FACTS AND FIGURES.

—The appropriation of $1,400,000 for the completion of the new capitol at Albany, N. Y., has all been expended, and the building is still far from being complete. So far the cost has been about $15,000,000, and experts express the opinion that the grand total will not fall short of $20,000,000.

—The report of the New York Bureau of Vital Statistics shows that during the year 1882 there were 37,826 deaths, 27,321 births and 11,085 marriages in New York City, as against in 1881, 28,624 deaths, 26,130 births, and 10,079 marriages, and in 1880, 28,342 deaths, births 25,573, and marriages 8,446.

—Winnipeg, in 1882, rose from 12,000 population to 30,000, its assessment increased $9,000,000, rising to $30,000,000, and will reach $40,000,000 this year; eight square miles were added to its area, twenty-nine and a half miles of side-walks and 270 street-crossings were laid, 250 culverts were constructed, and nearly thirty miles of streets were graded.—*Chicago Herald.*

—The factory at Castleton, N. Y., produces and packs about 1,250,000 postal cards each working day. The total product last year was 350,000,000, and as the cards are all made at this one factory, the product measures the number of cards used in the country. If the demand at the factory averages 1,250,000 per day, it follows that only an average of one card and a quarter is used daily by every fifty people in the country.

—Judge Lynch had his fair share of victims during the past year, having executed in all 117. Texas takes the lead, having cared for 16. The list in the remaining States is as follows: Virginia, 2; Washington, 5; Ohio, 2; Indiana, 4; West Virginia, 1; Georgia, 3; Alabama, 6; Kentucky, 8; Colorado, 14; New Mexico, 9; Kansas, 4; Florida, 3; Missouri, 4; Arizona, 6; Pennsylvania, 1; Minnesota, 2; Louisiana, 9; South Carolina, 6; Arkansas, 4; Tennessee, 2; Mississippi, 3; Wyoming, 1; Dakota, 1; Idaho, 1.—*Detroit Post.*

—The following interesting figures are from Crawley's new (English) work on the law of life insurance: "In France there are twenty companies assuring £80,000,000; in Germany there are fifty companies assuring £100,000,000; while in America, in the State of New York alone, there are thirty companies assuring £295,000,000; and, finally, in England, where in the year 1853 the total amount assured was £150,000,000, at annual premiums amounting to £5,000,000, there are at the present date 107 companies, furnishing returns to the Board of Trade, and assuring $425,000,000, and £10,500,000 were paid in losses during the past year."

WIT AND WISDOM.

—If you were to try to recall all the good you have done in your life would half an hour be too long?—*N. Y. Herald.*

—When a dishonest cashier runs off with the bank funds the directors are "surprised and pained." When an honest cashier asks for an increase of $1.50 a month the directors are horrified.—*Philadelphia News.*

—"What becomes of our bodies?" asks a soft-eyed scientist, and we answer in stentorian tones that they get inside of a red flannel undershirt as the maple turns to crimson and the sassafras to gold.—*Laramie Boomerang.*

—A young politician explained the tattered condition of his trousers to his father by stating that he was sitting under an apple tree enjoying himself, when the farmer's dog came along and contested his seat.

—Chicago girls never go to the theater with a young man without taking along enough money to buy tickets for both. Then, if the chap discovers that he has been "robbed," they don't have to walk around until the play is over.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—We have near sympathy with that dear and saintly old lady from the country "deestrict" who, on examining the weapons in an antiquarian museum, declared that there was only one thing more she desired to look upon, and then she would go home satisfied—viz., the ax of the Apostles.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—"Here, Sam, is a note I want you to hand to Mrs. Eaton Mabeley when you are sure nobody is looking," said an Austin society man to Sam Johnsing, colored. "Yes, sah," answered Sam, showing his ivories. "And mind, don't you whisper a word to a living soul." "You may jess rest easy about dat, boss. Yesterday I fotched dat same woman a letter from Colonel Percy Yerger. You can jess rest easy about my openin' my mouf."—*Texas Siftings.*

—They had only been married a short time. The other day she slung her arm around him and warbled in a low, tremulous voice: "Do you realize, Adolphus, that now we are married we are only one?" "No," replied the brute: "I can't realize it. I have just paid a seventy-five-dollar milliner bill and a lot more of your bills, with several outside precincts to hear from, so I am beginning to realize that, so far as expenses go, instead of being one, we are about half-a-dozen. I can't take in that idea of our being one just yet; not by a large majority."

