THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Make the Ground Count.

We have learned one mistake we have made for years past, and that is covering too much ground with too few plants. Vacancies not only make a loss, but are expensive every way—in preparation and cultivation of soil, in extra expenses for manure, and interest and tax on land. We are too apt to be ambitious as to having a great number of acres planted, regardless of the yield, expense, etc. We will guarantee that, as a rule, persons having the least land get the most fruit from their land in proportion to the number of acres, and make the most money.—*Fruit Recorder.*

A Valuable Table.

The following table will show the number of checks or hills contained in an acre of ground at certain distances:

1 foot apart each way,	43,560
2 feet apart each way,	10,890
3 feet apart each way,	4,840
4 feet apart each way,	2,722
5 feet apart each way,	1,740
6 feet apart each way,	1,210
9 feet apart each way,	537
10 feet apart each way,	435
12 feet apart each way,	302
15 feet apart each way,	193
20 feet apart each way,	108
25 feet apart each way,	69
30 feet apart each way,	48
40 feet apart each way,	27

Cuttings.

M. Loiseau recommends that the usual method of striking cuttings should be altered. When, he observes, a cutting is put in perpendicularly, the sap, the natural tendency of which is to rise, is expended in pushing forward a new bud instead of forming a root. But if it is laid horizontally, or even with its lower end higher than the upper, that is not the case; the sap prefers to move toward the higher end, or at all events is evenly distributed between the two extremities. This causes the callus to form so rapidly that if the cuttings are put into a warm place eight or ten days are enough to secure its formation or even that of the roots. Autumn cuttings taken off a little before the sap ceases to move, and treated in this manner, form the callus so quickly that they are ready for planting out before winter. In winter it is necessary to keep the cuttings in a gentle heat, or beneath leaves deep enough to keep off frost, and even then a callus will be round to have formed by spring time.

The Grape.

Many vine-growers, says the Cincinnati *Gazette*, experience great disappointment between the budding and ripening of their grapes. In spring the leaves and sprays shoot forth abundantly and the "blossoms" appear in gratifying profusion. As summer advances the growth of the berries is at first satisfactory, and then a reverse commences. Some shrivel up, others mildew and many drop off, the curculio takes a share and general deterioration ensues. If the trunks of the vines are large and the branches extensive these changes are only the more remarkable. But larger vines absolutely require to be profusely watered, for the proportion of water in the skin of the grape is evidently very considerable, and every drop ascends through the pores of the trunk. If the vines are near the dwelling waste washing water, soapsuds, etc., cannot be poured too profusely on the roots. We have known young trees, vines, etc., rescued from death by drought by the profuse watering of their roots. Again, the paper bag protection to the bunches is well worth trying. Old vine growers near this city find it to succeed admirably. There are few noble grape "trees" in this neighborhood which rival in size and production the famous Black Hamburg at Hampton Court, England, but they are well cared for by their owners, although in our latitude it is not necessary to keep them in glass houses. He who hath a thriving vineyard hath a good possession.

Raising Calves on Skimmilk.

A. B. Allen, writing to the *Western Agriculturist*, gives some advice on raising calves. He says: A friend who has a large dairy in the western part of the State of New York informs me that he has kept twenty-four grade shorthorn and Guernsey calves, dropped the last spring, in the following manner: They were allowed to suck their dams a few times immediately after birth, and then taken away and taught to drink milk from the pail. This was warm and fresh from the cows for a week or ten days, and then skimmilk was gradually mixed with it till substituted entirely for the new milk. This was frequently lobbered, in very hot weather, before feeding, and was thought all the better for it, as being more easily digested. The calves were put into a good pasture and at a few weeks old began to nibble the grass. The summer being very dry this failed considerably during August; cut hay mixed up with wheat shorts were then given in place of it. One may judge how well these calves throve when simply fed, for at six to seven months old they weighed from 500 to 600 pounds each. The cream from the milk of the dams of the calves was made into butter of first rate quality, stored till October, and then brought a good price. Many think that choice calvers cannot be well raised on skimmilk, and therefore feed all new milk to them. But I think this is wasting the cream on such as are designed to grow up for dairy cows and that they are all the better for this purpose when reared on the quality of milk which is the least fattening and gives the most muscle. Many a shorthorn heifer is injured for the dairy by being overfed and kept too fat from its birth up to three years old, when it is the usual time for it to drop its first calf. As fed above the calves occasionally scoured, and to stop this some astringent medicine had to be given in their food. But if a heaping tablespoonful of oilmeal, gradually increasing to a pint for each calf as it grew older, had been made into a gruel and mixed daily with the skimmilk, it would have prevented scouring, kept the bowels in good order and made them relish their other food more heartily. Flaxseed boiled to a jelly answers the same purpose, also if ground mixed with oats, one-fourth of the former to three-fourths of the latter, and then a quart or more, according to the age of the calf, fed daily, is a good substitute for the oatmeal.

Recipes.

