FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD

Hints to Dairymen.

A Philadelphia authority on dairy matters, who has recently returned from a visit to England, has issued a circular in which we find the following noteworthy remarks: It is well known to almost every producer that England is our great cheese customer, and therefore, one could not do better than study her requirements carefully. The first important thing I learned while there was, that the English nation gave particular attention to the study of foods, and that the people knew the best and wanted the best of everything, for which they were both willing and able to pay the value. No more erroneous opinion could be entertained than the one too generally prevalent in America, that any kind of food would suit the English markets. I found the country prosperous, the working people receiving good pay for their labor, and where not inflicted with the curse of trade unions and strikes, in a prosperous condition. This prosperity has resulted in a call by the masses for prime cheese, mainly of American manufacture, though containing much poor stock of home production. The fine goods had met with a good sale at good prices, and would have brought larger figures but for the large supply of inferior goods, while the latter was a drug upon the market. I saw thousands of cheese that had been bought in America at the comparatively low price of eight and ten cents last summer that were still unsold, and offering in some instances at half the original cost, low as it was, while to the loss must be added the shrinkage and interest upon their cost. All the importers of American cheese whom I saw complained of an unprofitable year, superinduced by high prices and poor goods. They expect cheese to rule much lower the present year; and I am firmly of the belief that their position, combined with the general depression of business in this country, and the disproportion between the present price of cheese and all other articles of food, must result in lower figures this season upon the general average; I have every reason to believe, however, that really fine cheese will pay the producer well, unless there are so many poor ones made as to still effect the value of high class goods. There cannot be too many fine cheese produced—England stands ready to take all we can send her, but poor stock is in little favor there or elsewhere.

I have time and time again advised my friends, the dairymen and factorymen, against making half skimmed cheese. My experience the past year and my observation in England more than confirms me in my opinion that it is the worst thing they can do. The English people have formed a terrible aversion to them. I saw quantities of this kind of stock that had depreciated one hundred per cent. in value after being kept a few months, and I expect to see it generally neglected henceforth. It has been suggested that you use some other kind of grease if you take the cream out. Such advice is most pernicious, and your intelligence should prevent its adoption. I say, if you value your reputation as dairymen and have regard for honesty, fair dealing, and your own interests, upon no account use anything as a substitute for cream or butter. Oleomargerine has had its brief day.

A Rhode Island Poultry Farm.

A correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* gives an account of a visit to the farm of Mr. I. C. Wilbour, in Little Compton, R. I. A portion of the farm is devoted to poultry. The object at this time of the year is the production of eggs, and we visited more than a dozen buildings devoted to the use of fowls and this branch of production. The limits of this article will not allow of a detailed description of the building or of the different varieties of fowls or their management, but we understand that there were now on the premises about eleven hundred hens, and that it was no unusual thing to send two hundred dozen of eggs per week to market. Our ideas of the labor of hunting hens' eggs were greatly modified when we saw the man in charge walk along in front of the long rows of nests and pick up about four hundred fine, large, clean eggs. The eggs are all carefully gathered at night and sent weekly to the Boston market, so that there is no chance for them to be otherwise than fresh and good; indeed, we were told that every egg is warranted to be perfectly fresh and sweet. The labor of providing the required variety of food for so large a family is no small item. Wheat shorts, beef scraps, and meal are bought by the ton, and corn by the car-load, while occasionally other varieties of grain are used, with broken oyster shells in abundance. Cleanliness and a variety and liberal supply of food, we should judge, were the strong points of the management here. We observed that disinfectants were freely used, and were told that deaths by disease were of rare occurrence. A regular system of debit and credit is followed in this business, but in the absence of the proprietor we had no means of getting the figures. From our standpoint, it seemed not only pleasant but highly profitable.

Household Hints.

VERDIGRIS.—To remove verdigris from a copper boiler scour it with sand, and then wash it with a strong solution of salt and vinegar.

MOCK APPLE PIE.—Two soda crackers, one egg, one cup of sugar and one of water, the juice and yellow rind grated of a lemon. Bake with upper and under crust.

RHUBARB PIE.—Take off the thin skin, cut the stalks in small pieces, add a little flour, place it between two covers. When the paste is done remove the top crust and add sugar and butter, mixing them thoroughly with the rhubarb. Put the top crust on again and serve warm. Other seasoning may be added if desired. Rhubarb pies made in this way do not run over and waste their sweetness in the oven.

OMELET SOUFFLE.—From five eggs remove the whites of three and put in a separate dish. Beat the five yolks and two remaining whites together, add half a cup of milk, and pour into a frying-pan with butter just hot enough not to burn. When this is nearly cooked, spread over the top the three whites beaten to a stiff froth, and set in a hot oven two or three minutes. Fold over, turn on a platter, and serve hot. A delicious dish.

Preventive Against Moths.

