration covered my forehead. But this was not all. It was well known that the Turks possess many dogs, which accompany them during the night on their marauding excursions. Suddenly a great white dog, followed by several others, rushed at me, barking furiously. I seized my sword, and disappeared in a north-westerly direction. For nearly half an hour I was persecuted by the barking and howling of these dogs, until at last the sounds died away in the distance and darkness of the night.

I did not think of where I was going. I continued my way always farther and deeper into the forest, not daring to stop. Only once—it might have been midnight

—I fell to the ground and began to sob and pray; and in these prayers I regained new strength. After this I climbed several hills, crept through many bushes and desert places, which looked as if they had been trodden by the foot of man.

At last the morning broke. As I had outlived the night, I hoped the day would not see me perish. Forward then, with renewed strength!

At last I found my companions under the Pirkovac-Hau. Guided as it seemed, by an unseen hand, I had struck into the right path during the dark hours of the night. What joy for me to see my friends again! And what joy for them, too who had already counted me among the dead!

Oil on Troubled Waters.

Although the effects of pouring oil upon the troubled waters scarcely enters into the mind of man beyond a figurative sentiment, there are a few modern instances of its wonderful power at sea in cases of impending shipwreck. Those few cases, however, which have found a faithful record, ought to arrest more deeply the public attention; for if the efficacy of oil is of the nature which these accounts would lead us to accept, so simple a provision against the disasters of the ocean cannot be too extensively known.

As far back as 1770 a Dutch East Indiaman was saved from wreck in a storm near the islands of Paul and Amsterdam by pouring on the sea a jar of olive oil.

The writer of *Wellerdehre* states that a Mr. Ritchie, who accompanied a Danish captain to the island of Porto Santo (being tutor to his son), was standing on the shore during a hurricane, when he saw the vessel in which he arrived torn from her anchor and swallowed up. Suddenly in the middle of the bay appeared a boat driving towards shore. The waves, however, advanced with redoubled energy, but without breaking, and tessed the boat so high on the strand that the men were unable to jump out and scramble up the beach. The rescue was due to the captain, who, as the boat entered the breakers, stove in a keg of oil, which, though unable to lessen their height, prevented the waves from breaking and caused them to run up the strand like rollers, carrying the boat with them.

In 1867 a master stated in the New York shipping list that he had been at sea 28 years, and master for 10 years, and that he had saved the vessel under his command twice by oiling the sea. He says when a ship is disabled and cannot get out of a storm, and the master has to make the best of a gale, if he has oil on board he should start two or three gallons over the side, to windward; this will make smooth water. The oil, allowed to drip slowly out, is all that is required; the ship is in smooth though heaving water as long as the oil runs. In 1864, in the heaviest gale of wind he ever experienced, he lost all sails, and then the rudder followed; and he knew the vessel could not have ridden the sea for an hour longer if he had not had some oil. Five gallons lasted 56 hours, and thus saved the vessel, cargo and lives. He recommends that ships of heavy tonnage should have two iron tanks of 40 gallons each, one on each side, with the faucets so arranged that the oil can be started at any time into small vessels—say ten-gallon casks; and in all ships' boats tanks of five gallons each, well filled, so that in case the ship founders or burns, the boats will have oil to smooth the sea in a gale. With these tanks, and a good master who knows the law of storms and handles the ship so as to get out of the centre of it, the danger of foundering is greatly reduced.

Capt. Betts, of the *King Cenric*, of 1,490 tons, which lately arrived at Bombay from Liverpool with a cargo of coal, used common pine oil in a heavy gale of wind to prevent the sea breaking on the board, and with perfect success. The gale continued for nearly five days and raged with determined fury. It had lasted some time, when the chief officer, Mr. Bowyer, behought himself of a plan he had seen tried upon some occasions when in the Atlantic tried to prevent the sea breaking in. He got two canvass clothes-bags; into each he poured two gallons of oil. He punctured the bags slightly, and hung one over each quarter, towing them along. The effect

was magical. The waves no longer broke against the poop and sides of the ship; but yards and yards away, where the oil had slowly spread itself over the water and in the wake of the vessel was a large space of calm water. The crew were thus able to repair damages with greater ease; the ship was relieved from those tremendous shocks received from the mass of water which had burst over her quarters and stern, and the danger was considerably lessened.

Capture of a Devil Fish.