SWEET APPLE PICKLES.—Sweet apples make delicious pickles; peel and quarter them; boil them until tender in vinegar and water; to one quart of vinegar add two pounds of sugar; heat the vinegar and dissolve the sugar in it; add cloves and cinnamon, and pour over the apples while hot.

CRANBERRY ROLL.—Stew a quart of cranberries in just water enough to keep them from burning. Make very sweet, strain and cool. Make a paste, and when the cranberry is cold spread it on the paste about an inch thick. Roll it, tie it close in a flannel cloth, boil two hours and serve with a sweet sauce. Stewed apples or other fruit may be used in the same way.

AN APPETIZING DISH.—One of the most appetizing dishes that can be placed before a hungry family, and which may tempt the appetite of one who isn't hungry, is made in this way: Take one dozen ears of corn, grate it, stir in four eggs, one-fourth of a cup of flour, a little salt, and fry in hot lard; if the corn is not milky add a little milk or cream. This is next to fried oysters.

TO STEW VEAL CUTLETS.—Cut them about half an inch thick, flatten them with a chopper, and fry them in fresh butter or dripping. When brown on one side turn and do them on the other, continuing to do so till they are thoroughly done, which will be in about a quarter of an hour. Make a gravy of some trimmings, which put into a stewpan with a bit of soft butter, an onion, a roll of lemon peel, a blade of mace, some thyme, parsley, and stew the whole over a slow fire for an hour, and then strain it; put one ounce of butter into another pan, and when melted mix with as much flour as will dry it up; stir this for a few minutes, then add the gravy by degrees till the whole is mixed; boil it five minutes, then strain it through a sieve and put it to the cutlets. Some browning may be added, together with mushroom or walnut catsup, or lemon pickle.

TO DRY PUMPKINS.—Take ripe pumpkins, pare, cut into small pieces, stew soft, mash and strain through a colander, as if for making pies. Spread this pulp on plates, in layers some half an inch thick; dry it in a stove oven, which should be kept at so low a temperature as not to scorch it. In about a day it will become dry and crisp. The sheets thus made can then be stowed away in a dry place, and are always ready for use, either for pies or stewing. The quick drying after cooking prevents the souring which is almost always the case when the uncooked pieces are dried, while the flavor is much better preserved and the after cooking dispensed with. On going to use, soak portions of the article in a little milk over night, when it will return to as delicious a pulp as if made of a pumpkin when fresh.

How John Chinaman Gets Along at School.

A school for the Chinese has been established in Philadelphia, and the *Times* of that city tells how John Chinaman is improving the shining hour:

Mr. So is forty years of age, and although he has lived in America five years he hasn't even mastered the simple beauties of "pidgin" English. He is the dolt of the school, but that fact doesn't seem to disturb him a particle, and the look of pleased astonishment his face wore yesterday when he was told for the twentieth time that "A" is the first letter of the alphabet would have driven any but a Christian teacher to distraction.

"H-e-n" said the teacher, as he wrote those letters on the blackboard and received an approving smile from Mr. So.

"What does that spell?" continued the instructor.

The pupil smiled, scratched his left side and reflected.

"That is hen—a chicken," said the teacher.

"Me sabe hen," replied Mr. So, as coolly as though the information was not by any means new.

"Well, write it," said the teacher, thrusting a piece of chalk into the Mongolian's right hand. The idea of asking him to write struck the other seekers after knowledge as extremely funny, and Sam Hing King Gee, Moi Kee and Chang Lung giggled like overgrown schoolboys. The slow pupil smiled, eyed the writing on the blackboard critically, grasped his crayon firmly and to the astonishment of the Caucasians in the room executed an almost perfect imitation of the teacher's chirography of the word hen.

"Read it," said the teacher.

"Chlicken," was the nonchalant response of the pupil, as he moved toward his seat.

"Not chicken, hen," said the instructor in correction.

"Alle same hen, alle same chlicken," replied Mr. So, philosophically, as he dropped into his seat and fanned his fevered brow with his primer.

A lady and gentleman were the only teachers in this school yesterday. The latter directed himself to Ah How, while John Lung looked on and yawned at regular intervals as though he was dreadfully bored. Ah How, however, appeared to take great interest in his studies. The male teacher spent the greater part of the school hour in instructing Quong Wha and Ah Loon, the latter being much the brighter student. "The fox has a hen," said the teacher, reading from the primer. "The fox has a hen," repeated the pupils, spelling out the words.

"This is the picture," said the tutor, pointing to an engraving.

"Me sabe flox, me sabe hen," replied Ah Loon, eyeing the picture.

"What fol flox got him hen?" inquired Quong, examining the woodcut.

"He wants to eat it," answered the teacher.

"Belly good flox," was the sententious criticism of Quong, as he looked gravely at the teacher, who was evidently unprepared for any such philosophical utterance and consequently did not attempt to reply to it.

