AGRICULTURAL.

MATTER PREPARED SPECIALLY FOR THE "RECORD-UNION."

The Warm Belts of the Foothills—What Causes Them?—The Vine-Hopper—River Orchards—Etc.

That there is a certain altitude on the sides of the mountain ranges of California at which the temperature of the atmosphere is more uniform as between day and night than at altitudes above and below, is a generally well-known fact. The section of country coming under the influence of this even temperature has, by common consent, been termed the warm belt of the foothills. From this belt we obtain our earliest fruits and vegetables, and within this belt tropical trees and plants are seldom injured by frost, and early-blooming fruits are scarcely ever nipped in the bud by cold snaps of weather. These warm belts are found along the foothills of the Sierra Nevada and Coast ranges, from the extreme northern to the southern border of the State, but the altitudes of the belts vary in different localities, sometimes ascending well up on the mountain sides, and sometimes descending to the lower foothills. Sometimes the warm belts seem to rest on steep declivities, and sometimes on level plateaus extending along the mountains parallel with the valleys below. Lands embraced in these thermal or warm belts have a peculiar advantage for fruit and vegetable culture over lands not coming within the range of this climatic peculiarity, and this advantage often adds to these lands a money value of 50 per cent. over adjoining lands not embraced within the naturally favored belts. These facts give the question, what causes these warm belts of the foothills? a good deal of interest not only to scientific but to practical men, who may be looking for locations for orchards, vineyards and farms for general culture in the foothills. For the benefit of this latter class we will endeavor to answer the question, and to give a rule by which the warm belts may be found by an examination of the formation or general outline of the country. In the first place we will suppose that the atmosphere of the whole inland valleys of California reaching to the summits of the Sierra Nevadas and coast ranges of mountains on either side was of an even temperature, and that for the time being there was no influence to cause a change of that temperature in one locality more than in another. This condition of things, it is evident, would cause a dead calm throughout the entire great basin of the State, even to its surrounding rims—the tops of the mountain ranges. The moisture contained in the air being heavier than the air itself, would settle in the lowest places, and the atmosphere of the deep or low valleys would become laden with water, while that of the surrounding hills and mountains would be dry and clear. Let the sun now send its warm rays down through this dry and moist atmosphere upon mountain and valley. The atmosphere of the valley would begin gradually to warm up and assume a higher temperature than that of the foothills and mountains above. The equilibrium before existing would be destroyed and the heated air of the valley would rise, and expanding as it ascended, float along up the surface of the hills and mountains, while the cool air of the mountains would run down the ravines and gulches, following the lowest and most direct channels to the valley below. Following the channels made by waters, this cold air would pass by or around all projections and elevations, leaving them untouched by its chilling influence, while the warm air rising from the valley below would bathe the outer sides of these projections and elevations with its heated vapor, thus keeping the temperature of these elevated places on the mountain sides very nearly the same day and night. The next day the same changes would follow. The valley would become warmer than the surrounding hills and mountains, and as the sun sank towards the western horizon the heated air from the valley would again rise, floating along the outer or valley sides of the elevated spots, and bathing them in its moist but warm atmosphere, while the cold air of the high mountains would again run down the gulleys and gulches, the natural water course to the valley below. Such is the actual daily operations of nature. During each day the valleys become heated, and during each night the cold air of the mountain changes places with the warm air of the valley. In its way down the mountain sides it is controlled by the same laws and follows the same demands that water would in its descent from the same elevation. If this descending air be surcharged with frost (so to speak) as it is in the autumn and spring, all vegetation that it touches on its downward flow is affected by its freezing influence, but as it passes around the elevated projections and plateaus, the vegetation growing on these places do not feel its chilling influences, but on the other hand the heated air from the valley rests upon and invigorates this vegetation, and thus it revels in the warm belts of the foothills and comes to maturity from two to three weeks earlier in the spring, and escapes frost two or three weeks later in the fall. To illustrate the case more fully, let us state that if the sides of the mountains on either side of the valley were a smooth plane, with a uniform decline toward the valley, there would be no warm belt, for the very plain reason that the cold air would flow down this smooth decline with a uniform depth, and would expose every rod and every acre of its surface to the same degree of temperature, and the warm air from the valley would be unable to find a lodgment at any one point more than another. The changes of the atmosphere of the valleys would, under such circumstances, be more rapid and greater in extreme between day and night, and the foothills would be of no value for cultivation on account of the rapid currents of cold air that would sweep down them each afternoon and evening as the sun was sinking towards and below the western horizon. Thus we have endeavored to answer the question, what causes the warm belts of the foot-hills, and to those who have understood our reasoning, it will not be a difficult matter to select these warm spots by their formation and exposure to the falling cold air or to the rising warm air during each night. Of course, there are general causes—as prevailing winds from the sea and other causes — that will influence the changes of air and affect the degree of exposure to cold and heat we have pointed out. Before leaving this subject we wish to call attention to the fact that what are popularly called warm belts are not in fact belts at all, but that they are simply spots or areas of surface which assume form and extent according to the formation of the country; that they grow out of the broken character of the mountain sides, rather than in consequence of its elevation above the valley below. Local causes influencing general laws cause these, and these local causes being understood, the localities influenced may be easily discovered and taken advantage of.

Sulphur and the Vine-hopper.

The grape vines in many parts of the State are at this time full of the vine-hopper. It is a small insect, a little less in size than the common house-fly, but is of a creamy white color, is very quick and active, and hops, like locusts, from leaf to leaf. It is a very good flyer, however, and flies from vine to vine and from vineyard to vineyard. Its food is the leaf of the vine. It passes through a number of generations in a single season in this State, and, undisturbed, will increase so rapidly as to become a very destructive pest in the vineyard before the maturity of the grapes, in the latter part of summer. The females are now laying their eggs, and the best known means of checking the natural increase of this little vine enemy is the destruction of these eggs, thus preventing the hatching of the second generation of the season. The favorite place for the deposit of the eggs is on the new, tender canes, generally in rows about the joints. The eggs are about half the size of a pin-head, and as they are laid they adhere to the tender cane. They are very nearly transparent, and have the appearance of minute globules of the sap exuding from the tender vine itself. Sulphur is certain destruction to the egg if applied when freshly laid. A little sulphur applied to the little lively-looking globule causes it to turn dark colored, to shrivel and finally become a lifeless black speck. Hence the best way to fight the vine-hopper is to sift sulphur on the vines while the female hoppers are laying their litters of eggs at this time. By doing the work thoroughly now the second crop of hoppers will never make their appearance in numbers to do much damage. Sulphur applied to the vines now will answer the double purpose of killing the hoppers' eggs and of preventing mildew and all other fungoid growths upon the vines. An ounce of preventive is worth a pound of cure with the vine-grower at this time.

River Orchards and the Codling Moth.