One of the fishermen, employed by Larco, in drawing his nets this morning found, entangled in its meshes, a veritable devil fish of large size. The ugly thing was so entangled, and held on with such tenacity, that it was with great difficulty, and only after tearing the net badly, that it was released and got into the boat. It was brought to the wharf, where a number of persons visited and inspected the monster. The body is an elongated oval, about 15 inches wide and 4 feet long from the head to the end of the spear-shaped tail. The mouth, or rather beak, is exactly like the mandibles of a hawk, and is placed underneath the body. The long arms or feelers, of which there are eight, radiate from around this beak, and the largest of them are upward of 7 feet in length, making 11 feet from the end of the two longest tentacles to the tip of the tail. The other arms are from 4 to 5 feet long. The underside of these feelers, for about two feet from the tip, are armed with rows of sharp-pointed hooks, increasing in size as they approach the end, where they terminate in veritable talons. The body is of a reddish-gray color on top and a pale salmon pink underneath. The underside is covered with small suckers possessing considerable power. Even after the creature had been on the dock for some time, and was nearly dead, a finger placed to the mouth of one of these suckers was seized upon and only released by a strong pull. While lying on the dock the fish exuded about two gallons of the dark fluid with which it is supplied, and which it uses to discolor the water, either to conceal itself, or to render helpless its prey. This fluid is of a most offensive odor and is of a dark-yellow color. The monster, which was captured just inside of the line of help, would be an unpleasant thing to come across in the water, and after seeing him, one can thoroughly appreciate the scene in the cavern so graphically described by Victor Hugo in "The Toilers of the Sea." The fish was cut up and taken out by the fishermen to their crab nets as bait, but the beak and some of the larger talons were secured by Mr. Reece. Small fish of this description have been found in the channel at different times, measuring from 6 to 8 inches, but nothing approaching this one in size has ever been captured in this vicinity.—*Santa Barbara (Cal.) Press.*

A Rabbit Nuisance.

The Sydney (Australia) *Herald* devotes an article to two nuisances from which Australia is suffering—the kangaroos and the rabbits. In 1874, a gentleman in Victoria, desirous of sport, turned out four couples of rabbits, and already their progeny may be numbered by millions. They have, within this short period, done much towards desolating two of the finest districts in Victoria, and they have spread over its limits into South Wales. All efforts to check the advance of the rabbit plague has thus far proved unavailing. Where the rabbit cannot find grass he can live on bushes, and when driven from one district he has no difficulty in finding means of existence in another. All the best methods of killing him have been tried—shooting, netting, blocking the burrows with stones—but none have succeeded; the rabbit, has continued to multiply. Unless immediate steps of a more energetic nature are taken to stamp them out, the southwestern district of New South Wales, says the *Herald*, will soon be overrun, and to no small extent destroyed. In the Wimmera district of Victoria stations, which before their appearance supported thousands of sheep, cannot now carry one quarter of the number, and it seems uncertain how long they will continue to sustain even the reduced flocks. Selector's crops are devoured

wholesale, acres upon acres being destroyed in a single night. Stacks of hay or grain are riddled through and through, gardens are completely stripped, and unless new and stronger measures be adopted the whole of the country in that direction will be reduced to a desert. An enterprising farmer in Victoria went to Melbourne for a reaper and binder, but before he could get it to work the whole of his crop was eaten off by the rabbits. In other parts the kangaroos are almost as destructive, but they can be seen, and either caught or kept at a distance with some little trouble; but the rabbit hides himself beneath the ground, and often defeats detection. In France and England a great deal of money is made by rearing rabbits for the market. A single pair has often yielded a hundred per cent as an investment. The fecundity of this animal is so great, however, that it becomes a nuisance whenever it is allowed to run at large.

Hints About Growing Early Amber Cane.

Agricultural Editor Pioneer Press:

As there are many persons that will plant the early amber for the first time this spring, a few directions may not come in amiss. In sections where cane is liable to frost in the fall planting should be done early. The seed should be covered; if planted early, one-half an inch is deep enough; if planted late, it should be covered one inch. It may be planted in this State from the 1st to the 25th of May. In general it will thrive on any land that will produce a fair crop of wheat. Sandy upland soil is best, black bottom soil is worst. Plow deep, and plant on land that is as free from weeds as possible. Plant in check rows three and a half feet each way. Leave five or six stalks in a hill.

When it comes up out of the ground, care should be taken not to hoe it up for barn grass, as it resembles it very much. You will notice that the blade is broader, and is free from the fuzzy appearance which is on the upper side of barn grass. Keep it well hoed until it is three feet high; after that hoeing is injurious to it. Keep the suckers pulled off: they are excellent to feed to hogs. It makes a good fodder if sowed broadcast.