About this time the attention of nearly every one in the room was attracted by the suppressed laughter of Moi Kee and King Gee, who were enjoying the fluttering of a paper butterfly, manufactured and set afloat by Sam Hing. The artificial insect was captured and the course of study went on. The teachers hear the lessons of each pupil separately, and so long as they are under the eyes of their preceptors the pupils are as meek and studious as any one could wish, but their other movements are not spent in study—that is, to any great extent. The teachers, however, are loud in their praises of the scholars and say they learn with remarkably rapidity.

How Sponges are Caught.

A correspondent of the New Haven (Conn.) *Register* tells how they fish for sponges in the Bahamas: When a vessel arrives at the fishing ground it is anchored, and the men in small boats proceed to look for sponges in the water below. The water is a beautiful light blue color, and so clear a sixpence can easily be seen on the white, sandy bottom in thirty-five to forty feet of water. Of course when there is no wind, and the surface of the water is still, the sponges are easily seen, but when a gentle breeze is blowing a "sea-glass" is used. A sea-glass consists of a square pine box about twenty inches in length, a pane of glass about 10x12 inches placed in one end, water-tight. To use it, the glass end is thrust into the water, and the face of the operator is placed close to the other. By this means the wave motions of the water are overcome, and the bottom readily seen. Sponges when seen on the bottom attached to rocks, look like a big black bunch. They are pulled off their natural beds by forked hooks, which are run down under the sponge, which is formed like the head of a cabbage, and the roots pulled from the rocks.

When brought to the surface it is a mass of soft, glutinous stuff, which to the touch feels like soap or thick jelly. When a small boat load is obtained they are taken to the shore, where a crawl is built in which they are placed to die, so that the jelly substance will readily separate from the firm fiber of the sponge. These crawls are built by sticking pieces of brush into the sand out of the water, large enough to contain the catch. It takes from five to six days for the insect to die, when the sponges are beaten with small sticks, and the black glutinous substance falls off, leaving the sponge, after a thorough washing, ready for market. To the fishermen generally the occupation is not a lucrative one. I am told the wages will hardly average three dollars per week, besides board. There is but little diving for sponges, except for a particularly fine bunch which cannot be got with the hook. The sponge is formed by small insects, and is the hive in which they live. Different qualities are found growing side by side, although in certain regions the finer and more valuable sponges are found.

In Good Hands.

He was a young country fellow, a little awkward and bashful, but of sterling worth of character. She was a Cincinnati belle, and had sense enough to appreciate his worth despite his awkwardness and bashfulness, and was his fiancee. On a gloomy Sunday evening last winter they were standing in front of the window in the parlor of her home on East Walnut Hills, watching the snowflakes rapidly falling outside. He was not up in society small talk, and being hard up for something to say, remarked as he watched the snow falling: "This will be hard on the old man's sheep."

"Never mind, dear," said she, slipping her arm around him, "I will take care of one of them."—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

FOR THE LADIES.

Fine Heads of Hair.

A New York hairdresser, speaking of the glory of women, says the most magnificent head of hair she ever saw was that of the Marquise Conception Montalvo de Queroe of Cuba, who was a guest at the Fifth Avenue hotel with her husband last winter. The marquise herself was a very beautiful woman, but her hair—it was just loveliness itself. It was over two yards long, tremendously thick, of a beautiful brown, and when loose fell to the floor in great rippling waves. The marquise liked simplicity, and wore the plainest coiffure imaginable—two massive braids wound round her shapely head and fastened with a diamond dagger; over her forehead a few short, wavy locks—not bangs, understand. Mrs. Halsted, wife of the Cincinnati editor, has still longer hair—over seven feet—and so thick that it was a labor of ingenuity to do it up. It is light brown in color, and silky in the extreme, but there is such a quantity of it that it was impossible to follow any fashion in its arrangement. Luckily it was becoming to Mrs. Halsted to wear it in the only style it could be easily arranged — that is twisted lightly and coiled round and round her head until it reached her forehead and drooped on the nape of her neck. The daughter also has extremely long hair, over six feet in length, looking like gold in the sun, and with the glimmer of satin. The hairdresser who tells this to the *Graphic* says it would take her nearly the whole morning to dress the heads of mother and daughter, and her back and shoulders would ache to distraction afterward.

Autumn Millinery.

