

The Year Without a Summer.

The year 1816 was known throughout the United States and Europe as the coldest ever experienced by any person then living. Very few persons now living can recollect it. June was the coldest ever known in this latitude; frost and ice were common. Almost every green thing was killed, fruit nearly all destroyed. Snow fell to the depth of ten inches in Vermont, seven in Maine, three in the interior of New York, and also in Massachusetts. There were a few warm days. All classes looked for them in that memorable cold summer sixty-eight years ago. It was called a dry season. But little rain fell. The wind blew steadily from the north cold and fierce. Mothers knit extra socks and mittens for their children in the spring, and woodpiles that usually disappeared during the warm spell in front of the houses were speedily built up again. Planting and shivering were done together, and the farmers who worked out their taxes on the country roads wore overcoats and mittens. In a town in Vermont a flock of sheep belonging to a farmer had been sent, as usual, to their pasture. On June 17 a heavy snow fell; the cold was intense, and the owner started away at noon to look for his sheep. "Better start the neighbors soon, wife," he said in jest before leaving; "being in the middle of June I may get lost in the snow." Night came, the storm increased, and he did not return. The next morning the family sent out for help and started in search. One after another of the neighbors turned out to look for the missing man. The snow had covered up all tracks, and not until the end of the third day did they find him on the side of a hill, with both feet frozen, unable to move. A farmer who had a large field of corn in Tewksbury built fires around it to ward off the frost; many an evening he and his men took turns watching it. He was rewarded with the only crop of corn in the neighborhood. Considerable damage was done in New Orleans in consequence of the rapid rise of the Mississippi river; the suburbs were covered with water and the roads were passable only in boats. Fears that the sun was cooling off abounded, and throughout New England all picnics were strictly prohibited. July was accompanied with frost and ice. On the 5th ice was formed of the thickness of window glass throughout New England, New York, and some parts of Pennsylvania. Indian corn was nearly all destroyed; some favorably situated fields escaped. This was true of some of the hill farms of Massachusetts. August was more cheerful, if possible, than the summer months which preceded it. Ice was formed half an inch in thickness. Indian corn was so frozen that the greater part was cut down and dried for fodder. Almost every green thing was destroyed in this country and in Europe. On the 30th snow fell at Barnet, forty miles from London. Papers received from England stated "that it would be remembered by the present generation that the year 1816 was a year in which there was no summer." Very little corn ripened in New England and the Middle States; farmers supplied themselves from corn produced in 1815 for seed in the spring of 1817. It sold at from \$4 to \$5 per bushel. September furnished about two weeks of the mildest weather of the season. Soon after the middle, it became cold and frosty; ice formed a quarter of an inch in thickness. October produced more than its share of cold weather; frost and ice were common. The summer and autumn of 1816, cold, rainy, and ungenial throughout Europe, were peculiarly so in France. Constant rains fell during the months of July, August, and September. But for an abundant potato crop, famine, with all its horrors, would have been her lot. The minister of the interior established granaries throughout the kingdom, where corn was sold to the destitute at a reduced price. Prices rose, however, to more than double, and hundreds perished of actual want. November was cold and blustering; snow fell so as to make good sleighing. December was mild and comfortable.—Boston Transcript.

THE COST OF SICKNESS. From an article in "National Health and Work," by Mr. James Paget, printed in the Popular Science Monthly, we make this extract: I think, then, that we can not escape from the reasons to believe that we lose in England and Wales, every year, in consequence of sickness, 20,000,000 weeks' work; or, say, as much work as 20,000,000 healthy people would do in a week. The number is not easily grasped by the mind. It is equal to about one-fortieth part of the work done in each year by the whole population between fifteen and sixty-five years old. Or, try to think of it in money. Rather more than half of it is lost by those whom the registrar-general names the domestic, the agricultural and the industrial classes. These are more than 7,500,000 in number, and they lose about 11,000,000 weeks; say, for easy reckoning, at £1 a week; and here is a loss of £11,000,000 sterling from what should be the annual wealth of the country. For the other classes, who are estimated as losing the other 9,000,000 weeks' work, it would be hard and unfair to make a guess in any known coin; for these include our great merchants, our judges and lawyers and medical men, our statesmen and chief legislators; they include our poets and writers of all kinds, musicians, painters and philosophers; and our princes, who certainly do more for the wealth and welfare of the country than can be told in money.

