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E. A. WEBSTER, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE GULF STORM.

Devastation in Texas by Wind and Water—Galveston at the Mercy of the Sea—The Fatal Flood—One Hundred and Fifty Buildings Carried from Their Foundations, Buried Forty Human Beings in the General Ruin.

From passengers who arrived from Galveston to-night the most harrowing accounts of the effects of the cyclone were gathered, as it is estimated that some forty lives were lost and near 200 houses were swept away by the flood, which covered the city for fully two days, besides others made untenable by the losing of their foundations by the water. The scene between the hours of 12, midnight, on Thursday, and 4 o'clock on Friday morning, witnessed

THE MOST FEARFUL SCENES in the island city, the events occurring then being of the most thrilling and heart-rending character, houses being undermined and sent with their inmates whirling through the streets, some lodging and others being turned over in their progress to bury alive the inmates in the debris or drown them as they attempted to escape. Not until 7 o'clock Friday morning, did the wind change to the south and drive the water from the city, the fall being almost as rapid as had been the rise, and at 8 o'clock scarcely any water was left in the streets, boats in the meantime being used, and busily plying between the suburbs and the heart of the city

REMOVING WOMEN AND CHILDREN to places of safety, the greatest alarm existing, as the waves during the night swept with immense force from the gulf to the bay. Scarcely had quiet been restored, with the disappearance of the water, when the wind shifted, and increasing in force gradually were around to the southwest, again sending the water through the city from the west end, and by 3 o'clock in the afternoon the strand and bay front, which but a few hours before were nearly dry, became covered with water to the second floor, covering the wharves, the wind blowing at forty miles an hour, and sending the water up with immense force, and

AGAIN FLOODING EVERYTHING. The storm continued until nightfall, when the wind went down, and the water fell as suddenly as it rose, leaving innumerable wrecks of churches, houses, barns, and leaving many ships and sloops high and dry in the streets of the city, or upon the beach, and damaging the stock of goods in some of the stores to a large extent, but to what exact amount could not be ascertained up to Saturday morning, when the steamship Mary left the harbor. At that time the stores were closed, the merchants and citizens generally assembling to devise ways for the immediate

RELIEF OF THE DESTITUTE in the way of food, shelter, etc., hundreds of them being without homes or anything to eat. The Howard association was also being organized, but even with its full force they would hardly be able to meet the wants of the distressed, who numbered at least five hundred. Every house in the city, east of South street, from A street to the Gulf, was wrecked or damaged to such an extent that they were untenable.

THE RAILROAD BRIDGES, it seems were badly damaged, some stating that it would require a week in repairing them, while others were equally as confident that it would require two weeks to repair the new Santa Fe bridge, and a much longer time to replace the Houston bridge. The city bridges were entirely swept away, some of them being carried several miles from their original location. Not a tree, not a shrub, is left standing upon the island, the scene presenting, as the Mary left the harbor.

A BARREN WASTE, not unlike a desert, excepting that the standing houses gave a token of life. The steamship Mary started from her wharf at Galveston on Wednesday morning while the wind was blowing a gale, and evidently it was the intention of the Galveston agent to send her to Brahear, but knowing it perilous to put to sea during such a storm, Capt. Benson concluded to go no further than the bay, and after getting a safe distance from the wharf, let go both anchors, his judgment forbidding him from proceeding further, notwithstanding the assurance of his reporter, learned, "imperative order" to go to sea. Had he done so, the boat with all on board would doubtless have been lost, as she could not have withstood

THE TERRIBLE GULF SEAS that prevailed all that night. About one o'clock on Friday morning, when the gale raged the fiercest and the seas dashing over the boat, and when nothing could be seen a boat's length distant, the English bark Mary McDowell, a three masted vessel and the largest in the harbor, was driven against the steamship Mary, even while the former had her anchor out.

The following dispatch was sent by a special reporter, who pushed through to the city on a schooner. It is the first reliable news from Galveston since the storm began: "I reached here about five o'clock this evening (18th), coming over in a schooner from Virginia Point. The city shows but little signs of the storm. In the business part of the town the wharves are safe and sound, and the streets show but little sign of the forty-eight hours' inundation.

THE LOSS OF LIFE. A great many houses were unroofed, and a great number of shade trees were blown down. The water has subsided at this time, except what may be standing in the low places. The destruction of life in the city was small. It cannot be truly estimated yet, but not more than a dozen lives have been lost. A woman

was crushed by the falling of her house. Dr. Peet, the city physician, was lost at the quarantine station, together with his grandson, Willie Blunt. He moved his family into the city and then went back to the station, which was destroyed. Sixty men at work on the breakwater were cut off from the city.