AUTUMN BONNETS.—The taste for picturesque dressing continues to manifest itself in the increased size and quaint shapes of the bonnets imported for autumn and winter. Large poke bonnets with high tapering crowns form the bulk of the first importations of felt, beaver and plush bonnets; the round hats are also large and in picturesque irregular shapes; there are, however, some small bonnets and small round hats shown, though these are not nearly so small as those worn last winter. For plain bonnets, felt, which was discarded last year, is revived, especially for small bonnets that will be almost concealed by trimmings of plush and feathers. Large bonnets are of the new napped felt brushed smooth and glossy, with the brim left unbrushed to make it look like fur or plush. The fronts of pokes are high and narrow, or else they are rolled back along the entire edge; the crowns are mostly in Mother Hubbard shapes. There are also the Bernhardt pokes so popular during the summer, with the back of the crown turned up, and a projecting front that may be worn down on the forehead, or high above it, according to the wearer's pleasure. Smooth beaver or napped felt pokes have sometimes a border of clipped ostrich feathers woven in the brim. Plush poke bonnets have smooth crowns, while the entire brims, inside and out, are brushed to show the deep pile, and sometimes the brim is striped in two tones of one color; again, there are black crowns with the brim of bronze, old gold, or drab, or a brown crown with ecru brim, etc. The felt, plush and beaver bonnets come in bronze, olive and myrtle green, several shades of red and of brown, with drab, black and white. Small capotes and also small pokes are shown in similar colors made of smooth felt with "brush-beaver" brims—the name dealers give to the furry-looking beavers. The Rabagas or coronet front is seen on many capotes, while others are turned up with the square revers seen on Bolero hats. Among the large hats the most graceful are the Longchamps. This is shown in felt, with its upturned brim faced with plush, feathers or velvet, and a turf of short plumes falling toward the front from the crown. The Bolero is another familiar shape, with a straight brim turned up squarely all around, and the upturned edge covered with drooping lace or beaded fringe. The newest Gainsboroughs and the peasant shapes have very slender crowns tapering almost to a point. English walking hats are also heightened in the crowns, but these are not largely imported, as they are merely neat and jaunty, while the fancy at present is for nothing that is not picturesque.

FEATHERS.—The new hats will be laden with plumage almost to the exclusion of flowers. Ostrich tips, demi-long feathers, and the long plumes very much curled are the first choice. The tips may be all of one tint, or shaded through several tones of one color, and will be made to surround the crown and curl outward from it on round hats, while on pokes they are massed in a cluster on one side. Stylish long plumes are so thick that the single long feather is not sufficient, hence they are "pieced" under the quill in order to make them full and long. Fancy feathers are made up in various designs to match the glace and shaded plushes with which they are combined. To make up the feather ornaments boxes of birds are imported, the feathers are stripped from their wings and breasts, and are pasted together in bands and coronets, and new colorings are thus made up. There are whole boxes filled with *tourterelles*—meek little doves in their solemn drab shades; smaller cases contain dozens of tiny humming birds; while great wooden chests are filled with brilliant impions that are as large as turkeys, and are only found on the highest mountain peaks; many of the green-blue feathers and those of flame, colors are taken from these mammoth birds. The feathers of king-fishers, herons, merles, paroquets, guinea-hens, pheasants, and peacocks are taken apart and fancifully rearranged. The breasts of humming-birds form medallions on flame-colored impion turbans. The eyes of peacocks' feathers are massed to make the Argus turbans in which English girls delight, and Mercury wings of a single dark color are added at each side of feather bands for crowns. The odd Parisian caprice is for a minature Chanticleer made of the blue-green or red impion feathers on the body, with the scarlet ibis for the comb, and some real cocks' plumes for the tail. This is offered for a side ornament for bonnets and hats, and is said to be as popular now in Paris as turtles, lizards and beetles were formerly.

PLUSH, VELVETS, ETC.—Plush promises to be the favorite fabric for millinery, both for making the bonnet itself and for its trimming. Glace plush is one of the new changeable fabrics of which there is great variety, showing two colors, one for the background, half obscured by pile of another color. Ombre plush is shaded, and the new shading repeats itself twice or else four times across the breadth, instead of one shading extending across the entire width as it formerly did. The pointille, or dotted plush, is very pretty and light. The moleskin plush is very rich, having thick, short pile like velvet, instead of the long, shaggy pile peculiar to plush. Plowed plush has lines across the breadth like furrows, while the striped plushes are in most varied widths, and in combination with several different fabrics, such as satin merveilleux, moire and surah. Tiger plush is repeated from last season, and a new clouded plush is labeled *nebuleux*. The rich moleskin plush is beautiful in the piece in artistic bronze shades, in-steel, *ciel* blue, in gray shaded to black, in the orange hues which now prevail in all yellows, in brick red and cardinal, as well as *grenat* to cherry, and in the white shades, viz, the cream-white and blue-white. Velvet is shown in solid colors, stripes, moire, and in all the shadings described for plush. When very soft stuffs are used for trimmings they are Rhadzimir silk, which has reps that are flattened, and the twilled satin surahs. Watered silk will also be largely used in the new French markings that show smaller ripples than those of moire antique. Glace satin surahs are beautiful changeable stuffs, showing new combinations of colors.

RIBBONS.—Ribbons are wider than any that have been used for several seasons. The novelties are the glace surah ribbons, glace watered ribbons, ombre plush ribbons, and a great variety of striped ribbons. Brocaded ribbons are scarcely to be found in the first importations. Some metal lines, either of gilt or silver, are effectively introduced in the ribbons that have broader stripes of plush or velvet. The glace surah ribbons show orange changing into olive, blue with green, red with blue, green with red, and sometimes down one selvedge there will be a stripe of plush of one of the colors used in the surah. Fringed edges and tape borders are also on surah ribbons, and sometimes one side of the ribbon will be satin of a solid color. The changeable watered ribbons are new, and are very showy, combining brick red with olive, peacock blue with orange, gold with black, etc. From three to four inches are fashionable widths for bonnet ribbons, though some are shown in the two-inch widths of last year. Ombre plush ribbons are very handsome with satin surah on the other side. There are also ribbons of glace plush and of moire plush. The striped ribbons promise to be most successful, as they are imported in such varieties of colors that they will suit all fabrics.—*Harper's Bazar.*

ODDITIES.