The orchards on the Sacramento river have for a number of years past been badly infected with the codling moth, and the fruit as a consequence has given owners but little profit or satisfaction. It is now hoped by orchardists that the unusual high water of the past season has been the cause of destroying most of the larvæ that took refuge in the soil and other places below the line of the late high water. It is hoped that this looked-for good luck may come to pass. Should it prove true that a large portion of the larvæ have been thus destroyed, one of the best opportunities is offered for making successful war on those left. No pains should be spared now to clean out the last moth from the orchards, and bring the profits of the river fruit up again to a paying basis. We understand it is the intention of the Board of Horticultural Commissioners lately appointed by the Supervisors to go into the field as soon as they can have the necessary instructions and notices printed, and thus help the farmers of the county to restore their orchards to their former important place in the productive agencies of the farms.

Early and Late Sown Wheat.

In a late trip through the wheat-growing sections we noticed the condition of the early and late sown wheat. All looks rank, has a dark green broad leaf, and is making a luxuriant growth, but the early sown is very generally full of weeds and will be very likely to fall down badly with the first heavy rainfall or wind. On the whole we would judge the late sown to be most promising of a good crop. The farmers more than ever before are looking to other branches of agriculture to be engaged in as an adjunct and supplement to wheat-growing. We never saw the country look more promising or the farmers more content.

SOME RELIGIOUS MAXIMS.

Christ is God's way home for the lost child.

It is easier to *build* temples than to *be* temples to God.

As fire is discovered by its own light, so is virtue by its own excellence.

God has placed us here—that is much. He is with us—that is more.

Religion is a blessed thing to die by, but it is a grander thing to live by.

God's Words looks at things eternal, and so should our desires and hopes.

Many Christians run with the world, yet hope to be saved with the church.

Sanctification is giving the soul wings, and a disposition to fly up to God.

God answers our prayers by teaching us to order our affairs with discretion.

The fathomless, shoreless sea of the Lord's loving kindness can never run dry.

Revelation leads the heavenly pilgrim by the double symbol of light and cloud.

God will cause that to issue in our com fort in which we sincerely aim at his glory.

Happy are they who work. Then, the task finished, each one sleeps the same sleep.

Providence has ways of making those honest in the event that are not so in their design.

Many preserve themselves by humbling themselves; the bullet flies over him that stoops.

Some persons, instead of "putting off the old man," dress him up in a new shape. [St. Bernard.

A downcast man is raw material, which can only be manufactured into a very ordinary Christian.

Much as we dislike to admit our defects, we find it better to know and guard against them to ignore them.

Men of honor and business must look upon an acquaintance with God's Word to be their best business and honor.

If the Christian religion were not fully in sympathy with every phase of the world's growing necessity, it would itself ere this have been outgrown.

Every man's own besetting sin is the tempest. You love God; you walk upon the sea; the swellings of this world are under your feet.—[Anselm.

Though the word and the spirit do the main work, yet suffering so unbolts the door of the heart that both the word and the spirit have easier entrance.

In Christ's religion, earth and heaven go together; and there is not a flower that blooms on the green earth that does not owe its beauty to the sun.—[Joseph Parker.

Round dealing is the honor of man's nature; and a mixture of falsehood is like alloy in gold and silver, which may make the metal work better, but it embaseth it. [Lord Bacon.

God's providences often seem to contradict his promises; but when they do so, they really magnify the promise and make the performance of it so much the more illustrious.—[Matthew Henry.

Let our people find a new meaning in the divine oracle which declares that "a little child shall lead them," for our little children will soon control the destinies of the Republic.—[President Garfield.

I think that till a parent's love for a child is of the same character with that divine love of which we learn somewhat in life's supremest hours of communion, till then his or her love is poor and faulty.—[Frances Power Cobbe.

Humility and repentance are the result of large acquaintance with God. Humility is produced by the sight of His greatness, repentance by a knowledge of His purity. It is the union of these that forms the idea of God.—[Robt. Hall.

Alas! we shall never know the value of time till it has slipped from us and left us in eternity. Eternity is the only preceptor that can rightly teach the science of using time. Dearest Lord! will it leave us then with Thee?—[F. W. Faber.

Wherever we are, in whatever spot of all the wilderness, this word to Hagar, "What aileth thee?" is meant for us. Arise, lift up your duty, your responsibility, your trial, your fear; then will the Lord work for you gloriously.—[Anna Warner.

The education of the moral nature of man is not only necessary, but it is the grand necessity. If the intellect runs to waste without education, much more the moral nature, which, like the earth without cultivation, will only yield thorns and thistles.

Did you ever know or read of any one becoming a strong, healthy Christian who did not read the scriptures with much prayer and thought? As well might we expect our bodies to grow strong and healthy by eating only two or three meals a week.

ASTRAY.

I traveled a forbidden road,
Which first appeared so flowry fair
That onward eagerly I strode
Till—to my horror and despair!—
All buds and blossoms blooming there,
All tender boughs and twigs of green
Stood changed to burrs and nettles keen,
Whose angry points my garments tore,
And pricked my hands till they were sore.

Bewildered at the wondrous change,
That should have warned me from the place,
I kept my course with swifter pace,
And saw a marvel still more strange;
For cruel flints sprang through the ground
To meet my feet at every bound,
With gash on gash that made them bleed,
Then time it was that I should heed!

Just at the moment of my need,
A shining man stood at my side—
Whose luster fell on all around,
And spread a glory far and wide!

"And who art thou?" I trembling cried.
"Give ear," said he, "to what I say:
I am the guide of all who stray,
To point them back to virtue's path,
The guardian of thy erring way;
And, step by step—in love, not wrath—
These angry flints and briers I strew,
To warn thy feet from wandering so."

I knelt and kissed his garment's hem,
And cried, "Oh, angel, sent from heaven!
Make sharper yet each thorny stem!
Increase the flints to seven times seven!
Fulfill thy purpose in my pain—
I will endure and not complain!"

He fled, and with deep remorse
Turned back from my forbidden course—
But, oh, how many weary hours
I traveled o'er those blighted bowers,
Rebloomed with all their former flowers!
—[Theodore Tilton.

UTILIZING SOAP WATER.—Some of the washing waters of Paris, which were formerly run into the city sewers, are now collected in casks, and the suds being subjected to chemical treatment, the fatty matters are manufactured into toilet soap, made fragrant by the addition of oil of roses. According to this process a little sulphuric acid is added to the soap water obtained from washing linen, the whole is then stirred up, and the fatty matter is allowed to stand for a few hours, when, on its collecting upon the surface of the liquid, it is gathered in casks.

ODD FRANCE.

SPRING IN PARIS—DEATH IN THE RIVER.

The Political Atmosphere—Threatened by Bandits—The Art Exhibition—Some Pictures.

PARIS, March 21, 1881.