The Cost of Royalty.

As a sample of what royalty costs the people of Great Britain alone, Whitaker gives the following annuities to the royal family: Her Majesty—Salaries—£ 60,000 Privy purse—141,260 Expenses of household—172,500 Royal bounty, etc.—13,500 Unappropriated—8,540 Prince of Wales—488,000 Princess of Wales—25,000 Crown Princess of Prussia—9,000 Duke of Edinburgh—25,000 Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein—6,000 Princess Louise (Marchioness of Louth)—6,000 Duke of Connaught—25,000 Duke of Albany—25,000 Duke of Cambridge—6,000 Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz—3,000 Duke of Cambridge—12,000 Duchess of Teck—3,000

A GREAT DIAMOND HOAX.

NOW CALIFORNIA BANKERS WERE DUPED BY ROGUES.

A Visionary Scheme Which Entangled Many Millionaires—The First Correct Story Now Told. A letter from San Francisco to the New York Star tells this strange story: While in the reading-room of the Ross House this afternoon I met a friend who for a few years prior to the great crash of 1873 was one of the boldest operators on the Slope. Ralston's failure, however, drew him down, and since that time he has dropped out of the mad whirl of California speculation. He now owns a few vineyards down near San Diego, and is living quietly and contentedly. During our three hours' conversation my friend accidentally referred to the great diamond hoax of thirteen years ago which duped a number of prominent California operators. Aware that the inside history of the swindle had never been made public, I cleverly got him started, and he divulged the following story: In 1871 two rough-looking prospectors walked into the Bank of California and asked for Mr. Ralston, the cashier and leading spirit of the bank. They had two little buckskin bags, which they said contained something, and they did not know exactly what it was. One of the bags they said they believed had diamonds in the rough, but the other they said they did not "know what kind of a stone it was; they mout be garnets." Ralston laughed at the idea of "diamonds," but he asked to see them. There was about half a pint of black, dirty-looking crystals, ranging in size from a pea to a hazel-nut. The other bag had dark, blood-red stones that were promptly pronounced Arizona "garnets" by the great banker, and cast aside as worthless. He told the prospectors to leave the bag with the black crystals, and he would have them examined by experts. He did so. Professor Le Conte, the geologist of the University of California, pronounced them diamonds. So did Professor Janin, the best mining expert in San Francisco. Shreve and other leading jewelers all agreed they were diamonds. Shreve had one partially cut, and it revealed a beautiful white stone. The question then arose, "Where did they come from?" Ralston was greatly excited. He called in Sharon, and even took D. O. Mills into his confidence. The two prospectors gave their names as William Arnold and Isaac W. Slack, and said they had been prospecting in Arizona and Utah and Wyoming, and they had found the stones in one of the regions named, but refused to say just where. They said, however, that there were "bushels" of the same kind left. The diamond fever grew, and finally Ralston, Sharon, Nicholas Luning, a great San Francisco capitalist; William M. Lent, S. L. M. Barlow, of New York; George D. Roberts, the present Postal telegraph man; Michael Reese, the great Jewish millionaire, and several others formed a syndicate and agreed to take the "diamond fields" at \$1,000,000, provided the representations of Arnold and Slack were verified by experts. Meantime the other little bag of specimens was submitted to tests and found to contain genuine rubies. Some were sent to New York to be cut, and were found to be genuine stones. These were said to come from the same "fields."