A very pleasant perfume, and also preventive against moths may be made of the following ingredients: Take of cloves, caraway seed, nutmeg, mace, cinnamon, and tonquin beans, of each one ounce, then add as much florentine orrisroot as will equal the other ingredients put together. Grind the whole well to powder and put in little bags among your clothes, etc. This will answer for furs also; but I never tried anything more certain as a protection against moths in furs than to first shake out or beat out every foreign substance before putting away for the season. Then wrap them up in a perfectly sound newspaper. What I mean by sound is, that there shall be no holes or breaks in the paper. Make a bag of the paper by pasting; pack in and paste up the mouth of the bag. Put in a drawer where it will not be disturbed. If well done not a moth will ever be found inside.

A Pest Destroyer.

The St. Joseph (Mo.) *Herald* says: Professor C. V. Riley, State entomologist, has of late been receiving a large number of letters from farmers in various parts of the State, making inquiries concerning a curious phenomenon. It appears that the white grub worm, a great destroyer of corn, potatoes, and other vegetable products, has been attacked by an enemy which threatens its extermination. The professor has received numerous specimens, having two sprouts of green vegetable growth, growing out of the head of the grub, one on either side, resembling a hog's tusk in shape. The fang protrudes through the earth, and prevents every appearance of vegetable growth. The worms thus attacked die, and the professor is of the opinion that the disease will materially decrease the numbers of this great pest of the husbandman, if it does not totally eradicate it.

An Englishman hard up, has just sold the contents of his wine cellar for £150,-147.

THE BURNING FORESTS.

Whole Villages Abandoned by their Inhabitants.

The inhabitants of Locust Ridge, Evergreen, Stoddartsville, Gouldsboro, and of many lumbering settlements in Pennsylvania where forest fires have raged, were all driven from their homes, scores of which were laid in ashes. Hundreds of people saved only what clothing they wore. Families were driven for miles before the advancing conflagration, through the forests, before they reached places of safety.

One Stoddartsville family named Cox, consisting of a father, mother, seven small children, and Mr. Cox's mother, nearly one hundred years of age, suffered untold horrors in the burning woods. They lived on the outskirts of the place, and fled with the rest of the inhabitants. Old Mrs. Cox was unable to walk more than a mile unaided. Her son assisted her some distance further, when she fell to the ground utterly exhausted. Besides helping his aged mother, Cox carried two of his children, his wife carrying two more, the three larger ones making their own way. Cox attempted to bear his mother along also, but found that his progress was so retarded that the fire threatened to overtake them. The old lady begged her son to leave her and save himself and children. He tried to induce the children to run along themselves, but they were frightened by the terror of the scene about them that they clung to their father and refused to go on alone. The flames advanced rapidly toward the group, and Cox, after dragging his mother some distance to the right of the direct path of the conflagration, was forced to abandon her to save the rest of his family. She was soon enveloped by the flames and burned to ashes. The rest of the family were driven high into to mountains, where they were obliged to remain, on a barren ridge, for a day and a night. Two of the smaller children became delirious with hunger and thirst, and one has since died. The others are still sick from the effects of their dreadful imprisonment in the burning forest.

An old man named Chamberlain was also overtaken by the fire, which was driven along by a high wind with great rapidity. An effort was made to save him by some member of his family, but in vain. He was burned to death.

On the mountain from White Haven to Gouldsboro fifty two farm houses were burned, with barns, farm implements, stock, etc. Besides these, heavy individual losses are reported in the Monroe county region, including 10,-000,000 feet of manufactured lumber, twelve saw mills, four stores, and over two hundred head of valuable horses and cattle. The losses in the region, independent of the standing timber, are placed at $500,000. The main losses fall on poor people, who are rendered homeless. An organization to solicit aid for the sufferers has been formed, with Wm. Ellis of Stoddartsville treasurer. The loss in bridges is about $10,-000, which must be borne by the county.

Along the Mud river the fires spread with such rapidity that if swept down upon settlements before the inhabitants were aware of their danger. The village of Mud Run was totally destroyed. This place was one of the most extensive lumbering stations in northern Pennsylvania. Five mills, with a total capacity of 500,000 feet a day, were destroyed, and not less than 30,000,000 feet of lumber. Not a building was left standing in that vicinity. When the fire swept down from the mountains on the place the wife of John Getz, a wealthy lumber operator, lay dead in the house, awaiting burial. The funeral services were being held. The advance of the flames were so rapid that the house was almost surrounded before the mourners and their friends could escape. The body of the dead woman was consumed with the house.

Thousands of acres of the best timber land were ruined. The loss on Mud river will reach more than half a million dollars. Much of the property destroyed there was insured.

Incidents of the Holyoke Disaster.

Wild efforts were made by the people to rush pell mell into the burning church to rescue their friends, and it was with difficulty that they were kept back. This was particularly the case with parents who had on the first impulse rushed from the church to save their own lives, but suddenly remembered that they had left children behind to perish. Actual personal violence had to be used in several cases to keep women back.

All about the streets men, women and children were wandering, piteously inquiring if their friends had been saved. One woman was positive that her husband had perished, and could only be quieted by the assurance from a friend that he had just been walking with him.

