FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Seeding Grass Lands in the Fall.

The practice of seeding lands to grass in the fall is gaining ground in many sections, especially among the New England farmers. Arguments in favor of this custom are: The grass is not so liable to be troubled with weeds; the cool weather will incite a vigorous growth and bring the fields in better condition for withstanding the winter than that seeded in the spring, and last, but by no means least, it admits of the removal of a crop the first year.

During August and the first half of the month following, Northern cultivators, who do not favor spring sowing, will seed down lands from which have been harvested small grains, potatoes, fodder crops and the like, and turn over old-sod lands for this purpose. At the South seeding of grass will be delayed until September.

The quantity of seed will depend upon the varieties of grasses to be grown and the purposes for which they are designed. The extremes of very light seeding, which produces large coarse stalks, and very heavy seeding, which makes exceedingly fine ones, are to be avoided. Pastures call for a variety of grasses, to be sown with liberal hand. In selecting a mixture for permanent pasture, it should be borne in mind that the land will be cropped continually throughout the season, and therefore it is imperative to have grasses which ripen in succession that stock may be supplied with a tender and succulent growth. The varieties should also be selected with a view of suiting the soil for which they are designed.

Clover plays in pastures as in meadows an important part; orchard grass, which arrives early and remains late, is also a valuable constituent. This grass is highly esteemed, especially on light dry soils; meadow fox-tail, with its early and rapid growth, is another valuable sort, and red-top is also counted among desirable grasses for permanent pastures. A mixture recommended by various agricultural authorities for permanent pastures is as follows: Two pounds of meadow fox-tail, five pounds of white clover, six pounds of orchard grass and four pounds each of red clover, rough-stalked meadow grass, rye grass, timothy, blue grass, meadow fescue and red top. For the South, where winter pasture is the object, the following is suggested: One bushel each of meadow oat grass, orchard grass and wild rye grass; and four quarts each blue grass, red clover and white clover. This pasture not to be grazed later than June nor earlier than Christmas.

A few grasses are suited to both meadows and pastures, in illustration of which may be cited orchard grass. Pure meadow grasses are those with tuberous roots, which store up in bulbs one year the material of growth for the next, and which require a certain time for the maturing of the bulbs. Timothy is a representative type of this class of grasses, hence it is highly esteemed in meadows. Other popular meadow grasses are red clover and Hungarian grass. To gain best results it is important that the grasses associated blossom about the same time, therefore the wisdom of sowing early kinds in one mowing field and late sorts in another. Among early grasses suited to meadows are orchard grass, Kentucky blue grass, meadow fescue and tall oat grass, to which may be added Italian rye grass if the land be moist and rich. Timothy, red top and Rhode Island bent grasses are numbered with late kinds.

The importance of having the ground thoroughly tilled and generously manured previous to seeding it to grass, either for pasture or meadow, cannot be too strongly urged.—*New York World.*

Handle Dairy Stock Kindly.

Mr. Parcell, in the report of the New Jersey agricultural society, says: It is important that dairy stock, from the young calf to the old cow that is being fed for beef, should be handled and treated kindly. If a calf is handled roughly and becomes wild and vicious thereby, when it becomes a cow you may expect the same, but if handled carefully and treated with kindness, when grown up she will be mild and gentle. It may not always be so, but in general it is. There have always been many cows spoiled by the person having the care of and milking them, by whipping or frightening them whenever they come in his way, or if when milking, a cow hoists her foot or kicks (which is generally caused by pain), such a fellow stops milking and commences whipping, or worse, kicking the cow, and she becomes enraged, holds up her milk, kicks back, and is finally ruined. Never whip a cow for kicking, if she does kick the milk pail out of your hand and sometimes upset and knock you, but be kind and gentle with her, and milk her out with as little excitement as possible, and if she gets over her kicking propensity it will be by mild and not by harsh treatment. Never whip a cow because she kicks, for it will do do good, but will do a great deal of harm.

Health Hints.

