FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

Bessie's Race.

Little Bess, happy Bess,
Pretty Bessie,
Little Bess ran a race,
Down by the sea.

On the beach little crab,
Happy and free,
Ran for the briny waves,
Plunged in the sea.

Little Bess, pretty Bess,
Tears on her face,
Saw crabbie running fast—
Now for a race.

Little Bess, frightened,
Cried for her mother.
Crabbie ran one way,
Bess ran the other.

Farmer Swift and the Elephant.

"Fun ahead, boys! fun alive!" shouted Farmer Swift to a group of lads who were playing "four old cat," as he drove into his own dooryard, late one hot September afternoon, fifty years ago.

The boys dropped bat and ball, and gathered about the cheery, good-natured man, as he dismounted from his chaise and went on with his animated talk.

"I've driven straight from Brattleboro'. The great New York caravan is on exhibition there this afternoon and evening. I should have gone in and looked at the animals, only it didn't seem as if it would be just the right thing for a family man to go to a show without his wife and children. So I thought I would wait and take you all with me to Greenfield to-morrow and see it there.

"I walked around and looked at the big tent so that I could tell you all about it, and asked a large strapping fellow, in a red shirt and shiny belt, who stood outside, for a pictured bill to bring home to show the folks. But he was one of those big-feeling, important fellows, and he and a lot of the other showmen made fun of me, called me 'Jonathan,' 'Greeny,' 'Yank,' and so forth, and said I had better run home to my mother and save my quarter. I told him that same quarter was what he was after, but he wouldn't get it out of me or any of my neighbors, and that we would all see the show too, without going out of our own town for it. They all laughed, and the head one said: 'I guess not, Jonathan.' But I calculate to be as good as my word.

"So, George, you jump on to the bay colt, and ride up to Frizzle Hill and on to Saunder's Mountain. Horace, you take the white filly and cut down to Tiffany's Ferry and Prindle's Cross-roads, and both of you stop at every house on the way, and tell all the boys and girls that the big New York caravan, on its way from Brattleboro' to Greenfield, will come along here some time in the night, and that I will stop the whole thing, so that all who shall get here before sunrise to-morrow morning can see the elephant and camels, sure, and perhaps get a sight of the other animals.

"Joseph, you may tackle the brindle steers into the ox wagon, and go down to Moose Plain and bring up a good big load of those ripe sugar pumpkins. Jane you and Esther run out into the garden, and pick and husk a basket of sweet corn and bring it here to the door yard fence. Wife, now I've got this business off my mind for the present, I guess I'll have a bit of supper."

These various instructions were all obeyed with alacrity and carried out to the letter, and at the usual early hour for retiring, quiet settled down over the old farm house.

"I shan't go to bed," said the farmer, "for fear of sleeping so sound that the caravan will steal a march on me after all. Come, major," and the stout, healthy, pleasant-faced man, and the large brown house-dog stretched themselves out upon a buffalo robe, on the floor of the broad, open stoop, both prepared to sleep with one eye open.

Between three and four o'clock of that clear, dewy September morning there came a steady tramp and a smothered rumble from far up the dusty road. Major pricked up his ears and gave a quick, sharp bark at the unusual sound. Farmer Swift sprang to his feet, and going to the chamber door, called out: "Fun ahead! fun alive! Up, up all of you!" The old chanticleer, roused by the extraordinary bustle, sounded out a clarion call from his roost, which woke every "cock o' the walk" in the neighbor hood, and simultaneously sent back a cock-a-doodle-doo, which went ringing off across the hills and woods and meadows, being taken up in turn at the farm yards on the Brattleboro' road, and sent onward across the long plain, until by the time the great, tramping, rumbling caravan reached Jason Swift's red farm house, every family from Saunders Mountain to Tiffany's Ferry were awake and tumbling out of bed, and starting off for run across the dew-wet fields to the old red house.

Farmer Swift bent his tall, sinewy form down behind the high board fence, and as the huge, long black column came hurrying down the hard, white road, a big yellow pumpkin rolled noiselessly down the green slope, directly under the feet of the monster elephant. The lusty, hungry fellow was not slow to recognize it as a luscious morsel. He had a special fondness for sweet pumpkins. Farmer Swift had heard one of Ajax's keepers say so the day before. It was a long time since he had had pumpkins for breakfast, and he now caught up this one that lay so opportunely in his path, by a deft twist of his trunk, when in a twinkling, thump went the bright golden sphere down upon the trodden track, and lay in crisp, inviting fragments at his majesty's feet. Giving long, low gurgling notes of joy, always so touching when elephants utter it when they are pleased, he wheeled about and fell to eating with a keen relish.

Of course Ajax immediately became an impassible obstacle in the way of the long line of animals on foot and in the heavy, gaudily-painted, wheeled cages that were behind him. The weary, hungry creatures that were nearest Ajax, and on foot, hearing him munching his food, set up each his peculiar cry of hunger, and soon from the whole line of cages, whose wooden slides were always kept open when the caravan was moving in the night, that the poor imprisoned animals might have fresh air, came forth such a din as was never before heard in that quiet, jog-trotting neighborhood.

