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Select Poetry.

THE SONGS OF OLD.

The songs of old! How deep a spell
Lies in the old familiar words,
Once sung by those we loved so well,
In other days, in happier years;
Visions of hope long passed away
Come o'er the heart so lone and cold,
And memory asks, where, where are they
Who sweetly sung the songs of old?

Where are they? Some in silence sleep
Beneath the mournful yew tree's gloom,
Others, within the boundless deep
Have early found an ocean tomb;
Dim are the eyes that brightly shone,
The once warm heart lies still and cold,
And hush'd for aye, forever gone,
The voice that sung the songs of old.

Where are they? On some foreign land
For many a weary day they roam;
Cheerless they tread the stranger's land,
From friends afar, afar from home,
Do they not long to join once more
The joyous dance, the social throng;
And mingle, as in days of yore,
Their voices in the olden song.

Fondly the heart still loves to linger
Amid the ruins of the past,
Tracing, with fancy's fairy finger,
Visions too beautiful to last?
Bringing to Memory's eye again
The long, lost friends, the cherish'd ones
Waking the past with some sad strain,
Some well remember'd olden song.

Select Story.

MAMMA JO.

Julian Vane's Triumph Over Himself and the Woman He Loved.

"You will not marry me, Jo?"

Outside a north wind drove the snow against the windows with a long wailing cry, but within all was comfort and luxury.

Satin-lined curtains, velvet carpets, beautiful pictures, and a glowing grate fire, which winked drowsily at them through the twilight.

Jo, with a bitter experience of poverty and the daily struggle for bread had thoroughly enjoyed this magnificent home.

She was nursery governess to Julian Vane's little boy. Her life had been poor and hard. She had earned by her needle barely enough to support herself and her invalid mother.

After her mother's death the opportunity offered itself to her through the columns of a daily paper, and she accepted it gratefully.

Vane Hall was a big mansion three miles from the city. It overlooked the sea, and was a delightful summer residence; but when the trees were bare, the ground covered with snow, and the sea cold and wild, it might have been dreary to some, but to Josephine Holland, coast-born, it was a never-ending delight.

The master was a dark, handsome man, not over thirty, who spent his time in riotous living. The old house-keeper told Jo this when she first came.

But Jo pitied the child, who was a fine little fellow, and she was not daunted. She had a dainty bed room and sitting room, the free use of a magnificent piano, and a large library.

When Julian Vane entertained his boon companions, as he often did, Jo shut herself up with her charge and waited for the revel to end.

She was a brave and resolute girl, dusky-haired and dark-eyed. She had improved in looks since coming to Vane Hall; her cheeks were rounder and she had better color.

Little Ralph took to calling her "Mamma Jo." It was impossible to overlook the fact that he was much more tractable since her advent.

Mr. Vane began to discover that his boy's governess was an agreeable young lady.

One day he entered the library, where Jo was reading. The boy had been playing soldier in his long ulster, with a blanket strapped to his sturdy little shoulders and a toy gun over his arm. Worn out at last he had fallen asleep on the hearth-rug, with his long brown curls sweeping across his face.

His father gazed at him thoughtfully as Jo explained.

"Poor little soldier! he deserves a better daddy!" he said, with a short laugh and a careless shrug of the shoulders.

"Yes, I think so," returned Jo, facing him calmly.

Vane looked at her with a mocking smile.

"Don't preach, Miss Jo; that's not your province."

"Since your brave little son can not make a good man of you, it would be folly for a mere stranger to attempt it," she said, as she passed him on her way to the door.

That was their first little passage-at-arms; after that they had many.

Julian Vane's half-mocking manner provoked her into plain speech, which seemed both to interest and amuse him.

He went on much the same as ever—sometimes rather worse, as if trying to shock or frighten Jo.

But there were intervals of quiet, when Jo was amazed at the man's culture and talents, when she was fascinated by his strong magnetism, and filled with remorse for his wasted opportunities.

So a whole year passed.