One of the most touching cases was that of two little girls about twelve years of age, who rushed for the entrance of the building while the fire was at its height, thinking to find their father and mother, who were within. They could only be restrained by an officer, who took them in his arms.

Immediately upon the breaking out of the flames all the occupants of the galleries rushed to the east door and crowded so that they fell upon one another and choked up the doorways with their bodies, piled in all ways, seven or eight feet deep, and here most of the lives were lost.

It is a disputed question whether both the front doors of the church were available for escape. There are those who say positively that one of them was closed and that it was impossible to open it on account of the crush. One man, it is asserted, went to the closed door and flourishing a club threatened violence to any one who came near, in order to get the crowd away, but without success.

A Dangerous Business.

The shark fishery of the northern ice sea in the bay of Terdberskya and the peninsula Kola has recently been revived. Two kinds of shark are found in this region, the Greenland shark and the basking shark. They frequently assemble in shoals, and boats engaged in the fishery are often surrounded by a hundred or more of these sea hyenas greedy for prey. The Russians fish near the coast with small boats holding four men. Anchoring at a certain distance from the land, they sink a vessel pierced with holes, containing oil, tallow, or other fat, which the sea currents distribute in the neighborhood. This attracts the sharks, and they are caught with baited hooks attached to iron chains, as they could instantly bite through the strongest rope. Three of the men pull the fish toward the boat, and the fourth stands ready with a wooden hammer weighing twenty pounds to strike with all his force the moment the head appears. The shark is then cut open, the oil taken and its swimming bladder inflated. It is then cast adrift to float, as if allowed to sink the other sharks would eat it and not care for other bait. Sometimes the sharks surround a boat so thickly that it cannot escape, and the crew are killed.

Death from the Bite of a Cat.

Mr. Eben Smith, of Bridgeton, Me., was bitten by a cat nearly six months ago, and died, it is said, from the effects on the 13th of May. The circumstances, as related by the local paper, are these: Mr. Smith undertook to kill a cat for a neighbor, and was about to swing the animal by the hind legs, so as to bring her head down on a block, when she seized his hand and bit it severely. He tore her off, dispatched her, and resumed his labors. Soon, however, erysipelatous inflammation resulted, which, despite medical skill, extended gradually up his arm to the shoulder, accompanied with severe pain. This was followed by a general eruption over his body, involving the mucous membrane of the head and stomach; abscesses formed in his leg, which during his sickness discharged some eighty gallons purulent matter; the bones of his hand and leg became diseased; internal abscesses formed; his constitution broke down, and he continued to grow more and more feeble until precisely twenty-two weeks from the day he was taken down, when his sufferings were relieved by death. Through that long period he never left his room.

RAISING BANANAS IN FLORIDA.

Interesting Facts Concerning this Luscious Fruit--Profits of the Crop.

The most perfect banana plantation in the United States is that of Col. Whitner, near Silver lake, over two hundred miles south from Jacksonville, Florida, and practically beyond the region of killing frosts. This plantation covers an area of several acres, and contains over ten thousand plants, most of them in bearing. The plants are of different varieties. Some of them are huge trees, twenty feet high, with a trunk from six to eight inches in diameter, while others, and probably the largest number, are of the celebrated dwarf species, standing from six to eight feet high, with a trunk from four to five inches in diameter. The banana, as cultivated in this climate, bears no visible seed, but it is propagated from slips or cuttings which bear transplanting well, and grow with great rapidity. These slips are generally planted about eight feet apart; if it is the dwarf species, an acre of ground will contain from six hundred to seven hundred plants. They require a deep, rich soil, and considerable moisture. It has no season, but the fruit matures generally in from eleven to thirteen months from date of planting, and by properly timing the planting ripe fruit may be obtained at all seasons of the year. The cuttings once planted, first develop two leaves tightly rolled together, which grow to a height of three or four feet, when the blades begin to unfold one after another, into great broad leaves, the stems forming a smooth trunk, which grows to the size of a large apple tree, composed entirely of these concentricleaf stems or petals. In about eight or nine months, according to the warmth of the season, a deep purple bud peeps out just at the point of divergence of the upper leaves, and soon pushes itself into full view, its lengthening stem bending under the weight of a purple blossom, shaped like a pointed egg.

Soon a leaf of this blossom opens at the pointed end, and rolls back to the base, disclosing a row of five or six tiny bananas, nestled close together, as if hiding under the shelter of this protecting leaf. Each miniature fruit has a waxen yellow flower at the end, with a stigma projecting through it. Other leaves of the blossom unfold one after another, in the same way, until twenty or thirty clusters of fruit are developed, all clinging to one stem, when these leaves wither and fall, and the fruit swells and lengthens to maturity, which requires generally about three or four months. The great stem on which the fruit grows bends under its weight until the long finger-like fruit hangs down in graceful clusters.

Each plant bears but a single bunch of fruit, and then withers and dies, but while the fruit is maturing there springs up from the base of the trunk several offshoots, which take the place of the old plant when that has been removed, and go on growing to the full size of the parent tree.

