Wooden-Shoe Makers.

Let us describe a party of wooden-shoe makers, or as they are termed, *sabotiers*, at work near a clear stream. The whole family is together; the father with his son and son-in-law, the apprentices, the mother and children running about in the beds of cress. Under the trees rises a hut of planks, where all sleep; not far off, the two mules which carry the belongings of the encampment are tethered. They are birds of passage, traversing the forest, and sojourning where the wood is cheap. In this green forest several fine beech trees are marked for the axe; they are fifty feet high, and three feet in girth. Each will probably give six dozen pairs of wooden shoes. Other kinds of wood are spongy and soon penetrated with damp; but the beech *sabots* are light, of a close grain, and keep the feet dry in spite of snow and mud; and in this respect are greatly superior to leather. All is animation. The men cut down the tree; the trunk is sawn into lengths, and if the pieces prove too large, they are divided into quarters. The first workman fashions the *sabot* roughly with a hatchet, taking care to give the bend for right and left; the second takes it in hand, pierces the holes for the interior, and scoops the wood out with an instrument called the *cutter*. The third is the artist of the company; it is his work to finish and polish it; carving a rose or primrose upon the top, if it be for the fair sex. Sometimes he cuts an open border round the edge, so that the blue or white stocking may be shown by a coquettish girl. As they are finished, they are placed in rows under the white shavings; twice a week the apprentice exposes them to a fire, which smokes and hardens the wood, giving it a warm, golden brown hue. The largest sizes are cut from the lowest part of the bole, to cover the workman's feet who is out in rain from morning to night. The middle part is for the busy housewife who is treading the wash-house, the dairy, or stands beside the village fountain. Next come those of the little shepherd who wanders all day long with his flock, and still smaller ones for the school-boy. Those for the babies have the happiest lot; they are seldom worn out. As the foot grows, the mother keeps the little *sabots* in a corner of her cupboard beside the baptismal robe. Long after, when the child has become a man, and his chair is vacant by the hearth, they are drawn out to be looked at, sometimes with a smile, too often with tears. During all his toil the workman talks and sings; he is not taciturn, like the charcoal burner; his muscles continually in action, his work in the open air keeps him in good temper, and gives him refreshing sleep and appetite. He sings like a linnet, while the women chatter and mend the family garments. When the trees have been all cut up, the camp is raised, the mules are loaded, adieu to the green hollow, and another place is sought for. Thus all the year long, whether the forest be tinted with pale spring verdure or covered with the yellow autumn leaves, in some corner will be heard the workers, busy as bees in a hive, gayly carrying on their simple, healthy forest-life—*Chambers' Journal.*

The Lower Animals.

It is pretty well known that the lower animals possess all the weaknesses, vanities and vices known to man. Indeed, they have the passion for dress even more developed—sometimes to the cost of their lives—than our fine ladies have. The cock is notoriously ambitious and tyrannical; the hog as he grows old becomes a mere lout and sensualist, though the promise of his youth was of better things; the jackdaw and monkey are full of mischief; the beauteous dove is quarrelsome, and even the penguin which sits on rocks in the Southern Pacific arrayed in a white apron and pretending to be as neat as a pin, is fool beyond conception. That they have a taste for alcoholic liquors is known as a fact by scientists. One of these selected for his subjects the quiet household of a cock which had never done him any harm, and in which there was no hereditary tendency toward the bottle. To the master of the household the tempter came at first with ales and light wines, and gradually led him on, step by step, till at last nothing would satisfy his aroused appetite but the strongest of liquors. The hens, too, took kindly to their potations, though not so eagerly as the cock did, and ere long that once happy home was a scene of woe, disorder and irregularity. The comb and wattles of the father swelled and grew purple like a tippler's nose; his eyes became bloodshot; his whole being was changed; he quarreled with his wives and beat them over the head with his spurs, and in their turn the wives grew reckless, cross and dumpish, and neglected their broods. The old gentleman would go to roost at all odd hours of day and night, and presently fall from his perch. He would crow in the most absurd and unreasonable way; get his legs tangled together, flap one wing when he meant to flap both, refused his meals, and at last he fell a victim to the demon of rum by dying. It was a sad ending, but it satisfied the demon of science that men are not alone in their love for intoxicants.

Laura Bridgman's Wonderful History.

More than forty years ago the interest of the whole community was excited by the story of Laura Bridgman, the deaf, dumb and blind girl, whom Dr. Howe had brought to the Institution for the Blind in Boston. She was then about eight years old, and her senses of taste and smell were so dull that she practically possessed but one sense, that of touch. Her parents were good, intelligent people, and the little Laura was a bright and fully endowed child, but when she was two years old scarlet fever deprived her of sight, hearing, taste and smell—of course, she became dumb also. Her mind was not impaired, and, in spite of all obstacles, her devoted and affectionate mother had succeeded in communicating with her by the simplest signs, and in teaching her to sew, knit and braid. At this stage she came to Dr. Howe, and her education became a matter of scientific interest all over the civilized world. Miss Bridgman is now a woman of nearly fifty, with a good general education, including many advanced studies; she writes well and has great mental and moral resources; she communicates freely with friends, and enjoys happy, social life, and, moreover, she is skilled in the use of her needle and in many domestic duties. Through the one a sense of touch, her spiritual nature, her moral sense and her intellect have been harmoniously developed, and the little child whom fate seemed to have shut out from her kind and ordained to darkness and ignorance has grown into a useful and loving woman, pure and holy in her life and thoughts. It seems like a miracle, and it is a story without parallel.