Vane Hall had grown dear to Jo, and its master, with his half-mocking, half tender manner, filled her heart with wrath and sorrow. Now the time had come for her to go.

This night he had asked her to be his wife, and she had refused him!

"You will not marry me, Jo?" he repeated, smiling at her incredulously. "Why, yes you will, child. How could we exist away from each other?"

He was bending toward her flushed and smiling, sure of success, the dark locks falling over his forehead.

"Speak!" he said, dropping his hands upon her shoulders and giving her a little shake. "Don't stare at me like a little image. Dare you say that you do not love me?"

"I despise your faults and weakness," she said slowly.

He flushed, but answered steadily enough.

"Nonsense! I am much like other men, a trifle worse than some, perhaps, but not half a bad fellow. Come, Jo, when will you marry me?"

"Never," she said in a low voice?

"I say you shall!" and he crushed her suddenly in his arms and kissed her hair, eyes and lips. "I love you—I love you! Why, Jo, we were made for each other. I admire your brave little soul, which never fears me! Why, I never loved any woman as I love you. I was betrothed to my wife in childhood. It was a family arrangement. We had a quiet liking for one another, nothing more."

"Do you mean to say," said Jo, pushing him away breathlessly "that you never told any other woman that you loved her?"

Vane burst into an irrepressible laugh.

"What a little goose you are, Jo! Men make love to women because they like it."

"Is that why you have made love to me?" demanded Jo, grimly.

"Good heavens! Jo, you know better. I asked you to be my wife—to reign queen of my heart and home. My darling—my little darling, will you come? Will you be a mother to my little boy, who loves you so well"

His voice was dangerously sweet and winning.

"I can not—I dare not?" cried Jo, desperately, clinching her fists. "I shall go away from here to-morrow!"

"Preposterous!" he exclaimed, throwing himself away from her and striding across the room.

"You shall not go away from me into the great, cruel world. I'll put you under lock and key."

She smiled at him through her tears.

"Look here, Jo," he said, coming to a stand-still before her, "suppose I promise to reform—will you marry me? What degree of perfection must a man obtain in order to become your husband?"

This with sarcasm.

She met his angry, gleaming eyes steadily.

"The man whom I marry must not spend his life in selfish dissipation, neither must he ride headlong over all the gifts which God has bestowed upon him. Think what God made you," she added passionately. "Think what you have made yourself."

"How can you come before your little boy, carrying all the aroma of debauchery when you might make a hero of yourself for him to reverence and to pattern after? When you have conquered your vices I will be your wife, for I do love you, even better than you dream, and it breaks my heart to see you so scornful of all that is good and pure——"

"How do your know that?" he interrupted. "I am not scornful of this good and pure little woman. You have little faith in me, Jo, that is plain; but I will astonish you."

"To-morrow you shall go, as [redacted] choose—for I can find you wher[redacted] you go—and when I have exor[redacted] the devils which have posse[redacted] here, I will come for my rew[redacted] Only, remember, if I find any o[redacted] man has usurped me I shall mak[redacted] small matter of shooting him."

Jo laughed miserably; she [redacted] quite sure in her own mind that [redacted] should never see him again.

She turned blindly away, but [redacted] detained her.

"What, going without anot[redacted] word? Without a good-by kiss? [redacted] go to town to-night, and shall [redacted] return until after you are gone. [redacted] me farewell, Jo!"

She lifted her pale and trembl[redacted] lips, gave him her first kiss, and [redacted] away, fearful lest her resolution should falter under the light of his dark eyes.

Five years passed away.

For a year, yes, two years, Jo kept alive a desperate flicker of hope in her heart.

She never heard of Julian Vane's long, long months of battle with his evil spirit.

What she heard of him were his occasional back-slidings, when he recklessly plunged into every kind of dissipation.

He never came to her, although she was in the city and he knew it, and at last Jo gave up her dream of happiness and tried to forget it and him.

She left the city, drifted here and there as fortune seemed to beckon, now sewing, now teaching, until at last she found herself installed mistress of a little school in a straggling California settlement known as Devil's Creek.