Invalids should keep the refreshments covered in their sick room. The jellies, blanc-manges, and various liquids used as cooling drinks are more or less absorbent, and easily take up the impurities which float about a sick room. A glass of milk left uncovered will soon become tainted with any prevailing odor, as can be proved by leaving it in a room freshly painted. How important then that the poisons of sickness should be carefully kept from all that is to be eaten.

If a person swallows any poison whatever, or has fallen into convulsions from having overloaded the stomach, an instantaneous remedy most efficient and applicable in a large number of cases, is a heaping teaspoonful of common salt, and as much ground mustard, stirred rapidly in a teacupful of water, warm or cold, and swallowed instantly. It is scarcely down before it begins to come up, bringing with it the remaining contents of the stomach; and lest there be any remnant of the poison, however small, let the white of an egg or a teaspoonful of strong coffee be swallowed as soon as the stomach is quiet, because these very common articles nullify a large number of virulent poisons.

Pigs on Dairy Farms.

A dairyman writes that he finds there is no more profitable stock to keep on a dairy farm than good pigs. He keeps two pure Berkshire brood sows and one boar, and raises four litters each year. The litters average eight each, and the pigs are sold when they are between four and five months old to make room for the new litters. They then weigh from 120 to 150 pounds dressed, and sell for seven cents a pound. Last year his pigs brought him in over $250, and they did not cost $50 outside of the skimmed milk and the buttermilk which they consumed. He has tried several kinds, Chester Whites, Yorkshires, Suffolks, grade Berkshires, and pure ones, and finds the pure Berkshire and the half breed of this breed and Chester White the best feeders. The meat of these two kinds will sell more readily than any others, being lean and fat mixed, while Essex, Suffolk and Yorkshire are all too fat for sale in the summer time. He cures the hams and the sides for bacon, and finds it is more profitable than selling the carcasses. He don't think anything on a dairy farm pays so well as good pigs properly managed.

How to Have Chickens Fit to Eat.

Don't imagine that it makes no difference how your chickens have been brought up. Don't suppose that they will be good anyhow. Chickens have been carefully dressed, deliciously stuffed, and yet they were not fit to eat. There was a flavor about them that no soda rinsings could cleanse and no seasoning conceal. These were chickens that had picked up their living around pig styes and other unclean places A chicken may be spoiled in dressing it to cook. If killed with a full crop, and allowed to lie for hours before it is "drawn" or relieved of its internal organs, it gets an unpleasant flavor. Fowls should be caught and shut up without food for twelve hours before they are beheaded. Then the crop and intestines will be empty, and the task of picking and dressing it will be greatly lessened. Old fowls are not necessarily tough—only cook them long enough. They are more tender twenty-four hours after they are killed than if eaten immediately.

Transplanting by Night.

A gentleman anxious to ascertain the effect of transplanting by night instead of by day, made an experiment, with the following result: He transplanted ten cherry trees while in bloom, commencing at four o'clock in the afternoon. Those transplanted during daylight shed their blossoms, producing little or no fruit, while those transplanted in the dark maintained their condition fully. He did the same with ten dwarf trees after the fruit was one-third grown. Those transplanted during the day shed their fruit; those transplanted during the night perfected the crop and showed no injury from having been removed. With each of these trees he removed some earth with the roots. The incident is fully vouched for, and if a few similar experiments produce a like result, it will be a strong argument to horticulturists, etc., to do much work at night.

Propagating Roses.

It is always very desirable, with those who have a very few choice roses, to have some extra ones, either to give a friend or to enlarge the flower garden. To do this, select ripened shoots, well-branched, near the ground (preferring those limbs that, if cut off, would make a nice bushy plant), and with a sharp knife hack or notch the under side, so that, when bent, it will come in contact with the soil. These notches should be five or six in number, through to the heart or pitch. Now bend the limb down, and with the knife slit the limbs one and one-half inch up toward the end of the top, just below the notches, and be careful not to break the limb. Cover two inches in the sandy soil and lay a brick or stone over it to keep it down. Keep the soil moist, and by spring the roots will have formed, often four and five inches long, when it can be easily removed. The most difficult roses root easily this way. —*American Cultivator.*

Recipes.