The ancients used pitch to give odor to wine.

The Nile, in the course of 1,250 miles, receives no tributary.

Goldfinches are found wild in nearl all parts of Great Britain.

The teague, or money box, of the Anglo Saxons was under the care of the wife.

The elephant has been known to die for grief when, in a sudden fit of madness, he has killed his keeper.

A snail's head may be cut off, and in a certain time another head will be formed. At least so says Spallanzani.

The Burmese are very fond of eating a variety of winged ants which infest their dwellings just before the rainy season.

A block of ice, which melted at Connersville, Ind., was found to contain a frog weighing a quarter of a pound and in good health.

The Ashantee of Africa, like the ancient Greeks, when he drinks spills a little of the liquor on the ground as an offering to the gods.

It is said by travelers that the modern Turkey carpet and the tapestry of the Biblical and Homeric era are the same in character.

Such is the rapidity of the circulation of the blood, that if it flowed at an equal rate in a straight line it would run one hundred and fifty feet in one minute.

In Thibet, according to the account of a traveler, the presentation of a silk scarf formed an essential part of the ceremony of salutation between people of every rank and station. If two of equal rank met, an exchange took place. If a superior was approached, he held out his hand to receive the scarf, and at the moment of his dismissal a similar one was thrown over the shoulders of the inferior by an attendant.

Professor Unthank, of Tucson, is alleged to have in his possession a brick taken from the great wall of China. The treasure is 4x12x16 inches, is composed of gray clay, and is as hard as granite. There are said to be several similar bricks yet remaining in the wall for any hardy antiquarian who can obtain them, but as there is a rigorous Chinese law against the demolition of the ancient barrier, the only way to smuggle a brick out of the country is to bring it in one's hat.

A Double-Barreled Joke.

The other evening, round at McGovern's, the boys were putting up an elaborate practical joke on somebody, and they asked old Captain Skiddy, who had just happened in, to take a hand.

"No, gentlemen," said that estimable old gentleman, derisively; "you don't catch me taking part in any practical jokes. I went out of that business for good over ten years ago."

"How was that?" asked the group of beer exterminators.

"Well, it was in the winter of '70, may be '71. I was living in Davenport, Iowa, and a man came 'round there giving balloon ascensions. One day it was advertised that the mayor of the town was going up with him. Now, the mayor was a big, fat man, who always wore a light suit of clothes and a white hat. This put me in the notion of working off a joke on the people. I got acquainted with the aeronaut, and he agreed to assist me in the scheme. We then got an old suit of light clothes and fixed up a dummy, which we filled with sand, so that it weighed about two hundred pounds, and would, therefore, drop straight and heavy like a man. The day of the ascension there were over 30,000 people on the ground, and the excitement was very great, as there was a light wind blowing at the time. After the balloon got up about a mile, and maybe that far south of the town, they dropped the dummy over."

"Big sensation then, eh?"

"Well, I should say so. But that just where I lost my grip. While the crowd was shouting and going wild with horror I just laid down on the ground, rolled over and laughed until I was just sick."

"Should think the crowd would have taken a tumble, too," suggested the audience.

"But just wait. Of course the crowd made a break out of town to scrape up the remains, and I rushed home to get my fishing tackle, for it struck me that the most healthy thing I could do would be to go fishing for a day or two. Before I left the house, however, I was arrested for murder."

"For murder?"

"Exactly. A lot of the boys, accompanied by the sheriff, rushed in and collared me. They claimed that the dummy had fallen on a farmer and driven his skull clear into the heel of his boots. They said that the balloonatic had turned State's evidence, and the chances were I'd be hung by a mob before night."

"That was rough."

"Well, so I thought. I was just scared plum to death, and I begged the boys to stand by and protect me. I ponied up fifty dollars for legal expenses, and they hid me in the garret of a neighbor's house. They kept me there ten blessed days, and there was not a day but they struck me for a twenty or two for contingencies. One night the whole gang came around full of beer—on my money, mind you—and said that they had concluded, as additional precaution, to hide me in the hollow of an old oak tree about three miles out in the woods. I saw through the whole business then, and drove 'em out with a club. It was a good square case of the biter bit, I know, but they never let up calling me 'Dummy Skiddy' after that, until they actually drove me out of the town, and I had to emigrate to this jumping-off place of creation," and the captain shook his head with a disgusted air as he walked out.—*San Francisco Post.*

Shrewd Pike.