It was a pleasant spot, in spite of its name, and Jo began to think herself settled for life, until an annoyance arose in the shape of a big, burly rough, known as Jerry Galore, who had conceived a violent passion for the quiet, sad-eyed little school-ma'am.

He followed her everywhere, made desperate love to her on every occasion, sent her badly spelled notes, until she finally began to fear him.

One night she was delayed after school by some reports she wished to fill out.

The school-house was in a lonely place, nearly a mile from any other building; and, looking up from her writing presently, she was alarmed to see Jerry Galore leering at her from the doorway.

As she sprang to her feet he stepped over the threshold, closed and locked the door.

"What do you mean sir?" she demanded, sternly. "Stand aside; I wish to pass."

"Not so fast, Miss Holland. You'll stay here awhile with me. You've put on too many airs with me, my lady. Perphaps after you've passed the night here you'll be ready to be my wife. I'm bound to have you."

Jo's head was up; her nostrils dilated, her eyes flashing, but her heart quailed within her at the horror of her situation.

At that moment one of the windows was thrown open from the outside, and a man vaulted through into the school-room.

It was Julian Vane.

Instantly the ruffian's revolver was leveled at him.

"You just make tracks out of here," said Jerry Galore, "or I'll——"

Here Jo struck his wrist suddenly with one firmly clenched fist, and the revolver went spinning to the floor.

Before Jerry had recovered from his astonishment Vane possessed himself of the revolver, and in turn took aim at the bully's head.

"I understand," said Vane, looking the fellow over with the supercilious smile which Jo remembered so well. "I understand that this settlement is called 'Devil Creek.' For all I know you may be the old gentleman himself, but as this lady is my future wife, and I have not seen her before for five years, I hope you will pardon me for insisting upon your immediate departure."

The rough glared at him for a few seconds, taking in the build of the muscular fignre, and then realizing that Vane was more than a match for him he swaggered out of the room.

Jo, with a little tremulous cry, ran into the arms outstretched for her, and searched the beloved face anxiously.

He was paler than of old, and a few white threads glistened at the temple, but he kissed her with a proud and happy smile.

"The battle is won, Jo. It was a long and dreary one. I grew desperate many a time, and I missed you so, little woman. A whole year I have been searching for you. I came in the nick of time it seems."

Jo shuddered as she told him of Jerry Galore's persecution of her.

[redacted]

field hospital, and says of it:

"It really doesn't hurt except when the first cut around the limb is made, cutting the skin. That's because the nerves are all situated just under the skin, and after they are cut there is nothing to convey the sensation of pain. Cutting through the flesh is like cutting a nail or a bit of dead skin—a dead feeling. Even sawing the bone is only a dull feeling. The real pain is over when the knives get into the flesh."

Patronize the merchant who treats you well.

The patient man is the right one to handle colts.

The Bride of Duckport.

"Are you happy, darling?" inquired the bridegroom, after the manner of all bridegrooms.

"Very happy," replied the bride, with a sigh of satisfaction, glancing shyly at the world from beneath silky lashes, and claiming universal interest by reason of her modesty. "Let us behave like an old married couple," she added, demurely. But the fact that a very recent wedding had taken place in Duckport could no more be concealed from the most casual observer than the pink flush in the bride's cheeks or the roses and white ribbons of her bonnet.

Was not the cup of Mrs. John Scudder, *nee* Blanchard, the deacon's only daughter, filled to the brim with sparkling happiness? She had married the man of her choice, handsome John Scudder, with the military bearing which made him the admiration of all the girls. Nay, more: the inheritance of the store where Grandfather Scudder had spent so many hours behind a desk, in an atmosphere composed of red flannel, cheese, and herring, had converted John into a match equal to the deacon's ambition for his child. To get married and visit New York on a bridal tour might well limit the aspirations of any young lady; therefore the new Mrs. Scudder sighed with infinite content, only half wishing that John's attire was not so excessively elegant, and that he did not wear the shiny silk hat with such defiant recklessness of results.