When they had the bargain drawn up in black and white and \$35,000 paid as earnest money Arnold and Slack revealed secretly to Ralston the location of the find and offered to pilot three of the bank's own experts to the ground. One morning in April, 1872, four disguised figures crept down in the dawn to the Oakland Ferry. They were Arnold, George D. Roberts, Henry Janin and George Hearst. Janin was the most accomplished geologist and mining engineer in the city, and Roberts and Hearst were, and are yet, the best practical miners in California. The party took the cars and Arnold piloted them to Green river, Wyoming Territory. There they left the train, got mules and an ambulance and struck for the Green river mountains, forty-five miles south of the railroad. They were on the ground a week. The "diamond field" did not seem to be more than fifty acres in extent, and was at the base of a low range of barren red sandstone hills. They found diamonds in the greatest quantities scattered about in the low beds of dry gravel. They dug down and found them in groups of six and eight. They were all greatly excited except Arnold. When at the end of a week they prepared to leave they had more than a quart of diamonds and rubies of all sizes. Well, when they got back to San Francisco the town was aflame. A company was at once organized with \$6,000,000 capital. The \$1,000,000 to pay Arnold and Slack was advanced by Ralston, and in part made good by the syndicate. Roberts, Luning, Lent, Ralston and Sharon each put in \$100,000, and Barlow made up a pool in New York to take up \$250,000 more. Then the public began to clamor for the stock, but so confident were the promoters of the scheme that they had a new Golconda that they locked the stock up in the bank of California and refused to let a share go out. Arnold and Slack took their money and left the coast. Arnold got \$440,000 in cash. He went to Elizabethtown, Ky., bought a magnificent farm and settled down. Slack went to Europe and was never heard of again. Clarence King, the United States geologist, had made a survey of that region, and remembered the exact spot in which the diamonds were said to be found. He knew it was not a diamond country. He suspected a fraud. Anyhow his reputation as a geological surveyor was at stake, and he went to examine it quietly by himself. A week's close study revealed the whole truth, and in an elaborate report he showed how the ground had been salted, and even the mechanical appliances used. He found a few of the diamonds, and unhesitatingly declared them of the same character as the stones from South Africa. An investigation followed, and in a few months the whole truth came out. Harper had put up the job, and had supplied Arnold and Slack with the money to carry it out. The latter bought in London \$40,000 worth of rough diamonds and \$10,000 worth of common rubies. They picked them up at odd times and in odd lots, and Arnold smuggled them into the country by way of Quebec. Slack, who had been in South Africa, selected the field—and Clarence King said the im-

mediate region was well selected, too—and together they planted them, poking them down one by one with slim steel rods. They also scattered some into a gravel bank with a shot-gun, and it was this last method that King detected by the powder stains. The company burst up at once, and Ralston and the rest set about recovering a portion of the money. Lent and Roberts hunted up Arnold in Kentucky, and it was said by some he gave up a portion of the money, but others affirm that he never did. Several suits were begun, and not long after Arnold was murdered in a local quarrel. It was a clean steal of about \$1,000,000.

How the Bedouins Conquer Thirst.

In an article on "The Rescue of Chinese Gordon," in the Century, General R. E. Colston, late of the Egyptian General Staff, says: "In the 'Waterless Land,' water is a paramount question. If it be asked how a large body of Bedouins like the ten thousands who nearly destroyed the British squares at Tama manage to subsist, the reason is plain. In the first place, they do not need the enormous trains required for a European army. They are the most abstemious of men. Each man carries a skin of water and a small bag of grain, procured by the purchase or barter from caravans. Their camels and goats move with them, supplying them with milk and meat, and subsisting upon the scanty herbage and the foliage of the thorny mimosa, growing in secluded wadies. These people could live upon the increase of their flocks alone, which they exchange readily for other commodities; but being the exclusive carriers and guides for all the travel and commerce that cross their deserts, they realize yearly large amounts of money. As to water, they know every nook and hollow in the mountains, away from the trails, where a few barrels of water collect in some shaded ravine, and they can scatter every man for himself, to fill their water-skins. On my first expedition, near the close of the three years' drought, I reached some wells on which I was depending, and found them entirely dry. It was several days to the next wells. But my Bedouin guides knew some natural reservoirs in the hills about six miles off. So they took the water camels at night-fall, and came back before daylight with the water-skins filled. An invading army would find it hard to obtain guides, and even if they did, they must keep together, and could not leave the line of march to look for water. Beside, the Bedouins, accustomed from infancy to regard water as most precious and rare, use it with wonderful economy. Neither men nor animals drink more than once in forty-eight hours. As to washing, they never indulge in such wasteful nonsense. When Bedouins came to my camp, water was always offered them. Their answer would frequently be: 'No, thanks; I drank yesterday.' They know too well the importance of keeping up the habit of abstemiousness. No wonder they can subsist where invaders would quickly perish."