Spring has arrived, bringing after her a whole train of delights; the warm, bright sun seems to stir the dormant heart of man to gentle deeds, just as it makes the sap of trees push forth their leaves; the air is filled with the perfume of violets, and the flower markets are a gorgeous sight to behold. Every other person or so has a flower pot in his hand containing flowers in bloom or bright green plants which he carries to his home to constantly enjoy a little of the spring-time. In fact, everybody looks happy as though released from bondage imposed by stern, cruel winter; on their faces one can read faith in a bright future, and the very air seems filled with buds of hope. The Seine, which all winter was swollen with its own troubles and discontent, and threatened to drown the earth with its tears, has settled down to its low, peaceful margin, and now quietly bears upon its bosom the different ferryboats suggestive of gay picnics and pleasant rambles through woods and over meadows. The *Mail*, that old institution, still jealous of its past importance and reputation, persistently clings to life and refuses to be vanquished by steamboats or railroads, and as though having found fresh courage for resistance, or as the spark, which burns brightest before

GOING OUT FOREVER.

It appears this year in all its glory. Never have there been so many canal boats filled with their rosy apples, russets and pippins, stationed along the Seine; there are as many as twenty in a bunch, all hustled close together, and which appear like a little world of their own. Though rivals in the apple market, the people seem friendly and united, and live like one family in all of the boats at a time. They came from their dear Normandy in the early fall, and have remained on the border of the Seine all through the winter; and many of them seemed to have nothing but the straw in which were buried their apples to protect them from the cold. When it would snow in the night, the next morning the boats would appear like one immense white sheet, and the owners would be seen armed with brooms, separately seeking an exit from their temporary prisons; and when the Seine submerged the land next them, they seemed like islands afloat, and their only means of gaining the shore were almost perpendicular planks and strange, dangerous-looking contrivances, so that no one passed near without giving them a thought of pity. At the end of each boat may be discerned a tiny stovepipe issuing from the wee cabin, where by some miracle they manage to eat and perhaps to sleep. They seem little loth to depart, and nothing short of a hot June sun will be able to chase them to the shade of their own apple-trees.

THE PARISIAN OUT OF DOORS.

The Parisian is ever impatient of his outdoor habits and rambles; the sun had hardly shown his determination to shine away in a frank manner, when the cafes were moved on to the sidewalks, and all Paris seemed to be taking their coffee in the open air, and even cooling drinks are sipped with the same relish as though summer had already arrived. In the woods, under leafless trees, men may be seen with their coats off, childishly believing they may hasten the season in this manner, so impatient are they. A straw hat here and there does not prove a novelty, but merely creates a smile of kind indulgence. The different squares and gardens are already daily filled with their habitues—women with their work, who take up the thread of gossip dropped six months before; the children with their hoops and playthings, grown a little taller since their last meeting; old men who sun themselves on the benches, twisting their canes around between their fingers, while their thoughts roll around the scenes of their youth. The fishermen have increased their ranks, for, like all veterans of warfare, they possess lukewarm followers who hesitate and retreat before danger and are put to flight by the furious elements; now that the prize is in store and no danger ahead, they have come boldly forth, armed with hook and rod. They are a singular race, these fishermen, and one incomprehensible to me; the concentration of attention seems to metamorphose them or to carry them beyond human sympathy. During all the Commune, while terror was in every heart and tears on every cheek; while bullets whizzed around them, in the midst of the groans of the wounded and dying, these fishermen stood impassable on the banks of the Seine, their eyes bent upon their line, while the hand which held the rod never trembled. This I have been told by several eye-witnesses of the scene, and as formal as may be their statements, I could scarcely credit their words were it not that my own experience has convinced me of the truth of their information. Two or three Sundays ago, while passing on the quay near the Louvre in company with some friends, we observed

AN IMMENSE CROWD

Collected along the parapet looking down on to the bank below. Mounting the bridge and questioning the bystanders we learned that three young men had gone out for a row on the Seine in a small boat, when they had been upset by the ferry-boat. The officers of the steamer, on learning of the accident, stopped and lowered a boat and sent men to the rescue. The three young men continued in the meantime to swim around, but one of them, weaker than the other two, or more sensitive to the low temperature of the water, was carried away by the current, and two only were saved. The body of the drowned boy had just been found and brought ashore. It was carried into the little house on the bank, such as are found all along the river, and established for the purpose of rendering assistance to the rescued from drowning. Officers stood in the doorway to prevent the few persons without from entering, while at the top of the stone steps stood gardiens de la paix, who prevented the crowd from descending. All Paris seemed to be looking down on the exciting scene, while reflecting that another small lamp had gone out forever, and yet, standing on the water's brink, his back almost touching the house in which lay the dead body, the terror-stricken friends elbowing him, stood a fisherman, impassible and unconcerned as though what were passing around him was an event taking place in the moon, and we were told that when the corpse was dragged ashore and all hastened to gaze upon it he did not even turn his head.

THE POLITICAL ATMOSPHERE

Seems charged with uneasiness; the assassination of the Czar of Russia, the discovery of wholesale murderous preparations in the Russian capital, the attempt to blow up the Lord Mayor's palace at London, and the constant precautions of the English Government in having the House of Parliament guarded and the basement inspected by troops—the Nihilists in Russia, the Fenians in Great Britain, and the agitation of Socialists everywhere, causes politicians to ask where it is all going to end. On learning of the Czar's death both the Chamber and Senate closed the seance out of respect for his memory, but in the Chamber of Deputies this homage, on account of the presence of extreme Liberalists, was not rendered with a very good grace. It was previously agreed between Gambetta and an intimate friend of his, Mr. Leon Renaud—a celebrated lawyer—that the latter would move an adjournment, which Gambetta would aid in effecting. Renaud aspires to become Minister of Foreign Affairs, and was well aware that a similar motion would be counted in his favor at a later day. On the opening of the seance Gambetta stated that the word belonged to Leon Renaud, when that gentleman stepped toward the tribune; at that moment two or three aged members of the Left, with white beards, grasped him by the arm, saying: "Not you; no member of the Left. Let it come from the Right," and in spite of the gentleman's insistance prevented his making the prepared speech. The proposition to adjourn came from a member of the Right, and Gambetta hastily proclaimed the adjournment. The following day a member of the Left questioned the hastiness of the President's action at the previous seance, when Gambetta answered that on the death of Lincoln both chambers had adjourned under the empire at the motion of Mr. Rouher, an Imperialist, and that it was meet the Republic should prove as generous and respectful.

It has been rumored that the train which runs from Marseilles to Nice has been lately

THREATENED BY BANDITS.