The California pike seem to be as shrewd in regard to their own interests as the human inhabitants of the State have the reputation of being. Not long since they formed a barricade of their own bodies in the Sacramento river, resting just below the surface with their noses up stream, and were rewarded for their ingenuity with a bounteous feast of the small fish in the river. These, coming in contact with the barrier, were frightened, and tried to get away; but few of them could. The pike were very nimble; they snapped up the little fellows by the thousand, despite the efforts of many to swim over their heads. The barricade continued three days. Boys were out in boats and captured many of the pike, which immediately reformed the line.

This country consumes 14,880 barrels of kerosene oil every night.

A DOOMED CITY.

St. Petersburg in Danger of Submersion.

A St. Petersburg correspondent of the London *Times* says: Against the scourge of the summer dust, which sweeps day and night over St. Petersburg, all the pumps drawing waterfrom all the four branches of the Neva are inefficient. There is nothing for it but to turn one's back upon it; and that is what every man does who can manage it. The city is left to a few priests, the police, officers of her Britannic majesty's squadron, who are on a week's holiday, and to myself, and the Hotel de l'Europe, the best in town, is being swept, scraped and painted like a London club in mid-September; for this is the dead season in St. Petersburg, and the place is really too much of a thing for a man to have it all to himself.

What a town it is! How large, how dismally empty! How it squats like an immense alligator half in and half out of a swamp modeled on Amsterdam, and reminding one of Venice! What miles and miles of "prospects," or, as the French would say, "boulevards!" What endless succession of wide, open spaces and magnificent distances, of long straight lines of walls and rows of trees, and interminable avenues, contrived, as it were, to allow the town ample room to run out of town! A city of churches, convents and palaces, of steeples and monuments, of gold, bronze, granite and marble, of buildings in all styles, European and Asiatic, quaint originals or indifferent copies, many of them grand and massive, yet strewn over space at haphazard, on a perfectly flat surface, grouping nowhere—nowhere laid out for effect or with an eye to the picturesque.

A town of princes, to all appearance, or of wealthy bankers or traders, with nothing mean, no back slums, no Ragfair; the homes of the poor, if at all existing, carefully hidden out of sight; the whole covering scores of miles of ground, a maze of isles and islets, of bridges and embankments, of river, and branches of river and canals. It is a town made by one man, made on a plan and for a purpose; and when that is said, all is said. It was not one of the cities of God's own building; consequently, it may be feared, not one of those that abide. Its foundation was suggested by a great thought, and it turns out now to have been a mistake.

It is questionable, indeed, whether Peter the Great ever meant St. Petersburg for a permanent court residence and capital. As late as 1724, seven months before his death, it was not here, but at Moscow that he celebrated the coronation of his wife Catherine; and if he spent much of his time on this spot, it was chiefly because a work of such magnitude as he had undertaken required the master's incessant presence. For the rest, all that Peter wanted here was a port, and he could, under the circumstances, find no better. He built it on conquered ground, out of all the boundaries of Old Russia, amid a Finnish population, the former subjects of Sweden. He drafted his workmen among the serfs of all his provinces, and wasted 100,000 human lives in the achievement, labor being as cheap for him as it ever was for the kingly builders of the Egyptian pyramids. The site was a swamp—an unsafe and unhealthy swamp; so unsafe that some of its finest monuments—the monolith column of Alexander I. and the Isaac Church—show in their deep crevices the rapid decay to which the treacherous ground underneath is dooming them; so unsafe, beside, as to be subject to inundations, like the ground of ancient Rome; for the city has already been destructively flooded eight times since 1703, the date of its foundation, and even last year the waters rose more than ten feet above the ordinary level, driving people from their cellars and basement floors, as well as from the villas and gardens of the lower islands. There were even for many years ominous speculations as to the possibility of the whole town being submerged.

The Gulf of Finland, Peter reasoned, runs westward from St. Petersburg in the direction whence the heaviest storms always blow. Imagine a storm to set in from the West in April or May, when the ice is breaking up; and suppose that this should happen just when the water in the river is the highest. The masses of ice blown in from the sea would meet those that float down from the land-side, and the collision between the two opposite masses could not fail to overwhelm the whole city, with its proud palaces, when princes and beggars would be drowned promiscuously, like Pharoah and his host in the Red sea.

The town, however, has already stood 178 years, and the catastrophe seems indefinitely adjourned. As no such combination of storm, high water and great thaw, as croakers conjured up, has yet occurred, sanguine people have become perfectly skeptical as to the possibility of the dreaded contingency.

What a Gentleman Is.

"The essential characteristics of a gentleman," says our American essayist, Mr. Mathews, "are not an outward varnish or veneer, but inward qualities, developed in the heart."

The drover was a gentleman at heart, and in speech also, of whom this anecdote is told. He was driving cattle to market one day when the snow was deep, save on the highway. The drove compelled a lady to turn out of the road and tread in the deep snow.

"Madam," said the drover, taking off his hat, "if the cattle knew as well as I what they should do, you would not walk in the snow."

