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June.

Fair month of roses! Who would sing her praise
One says, should come direct from banqueting
On honey from Hymettus, that he bring
Fit flavor to the strain his lip essays,
As if, around these exquisite, rare days,
Of richest June, for him who fain would sing
Her loveliness, did not such sweetness cling
As Hybla or Hymettus scarce could raise
For all their storied bees!

And yet in vain,
Poet, your verse; extol her as you will,
One perfect rose her praises shall distil
More than all song, though Sappho lead the strain
Forbear, then; since for any tribute fit,
Her own rare lips alone can utter it.

—*Caroline A. Mason, in Scribner.*

Cornell Boat Song.

Balanced we sit in our six-oared shell,
Toils of the brain, for an hour, farewell!
Ours is no bark the storm to brave,
She hides no buffet of foaming wave;
But when our lake is a mirror true
Of its hills so green and its skies so blue,
Or when the breeze that mirror breaks
And outward tosses its silver flakes,
Oh, then, to the beat of her ashen wings,
Like a bird o'er the air-clear deep she springs.
Oars pulled and feathered and dipped in time
Make measure sweet as a poet's rhyme,
Make music sweet as our sweet bells chime.

In open sky, on lake and land,
Live spirits of health for brain, heart, hand,
And the waving oar hath a wand-like spell
To win them hither where'er they dwell;
Now for a spurt your sinews brace,
Just think of the laurel that crowns the race,
For when our brows with the bay are twined
Gay fetes are plenty and fair maids kind.
Pull hard with one muscle, one heart, one will,
For pure accord is perfect skill.
Oars pulled and feathered and dipped in time
Make measure sweet as a poet's rhyme,
Make music sweet as our sweet bells' chime.

—*Francis O'Conner, in Ithaca Democrat.*

An Adventure With Smugglers.

TOLD BY A UNITED STATES CUSTOMS OFFICER.

The adventure I am about to relate occurred eight years ago, in the northwest part of Maine, near the Canadian Border. Our government places a stiff tariff, or "duty," on many articles of import, such as silks, liquors, cigars, etc. Human nature is perverse, and, I am sorry to say, there are men who try to evade the payment, in other words, "smuggle."

There had been, for a number of years, more or less smuggling in that section of the State, of whisky, clothing, guns, pistols. These were constantly brought across the "line" and sold; though, for the most part, in small quantities.

A good many persons—mostly transient and disreputable fellows—were in some way interested in it. The subject was one that nobody said much about, however; for to come out openly against the traffic would have made secret enemies of a class that most persons would rather keep the right side of.

The writer was then seventeen years old. Though not much acquainted with any of the "smugglers," I yet knew the country thereabouts as well, perhaps better, than almost any other person; for I had trapped and "prospected" for lumber in the woods along the border for two or three years.

That autumn I had two acres of potatoes to dig. It was the first season we had raised the "Early Rose" potatoes. They yielded wonderfully. On those two acres there were raised six hundred bushels. I was nearly a fortnight harvesting the crop.

There came along, one morning, as I was digging, a stranger. He was a rather singular-looking man, dark-complexioned, with a black, stubby beard, and had on, I think, a glazed cap. I had seen him coming across the fields, thirty or forty rods away, and he struck me as being an odd fish, even at a distance. So I kept industriously at work, and waited for him to make his errand known.

He began by remarking that it was fine weather for trapping. Then he spoke of hunting caribou up on "the Line;" asked about moose there, and wanted to know if I had ever seen any other game up that way.

I felt that the fellow was sounding me for some purpose of his own, and gave brief answers, keeping hard at work. This, however, did not hinder me from seeing that he was observing me closely; and I began to get angry at such cool scrutiny from a stranger.

"Look here?" said I, at length, a good deal out of patience; "what are you driving at, anyhow? If you've any business with me, you might as well state it."

"All right," said the stranger, "I see you're a square man. Wouldn't you like to make a little money easier than by digging potatoes?"

"Very likely," I said.

"So I thought."

He then went went on to say that he was moving into the States, and had a quantity of baggage up at Lake Megantic (in Canada), which he wanted to get down, and ended by offering me one hundred dollars to make five trips with him through the woods across the border.

"You might as well say that you are smuggling," I observed.

"Oh, I don't call it by that name at all."

"Call it what you've a mind to," said I, laughing.

"But can't I get you to help me? You were recommended to me," he said.

"No, sir!"

"But why not?"

"That's my business," I told him, but added that when I couldn't get a living in a more honorable way than that, I would go somewhere else and try.

Somewhat to my surprise, the man began to laugh heartily. He then drew out a paper and asked me to read it.

"You had better not show me any of your papers," I said, resuming my work. "I'm no friend of you smuggling fellows. You might as well put it up and be going."

"Oh, I'll look out for myself," said he. "You just read that."

I took it, and saw it was an official commission to Oliver C. Stuart as a United States customs officer and detective.

"Is this your name?" I asked.