A company of armed gendarmes accompanies each train from Marseilles to Nice and Nice to Marseilles, so as to protect the passengers. That part of the country, although at present belonging to France, retains many of its old Italian customs, and many of the inhabitants have inherited highway robbery from their ancestors. The mountains along the route are high, ragged and full of caverns, and the woods are thick and wild, so that many convenient haunts are there to be found for these *chevaliers de l'industrie;* and what rich spoils they would find in one single train even, moving along this road, for the richest people in the world go to Nice and the neighborhood in the winter, the men to play at Monaco and women too, while the latter go mostly armed with rich raiment and costly jewels to shine among their fellow creatures. On their return they carry these same adornments with them, and many their rich spoils from the gaming table; that, as I have remarked, would be a rich harvest for a band of robbers! It seems it was their intention of blowing up the train or of running it down some declivity, of course unmindful of the loss of lives, as dead bodies are easier to rob than living ones.

ART NOTES.

The last pictures received by the committee for the next salon were sent in yesterday. It has been distinctly understood that no favoritism will be allowed and no extension of time awarded. Knowing that there would be no revocation of the decision, artists accustomed to procrastinate have been obliged to make more haste than usual. Although 2,500 is the number which the committee have limited themselves to receive, more that double that number of pictures have been sent in, and the task of the jury to chose from among them will not be an easy one. One may expect to hear a whole chorus of complaints from those who will be refused admittance, for after once entering the salon it will seem a cruel thing to shut the door in one's face. Mr. Baudry is to expose a fresco painted for the ceiling of the *Cour de Cassation* (Supreme Court); Mr. Henner, a nymph seated—as he never paints anything but nymphs (yet what divine nymphs), and they are usually standing, a variety in his subject will be remarked. Mr. Bonnat exposes two portraits; Gervex, "The Civil Marriage," and Manet, "The Escape of Rochefort." As the quantity this year will be reduced, it is to be hoped there will be a superior quality. I had occasion to see a very fine picture by an American artist, painted for the salon, but which could not be completed in time without sacrificing it in part, but it is to appear next year, and will undoubtedly attract attention. It is by a young artist, Mr. Wilbur Woodward of Cincinnati, and is titled "*La Renaissance.*" The picture is quite large. In the foreground to the left stands a young girl, almost life size, clothed in white drapery, her light hair falling in waves on her shoulders, and with an inspired look on her face; her fingers strike the cithara she holds in her hands; her feet rest upon flowers, which seem to spring up around her, while in the background rise up mountains with that tint peculiar to *la grande peinture.* To the right in an opening of the mountains are the great spirits of the Renaissance, with Dante in the foregronnd, after whom come Giotto and others.

THE PORTRAITS ARE PERFECT,

And prove with what care they have been treated. The picture is charming, and one you do not tire to gaze upon—the young girl is poetry and harmony itself, in fact. Mr. Woodward is one of the few American artists possessed of much poetic sentiment; he has the elements of a true artist within him, which time and a little more hard labor will develop. I say a true artist, for the object and dream of art should be the beautiful, and I cannot come to believe that those who photograph external objects with the coarseness of coarse natures deserve the title. The naturalist school which for some time has taken the precedence, and which seems destined to drown all elevated literature, is doomed to lose ground in painting, for a reaction is at present begun and earnest artists feel how far it is from satisfying true artistic natures.

There have been some changes in the regulations of the salon this year, principally as to the price of admittance. The mornings will cost two francs entrance instead of one, and on Fridays the fee will be five francs for the entire day, besides Thursdays, which have always been free, will remain as the other days—that is, two francs in the morning and one franc in the afternoon. This change is destined to create a great deal of dissatisfaction, for the French people are eminently democratic and dislike privileges set apart for aristocracy and wealth, that making Friday accessible only to the rich, as in the days of the Empire, will scarcely find favor under the Republic. It is the suppression of Thursday, however, which will create the greatest indignation, for it was the day of the poor who really appreciate art, and the chances of recruiting young artists among all classes will diminish, but the artists at present care not so long as this enterprise will not take money out of their pockets.

VAL.

AN IMMENSE ENGINE.

The pumping engine connected with the Boston sewer works runs from $27\frac{1}{2}$ to 28 revolutions per minute, pumping under a head of fully fifty feet—most of the time rather more than that. It is delivering through the stand-pipe between 25,000,000 and 26,000,000 gallons of water in twenty-four hours. The steam pressure is 110 pounds per square inch; 200 pounds of Cumberland coal are weighed out every thirty minutes and put upon the brick-work in front of the boilers; whether used or not, the next half hour 200 pounds more are dumped. Including all kindling used, and putting the fuel at all that was weighed out, it will be 370 pounds per hour, and this makes the duty 117,300,000 pounds. The boilers in use are two of Corliss' upright tubular boilers, and were made for the job. They are temporarily set and are being run under these conditions. The requirements of the specifications of the Boston committee on sewers was 43 feet maximum lift—and 35 feet—as we remember it—average lift. The conditions under which the engines are running, as will be seen, are a lift of 50 per cent. more than the maximum requirements of the Boston committee, and nearly 50 per cent. above the average lift as stated, while the amount of water delivered is in excess of maximum requirement at regular speed that it was designed to be run at. The result of this test, up to the time we saw it (about 8 o'clock in the evening) is as follows; Cubic feet of water delivered per revolution, 84,958; weight per cubic foot, 62.37; revolutions per minute, average, 27.75; making pounds of water per revolution, 5,300; the average lift (being more than that), call it 50 feet. Cumberland coal is being used; from 9:15 A. M. to 8:15 P. M., 4,780 pounds had been used under the boilers, including all kindling. The pumping engine, for 11 hours in this inclement day, shows the enormous and hitherto unattained duty of 128,398,809 pounds af water raised one foot high with 100 pounds of coal, under all the disadvantages that we have mentioned.—[Boston paper.

The Big Blue mine at Kernville now employs about 150 men.

The old Steptoe mill, Ward, Nev., is to be started again.

HAMMER'S CASCARA SAGRADA BITTERS is an antidote for malaria.

HAMMER'S CASCARA SAGRADA BITTERS for habitual constipation.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY AND HOME DECORATION AND FURNISHING.

The Parlor, Kitchen, Store-room, Studio, Library, Nursery, Sewing-room, Garden and Poultry Yard.