LEMON PUDDING.—The peels of two large lemons grated on sugar, or boiled and beaten in a mortar, half a pound of sugar, the juice of a large lemon, half a pound of butter, ten eggs, leaving out half of the whites. Beat all together, and putting a puff paste in the bottom of your plate, bake it.

GINGERBREAD NUTS.—One quart of molasses, three pints of flour, one pint corn meal, one pound of butter, half a pound of coarse brown sugar, an ounce of allspice, a teaspoonful of cloves, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, and two ounces of ginger. Put the molasses in a mug, then add to it the butter and sugar; have on the fire a saucepan of boiling water, in which set the mug and its contents. Let it stand until the butter and sugar are dissolved. In the mean time mix the spices, all pounded, with the flour and meal. Afterward knead the whole together, and cut into cakes not larger in circumference than a silver half dollar. Bake them about a quarter of an hour, but be careful not to let them burn.

ROLLS.—One cup of warm milk, one teacup yeast, one and a half quarts flour, when this sponge is light, work in a well-beaten egg, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one teaspoonful of salt, half a teacupful of soda dissolved in hot water, one tablespoonful of white sugar, flour to make a soft dough; let it rise four or five hours before putting on the baking pan.

TOMATO JAM.—Take nice ripe tomatoes, pare and slice, and to one pound of tomatoes after they are cooked down considerable add one-half pound of brown sugar, one teaspoonful of ground cloves, two tablespoonfuls of allspice, one pint of strong vinegar, and stew two hours. It is considerably better than any catsup with corned beef.

Farming Under the Sea.

Everywhere upon the coasts of Eastern New England may be found, ten feet below the water mark, the lichen known as carrageen—the "Irish moss" of commerce. It may be torn from the sunken rocks anywhere, and yet the little seaport of Scituate is almost the only place in the country where it is gathered and cured. This village is the great center of the moss business in the country, and the entire Union draws its supplies from these beaches. Long rakes are used in tilling this marine farm, and it does not take long to fill the many dories that await the lichen, torn from its salty, rock bed. The husbands and fathers gather the moss from the sea, and the wives and daughters prepare it for the market. Soak it in water, and it will melt away to a jelly. Boil it in milk, and a delicious white and creamy blanc mange is the result. The annual product is from ten to fifteen thousand barrels, and it brings $50,000 into the town, which sum is shared by 150 families. Its consumption in the manufacture of lager beer is very large, and the entire beer of the country draws its supplies from Scituate beaches, as the importation from Ireland has almost ceased. It is not generally known that the moss, as an article of food, is called "sea moss farina."

TIMELY TOPICS.

The rate of increase in population of seventy-two cities in the United States during the decade is 34.80 per cent. Denver shows the maximum rate—614 per cent. The gain in San Francisco is nearly half as much as that of Brooklyn, and that of New York is 6,910 more than the whole population of San Francisco. The following is a table showing absolute gains in population: New York, 234,269; Philadelphia, 167,978; Brooklyn, 159,594; Chicago, 176,023; St. Louis, 64,136; Boston, 101.474; Baltimore, 62,644; Cincinnati, 29,914; San Francisco, 77,877; Pittsburg, 92,939. Total, 1,166,851.

The *Electrician* says that the life of a submarine telegraph cable is from ten to twelve years. If a cable breaks in deep water after it is ten years old, it cannot be lifted for repairs, as it will break of its own weight, and cable companies are compelled to put aside a large reserve fund in order that they may be prepared to replace their cables every ten years. The action of the sea eats the iron away completely, and it crumbles to dust, while the core of the cable may be perfect. The breakages of cables are very costly, and it is a very difficult matter to repair them in compaison with a land line. A ship has to be chartered at $500 a day for two or three weeks in fixing the locality and in avoiding rough weather. One break in the direct cable cost $100,000.