"It is," said Mr. Stuart; and from a certain change in his voice and air, I saw that he had previously been assuming a part.

"Well," I said, "you've fooled me. I suppose that's part of your trade. But I guess you haven't got much information."

"Oh, I've learned what I wanted, and that is your honest opinion of smuggling."

"Any man's welcome to that," I retorted.

"What do you say to going on the other tack, then?" questioned Stuart. He then told me that he had been sent to discover and arrest a gang of smugglers who were operating along that frontier, and offered me twenty-five dollars a week to go with him. What he wanted was to avail himself of my knowledge of the country.

I wished particularly to earn a hundred dollars that fall, but I refused his offer. I knew that to aid a detective would get me into trouble. I should be "spotted," and, likely enough, waylaid some night.

But Staurt came again the next day. He had an oily, flattering tongue, and he said if I would do my best to help him work up this "job," as he called it, he would get me into the detective service, where a keen young fellow like myself (such were his words) could soon make a fortune.

A great many boys of seventeen would be caught by such an offer. I was caught, and took a week's pay in advance to consummate the arrangement.

The next week we set off, disguised as two mink trappers, and spent nearly a fortnight wandering about the boundary, picking up such information as the settlers on each side were indiscreet enough to give us.

There was but one road across the "line," through the wilderness from Canada to Maine; but there were a number of "bear paths," and old tote roads.

One of these, called "Durkee's tote trail," we watched constantly for five days, on a hint dropped by an old French settler. Certain signs and tracks indicated that there had been recent passing and repassing; but thus far we had not seen any person upon it.

Early the sixth morning, we set off to follow the trail up to Meguntic. We had not gone a hundred rods, and were still on the Maine side of the line, when we heard voices ahead, and had just time to slip into the firs beside the path, when two men came in sight with packs on their backs."

We took a good look at their faces as they passed, but Stuart did not attempt to arrest them. They were both young men, and had bulky packs.

It was evident they had not come very far that morning, for it was scarcely sunrise when they passed us. There was a frosty dew on the grass and bushes.

As soon as they were out of hearing, we came from our place of concealment and followed back on their trail, to trace them, if possible, to their camp, which Stuart thought would prove a sort of half-way house for storing contraband goods.

But for the frosty dew, we should not have found it. Some two miles further up, and just over the line, there was a thick second growth of scrub fir and spruce. Ten or a dozen years previously the lumbermen had cut off the old growth. The tracks in the frost at this point turned from the trail and led into this dense green thicket.

We followed cautiously in, and, after beating about awhile, stumbled on an old lumber-camp, where the loggers had formerly spent the winter. So completely hidden was it by the second growth of dense firs, that one might have passed and repassed within three rods of it, without discovering it.

"Here's their den!" Stuart whispered.

We peeped about it; then approached closer, and looked in at a chink betwixt the logs. No person was in the camp.

We unbuttoned the door and went in. A number of old grain-boxes, each made to hold a hundred bushels, lay bottom up on the floor. Under these was a rich sight—Havana cigars, and liquors, box on box, flask on flask; French brandies, and old Bourbon whisky! Stuart ran his eye over it, and said there was at least a thousand dollars' worth.

"A good haul!" he chuckled.

"But it's over the line," I said. "We can't touch 'em over here."

"See if I don't," laughed Stuart. "In such a case as this, I'll take the risk. I've seen 'em carrying the stuff across. And in this out-of-the-way hole, it is not so easy proving just where the line is."

He had hardly uttered the words when we heard voices in the firs outside and close by.

"They've come back for something," Stuart muttered.

There wasn't even a chance to get out. The detective hastily tipped up one of the big grain-boxes, and we both slipped under it. The edge was hardly down on the floor when the door was pushed open.

"Strange Bige didn't button it," were the first words we heard, in a harsh, coarse voice, as the owner of it stepped into the camp. He was followed by another and another, till a gang of at least ten men had come in and thrown down their guns and packs.

Some of them sat down on the very box we were under. There was a knot-hole in the box above us, large enough to have stuck a fist through.

To say that we felt uncomfortable—there in the very den of that lawless gang, expecting nothing but that we should be discovered next minute—but faintly expressed our emotions, my own, at least.

True, we might make a stout fight with our carbine and revolver; but we should certainly be overpowered and put out of the way. The safety of every man in the gang would demand that we should be disposed of effectually; and, from their talk, they seemed the men to do any desperate deed. Half their conversation was oaths.

The smugglers seemed tired. We soon understood that they had been traveling all night. They sat and lay round for ten or fifteen minutes. One of them—whom the rest called "Cap'n" then said:

"Pack away the stuff, boys, and then get up breakfast."

They all rose up and unbound their packs.

"Shall we stow it in this box?" asked one, tipping up the box we were under at least a foot.

Our hearts leaped, and we gripped our weapons.

"No: put it in this one," said another.

The man let the box fall back.

It seemed as if they must hear our breathing, for we panted, in spite of ourselves. We dared not even whisper to each other.