Katteridiji Janni's Career.

Sir Garnet Wolseley, the new governor of Cyprus, is being importuned by some sentimental people to release Katteridiji Janni, known as "the Robin Hood of the Levant," and now confined in that island. His career, as described in the London *Examiner*, has been a romantic one: "When a young man, living in Smyrna, he fell in love with his master's daughter, planned an elopement, but was discovered in time by the irate father, who clapped his intended son-in-law into prison. Escaping, he turned bandit, and ruled the road between Smyrna and Aleppo. Nobody would betray him. He never murdered, nor allowed his followers to do it. But, like his Sherwood prototype, he was fond of easing fat, comfortable travelers of their purses, and liberally relieving the destitute with the proceeds. Hundreds of portionless girls about to be married were, it is said, dowered by this romantic brigand. If Janni wanted to appropriate a supper for himself and his starving companions, he would sit patiently until his terrified hosts had first eaten theirs, and then depart quietly with the intimation that the latter might thenceforth travel the country without dread of interference, for that 'Katteridiji Janni never forgots a kindness.' Wearied perhaps of his lawless life, he voluntarily surrendered, on the understanding that his punishment would be confined to exile in Cyprus."

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

The "Well Donkey."

He might be called the "castle" donkey, too, for he has lived nearly all his life in Carisbrooke Castle, in the Isle of Wight, where King Charles I. was imprisoned, and where his lovely daughter Elizabeth died.

In this castle is a well three hundred feet deep, and the clear cold water is brought up by this donkey, who turns a great wheel fifteen and one-half feet in diameter; and that is why he is called the "well donkey."

Now to look at this great wheel, you might think it would be hard work for such a little fellow, but it goes so easy that it seems no more than play to him. Then when the bucket of sparkling water comes up, the visitors dip in their tumblers, and generally drink it all up, it is such splendid water, and so nice and cold!

Then they pat the donkey, and give him sweetcakes, or an Isle of Wight "cracknel," or some dainty bit, so that the little chap is just about as pleased as they are, and I have no doubt thinks the old well was made on purpose for his benefit.

The donkey, too, is taken such good care of by the man who has charge of him, that these "well" donkeys have all lived to a good old age. One time the that turned the wheel when I lived in the Isle of Wight had been there nearly all his life, and was then nearly thirty years old. And of those who drew the water before him, one lived to be fifty years old, and the other forty years! So I conclude these donkeys have a pretty nice time in their fine old castle.

Some years ago they were afraid the water was becoming impure, but I'll tell you how that was. The well-keeper was so foolish as to let visitors throw in pins, which made a curious noise as they struck the water at that great depth; so their use was forbidden, and now water is thrown down from a bucket. It is three or four seconds in falling, and makes a startling noise. And this is a much more harmless way of showing the depth of the well. A lighted candle, too, is lowered down, and has a very curious effect. But the dear old "well donkey" was my chief attraction at the well.—*Youth's Companion.*

"Friction."

"O Frank! come and see how hot my saw gets when I rub it."

"That's the friction," said Frank, with the wisdom of two years more than Eddie was possessed of.

"Yes," said sister Mary, who was passing, "it's the friction; and it makes me think of two little boys who were quarrelling over a trifle this morning; and the more they talked the hotter their tempers grew, until there was no knowing what might have happened, if mother had not thrown cold water on the fire by sending them into separate rooms."

The Country Newspaper.

The country journalist is no longer the poor victim of circumstances, as he was pictured, too truthfully, perhaps, twenty-five years ago. He was then a slave to his passion for an unappreciated art, and a victim of poverty. He wrote his own editorials and locals, set type, made up a form, did job work, and, in fact, turned his hand to any kind of labor. The credit system was pursued, and it kept him a bondman, for the last debt paid was generally the printer's. Horace Greeley said that the New York *Mirror*, an excellent literary and news journal published by him before founding the *Tribune*, would have been a great success had those who subscribed for it and read it also paid for it. As only a few did pay, he was obliged to suspend.

But a wonderful stride has been made since that time. Country journals have not only multiplied in number and increased, but they have risen in ability to high rank. They are stronger in the appreciation of the people than ever. Not content to give a sickly reflection of the sentiment of their community, they now advise and lead. Growing stronger, they have become more independent. A few years ago a candidate for office cared little or nothing about the weekly papers in his district; now he respects their power and courts their favor. As a rule, their editorials are pointedly, and some of them brilliantly, written, and compare favorably with those in many of the dailies. There is no longer an enmity between the city dailies and country papers, for each has discovered that it has a field of its own, and they are now rapidly learning that in helping each other they are helping themselves.