Tar.

Professor Peckham, in an interesting article on tar, has this to say in regard to its manufacture: It was known to the ancient Greeks, and Dr. Clarke, who describes the method of manufacturing it in the forests of Bothnia, says there is not the smallest difference between the processes then practiced and those of ancient Greece. Along the whole coast of the Gulf of Bothnia the inhabitants are very generally engaged in this occupation. They make use of the roots of fir trees, with logs and billets of the same, which they arrange in a conical stack, fitted to a cavity in the ground, generally in the side of a bank. In the bottom of this cavity is placed a cast-iron pan, from which a spout leads out through the bank. The heap is covered over with turf and is then fired, as in making charcoal. Tar collects in the latter part of the process of charring, and runs off through the spout into barrels. In Sweden, where the business is also important, some peculiar methods are adopted to increase the yield of tar. Trees of no value for the saw-mill are partially peeled of their bark a fathom or two up from the ground, not enough to kill them, but only to check the growth. After five or six years, when cut down, the wood is found to be much richer in resinous matter, which produces tar. Along the coast of the Southern States, especially of North Carolina, Virginia and Georgia, the business is carried on upon a large scale in connection with the manufacture of turpentine, rosin and pitch. Old trees which have ceased to produce turpentine, and dead wood which is rich in resinous matter, are selected for the coal-pits. The process there does not differ materially from that already described.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Why?

Why is it that a tall man always has a weak display of beard? Why, on the other hand, does a little, short man inevitably carry a fierce moustache that overshadows the entire countenance? Why is it the visitor you most hate always puts your maulage brush back into the ink bottle? Why is a man with a new gold watch so solicitous about his lapse of time? Why do servant girls know so much about cooking before you hire them and so little afterwards? Why do we drop raspberries on a white tablecloth and never on a red one? Why is a man so short in his memory when you have a bill against him, and why is it per contra, that he doesn't forget to call in every day when he has one against you? Why does a hired girl always hang the meanest piece of the week's wash nearest the street? Why do we hate the man who tells us our faults in secret, and why do we love a man who praises us in a crowd? Why do flies prefer alighting on a fat man's face when he is trying to catch an after dinner nap? Why, when your boy has visitors, and a particularly ingenious and diabolical piece of mischief is the outcome of the afternoon's congress, do you always lay all the best blame on your neighbors' children? The compensation of the postmasters in the United States amounts to over \$11,000,000 per year.

An Antique Town Still Unchanged.

Why, I saw houses in Nuremberg that are not a day more than a hundred and fifty years old! I was shocked by the sight of a dozen, at least, plate glass windows. There is gas in Nuremberg. They have street cars there. Some of the city wall has been torn down to let in more of the nineteenth century. But hardly a sight or sound within the circuit of Rothenburg breaks in upon your medieval dream. The narrow, dingy streets are lighted—so far as lighted at all—by lanterns. These are hung on wires stretched across the street, and are drawn in by pulleys at one side to be replenished. Street-rail or gas-lamp there are none. The town is hugged completely around with turreted gates. And the towers, as they throw their arms tenderly about their charge, look back to old defiance to all modern institutions. At some points, the very water in the most still sleeps in venerable stagnation. As your omnibus rattles under three or four successive arches into the silent streets, the lingering echoes of our new era die away behind, and you drop four or five centuries from human history. You wander through the little city (of not more than 6,500 inhabitants) wherever your feet incline, and pass hundreds of houses, any one of which, like a certain old domicile in New London, Ct., or one in Medford, Mass., would be the chief "lion" of an American town. Most of them were standing before the Pilgrim fathers left Holland—many of them before America was discovered. With their steep, towering, red-tiled roofs, their sculptured gateways and corner turrets for defense, and gloomy court-yards, they look down in lordly compassion on your freshness and your upstart nation beyond the sea. Hour after hour I roam the streets, looking in vain for a modern house. Every street is paved throughout, with not a sidewalk to be seen. The primitive simplicity and naturalness, too, of the Rothenburgers, are charming. About every man you meet recognizes you as a stranger, and feeling that the town owes you a courtesy, touches his hat with a cordial smile. Not a bad example for some of us Americans. It must be granted that the odor of antiquity in some of the by-streets is slightly too strong for the most romantic. But one can pardon that, and even overlook the torture chamber, under the Rathaus (of which the present generation is innocent) in consideration of all the wierd fascination of the quaint old town.—Prof. C. B. Wilcox.

