Discovery of Fruits

I have just been overhauling the debris in my vineyard, and repairing loss brought out those not small nor few. In 1858 I had about 300 Concord vines on how a large that grew one inch in diameter. They were just a year or two old when they were set in the vineyard, and now only the two next to Kenny's, and the cattle's mark. But every year I set my share of the first bearing, and had a large number of others of the catalog, maps, and Concords. Nearly all the catalogs are correct and the maps are all gone, while the Concords remain equal. A few of the catalogs have the wood-cut, and I should judge that the engraver of good fruit would have a long time—more or less, however, as it will be good for two a generation; while the Concord is almost indestructible by fire—little injury of any kind, let or wood, after 14 years, while the catalogs of four inches are rotted off the trees were mostly engraved. This during I have got to a large number of new native fruits, from three to four inches in diameter at the base. These have grown out of the rotten wood, in the earth. They will have grown out in two years, and the fruit is ripe and ripe old. Several have got to be six years old. As regards names I do to age them on the vineyard. The fruits alone are worth the changes, and will no doubt last as long as longer than the vineyard. The fruits alone have grown to the size of my wrist as the Concord as the Concord, and that is gone in five or six years, while the best wood remains sound. The Illinois General and other railroads that are planting the lands for cemeteries, should they plant Osages, and in the end, the catalogs for the same purpose and give them all the same use. Worth of 60 dollars the lands may take the land, but middle of that point the others will do as well, if not better, for this purpose. To be profitable that land, timber grown in Minnesota will be more durable than that grown in Kansas, while the catalogs and Osages will be better in Texas than in Central Illinois. In Tennessee the small red cedars appear to have very little sap-wood, but have the core in quite different. It is possible that, as the trees get older, the proportion of sap-wood will be less. This matter of durability of timber should not be overlooked by the farmer, as he needs vineyard stakes, fence-posts and poles for sheds, corn-cribs, and other uses. Now that locust grove can sell in Kansas for $5 per 1,000, and Osage for $3, and even less, no farmer should let the time pass without putting in a few red bois d'arc or 65 cuts. Hedges young trees will plant a square rod, and the 40 rods in length will require less than 2,000 plants, and a couple of days in preparing the land and the setting.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Lake Tahoe.

Lake Tahoe lies on the mercilled 120 deg. lon. west, and 39 deg. lat. north, about thirty-five miles from the line which is the State of California, forming the eastern and southern boundary of Placer county, and the eastern and northern of El Dorado county, and the eastern boundary of the State for a distance of about fifteen miles; the remaining one-fourth lying within the limits of the State of Nevada. It is in the heart of the Sierra Nevada. By the Central Pacific railroad it is just about twelve hours' transit from San Francisco to Truckee, thence southeast by stage over a mountain road twenty-one miles to Tahoe.

The altitude of the lake is 6,225 feet above the sea level. The depth is stated at 1,000 feet, but it is claimed that some soundings have gone over 2,000 feet. In form it may be classed as an irregular, nearly right angled parallelogram. Its greatest length is about twenty-one miles in breadth from east to west about nine, and with its various bays covers an area of about three hundred square miles. It is the largest and deepest mirror-like lake in the world, and but for the summer waves and springs, and streams from the adjacent mountains which surround it, rising in many parts to one thousand feet and upward above the lake. Some of the streams are of large size, pouring into the lake a constant volume of water, pure and sparkling water, in nearly equivalent to the absorption, drainage and evaporation that we nearly as I can estimate it, the extreme rise and fall of the lake does not exceed from three to four feet.

It nearly maintains its equilibrium, never flooding except in some scattered and shallow spots, and is always cold enough, at a depth of two feet, for palatable and healthy drinking at any time of day in summer, while the numerous cooling which empty into it have an almost icy coldness in the warmest weather.

There are no swamps or marshes in the region of the lake, it is one of hills and mountains, pine and fir timber, rocky, gravel, and occasional spots of very productive soil, yielding in some crops and excellent abundant pasturage, and natural meadows furnish nutritious grasses for horses and cattle.