A SIMPLE COMFORTER.—This is not intended to be used as a scarf, but to be worn over the shoulders between the vest and coat, with the two ends partly crossing in front so as to protect the chest. If well made it will be flat and snug, take up little room, and be a great comfort to any one exposed to cold, rough winds. Take about 3 ounces of Germantown worsted or German knitting yarn, $1\frac{1}{2}$ ounces of mauve, colored, and a long No. 8 hook. Wind the gray into one ball, and the mauve into two. Make a chain of 40 stitches with the mauve, and work in afghan stitch a piece an inch deep. On the next row raise six stitches in mauve, then join on the gray and raise all the rest in this color except the last six, which are to be raised in mauve from the second ball. Work back the mauve stitches in mauve, then the gray in gray, and finally the mauve in mauve. This gives a comforter in gray with mauve edges. The whole comforter may be worked in this way until it is long enough. When you finish, work in mauve an inch deep, to match the first end, the last row of all being DC. to make a neat ending. Add fringe if desired. But a comforter worked of one uniform width throughout will not sit snugly round the shoulders. And so to insure a nice fit here several narrow gussets must be made in the middle of the comforter in this fashion: *Raise the first 10 stitches (6 mauve, 4 gray), and work back. Next raise 20 and work back. Then raise 30 and work back. Finally raise the whole 40 and work back. This finishes one gusset. Repeat again from * till you have widened enough. Perhaps the best way will be to try, after inserting two or three gussets, if the half sits well. Or you may cut out a paper pattern and work to that. If the gussets have to be very wide then raise and work off 8 stitches instead of 10, or even 6 or 4 if needed. The exact quantity of worsted used will depend partly upon the length of the comforter, partly on the size of the hook and partly on the worker, but the amount named will be a good average guide. Nearly half of it should be used when the gore is begun. If the hook is too large, or the work is very loose, 40 stitches will probably make the comforter too wide to fit well on the top of the shoulder. In that case reduce the number. Six or seven stitches should measure an inch.

CANDIED ORANGE AND LEMON RINGS.—Make this preserve in connection with the following one: Cut the fruit in even slices quarter of an inch thick, scrape out the pulp with a teaspoon, without breaking the rings, and put it with the juice into a bowl to use as directed in the next recipe. Soak the rings in cold saltwater over night; then drain them, put them into boiling water and boil them thirty minutes; lift them out of the water without breaking them, drain them on a sieve until cool, and then dip each one in brandy, laying it again on the sieve. Meantime make a syrup, using for every dozen oranges a pint of the water in which the rings were boiled and a pound of loaf sugar; boil this syrup, skimming it until it is clear, and keep it scalding hot while you dip and drain the rings three times. Let them dry three or four hours, then heat the syrup again scalding hot, and dip and drain the rings three times more. Dip and drain the rings in the scalding hot syrup three times every morning and afternoon until they are candied, then dry them thoroughly and pack them in boxes, with white paper between each layer of rings. Close the box and keep it in a cool, dry place. These rings can be used in fruit cake and for ornament on many sweet cakes and fruit compotes. The syrup should be bottled for use with cakes or stewed fruit.

LEMONS TO PICKLE.—Take the finest, with the thickest rind you can get, cut them deeply from end to end in more than one place, but not quite through, and fill the incisions with salt; put each on end, and lay them in a dish near the fire, or in the sun, if the weather is hot; dissolve the salt, and repeat this during three weeks; then put them into a jar with a handful of white mustard seed if it be large, a quarter of a half pound of bruised ginger, half that quantity of cloves and allspice, and a very little tumeric; boil in vinegar and pour it upon the lemons when cold. Some people, however, add to it garlic. It can scarcely be ready in less than six months, but will keep for many years. For limes or small lemons, the same method must be pursued, only they will not require above half the time.

A PLAIN STEW.—Take finely-chopped beef suet or other fat, and warm through; slice in a good many onions right across in rings; let them just change color in the fat; sprinkle over some flour, and add warm water. Place into this gravy small pieces of steak, cut thick; add pepper and salt, and cover up close, to stew for twenty minutes. Place then over the stew as many potatoes as will be required for dinner, pretty well of one size, and close up again, allowing the whole to simmer gently till done. Do not stir at all, so that the potatoes remain whole. Add, the last ten minutes, two spoonfuls of sauce or mushroom catsup, and let simmer for that time. Turn out carefully, placing the potatoes, which will be whole, round the dish. This stew has been very successful. A good and cheap mutton stew is made with a piece of breast or neck of mutton by placing it in a saucepan with the usual gravy or warm water, and slicing over it turnips and carrots, also a parsnip and onion if desired. Cover this with a suet crust made of flour, finely chopped beef suet and warm water. Put the crust right over the stew, and now let simmer till done. It will make an excellent meal for a large family of small means.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—One cup of butter; two cups of sugar; three cups of flour; half cup sweet milk; half teaspoonful soda; one teaspoonful of cream tartar; seven eggs. Chocolate Cream—Quarter of a pound of Baker's best vanilla chocolate; one gill of sweet milk; one egg; sugar to taste. Rub butter and sugar together; beat the seven eggs until they are very light; put the cream tartar in the flour and the soda in the milk; mix all well, and bake in four Washington pie-plates; while this is baking scald the gill of milk and the chocolate together; beat one egg thoroughly and stir it in; add sugar to taste. When the cake is done, spread the chocolate cream between the layers and upon the tops of the cakes.

ORANGE PIE OR PUDDING.—One pound of butter, one pound of sugar beaten to a cream, one glass of brandy, wine or rose-water, ten eggs beaten to a high froth; have two oranges and boil the rind until it is tender; change the water two or three times while it is boiling, then beat it in a mortar and squeeze the juice in, together with the rind of one lemon grated and the juice of the same; mix all well together with the other ingredients, and bake in a puff paste without an upper crust; half this quantity is sufficient for two ordinary-sized pies.

POTTED FRUIT.—Take about seven or eight pounds of beef and a pound of fat; add pepper, salt, ginger, mace; put into a stone jar with half a pint of cold water; stand the jar in a deep stewpan of boiling water, to boil slowly for eight hours, taking care that the water does not reach to the top of the jar; when it is done take it out and mince it fine; when it is smooth and like paste, mix in some of the gravy and some fat; press into the pots and pour on top clarified or melted fat; tie it down tightly and keep it in a cool place.—[Jewish Cookery Book].

TO USE UP THE REMAINS OF COLD JOINTS.—Chop the meat very fine, with fat bacon or ham, add a little salt, cayenne, grated lemon-peel, nutmeg, parsley, a few bread crumbs, and two eggs, to one pound meat. Put all into a saucepan, with two tablespoonfuls of cream and two ounces butter. This is the proportions to one pound chopped meat. Stir over the fire for five minutes. Let the mixture get cold, and then put it into light paste to bake, in the shape of rolls.

TOMATO SOUP.—Place in a saucepan one carrot, one white turnip and one onion, all sliced and fried brown in butter, and a quarter of a pound of ham; when the moisture is evaporated add two tablespoonfuls of flour and brown white with the vegetables; add three pints of good beef broth, one can of tomatoes, a few bay-leaves, a pinch of ground cloves, a stalk of celery, a little grated nutmeg; boil till the vegetables are done, and pass forcibly through a sieve; place on fire, bring to a boil and skim. Serve with plain boiled rice or small squares of bread, fried brown in butter.