"An Heiress Sent to Prison" is the head line of a paragraph in an English journal, which tells how, at Durham, England, Alice Purvis Buddie, aged nineteen years, pleaded guilty to obtaining three gold Albert chains by false pretenses; how her counsel, in defense, informed the court that the prisoner was well connected, and on coming of age would be heiress to a considerable amount of property; how he urged in mitigation of sentence that she had been seized with a sudden fit of kleptomania, and how the court could not overlook the fact that the fraud had been carried out, and notwithstanding the prisoner's position, ordered her imprisonment for three months with hard labor.

The terrible explosion in South Wales, by which at least 118 lives were lost, adds another to that long line of disasters which the inventive genius of Davy and Stephenson has been powerless to avert. In horror this colliery accident approaches nearly to that of Lundhill, where, in 1857, 180 miners perished, or to the calamity at Hartley, when 202 men were buried alive by the destruction of the shaft. The responsibility in this instance may never be known, but there is a certain timeliness in the news that the British employers and workpeople have come to terms in regard to the bill to determine the degree of liability in the event of accidents. In accordance with this agreement a system of insurance may be established by employers which will prove of mutual advantage to them and the laborers.

Agricultural statistics show that in the last fifteen years the production of wheat and barley in the United States has doubled; that of corn, cotton and tobacco more than doubled; potatoes nearly doubled; hay increased more than one-third and oats about 140,000,000 bushels. The vast increase in cereals is mainly due to the rapid development of the Western and Northwestern States. During the present generation the corn-center has been transferred from the South to the West, and the wheat-center from the Middle States to the far West. From 1870 to 1878 the production of tobacco increased 100,000,000 pounds, mainly in the South; while Texas and Arkansas have been the chief contributors to the increase of two and a quarter million pounds of cotton in the same time. In the former 157,000,000 were raised in 1870, and 500,000,000 in 1878; in the latter 112,000,000 pounds in '70, and 318,000,000 in '78.

A fruit-picker is the latest invention. It is simply a ring or collar of sheet metal four or five inches high and the same in diameter, with the upper portion formed into half a dozen points like a crown, each point being covered with an india rubber disk or shield to prevent the fruit from injury by contact. A socket in the side receives a light pole of any required length, and from the bottom of the ring or crown extends a light hose of cotton drilling, or other light material, to convey the fruit down to the hand of the operator, or into a basket, wagon, or wherever desired. Standing on the ground the operator reaches for the fruit, the points of the crown passing on each side of the stem, and a light upward shove easily detaches the fruit and it drops down through the crown and hose. The operator can hold the pole in one hand and the hose in the other, or the hose can be hooked to a small, movable bracket placed on the pole for that purpose, thus allowing of handling the pole with both hands, or an assistant can manage the hose.

Ever since the mutiny of 1857 the people of British India have been disarmed, though generally in villages bordering upon a forest one or two inhabitants are licensed to carry a matchlock, which, although useful in driving off hogs, is of small value in tiger slaying. This, therefore, becomes especially the business of the magistrate of the district. Consequently, when a tiger appears in the neighborhood, one or two officials pitch their camp in his neighborhood, but are often thwarted for weeks by his cunning, and sometimes do not get him at all. A man-eating tiger is abnormally suspicious, and is off at the slightest alarm. When once a tiger has become a man-eater he seems to care only for man, and perhaps on this account usually comes off rather short of food, and when killed seldom presents a prosperous appearance. Not one tiger in a hundred, however, is a man-eater; but once let one of this sort get near a village, and it has often happened that the whole of the inhabitants will, after repeated losses, in despair, move *en masse* to a neighboring town for safety. This has frequently happened in Central India, but is now rare.