The country editors are genial, whole-souled, intelligent, and withal goodlooking, as has often been noted when seen in a body at their annual meetings. They probably enjoy life as well as the average *genus homo*. While they have great pride in their profession, to which they are certainly entitled, they never tire of making fun of each other, and the profession is a butt of ridicule. If the liberty came from outside it would be resented and the libeler annihilated. —*Rochester (N. Y.) Express.*

The Realities of Circus Life.

An insight of circus life is given by a Philadelphia lawsuit brought by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Three years ago Mrs. Lucy Coles was left a widow with three children, whom she made heroic efforts to support, but soon found herself in the depths of poverty. One of the children was a pretty girl of seven. A friend suggested that she be taught to be a circus performer. A trainer of youthful acrobats and riders was made her guardian until she was eighteen. In return for her services she was to be fed and clothed, and was to have eleven quarters schooling during her apprenticeship. The trainer took the child and put her through a rigorous training. The lessons were cruelly inculcated by the ringmaster's riding whip. She was taught to leap and ride bareback, to stand on one foot and hold the other out at a signboard angle with one head, to pirouette, to jump through the paper-covered hoops, to squat with her legs at right angles with her body, and various other feats that are only acquired by long, hard practice. Her companions were four other little ones. She wept at first, and made many blunders, but the fear of the lash soon forced her into an acquirement of the lessons. Then she was taken to a dancing master, who taught her jig steps and fancy poses. She was placed in the care of a woman who traveled with a circus, and with the troupe she made a tour through the country. The woman who had her in charge is said to have traversed the continent without paying fare for her, hiding her beneath her skirts by day. Lately she performed in Philadelphia, and her mother had her eyes opened to the real dangers to which she was subjected in her equestrian work.

New York Capitalists.

A New York correspondent writes: Our modern capitalists live generally in very handsome style, and to a large degree are found among the habitues of Fifth avenue. Among the latter are James Lenox, August Belmont, Robert L Stuart, ex-Governor Morgan, Marshall O. Roberts, Jay Gould, George Law, William H. Vanderbilt, the brothers Astor and others who might be mentioned. These men annually spend large sums, which, though immeasurably within their means, presents a marked contrast with the habits of the former time. For instance, Stephen Whitney, who left nine millions, lived in a plain and old-fashioned house facing the Battery, while old John Jacob Astor occupied a comfortable two-story brick house on Broadway. It had dormer windows, and the inscription on the door-plate was simply "Mr. Astor." Being situated near Prince street, it was convenient to the land office, which he visited as often as possible, even to the last, for it was the place he could best worship the object of his life-long devotion. While there he was surrounded by deeds and mortgages and other evidences of his immense wealth; and inspiring such surroundings must have been to one whose sole religion was to make money.

INDIAN ASTRONOMY.

How the Red Men Mark the Changes of the Season.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Star* writes from camp on Clear creek, Wyoming: Considering the ignorance of astronomy, time is very rationally divided by the Indians. Those in the interior parts (and of those I would generally be understood to speak) count their years by the winters; or, as they express themselves, by snows. Some tribes among them reckon their years by moons, and make them consist of twelve synodical or lunar months, observing, when thirty moons have waned, to add a supernumerary one, which they term the lost moon, and then begin to count as before. They pay a great regard to the first appearance of every moon, and on the occasion always repeat some joyful sounds, stretching at the same time their hands towards it.

Every month has with it a name expressive of its seasons. For instance, they call the month of March (in which their year generally begins at the first new moon, after the vernal equinox), the Worm month or moon; because at this time the worms quit their retreats in the bark of the trees, wood, etc., where they have sheltered themselves during the winter. The month of April is termed by them the month of Plants; May, the month of Flowers; June, the Hot moon; July, the Buck moon. Their reasons for thus denominating these is obvious. August, the Fish moon; because in this month they catch great numbers of fish. September, the Corn moon; because in that month they gather in their Indian corn. October, the Traveling moon, as they leave at this time their village and travel toward the place where they intend to hunt during the winter. November, the Beaver moon; for in this month the beavers begin to take shelter in their houses, having laid up a sufficient store of provisions for the winter season. December, the Hunting moon; because they employ this month in pursuit of their game. January, the Cold moon; as it generally freezes harder, and the cold is more intense in this than in any other month. February they call the Snow moon, because more snow commonly falls during this month than any other in the winter.

When the moon does not shine they say the moon is dead; and some call the three last days of it the naked days. The moon's first appearance they term coming to life again. They make no division of weeks, but days they count by sleeps, half days by pointing to the sun at noon, and quarters by the rising and setting of the sun; to express which, in their traditions, they make use of very significant hieroglyphics. The Indians are totally unskilled in geography, as well as all other sciences, and yet they draw on their birch bark very exact charts or maps of the countries they are acquainted with. The latitude and longitude are only wanting to make them tolerably complete.