Travel brings discontent in the very increase of knowledge. Our bride had not journeyed six hours before a pang of doubt assailed her as to the skill of the village dress-maker in her art; for at each station she beheld a different style, until she was wholly robbed of the complacency with which she had set out. Thus did she permit herself to be crushed by that Juggernaut car of fashion, beneath which so many women of the land prostrate themselves.

At last New York was reached, and the pair sought the Cosmopolitan Hotel. A marble palace received them: sumptuous drawing-rooms and corridors opened before them; French waiters flew at their bidding to obtain hitherto untasted dishes; and the little bride beheld herself reflected in so many mirrors that she was dazzled by her own image. Her interest in every thing reconciled her to John's departure on business. The young husband assuming the dignity of authority, said: "I may be detained until late, or even all night. You must not go out alone, as you will lose your way."

Kitty pouted, the day was so fine. However, she promised. From subsequent information imparted to friends at home it would appear that she spent the morning exploring the hotel, ascending to giddy heights in the elevator, and then taking base advantage of a back staircase to penetrate the mysteries of kitchen and laundry. Kitty received two indelible impressions in these lower regions. The first was produced by a small Greenland of a refrigerator, where blocks of pellucid ice formed a grotto of delicious coolness. In hot weather Duckport suspended the butter, in a tin pail, down the well. The second was the apparition of a French *chef*, in cap and apron, intrenched among copper saucepans and surrounded by anxious menials, who tasted a gravy, shook his head, and gazed at the ceiling for inspiration. The great man's eye fell on the intruder, as she fled. "The idea of a grown man spending his life cooking!" she said, indignantly on the stairs.

Later in the afternoon she decided to find a friend in the suburbs, somewhat as Ginevra played the prank of hiding. Why not? She was not a baby.

A policeman directed her to take the first car on a certain route, and the first car being *green* instead of *red*—contrary to the policeman's reckoning—she was carried up town, miles away from the ferry she had intended to cross. The car was very dirty, with an all-prevading odor of pestilence. A market-basket rested on her best dress, with the legs of ancient fowls protruding, owned by stout Mrs. Flaherty, while Mrs. Malony, opposite, carried home the "wash." Both ladies were fully aware of their rights.

"Are we near Mudflat Ferry?" asked Kitty, doubtfully.

The conductor checked the car, declared his intention of not seeking any ferry, pointed out another route grimly, and left her to make the best of it on the curb-stone.

She went through the street indicated, considerably alarmed by the demonstrations of the inhabitants, who lounged on door-steps and strolled about gutters in search of amusement. This diversion she afforded them, and she was forced to run the gauntlet of frank criticism, especially from upper windows, where lolled untidy foreign ladies. The second car was a shade dirtier than the first. Gas was beginning to flare in the hot streets. How gladly would she return to the hotel did she know the way! Terror reached a climax with the sudden influx of a crowd of rough, coarse men and tawdry women. If she had [redacted] minded John! In these crea[redacted] she recognized the burglars by [redacted] light of her dream, the despe[redacted] who revel in bloodshed and moc[redacted] justice. She was not in the best [redacted] pany. Instinctively she closed [redacted] eyes and prayed for deliverance.

The men evinced jocose familia[redacted] the women a hard cruelty and [redacted] sentment, as if they saw a [redacted] growing far above their abyss. [redacted] ters were becoming serious. A [redacted] tle having circulated with visibl[redacted] fect on the spirits of the compan[redacted] was presented insolently to K[redacted] who rose to her feet, received a [redacted] push, and was relieved of her p[redacted] Ah, port of safety! Mudflat [redacted] loomed through the gathering [redacted] ness. To her dismay the noisy [redacted] secutors followed, fairly driving [redacted] from the cabin.