When they had finished packing the goods, some of them commenced getting breakfast, while the others sat talking together. The conversation was partly in French, partly in English, interspersed with a profusion of oaths.

A great deal of interesting matter came to our ears—names of men engaged with them, all along, from Montreal to Portland, and many facts and methods of their illicit traffic. We were, of course, interested in this; though we felt that every bit of information thus given would be an additional reason for killing us, should we be discovered.

Boiled potatoes, fried pork, butter, cheese and bread, were soon ready. Three or four of the rascals sat down round our box. It seemed as if they must see us through that great staring knot-hole. We could see their faces plain enough as they swore and ate alternately.

After eating, they smoked what seemed to be excellent cigars. Blankets were then thrown down, and soon, but for the heavy breathing and snoring, all would have been quiet.

Two of them had spread their blankets on the box above us, so that they covered the knot-hole, and were lying on them. This made the air inside the box very close after a time.

The reader can imagine our situation, if not our feelings, as the hours dragged by. We scarcely dared to move a limb. I suffered terribly from constant cramp and a desire to sneeze; on account of the bad air, probably.

Well, the day passed, and I hope never to pass such another. It was, in truth, a day to try one's soul!

Towards night, the "cap'n" awoke, and roused the rest of the gang. They then partook of another meal of pork, potatoes, bread and butter and whisky.

We had not learned the captain's name. But there was an "Eph," a "Seth," a "Mike," a "Jed" and a "Lige" in the gang. From their talk while eating, we gathered that a "Bige" and a "Johnny" were expected to "come up" that evening; and we guessed that these were the two we had seen and tracked in the morning.

After eating, the men took their guns and set off on their return trip up to "the lake." We waited ten or fifteen minutes, then raised the box and got out from under it. Neither Stuart nor myself could stand erect for awhile. We helped ourselves to such food as they had left, for we were both ravenously hungry. But we made haste, that we might get away before "Bige" and "Johnny" should return.

Stuart said we must get hold of these two at all hazards. It was already after sunset. Rather than risk a scuffle with them there in the shanty, Stuart concluded to attempt their arrest outside.

We took two blankets, and went down about half a mile on their trail, where we lay down amongst some firs, near the old road on which we had come up in the morning.

Shortly after dark we heard them pass, going up to their store camp.

We spent the night there, and very early in the morning posted ourselves in some cedars, close to the trail. In about half an hour we heard them coming.

When they had approached to within ten yards, we stepped out suddenly, and covered them, point blank, with our revolver and carbine. They stopped and stood motionless.

Stuart told them, in a few words who we were and what was wanted. It turned out that they were only "hired men." They made no show of resistance. Having handcuffed them, we took them, with their packs, to the settlement. They both offered to turn State's evidence—to save themselves.

The next day we got the deputy-sheriff and five men, whom the sheriff summoned, to go back with us to the store camp to seize the contraband goods, and, if possible, to arrest the whole gang.

But over half the cigars and liquors had been taken away. By some means—spies, perhaps—the gang had learned their danger, and taken what they could of their goods. However, we seized what was left; and the evidence given by the two men arrested would have led to the capture of the whole gang had they not left for other parts.

In March following, however, Stuart arrested Eph McLaughlin and Lige Judkins in the Grand Trunk Depot at Portland, being able to identify them from the view he had of their faces through the knot-hole in that old grain box.

They stared when he jestingly told them how he came to know them.

"If we'd a' known you's there," exclaimed Eph, with an oath, and grinding his teeth, "you'd never got this chance on us!"

His Presence of Mind.

"Presence of mind," said the gentleman, who had hitherto remained silent, "presence of mind is a great thing, and has saved hundreds of lives. I, myself, who speak to you, can tell one case wherein I played an humble part. It was during a fire in Toledo, Ohio; the three lower stories of a five-story building were wrapped in flames, thus cutting off the escape of the hapless tenants of the two upper stories, which were occupied as residence-tenements. The lurid, lambent flames licked up the window-sashes and sign-boards, and crawled cruelly up the whole front of the building, which, it was only too evident, was doomed to destruction. Thousands of people gathered around, but what could they do? The flames—'the devouring element,' I think was what the local papers alluded to them as next day—were raging so fiercely that a near approach to the building was impossible, while no ladders long enough to reach the windows were to be found, and there was no means of communicating with the adjoining buildings, there being a vacant lot on each side. I tell you, boys, it was a horrible sight, such as I do not want to see again in a lifetime. We thought—we had hoped that all the inmates of the building had escaped, but, right in the midst of the frightful tumult and excitement, a woman, a young and beautiful woman, appeared at the fifth-story window. 'Save me! save me!' she shrieked, like an aerophone. But how were we to? I tell you, gentlemen, it is upon such an occasion as this that the latent force in a man's character, that his presence of mind—if he has any, of course—must be shown. Quick as lighning, it flashed across my mind that I had seen a coil of long and slender rope lying on the sidewalk; I rushed to the spot and found it, and I shouted to the woman, 'Keep cool; I'll save you!' There were two other men there, big, powerful fellows, and says they, 'What do you want us to do to help?' 'Catch hold of this end of the rope,' says I, throwing it to them, 'and freeze on to it like a collector to a custom house.' They did so, and, hastily coiling the rope, I stepped as far back as I could to get room to throw it up to her. Never shall I forget the sight; the great building in flames, the immense crowd standing around in awe-struck silence, and above, at the window, fully sixty feet from the stone sidewalk, that beautiful woman, blanched with terror. 'Keep cool!' I yelled, and poising myself for ope mighty effort, I hurled the coil of rope upward. Up it went, like a lissom serpent, uncoiling as it shot through the smoke tinged of a lurid red with the fire's reflection; she stooped forward, amid the thundering cheers of the crowd now wrought up to fever-heat, and caught the rope—and we pulled her down!"