The keepers and drivers shouted, scolded and prodded, and then coaxed the elephant to go on, but to no avail. Just before one pumpkin would be finished by the hungry old Greek, another would come stealthily down the grassy slope and up plump to his feet. It was some time before the astonished and now thoroughly-enraged keepers discovered the source from whence came this seemingly inexhaustible supply of golden tid-bits for an elephant, so toothsome to this one, the lord of their caravan.

Soon the pale gleams of the morning disclosed to them their "Jonathan," "Yank" and "Greeny" of yesterday, and they were obliged to confess to themselves and to each other that he had the best of them now. They looked around over the broad, rich fields and at the big barns, and wondered were the latter filled with pumpkins. They straightway implored Farmer Swift to feed the elephant no more. To this he request acceded with a sly twinkle in his eye, for now ran up from the roadside bushes, from corners of the fences, and came down from the tree-tops and out of the and borns, troops of hurrahing boys and girls, each with a cream-white, succulent ear of sweet corn, and showered them in a pile before the delighted Ajax.

At this juncture the old fellow himself seemed to enter into the spirit of the fun, and at intervals, while crunching the tender ears of corn and uttering his soft notes of delight, he went through, what he could in his harness, with his manual of feats and tricks, as if to reward his young friends for his unexpected though very acceptable collation.

The caravan men were quite angry, but they could not help themselves until the heap of corn had been eaten, and the boys and girls, young men and maidens, and not a few fathers and mothers, had inspected the large line of caged wonders, down to the monkeys, the birds of paradise and the anacondas.

Farmer Swift had mollified the men before the caravan had resumed its way, for he had quietly ordered his hired men to milk the cows, and his eldest son to gather a bushel-basketful of "early harvests," and as the rich, hearty beverage and the large, spicy, mellow apples were passsed around to the not long ago irate keepers and teamsters, they acknowledged both the corn and the pumpkins, and lighting their pipes, good-humoredly went on their way, and the rattling, rumbling caravan, headed by old Ajax, soon disappeared.—*American Cultivator.*

When Lightning Will Strike.

We may now endeavor to ascertain under what conditions damage from lightning is possible, and what are the means by which the risk may be lessened or avoided. An isolated tree, standing either upon a wide plain or upon an eminence, is obviously likely to determine a lightning discharge, to "attract the lightning," to use a common expression. The top of the tree is the nearest point to the cloud; and since the tree is a better conductor than the air, a line drawn vertically through it to the cloud marks the shortest and easiest course along which the electricities may pass. If, when the charged cloud arrives directly over this point, the tension is sufficient to overcome the resistance along that line, a discharge will take place, and the tree will be struck. But if the tension be not sufficient, the cloud will pass harmlessly over. Hence it appears that a person standing during a thunder storm beneath a tree so situated is exposed to some risk. On no account, therefore, should the traveler take refuge under an isolated tree; generally he will do well to avoid its neighborhood altogether; but should he be overtaken by the storm when on a plain with no shelter near, the tree may still be made to afford him some protection. If he take up a position near it, but not under its branches, he will probably escape unhurt should the lightning descend upon it. The safest distance from the tree is that which is equal to its height. To approach much nearer than this is to incur the risk of being within the influence of the stroke; to remain at a much greater distance away is to place one's self in the same conditions of isolation as the tree itself. It will have been remarked by all observers of the phenomenon that whenever a tree has been struck by lightning it has generally occupied an isolated position. In describing the position, however, it is not meant that the tree is necessarily standing alone, but it is not one of a numerous group. When there are many trees together, their collective conductivity is often sufficient to cause an undestructive discharge of the electricity. This is especially likely to happen when the trees are wet with rain, for then their surfaces are covered with a film of water.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Hatching Silk Worms.

The Paris correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun* writes: If a recent discovery be found as practicable in application as it seems to promise, and I am assured it will, a very great and important change in the production of silk will be effected. It is the obtaining of two yields in the year of the raw material instead of one, as at present. The moth, which is the last stage of the caterpillar's existance, lays its eggs in May or June, and they remain in a dormant state until spring of the following year. But occasionally they are seen to hatch spontaneously, ten or twelve days after they are laid. Mr. Duclaux, professor of the faculty of sciences at Lyons, who is my informant, tells me now that he entered on a series of experiments on this subject and discovered that the hatching, or, perhaps, I should say forcing process, can be effected, and results satisfactory produced at will. How does he do it? By rubbing the eggs with a fairy hard brush, subjecting them to the action of electricity, or more simple and sure still, by dropping them for half a minute into concentrated sulphuric acid. I am told that a Mr. Balle has effected the same results by chlorhydric, nitric, acetic or tartaric acids. A submersion of a few minutes in heated water at fifty degrees centigrade (or say 122 Fahrenheit) is of a like efficacy.