Their sole knowledge in astronomy consists in being able to point out the pole star, by which they regulate their course when they travel in the night. They reckon the distance of places, not by miles or leagues, but by a day's journey, which, according to the best calculations I could make, appears to be about twenty English miles. These they also divide into halves and quarters, and will demonstrate them in their maps with great exactness, by the hieroglyphics just mentioned, when they regulate in council their war parties or their most distant hunting excursions. They have no idea of arithmetic, and though they are able to count any number, figures as well as letters appear mysterious to them and above their comprehension.

Co-Operative Dairying in France.

In the departments of Iura and Doub, farmers unite their milk in common to produce cheese. These associations, numbering nearly 2,000, are known as *fruitieres*. The plan has extended to the neighboring lowlands, as 1,700 of them exist in Franche-Counte, cheese forming the chief wealth of these districts. A townland clubs together, tacitly to bring all its milk to be manufactured into cheese, and the latter is divided *pro rata*. A president and a committee are annually elected; a *chalet* is selected in an elevated position, consisting of a large kitchen, a milk room and cellar. Here the milk of 40 or 200 cows is manufactured. The milk is brought every morning and evening, measured or weighed, and a receipt given. If the milk has been adulterated, skimmed or turned, it is refused. The morning's milk is strained and mixed with the cream of the previous evening's milk, and then placed in the copper; rennet added—three quarts of a preparation of the latter to 400 of milk—and coagulated. Every 300 quarts of milk yield a cheese, and each member, irrespective of what number of cows he possesses, receives a cheese for every 400 quarts of milk to his credit; his initials are made in the curd; except for his private use, no member can retire his from the common sales. The more the curd has been heated, the less it is subsequently heated. After being placed in the mold, it is turned five or six times during the first twenty-four hours; the cloths being changed as often; placed on a dry shelf, the cheese is salted in the morning, dried with a cloth in the afternoon; the salting requires two months in summer and three in winter, and when it has imbibed two to four per cent, it is cured. Cheese made from curd too much heated is soft and cracked; when the temperature is too low more salt is required. When attacked by mites the cheese is carefully cleaned, then washed with a pickle, and when dried rubbed over with oil. It is an error to believe good cheese can be prepared without good milk. One pound of cheese is made from eight to ten quarts of milk. The cheese thus prepared, known as *grugere*, is two feet in diameter and four inches thick, weighing fifty to sixty pounds, and varies in price from half a franc to one franc per pound. The whey is given to pigs, and also to cows.—*American Farmer.*

Remarkable Discovery of a Lost Ring.

A Dunlap (Ia.) correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* tells this wonderful story: Five years ago a party of men were bathing in the Boyer river, near this place. Among the number was Mr. Frank Pike, who was then, as now, a conductor on the Chicago and Northwestern railroad. While diving, Mr. Pike felt his ring drop from his finger, but before he could make the effort to save it it had gone. It was a loss to him which he felt deeply, not because of its intrinsic value, but from peculiar associations connected with it. An immediate search was made by all the party, but in vain. About a month ago another party was bathing at the same spot, and indulging in that finest of all sports to the swimmer, plunging from a spring-board. One of the men diving to the bottom, ran his hands into the soft, muddy bottom about six or eight inches, and on rising to the surface of the water, was astonished to find that he had run his finger into a ring, which proved on examination, to be the one lost by Mr. Pike five years ago. The ring is now in the possession of its owner, who ceases not to rejoice over its recovery.

Curiosities of Grafting.

In 1866 Mr. Carillet, of Vincennes, France, took two young pear trees, each of which was worked on the quince stock, and one of these, the Beurre de Aremberg, was made to serve as the stock, while the other, the Buerre de Charneu, was grafted upon it in an inverted position, having it roots fully exposed to the open air. The operation was performed in April, and during the summer the stock grew vigorously and bore two fruits, while the scion tree threw out buds and shoots from the quince stock. Too add to the complexity of the experiment, M. Carillet grafted four pear scions on the principal roots of the quince, and two of these succeeded. The sap thus passed from quince roots through Beurre de Aremberg, thirdly through the inverted Beurre de Charneu, then through the quince again, and finally into the two varieties of pears.—*London Graphic.*

Butter Stores in Paris.

While waiting for our breakfast one morning in a *cremerie* in Paris much frequented by foreigners, my friend Madam B—— said: "I can point you out every American breakfasting here."

I looked around at the people seated at the different tables, and wondered if she were speaking seriously. In these days, when fashion reduces costumes and coiffure to such uniformity, and when the blood of every civilized race is mixed to a great extent with that of every other, distinguishing nationality at sight appeared to me impossible. I asked my friend her secret.

"Oh, it is no secret," she replied, smiling. "I don't pretend to tell except they are taking breakfast. They all put salt on their butter."

"Your acuteness applies only to breakfast, then," I said. "At dinner it does not serve you, I suppose." I said this in a kind of savage way, having the common weakness that makes all people abroad defend their countrymen.