Charles Lamb tells a story of Joseph Paice, a London merchant, who reverenced womanhood in every form in which it came before him.

"I have seen him," writes the genial essayist, "stand bareheaded, (smile, if you please), to a servant girl while she has been inquiring of him the way to some street, in such a posture of unforced civility as neither to embarrass her in the acceptance, or himself in the offer, of it.

"I have seen him," he continues, "tenderly escort a market-woman whom he had encountered in a shower, exalting his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit that it might receive no damage, with as much carefulness as if she had been a countess."

These anecdotes show what genuine politeness is. It is a kindly spirit which expresses itself kindly to all. Of one who possesses it the remark is never made, "He can be a gentleman when he pleases." As Mr. Mathews says—and we wish the boys to memorize the saying—"He who can be a gentleman when he pleases, never pleases to be anything else."

Self-Control.

In some people passion and emotion are never checked, but are allowed to burst out in a blaze whenever they come. Others suppress them by main force, and preserve a callous exterior when there are raging fires within. Others are never excited over anything. Some govern themselves on some subjects, but not on others. Very much can be done by culture to give the will control over the feelings.

One of the very best means of culture is the persistent withdrawing of the mind from the subject which produces the emotion, and concentrating it elsewhere. The man or woman who persistently permits their mind to dwell on disagreeable themes, only spites him or herself. Children, of course, have less self-control, and parents and teachers must help them to turn their attention from that which excites them to something else; but adults, when they act like children, ought to be ashamed of themselves. The value of self-control as a hygienic agent is very great. It prevents great waste of vitality in feeling, emotion and passion. It helps to give one a mastery over pain and distress, rather than it a mastery over us.

Powder, when exploding, exerts an elastic force one thousand times the pressure of the atmosphere.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

East and Middle.

AN Ithaca (N. Y.) paper publishes detailed charges to the effect that Shinkel, the Cornell stroke, was in league with certain betting men and that he sold the Vienna race in accordance with that arrangement.

FROM some mysterious clews received a New York detective agency was led to believe that the body of A. T. Stewart was buried in an obscure part of a Brooklyn cemetery, and a vigorous search was instituted, but without success.

NEW YORK capitalists are taking steps to give the city an underground rapid transit railroad.

GREENBACK State conventions were held on the same day in Utica, N. Y., and at Worcester, Mass. The New York convention nominated a ticket headed by Epenetus Howe for secretary of state, and the Massachusetts ticket has at its head Israel W. Andrews for governor. The platforms of both conventions repudiate and stigmatize the two old parties, monopolies generally, national banks, railroads, etc., and generally conform to the previous Greenback platforms.

AT the convention of the Pennsylvania Association of Deaf Mutes at Harrisburg addresses were delivered by Governor Hoyt and ex-Governor Curtin, both of whom complimented the deaf mutes on the marked progress they had made in mastering the silent language.

THE National Prohibition Alliance, through its president, the Rev. H. A. Thompson, D. D., late candidate for Vice-President on the Prohibition ticket, and secretary, Mrs. M. McClelland Brown, of Pittsburg, Pa., has issued a call for a national conference of Prohibitionists in New York, October 18 and 19.

ONE of the buildings of the powder manufactory of Watson, Burrell & Co., at Warren, Me., containing nearly a ton of fine sporting powder, exploded the other day, demolishing the building and blowing in the ends of the packing-house and of two other buildings filled with powder. Samuel Mank, of Warren, who was at work in the building, was blown nearly 400 feet and instantly killed.

FIVE thousand barrels of beer and other property worth $60,000 were destroyed by fire in a Philadelphia brewery.

INVESTIGATION of the Musgrave Alpaca company's affairs at Chicopee, Mass., shows that Musgrave, who disappeared, swindled his partners, Anderson and Dunn, out of more than $100,000, and that the total loss to the firm, through his transactions, will amount to $225,000.

WHILE making an experimental test with new electric lights at Union square, New York, the lifting tackle broke and the lamps placed on a high pole fell on five men below, inflicting fatal injuries on two men and seriously injuring three others.

THE steamboat State of New York, of the New York and Hartford line, while on her way to New York, struck on a shoal of rocks in the Connecticut river, and sank shortly afterward, but not until all her passengers had been safely landed.

LIEUTENANT B. L. EDES, of Washington, and Lieutenant Lyman G. Spalding, of Portsmouth, N. H., were out in a boat in Newport (R. I.) harbor, planting torpedoes to illustrate the means of harbor defense, when a sudden explosion took place and the two officers were blown to fragments.

West and South.

THE Mississippi Greenbackers have nominated Colonel Benjamin Hill for governor.

A SHERMAN (Texas) dispatch says that some time ago Benj. Blanton, ex-sheriff of Cook county, a very desperate man, met James Todd who had been a witness against him in a law suit, and abused him shamefully. They separated, each vowing to meet the other for a final settlement. The other day they met and each drew a weapon and fired. Todd was shot through the heart, and the top of Blanton's head was blown off.