The fruit, when grown full size, begins to show streaks of yellow upon its deep green skin, when it should be gathered for shipment to market, as it is easily and quickly ripened after cutting by wrapping the bunch in straw or in a blanket, and keeping it in a warm place. By cutting the bunches at the right time they can be shipped to New York with perfect safety.

Col. Whitner has upon his plantation to-day thousands of bunches, in all stages of development, from the little miniature buds to the well-matured fruit six or seven inches long. Many of those bunches contain one hundred and twenty-five bananas, which sell readily to shippers at two cents each, from which may be inferred the great profits of banana culture.

An acre of ground will readily support six hundred plants. Suppose the bunches to average seventy-five bananas each, and we have an annual income of $900 from a single acre. The cost of preparing and enriching the ground and setting the plants the first year, including the cost of the slips, will average, say, $1 per plant, leaving a profit of $300; but they perpetuate themselves after the first year, and require but little expenditure. Besides, the shoots that spring up from the bulbous root stock will supply plants enough to double the ground each year; or they may be sold for more than enough to pay for all expenses after the first year, thus leaving the $900 net for the second and subsequent years.

Humboldt states that an amount of land that will produce 1,000 pounds of potatoes will yield 44,000 pounds of bananas, and a surface bearing wheat enough to feed one man will yield bananas enough to feed twenty-five men.

The River Pilot.

Mark Twain makes a Mississippi river captain speak as follows of his pilot: "Why, bless me! I wouldn't have such a wild creature on my boat for the world—not for the whole world! He swears, he sings, he whistles, he yells—I never saw such an Injun to yell. All times of the night—it never made any difference to him. He would just yell that way, not for anything in particular, but merely on account of a kind of devilish comfort he got out of it. I never could get into a sound sleep but he would fetch me out of bed, all in a cold sweat, with one of those dreadful war-whoops. A queer being—very queer being; no respect for anything or anybody. Sometimes he called me 'Johnny.' And he kept a fiddle, and a cat. He played execrably. This seemed to distress the cat, and so the cat would howl. Nobody could sleep where that man—and his family—was. And reckless? There never was anything like it. Now you may believe it or not, but as sure as I am sitting here, he brought my boat a-tilting down through those awful snags at Chicot under a rattling head of steam, and the wind a-blowing like the very nation, at that! My officers will tell you so. They saw it. And, sir, while he was a-tearing right down through those snags, and I a-shaking in my shoes and praying, I wish I may never speak again if he didn't pucker up his mouth and go to whistling! Yes, sir; whistling 'Buffalo gals, can't you come out to-night, can't you come out to-night; can't you come out to-night;' and doing it as calmly as if we were attending a funeral and weren't related to the corpse. And when I remonstrated with him about it, he smiled down on me as if I was his child, and told me to run in the house and try to be good, and not be meddling with my superiors!"

Broad Yorkshire.

There wor once a mason at Guiseley gat it intov his hecad 'at he wor just cut aht for a preycher, so he went to see a Methody parson, an' asst him if he couldn't get him a job as a "local" somewhear; he wor sewer if they'd nobbut give him a reight chonce he could convert sinners wholesale. Well, after a gooid deal o' bother t' parson gat a vacant poolpit for him' some ahtside country place, an' theer one fine Sunda' mornin' in t' mason went, reight weel suited wi' hiz en. Up into t' poolpit he mahnted, like one at wor weel used t' job. All went on quietly eniff, whol t' time come for him to begin his sarmon, an' theer wor a rare congregation to listen tul him.

"Nah, my friends," he began in a stammerin' soart of way, "t' text is this: 'I am t' leet o' t' world.'" He then waited a bit, an' a'ter thumpin' t' poolpit top toothree times he gat on a bit further. "Firstly, my friends," he says, "firstly, I—I—I am t' leet o' t' world," an' then he com' to another full stop, and thumpt the poolpit agean a bit. "Yes," he went on agean, "in t' first place I—I——I am t' leet o' t' world," but he couldn't get a word further, dew what he would.

At t' last, hahivver, there wor an owd woman among t' congregation sang aht: "'I tell tha what it is, lad, if tha'rt t' leet o' t' world, thah sadly wants snuffin'."

An' t' poor mason hookt it aht o' t' chapel as if he'd been bitten wi' a mad dog. He wor nivver known to enter a poolpit at after.

Staten Island (N. J.) is fast becoming the great center of the Eastern lager beer manufacturing interests. It has eight breweries, which annually manufacture $1,800,000 worth of beer.

A Success for the Fishery Commission.