"No," she said, "we never put butter on the dinner table"—a fact I had at the moment forgotten.

It is true that the only salted butter you ever find in Paris is the American butter, but this is used only for cooking, and is never sold in butter stores, but in groceries. It is our common tub butter. The French butter, the finest possible product of its kind, is sold in the butter stores scattered all over the city, which furnish nothing but dairy products and eggs. These stores are generally models of order and neatness. Young girls or women in snowy caps and aprons, courteous and obliging, serve the customers, while a responsible-looking matron sits at the desk, supervising the business and keeping the books. In Paris women seem to have monopolized the occupation of book-keeping.

One of the butter stores of Paris I remember especially, and will briefly describe it. It was near the grand market (La Hall). The large window on the right of the entrance always contained a large loosely-arranged bouquet of fresh flowers, apparently gathered from some rural garden. There was nothing else in the window except a glass covered stand containing Bondon cheeses and the double *creme suisse*. Inside, there was a long horse-shoe counter or table, where eggs and cheese were sold, and on either side marble tables, each containing about four huge masses of butter, shaped like an inverted butter firkin. Over each mass was hung a delicate silver wire about two feet long, both ends terminating in pieces of cork. With this wire the sales-woman would cut, almost always exactly, any amount ordered, from a *demi quart* (half a quarter) to a pound. It being a costly product, and always purchased daily, small quantities are the rule. To separate the quantity ordered, lay it on a square of delicate white paper on the little scales, weigh it, pinch the corners of the paper together, and place it on the cool lettuce in your basket, is the work of a very few seconds with these expert sales-women. Lettuces you would be sure to have in your basket, for no one goes to market in Paris without buying them, they are so crisp and fresh; and naturally you would purchase butter after every thing else, that it might reach home in the freshest possible state.—*Marie Howland, in Harper's Magazine.*

The Monkey Question in India.

In many cities of India the monkeys inhabit recognized quarters, and are allowed every morning to descend from temple top and tree into the market place, and there to eat their fill of whatever may be exposed for sale. The owner sits by pretending to grant the meal without grudging, but when no one else is looking he often takes the opportunity of giving the intruder a hearty cuff to send it on to the next stall for the rest of its breakfast. This semi-sacred character contemplates the problem before the magistrate, for if one street complains to him that the monkeys have mischievously picked half the tiles off the houses and begs to have them deported, the next street petitions that their religious prejudices may not be outraged by any interference with the simians' liberty. Sometimes, however, a whole town agrees that the monkey nuisance has become intolerable, and, gods or not, votes for wholesale deportation. But the monkeys are as astute as their neighbors, and though submitting to be coaxed across the river, or carted off to a neighboring jungle, utilize both ferry and high road traffic for a speedy and comfortable return. Between Benares and Ramnagar a constant transportation of monkeys was at one time carried on; but since as many came back by boat of their own accord—the ferryman not daring to refuse their wishes—the local officials abandoned the enterprise, and to this day the animals share both city and palace with the human inhabitants.

In the hill districts whole fields of corn are ravaged in a morning by the long-tailed troops, but the superstitious villager will not do more than shout at them his respectful request to go away. To catch them would do no good, and kill them he dare not, so he abandons his grain cultivation for a year, and the monkeys pass on to another village. In the plains of India, from one sea to the other, representatives of the family are found, and command everywhere a similar respect. Their images in mud, marble or metal, are exposed for sale in every idol shop, and though not actually worshiped, are sufficiently reverenced to find a place on every altar and in almost every temple.

The Last of a Notorious Gang.

John Reno, familiarly called "Jack," the last of the Reno party that terrorized Southern Indiana years ago, was in the city Wednesday, says a late issue of the Cincinnati *Commercial*. Jack was only recently released from the Missouri Penitentiary, in which he served a term of ten years. The crime for which he was "sent up" was the robbery of a Missouri bank. He was sentenced to a term of twenty-five years, but by order of Governor Gratz Brown the sentence was commuted to ten years.

Most of our readers are probably familiar with the history of the Reno gang, and the terrible fate that befel some of the members while incarcerated in New Albany, Ind., jail. The gang had become so powerful that it controlled judges and juries and it was almost impossible to convict them. The rendezvous of the gang was at Seymour, Ind. The outlaws seemed to have selected the Adams express company as the special object of their prey, and secured thousands of dollars of that company's treasure at sundry times. The express company engaged Pinkerton's detectives, and finally succeeded in capturing the outlaws. During their incarceration in the New Albany jail, a vigilance committee was one evening hastily formed from the "Hoosiers" along the J., M. & I. R. R., who proceeded to New Albany on a special train in the dead of night. The rising sun of the succeeding day witnessed their terrible work. The "Reno gang" existed no more. Its members (with the exception of Jack, who was, luckily for himself, confined in a Missouri jail) were hung in the jail yard by the vigilance committee.

Jack has resolved to turn over a new leaf and locate in square business near Seymour.