A difference of opinion exists among European engineers in regard to the practicability of establishing a sea, as now proposed, in the great Sahara, the chief problem being, it would seem, how to keep it up. It is argued that, supposing the sea to be created by means of a canal, it will lose an enormous quantity of water by evaporation every day, without the introduction of an equal volume of fresh water. The water evaporated being replaced by a supply coming through the canal, the whole body will soon reach the maximum of saturation; and thus, the evaporation still continuing, a deposit of salt will be formed which, in time, must fill up the whole space of the interior sea—the salinity of the water being such that no animal life would be possible in it, and the ultimate result being simply the accumulation of an immense deposit of salt. On the other hand, the projectors of the enterprise claim that the presence of this water, and its evaporation, must produce copious rains, which will in large measure return into the sea, and thus not only accomplish the object referred to, but also convert a sterile waste into a fertile country.

William J. Carlin, an unassuming young man, of Philadelphia, has fallen heir to a fortune of $4,000,000 left by an uncle in Australia. When he received a letter from a London solicitor setting forth the demise of his uncle, and requesting him to prove his identity and thus his claim to the inheritance, he went home to his mother. At first she was inclined to treat the matter as a hoax, but afterward recalling references to a brother which her husband once made during his lifetime, she advised the son to answer the letter. The result has been a continued correspondence and the probable settlement of the property upon the heir shortly. It appears that the deceased left his home in England when he was twenty years of age, and was supposed to have gone to China on a merchantman, shipping as a common sailor. Nothing was heard of him afterward, and he was given up as dead. About fifteen years ago a letter was received from him by the father of the boy who now comes into possession of his estate. That was the last heard of him until the recent advices of his death.

Brick Tea.

In a recent report on the trade of Kin Kiang, China, some interesting facts are given in regard to the manufacture of and traffic in a product known as "brick tea." The quantity of this kind of tea exported from Kin Kiang during one year has amounted to 681,333 pounds. There are three kinds of brick tea made. The first, or largest kind, is a cake of coarse green tea, which weighs, when thoroughly dried, about three and one-half pounds, and is about one foot long by seven inches wide. These cakes are made in a wooden mold while wet, and compressed by a lever press and afterward dried. This is all done by hand labor, and affords employment to a large number of coolies. When dried, each cake is wrapped in paper and packed in strong baskets, each containing thirty-six cakes. The cost of this tea per basket is about $6.75, and the annual exportation amounts to from 15,000 to 20,000 baskets. The tea is sent from Kin Kiang to Tientsin, from whence it goes overland through Mongolia for consumption among the inhabitants of West and Northwest Siberia, in the province of Kazan, on the Volga, and by the Kirghis and other Seutas tribes. A cake of tea of the same form, but of a much commoner quality, costing about $5.25, made by the Chinese at Yang-lontung, in Hupeh, is largely consumed in Mongolia. There being no copper currency in that country the Chinese bankers in Mongolia keep stores of this brick tea and issue it as a monetary medium.

The second kind of brick tea is of a finer quality, each cake weighing one and one-half pound, and being eight and one-quarter inches long by five and one-quarter inches wide. It is packed in baskets, each containing eighty or ninety, and costs about $8.25 per basket. This kind is consumed in West and Southwest Siberia, at Kazan, and on the Ameor.

The third kind of brick tea is made of black tea dust, each cake weighing two and one-quarter pounds, and being eight and one-half inches long by six inches wide. It is packed in baskets containing sixty-four cakes each, and costs $8 per basket. It is consumed throughout Siberia and in Eastern European Russia by the peasantry. It is made into cakes at Foochow, Kin Kang and Hangkow. The yearly exportation from the three places is about 100,000 baskets It is stated that at Hangkow there are now four brick tea factories, two of which employ steam power. The employment of steam instead of hand presses will ultimately cheapen the cost of production, and at the same time a more satisfactory article will be placed on the market. Brick tea made in the old manner was not pressed sufficiently hard to enable it to successfully resist the rough treatment it received en route and frequently reached its destination in a broken and crumbling condition, which detracted from its value, buyers laying considerable stress on its hardness and perfection.

Story of a Wonderful Cure.