A Rustic Rejoinder.

"How in the world can you content yourself to live in this dead-and-alive place!" asked the city visitor of his country cousin. "I know I should die if I had to stay here." "Well," replied the rustic relative, "I suppose I should, too; but then the city folks ain't here only a few weeks in the year, you know."

Business Was Dull.

A country merchant who doesn't advertise caught a thief going through his cash drawer. "Hello, there," he sung out, "what do you want in that drawer?" "Oh, nothing," said the man, sheepishly backing off and trying to get away. "Well, don't let me disturb you. Just go right ahead, you'll find exactly what you say you want. I've found the same thing here for the past six weeks."—Merchant-Traveller.

In Alabama is a China tree ten feet in circumference. Its top was torn away by a storm; but six feet up the trunk two more trees have taken root and grown up as high as the old tree is. Half way up the trunk of the original tree a peach tree stands out.

It is said that an electric hand lamp has been invented, the illuminating principle of which is generated by some simple chemicals that are ridiculously cheap and easily manipulated. A little sliding drawer at the bottom of the lamp holds the electric spark in the solution, while, by simple touching a button, a magnificent light is developed or extinguished, as the case may be. This lamp does not specially differ in appearance from the ordinary kerosene affair, and can be used in the same way, but with a complete absence of trouble, odor or danger.

When the Mason & Hamlin Company announced the accomplishment of a great improvement in Upright Pianos, which they would soon give to the public, much was expected, because of the vast improvements which had been effected by them in reed instruments, and the acknowledged superciliousness of their organs. These expectations are fully justified by the pianos which they are producing, which have extraordinary purity and refinement of tone. Every element will see that the peculiarities of their construction must add greatly to their durability and especially their capacity to keep in good tune.

This company have as great a future in their pianos as they are already realizing in their organs, which are confessedly unequalled among such instruments.—Boston Traveller.

A good medical authority says beer is conducive to heart disease. "No Physis, Sir, in Mine?" A good story comes from a boy's boarding-school in "Jersey." The diet was monotonous and constipating, and the learned Principal decided to introduce some oil-sily physic in the apple-sauce, and await the happy results. One bright lad, the smartest in school discovered the secret mine in his sauce, and pushing back his plate, shouted to the pedagogic: "No physis, sir, in mine. My dad told me to use nuttin' but Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets; and they are doing their duty like a charm!" They are anti-bilious, and purely vegetable.

Virginia's crop of peanuts is estimated at 11,000,000 bushels this year. Any lady who desires further information than can be given in the limited public space of newspaper columns can obtain Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's pamphlet "Guide to Health" by sending a stamp to Lynn, Mass. Of the 60,000 Jews in New York city not one is a bartender. "Hello!" we heard one man say to another, the other day. "I didn't know you of first, why you look ten years younger than you did when I saw you last." "I feel ten years younger," was the reply. "You know I used to be under the weather all the time and gave up expecting to be any better. The doctor said I had consumption. I was terribly weak, had night-sweats, cough, no appetite, and lost flesh. I saw Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery advertised, and thought it would do no harm if it did no good. It has cured me. I am a new man because I am a well one."

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