A NINE MILE DRIFT. All were saved but four. One of these, Patrick Landagan, drifted to Virginia Point on a plank (nine miles) and struck the Santa Fe bridge and hung to it.

Three vessels in port dragged their anchors. One of them is known to be safe. The safe vessel is the Memory, an English brigantine. The steamer Diana weathered the storm nobly.

One of the dredge boats from Redfish is on the prairie near Virginia Point.

Two schooners drove through the Galveston railroad bridge and their crews were lost.

Seven houses were destroyed at Virginia Point.

The storm was the fiercest ever known here by any citizen.

A number of wrecks are reported on the island coast, but nothing definite is known concerning them.

Matrimonial Economy.

Dr. Lorenz Von Stein, one of the most eminent of the Austrian political economists, has recently made some admirable suggestions in a lecture to the German students in that city upon "woman in the sphere of national economy" which are worthy of re-production in discussing this important question, although his statistical theories are somewhat at variance with American practice and American management of the household finances. Von Stein divides the entire family income into two distinct parts. The first, which depends entirely upon business and capital, belongs to the husband. The second part, which pertains to household economy, he subdivides into six parts. Four of these, including that part of the income to be devoted to the dwelling, the standing wants, such as dress, light, fire and servants, the expense of sickness, death, insurance and recreation, and a certain sum set apart as the family savings-box for the subsequent benefit of the children, are to be under the immediate jurisdiction of husband and wife together. The wife alone has the sole charge of the other two parts, which include the daily and weekly expenses of housekeeping. He thereupon demands that the wife, who thus has charge of one-third of the life-economy and an equal jurisdiction in the other two-thirds, shall make the closest possible estimates of all items of expense and of the prices and quantities of commodities. Upon this point and its importance he says: "It is more important that girls should know how much a family with an income of 1,200 or 2,400 florins should spend on flour and meat, turnips and sugar, than how much nitrogen and oxygen enter into their composition—most important for them to know how much it costs to feed a lamp during a winter, and how much clothing and washing the household needs, or how much fuel is required to cook for five persons. With this supervision over the expenses under her charge, the wife is to have the care of the house and see that all things are in order and nothing is wasted or lost."

There is a vast deal of wisdom and sound philosophy in Dr. Von Stein's suggestions, and they are not altogether without a sentimental bearing. They have a very evident bearing upon conjugal happiness, since good and economical housekeeping can make a happy home and bad housekeeping cannot. It would probably astound any person, even the most observant, to know how much business the divorce courts have done which has grown out of dirty rooms, ill-cooked meals, unwise provision of commodities, bad buying, waste of money, etc. Carelessness and improvidence have been the first steps in the ruin of many a family, while prudence, economy and thrift are very sure to cement more closely the bonds of mutual love in the family. As Von Stein says: "The frugal wife in her neat dress at breakfast, who sends her husband to his business with good spirits, has more hold on him, year in and year out, than the spendthrift pleasure-seeker who tries to charm him in the evening by her silks and jewels."

A Point for Postal-Card Senders.

The postal laws prohibit any writing upon a newspaper or wrapper sent by mail, unless prepaid with letter postage, and restricts the writing on postal cards to the back of the same. A single word is considered to be a violation of these regulations, and papers which over-anxious people label "one paper" on the wrapper, to indicate the exact contents thereof, are pretty sure to never reach their destination. The other day a Chicago firm received a postal card, for which six cents additional postage was charged, because on the lower left hand corner of the face was written "Sept. 13, 1875." The postmaster general was appealed to, and sent the following:

"Gentlemen: In answer to your inquiry, I have to state that by a ruling of this department anything whatever, except an address, written or printed upon the side of the postal card intended for the address, renders such card unmailable, and the same can not be legally forwarded, unless prepaid at the letter rate—three cents. But if, by inadvertence, it reaches its destination without such prepayment, it is chargeable, with double the letter rate, under the provisions of section 152, postal laws, edition of 1873. In accordance with the said ruling, the card submitted was rendered subject to letter postage by the writing the date on the side designed for the address, and having been forwarded without the prepayment of such postage, it became liable to double the letter rate—six cents."

Funeral Rites of an African of Rank.