The water is pure and clear.

The air is generally bland, always pure, salubrious, elastic, light, and owing to the great extent of water surface, of qualified and proper humidity. During the summer there is a regular trade wind from the southwest (a sea breeze) springing up from about 10 o'clock, A. M., and blowing more or less fresh until nearly sunset, and occasionally later. At night the land trade wind from the northwest prevails. After sunrise, the mornings are usually warm until the sea breeze commences. Very few calm days occur during summer. Nights are always cool, refreshing and invigorating, with rare exceptions; and in the winter frequently clear and bright when the day is otherwise. It is always warm and pleasant in the sunshine during any part of the winter.

The Vibratory Rate.

In order that pronunciations may safely cross large suspension bridges, it is necessary that they should break step in order to insure safety, and it is said, in illustration that when the first suspension bridge was building in England a fifer offered to demolish it with his fiddle. Striking one note after the other, he eventually hit the vibrating note or fundamental tone, and threw the structure into extraordinary vibrations. Only recently a bridge went down in France under the tread of a regiment of infantry who neglected to break step on entering it. Three hundred persons were drowned. The experiment of breaking a tumbler or other glass vessel by frequent repetitions of some particular note of the human voice belongs to the same class of phenomena.

Burning Leaving of a Consequential Act.

Billy B. is a jolly, whole-souled sort who is ever full of a joke and in no one has a keener sense of the ridiculous than himself. For long he was the unfailing source of the surprising escapes made during the war, in the presence of the gallant Col. C. and the celebrated Major B., when so stirred the following which crops good to the writer is forgiveness.

"I was engaged," said he, "to a Kentucky widow and on the eve my arrival from my friends, and my future Fortunes in general at the festive of taking affect outside of the town where my lady would probably be look for the domestic and gossiping of my wish."

"Ha!" said the Major, "carefully, carefully!"

"I considered a moment what was to be done. Most of us were like."

"Yes!" said the Colonel, "that's as true's as."

"I was always rather of fear, and in this case added to my speed. At of letting me for the country was no more natural perceived that one of my comrades had across the street, and the well known saying of

"Settle the cowards" occurring to me. I hurried pace and allowed him to come up, we engaged with mutual fury, and in a few moments he lay a corpse at my feet."

"All terrible! terrible!" said the Major.

"Yes so," said the Colonel.

"In this short space of me" continued Billy, "he was other Yankees advanced upon me, so I took to my heels for town ourselves, but with the hope of rescuing a neighboring wood, where I knew I would be in close proximity to our pickets. Now this hope I was forced to forfeit for on nothing such I ever one of my prowess for to advantage of the other."

"All terrible terrible!" said the Major.

"I was so," said the Colonel.

"I wished for him recounting my almost exhausted breath and soon his Yankee shared the fate of the first."

"All terrible! terrible!" said the Major, while the Colonel ejaculated "Just so!"

"I had now only one enemy to contend with, but I felt fatigued, and being near the wood, I was more determined to save my own life than to destroy another of my fellow creatures. I plainly perceived another enemy above the trees. I redoubled my speed. I prayed manfully, and felt assured that my prayer would be greatest. But at this moment the ball of the Yankee sounded on my ears. I even thought I felt his warm breath. There was no choice. I turned around."

"All terrible! terrible!" interrupted the Major, while the Colonel grew impatient, past endurance and said: "And you killed him too?"

"No sir," replied Billy, "by Jolley, he killed me!"

La Caturday Raiders.

The Alta California gives the following account of a singular intercourse existing in that State. It says: "Quite three months since attention appeared in several of the daily papers in reference to the accidental shooting of a young lady at the house on Potter street, near Second. The notices that appeared subsequent to the primary one stated that a Native American man named Jose Antonio had given himself up to the police, and stated that he had not got a ball in the gullet of the unknown lady, but that what he did get was in the gullet of the unknown lady, but that what he did get was in the gullet of the unknown lady, but that what he did get was