"Never see'd nuthin like it, sir; I've been a settin' nets on this 'ere river for morn'n ten year, and there ain't been no time when North river shad was as many as they are now. They're as plentiful as porgies, and we can't get nothin for 'em. Why we used to get our two dollars or a dollar an' a half a piece for them in the early spring; but now—why there's an old woman a sellin' 'em out of a keg for twenty-five cents a pair. It's ruinous, this is; them fishery fellers have just busted the business; I might jes' as well sell the nets, and take ter mackrel fishin'." Thus remarked a Washington Market fish dealer to the editor of the *Scientific American* the other day, after he had requested his opinion on the sudden increase in the shad catch, which over 30,000 fish taken already this spring denoted. "Them fishery fellers," in other words the State fishery commission, had stocked the river anew, broken up the fish famine, and filled the Hudson with finer and better shad than have been seen in it for years. The use of nets extending clear across the stream, which now, we believe, is forbidden by law, had resulted in practical depopulation; for the fish were completely barred out of the headwaters where they were wont to spawn. Gradually they diminished until North river shad became a dainty far beyond the reach of the average pocket.

Three or four years ago, science, under the guise of Mr. Seth Green and his assistants, set to work to make up the deficiency. Five million young fish were placed in the Hudson and its tributaries, and the result we are now gathering. This is a grand success for the pisciculturists, and the people will appreciate it. We trust that it is but the precursor of other palpable proofs of the possibility of enlarging our supply of finny food; for an increased popular interest, which will thus be engendered, is sure to be followed by substantial contributions through which the labors of the fish culturists can be aided and their value further augmented.

Anecdote of Lord Panmure.

In his younger days, when Lord Panmure was only the Hon. William Maule, he was not only fond of doing charitable and benevolent things, but he liked to do them surreptitiously. He did not wish to become notorious for his almsgiving, and not unfrequently, when bound upon a charitable expedition, he would go in disguise.

It is related of him that upon a certain occasion he entered the cottage of a poor old woman at Muirdrum, with a wallet filled with oatmeal slung over his shoulder, his garb, soiled and shabby. On asking charity the woman sat before him such food as she had. After eating he entered into conversation with the old woman, and found her really very poor. He persuaded her to buy what he professed to be his beggar's meal at half price.

Shortly after he had departed the woman examined the meal she had purchased, and found it to contain a goodly sum in silver coin. Thinking the poor man had made his meal-pack the depository of his cash, and that he must have forgotten the fact, she rushed after him, shouting:

"Hoy, hoy, mon! ye've left a'yer siller amang the meal ye selt me!"

But the more and the louder she shouted the faster did the beggar make off, until, finally, he struck into a run.

At length the poor woman returned to her cot, and as she told her neighbors of the wonderful circumstance, she expressed the fear that the money had not been honestly come by.

"Hout!" replied a woman more wise than the rest. "Dinna be afear'd. I ken the mon; it's nane ither than Willie Maule. God bless him!"

A Narrow Escape.

A man and his wife, seeking to break themselves of a habit of fretting and scolding, entered into an agreement of this nature: The one who first lost temper, with the other or with the children, was to be published by the other as a "scold." The medium through which this humiliating intelligence was to be communicated to the world was not specified in the contract, but the husband understood that it was to be through the local paper. The wife nearly bit the end of her tongue off in the first day's trial, snapping up the harsh words which tried to escape her lips. But both were dismally peaceable until the afternoon of the second day, when the husband flew into a passion simply because one of the children polished his stocking foot with a blackening brush while he was taking his usual nap. At the first burst of anger his wife quickly arose and put on her bonnet.

"Where are you going?" he inquired, suspiciously.

"To publish you," she replied.

"Oh, well, go ahead; the boys at the office won't give me much of a blast."

"But I'm not going to the printing office."

"Where, then?" he asked, in surprise.

"To the sewing society!"

That brought him to terms, and long and earnestly he begged her not to make his weakness known throughout the length and breadth of the land. Finally, in consideration of a new silk dress, by him to be delivered, she agreed to let him off. But it was a narrow escape.

The Poor Empress.

A Brussels paper gives a painful account of the ex-Empress Charlotte, of Mexico. Her physical health is good, but her mental condition is hopeless. She lives in constant communication with imaginary beings, and dislikes the presence of any living person. She speaks only when obliged to do so, and gives orders to her attendants in writing. She dresses herself without suffering assistance, takes a fixed walk in the park every morning when fine, frequently plays on the pianoforte, and sometimes draws and paints with decided taste. She recognizes no visitors, not even her brother, King Leopold, or the Queen. The latter always accompanies the physician on his monthly visit, when, in reply to his inquiries as to her health, the Empress coldly says she is well, and immediately retires. She has become stouter, and shows a tendency to corpulency, but at present it is stated that this only increases her beauty, which is now truly striking.

The Murder in the Church Tower.

Mabel H. Young, the victim of the murder in the Warran Avenue Baptist church, Boston, was the elder child of Charles H. Young, lately deceased, and Mrs. Helen L. Young, a daughter of Mr. James W. Hobbs. Her age was five years, two months, and thirteen days. She was a bright, intelligent, and very beautiful child, and was much beloved by her playmates and all who knew her. Her mother has still left her a little son three and a half years old. The mangled remains were conveyed to Mount Auburn for interment. The services were held as privately as possible, but this did not prevent the exhibition of many tokens of affection and smypathy on the part of friends. The casket was covered by a profusion of flowers, some of which were sent by the members of Rev. Mr. Pentecost's church.