The operation by any mode must be performed when the eggs are not over the second or third day's age. When this new method is accomplished, the mulberry tree is in full vigor and the weather favorable, so that the rearing of the worm is not liable to any severe climatic effects or sudden atmospheric changes. The eggs from the second batch are productive of a more prolific progeny than those from the batch that have been hibernating, if I may use the term, for many months. I learn that this discovery is opening some other fields of application, and, before long, what may not be produced?

How the Esquimaux Live.

In the winter season the Esquimaux live in huts built of snow, and we may imagine what must have been the necessity and distress that could first have suggested to a human being the idea of using such an unpromising material as a means of protecting himself from cold. Be that as it may, the snow "igloe," or hut, affords not only security from the inclemency of the weather, but more comfort than either stone or wooden buildings without fire. The construction of them requires considerable tact, and is always performed by the men, two being required for it, one outside and the other inside. Blocks of snow are first cut out with some sharp instrument from the spot that is intended to form the floor of the dwelling, and raised on edge, inclining a little inward around the cavity. These blocks are generally about two feet in length, two in breadth, and eight inches thick, and are joined close together. In this manner the edifice is erected, contracting at each successive tier, until there only remains a small aperture at the top, which is filled by a slab of clear ice, that serves both as a keystone to the arch and a window to light the dwelling. An embankment of snow is raised around the wall, and covered with skins, which answer the double purpose of beds and seats. The inside of the hut presents the figure of an arch or dome; the usual dimensions are ten or twelve feet in diameter, and about eight feet in height at the center. Sometimes two or three families congregate under the same roof, having separate apartments communicating with the main building, that are used as bedrooms. The entrance to the "igloe" is effected through a winding covered passage, which stands open by day, but is closed up at night by placing slabs of ice at the angle of each bend, and thus the inmates are perfectly secured against the severest cold.

"What's in a Name."

Mr. Ivory Nute, of Berwich, Me., is dead. The marriage of Mr. Walter Marriage, jr., of Montreal, is announced. Miss Tillie Gudash has become insane and been taken to the asylum at Oshkosh. Mr. Charles M. Pillsticker is one of the parties to a suit in the court of common pleas in New York. Mr. Europe Kelsey, an "oldest Mason in the United States," has just died at Freeport, Me. Susan Honesty has been arrested at Washington for theft, where on the same day Willian Locksmith was sent to jail for having skeleton keys in his possession. Clara Samblinbru fell out of a window on Greenwich street, New York, the other day. Miss M. J. O'Fake and Pheez Huff, Esq., figured in a recent scandal in Brooklyn, where, by the way, reside Messrs. Conrad Cask, William J. Chin and Valentine Butterfast. Mr. French Smoot is a popular Mason of Georgetown, D. C. The Chicago *Times* announces the death, "at his son-in-law's" of "Pie-ordeored." Havelock Veals was recently drowned in Lake Tupper, N. S. Mr. Gustavus St. Gem has been appointed surveyor of the port of St. Louis. The Rev. Gosh Dong is preaching in Oregon.

What our great men are doing—Thomas Ewing has been blown up in a Mississippi steamer. Disraeli is a tramp at Ottawa. James Madison has been acquitted of a charge of burglary at St. Louis. Daniel Webster, a shoemaker, of Washington, has been fighting in a lawsuit about a pair of boots he made for John C. Breckenridge.

NEWSPAPER MENAGERIE.

Some Recent Curiosities and Anecdotes of Animal Life.

The black cat of Pio Nono, Morello by name, is well cared for at the Vatican.

A pig has been added to the attractions of Tipton, Ia., having eight legs, two backs and one head.

A cat at Elgin, Ill., has hatched out a breed of nine chickens and is caring for them in a very motherly manner.

The mare of Mr. William Griffin, of Rushville, Ind., a few nights since gave birth to a six-legged colt, which is alive and healthy.

A pig at Sunny Point, Tex., not long ago killed two colored children—an infant and a little boy of two—eating off the head of the former and an arm and a leg of the latter.

A dog in Nebraska deliberately walked in front of a raiload train, laid its head on the rail and was killed, because of its grief at the death of a child, its favorite playmate.

The chicken of Mrs. Birmingham, 141 High street, St. Louis, is two years old, nearly three feet in height and weighs thirty-seven pounds avoirdupois. Its mother weighed only five pounds.

The Newfoundland dog of a resident of Charlton, Ia., when his master cut off its rich coat of hair hid himself for very shame in a cellar, which he cannot be induced to leave.

The cat of Farmer Robinson, of Oro, Ont., being given a nest of rabbits of tender age, by way of a tid-bit, killed all her own kittens and adopted the rabbits in their stead.

Two martins in Lancaster, Pa., an owl having taken possession of their nest, which was built in a small box, plastered up the entire front with mud and kept the intruder there a prisoner till he died.

A cat at St. Louis, having observed that all of her kittens but two were drowned, has become an advocate of natural selection, and now selects the two of her progeny that please her best and kills the rest herself.