A correspondent of the London Times gives the following vivid description of the scenes which attend the death of a "cabocier," or man of rank, in Ashantee: Well, immediately after demise, the body of a cabocier is washed, anointed with sweet oils and grease, and sprinkled with gold-dust. The oils and grease cause the gold-dust to stick to the corpse, which being black, throws off the bright color of the gold to perfection. The beard is trimmed into knots, and upon each knot are tied small beads of glass and thin particles of gold. The Ashantees, you perceive, are as dainty in the decoration of the beads of their dead as the Assyrian dandies were of their own when living. In cloth of costly silk-embroidered damask, or in velvet or in other rich garments, the body is dressed and ornamented with armbands and necklaces of gold and silver. Very ten pure lumps of unwrought nuggets of gold, bored through and through, are strung upon a piece of hempen string and twisted round the forearms in the form of bracelets. Thus gayly bedizened and performed and cleansed the body is placed upon a chair in sitting attitude, or is shown recumbent upon a bed, trimmed with gaudy drapery. When this combined rite of purification and garniture has been completed the relations assemble and begin to dance and sing. While the relations and friends are making merry a fetishman, or priest, is led slowly into the festive throng, and the female slaves of the dead cabocier are brought before him. After the utterance of various incantations he pretends that the fetish has denoted, by means of his mediation, a certain slave for election to follow her master to the next world; but I need not be a much trouble to suggest to you that the members of the family always decide beforehand among themselves which unfortunate wretch shall accompany the deceased chief. Being chosen, and by the choice condemned to die, the slave is stripped naked. Around her neck a wisp of hay is wound and her arms are rudely pinioned with a rope of straw. She is now roughly dragged a second time to the presence of the fetishman, who recommends her, in a speech of blasphemous rhodomontades and rhetorical parade, to serve her master dutifully through the mazes of the unknown sphere to which he has been summoned on a journey. During the delivery of the portentous exhortation he is busily employed in daubing a white-colored earth over the face of the weeping slave; and when the adulatory harangue has been exhausted he strikes her severely with his open palm upon either cheek. In benighted zeal the company snatch up the sacerdotal cue. They strive to rival one another in repeating the assault with the harshest violence, and in dealing the keenest pain on her nude and trembling person.

The executioners, moreover, are blessed and the congregated band of cabociers manifest their profound respect by raising the foot of each executioner with both hands and by rubbing the sole upon the crown of their heads. The natives of the Gala coast have a loose conception of a state of purgatory or probation, and entertain the idea that the soul of the dead wanders unrestingly for many years about the world, and requires a servant, for the performance of menial duties in his long and ceaseless wanderings. Hence comes the custom of killing a slave at the death of a cabocier, for a cabocier may not draw water, nor hew wood, nor cook food.

Having been removed by dint of cuffs or manual force from the sight of the fetishman, the slave is hurried to a wooden box, into which the carcass of the cabocier will eventually be squeezed. Along the lid of the box the slave is stretched upon her stomach, and her feet and head are grasped by two executioners, so that her struggles may be subject to control. A friend of the dead cabocier approaches the prostrate creature and slashes her with a sword just below the right shoulder-blade. Catching the blood that flows from the wound, he smears the box. When a sufficiency of blood has been drawn for this purpose she is lifted from the lid, and is reviled, struck and covered with spittle by the bystanders. All the while she utters the loudest and most grievous lamentations; and the louder and more grievous they are, the more acceptable do the torturers deem the sacrificial gratuity to the dead cabocier. She is then driven to the spot where she is to be slain. When the head has been cut off the heart is plucked out through an opening in the back. An executioner receives the head with yells and frantic signs of joy, and runs with it through the town. Savagely and furiously he tosses it to the ground and kicks it like a ball before him, snatches it up in his flight, spits into it, flings it into the air, catches it in its descent, or permitting it to drop heavily, kicks it again and again. The body is never buried but is spurred aside to be eaten by wild beasts or vultures.

How to Grow Mushrooms.

Mushrooms may be cultivated simply by taking manure from the stable in small heaps, as little broken as possible, and laying them about three inches thick on a hot-bed made of alternate layers of tanner's bark and horse-dung, the uppermost layer consisting of tanner's bark about two inches thick. Cover the bed then with a little manure and about three inches of good soil, and over all a thick coat of straw. The manure containing the germs may be known by the appearance of white threads running through the little heaps, and these lumps on breaking will give forth a mushroom smell. The shed behind a hot-house or stable or a cow-house is a good place for a mushroom bed, as no light is required, but only warmth and moisture. Calcareous earth of any kind will greatly help the

production of mushrooms. In Paris there are extensive underground mushroom gardens, several of the proprietors having many miles of mushroom beds, cultivated entirely by lamp light. In all moist climates they ought to be produced in great abundance and variety. Being rich in nitrogen and phosphorus, and constituting, as old Erasmus Darwin said, "an isthmus between the two great continents of nature, the vegetable and animal kingdoms," they supply a wholesome, delicious, and nutritive food, and would amply repay the trouble of cultivating.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Women at Fairs.