PUMPKIN PIE.—Cut the pumpkin into as thin slices as possible, and in stewing it the less water you use the better; stir so that it shall not burn; when cooked and tender stir in two pinches of salt; mash thoroughly, and then strain through a sieve; while hot add a tablespoonful of butter; for every measured quart of stewed pumpkin add a quart of warm milk and four eggs, beating yolks and whites separately; sweeten with white sugar and cinnamon and nutmeg to taste, and a saltspoon of ground ginger. Before putting your pumpkin in your pies it should be scalding hot.

THE ACTORS IN MYSTERIES AND MIRACLE PLAYS.

The actors in the Mysteries, and more especially those of common origin, were passionately devoted to their parts, particularly if their roles gave them an opportunity of appearing in rich attire and of personating saints, popes or kings. The Church did not hesitate to direct its thunders against this puerile vanity, and it afforded a fruitful theme for the moralists and satirists of the day. Sometimes this passion was carried so far that the roles of royal and noble personages were sold to the highest bidder. There exists, for instance, a document drawn up by the confraternity of St. Jacques, of the village of Vals, near Le Puy, dated July 25, 1506, and giving the prices paid by various personages of the town for the privilege of representing the King and Queen of France and the nobles of their court. The part of the king cost seven pounds of wax, and was bought by Antoine Clerget, a servant of the bishop. That of the queen was purchased for two pounds and a half of wax by Claude Benoit, a mercer, who destined it to his daughter Marguerite. The other characters were paid for in proportion to their importance. Yet all was not splendor and amusement in the lives of the mystery players. The profession of an actor, even in those days, was a laborious one. The great parts, those that were the most ardently sought after, imposed a degree of toil and fatigue on those who accepted them whereof few men would be capable to-day. For instance, Christ, in certain of the passion plays, had more than four thousand lines to recite, and the crucifixion on the stage, as was remarked, lasted as long as in the reality. The actor, suspended to the cross in a state of almost total nudity, recited, in that situation, some three or four hundred lines. In 1437 the cure, Nicolie, while impersonating the Saviour in a passion play, came near dying on the cross in good earnest, from sheer fatigue and exhaustion. In the same play the representative of Judas hung himself in such a realistic fashion that he became insensible, and was nearly dead when taken down, so that his fellow-actors were forced to "carry him into a neighboring spot, there to rub him with vinegar and other restoratives." Sometimes the parts, when of great length, were played by three or four actors each, and this was especially the case when the personage to be represented was shown at different stages of his or her career. Thus, three actors were often charged with the role of the Holy Virgin, one impersonating her as a child, another as a young girl, and the third as a woman of mature age.

THE STORY OF A TAVERN SIGN.

When David Cox painted a sign for the Royal Oak Inn at Bettws-y-Coed, Wales, out of friendship for the then proprietor, he little imagined the value that would one day be put upon his work, and never dreamed it would figure in a court of law. The sign or picture, was painted in 1847, retouched two years later, and restored in 1851. After being exposed to all weathers for nearly twenty years it was taken down, covered with glass and hung in the principal hall of the hotel. By and by came bad times for the Royal Oak, and things gradually became worse, until the landlady was compelled to have recourse to the process known as "liquidation." Somebody offered a thousand pounds for Cox's painting, and then the Court of Bankruptcy was called upon to decide whether it was a picture that might be sold for the behoof of the creditors, or whether, as was maintained on behalf of the freeholder, Lady Willoughby D'Eresby, the signboard was merely a signboard, passing to the freeholder as part of the inheritance. The Court came to the conclusion that the painting was a signboard; that the fact of it having been removed from its proper place to the inside of the house could not affect its legal status, and that therefore it belonged to the owner of the inn as part and parcel of it. This decision was challenged, and the case reargued before Sir J. Bacon, who, in delivering judgment, said that David Cox made Mr. Roberts a present of a picture of the Royal Oak, which the latter fastened over his old signboard, it being clearly his own property to do as he liked with. In 1866 the picture was taken down and fastened up inside the hotel, where it became an object of interest to the visitors. The picture did not become a fixture because of the fastening by which it was secured, and belonged to Roberts as much as did the coat on his back: he might either have sold it or pawned it. Trade signs were emblems of the particular business carried on, nothing more; and he was of opinion that this particular signboard was never a fixture with which the landlord had anything to do; consequently the order of the County Court Judge giving the signboard to the Baroness Willoughby D'Eresby, as the freeholder of the hotel, must be reversed.

JEFFREY AS A MIMIC.

"We had got to talk of public speaking, of which Jeffrey had plenty to say, and found Anderson and all of us ready enough to hear. Before long he fell into mimicking of public speakers, men unknown, perhaps imaginary generic specimens; and did it with such a felicity, flowing readiness, ingenuity and perfection of imitation as I never saw equalled, and had not given him credit for before. Our cosy little drawing-room, bright-shining, hidden in the lowly wilderness, how beautiful it looked to us, became suddenly as it were a Temple of the Muses. The little man strutted about full of electric fire, with attitudes, with gesticulations, still more with winged words, often broken-winged, amid our admiring laughter, gave us the windy grandiloquent specimen, the ponderous stupid, the airy ditto, various specimens, as the talk, chiefly his own, spontaneously suggested, of which there was a little preparatory interstice between each two. And the mimicry was so complete, you would have said not his mind only, but his very body became the specimen's, his face filled with the expression represented, and his little figure seeming to grow gigantic if the personage required it. At length he gave us the abstruse costive specimen, which had a meaning and no utterance for it, but went about clambering, stumbling, as on a path of loose bowlders, and ended in total downbreak, amid peals of the heartiest laughter from us all. This of the aerial little sprite standing there in fatal collapse, with the brightest of eyes sternly gazing into utter nothingness, and dumbness, was one of the most tickling and genially ludicrous things I ever saw, and it prettily winded up our little drama. I often thought of it afterward, and of what a part mimicry plays among human gifts. In its lowest phase no talent can be lower (for even the Papuans and monkeys have it); but in its highest, where it gives you domicile in the spiritual world of a Shakespeare or a Gœthe, there are only some few that are higher. No clever man, I suppose, is originally without it. Dickens' essential faculty, I often say, is that of a first-rate play actor. Had he been born twenty or forty years sooner we should most probably have had a second and greater Mathews, Incledon or the like, and no writing Dickens."—[Carlyle's Reminiscences.

HAMMER'S CASCARA SAGRADA BITTERS touches the right spot in dyspepsia, constipation and liver complaint.

REGULATE THE LIVER with Hammer's Cascara Sagrada Bitters, and health is the result.

FINE IMPORTED CIGARS at Hammer's Drug Store Fourth and K streets.

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FASHIONS.

A FEW LINES FOR THE EYES OF THE LADIES.

Something About a Few Novelties in Spring Fashions at the East—Odd Decorations.