The papers have been commenting on the "summer stories" published in different parts of the country, but the following from the *Catholic Mirror*, published at Baltimore, eclipses anything that has yet appeared: Mr. James Patterson, of this city, has a little daughter Katie, who is now nearly ten years old. Some five years ago she began to have a slight occasional pain in one of her knees, which became a trifle enlarged, and her parents took her to one of the leading physicians of Baltimore, who made light of the trouble, and gave some medicines that did the child no good. The enlargement increased, and when the father took her to another doctor, who also stands high in his profession, he pronounced it a case of white swelling, and he treated her for it. But he did not succeed in curing her. Finally, she was placed in the care of an eminent surgeon, who has since died. He, too, failed. The swelling remained, and the tendons of the leg got drawn up so that the child could not put her foot down flag on the ground. Her father had great faith in the apparitions at Knock. He wrote to Ireland to some friends for some of the mortar from the chapel there, but before it arrived an acquaintance gave him about a tablespoonful of water in which some of the mortar had been dissolved. That was about two months ago. The same evening he took the child in his lap, rubbed some of the water on her knee in the sign of the cross, saying some prayers at the same time, and then gave her the rest of the water to drink. He then went to his work as a watchman, and when he returned home the next morning he was met by his daughter, who greeted him with the words: "Papa, my knee is as well as ever it was." And sure enough the swelling had disappeared, the sinews had grown soft, and the little girl could walk as well with one foot as with the other. The cure is perfect. Since that day there has been no pain, and it is now impossible to tell which knee was affected.

Mark Twain on the Alps.

Mark Twain gets off the following in his new book, "A Tramp Abroad:"

We were at the Rigi-Kulm hotel on the Alps. It was night. We waited to see the sun rise in the morning. We curled up in the clammy beds and went to sleep without rocking. We were so sodden with fatigue that we never stirred nor turned over till the booming blast of the Alpine horn aroused us. It may well be imagined that we did not lose any time. We snatched on a few odds and ends of clothing, cocooned ourselves in the proper red blankets, and plunged along the halls and out into the whistling wind bareheaded. We saw a tall wooden scaffolding on the very peak of the summit, a hundred yards away, and made for it. We rushed up the stairs to the top of this scaffolding, and stood there above the vast out-lying world, with hair flying and ruddy blankets swaying and cracking in the fierce breezes.

"Fifteen minutes too late, at last!" said Harris, in a vexed voice. "The sun is clear above the horizon."

"No matter," I said, "it is a most magnificent spectacle, and we will see it do the rest of its rising, anyway."

In a moment we were deeply absorbed in the marvel before us, dead to everything else. The great cloud-barred disk of the sun stood just above a limitless expanse of tossing white-caps, so to speak—a billowy chaos of massy mountain domes and peaks draped in imperishable snow, and flooded with an opaline glory of changing and dissolving splendors, while through rifts in a black cloud-bank above the sun radiating lances of diamond dust shot to the zenith. The cloven valleys of the lower world swam in a tinted mist which veiled the ruggedness of their crags, and ribs, and ragged forests, and turned all the forbidding region into a soft, and rich, and sensuous paradise.

We could not speak. We could hardly breathe. We could only gaze in drunken ecstacy and drink it in. Presently Harris exclaimed: "Why, it's going down!"

Perfectly true. We had missed the morning horn-blow, and slept all day.

This is certainly very amusing, though tolerably "steep," but the performance the next morning got away with it by a large majority. Thus:

The next morning, however, we were up before daylight. Fully clothed and wrapped in blankets we huddled ourselves up to the window with lighted pipes and fell into a chat, while we waited in exceeding comfort to see how an Alpine sunrise was going to look by candle light. By-and-bye a delicate, spiritual sort of effulgence spread itself by imperceptible degrees over the loftiest altitudes of the snowy wastes—but there the effort seemed to stop. I said, presently:

"There is a hitch about this sunrise somewhere. It doesn't seem to go. What do you reckon is the matter with it?

"I don't know. It appears to hang fire somewhere. I never saw a sunrise act like that before. Can it be that the hotel is playing anything on us?"

"Of course not. The hotel has merely a property interest in the sun, and has nothing to do with the management of it. It is a precarious kind of property, too; a succession of total eclipses would probably ruin this tavern. Now, what can be the matter with this sunrise?"