They made a unanimous dash for him, but he had bounded through the saloon-door and got nearly half a block's start, and the fleetest and maddest runner among them knew that pursuit would be in vain.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Bird Lore.

In the Lech Valley there is a belief that the ravens never drink during June, because in that month they fed the prophet Elijah. In North Germany, Swabia and Tyrol, a superstition prevails, that if the eggs are taken from a raven's nest, boiled, and replaced, the old raven will bring a root or stone to the nest, which he fetches from the sea. This "raven stone" is very valuable, for it confers great fortune on its owner, and has likewise the power of rendering him invisible when worn on the arm. The stone is found in the nests of magpies as well as ravens, and as it makes the nest itself invisible, it must be sought with the aid of a mirror. In Pomerania and Rugen the method is somewhat different. The parent birds must have attained the age of 100 years, and the would-be possessor of the precious "stone" must climb up and kill one of the young ravens, who must be a cock bird, and not over six weeks old. Then the aggressor descends, taking careful note of the tree. The old raven immediately returns with the stone, which he puts in his son's beak, and, thereupon, both tree and nest become invisible. The man, however, feels for the tree, and on reaching the nest he carries off the stone in triumph. Rugen folks declare that this feat can only be accomplished by the help of satan, and that the man's soul is the price paid for such assistance. The Swabian peasantry maintain that young ravens are nourished solely by the dew from heaven during the first nine days of their existence. As they are naked, and of a light color, the old birds do not believe they are their progeny, and consequently neglect to feed them; but they occasionally cast a glance at the nest, and when the young ones begin to show a little black down on their breasts by the tenth day, the parents bring them the first carrion.—*All the Year Round.*

PERFUMERY.

How Perfumes are Made of Flowers—An Interesting Operation.

A correspondent who visited M. Herman, a great maker of perfumes at Vence, France, gives us an insight into the methods pursued for extracting perfume from flowers, as follows: At the present moment, in Vence, roses are the order of the day, and on the deliciously clean and cool tile-flooring of the factory the rose-blossoms were piled up thickly in huge, glowing heaps. In a back room was a long table, covered with a snow-white table-cloth, and around this were seated some thirty women and young girls, waiting impatiently to be served with roses, which they were to pluck. There was only a sample quantity, so Mr. Herman informed me, for the rains had interfered somewhat with the Vence crop, and these came from the neighboring village of La Tourette, from a new man.

Three very pretty girls, who were permanently employed in the factory, at a signal from the proprietor, took great wicker baskets, and heaping them with roses, emptied them upon the table-cloth in front of the pluckers. It was a very charming picture—the village girls and old women and little tots not 7 years old, in picturesque costume and very wonderful straw hats, all seated around the board heaped up with the glowing blossoms, wonderfully relieved by the white cloth. The good-looking girls did not wear any hats—trust them for that—and immediately, from natural thirst for decoration, chose the loveliest roses and stuck them behind their ears. Then plucking began in earnest. Seizing the unhappy flowers firmly in the left hand and grasping the stalk close to the ovary, they, with an angry twist, separated the blushing corollas and threw them into a big basket ensconced between their knees. M. Herman told me that the grown girls could work very fast, but that by a tacit convention, when the amount of roses to be plucked was limited, they restrained themselves to give the very old and the very young a chance to earn a trifle. A cent a pound was the tariff, and when there was no stint of flowers, the girls can always earn half a franc, or ten cents, but on this occasion the utmost that any earned was four cents; but then, old women of seventy and little things of seven earned either a cent or two cents.