The black-and-tan terrier of a gentleman residing on Drummond street, Montreal, squeezed itself through a hole under the veranda and fell into a vault beneath, where it remained for eighteen days without food or water.

A crow with its foot fast in the mud attracted the attention of Mr. Asa S. Greene, of Surry, Me., the other day. On going to the spot investigation showed that the bird was firmly held by a large clam. The crow finally escaped by biting off its toe.

The cow of Mr. Carter Courser, of Glen Sutton, Canada, has given birth to a creature with the body and limbs of a goat, while the head slightly resembles the human cranium, having a forehead three inches high. The body is of a white color, while the head is nearly black.

The hogs of a Georgia farmer being troubled with fleas, their owner was told to annoint them with lard and tar. He had no lard but tried tar. For several days his hogs failed to come up, and he concluded to look for them. He found them in a bed in the woods, all stuck together like damp postage stamps.

A parrot was sent over the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad the other day. The cage, inclosed in paper, was put on a coffin and was soon forgotten. As the train men were passing through the car they heard a sepulchral voice issuing from the coffin, crying, "Lemme out!" They were startled and thought a dead man had come to life until the bird was discovered.

A parrot belonging to a San Francisican annoyed by its persistent chattering and screaming a lodger on an upper floor of the same house, who, being director of a faro bank, desired to sleep by day. At last he got a rod and line, baited the hook with a gaudy fly, dropped it near the nuisance's perch, got a bite, landed his prize, wrung its neck and dropped its lifeless body upon the balcony beneath. He was arrested, but triumphantly acquitted.

The horse of Mr. Charles Burckhardt, of Cincinnati, ran away the other day, jumped over a wood-sawyer at work on a pile of wood, plunged through the summer-doors of a beer-saloon, wrecking the interior badly, went out again through the plate glass window, knocked the sprinkling arrangement off of a watering-cart, tried to jump into an express wagon and finally sprang through the windows of a street-car; he was then secured somewhat bruised, but otherwise safe and sound.

The cat of a lady living at Laclede, Mo., recently disappeared for three days, and was finally found under the back steps of a grocery store in the neighborhood, with one fore-paw bitten off and both hind legs disabled, apparently from an injury in the groin. By his side lay a dead dog, weighing about forty-five pounds, with both eyes scratched out and the skin of his entire body torn and lacerated. It was evident that the two animals had had a deadly combat, and that the cat had proved the victor. The cat has been tenderly nursed by its mistress, and has entirely recovered.

Flying-Fish.

The mechanism of the movements of the flying-fish through the air has been described with much detail by Professor Moebius, of Kiel, who concludes, from the observations of those who have published on the subject and his own, that the flying-fish dart from the water with great speed without reference to the course of the wind and waves. They make no regular flying motions with their pectoral and ventral fins, but spread them out quietly, though very rapid vibrations can be seen in the outstretched pectoral fins. The hinder part of the body, while the fish moves in the air, hangs somewhat lower than the forepart of the body. They usually fly farther against the wind than with it, or if their track and the direction of the wind form an angle. Most flying-fish which fly against or with the wind continue in their whole course of flight in the same direction in which they come out of the water. Winds which blow from one side on to the original track of the fish bend their course inward. All fish which are at a distance from the vessel hover in their whole course in the air near the surface of the water. If in strong winds they fly against the course of the waves, then they fly a little higher; sometimes they cut with the tail into the crest of the same. Only such flying-fish rise to a considerable height (at the highest, by chance, five meters above the surface of the sea) whose course in the air becomes obstructed by a vessel. In the daytime flying-fish seldom fall on deck of the ship, but mostly in the night; never in a calm, but only when the wind blows. For the most part they fall on ships which do not rise higher than two or three yards above the water, when they are sailing on the wind, or with half wind, and are making a good course. Flying-fish never come on board from the lee side, but only on the windward side. Before vessels which pass between their swimming schools the fish fly into the air as before predaceous fish or cetaceans.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Rosewood.

It has puzzled many to decide why the dark wood so highly valued for pianos, and in these times so cleverly imitated, should be called rosewood. Its color, certainly, does not look like that of a rose, but when the tree is first cut, the fresh wood possesses a strong, rose-like fragrance; hence the name. There are half a dozen or more kinds of rosewood trees found in South America and in the East Indies and neighboring islands. Sometimes the trees grow so large that planks four feet broad and ten feet in length can be cut from them. These broad planks are principally used to make tops for piano fortes. When growing, the rosewood tree is remarkable for its beauty; but such is its value in manufactures as an ornamental wood, that some of the forests where it once grew abundantly, now have scarcely a single specimen. In Madras the government has prudently had great plantations of this tree set out in order to keep up the supply.

MEN WITH QUEER NERVES.

The "Jumpers" of Maine—A Region in which Some Startling Things are Seen.