It yields from 100 to 300 gallons of syrup to the acre. Ten pounds of sugar are made from one gallon of syrup; or from 1,000 to 3,000 pounds of sugar to the acre. The extraordinary amount of 97 gallons was raised by a gentleman from one-fourth of an acre, 12 miles west of Faribault. He stated he might have made it an even 100 by grinding a part of the suckers that had been left growing through the season. This was planted in drills. There are about 25 bushels of seed to the acre, which is equivalent to 30 bushels of oats.

G. W. PAUL,
Dodge City, Steele Co., Minn.

A Yellow Fever.

A Mr. Sneath and several English ladies and gentlemen visited the office of the chief of police, last night, and stated that they had just arrived on the overland train. At Omaha they found a young girl named Anna Weichsler, aged six years, who had been passed to that point by the conductors on the various trains from Memphis, Tennessee. Around the neck of the little waif was a tag, on which with difficulty was deciphered, "G. Steiner." Little Anna had in her possession \$15 and a letter which stated that her parents had died of yellow fever, and requesting all charitable persons to assist her in reaching her destination in San Francisco, and to find a relative named Abele Paulucci. Several police officers were directed by the chief to hunt up this person, but up to a late hour last night their search had proved unsuccessful. The girl is being kindly cared for by Miss Thimbleby, at the Lick House, who is anxious that Anna's relative should be found, as she proposes to leave for her destination, British Columbia, in a few days.—*San Francisco Chronicle, April 9.*

Mamma—"Look, Regy, at the pretty cow that gave us the nice white milk." Little boy—"And does the pretty brown cow give us the nice brown coffee?"

The Russian Clergy.

The *European Messenger* of St. Petersburg, in an article on the Russian clergy, says that the total number of persons in holy orders in the Russian empire is about 100,000. Assuming that each clergyman has a family of three persons, the total number of persons belonging to the clergy, (exclusive of the members of monastic institutions, who are not allowed to marry) is 400,000. There are now in Russia 420 cathedrals, 38,302 churches, and 12,408 chapels; and the *European Messenger* suggests that it would be better to do something for the poorer clergy than to build 423 churches a year, as has been hitherto the case. The translation of the Bible into Russian was only begun in 1856, and was not completed until the beginning of the year 1877. The first edition of 24,000 copies has been exhausted, and a second is now being published. The total number of persons who entered the Orthodox Russian Church in 1877 was 11,299, including 553 Protestants and 1,389 Catholics.

Land Surveys.

UNITED STATES

SURVEYOR GENERAL'S OFFICE,

Salt Lake City, Utah.

April 15th, 1879.

The plat with descriptive lists of township 27 south, range 13 west, by Newell E. Britt, United States Deputy Surveyor, were filed in the District Land Office, to-day.

FRED. SALOMON,
U. S. Surveyor General.

A DISPUTED LAND TITLE.—A telegram to the *New York Herald* from Pittsburg, Pa., April 4, says: A remarkably interesting ejectment case came up here in the Court of Common Pleas to-day. In 1799 Thomas McKean, who was governor of Pennsylvania, located 2,276 acres of land in Alleghany County, about 13 miles from this city, and in 1808 he deeded it to his daughter, Sarah M. T. McKean, who, a short time before, had married Don Carlos Martinez de Yrujo, the Spanish minister to this country. The Marchioness of Yrujo went to Europe in a short time, and died in 1840. She had been represented by an agent ever since 1808, and when she died she left the property to her daughter, who married and had two children. These two children, the present Marquis of Yrujo and his sister have brought suit to eject some farmers who have lived on their land for seventy-five years. These farmers paid a small rent, but now claim the Spaniard's title is not a good one, and refuse to leave; hence the suit. The plaintiffs belong to one of the oldest and best Spanish families, and some of the leading grandees of Spain are mixed up in the case as witnesses, etc. The title of the Marquis and his sister is generally regarded by lawyers as a good one. The property is now worth over \$600,000.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE!

In the matter of the estate of NORTON JACOB, deceased.

ALL persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby required to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the date, to Sarah Jacob or Joseph L. Wall at their residence in Glenwood, Sevier County, Territory of Utah.

SARAH JACOB
JOSEPH L. WALL,
Administrators of the estate of Norton Jacob, deceased
April 14th, 1879. wit

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Notices to Creditors.

In the matter of the estate of SETH M. BLAIR, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of Seth M. Blair, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the deceased to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator, at his residence at Logan City, in the County of Cache, Territory of Utah.

JEDIAH M. BLAIR,
Administrator of the estate of Seth M. Blair, deceased.
Datd April 14th, 1879. wit

50 Snowflake, Motto, &c., no 2 alike, or 25 elegant Chromo Cards, 10c. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N. Y.