When the roses were weighed, and a tall Vencian, standing beside the proprietor with his hands full of coppers, had paid everybody his sous, the flowers were repacked in baskets by the three handmaidens of the establishment and taken below. Here were vats half-filled with warm oil in some instances, and in others with warm grease, made by mixing lard and beef suet, most carefully prepared and cleaned in the Winter months. To every three *cuvees*, or vats, was a man armed with a wooden paddle, and as the girls poured the rose-blossoms into the oil and grease, they stirred about until the whole was one hideous wretched paste of a dirty brown color. The men who manipulated the grease had a warm time of it, for it offered considerable resistance to the paddle, and the perspiration fairly poured down their brows as they worked their spatules. Twenty-four hours the leaves remain soaking, and then they are packed into coarse linen bags and put under a powerful press, which squeezes the perfumed oil into a stone gutter, from which it pours by a pipe into a straining vat. To warm the oil and grease, precautions have to be taken. They are not placed in communication with the fire, but are lodged in huge copper boilers half-filled with water, fixed in a range, which occupies one entire end of the apartment. When warmed to blood heat, the oil and grease are poured into their respective *cuvees*, and the operation with the paddle is repeated with fresh roses. Twenty-five times are roses poured into the vats before the oleaginous matters are sufficiently saturated to be sent to the great perfumers and chemists as *matieres premieres*. For orange flowers from ten to twenty-five infusions are necessary, according to the quality demanded. The violet demands at least thirty, but for the *matieres premieres* of the jessamine and the tuberose there is an immense diversity of range. The best qualities, however, demand sixty infusions, but when a perfumer wants the best that can possibly be made, there is no limit, and the operation of infusion is repeated as long as blossoms can be procured. I asked the proprietor if the oil would still absorb the perfume, and he said yes, for jessamine and tuberoses. The strong odors of the orange-flower and the rose render fewer infusions necessary, and, indeed, for some low grades of orders there are not so many infusions even as ten. Then, again, the warming of the oil draws out the perfume much faster; but the delicate character of the jessamine and tuberose is opposed to such a course, and for them there is a different procedure. Numerous shallows trays are used, which are provided with a wire grating over which a coarse cotton cloth is stretched, which has been previously steeped in cold oil. The flowers are then delicately placed upon the cloth and removed day by day, and sometimes, if the blossoms come in fast enough, twice a day. I am glad to think that the beautiful star-like blossoms of the jessamine are not plunged into the dark-hued, greasy mass, that looks exactly like boiling sugar, for it was destructive of all romance to see the fate of the roses. But the manner in which the jessamine is cultivated is not what one would call picturesque. Instead of trailing over some protecting tree, as in India, or upon a Summer-house or long wall, as with us, it is cut down like a vine, and is restricted to a number of shoots which send out sprays thickly covered with flowers. This murderous process makes the plant so very sensitive, that it has to be covered with earth from October to the end of March.

A Hint to Photographers.

We find this in a New York paper: As Dr. Thomas Buzzard says, discomfort, amounting in many persons to actual distress, is experienced in sitting for a photographic picture. He thus describes his own experience: The eye is fixed upon a certain spot, and, while staring at this, vision becomes indistinct, surrounding objects especially, being lost in a thickening mist. A feeling of giddiness and even of faintness is apt to follow, if the sitting is at all protracted. The suffering which he, in common with thousands beside, underwent, suggested to him the need of some remedy, and he soon hit upon a simple contrivance which obviated every feeling of uneasiness. He drew a circle about four inches in diameter upon a piece of paper, and converted the circle into a sort of clock-face by sketching in the Roman figures in their usual sequence. Then the paper was nailed to a post about eight feet from the position of the sitter. When the operation of taking the picture began he first placed his eyes upon the XII, then upon I, and so on, shifting the gaze leisurely from figure to figure, "all around the clock." There was no feeling of strain, weariness or giddiness. The picture taken was free also of all appearance of constraint. There was no staring expression, and the eyes were clear and well defined. The hint is well worth the attention of photographers.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Farmers' wives are in great need of domestic help in Colorado.

Since the year 1866 Great Britain has bought from the United States $1,350,014,768 more than she has sold.

According to the director of the mint, the annual production of gold in the United States is $45,100,000, and of silver $38,950,000.

Miss Annie B. Irish, a Nebraska girl, is assistant private secretary to Secretary Schurz, and reads and answers all his German, French and Spanish correspondence.

The Japanese, after having furnished our gardens with some of our best treasures, are now stocking their own grounds with some of the popular American flowers.

Queen Victoria's new saloon railway car is one of the most beautiful of its kind ever built, as may well be imagined from the fact that its construction and fittings cost over $30,000.

Can a man swim in oil? This question was practically solved the other day by a workman employed in an oil manufactory of Nice, who fell into a tank of olive oil nine feet deep. He was an expert swimmer, but he went to the bottom like a plummet, and was only saved from drowning by the timely aid of a comrade. Oil is too light to swim in; it is not sufficiently buoyant, and does not offer the resistance necessary to keep a man afloat.

The value of fifteen of the principal American articles of export for the year 1877 was as follows: Cotton, $171,118,508; petroleum, $61,789,438; bacon and ham, $49,512,621; wheat, $47,135,562; Indian corn, $41,621,245; tobacco, $32,020,214; lard, $25,562,665; gold and silver, coin and bullion, $42,966,035; wheat flour, $21,603,947; lumber, $15,041,747; cheese, $12,700,627; wool and woolen goods, $9,834,849; tallow, $7,883,616; beef, $7,503,475.