Harris jumped up and said. "I've got it! I know what's the matter with it! We've been looking at the place where the sun set last night!"

It was "perfectly true," and when they turned around to look the other way they were too late, the sun was already up.

Value of a Doctor's Services.

I was called at midnight to visit a gentleman who had just returned from a late dinner, where he had succeeded by hasty eating in lodging a large fish-bone in his throat. I provided myself with an emetic, a pair of œsophagus forceps and other paraphernalia designed to give him relief, and hurriedly repaired to his room. I found him pacing up and down the floor with a look of intense distress and anxiety, occasionally running his fingers down his throat and gagging. He told me in tones of despair that he thought it was all up with him, but begged me, if the least glimmer of hope remained, to proceed at once in my efforts to relieve him. He extravagantly declared, in the generosity of spirit begot by the vividness of his fears, that he would give $1,000,000 to have that fishbone removed. I assured him that such cases were frequent, and ordinarily not attended with much danger, before proceeding to carry out measures for relief. His fears underwent some diminution on the strength of this, and he then declared that $50,000 would no more than repay the skill and art required to extricate the unwelcome intruder. I smiled, and proceeded to introduce the forceps, but after several attempts failed to grasp the bone. His fears again induced him to mention a fabulous sum as the meed of the service that would expel the object of his terrors. I then gave him the emetic, its depressing effect causing his generosity to rise again, barometric-like, to a very high pressure. In a little while the emetic disburdened him of the greater part of his dinner, and with it up came the fishbone. He gave a sigh and look of relief, and, solemnly looking toward me, said, "Doctor, I wouldn't have that thing in my throat again for $5!" My fee eventually resolved itself into the "valuable experience" that the occasion afforded me.—*New York Medical Record.*

A Squaw Burned Alive.

The Eureka (Nev.) *Sentinel* says: From a party just in from Prospect mountain we learn that one week ago last Saturday, late at night, there was a terrible din in the vicinity of the Idaho mine, occasioned by the whooping, yelling, dancing savages. Mr. Thomas, foreman of the Idaho, concluded it was a fandango, as did others who heard the racket and saw the flames. The other day Mr. Thomas happened to pass the spot where the remnants of the fire were still smoking and fragments of the barbecue were scattered around. A close inspection showed that the fire had been built to "wipe out" a squaw. The skull, fragments of bones and a brass finger-ring were picked up. Mr. H. Joseph now has the ring, a cheap affair, such as is often worn by the squaws about these parts. It is smoked up, and bears evidence of having been subjected to great heat. It is getting to be a serious matter for dusky maidens in these parts to flirt with white trash, and the Shoshone lords propose to squelch that business as in days gone by—by cremating them on the spot.

Earthquakes at Luzon.