What She Could Do.

A carping old woman said once to her pastor: "Dear me, ministers mak' muckle adoo aboot their hard wark; but what's twa bits o' sermons in the week tae mak' up? I could do't mysel'." "Weel, Janet," said the minister, good-humoredly, "let's hear you try't. "Come awa' wi' a text, then," quoth she. He repeated, with emphasis: "It is better to dwell in the corner of the housetop than with a brawling woman and in a wide house." Janet fired up instantly. "What's that ye say, sir? Dae ye intend anything personal?" "Stop, stop," broke in her pastor; "you would never do for a minister." "And what for no'?" said she. "Because, Janet, you come ower soon to the application."

Great excitement in a rich family at the disappearance of a gold snuffbox, richly set with brilliants; and equal satisfaction when a young gentleman of six acknowledged that he had utilized it as a coffin and buried it with his pet canary in the garden.

MUDDLING IN BUSINESS.

A View Taken of a Trusted Business Man Who Turned Out a Defaulter.

The New York *Tribune* discusses of a Boston defaulter. It says of him: "Widows trusted him; orphans confided in him; banks discounted his paper whenever they were discounting anybody's; people who had money to invest, asked him to invest it for them; he was steady, prudent, economical, virtuous, conservative, cautious, shrewd, sagacious."

He disappeared one day, having defrauded those who had trusted him, and the *Tribune* moralizes as follows:

And now what has he done with the money? He had no vices. He drank not, neither was he a votary of draw-poker, nor did he harass the tiger in his secret den. He did not speculate; he had no passion for anything—not a passion, except, indeed, for other people's money, and possibly for clean linen. What then has been done with the money? Simply, we suspect, he has muddled it away. The end has proved him a fraud, clean through and through—he hasn't been even the clever business man he was supposed to be. People thought him honest and he wasn't; they also thought him shrewd and they were equally mistaken. It is evident now that he must have taken this money to repair his own blunders in business. The really clever commercial man with a thorough knowledge of the nature of business, not only has no occasion to steal, but he has a horror of stealing, because he fully comprehends that in the long run it is the most unprofitable thing which he can do. No matter what was thought of the man in the banks and brokers' officers of Boston last week—they will tell you to-day that he has managed badly. Very often society meets with this kind of astonishment. Old houses, which were thought to be built upon a rock of gold, tumble in; Messrs. Dombey, Plutus & Co. go into chancery; Mr. Merdle, who manages all the railways in the country, slinks in the grave an insolvent suicide. Isn't it time for us to understand that the really clever business man is an honest man? that fraud and forgery, and swindling, and all sorts of felonious sharpness are evidence not merely of dishonesty but of want of wit? The very muddle, the confusion, the disorder, and the tangle in which a fugitive merchant leaves his affairs, show that it is next to impossible to do a dishonest business according to the principles and methods of an honest one. A banker or a trader turns rogue, partly because he has not a good working capital of brains. He feels his deficiency, if the public doesn't; and when the explosion, a sense of which has haunted him night and day so long, comes, he is always the least surprised man upon the street. He knew or half knew that he could not get along in this shally-shally way forever; and that the time would come when his palsied hand would refuse to go to his mouth. It always comes.

Among the Icebergs.

An account is given by an exchange of certain incidents in a late voyage of the Hamburg steamer Cimbria across the ocean. The dangers to which the American liners are exposed from the ice borne by the Arctic current along the Newfoundland coast are at certain seasons of the year very formidable, and it ought to be generally known that they are also quite gratuitous, and that ships, passengers, and crew—the two latter, as the paper dryly remarks, "not underwritten"—are risked to save a few days in the voyage. What that risk amounts to is strikingly shown in the case of the steamer above referred to. She left Hamburg on the 10th of March for New York with 483 passengers and the German mails. On the afternoon of the 19th an irregular and brilliant mass bore in sight to the southward, and at the cry of the lookout, "Mountains of ice ahead!" all the passengers hurried on deck. A magnificent iceberg rapidly approached, until it displayed in stupendous proportions its sparkling peaks and slopes covered with snow at three miles distance. The skipper of course gave it a wide berth, and when the sun had disappeared, fortunately to give place to the moon in a clear sky, the scene had changed. For miles on every side the ship was surrounded by a field of ice, only broken at intervals by the swelling of the waves. The captain turned the steamer's head to the south; but, after some time, despairing of opening a way in that direction, issued orders to penetrate westward, and the Cimbria until two o'clock in the morning "went gallantly on, her iron prow crashing along the ice, which varied in thickness from two feet to three feet. Blue water at length appeared and the danger was passed, but the ship had first traversed sixty miles southward and then seventy miles in a westward direction before getting rid of the floe," but had the ship's course been shrouded by one of the fogs common in these latitudes the result might have been very different. It would be interesting to know how much of the time supposed to be saved by steaming into the ice floe was lost in steaming outward to get out of it. To take a course which risks life without necessarily saving time appears to be a double offense against prudence.