The low shore opposite seeme[redacted] serted. She discovered only va[redacted] coal-yards and shipping, with hor[redacted] lurking-places in shadow, and [redacted] group approaching through the [redacted] of the ferry-house. The poor [redacted] wanderer fled, pursued by der[redacted] laughter, until she reached a [redacted] broad house on the water's e[redacted] which bore on a signboard [redacted] "Lamb." A brick walk boa[redacted] with ancient box led up to the [redacted] ping stoop, where an old man sto[redacted] the door, which was painted [redacted] and divided in two halves. He [redacted] weather-bronzed and bent, bu[redacted] face, having carried the impr[redacted] honest good nature for eighty [redacted] did not fail Kitty, who, choosing [redacted] tween two evils, approached tim[redacted] The proprietor of the "Lamb" [redacted] far advanced in muttonhood) [redacted] comed her, and summoned his w[redacted] hearty dame in a crimped cap. [redacted] could not send her home, but [redacted] might remain all night.

Seated on the back porch wit[redacted] pipe as the evening shadows shro[redacted] the harbor and the great stea[redacted] surged past, gemmed with red and blue lights, the old man told Kitty of the days when the giant city over yonder was a mere infant. He had kept the tavern for forty years, since the time when green turf bordered the river and lofty trees had no warning of progress. The stub-born old "Lamb" had not yielded an inch, although the quiet of its youth was disturbed by iron-tongued machinery. The box hedge grew trimly erect; the trumpet vines clung to the time-stained walls; twin Lombardy poplars guarded the gate as in the days when the wind came laden only with the sweetness of the clover fields. The boys who used to frequent the "Lamb" of summer evenings to bathe and refresh themselves with spruce beer and "bolivars" (the ginger-bread ancestor of the modern "round-heart") had grown to be care-worn men, had even sunk into quiet graves, while he sat smoking his pipe. Every eddy in the current, every inlet of the neighboring shores, was familiar to him; and his prime boasted honest yawls instead of modern light cockle-shell craft. Thus the Past, older than his century, recalled the victories of the First Consul, the evacuation of the red-coats, the hero of New Orleans.

In this inn on the water's brink of Mudflat Ferry Kitty was a foreign element. If the Dutch family was the smooth surface of the rock, solid and durable, she was the sharp granite edge cut into many angles. Excitement robbed her of sleep, although she had not fallen among thieves. After she had retired to a large clean chamber, with a paper fire-board in the wide chimney and a faded portrait of a Flemish cavalier on the wall, she took her lamp to examine the painted tiles of the hearth, and leaned out of a window listening to the melancholy plash of the tide, in danger of being claimed by the last peril of that eventful day—fever and ague.

John hastened back to the hotel, intending to surprise Kitty by his speedy return. The bird had flown. With wonder and alarm he made inquiries. No result. A bell-boy had seen her go out at half past four. At eight o'clock he telegraphed to the ffriends in the suburbs. Kitty was not there. At nine he sought the police station, and intelligence of her disappearance flew all over town. At ten frantic bridegroom paced the floor. At twelve he sat, with head buried in his hands, the picture of despair. Paitient waiting seemed the only course.

Next morning John, haggard with anxiety, stood in front of the hotel. A beautiful carriage lined with satin drew up. It was like the chariot of fairy tales, and a delicate lady was the occupant.

"She is not half as pretty as my Kity," groaned John. Just then an ancient and rusty chaise, drawn by a sorry gray horse and driven by an [redacted] is too frequently communicated. It is thought in this way. As all the children have to be disposed of in some way before the age of seven a close study is made of beauty in order to tempt foster parents. The hair of the girl babies is never cut, lashes and lids are carefully trimmed, "hang mouths" are coaxed to grow together by means of a support for the chin, and noses, that are inclined to turn up are gently persuaded not to. Heads are not smothered in sleeping; nurses are directed to turn their faces away so as not to breathe into the nostrils of their charges, and such irregularities as snoring and thumb sucking are corrected. There is not a rocker either or a crib or chair in the whole asylum, and pillows are not thought healthful for tender shoulders to round upon.