The recent earthquakes at Luzon make the following account timely: Luzon is one of the Philippine islands, more than 1,200 in number, with an area of about 150,000 square miles, where nature is always more or less in convulsion. Their population is some 4,500,000, three-fourths of whom are subjects to Spain, while the rest are ruled by independent native princes. The islands, mostly mere rocks, and constantly of no importance, form a group of the Indian or Eastern archipelago. Forty of them are of considerable size, and the principal of these are Luzon, Mindanao, Mindoro, Panay, Negros, Zebu, Bohol, Leyte, Samar, Masbate and Palawan. Manila, whose inhabitants are reported to have fled in terror to the fields, is the capital of Luzon, and of all the Philippines. The destruction of property and life from physical commotions is common there, and has been for generations. In recent times there have been various calamities. In 1824 an earthquake destroyed hundreds of buildings, the shipping in the harbor, and thousands of lives. In 1863 the cathedral and all the churches were thrown down, with any number of houses, and 4,000 or 5,000 persons were killed. Five years since a violent hurricane prostrated nearly 5,000 dwellings, and caused the death of several hundred inhabitants. People who love excitement are plentifully gratified there, as there is always movement in Manila, generally of the earth. The group is occupied by two distinct races, the Malayan and negrilo, or Oriental negro, the latter resembling the Alfoors of the interior of Papua; and, as they live in the mountains, they are thought to be aborigines, driven back by the former race. The Malays, divided into the Tagals and Bisayers, dwell in cities and on cultivated lowlands, and are either Roman Catholics (converts) or Mohammedans. The negrilos are many of them idolaters, though most of them are nomadic, and without any creed. The Mestizos, mainly the product of Chinese fathers and native mothers, are an important part of the population, monopolizing by their energy and industry most of the trade. The Chinese proper follow various callings, and generally prosper, returning home when they have made money, and never taking their wives with them, which is the chief cause of the Mestizos. There are many large and important cities in the group, Manila, the largest, having 240,000 people. The islands were discovered (1521) by Magellan, who, after visiting Mindanao, sailed to Zebu, where, siding with the native king in a war, he was mortally wounded, and died at Mactan. Spain sent, some years later, an expedition thither, under Villaboa, who named the islands after the Prince of Asturias, subsequently Philip II. The sole ports in the archipelago open to foreign vessels are Manila, Zebu, Iloilo and Sual, the narrowness of Spain refusing to yield to the modern progressive spirit.

The Rising Generation.

We don't believe that Edison's boy teased his dad to invent some way for a lad to crawl under a circus tent without getting kicked.

The small boy's digestive apparatus is undoubtedly the nearest approach to perpetual motion that the world has yet known.

The immense number of fish worms consumed by small boys in the transaction of business on Saturdays does not seem to have any effect upon the general stock.

A person is expected to be thankful because he enjoys good health. Only a small boy can enjoy bad health, and then it must only be bad enough to keep him out of school.

A Connecticut man invented a dentist's chair that could be adjusted to 4,691 different positions, and a boy, who occupied it one day, in five minutes broke it in trying to get himself into a satisfactory position.

He was watching his neighbor's boy climb a tree, and he had a look of painful anxiety on his countenance. "Are you afraid the lad will fall and break his neck?" was asked him. "No," he replied, "I'm deucedly afraid he won't."

Mr. P. T. Barnum enjoys a circus performance as much, watches the feats as intently, laughs at the clown as heartily, and applauds as vigorously as a boy. But when it comes to crawling under the canvas without getting caught the boy can give him points.

A boy can imagine almost anything. He can lug an old shotgun about all day without firing at a living thing, and be under the impression that he is having a howling good time; but all attempts to induce a boy to imagine that he is killing Indians when he is sawing wood have proved futile.

You see that boy? How timidly he approaches every dark spot as he hurries through the night! how warily he watches every tree-box! how he jumps aside at the slightest rustle! how trembingly he meets every wayfarer! Well, that is the same boy who is just dying to go out West and slaughter the pesky redskins. You wouldn't think so, to see him now; now would you?

A fond mother wants to learn some way to tell how her son will turn out. That's easily done. If he's wanted to go out and weed the garden, he will turn out slowly and reluctantly and be two hours dressing. If he's called out to see a circus procession go by he'll probably turn out quick and hurt himself trying to come downstairs and put a boot on at the same time.

A Boy's Strange Pet.

Not long ago, near the Temescal tin mines, in this county, says a paper published in San Bernardino, Cal., lived a man named William Jenkins. He had a small boy between two and three years old. It was observed for some time that this child spent the larger part of his time at play near a pile of rocks some distance from the house. The father took occasion one day to follow his little boy soon after he had gone to his usual place of resort, when, to his horror, he discovered a large rattlesnake coiled about the child, who was feeding the poisonous reptile from his hand. The father, almost paralyzed with fear, secured a stick, and, watching his opportunity, threw the serpent from the child and killed it. The boy was overcome with grief at the death of his pet, and would not be comforted for a long time. The snake was of the red variety, and about six feet in length.

Ninety-one cities in the United States have a population of over 8,000,000, or about one-sixth of the whole population, and this does not include cities with less than 30,000 population.