The Teeth.

While it is true that the excessive use of candies—especially so in modern times—is injurious to the teeth, at least through the stomach, it is evident that the great cause of the rapid decay of the teeth among even the young is from the poverty of the food used in bone and muscle materials. It is not strange that young ladies of twenty summers, and even younger, may be found with artificial teeth, when it is known that they have been nearly *starved* by living, or attempting to live, on pastry, an article so destitute of the material from which the bones and the teeth are formed. This fact, with the general flaccidness of the whole system, the want of stamina—foundationless—will account mainly for the premature crumbling and decay of what were intended as a life treasure. We may also add that the custom of soaking food, the use of very soft food, rendering teeth scarcely necessary, is another prominent cause of decay.—*Golden Rule.*

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—There is an enrollment of 196,574 in the Minnesota schools, the State having a school population of 315,948.

—Dr. McCosh, Princeton College, begs his students not to become quite so strong in body; to put more force into books and less into base-ball; to run more to the midnight oil and less to the stroke oar.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—In response to the complaints of parents of the overwork of pupils in the New York City schools, the Board of Education has under consideration a material reduction of the course of study by a revision, throwing out some requirements and making others elective.—*N. Y. Times.*

—One of the sons of the Prince of Wales is to be given an ecclesiastical training. His illustrious uncle, the Duke of Albany, was designed for the church, but did not possess sufficient vitality for that calling. It has been many years since England has had a primate who was a Prince of the blood, but the next generation may possibly witness a royal incumbent of the See of Canterbury.

—Mr. Goble, a missionary of the American Baptist Union, is said to be the inventor of the jin-riki-sha, the popular Pullman-car, so generally used in Japan. As in Tokio alone there are between 40,000 and 50,000 giving employment to that number of men, and bringing in an annual income of $75,000 from that single city, it can be inferred that the missionary has been of some material benefit.—*Christian Weekly.*

—Hannibal Hamlin addressed the students of Colby University, in Waterville, Me., a few evenings ago, on the "Importance of Practice in Extempore Speaking." At the conclusion of the address he presented to the college an oil painting, a copy of the portrait of Christopher Columbus in the Naval Museum at Madrid, believed to be the most authentic likeness of the great discoverer. The portrait will be placed in the library for the present.

—At a late meeting in London, General Booth, the leader of the Salvation Army, made the surprising statement that the offerings for sustaining the operations of the army amounted to $600,000 per annum. He strongly advised the local corps to purchase a London theater which had been offered them; "for, by doing so," he said, "they would be killing two birds with one stone. This would shut the devil out and let God in."

The Wild Welsh Coast.

Nearly three-fourths of the entire circuit of Wales is sea-coast. A great part of this coast is rugged and dangerous, but there are frequently recurring harbors of refuge easily and safely entered. Steep and forbidding cliffs, with fronts of iron, black, jagged, frowning, receive the Atlantic's rudest buffetings grimly. The southern shore of Wales, from a point just below Cardiff to the extreme westernmost reach of land at St. David's Head, is washed by an ocean whose free sweep is unbroken straight across to the coast of Newfoundland. At various points the cruel cliffs are made still more cruel by large disjected rocks scattered about at a distance from the mainland, as if the shore were showing its teeth in warning to the mariner. Where this frowning front is broken occur bights and bays of exquisite beauty, with long reaches of tawny sands, which the waves lap lazily of a summer afternoon, or across which wild winds howl in storm. It is a striking line of coast, full of fascination in itself to the lover of the picturesque; but more: on every crowning summit stands a castle olden, looking seaward, with its hoary facades and battlemented towers—perhaps inhabited, perhaps crumbling still slowly as it has been crumbling for centuries. At every lovely harbor is an old-world village, or a great town with clanking hammers, the one rich, the other poor, but both dowered with those aspects of antiquity which are so dear to the eyes of the cultured American. There are villages along this wild Welsh coast of an ancientness to be equaled hardly anywhere else in Britain—villages which in some cases have undergone little change of aspect during the past five hundred years. Remote from railroads, primitive in all their ways, they are of the old world, olden. Time has hardly disturbed them since the days when London was a village too, with thatched roofs and winding lanes. In the caves and chasms hewed in the cliffs by the long rollers of the Atlantic thundering in a thousand storms have been found traces of primeval man—his bones, his implements, the bones of the beasts he ate—in great abundance. The very land is older than the land of the English, Scotch and Irish. Ages before the solid parts of the earth on which the rest of Britain was built had risen above the wide waste of waters covering the world, this land, now called Wales, stood alone in its glory, an island by itself, where strange monsters dwelt, and misshapen birds and reptiles, wandering, left the tracks of their feet, which are found to-day in the solid rock where they were imprinted countless ages ago.
—*Wirt Sikes, in Harper's Magazine.*