The founder of the Brevoort estate died in a comfortable old-fashioned cottage, leaving a grand fortune to his son, who became a fashionable man. He is now dead, and most of his property is gone also. John Mason, who in his day was king of the dry goods trade in this city (occupying the same distinction then that Claflin does at the present time), lived in a brick house on Broadway. Kinloch Stuart, who founded the great sugar refining house out of which R. L. & A. Stuart took such immense wealth, occupied a plain house down town, having retained to the last those habits of industry and economy which changed a poor emigrant into a capitalist. Commodore Vanderbilt occupied a comfortable but old-fashioned house in Washington place—a spot long since deserted by fashion, but still good enough for him. All of these men finished their lives in the dwellings to which I have referred, but could they return to life, what a contrast would be presented!

THE TELEMACHON.

An Electric Machine that will Transmit Power by Wire—The Force of Niagara to be Utilized in New York city.

Mr. William Wallace, of Ansonia, Conn., has invented an electrical machine which the New York *Sun* calls "Invention's big triumph." The machine was recently seen by Mr. Edison, who pronounced it entirely practical, and was enthusiastic in its praise. By means of the telemachon—as the invention is called—power may be obtained from places where river power or tidal power is abundant, or may be generated where fuel is cheap, as at the coal mines, and by means of an ordinary cable be transmitted hundreds of miles. The cable may be tapped at any point and power used therefrom. Thus, it is proposed to turn the vast power of Niagara to use in New York city by means of this wonderful machine.

Some notion of the stupendous results that may follow should the telemachon prove completely successful, is given in the opinion of Prof. C. W. Siemens of the Royal Society of Great Britain, who has recently visited this country. In a recent address in Glasgow he said that in England a means of transmitting power by electricity must soon be the important problem of the day. What are the English people to do when their coal is exhausted? Of America and her great water courses he said: "The amount of water falling over Niagara is equal to 100,000,000 tons an hour falling 150 feet. The amount of coal required annually to raise such a weight up to the point from which it fell, which is a measure of the amount of power yielded by that water in falling, would require the consumption of 260,000,000 tons of coal a year, which is the amount now consumed by the entire world. Now if fifty per cent. of the power used to drive the first dinamo-electric machine may be recovered from the second, and hence, if the whole power of Niagara could be utilized, it could be distributed over the United States, so as to give, from that waterfall alone, a power equal to the present entire mechanical force of the world, estimating that one-half the coal used is solely for mechanical purposes."

As an example how the full of such a body as the Falls of Niagara could be practically utilized by means of the telemachon, a gentleman who has studied the subject for years gave the following illustration: A series of flumes could be constructed from the edge of the descent of the American falls to the level of the water below of a size sufficient to carry all the water of the Niagara river through water wheels. With shafting this power would be used to turn the machine generating the electric current. This current could then be carried to New York city by conductors, which are copper rods. These rods may be tapped then at any point, wherever power is needed, and wires carried into factories just as gas is now carried in pipes through the streets. In the factory a telemachon would be placed of a power sufficiently great to run the shafting. Thus the entire power required by the State of New York might be taken off along the line of the main conductors. The amount of electricity taken off at any one point would be readily regulated in the same way in which the current taken from a battery for telegraphic purposes is now regulated—that is, by introducing suitable resistance in the local line.

Mr. Edison believes that he can so assist Mr. Wallace in perfecting the telemachon that power may be transmitted from one point to another as though it were a telegraph message. Already by means of this instrument Mr. Wallace is enabled to transmit the power of the Naugatuck river a quarter of a mile. The power of this stream is great enough to drive the ponderous machinery of the Wallace factory where three hundred men are employed. A series of experiments with the instrument has shown that in the transmission of this enormous power by electricity only twenty per cent. is lost.

The electricity from the wonderful telemachon may be applied to illumination. It solves the problem of the subdivision of electric lights. Both the Wallace foundry and the Farrel foundry, near by, are lighted by these lights, the army of men being formed in two divisions, one working during the day and the other up to midnight. Thickly studded as these foundries are with heavy machinery, and obstructed as the light must necessarily be by the ponderous cranes, drills, supporting columns, and projections, a clear light is thrown on the machinery, perfectly illuminating it. Adjustments to the thirty-second of an inch may be made without the least strain upon the eyes. A beautiful effect of this light is its polarization—that mottled appearance which it assumes when falling through glass. This is the only artificial light, it is said, that is capable of producing it.

Rivaling the Bonanzas.

The following interesting letter is from a Fargo (Dakota) correspondent: I have paid a visit to the Dalrymple farm, situated eighteen miles west of Fargo. The estate embraces 100,000 acres, owned by Mr. Dalrymple, of St. Paul, Gen. Geo. W. Cass, of New York, B. P. Cheney, of Boston, and J. L. Grandin, of Pennsylvania. The Grandin division, consisting of 40,000 acres, is situated on Goose river, thirty miles south of Fargo, and apart from the other divisions. So far operations on the farm have been confined chiefly to wheat growing. The farm is managed with something of the system that is employed in directing the operations of an army. It is cut up in divisions of 2,000 acres each, and these are managed by experienced superintendents and foremen, the finances of each division being brought under a regular and separate system of bookkeeping. Mr. Dalrymple is general manager of the whole.