The agricultural fair is abroad again, and the annual reports and premium lists will soon fill the papers. There is nothing much drier intrinsically than a premium list to a non-exhibitor, but nevertheless it has its value in the social history of the time. We have been struck in particular by the character of the articles in which women are encouraged to compete, and we think those articles are peculiarly significant of the soil exacted from the sex and the culture commended to them. Although these fairs are called agricultural, we are glad to see that they are also largely domestic and becoming more and more so. In no case do we value the competition and rivalry aroused so much as the direction and attention of the mind toward improvement.

There are always premiums on butter and cheese and usually on bread, and perhaps on pickles and preserves and a few other staples of housewifely production. This is very proper, and our only suggestion is that the competition is not carried far enough and with proper discrimination. We noticed, the other day, a premium granted for "the best one hundred dipped candles," when in this age of cheap kerosene and dear tallow, "dipped candles" must be a toilsome and expensive luxury. We can not but entertain a feeling of indignation also at the encouragement of elaborate bed-quilts and other products of the needle in which the amount of labor involved seems quite disproportionate to the use and beauty extracted. The American farm-wife is generally a hard-worked person, and we believe that there are more restful diversions than in slaving herself to trifles of this sort. We do not mean to frown on the adornment of the house and the person, but taste teaches simplicity. The competition should be turned into other channels also. The clothing of the family, and particularly of the children, how much may be learned and saved from a judicious comparison in this direction? In short every branch of woman's effort in the exhibition community should be represented, but with a view to the encouragement of the useful, the tasteful, the labor-saving, the healthful, rather than the merely curious, the prodigiously toilsome, or the seemly impossible.

A suggestive field of exhibition is that of "female accomplishments," in which are usually awarded "one dollar," or "two dollars" for a few indifferent paintings in oil or crayons. This is a relic of the New England female culture, which flourished most violently about twenty years ago, and which unfortunately is not yet extinct. We should like to acknowledge our gratitude also the chromos for this, among other things, that they have aided in the extinction of the passion for "painting, five dollars extra," which used to be a conspicuous feature of girls' education. The chromos are better pictures than the girls can paint, and can had for less than the cost of material, and don't waste any time. Of course there are some excuses for it; it was woman's crude effort to adorn the bare old farm houses, and she toiled religiously at it, heaven bless her, unconscious that she was daubing. It was no worse than multiplying wicked tucks ad infinitum on the sewing machine, and the great sin is that while they are painting and tucking they are growing up empty-headed, and without the knowledge which would sustain life when it pressed hard.

There are other accomplishments not so exhibitable but better worth while. A familiarity with English literature will adorn the house more even than chromos and tidies, though these have their places. We have been struck by the good sense of a Vermont grange which has offered and just awarded premiums for the best flower gardens,—a wise encouragement to a healthy outdoor art. The first prize was awarded to a lady who had raised ninety varieties of geraniums and some very choice flowers, this in one of the remote hill towns. From horticulture the step is easy to botany, and so to a whole class of accomplishments which are really enlarging to the soul, recreative and tonic to the whole being. Of course it almost goes without saying that fairs, as concerns women, should be in the hands of women.—*Springfield Republican.*

A COTTON PRESS of extraordinary power has just been put up in Charleston, S. C. It is so easily controlled that at one stroke a pressure of 1200 tons can be brought to bear upon a 600 pound bale of cotton, compressing to a width of seven and a half inches, and at the next stroke a hickory nut, held between the pattens can be craked without hurting the fingers of the holder.

PROFESSOR TICE maintains his reputation as the great American weather-plotter. He predicted for September, terrific waves and violent tempests on the sea. Facts sustain the Professor.

