## Miscellaneous.

A Story of Russian Discipline.

THE CZAR AND THE MUTINEERS — AN EPISODE OF A FORGOTTON CAMPAIGN.

*L: Figaro*]

One needs not be surprised at anything that happens in Russia. The other evening while smoking a cigar with one of my old friends who has seen, read and travelled a great deal, I was told of an incident which occurred some forty years ago at Novgorod, quite as sinister at that which recently occurred at Smargon.

The colonel of a certain Russian regiment, ferociously tyrannical, and, I may say, merciless towards his soldiers, was in the habit of treating his human flock like a pack of human brutes. He disciplined men with the knout, sentencing them to whippings for having one button unsufficiently polished; whipping a non-commisioned officer for one stain on his cloak; striking veterans of Borodino in the face for saluting too slowly; sending poor wretches to Siberia for giving too free an answer. In short, during the lapse of years, this colonel had made himself so detested by his men that he reaped a frightful vengance from seeds of hatred he had sown.

One morning during parade he suddenly saw file off from the regiment a company of soldiers bearing, instead of muckets, those long rods which cut deeply into the flesh at every blow.

Nevertheless he had given no orders! There was no soldier to chastise.

'Who is it for?' he demanded.

A grenadier advanced from the ranks and replied with terrible coolness:

'For thee!'

The entire regiment, non-commissioned officers and soldiers were in the plot. The whole regiment was present at the terrible spectacle, The colonel was seized, his uniform torn off, he was tied down in a wheel-barrow and wheeled up and down before the ranks of the grenadiers, armed with rods, all of whom struck and insulted him.

The officer's who attempted to aid their colonel were immediately seized and bayonets pointed at their throats. Some were taken away; others garroted. Only one soldier attempted to take part with them. Then a sergeant, still pallid from the effects of his last whipping with the knout, put his musket to the soldier's temple and blew his brains out.

And all the regiment saw its colonel pass under the rods.

When it was all over they opened a kiln oven. The colonel was flung into into it, all bleeding, together with the officers obeyed him. And when the furnace was well fed, the soldiers heated it slowly, slowly—until at last that hideous, heavy and revolting smell of burning flesh arose in the air, which the savages of the Russian frontier inhaled some days ago at a Jewish cemetery at Smargon.

An imperial courier bore to the Czar the news of the mutiny. Nicholas listened, became white, but said nothing except to order four batteries of artillery to Novgorod. Ten days after a white-haired and gray-moustached major-general, accompanied by a single aide-de-camp knocked at the door of the barracks which the soldiers had never left since the murder of their chiefs.

The general gazed coldly upon those pale men, all neatly and faultlessly uniformed, who gave him the military saluto.

Not one reproach—not one useless word. He only said to them:—

'At 6 o'clock to morrow morning the regiment will assemble in undress uniform and without arms, in their long gray coats, their sergeants at there usual posts. All the mutinous soldiers were there, in lines regular as if adjusted to a string, with a double line of lance-bearing Cossacks, before and behind. Then all at once from every far spire, all the great bells began to toll. The Cossack horsemen withdrew. Only the unarmed infantry remained upon the square, with folded arms, waiting. Then there came a long, low roll of drums, and with it from all the avenues leading into the square came volleys of grape like iron hail.

Then nothing was heard awhile but the thunder of the cannon in that city, otherwise silent as a cemetery when men, women and children, kneeling before their holy images, were praying for the soldiers they were shooting down in the square. And during an interval in the cannonade, a hymn rolled up from the square; for the soldiers were dying with the prayer of their childhood upon their lips. The cannon thundered for hours. Then all was silent. Powder and iron rested awhile. The cannoneers entered the square and recoiled at the sight of those ranks of men mown down like wheat. From under the dead they pulled out a few still breathing victims, able to live awhile.

'What shall be done with them, General; shall we put them in the hospital?'

'Put them under the knout!'

— The first Napoleon hand an amazing memory for figures. He remembered the respective produce of all taxes through every year of his administration, and could repeat them even to the centimes. Running over an account of expenditure, he noted the rations of a battalion charged on a certain day at Besancon. 'That battalion was not there,' said he. The Minister, knowing that the Emperor had been out of France at the time, submitted that he thought it must have been there. It turned out that Napoleon was right, and that a fraud had been committed. The peculator was dismissed and the anecdote went through the army inspiring a wholesome alarm.

— Probably the last autograph written by Mr. Longfellow was that penned by him in the album of two boys who called on him on Saturday, March 18. True to his life-long habit, the venerable poet received the lads kindly, showed them through his house, talked with them for some time, and wrote his autograph in their album. An hour later his fatal illness had set in.

## For the Ladies.

Hot Water for Plants.