The early importations of bonnets show three distinct styles. Small, exceedingly dressy bonnets, the medium-sized poke for summer, and a small coronet front rather pointed in the center. Some Normandy crowns add to the variety, and there are bonnets of Surah silk and foulard delicately shirred. Later there will be seen some picturesque large hats of the Gainsborough style. Straw lace predominates, in rich, golden, straw color, ecru and palest cream tints. The bonnets are simply the beds from which the flowers spring in the utmost extravagance of luxuriance. Never has the marvelous handicraft of French artisans been more plainly visible than in these exquisite garlands true to nature. Long, clustering garlands of superb roses swaying from slender stems are shaded from the intense Jacqueminot red gradually into paler shades and sizes, until, descending from the top of the bonnet, approaching the strings, the roses graduate into the opening bud, thence into the green bud just disclosing the delicate growth into maturity, finally into the tiny blossom that holds the germ of palest green, and ending in clusters of leaves, which fall over the strings. Another garland is composed altogether of gray ash-berries pendent in thickest clusters from long, brown, slender stems against a back-ground, which is to lie flat on the bonnet, of ecru, tiny feather sprays and a glint of steel. These charming garlands are produced also in the wall-flower of brown orange blooms, falling into feathered grass and oaten bells; almonds blushing with roseate bloom; Parma violets, half hidden in the green leaves and shading from intense purple into palest lilac; the velvet-robed yellow and russet polyanthus; nodding lilies and tufted spirea; red, impish columbines, peeping saucily from thick foliage and dropping in a tangled mass; a burning bed of vivid-hued geraniums, graduating into the tiniest buds; starry-eyed white marguerites; doubled, crumpled-leafed poppies and silken hollyhocks of pale pink, fading into white as the garland lengthens into soft, green, woolly buds; graceful clusters of sweetbriar, hiding in dusky leaves and falling to the waist in myriads of tiny pink buds; brown woody twigs, gorse and heather, mingle with the long trails of the arbutus. There are, besides, clustering apple blossoms, orange blossoms in waxen purity, chaplets of leaves, tinted like the aurora, streaked with delicate pink and fringed with faint blue, and anemones, whose deep scarlet is softened by the cool neutral tint of heliotrope sprays. The multitude of roses of every variety predominate—pink crushed roses, dropping apart from over-ripeness; superb damask roses; large white roses, with snowy potines like moonlight; the beautiful *Gloire de Dijon:* the Mareschal Neil; in such perfection that they seem as if they bore their fruitage "born to bloom and drop." Other garlands of shaded foliage fall into petals of satin and spun glass. These are mostly, excepting the larger flowers, made in the shape of the Alsacian bow, a faceted gold clasp, steel and gold buckle, or gold placque with the head of a sphynx forming the center.

Another fashion of trimming a tiny bonnet is a monture of crumpled scarlet poppies, showing four shades, made in a bow and tied up with striped grass. Large shaded pompons are made of feathers or of feathers and flowers mixed together. Among the trimmings are delicate gauzes, which have plush effects produced by silken threads looped in rows on the surface. These plush stripes are seen also in the ribbons and silks for trimming. The ribbons are all shaded in exquisite rainbow tints softly blending. A new color is laurel pink, and there are condor browns, and some superb combinations of glowing dark colors; the satin Merveilleux in bayadere stripes is one of the most fashionable trimmings.

ODD DECORATIONS.

For the decorations, spiders are in the ascendant, from the painfully-natural huge tarantula, in gold with mother-of pearl back and hairy legs; the large oxidized silver field spider, with many legs, to the house and garden spider, with dark pearl back and silver legs, of verity enough to cause a shudder. Lobsters abound, of gold and green mother-of-pearl; huge beetles, dragon-flies, crabs, flies, hornets, all apparently hastening on many legs and with outspread wings, are magnificent in gold, silver, enamel and pearl. Pins, disks, rods, have Egyptian decoration. There are, besides, large filigree gold serpents, coiled, with red eyes; beautiful little tinted shells, half open, disclosing a pearl; great solemn oxidized silver owls; enormous turtles with iridescent pearl backs; exquisite bright butterflies and bows of silver and steel net. Steel promises to be an important feature in trimmings of all sorts.

Some of the pretty little black straw bonnets have edgings of yellow lace straw all around. A black chip is lined with new gold straw gimp, and the back has a plaited cape of straw. A Malines braid capote has a straw gimp crown and plaited Malines cape. Wide ribbons are used on large bonnets; the small capotes and fanchons only have wide strings. Beautiful *outre* satin folds are placed across the crown, finished with a delicate lace edge. Steel having been revived for trimming purposes in laces embroidered with beads and tinsel, there is an anticipated revival of the silver gray tints such as have been worn in old-fashioned pongees of that delicate color. The newest wide-brimmed hats have flexible brims, that droop becomingly over the face. The braids are shown in the light pretty Neapolitan, Tuscan, Milan, Cobourg; the mixed rough braids of dark red, black and olive; gray, brown and blue; old gold, cardinal and brown. Some of the new ribbons forsake the shaded tints, and put on the new domino or checkerboard blocks of red and black, russet, gold and olive.

Feathers are not by any means abandoned. There are large round hats of exceedingly picturesque beauty, enveloped in gracefully nodding plumes, that droop over from the crown to the brim. These feather tips are mostly shaded to correspond with the ribbons and flowers. Some new dress trimmings show cut embroidery of the most elaborate description of Nansook of cobweb fineness, of various widths and shades of cream color, in designs resembling guipure and old point lace. There are jet and steel applique bands, and magnificent passementeries in beads of one color in shaded tints. Lace is used in the greatest profusion. Spanish lace has a deserved popularity never before attained, both in cream color and black. Other laces are embroidered with steel, jet, or steel and jet, and steel and gold beads. Some very elegant black lace tabliers, open in front, are embroidered with black floss and jet in large, heavy and elaborate designs.

POPULAR PATTERNS.