In February last, writes a New York *Sun* correspondent, I was riding in a sleigh from Shirley to Greenville, in Maine. I was a commercial traveler, and my companion in the cutter, Mr. Long, was an old schoolmate from New York, now a saw mill owner of Greenville. Riding just behind us in a rude pung were two Canadian Frenchmen, whom he had hired to work in his mill. At the foot of a long hill I sprang from the sleigh to warm my feet by walking and as I leaped out, the board seat, on the extreme end of which my friend sat, tipped up and he fell into the deep snow. He jumped up and laughed. Just then I saw the Frenchmen tumble backward out of their sleigh exactly as Long had done. It was a ludicrous mimicry, and I could not understand it. We stopped their lazy horse and laughed at them as they came up, but they only pointed at Long, muttered something in mongrel French and shook their heads seriously. One of them had struck on his head and sprained his neck.

"Well," said Long, "I'd no idea those fellows were jumpers."

"Jumpers?" I asked; "what's jumpers?"

"Why, didn't you ever hear of jumping Frenchmen?"

"Never in my life."

"These are jumping Frenchmen. They tumbled out of that seat just because they saw me tumble, and they couldn't have helped it to save their lives. This country is full of jumpers."

"Can't they control their conduct in any way?"

"Oh, yes; in most ways, when they are not jumped; but you jump one of them and over he goes."

"Jump one of them! Come explain. You'll have to make your joke plainer."

"No joke, 'pon honor. By 'jumping' one of them I mean surprising him. Startle him in any way and you set him going at once. I'll show you a lot of them when we get to Greenville."

We were in the upper half of Maine. Greenville is at the lower end of Moosehead lake, which is the source of the Kennebec river, and the center of a vast lumber region. It contains some fifty houses, among which are two large hotels, which are filled with pleasure seekers in summer. More than half of the lumbermen employed in the woods in winter, I learned from L., are Canadian French, or half-breeds. Most of these, he said, are jumpers.

"Now follow me into the dining-room," he added, as he hitched the two horses in front of a small hotel, through the window of which we could see a dozen red-shirted men at supper. I followed him in. As he entered the room he raised his hands suddenly above his head, pointed his fore fingers at the ceiling, and said "Sh-h!" so as to be heard by all. The men around the table instantly sprang up, pointed their fore fingers at the ceiling, and every one said "Sh-h!" One knocked over his chair, and some crockery was broken by the jog that the table received. The two Frenchmen who had followed their employer also repeated the same gesture and said "Sh-h!" The men around the table flushed, and then turned pale as they resumed their seats. They recognized Long as he saluted them in their peculiar French-Indian patois; but they were surly and indisposed to talk. We soon withdrew.

"Well," said Long, "they're jumpers."

"What did they do that for?" I asked.

"They couldn't have helped it if their lives had been at stake."

I wanted to investigate this strange phenomenon, if indeed it was genuine, but I was to start next morning for Bangor.

"I have never seen any of these queer creatures down along the coast," I said.

"No," said Long, "they are confined to Canada and the frontier—mainly in the lumbering region. There are thousands of jumpers in Maine. By the way, you are coming back in April. Just make a stay of a fortnight and I'll show you more jumpers than you can count, and more odd and exciting tricks than you ever dreamed of. Jumpers come in out of the woods in the spring, and they will be loafing around here in April, drinking whiskey and spending their winter's earnings."

I promised I would do it and I did. I stayed there nearly a month. What he told me is a fact. Jumping Frenchmen are as thick as dogs. Jumping or shouting, or moving suddenly when startled, is peculiar to most of them. I have seen as many as twenty-five jumpers all together. Touch one of them when he was not expecting it on the neck, or even on the hand, and he would cry out, tremble, turn pale, and catch his breath, and his crying out would be pretty certain to start the others.

There are many different kinds of jumpers. Some, when startled, fiercely strike out directly in front of them, hitting whatever is in the way. As I made it my business to watch these men, I saw a good deal of this hitting, most of it harmless, as they generally struck only the air. They like to tease one another, or jump one another, as it is called there. This is their principal source of fun, and whenever there is a gathering of them they warily watch to avoid a jump. Occasionally a man when laughing is jumped either by a sudden noise or a chip hitting him on the back. Then he flings away whatever he has in his hands. I saw one pouring milk into his coffee. I shouted to him "Fling it!" and he flung the pitcher across the room, smashing it against the wall. A gong hung behind a door, but it had not been used for years on account of its startling effect on jumpers. One day a stranger tapped it. A man whom I was trying to talk with struck aimlessly into the air, and another knocked a friend into the great fireplace.

Any of these jumpers can be made to strike anybody that stands near enough, by shouting to him "Hit him!" Long tells me that seven were knocked down in a second, the general assault being induced by a clumsy waiter dropping a tray. I saw one fellow who sneezes whenever anybody else sneezes, or even when anybody indulges in a simulated sneeze. His nervous system seems to be easily imposed on. I saw another who, though he does not know a word of English, will repeat any short sentence spoken to him suddenly.

"Good morning; how d' do?" I said to him.

"Good morning; how d' do?" he repeated after me, with excellent articulation.

The Wheat Crop.