It has long been know that the roots of plants encased in earth would stand water so hot as to be quite uncomfortable to the hand. M. Willermos, in the *Journal of the Society of Practical Horticulture*, of the Rhone, France, relates that plants in pots may be treated with hot water when out of health, the usual remedy for which has been repotting. He says when ill-health ensues from acid substances contained or generated in the soil, and this is absorbed by the roots, it acts as a poison. The small roots whither and cease their action, consequently the upper and young shoots of the plant turn yellow, and the spots with which the leaves are covered indicate their morbid state. In such cases the usual remedy is to transplant into fresh soil, clean the pots carefully, secure good drainage, and often with the best results. But the experience of several years has proved, with him, the unfailing efficacy of the simpler treatment, which consists in watering abundantly with hot water at a temperatura of about 145° F., having previously stirred the soil of the pots so far as might be done without injury to the root. Water is then given till it runs freely from the pots. In his experiments the water first came out clear; afterwards it was sensibly tinged with brown, and gave an appreciable acid re-action. After this thorough washing the pots were kept warm. Next day the leaves of Ficus Elastica so treated ceased to droop, the spread of black spots on their leaves was arrested, and three days afterwards, instead of dying, the plants had recovered their normal look of health. Very soon they made new roots, immediately followed by vigorous growth.

Dimples.

Learning that there was a place in the city where dimples were made to order, I went out of curiosity. I was shown into a parlor somewhat resembling a dentist's operating room. There was a glass full of bottles, washes and a regular dentist's chair that suggested a world of comfort. To me presently came a dapper little man in a velvet cut-away coat, and whose face wore a complacent smirk. I bashfully suggested the dimple question, and asked for some points. I really wanted a dimple in my arm, and told him so. But I insinuated my disbelief in his ability to produce the necessary article. Whereupon he convinced me by practice. This is how it is done: My arm being bare and the exact spot indicated, he placed a small glass tube, the orifice of which was extremely small, upon the spot. This tube had working within it a piston, and was so small that when the handle was drawn up the air was exhausted from the tube, and it adhered to the flesh, raising a slight protuberance. Around this raised portion the operator daintly tied a bit of scarlet silk, and then took away his suction machine. The little point of skin that was thus raised he sliced off with a wicked-looking knife, bringing the blood. I tried hard not to scream, but it was so unexpected that I had to. Then he bound up the arm, placing over the wound a small silver object like an inverted cone, the point of which was rounded and polished. This little point was adjusted so as to depress the exact centre of the cut. Then he told me to go away and not touch the spot until the next day. When I came at that time he dressed my arm again, and this operation was repeated for five days, when the wound was healed. The silver cone was removed, and there sure enough beneath it was the prettiest dimple in the world! And all I had to pay was ten dollars.

Give the Baby a Drink of Water.

A city physician, says the *Scientific American*, attributes a large part of the excessive mortality of children in hot weather to the failure of nurses and mothers to give them water; indeed, more children are said to die (directly and indirectly) from deprivation of water than from any other cause. Infan's he says, are always too much wrapped up, and in any case would perspire very freely. The water lost by perspiration must be supplied. As Dr. Murdoch stated in his paper on the cholera infantum: 'The child is thirsty, not hungry; but not getting the water, which it does want, it drinks the milk, which it does not want.' The consequence is that the stomach is over-loaded with food which it cannot digest, and which soon ferments and becomes a source of severe irritation. Then follow vomiting, purging and cholera infantum. To prevent this, the principal scourge of infancy, the doctor says: 'Have water—without ice—accessable to the child, who will then refuse sour milk and will eat only when hungry. Water is the great indispensable article for the preventative treatment of children in hot weather. It is important enough to nursing children, but is life itself to those reared on the bottle.'

— The secret of beauty is health. Those who desire to be beautiful should do all they can to restore their health if you have lost it, or to keep it if they have it yet. No one can lay down specific rules for other people in these matters. The work which you may do, the rest he must take, his baths, his diet, his exercise, are matters for individual consideration, but they must be carefully thought of and never neglected. As a rule, when a person feels well he looks well; and when he looks ill he feels ill, as a general thing. There are times when one could guess, with out looking in the glass, that one's eyes are dull and one's skin is mottled. This is not a case for something in a pretty bottle from the perfumer's, or for the lotion that the circulars praise so highly. To have a fresh complexion and bright eyes, even to have white hands and a graceful figure, you must be well. Health and the happiness that usually comes with it are the true secrets of beauty.


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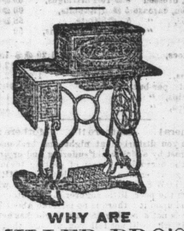

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[From the Boston Globe.]