Liszt's Playing

One lady of rank, at whose house Liszt was spending the evening committed the extreme indiscretion of asking him to play, a violation of all rules of etiquette among great musical artists. He had been enchanting her guests with his divine music in the earlier part of the evening; and had just come in from supper, when she preferred her request. "Madame, j'ai mangé tres peu," was his answer ("Madame, I have eaten very little"), and, with this implication of having played out the worth of his supper he left the house. His contradictory elements only prove him to be what he is at the piano—half-demon, half-angel. If his mood happens to be a gloomy one, his fingers fly about as if he had a demoniac imp at the end of each one. His playing becomes almost infernal in its wild passionate power, and he looks furtively at his audience with a malicious expression of delight and triumph, watching the effect he produces. This is his demon side. At other times he will play with the deepest pathos, touching the keys so carefully, so tenderly, so weepingly, that I've seen men listen with tears running down their cheeks. And yet, when he rises from the piano, not a sound is heard. He is too great to be applauded. He does not need it. He merely walks quietly away from the instrument, waiting until some one recovers breath or self-possession enough to speak, and then perhaps the first break in the silence will be a long deep-drawn sigh, and "How grand!" spoken in an undertone of awe. Liszt knows his own power well—none better—and makes no concealment of his opinion. I have heard that upon one occasion a lady asked him whom he thought the greatest living pianist—this was many years ago—and he answered promptly, "Thalberg." "But," she said, astonished, "do you consider him superior to yourself?" And his answer was most commendable in its engaging frankness: "Madame, I had no idea you made any reference to me. I stand too high to be compared to ordinary pianists."

Books.

The following passage from Gregory Nariansen is the most extraordinary specimen of rhetorical power we are acquainted withal.

Tom Moore in his flowery essay on the Greek Fairs, which appeared in the Edinburgh Review, called it a most inspired piece of declamation, infinitely superior to anything of the same kind in the whole range of English literature. Its effect is not spoiled in translation. It is worthy of popularization. Joe Brennan, the leading writer of the old New Orleans Delta—a young Irish exile, 28 years of age, a genius, a poet, an orator, a brilliant prose writer, endowed with the greatest conversational powers, and a brave and gallant gentleman, rendered this piece into English. Poor Brennan died in 1857 in New Orleans, the city of his adoption, where he became famous. He never stole any man's money, nor any man's thoughts. Had he lived a few years longer he would have become renowned all over our country. He rests in peace, out of the turmoil and villainies of our modern society, in New Orleans, in an obscure corner of the old Catholic St. Louis cemetery. We often visit the grave of the inspired poet, and always leave it with the consolation that few of the living amongst us can, when their last hour comes, sleep so soundly as our dear Joe Brennan.

The following is his translation: A book is not a mere collection of manuscripts, bound in vellum, and ornamented by cunning hands, which amuses for a moment and passes away. It is a power amongst men, which rules them, either like a tyrant or a merciful king, surrendering its sceptre after no temporary reign, but renewing its prerogatives from year to year forever.

When Horace lovingly warned his little book against its inevitable fate, and predicted for it the thumblings of greasy citizens or foolish school-boys, he little thought that he was addressing a pilgrim of eternity, charged with a divine mission of wisdom and pleasure, which should cease only when all the sons of man become as generous as Mæcenas and as gifted as Ptolemy.

When Homer chanted his great lyric at the feasts of the hospitable Greeks, the poet (o poetas) was unconscious that his strains would assume form and symmetry, and, collected in one mighty book by a generous sovereign, become an heirloom of ages, until each of its burning thoughts shot through the veins of humanity like arrows of empyrean fire.

Who knows but that these winged words (*epæa pteroyta*) I inscribed upon this parchment to-day may reappear amongst readers and students after many centuries, and claim kindred and companionship with later and more gifted teachers of the gospel. Who knows but that a fortunate sentence, springing suddenly from my pen, may contain a seed of immortality, which should burgeon and blossom into a boundless forest of thought, under which innumerable generations might recline in dreamful repose. I scatter this seed broadcast; if barren, let it rot; if fruitful, let it grow.

The factory women of England have inaugurated a movement in favor of the appointment of female overseers in factories, and against legislative restrictions upon the labor of women. They believe they can, by their own efforts, obtain better hours, as men have done, without the interference of parliament.

THERE are 1,700,000 Baptists in the United States, and only 250,000 in England. Virginia alone has as many as Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Massachusetts put together. The denomination is very popular with negroes.

A CALIFORNIAN'S MUNIFICENCE.