The glowing prophecies that have been made on all sides as to this year's wheat crop bid fair to be fulfilled. It is almost impossible to obtain accurate data respecting the crops, both from the nature of the subject, the wide extent of territory which a review must take in, and the reports of interested parties. The best informed authorities estimated last year's wheat crop at 330,000,000 bushels, whereas in reality it reached 350,000,000 bushels. There seems no disposition this year to be modest in making estimates. Few place this year's crop below 400,000,000 bushels, and those of a sanguine disposition increase these figures by 25,000,000 or 50,000,000 busheis. Many predict confidently that Minnesota's crop will reach 60,000,000 bushels, and that Iowa and Kansas will follow with 45,000,000 and 30,000,000 respectively. Even Dakota, it is said, will produce 15,000,000 bushels, and Nebraska 25,000,000. Of course some allowance must be made for these figures, but the indications are now that the present crop of wheat will be by far the largest ever produced in this country, and will probably reach 400,000,000 bushels. Harvest is over in the Southern winter wheat districts, and the wheat is reported to be excellent in quality and the yield large. It will be impossible to give figures for some time to come, as statistics of this kind are always difficult to obtain.—*American Miller.*

"Sweets to the sweet," said the swell of the boarding house, passing the syrup to the daughter of the proprietor. "And beets to the beat," remarked the latter lady, shoving a dish of that vegetable toward the youth. The observation cast a gloom over the company.

A Lost Colony.

The discovery of a mound in North Carolina, with a number of well-preserved corpses of an unknown nationality, has revived a hope of Sir Walter Raleigh, that some trace might yet be found of the famous Roanoke Colony. The remains and contents of the mound are undergoing careful examination, and if it is possible to decide that they are the Roanoke Colony—lost found—no doubt it will be done. The human mind dislikes an unsolvable mystery, especially one three centuries old. It was in 1587 that the famous lost colony, the subject of so much search, speculation and romance landed at Roanoke, and formed a friendship with Manteo, who was made a Christian, a feudal baron, as the Lord of Roanoke, the first gentleman in America. It was that colony that gave birth to Virginia Dare, the first child born of English parents on the United States soil—a female, by the way, which would have entitled woman to some rights of priority if she had not been unfortunately lost, without perpetuating herself in posterity. It was three years, on account of war, Spanish armada and home troubles, before a ship with supplies and the governor of the colony, Virginia Dare's grandfather, returned to Roanoke. All that remained of the colony, or Manteo and the friendly Indians to tell of its fate was the inscription, "Croatan" on the bark of a tree. No search was made then. Afterwards Raleigh sent five times to seek his colonists, but no sign or trace of them ever appeared. The Indians at a later day claimed to have adopted the colonists, and their physical characteristics give some color to the theory of adoption and amalgamation. The lost colony has been the theme of many a story and of great deal of discussion, which the curious delver in the old and half-forgotten will find attractive.—*Nashville (Tenn.) American.*

Water in the Ear.

Those who bathe in salt water should put plugs of cotton in their ears, if they don't wish to run the risk of becoming deaf. Mr. Samuel Sexton, surgeon-in-chief to the New York Ear Dispensary, in a recent communication to the *Medical Record*, estimates that a thousand people of New York city are sent to their physicians to be treated for ear diseases every year, whose trouble has arisen from getting water in their ears while bathing, or from catching cold at such times by exposure or neglect.

It appears from the doctor's researches that salt water is peculiarly irritating to the delicate structure of the inner ear. Very cold water, of the freshest kind, may, however, be eqully harmful.

Surf-bathers are especially exposed to such injuries, since a breaker may strike them on the side of the head and drive the water into the ear; the same result may ensue if the bather gets a sudden mouthful from an unexpected wave, the water then being forced through from the mouth to the inner ear.

Man, the doctor thinks, is not naturally amphibious. Animals fitted for aquatic life are provided with various arrangements for keeping the water out; seals, for instance, have a movable membrane in the ear, which closes and shuts out fluid; the muscles of the water-shrew are competent to shut the ear-passages.

People who are blessed with very small openings to their ears run the least risk in bathing. A man should never dive, says the doctor, if he wishes to preserve his hearing.

When in the surf, he should take the wave on his chest or back, "closing his mouth and nostrils;" though how a man can close his nostrils the doctor does not state. But the pledget of cotton for the ears is essential, and every bather should be provided with it.—*Tribune.*

She Failed.

The other day, soon after a Congress street woman had decided to build a big cake for supper, she heard the musical voice of a peddler crying in the wilderness:

"Great big huckleberries—eight cents a quart—three quarts for twenty-five cents!"

"Nothing like taking advantage of discounts," said the woman as she ran for a dish, and in five minutes she had her three quarts of berries and the peddler had her silver quarter.

Time passed on. She sat in a rocking-chair looking over the fruit, when all of a sudden she turned pale and began breathing hard. It was not a case of heart-disease or spinal meningitis, nor had a new wrinkle suddenly developed itself on her forehead. She had simply figured:

"Eight cents per quart—three quarts for twenty-five cents—three times eight is twenty-four!"