*Messrs. Editors:—*

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On account of its proven merits, it is recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country. One says: "It works like a charm and saves much pain. It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life."

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J. H. NEILY, O. M. TAYLOR, } Executors.

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S. M. BENT, Administrator.

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## Agricultural.

Drying Fruit.

The drying of fruit by rapid artificial evaporation has become an important branch of industry, by which not only is the market better supplied, but the quality of the fruit greatly improved. The old process of drying in the sun was very uncleanly, the fruit being exposed to dust and to the depredation of flies and other insects for days, and even for weeks the result often being unsatisfactory in regard to the condition of the fruit.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman*, writing from Milford, Del., in regard to the method generally pursued in that region, by which the fruit is dried in a current of heated air, says: "The popular style of machines, in this section, which is the centre of the fruit evaporating business, is one that has a hot air furnace in the cellar or basement, with a wood or metal trunk resting upon the floor directly over a furnace, which trunk is supplied with any convenient hoisting-apparatus so arranged that the trays of fruit can be suspended in said trunk at distances of about six inches, one above the other; and the construction such that each successive tray of green fruit can be suspended beneath the one that preceded it into the machine. Peaches are pared and cut in halves; or if small, or help is scarce, they are halved without paring, and are placed by some with the convex, and by other managers with the concave side to the wire-cloth which forms the bottom of the tray. Apples are pared and sliced in rings with the ordinary apple-parer. They are sometimes dried in 'nests' or just as they come from these parers with the core and skin removed: but more generally a knife is pressed through one side of the 'nest' and the result is a number of rings of sliced apple. In any case, care is taken to place the fruit evenly upon the tray, 'cutting the pieces touch each other at the sides, but never letting them lie on the top of each other.

'Bleaching is an important feature in the making of the highest-priced fruit, and is done by some in the machine, burning the smallest possible quantity of sulphur in the air-passages of the furnace; others bleach in a small closet made for the purpose, into which they place the green fruit when it is ready for the evaporator, and they leave it in the sulphur fumes about fifteen minutes. For larger fruits a wire-cloth having meshes two to the inch, is generally used in making the trays, but for huckleberries they use a cloth having five meshes to the inch. This cloth is galvanized, and if to be in small meshes it is important that the galvanizing be done before the wire is woven, but if the large mesh it is better galvanized after it is woven. Small meshes are apt to fill up with the galvanizing large ones will not.

At the Western N. Y. Society, at Rochester, the subject was recently discussed. Mr. A. M. Purdy said he had two evaporators which turn out 250 bushels of apples a day. A single machine will dry 75 to 100 bushels by daylight. He usually obtains 6 pounds of dried fruit from a bushel of apples. The cores and skins are used for the manufacture of vinegar.

Mr. Root, of Skaneateles, related several instances where evaporated fruit was better than fresh fruit for winter culinary uses, and he spoke of the great importance of using none but of the best quality for the process, as no one could change poor fruit to good by drying it.

J. S. Woodward said great harm had been done to this business by the worthless stuff which has been employed for evaporating, and which was then thrown on the market—some of which was hardly fit for pigs. One man boated that he had sold 600 bus. of fruit for drying which was good for nothing else, and in this way the reputation of evaporated fruit was quickly ruined. 'The fruit must be of the first quality.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Plums By Aid of Poultry and Pigs.

There is no choice hardy fruit that blossoms and sets fruit more abundantly than the plum. There is nothing so luciously delightful to the palate as a rich, ripe gage. It is the first fruits that the average owner of a lot thinks of planting. The curculio is the difficulty. Some are too busy, and some to forgetful, and some too indolent to jar off, catch and burn the sneaking destroyers, and in many cases the shape or surroundings of the tree make this impracticable. Where there is choice of situation, a small enclosure adjacent to the stable-yards is the place for a distant little plum orchard, to be kept bare of weeds and grass and well manured, all automatically by giving the chickens and small pigs the run of it. They will pick up every insect that appears on the bare surface, and even, if there are plum trees near from which the curculios (which fly freely after dusk, quiet and collapsed as they appear in the daytime) can come into yours, they will not stay to do harm, if there is an odor of the pigpen or chicken-house about the trees. They seem very sensitive to odors and heavy crops have been grown in the midst of trees on which every plum dropped permaturely by merely putting a forkful of wet, fresh manure in a crotch of the tree, or by hanging an old bucket under it containing smoking rubbish during the curculio term, May 1st to 10th or 15th in latitude of New York. Where there is room for but a tree or two, a backyard or the side of a much-used path is the best place, and, if practicable, the ground should be bare under it, or, at least, have nothing higher than grass or strawberry vines, so that the curculos may be caught. The rich plums, having thin skins, are most liable to be assailed by them and by rot too. The damsons and prunes are more exempt, and the Chickasaw sorts, excellent for marmalade, are most totally so.—*Tribune.*

## Joker's Corner.

A HUSBAND'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.—A gentleman sauntered into a large dry-goods store in the city of L—— a few days before Christmas, and remarked casually to the attentive clerk: 'I want something for a Christmas present for my wife. What have you got?'