Proofs of former exploration are found in various parts of the Black Hills region, and it is probable that gold was discovered there about thirty years ago by several separate parties of adventurers, all of whom were killed by Indians. The bones of men and beasts, mingled with rusty mining tools, were in one place discovered within a rude fortification of rocks. In another place a rotted sluice box, made of a hewn tree, showed that mining operations had been carried on.

A camel ranch is owned by D. Mather of Bastrop, Texas. He claims that camels are no more trouble to raise than horses or cattle. The colts for three or four days are rather tender and require close attention, but after that they take their chances with the herd. They are extremely docile, and as the females give birth to a colt every year they are profitable, the animals selling when reared at from $200 to $500. Mr. Mather says a well broken camel will travel more than one hundred miles a day.

The immensity of the product of the oil wells of Pennsylvania almost staggers belief. When the fact is stated that the daily shipments from the oil regions average nearly 30,000 barrels, we naturally ask, what becomes of this enormous quantity of oleaginous matter? The greater proportion of it finds a foreign market. So multifarious are the uses to which petroleum is being put, that a little familiarity with the subject will cease to cause wonder at what becomes of the millions of barrels that are annually drawn from the bowels of the earth.

A curious phenomenon has, says a French scientific journal, been observed at Vernon, in France. Five or six years ago lightning struck a garden planted with gooseberry bushes and cherry trees, making a deep hole, the orifice of which was not above a yard in diameter. Subsequently, everything died round about. The death circle enlarged year by year, until it is now about eight yards in diameter, and it has just reached a cherry tree planted twelve years ago, which has died like the rest. The gooseberry bushes which were replanted on the spot died in two years. The cause of the evil was evidently the lightning, but it is difficult to explain why its morbid action continues, and sterility gains ground. The lightning possibly generated in the soil chemical compounds injurious to vegetation, or burned the humus.

Blackburn, England, contains the largest cotton mills in the country. The "Throstle Nest" is owned by Mr. Turner, M. P. The "Physic," a colossal concern, is so called from its founder having been a physician. Other mills are the "Cat Hole," the "Butter Tub," the "Smut," the "Twelve Apostles," the "Glory," and the "Hallelujah." The "Twelve Apostles" refers to a weaving shed, of which the original promoters, eighteen years ago, were total abstainers. The owner of the "Lather Box" was once a barber, who shaved at one halfpenny each, but now owns seven large mills, chiefly spinning mills, and is the fortunate possessor of the extensive estates that formerly belonged to Lord De Tabley, in the valley of the Ribble. The "Sand Hole" is the next mill to the "Lather Box," and owes its origin to the excavation of as much red sand as realized the money to build the mill.

Little Danny and His Dead Mother.

I've just been down in the parlor to see mamma. She's in a long box, with flowers on her. I wish she'd come and bathe my head—it aches so. Nobody ever makes it feel good but mamma. She knew how it hurt me, and she used to read to me out of a little book how my head would get well and not ache any more some day. I wish it was "some day" now. Nobody likes me but mamma. That's cause I've got a sick head. Mamma used to take me in her arms and cry. When I asked her what's the matter she would say, "I'm only tired, darling." I guess Aunt Agnes made her tired, for when she came and stayed all day mamma would take me up in the evening on her lap and cry awful hard. I aint had any dinner to-day. Mamma always gave me my dinner and a little pudding with "D," for "Danny," on the top. I like to sit in my little chair by the fire and eat 'em. I wish mamma wouldn't stay in the long box. I guess Aunt Agnes put her there, 'cause she put all the flower trimmings on and shows her to everybody. There aint any fire in the grate, but I guess I'll sit by it and make believe there is. I'll get my little dish and spoon and play I've got a pudding with D for Danny on it. But anyway I want mamma so bad.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

The smallest natural magnets generally possess the greatest proportion of attractive power. Sir Isaac Newton wore in his ring a magnet which weighed nearly three grains; yet it was able to take up 746 grains, or nearly 250 times its own weight; whereas magnets weighing above two pounds seldom lift more than five or six times their own weight.

Frozen in Summer Weather.