One of the California princes was casually strolling with his wife through Tiffany's jewelry establishment. The wife called her husband's attention to a fine opal that was not yet set. It was taken out of the case, and the value—\$7,000—was named as the price. It was purchased in London, and had belonged to Eugenie's collection. The lady said it would make a handsome brooch set with diamonds. His attention was attracted by something else, and she passed on. Her husband then conferred with the clerk as to the beauty of a necklace and earrings in addition to the brooch. The clerk was authorized to draw a design for an entire set of opals and diamonds. The design when submitted was accepted, and the wife received a surprise present from her husband of the finest set of opals and diamonds in the country. The cost was a mere trifle—\$27,000. It was a slight addition to the collection she already possessed of a large set of diamonds which were too valuable for her to bring with her to Saratoga. She, however, felt no risk in wearing emeralds and diamonds that excited the envy of those whose chief delight consists in the display of gems that cannot be rivalled. Her coral set cost a thousand dollars, and there were other sets as valuable. She is handsome, and her laces and emeralds were the astonishment of congress hall ball-room.—*Hartford Times.*

CHEATING AN INNOCENT OLD MAN.

One day last month, when trade was dull, a Vicksburg grocery clerk procured a piece of sole-leather from a shoemaker, painted it black, and laid it aside for future use. Within a few days an old chap from back in the country came in and inquired for a plug of chewing tobacco. The piece of sole-leather was tied up, paid for, and the purchaser started for home. At the end of the sixth day he returned, looking downcast and dejected, and walking into the store he inquired of the clerk:

"Member that terbacker I got here the other day?"

"Yes."

"Well, was that a new brand?"

"No—same old brand."

"Regular plug terbacker, was it?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, it's me; it's right here in my jaws," sadly replied the old man. "I knowed I was gettin' purty old, but I was allus handy on-bitin' plug. I never seed a plug afore this one that I couldn't tear to pieces at one chew. I set my teeth on to this one, and bit and pulled and twisted like a dog at a root, and I've kept biting and pulling for six days; and there she am now, the same as the day you sold her to me!"

"Seems to be good plug," remarked the clerk, as he smelled of the counter-feit.

"She's all right; it's me that's failing!" exclaimed the old man. "Pass me out some fine-cut, and I'll go home and feed the farm to the boys, and get ready for the grave."—*Vicksburg Herald.*

HOW NITRO-GLYCERINE IS MADE.

Nitro-glycerine is made by the action of nitric acid upon glycerine at a low temperature. The process consists essentially in the slow mixture of glycerine with the acid, everything being packed in ice throughout the operation, and then in washing the nitro-glycerine from the excess of acid with water. During the process irritating fumes are given off in large quantities. (The workmen resemble skeletons, they are so unhealthy.) When it is last washed and ready for use, nitro-glycerine is an oily liquid, having a specific gravity of 1.6. Freshly made it is creamy white and opaque. After prolonged contact with the atmosphere, it clears and becomes a transparent amber color. It has a sweet aromatic taste, and produces a violent headache if placed upon the tongue, or even allowed to touch the skin, though the workmen and miners who are constantly using it soon get rid of this. At 39 to 40 degs. Fahrenheit it freezes to a white crystalline mass. When frozen it can not be fired, and it is only safe during transportation when frozen.

FLOATING.—Men are drowned by raising their arms above water, the unbuoyed weight of which depresses the head. Other animals have neither motion or ability to act in a similar manner, and therefore swim naturally. When a man falls into deep water, he will rise to the surface, and will continue there if he does not elevate his hands. If he moves his hands under water, in any way he pleases, his head will rise so high as to give him free liberty to breathe; and if he will use his legs, as in the act of walking (or rather walking up stairs), his shoulders will rise above the water, so that he may use the less exertion with his hands, or apply them to other purposes. These plain directions are recommended to the recollection of those who have not learned to swim in their youth, as they may be found highly advantageous in many cases.

SARATOGA EXTRAVAGANCE.—How much is there spent on dress in a season at Saratoga? It would be a curious puzzle to solve. At a rough guess at least 200,000 people visit this village every year. Two-thirds of these are women, or say, at a round figure, 60,000. The average number of dresses—and for convenience sake, we'll leave out such trifles as bonnets, gloves, pencils, etc.—bought by each of these 60,000 fair ones may be safely set down at ten, and of those one-half are certainly new. Two hundred dollars for an average Saratoga dress is a pretty low computation; but let it pass—let us be generous, and not swell their husbands' bills to more than they already are. That would give us \$1,000 spent by each fair visitor; and, as a total, the round sum of \$60,000,000. How many schools and hospitals could be founded with this amount?—*Cor. St. Louis Republican.*