THE shops of the Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio railroad, at Harrisburg, Texas, were destroyed by fire, together with the tools, machinery, three locomotives and a passenger car. The loss is about $200,000.

A MAN and his wife were about retiring to bed in a farmhouse near Fulton, Ill., when they were instantly killed by a lightning stroke, while an infant four months old, who was between them, was uninjured.

THE Mississippi Republicans at their State convention in Jackson nominated a fusion ticket, with Benjamin King, also nominated by the Greenbackers, for governor at the head.

THREE boys—Jimmie and Johnnie King and Alexander Ballentine, aged six to eight years—were riding on a couple of slabs floating in the river at Steubenville, Ohio. The slabs tilted and the boys were thrown into the water. The oldest King boy was an expert swimmer, but in endeavoring to save the other two he went down, all three losing their lives.

AN old man named Brooks was beating his wife at Floris, Iowa, when a son of eighteen interfered to protect his mother. The father turned on his son, who retreated to the wall and then shot his father dead.

A MAN named Howard, living in Delafield, Wis., poisoned his whole family, and his wife and two children have died. An ungovernable temper and domestic troubles are the causes assigned for the deed.

THE crops in portions of the West have suffered severely from drought. Copious showers have, however, brought partial relief.

WHILE four horse thieves, belonging to an extensive gang which has been operating along the Rio Grande for a long time, were being taken to Brackett, Texas, by officers, the party was attacked near the town of Dolores, and all of the thieves were killed.

A FIRE at Chicago destroyed John C. Hately's large pork-packing establishment, causing a loss of about $1,000,000. At the time of the fire the building contained 4,000,000 pounds of bacon and 15,000 barrels of pork.

THE citizens of Alaska are moving to obtain a civil government and representation in Congress.

ALL the citizens of Eureka, N. M., about seventy in number, have been massacred by Indians. The soldiers pursuing Nana's band of Apaches had fifteen fights with the Indians since the campaign opened.

AT Cleveland, Ohio, thirty cars partly loaded with merchandise, a large planing mill and a lumber yard containing 500,000 feet of lumber were destroyed by fire.

FOUR deaths and damage amounting to nearly $150,000 resulted from a heavy hurricane at Charleston, S. C.

IT is stated that the corn crop in the West will nearly equal the average yield.

FIFTY-ONE buildings, comprising the entire business part of Plano, Texas, have been destroyed by the flames, entailing an aggregate loss of about $100,000.

A TERRIBLE hurricane, which resulted in great loss of life and immense destruction of property, has visited Savannah, Ga. The tornado burst over the city from the northeast, and in a few minutes the place was in darkness and the parks, streets and squares were rendered impassable by falling trees and houses. Every wire leading out of the city was prostrated, fully one hundred dwelling-houses, stores and warehouses lost their roofs and many had their walls blown in. One house containing six persons was blown into the river and five people were drowned. Every person living on Shad Island was reported to be drowned, and there was great loss of life among the negroes on the rice plantations and in the neighborhood of the city. The Georgia Infirmary was wrecked, and the patients barely escaped, a number being bruised by falling bricks and plaster. The pilot boat Maid of the Mist came in collision with a schooner and sunk, and several tugboats were injured. A house was swept down the river, and three of its terrified occupants—Mrs. Stokes and her two children—were drowned. Engineer Richard Fitzgerald, of the steamer H. B. Plant, was drowned. The family of David Bowens (colored), comprising seven persons, were drowned. A colored woman and her four children were washed away in their house. The ships in the river broke loose from their moorings. Several were sunk and a large number damaged. On Tybee Island, Savannah's Coney Island, nearly every house was blown away. One house took fire after it fell, consuming Mrs. Georgia Wolffe, her child and her little brother. Other dreadful scenes are reported at various river resorts. In Savannah the depots, wharves, elevators and large buildings suffered great damage. The Savannah *Morning News* building was unroofed, and the printers set up the paper in six inches of water. The beautiful trees for which the city is noted are greatly damaged. Business was paralyzed and over $1,000,000 loss has been incurred.

BY the exploding of a saw-mill boiler at Campbellsville, Ky., three men were instantly killed and three more injured.

MARVIN, the man of many wives and numerous forgeries, was arraigned at the Richmond (Va.) police court the other day, and claimed that he was not the man wanted. He was identified by the clergyman who married him to a Richmond young lady, and by several others. Marvin is charged with having married fourteen women and deserting them one after another.

Two large Chicago firms, who have received telegraphic advices from about sixty correspondents stationed at different points in the South, estimate that the cotton crop this year will be below the average. From the data at their command they estimate that the entire crop of 1881 will not exceed 5,000,000 bales, or 1,500,000 below that of last year.

From Washington.

IN the case of Captain Howgate, charged with embezzlement from the government, a civil action for $101,000 has been brought, and all his real and personal property seized by the marshal's officers.

GEORGE W. RIGGS, the well-known Washington banker, died the other day, aged sixty-eight years