A Remarkable Recovery.

There is one man in New York city who is a living example of how near a human being may come to death and be saved by modern surgical skill. Lieutenant Charles A. Myers was an officer in the late war, and at one of the naval battles was in command of one of the guns on board of the Monitor. A shock struck the porthole of the turret and filled the interior with a shower of iron and steel fragments. Myers was knocked senseless and carried to the sick room of the ironclad. When examined by the surgeons, it was found that his skull, collar bone, one leg, both arms and five ribs were fractured. Most of the surgeons predicted his death within twenty-four hours. A young physician of great ability and promise on board took the sufferer in hand, and after a year of hard work brought him back to health. Among the many operations involved were the transplanting of skin, the removal of a rib and the taking away of a large portion of the skull and its replacement by a piece of hammered silver. The scalp has regrown over the plate, but still allows the latter's outlines to be seen and felt. In the twenty-seven years that have elapsed since the casuality, Lieutenant Myers has enjoyed splendid health and strength. Yet men are often killed by the bite of a cat.

Unleached ashes are recommended for the grape vines.

Feed the peach and apple trees. They cannot live on nothing.

Keep everything in the henhouse dry, but the drinking vessels.

Oil From Birds.

The vegetable, mineral and fish oils are well-known articles of commerce. But there are few who know what a large amount of oil is obtained from birds. The Annual Record of Science and Industry for 1873 contains an interesting account of the birds sought for this purpose. Among these we may mention the fulmar (*Fulmarus glacialis,*) which breeds in the Hebrides, on St. Kilda, and in various other portions of the northern hemisphere. The inhabitants of these islands, during the season when this bird can be most readily obtained, devote much of their time to its capture, using the flesh as food and preparing the fat for its oil. It is from the penguins, however, that the largest supply of oil is obtained, especially in the Faukland Islands; numerous vessels, manned by from ten to fifteen persons each, being occupied during the season in capturing the birds and securing the oil. A single schooner has been known to procure 25,000 to 30,000 gallons in the course of from four to six weeks. Eleven birds furnish about a gallon of oil, so that the cargo of this vessel involved the destruction of more than 275,000 birds. The oil is sent to London and used solely for dressing leather. The dusky petrel (*Puffinus obscurus*), sometimes called the mutton bird, from its great fatness, is also hunted in New Zealand and other localities in the Pacific on account of its fat. The oil will run out of the mouth of the young birds when squeezed. This oil has been used in a liniment for rheumatism, and answers well for illuminating purposes. It is said to be very similiar to goose fat. Other species of the petrel family, as also the frigate pelican (*Tachpetes aquilus*), are hunted for the same purpose. The fat of the ostrich (*Struthio camelus*) is likewise saved by the hunters, and eaten on bread, as a substitute for butter. It also has a local reputation as a remedy for rheumatism and in bilious affections. The cassowary is prized for the same purpose. A peculiar kind of goat-sucker found in Trinidad and Venezuela (*Steatornis caripensis*, or fat bird) derives its generic name from its immense accumulation of fat under the skin, for which it is hunted by the Indians.

Bowie-Knife Fictions.

Many wild fictions have been circulated by sensationalists in regard to the Bowies, for the reason, pure and simple, that Rezin P. Bowie, and not James, conceived the idea of the bowie-knife. The invention of this knife arose from a very ordinary incident.

At the time of its creation Colonel Rezin P. Bowie was a planter in Opelousas; while hunting wild cattle in the company of some friends he attacked a young steer which, in throwing up its head, struck his hunting-knife with its horn in such a way as to knock it through his hand, cutting it down severely between the thumb and forefinger.

As was usual with all planters, Colonel Bowie had on his plantation a blacksmith shop for plantation purposes; at this time he employed in it a hired white man by the name of Jesse Cliffe.

On returning from the hunt he repaired to the shop, determined to have a knife made which would insure protection from the recurrence of the morning's accident.