Her son came in just as she had slipped a revolver into her pocket and tied her bonnet strings into a square knot and when he asked her where she was going she solemnly replied:

"Harry, I am going to kill a peddler—a seven-story hypocrite and deceiver who gave me wholesale rates on these berries! Tell your father to engage three lawyers and be at the Central Station in half an hour!"

But the strawberry man passed on—had sought other shady and innocent neighborhoods, and she returned to her darkened home with a toothache under her ear and her heart beating at 115 degrees in the shade.—*Free Press.*

Home Decoration.

Decorative art was once known only to the rich, but now it is familiar to the middle classes, who crave forms of beauty. Let us dwell for a few moments on houses and the art of furnishing rooms. Rooms are quick tell-tales of character and taste, or the lack of it, and each room should express something and be in harmony with itself. There are elegant drawing-rooms which chill you as you enter, and simple, cosy sitting-rooms in which every chair says, "do sit down with me," and a welcome comes from the very walls. Household taste is but a synonym for household culture, and she is a wise woman who surrounds those she loves with objects of beauty. It is not an impossible fact, for women can accomplish much in this direction.

know one who has changed, as if by magic, an ugly seven-gabled house into a marvel of beauty. It is by a thousand little felicities, a pretty bracket, an artistic gem of a picture, statuette or bust, a gauzy curtain veiling some little recess, a pretty hanging basket, a graceful stand of flowers, a tiny cabinet of choice treasures, a cosy chair, or comfortable divan—these and many another object, trifling in itself and easily manufactured, are the "traps to catch sunbeams," which shimmer and lighten up and glow through the dwelling where taste dwells in unity with utilities and love.

The Frigate Bird.

I see a small blue point in the heaven. Happy and serene region, which has rested in peace above the hurricane! In that blue point, and at an elevation of 10,000 feet royally floats a little bird with enormous wings. A gull? No, its wings are black. An eagle? No; the bird is too small. It is the little ocean eagle, first and chief of the winged race, the daring navigator who furls his sails, the lord of the tempest, the scorner of all peril—the man-of-war the frigate bird. We have reached the culminating point of the series, commenced by the wingless bird. Here we have a bird which is virtually nothing more than wings, scarcely any body—barely as large as that of the domestic cock—while his prodigious pinions are fifteen feet in span. The great problem of flight is solved and overpassed for the power of flight seems useless. Such a bird, naturally sustained by such support, need not allow himself to be borne along. The storm bursts; he mounts to lofty heights, where he finds tranquility. The poetic metaphor, untrue when applied to any other bird, is no exaggeration when applied to him; literally, he sleeps upon the storm. When he chooses to soar his way seriously, all distance vanishes; he breakfasts at the Senegal; he dines in America.—*Michelet.*

Whirlwinds are produced by violent and contrary currents meeting and striking upon each other, producing a circular motion. They generally occur after long calms, attended by much heat.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Eastern and Middle States.

Andrew J. Kerwin, a New York builder, has been adjudged a bankrupt. His liabilities are estimated at over $2,000,000, with small assets.

Robert W. Greeve died the other night at his farm, in South Kingston, R. I., in consequence of being bitten by a sheep-killing dog on the 10th of April last.

Sixty-four cases of sunstroke—nine of which were fatal—occurred in New York city the other day.

A bridge over the Erie railroad near Por Jervis, N. Y., gave way suddenly, precipitating four ladies who were standing on it to the track, a distance of twenty feet, and injuring all four, one of them fatally.

The recent hot weather has been followed by terrific storms throughout the Eastern and Middle States. At Northampton the exhibition building, grand stand, sheds and fences were blown down, causing a damage of about $8,000. At Middletown, N. Y., a church steeple was blown down, several houses were unroofed and many trees uprooted. At Albany, N. Y., the storm raged furiously, leaving a scene of ruin and desolation in its track. Sixteen buildings were destroyed, many trees were struck by lightning and several car horses were killed, the damage done reaching $100,000. At Gloucester, Mass., a house was struck by lightning and two of the inmates—Julia McPhee and Mrs. George Byers—were killed. Five other houses were also struck by lightning. At Concord, N. H., the Shattack House was destroyed by lightning, entailing a loss of $20,000.

The Boston Belting Company, of Boston, has suspended payments, its treasurer, John S. Tappan, having used the credit of the concern for his private speculation to the extent of over $500,000. Tappan conveyed a large amount of property to the company to make good the loss. The liabilities of the corporation are given at $839,000; nominal assets, $280,000, and notes payable, $628,000.

The failure of the Boston Belting Company was followed by the suspension of the New York Belting Company, the business relations of the two concerns having been very close. The New York corporation had a capital of $800,000, and employed a large force of workmen at its extensive works in Sandy Hook, Conn.