The clerk suggested various things, but the customer seemed not quite satisfied.

At last he asked, 'Have you cotton cloth?'

'Certainly, sir.'

'I need some new shirts. How much cloth does it take for a shirt?'

'About four yards.'

'Well, let's see. I want eight new shirts. Eight times four are thirty-two. I'll take thirty-two yards.

The gratitude of the wife at receiving as a Christmas present the cloth for eight new shirts for her husband can be better imagined than described. —*Harper's Magazine.*

She Had a Lisp.

A poor woman, who lisped, carried her child to church for baptism. Being asked its name by the bishop, she replied:

'Luthy, thir.'

'What?' says the bishop.

'Luthy, thir.'

'Lucifer! Lucifer! That won't do,' says the bishop, and he baptised the child George Washington.

The poor woman, confounded, could not speak until near the door, when she told the Bishop the child was a girl.

Put Yourself in His Place.

The Hon. W. J. Hendricks, of Frankfort, Ky., tell the following; he was sitting in his office at Fremingsburg one day when his colored office boy came shuffling in with his hat on singing, 'Dar's one mo' ribber to cross.' He was impressed by the boy's want of politeness, and said to him, 'Look here, sir, that's no way to enter my office. You need a lesson in behavior. Now you take a seat in my chair, and act just as if you were proprietor—just as I do, and I will go out and come in just as you should do,' whereupon he laid down his cigar and went out the door. In a moment he returned, and there sat Jim with his feet pitched up on the table, a copy of the Revised Statutes open in his lap, and the half-smoked cigar in his mouth, and his hat cocked down over one eye. The aesthetic teacher entered quietly, with his hat in his hand, but had not fairly gotten in his room before Jim looked up and said, 'Jack, you rascal, pick up dat spittoon, clean it quick, and den come in heah, sah, and black my boots; do you heah?' Jim was kicked out, but was very shortly afterwards reinstated.

— An Ansonia physician was called to attend a woman who was thought to be dying. Passing through the sitting room he saw a diminutive looking fellow weeping as though his heart would brake. Thinking to comfort him, the good doctor soothingly said: 'Don't cry, bubby; we'll try to make your mother well again.' Imagine the doctor's surprise, when the little fellow, wiping his eyes and straightening up to his fullest stature, about four feet six, indignantly exclaimed, 'Who in thunder are you calling 'bubby?' I'm her husband, sir.'

— 'I'm so glad to meet you here, Captain Spinks', and so glad you're going to take me to dinner!' (Captain S. is delighted.) 'You're about the only man in the room that my husband is not likely to be jealous of!' (Captain Spinks' delight is no longer unmixed.)

Echo! — Gentleman (to newspaper boy): What is that bilious-looking paper, my lad? Boy: Sickened edition sir.—*Judy.*

— Darwin says a woman loses one tenth of her time looking for her thimble. He recommends that a shelf for it be attached to the frame of the mirror.

— A license is necessary both in marriage and selling liquors. This is because they are at first intoxicating, and afterwards likely to result in a fight.

Doctor.—'Well, Pat, have you taken the box of pills I sent you?' Pat—'Yes, sir, I have; but I don't feel any better yet; maybe the lid hasn't come off yet!'

— How old are you?' said an ancient dame to a grinning little tar-pot. 'Well, if I goes by what mudder says, I is most ten, but if I goes by the fun I'se had, I'se most 100.'

— Did you ever notice how soon a girl, when she meets a baby carriage with a baby in it, will take hold of the handle and push it a few steps? She's practising.

— A little dot of a girl coaxed two nickels from her father, saying she would spend one for candy and the other she would give to the missionaries. Before executing her expressed intentions she lost one while at play, and running to her mamma, said: 'O mamma, I have lost my missionary nickel.'

— A well-known preacher relates that once when riding on the circuit, he breakfasted at a house where johnny cakes were served. Observing a feather protruding from his cake, he remarked: 'Sister, your johnny cake seems to be feathering out.' 'Well, yes, kinder so; I told John no longer ago than yesterday that he must get a cover for the meal barrel or else move the hen-roost.

— 'Yes, sir,' says the oldest resident, 'the first trip I made from Lowell to Boston was over the old canal, and I worked my passage on the canal-boat.' 'Worked your passage? How?' inquired his audience. 'I fed the horse,' solemnly remarked the ancient mariner.