The most important of the early openings is the paper pattern exposition for the million. These give accurate directions in the carefully cut models, accompanied by illustrations of the forthcoming changes in fashion, so simple in instruction that the least practical amateur can understand them. Polonaises, like a few other old favorites, are not deposed. The Georgette polonaise possess a somewhat elaborate arrangement of drapery combined with a tight-fitting cuirass basque. The drapery is arranged in front en tablier, draped high at the sides in pleats. The back is very buffant, shirred at the top and carried to the neck, forming a shirred quille in the waist. The Ariadne is another style of polonaise, very graceful in the arrangement of the drapery. It is tight-fitting, and the back pieces fall in two overlapping points behind. The front and sides are cut off the depth of a cuirass basque; the front of the basque is completed by a wired Medici collar, and the front of the skirt has a pleated scarf drapery. The Rosamond is a very graceful basque, tight-fitting, having a large sailor collar which terminates in long ends in front, crossing in surplice style; the back has extensions on the lower part laid in pleats to add more fullness. A superb toilette may be made for the new Alexandra for a reception, dinner or visiting occasion. It is a closely-fitting shape, with a postillion basque at the back. The lower part of the front is trimmed with fine shirrings and four rows of narrow pleatings; two pleated scarfs are drapped across the front, giving a pointed effect to the corsage and, crossing from left to right, are fastened in a point under a rosette bow. The draperies are gracefully carried in horizontal pleats toward the back, where they are half concealed by a very bouffont drapery, arranged full over a demi-train edged with narrow pleatings. The Marquise sleeves are trimmed below the elbow with lace, which is also placed in a jabot around the heart-shaped corsage. This charming dress can be made of one material or in a combination. The Pilgrimage costume is another exceedingly graceful polonaise for the street. The short skirt escapes the ground all around, and the polonaise is arranged in a Watteau pleat behind, and cut in front the depth of a deep cuirass basque with a pleated sash drapery added to the bottom to give the required length. A small shoulder cope is laced half way up the back with a cordelier; similar cordeliers fasten the throat and fall negligently around the waist. The skirt is trimmed with quilles of contrasting materials and pleatings alternated. The cope is lined with a contrasting color. The costume Evadne, for a young girl, is very pretty and coquettish. The waist is cut heart-shaped both at the back and in front, and trimmed in a point to the waist of the polonaise, which is caught up in front so as to form full pleats falling in curtain drapery fashion below the hips, to be again caught up in three clusters, thence falling in loose folds to the bottom of the skirt, which is laid in front in a succession of pleats and edged with a flounce and jabot. A handsome paletot-visite takes on the pelisse shape, cut with loose fronts and slightly curved back; the large loose sleeves have broad cuffs trimmed with cordeliers. A graceful Capuchin hood ornaments the back, and the front is closed with brondebourgs.

A DISCOVERY THAT INGERSOLL IS ORTHODOX AFTER ALL.

[Burlington Hawkeye.]

Some one sends us a little tract containing epigrammatic expressions from Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll's latest lecture, "What must we do to be saved?" We have read the tract and we have read the entire lecture. If this is truly Ingersoll's creed, the Colonel isn't so far out of the way. He is coming around, maybe. He manages to get considerable scripture into his creed, as he sets it forth. There is lots of hope, in fact there is a great deal of certainty for the Colonel. We subjoin a few articles from this man's creed, just to show from what book he got his declaration of faith:

"Honest industry is as good as pious idleness," say the Colonel.

Well, that's all right. That's orthodox. The Bible says the same thing, and said it long before the Colonel thought of it—"Faith without works is dead."

"Christ believed the temple of God to be the heart of man."—[Ingersoll.

Yes, that's orthodox, too. We "must worship him in the spirit." "Know ye not that ye are the temples of the Holy Ghost."

"If I go to heaven I want to take my reason with me."—[Ingersoll.

Of course, and so you will, "for now we see through a glass darkly, but there face to face; now I know in part, but then I shall know even as I am known."—[I. Corinthians, xiii. 12.

"Fear is a dagger with which hypocrisy assassinates the soul."—[Ingersoll.

That is good gospel, and "perfect love casteth out fear."

"If I owe Smith ten dollars, and God forgives me, that doesn't pay Smith."—[Ingersoll.

Correct you are; the prayer of Christianity is "forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." "Owe no man anything."

"Reason is the light of the soul, and if you haven't the right to follow it, what have you the right to follow?"—[Ingersoll.

"Yet in the church I had rather speak five words with my understanding, that by my voice I might teach others also, than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue. Brethren, be not children in understanding; howbeit in malice be ye children, but in understanding be men."—[I. Corinthians, xvi, 19, 20.

"If you go to hell, it will be for not practicing the virtues which the Sermon on the Mount proclaims."—[Ingersoll.

That's all orthodox. "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

"The men who saw the miracles all died long ago. I wasn't acquainted with any of 'em."—[Ingersoll.

Same way with the men who saw Servetus burned. But the Colonel most firmly believes that Servetus was burned.

"A little miracle now, right here—just a little one—would do more toward the advancement of Christianity than all the preaching of the last thirty years."—[Ingersoll.

"If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead."—[Luke xvii, 31.

"If there is a God in the universe he will not damn an honest man."—[Ingersoll.

"A false balance is an abomination unto the Lord; but a just weight is his delight. [Proverbs, xi, 1.

"There is only one true worship, and that is the practice of Justice."—[Ingersoll.

"Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which be Cæsar's, and unto God the things which be God's."—Luke xx, 25.

"God will not damn a good citizen, a good father or a good friend."—[Ingersoll.

Certainly not; nor any good man.

"A good man showeth favor and lendeth; he will guide his affairs with discretion. Surely, he shall not be moved forever; the righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance."—[Psalms xxii, 5, 6.

"Study the religion of the body in preference to the religion of the soul. A healthy body will give a healthy mind, and a healthy mind will destroy superstition."—[Ingersoll.

That explains why the Indians have no superstitions.

"People who have the smallest souls make the most fuss about saving them."—[Ingersoll.

Of course, Colonel; they are the hardest kind to save.

"I will never ask God to treat me any fairer than I treat my fellow-men.—[Ingersoll.

Well, that's perfectly orthodox. "For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you, but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." "For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured out to you."

"Upon the shadowy shore of death, the sea of trouble casts no wave."—[Ingersoll.

The Colonel must have been singing that good old hymn, "When I can read my title clear," in which occur the lines:

"And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast."

COMING FASHION.

A rumor reaches me which I hasten to communicate. I learn from Paris that crinoline is once more coming into fashion; the dreadful iron hoops have already made their appearance in that otherwise irreprehensible city and are becoming more in number and greater in circumference every day. The importation to this country under these circumstances is only a question of time. Perhaps by next season the female devotees of a la mode will have succumbed to a fashion not less striking than the short-waisted gowns and large bonnets of our grandmothers—or, let me see, should I say of our great grandmothers? But fashion is not unkind to the fair sex alone. The word has gone forth that gentlemen's evening coats must have baggy sleeves. The aspect of a certain portion of the audience on the first night of the "Mighty Dollar" seriously impressed me that, although Turkish trousers might be all very well in their proper place, they were certainly not becoming on the arms of a gentleman in full dress. Still, as a young man confides to me, "It shows that a young fellow is able to afford a dress coat every season which the waiter cannot." The back of the coat, too, used to be cut low, the collar turned down to show collar and scarf pin behind. Reaction has set in, and now the collar is high, mounting up to the very back of the head, until enduring nature can bear no more. Here, also, is a modern revival, reminding us of the coat that was in vogue when our grandfathers had their likenesses taken in silhouette.—[London Correspondence.