Picking up an old file he ordered Cliffe to make of it a knife having a cross piece placed betwixt hilt and blade, so that it would be impossible for it to be driven through a man's hand. Thus did the bowie-knife owe its birth to a mishap on a hunting expedition, and its originator never designed it for other than a hunting knife.

Colonel Bowie's daughter, my mother, is now living in this city. She was with her father when he issued his order, heard it and witnessed its fulfillment. So much for "Uncle Sim's Reminiscences," which he seems to have accepted at second hand from some party no more correctly informed than himself. We owe him no ill-will for his error; we say to him: "*pax vobis!*"

Every one knows that daltonism consists in color blindness in regard to certain hues, says the Transatlantic. According to the researches of Dr. Albertini, this daltonism is accompanied by a corresponding deafness toward certain musical notes. Those persons who have not the sensation of red can not distinguish the note sol; those blind to green can not recognize re; and to this lack of perception in hearing is added the incapacity to produce the notes mentioned by means of the vocal apparatus.

Ideal Butter Making.

Though of late years many improvements have been made in butter making, and much has been learned as to how the milk should be set, the time in which the cream should raise and the temperature at which it should be churned, the indications are now that the next great need will be a practical invention where by the cream from each cow can be kept and churned by itself.

As a rule man can govern in matters of time, speed and temperature, and bring these into working harmony better than he can bring about that exact uniformity in the butter-making qualities required in dairy cows, for the best possible results in butter making under the present methods of setting and churning.

In other words, allow the milk of each cow to vary at times as it may from its own average standard, or from the average of the herd, but give us a practical method of getting from the milk of each the most and best butter it is capable of producing. When we have this we will be as far advanced in profitable dairying as the enthusiast expects to be when he has a herd so carefully bred that the milk of all the cows is exactly alike; requiring a uniform treatment througout from the setting of the milk to the final taking of the butter from the churn.

Locomotive vs. Storms.

A correspondent of the Northwestern Railroader advances some odd theories to account for the frequency and severity of storms in modern times. He gives the figures to prove that there are now over 30,000 locomotives in actual use in the United States, besides the hundreds of thousands of stationary engines of all kinds and sizes. From a round 30,000 locomotives he estimates as much as 53,000,000,000 cubic yards of vapor each week, over 7,000,000,000 cubic yards a day, all to be returned as rain—"quite enough," he adds, "to produce a good rain-storm every twenty-four hours." He estimates other engines of all kinds at 180,000, probably a very low estimate, and concludes that these, with the locomotives, send about 470,000,000,000 yards of vapor into the air every seven days. "Is it not enough," he asks, "to give us floods of terror?" Hundreds of gas wells sending their poison into the atmosphere; millions of cesspools and sewers. Would it be any wonder if some blighting plague would lay waste the land?

Ventilation of Public Buildings

A very common mistake in the ventilation of churches and school houses, and public buildings generally, is made when those in charge fail to open all the windows immediately after the buildings have been vacated. The exhalations from the lungs and the emanations from the body, being light, will float for a while in the atmosphere before falling to the floor, and if the windows be opened at once, so that a current of air crosses the hall, many of them will be carried out. If, however, as is usually the case, the windows are not opened for some hours, may be not till the next day, these particles, settling upon the floor, are not carried away, but when the hall is again occupied by the feet, thrown up into the atmosphere and inhaled by the lungs from which they have been exhaled the day before.

Invention of Postage Stamps.

The postage stamp will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary this year. The invention is due to printer James Chalmers, of Dundee, who died in 1853, and who finally, with his system, the adhesive postage stamp, conquered the whole civilized world. England, fifty years ago, introduced the post-stamp, and according to a decree of December 31st, 1839, issued the first stamps for public use on May 6, 1840. A year later they were introduced in the United States of North America and Switzerland, and again, a few years later, in Bavaria, Belgium and France. One of the most important and valuable collections of postage stamps is in the German Imperial Post-office Museum, which contains over 10,000 postage stamps and other postal delivery devices.