The National Greenback Labor party of New York met in convention at Syracuse. At the first day's session the four contesting delegations from New York city were excluded. Some of the excluded delegates thereupon proceeded to form a second convention, but the idea was eventually abandoned. On the second day John C. Daily, of Utica, was elected chairman. After two ballots Gideon J. Tucker, of New York city, was nominated for judge of the court of appeals. The platform adopted favors the use of paper money in legal payment of all debts, and the immediate payment of all government bonds in paper money; demands the repeal of the national banking act and equal taxation of all property; calls for the adoption of land limitation laws, legislation looking to the control of railroads by the State, a labor bureau, the abolition of convict labor contract, a tax on all incomes over $1,000 and reduction of official salaries; recommends internal improvements and is opposed to Chinese cheap labor.

Western and Southern States.

The Colorado Democrats, in State convention at Pueblo, nominated W. A. H. Loveland for governor and Thomas M. Patterson for Congress. The platform demands free coinage of silver, repeal of the resumption act, and the substitution of greenbacks for national bank notes; the House presidential election investigation is approved.

Sam Bass, the notorious Texas desperado, who recently added to his numerous crimes by killing a deputy sheriff near Galveston, has been captured by a squad of State troops after receiving a fatal wound.

The Texas Democratic State convention was held in Austin. On the nineteenth ballot for governor the vote stood: Hubbard, 890; Devine, 613. Necessary to a choice, 1,002. The convention then adjourned.

The business portion of the town of Catlettsburg, Ky., comprising several blocks of stores and residences, was totally destroyed by fire, causing a loss estimated at $200,000, upon which there is little insurance.

A boiler attached to a threshing machine on the farm of Benjamin Wessell, near Belleville Ill., exploded, instantly killing two men, mortally wounding two and severely injuring three others. The accident was caused by carelessness or inefficiency of the engineer.

Twenty thousand people were present at a soldiers' reunion in Newark, Ohio. The President, Attorney-General Devens, General Sherman and Governor Bishop took part in the ceremonies.

L. B. Atchison, a balloonist, while making an ascension at Elmwood, Ill., fell a distance of 200 hundred feet and was instantly killed.

General Mackenzie, with 800 United States troops has again crossed the Rio Grande into Mexico, in pursuit of cattle thieves and raiders.

Wilson Howchins, who lived near Flavanna Court House, Va., murdered his wife, mother-in-law, and one child, and then killed himself. A son, seven years old, who saw his father attack his mother, took the baby out of its cradle and fled to a place of safety.

The Texas Democrats in State convention withdrew the two regular candidates for governor after balloting many times and nominated O. M. Roberts for the office.

A difficulty in St. Louis between the mayor and a squad of his marshals and the employees of a railroad company who were attempting to lay a new track nearly ended in a sanguinary riot. Several men were wounded and the partially laid track was torn up and burned.

The Ohio National Greenback party met in convention at Columbus and nominated a ticket headed by Andrew Roy for secertary of State. The platform adopted denounces the national banking system and other financial laws, demands that the government shall issue a full legal tender paper money, recognizes the mutual dependence of labor and capital and deprecates all attempts to antagonize them, asserts that the public lands should be set apart for homesteads for actual settlers, and is opposed to any further issue of interest-bearing bonds for any purpose whatever.

During an affray in Nashville, Tenn., between Samuel H. Hicks and four brothers named Baxter, Hicks and James F. Baxter were killed and two others were wounded. The trouble originated in charges of a criminal nature made against Judge Nathaniel Baxter by Hicks at a political gathering on the previous evening.

George W. Burleigh, an old resident of Ohio, and a man of the sensation, came to Capron, Ill., last May, ostensibly to open a barber shop. Recently he announced that he would give a lecture and at the conclusion would shoot himself through the forehead in order to give the audience an opportunity to witness a tragedy. At one dollar admission the house was crowded, and after delivering a lecture which is described as having been of wonderful power, the lecturer suddenly drew a revolver from his pocket and, before he could be prevented, blew his brains out, falling into the arms of two friends who had stationed themselves near at hand in order to prevent the execution of the design. Burleigh had announced that the proceeds of the lecture should be used in paying his funeral expenses, and what was left over be invested in scientific works for the town library.

From Washington.

Professor Riley, the entomologist of the agricultural department, left Washington a short time ago for New York, to study the habits of an insect which is reported to be committing serious ravages on the juniper or red cedar, and other forest trees in central and western New York.

The President has removed Postmaster Parker, of New Orleans—a brother-in-law of General B. F. Butler—and has appointed G. S. Badger to the place.

According to a communication recently received at the navy department, James Gordon Bennett contemplates sending another expedition to the North Pole—by way of Spitzbergen—using his celebrated yacht Dauntless for the purpose.

A. B. Levisee, one of the Louisiana presidential electors, has been appointed United States revenue agent.

The sixty-third call for the redemption of 5-20 bonds of 1865, consols of 1855, has been issued from the treasury department.

The commissioner of agriculture has appointed Professor Grote, of Georgia: William J. Jones, of Virginia Point, near Galveston, Tex.; E. H. Anderson, of Kirkwood, Missisippi, and Professor Comstock of Cornell University, observers, under the control of the entom