The area of ground under crop this year is 13,000 acres. Next year the area will be increased to 20,000 acres. The spring wheat was sown the latter part of March and the fore part of April. The first of it was cut July twenty-fifth, and twelve days after that the work of the reapers had been finished, and miles upon miles of wheat shocks covered the plains. In bringing this crop to perfection, Mr. Dalrymple has employed nearly 500 head of horses and mules, eighty broad-cast eight and one-half feet seed-sowers, 160 fourteen-inch ploughs, 200 steel-pointed harrows, fifteen forty-inch cylinder threshers and cleaners, fifteen ten-horse power steam engines, eighty self-binding reapers, and a force of about 400 men. These eighty machines, when in motion, cut and bound with wire 1,000 large bundles every minute.

Threshing was begun a few days ago, and, as I stood in the midst of this stubble plain and watched the smoke curling up from steam machines miles upon miles away, and fancied that they looked as vessels look when steaming far out over the lake in front of Chicago, I thought to myself what a magnificent "desert" this is! Near by me was a superintendent who was talking through a telephone with another superintendent some three miles away. Near him sat an operator, who was sending a dispatch to another part of the farm.

Mr. Dalrymple said that he expected the yield to average twenty-five bushels per acre, which would give a total of 325,000 bushels, worth just that many thousand dollars, two-thirds of which would be net profit. It is all No. 1 wheat, and Mr. Dalrymple said he had just declined an offer by the Millers' Association of Minneapolis of ninety-two cents per bushel for 80,000 bushels. He is shipping from his farm to Duluth, and thence to New York, twenty cars of wheat every day.

My astonishment at what I had seen was nothing compared with that which I experienced upon being told by Mr. Dalrymple that it was his purpose to carry forward the development of his farm until he shall have put 40,000 acres under the plow and brought his yearly production of wheat up to a round million bushels. Dalrymple's is not the only large farm hereabouts. There are at least a half dozen others which number from 1,000 to 2,000 acres under cultivation. The number of farms embracing from 100 to 400 acres under cultivation is very large.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Eastern and Middle States.

Charles E. Luburg, paying teller of the First National bank, of Mahoney City, Pa., has been convicted of embezzling about $2,000 of the funds of the bank, and of altering its books to conceal his operations.

The Vanderbilt will case in New York city has been reopened after a long season of repose.

David N. Skillings and John Boyle O'Reilly, who were nominated at the Worcester (Mass.) Democratic convention for treasurer and auditor, respectively, have declined to run.

David Bell, aged nineteen, living in Fishkill Landing, N. Y., was bitten by a dog over two months ago, and died in terrible agony the other day from the effects of the bite.

The Union savings bank, of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., has closed its doors, by order of the State bank superintendent, who found a deficiency of $4,000 on overdue interest.

The New York board of aldermen have been listening to propositions to heat the city's business houses and private dwellings by steam.

Hugh A. Mullen, editor and proprietor of the Philadelphia *Sunday World*, was struck with a whip by Richard N. Price. The assault took place on the street, and Price claimed that his father, a prominent local politician, had been aspersed in an article which appeared in the *World*.

The first frost of the season appeared in the Hudson river valley and lowlands of Orange county, N. Y., on the twenty-third.

The Connecticut Republican State convention was held at Hartford, and resulted in the nomination of Charles B. Andrews for governor; David Gallup, lieutenant-governor; David Terrance, secretary of State; Talmage Baker, treasurer. The platform adopted favors hard money, declares the question of the presidential title permanently settled, and supports the administration of President Hayes.

Adolph Hoffman, with several *aliases*, who has four wives living, and had promised marriage to five other women, has been sentenced to eight years' imprisonment, in a New York city court.

Addison Laflin, ex-member of Congress, and naval officer of the port of New York during President Grant's administration, committed suicide by hanging himself in the garret of his house in Pittsfield, Mass. He was fifty-four years old, and for some time had been in bad health.

The Massachusetts Democrats who adjourned from the resent convention at Worcester to meet at Faneuil Hall Boston, assembled at that place—1,264 delegates being present. The ticket nominated reads: For governor, Josiah G. Abbott; lieutenant governor, William R. Plunkett; secretary of State, H. C. Dewing; auditor, John E. Fitzgerald; attorney-general, Richard Olney; treasurer, D. F. Skillings. The platform adopted arraigns the Republican party for sustaining an alleged fraudulent President, and for using paper money in opposition to the constitution; declares that stringent laws should be passed regulating the issue of money, and insists that currency of all kinds should be paid on demand in coin, and should be received for duties at the face value of the notes. The poll tax as a requisite of voting is denounced, and universal suffrage is demanded. It is insisted that the State's debt must not be increased; that the expenses must be decreased, and that the State's faith must be preserved intact. Monopolies and the trustee process are denounced, and the right of the laboring man are declared to be the peculiar care of the government. The platform adopted and candidates nominated are declared to be the only platform and candidates representing the Democratic party in Massachusetts.