How Cholera Was Spread.

The medical press says that Dr. Cutcliff has given an account of the manner in which the epidemic that is now spreading over Europe took its rise—in water—in 1867. In that year three millions of pilgrims, of whom a handful had come from a cholera district, assembled at Hurdwar, a few miles from the spot where the Ganges escapes the Himalayas. On the 12th of April the three millions resolved to bathe and drink. "The bathing place of the pilgrims was a space six hundred and fifty feet long by thirty feet wide, shut off from the rest of the Ganges by rails. Into this long narrow inclosure pilgrims from all parts of the encampment crowded as closely as possible from early morn to sunset; the water within this space during the whole time was thick and dirty—partly from the ashes of the dead, brought by surviving relatives to be deposited in the water of their river god, and partly from the washing of the clothes and bodies of the bathers. Now, pilgrims at the bathing ghant, after entering the stream, dip themselves under the water three times or more, and then drink of the holy water whilst saying their prayer. The drinking of the water is never omitted; and when two or more members of a family bathe together, each from his own hand gives to the other to drink. On the evening of the next day, the 13th of April, eight cases of cholera were admitted into one of the hospitals at Hurdwar. By the 15th the whole of this vast concourse of pilgrims had dispersed," carrying the cholera in every direction over India; it attacked the British troops along the various routes, it passed the northern frontier, got into Persia, and so on into Europe, where it will work its wicked will for some time to come. That is a sample of the mischief water can do in the way of spreading disease. The lesson should not be lost upon the government when next three millions of its subjects desire to bathe and drink in an area six hundred and fifty feet long by thirty feet broad. Neither should it be lost on white water drinkers who, on their travels in the mofussil, drink freely from lotas, without troubling themselves as to the whereabouts or character of the crystal spring at which they filled.

An Old Settler.

"I'm an old settler here, and I'm sorry," said a prisoner in the Detroit police court, a man nearly sixty years of age.

"What did you take?" asked the court.

"Whisky straight."

"Don't come here again, old man. If old men like you and I go on a spree, what can be expected of the younger ones? I've lived in this world a full half century, and I've found that there's nothing like cold water for a steady drink. You can go. Bijah will hunt up your missing coat tail and hat, and it's all right if you don't come again."

There is a certain period in every boy's life when he would rather be ring master in a circus than President of the United States.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Items of Interest from Home and Abroad

The Sioux Indians refuse to sign the treaty ceding the Black Hills to the government for $25,000.....A violent wind and rain storm passed over sections of Indiana, doing great damage to crops and property. The track of the Bellefontaine railroad was washed away near Oakland and a train of cars thrown into a culvert, by which the conductor and three other men were killed. Bridges and embankments were swept away on nearly all the roads leading into Indianapolis. In Richmond three churches were much damaged by wind or lightning, and many other large buildings, including the post-office, unroofed. The damage throughout the State will approximate half a million dollars. Reports from Columbus (O.) and Louisville (Ky.) indicate that the same tornado passed over those cities, as many buildings were unroofed.....The dedication of the Masonic Temple in New York was celebrated by a grand parade and imposing ceremonies. Not less than twenty thousand Masons participated in the procession, which was the largest ever formed by the order, comprising members from all parts of the Union and Canada. The houses along the march were handsomely decorated, and with the brilliant banners of the order and the showy uniforms, comprised a scene of splendor never before equaled in New York.....The forest fires of Pennsylvania were never before so destructive as this year. The villages of Goldsboro, Stoddartville, Evergreen and Locust Ridge, together with scores of scattered farm buildings and sawmills have been almost completely destroyed. The losses will amount to over one million dollars, most of which falls on poor people.....The Republicans of Ohio held their State Convention at Columbus and nominated R. G. Hayes, of Sandusky, for Governor, and Thomas L. Young for Lieutenant-Governor. The platform adopted favors a tariff for revenue; declares that the States are one as a nation and all citizens are equal under the laws; is in favor of free education; that there should be no connection between church and State, and opposes all legislation in the interest of one particular sect. Of the third term, it says: The observance of Washington's example, in retiring at the close of a second Presidential term, will be in the future, as it has been in the past, regarded as a fundamental rule in the unwritten law of the republic.

The committee of the New York board of aldermen appointed to investigate the official conduct of Comptroller Green submitted a report charging him with gross official misconduct, carelessness, neglect of duty and waste of public funds. The report was adopted.....Sixty persons were drowned by the capsizing of a lighter in the Tagus, near Lisbon, Portugal.....The coal exchange of Chicago having reduced the wages of coal wheelers from $5 to $3 per day, several hundred of the men struck, and then went about to the different yards and drove off those who were willing to work. Several non-strikers were severely injured.....A dispatch from San Diego says that a letter to the San Diego *Union*, from Unas Sonora, reports that general excitement prevails over the Mexican raids in Texas. War is feared there between the United States and Mexico.....By the explosion of a locomotive at Rhinebeck, on the Hudson river road, the engineer and fireman were seriously injured.....A heavy cyclone on the Chinese coast is reported to have done much damage to shipping.....President Grant has extended the time of the court of commissioners of Alabama claims for a period of six months after July 22nd.....Phil. H. Sheridan, Lieutenant-General of the army, was married to Miss Irene; daughter of Quartermaster-General Rucker, of Chicago.