The Meriden (Miss.) *Mercury* of a recent date, tells this strange story: Mr. James Knox, a young man of the eastern part of this county, has been strangely afflicted for about a year. Hot or cold he was always affected as freezing to death. His case has been examined by several skillful physicians, and we understand has puzzled them all. He was continually using all the devices to warm himself that a man might who had been chilled by exposure to extreme cold, sitting near rousing fires enveloped in blankets and the house closely shut up, and this though the weather was at summer heat. It is said that he would sit by the fire and hold his head to it and almost roast it in the effort to get warm. It is a fact that he put cloths on his head to protect the scalp from actual burning while doing thus, and the cloths have been set on fire by the heat he subjected them to in endeavoring to warm his head. Some time ago he made a visit to Livingston in the hope of being benefited by the artesian water, when Dr. Webb, of that town, saw his case. Lately, he had determined to return to Livingston and try again the waters, and again consulted Dr. Webb, going to his office for that purpose. He seemed as one suffering from extreme cold, and asked Dr. Webb if he had any fire in his office. He told him he had not, and that it was too hot to have fire and be comfortable. He said he could not stand it, and ran out of the office into the street for the benefit of the sunshine to warm himself. The next day Dr. Webb had him in his office to make a more critical examination of his case, and had a rousing fire. He carefully tested with a thermometer the degree of animal heat he carried, and found it near normal. With all of this trouble he lost little flesh and kept a good appetite for food, and preserved rather a healthful look. On Friday he started home again in a wagon with a Mr. Meadows driving it. He had not gone far out of Livingston before he wanted to return complaining that he was freezing to death, and wanted to get somewhere to warm. Meadows insisted on continuing the journey on home, and drove forward. Knox jumped out of the wagon and ran off into the woods. Meadows pursued him, and compelled him to return and get into the wagon again, and drove on. He got as far as Mrs. Petest's—Green Grant's old place—with him. Mrs. Petest had observed Meadows driving slowly along the road, and knowing he had gone to fetch the sick man home, went out to the gate to make inquiry. When Meadows drove up and stopped, to her inquiry he said he believed Jim Knox was dying. He lay stretched helpless on the bottom of the wagon, and after it had stopped only gasped a few times and died, apparently freezing to death, last Friday, with the thermometer at near 90 degrees.

Gold Lace.

Gold lace is not gold lace. It does not deserve this title, for the gold is applied as a surface to silver. It is not even silver lace, for the silver is applied to a foundation of silk. The silken threads for making this material are wound round with gold wire, so thickly as to conceal the silk; and the making of this gold wire is one of the most singular mechanical operations imaginable. In the first place, the refiner prepares a solid rod of silver about an inch in thickness; he heats this rod, applies upon the surface a sheet of gold leaf, burnishes this down, applies another coating, burnishes this down, and so on, until the gold is about one-hundredth part the thickness of the silver. Then the rod is subjected to a train of processes which brings it down to the state of fine wire; it is passed through holes in a steel plate, lessening step by step in diameter. The gold never deserts the silver, but adheres closely to it, and shares all its mutations; it is one-hundredth part the thickness of the silver at the beginning, and it maintains the same ratio to the end. As to the thinness to which the gold-coated rod of silver can be brought, the limit depends on the delicacy of human skill; but the most remarkable example ever known was brought forward by Dr. Wollaston. This was an example of solid gold wire without any silver. He procured a small rod of silver, bored a hole through it from end to end, and inserted in this hole the smallest gold wire he could procure; he subjected the silver to the usual wire-drawing process, until he had brought it to the finest attainable state—being, in fact, a silver wire as fine as a hair, with a gold wire in its center. To isolate the gold wire, he subjected it to warm nitrous acid, by which the silver was dissolved, leaving a gold wire one-thirty-thousandth of an inch in thickness—perhaps the thinnest round wire that the hand of man has yet produced. But the wire, though beyond all comparison finer than any employed in manufactories, does not approach in thinness the film of gold on the surface of silver and gold lace. It has been calculated that the gold on the very finest silver wire for gold lace is not more than one-third of one millionth of an inch in thickness—that is, not above one-tenth the thickness of ordinary gold leaf.

An Unexpected Friend.

An unexpected friend to man has been discovered in a kind of animalcule engendered by sewage, which prevents the decomposing matter from becoming a dangerous nuisance. Mr. Angell, the public analyst for Hampshire, England, having examined the sewage-polluted fluid in Southampton water, has discovered that where the suspended matters are thickest there is going on a silent destruction of the foul matters, through the agency of millions of the minute creatures, by some held to be of animal, but by Mr. Angell believed to be of vegetable origin. On examining the muddy fluid through a microscope, it was found to contain myriads of little brown organisms, surrounded with a gelatinous substance. Each specimen was found to be active in its movements and of peculiar shape, being furnished with a belt of cilia round the center of the body, and with a long transparent and very flexible tail. After death, these tiny atoms give off an odor similar to that of seaweed, and change to a green color. During life they evolve bubbles of oxygen gas, which serve to purify the water from the effects of decomposing matter.

Two Hundred Thousand Bugs.

The San Francisco *Bulletin* says. Prof. Davidson, President of the Academy of Sciences, recently called the attention of a number of citizens to the large collection of specimens in entomology made by Henry Edwards during a period of twenty-five years. This collection is said to be one of the largest ever made in the United States, and by far the most complete ever made on the Pacific coast. About 60,000 species have been collected, representing more than 200,000 specimens. These represent not only all the orders on this coast, but nearly or quite all in the United States, with a large representation of orders from all parts of the world. The collection is really one of the most complete known in this country or any other. The collection is valued at $12,000, or rather that is about the sum expended in freights, cabinets, and the purchase of rare specimens. The labor of twenty-five years is not estimated.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Corn Bread.