Chinamen are making money in California by going over stacks of straw abandoned by farmers and cleaning out the mustard seed in it. One Chinaman will save one hundred pounds or more a day, and make better wages from what the white man throws away than farmers have made from their grain crops.

It requires 4½ pounds of corn meal to produce one pound of pork, or one bushel of corn made into meal and fed will produce 12½ pounds of pork.

Grandma in the Family.

What a treasure is "grandma" to the happy child who is blessed with one! He knows he will never find her too "busy," as the mother often is, to attend to his numerous wants. She can always find a button just the right size. She has always on hand an unlimited supply of tail for his kite. She has always just the right kind of piece of string for his top; and she always has time to mend his mittens, help him to hunt for his school books, and hear him say "that line of hard spelling." To her with all his little confidences he goes, fearing no ridicule, but sure of such sympathy as no one else can give. To her he unfolds all his plans and aims, knowing that her perfect faith in him will discover every element of success in them, because they are his. To her does the trembling little transgressor go with his confession of wrong doing, for she can explain to mother, so much better than he could, how he meant to obey, but "before he thought" he did the very thing forbidden.

Wrongly Translated.

The story is an old one of the party of tired travelers who entered a house decorated by a peculiar sign and demanded oysters.

"This is not a restaurant," said the courteous gentleman who met them. "I am an aurist."

"Isn't that an oyster hung outside the door?" asked one.

"No, gentlemen, it is an ear."

A body of sailors from an American vessel, stopping at Samoa, went to the German consulate and demanded dinner.

"This is not a hotel," said the offended domestic official who met them.

"Well, if it isn't a restaurant, what's that black fowl hung out for? Ain't it a sign?" inquired the spokesman.

The "sign" was the German eagle, the consular coat of arms.

The Talkative Mynah.

The parrot is generally supposed to have the monopoly of the power of talking among birds, but as a matter of fact, the parrot is decidedly inferior to the mynah. There are always examples of these birds in the insect house at the Zoo, and they repeat various phrases with great clearness of utterance. Curiously enough the hen has a gruff voice, while the cock speaks in a clear high tone, like that of a child. The mynahs can be easily provoked into showing off their power of speech, and will greet the visitor with "Good morning," in response to his salutations. The mynah is a kind of starling, and this latter bird is well known for its imitative powers. Some years ago an account was published of a "talking canary," which would articulate quite plainly, and could repeat a series of phrases.

Fair Cyclers.

It seems very funny to a stranger in Washington to see women, evidently ladies, riding about on bicycles—regular two-wheelers, you know—just like men. Yet it is the fashion and there is no spectacular impropriety about it, very long skirts being worn for the purpose and the seat contrived with special ingenuity. The bicycle used has its two wheels of the same dimensions and of modern size, so that it is really a very safe affair. Thus mounted the local fair are to be seen tearing all over the city, singly and in troops, and no one ever pauses to stare. It is positively a pretty sight and no active woman could possibly behold it without immediately desiring such a bicycle for herself. This is the city of cycles. With its broad streets of smooth asphalt it is like one rink to the wheelman and cycles are nearly as frequent as other vehicles everywhere.

A Railroad up the Alps.

French engineers are planning for an attack upon that hitherto virgin peak of the Alps, the Jungfrau. They propose to continue the present line of railroad from Interlaken to Lauterbrunnen as far as Stockelberg, at the foot of the Jungfrau, and thence to mount up by a succession of slanting cable roads, forming a zigzag, to a height of some twelve thousand feet, landing nearly at the summit of the mountain, where there will be a hotel for the excursionists who are expected to make the trip by thousands daily. There will have to be five steps to the great staircase, and a separate railroad for each step, making five changes of cars necessary to reach the summit.

The world may owe you a living, young man, but the account cannot be turned over to an attorney for collection.

The clayeaters are never satisfied with any hotel fare, no matter how good it is. They want the earth.

Early-matured stock is raised at greater profit than those maturing slowly.

A dry dust bath is an effectual instrument in removing vermin from fowls.

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