The American rifle team left New York on the City of Chester for Ireland to attend the international match in Ireland.....A United States special agent of the Treasury department seized a lace dress valued at $10,000, a lace shawl worth $5,000 and other laces to the value of $5,000, which had been smuggled. They were formerly the property of Empress Eugenie.....Judge Blatchford, in the United States district court of New York, decides that it required one-quarter of the creditors in numbers and one-third in value of those who actually proved claims to assent to a bankrupt's discharge.....W. F. Leslie, receiving teller in the banking house of Duncan, Sherman & Co., of New York, has absconded with $12,000 gold.....The letter announcing to Mexico the accession of Alfonso to the throne of Spain having miscarried, the Spanish legation has not been recognized by that government.....Capt. W. H. Brown, a regular army officer, committed suicide in New York by cutting his throat. No cause was assigned.....The Emperor William has conferred the order of civil merit on the Hon. George Bancroft, the historian, and Henry W. Longfellow, the poet, of America.....Twenty thousand Catholic pilgrims visited the shrine of Paray-le-Monial in France.....There were 23,068 men in the Masonic procession in New York, according to the official figures of the chief of staff.....By the bursting of some flues in the boiler of the steamer Crescent City, from New York for Havana, live coals were thrown from the fires into the coal bunkers, and a formidable conflagration was only prevented by the coolness of the captain and chief engineer. The latter locked himself and men in the engine room and closed the ventilator, thus preventing the flames from spreading. Not much damage was done.....George W. Pemberton, whose murder of Mrs. Bingham, of Boston, will be remembered as one of horrible atrocity, has been found guilty of murder in the first degree.....The Ohio Universalists, in convention at Columbus, adopted a resolution in which they declare it to be the duty of "every religious denomination which is loyal to the national form of government to unite in support of our free school system.....The coroner's jury holding an inquest over a victim of the Holyoke horror, censure the constructors of the church on account of the large gallery with so poor egress; find the immediate cause of the fire in the use of flimsy adornments for the altar, and pine sheathing instead of plaster ceiling, and condemn in strong terms the use of such materials in public buildings.....The city of New York has brought suit against the widow of ex-County Auditor Watson in the sum of $6,000,000, alleged to have been taken during the Tweed reign.

The corporation of London have decided to invite the Mayor of New York to an international municipal banquet next month.....The Swedish riksday has appropriated $93,800 in gold to defray the expenses of their countrymen in the Philadelphia Centennial.....The Washington *Sunday Herald* states that General Meigs is to be placed in command of the department of the South, vice General Irwin McDowell, who is to be put on the retired list.....Owing to the failure of the negotiations in Washington, it is believed that the Black Hills will not be opened this summer.....The grass and grain crops throughout Long Island have been much injured in consequence of the long-continued drought.....Officer Reupp, of the Trenton (N. J.) police, attempted to arrest a party of roughs who were conducting themselves boisterously, when one of them, named Kernan, drew a pistol and shot him. Reupp subsequently died, leaving a wife and four children.....Rumors having been afloat for some time that Secretary Delano was to resign, he has authorized a Washington newspaper to deny the reports.....The Maryland court of appeals has recently decided an important life insurance question in regard to suicides. It is to the effect that when the act of self-destruction is done during insanity, it is death by accident, and the insurance company is responsible for the amount of the policy, notwithstanding their proviso, which makes it "void if the insured shall die by his own hand or act.".....Dennis Doyle, employed as a collector by the Tradesman's Bank of New York, decamped with money amounting to between $3,000 and $4,000, belonging to the institution.

Two New Yorkers, Dr. A. S. Curtis and Salvador Corterval, fought a duel near Havana, Cuba, with deadly results. It appears that they had been great friends in New York, and on Cortereal's going to Havana to purchase tobacco, Curtis visited him there, spending two weeks at his house, until finally Cortereal charged Curtis with undue intimacy with his wife, and slapped his face. Curtis denied the charge, and hot words ensued, resulting in a challenge to be fought that day. They went to Marianao without witnesses, and fought at twenty paces, advancing and firing. Curtis fell at the fifth fire, shot through the hips, and fainted from loss of blood. Upon recovering consciousness, he says he saw Cortereal reload his revolver and shoot himself through the head, evidently thinking he had killed his opponent.....The Adjutant-General of Missouri is bringing to light fraudulent war claims which that State has paid. Already he finds a fraudulent claim of over $1,000,000 which was paid.....Reports from the Black Hills region state that a party of miners, under Frazer, were attacked by Indians, and five of them killed.....A band of Arapahoe Indians made a raid on Harper's ranch, Wyoming, and succeeded in getting away with one hundred and ninety head of horses.....