The annual rifle match for the international trophy was shot at Creedmoor, and as the result showed, but one team entered the success was assured. Mr. J. S. Sumner made the wonderful score of 221 points out of a possible 225. This is the highest score ever made on any rifle range.

The New York Democratic State convention met at Syracuse, and held a two days' session. On the first day there was a bitter struggle for recognition between contesting delegations from New York and Kings counties. The two delegations from New York county represented Tammany and Anti-Tammany, and the former were admitted after a fierce and protracted debate. On the second day George B. Bradley was nominated for judge of the court of appeals, and a platform adopted which claims "gold and silver and paper convertible into coin at the will of the holder, the only currency of the country; approves of "steady steps toward specie payments, and the honest payment of the public debt;" charges that the Republican party "put a defeated candidate in the chair of Washington, and indorses the administration of Governor Robinson.

The New York Republican State convention was held at Saratoga on the same day of the Democratic convention in Syracuse. Senator Conkling was elected chairman, and made a long address. George F. Danforth was selected as the party's candidate for judge of the court of appeals, and the platform adopted favors "the payment of the public debt, and the redemption of the public promises according to the letter and spirit of the engagement," calls for hard money, specie resumption, economy in public expenses, and an elevated civil service, and declares that the action of the Electoral commission should be declared as final by men of all parties.

By the giving way of a scaffolding on the East Side Elevated railroad, in New York, three workmen were thrown to the ground, a distance of about forty feet, and one man was killed, while the other two were severely injured.

Western and Southern States.

Sherman City, a small village in Isabella county, Mich., has been utterly destroyed by a terrific tornado. Every building in the village, except one frame dwelling, was swept away, and that was partly demolished. The air was thick with timbers, boards, bricks and stones, and the inhabitants took refuge in cellars. Mr. Tryo, his wife, little girl and a baby were badly injured. Considerable damage was done also at Coleman, Mich., where Mr. Dean had his skull fractured by a falling tree.

A few days ago about thirty of the garrison at Mier, a town on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande, attempted to desert into Texas. Several were drowned, one was shot in the pursuit and two were recaptured and shot by order of the general in charge.

Daniel McBride, a colored man confined in jail at Athens, Ala., on charge of having murdered a white man, was taken from prison by a crowd of about 100 men and hung to a tree on the spot where the murder was committed.

The recovery of the body of Edwin French from the vault of the Homeopathic college in Cleveland, Ohio, where it had been taken from the grave by the resurrectionists, for dissecting purposes, has been followed by the discovery of the bodies of two old ladies in the same institution. The remains had been put in pickling water, preparatory for dissection. One of the bodies was Mrs. Angeline Higby, late of Garrett-ville, a small town about thirty miles from Cleveland, while the other proved to be a Mrs. Peasley, of Ravenna, Ohio. The bodies were reinterred, and warrants were sworn out against the college faculty and the body-snatchers.

The Odd Fellows' bank, of Sacramento, Cal., has decided to wind up its business, and has made an assignment of its assets, which, it is believed, are sufficient to pay the depositors.

The boiler of an engine attached to a train exploded near Vaughan's Station, Miss., killing the fireman, severely injuring the engineer, and wrecking five cars.

The Nevada Democrats have nominated L. R. Bradley for governor, upon a platform favoring hard money and advocating the removal of all restrictions on silver.

While witnesses were being examined at Marquette, Mich., in the income case of the United States against Hon. Samuel J. Tilden, two men suddenly entered the office, seized the books of the New York Iron Mine company, which had been used by Mr. Tilden's counsel, and made their escape with them.

Highwaymen seem to be having things their own way in portions of the West. The other day a stage coach containing the United States mail, and protected by an escort of two soldiers, was attacked near Fort Fetterman, Wyoming. The robbers surprised the military escort, took away their horses and arms, thoroughly ransacked the mail-bags and robbed the passengers

The treasure coach of the Cheyenne and Black Hills stage line, on its way from Deadwood, was stopped by five armed men, who killed one passenger, wounded two messengers, and robbed the stage of treasure amounting to nearly $30,000. Two of the robbers were wounded during the fight.

From Washington.

According to a report received at the department of State from our consul at Hamilton, Ont., the following are the daily rates of wages paid at the present time in that vicinity: The consul says nothing concerning the state of the labor market. Molders, glass-blowers, bricklayers and stove polishers, $2.25, sewing machine makers, stone-cutters and woodturners, $2; clerks, $1 to $2; farm laborers, $1.25 to $2; plasterers, $1.75; printers, $1.67; carpenters, coopers, trunk-makers, cabinet makers, shoemakers, harness-makers, tinsmiths and blacksmiths, $1.50. Railroad employes—bridge builders $1.75 to $2; bridge laborers, $1.25; switch repairers, $