Two cups Indian, one cup wheat,
One cup sour milk, one cup sweet;
One good egg that you will beat.
Half a cup molasses, too,
Half a cup sugar add thereto;
With one spoon of butter new,
Salt and soda each a spoon;
Mix up quickly and bake it soon;
Then you'll have corn bread complete,
Best of all corn bread you meet,
It will make your boy's eyes shine,
If he is like that boy of mine;
If you have a dozen boys,
To increase your household joys,
Double then this rule I should,
And you'll have two corn cakes good.
When you've nothing nice for tea,
This the very thing will be:
All the men that I have seen
Say it is, of all cakes, queen;
Good enough for any king
That a husband home can bring;
Warming up the human stove,
Cheering up the hearts you love;
And only Tyndall can explain
The links between corn bread and brain.
Get a husband what he likes,
And save a hundred household strikes.

—*Lydia M. Millard.*

Farm Notes.

Those of our readers who have kept their orchards in grass for years should try thorough cultivation one year and see what the effect will be. It will show more on next year's crop than this, and we think none will regret the experiment.—*Kentucky Farm Journal.*

Fruit in cellars is likely to suffer from heat rather than cold. In the slow operation of ripening, heat and carbonic acid are thrown off. Whenever the temperature approaches forty degrees, the outer air, if cooler, should be let in to reduce it. In the house-cellar, the accumulation of carbonic acid would be injurious to the health of the family, and it is highly important that this be removed by ventilation. In fruit-cellars apart from the house, this is not necessary, as the presence of this gas, so injurious to animal life, tends to preserve the fruit, as it excludes the atmospheric air.

Improved seed, like improved stock, must be grown with special care or it will rapidly go back to its original state. In experimenting with new kinds, every care should be given to keep up the vigor of the plant and maintain the character of the product.

Make your farm so valuable by constant improvement, skilful culture, good fruit, ornamental shrubbery and pleasant surroundings that no money will tempt you to leave it. We think it should be the settled purpose of every young man to put down his stakes for life, to make a permanent home which he will never wish to part with till he is called to the better land.

The successful farmer is he who provides conveniences for the care of his property and the performance of his work; he counts time as an important item in the yearly calculation, and care of all his various effects as a factor in the annual return. When he puts the horse in the stable there is a place for the harness where it will be safe from weather or any other damage; his wagons and tools are provided with coverings to preserve them; about his premises will be found a little shop or room where he keeps saws, hammers, vises, augers and the various tools that are needed to mend and put in order the different machines he uses. These simple articles prevent days and weeks of delay, besides adding to the length of time implements will last. It pays to have conveniences, and also to get what you do buy of good quality.—*Lancaster Farmer.*

Facts for Farmers.

Iodine is obtained from sea weed.

The squash is a native of America.

In general 20,000 pounds is a car load.

An old cow for milk, a young hen for eggs.

Wool contains eighteen per cent., of nitrogen.

A bushel of ashes contains five pounds of potash.

Seven pounds of hay will produce one quart of milk.

Parsnips contain twice as much real food as turnips.

Of plaster of paris forty-six per cent., is sulphuric acid.

Leaves have 170 openings or mouths in a square inch.

Twenty-five pounds of milk will make one pound of meat.

Milk yields more cream in deep pans than in shallow ones.

The tassel of corn is the male flower, the silk the female.

Live weight cattle, to dead weight, is twenty-one to twelve.

A cubic foot of manure weighs from fifty to sixty pounds.

The horns of cattle are made up of elongated fibres of hair.

The earth is one degree warmer for every fifty-five feet of descent.

Plants have three kinds of flowers, male, female and hermaphrodite.

The chemica composition of hoofs, hair, wool and feathers is substantially the same.

It requires but seventy days to grow a crop of Hungarian. It can follow a crop of clover the same season, the right time to sow it being after the clover is harvested. About three pecks of seed to an acre is required.

The *Massachusetts Ploughman* has taken pains to collect the testimony of a large number of farmers on the question, how many solid feet of hay well pressed in the mow will make a ton. Taking hay as it is found in most barns in the spring, all agree essentially that a ton will measure not far from 500 feet. Many adopt the rule of buying good, well-pressed timothy of reckoning eight feet cube as a ton, or 512 feet.

English authorities reckon potatoes to be superior to Swede turnips to 200 to sixty-four, to beet-root as 200 to 105 and to cabbages as 200 to seventy-three; 200 parts of raw potatoes and 175 of boiled are equal to 100 parts of hay. An acre of good potatoes yields 600 lbs. of gluten, albumen and casein, producing muscle; 3,330 lbs. of starch, gum, sugar and fat, with 20,250 lbs. of water; 100 lbs. contain twelve of starch, gum and sugar, two and a half of gluten, albumen and casein, and one-fourth pound of oil.

Questions and Answers.

MITES IN A POULTRY HOUSE.

Please tell me what will destroy mites in a poultry house and on the fowls. We have tried sulphur, ashes, China berries, and wal