Electrical Transmission of Power.

A novel application of the electrical transmission of power has lately been made at the Trafalgar collieries, Forest of Dean. The electrical arrangements were carried out by the Pyramid Electric company, under the supervision of their managing director, Mr. A. Le Neve Foster. In this case an electric motor is used to drive a pump in the underground workings. The pump is employed for pumping the drainage water from some of the deep workings to the bottom of the shaft, whence the ordinary steam pumps raise it to the surface. The total vertical lift of the electric pump is one hundred and fifteen feet, while the length of pipes through which the water is forced is some five hundred yards. A dynamo machine is placed on the surface for generating the current for working the motor, and is connected to it by wires led down the shaft and along the workings, a distance of some five hundred yards. Messrs. Brain, the proprietors of the collieries, express themselves perfectly satisfied with the result of the undertaking, and propose still further to extend the utilization of electricity as a motive power.—*Journal of the Society of Arts, London.*

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Plant beans in a dry, light soil as soon as danger from frost is past. The golden wax is a stringless bean, deliciously tender. The refugee is hardy and bears abundantly—will produce pods fit for use in eight weeks.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—The crop of canary-bird seed was a failure last season in the portions of the old world where it was formerly grown. Canary grass will grow in many parts of the United States, and there is doubtlessly profit in raising it for seed.—*Chicago Times.*

—During the last fiscal year nearly 9,000,000 bushels of potatoes paid duty at the various United States ports. They were valued at $4,500,000, and the duty on them at $1,118,476. All but about 1,000,000 bushels of these potatoes came from the Bermudas, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Few of those shipped from Europe were fit for use on arrival here.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Look out for damage from mice if you have trash of any kind heaped up around your trees. Many valuable trees are lost every winter by not attending to this little pest; he girdles the tree at the ground, and you may not know anything about it until next summer, when you find the tree in a dying condition. His time for doing his destructive work is when there is snow on the ground.—*Chicago Journal.*

—The convenience of having ice at hand during the summer is best understood by making a trial of it for a single season. Farmers who use ice once a year will never again be without it. For a dairy it is almost indispensable. Farmers can usually secure a supply of ice in the winter, practically without expense, after the ice-house is built, as the work would be done when men and teams have nothing else of importance to do.—*Exchange.*

—In Ireland the sod cut on boggy ground is piled up in heaps until dry, then burned into a species of charcoal. This is then pulverized and mixed with well-rotted stable or hen-house manure, or night-soil in equal proportions. Placed in drills, where turnips or carrots are to be planted, it is said to make them attain a monstrous size. The experiment is certainly worthy of a trial by farmers who can get the bog mold without too much labor or expense.

—Nature suggests in the natural and thick growth of a great variety of grasses and weeds together that a mixture of vegetation may yield a larger quantity of vegetable produce from any given area than can be obtained from the growth of one species alone. Actual experiment has shown that a mixture of grasses is usually more productive than the cultivation of a single one. An acre of peas and oats grown together will yield more than half an acre of each sown singly. A field seeded to timothy and clover produces nearly twice as much as when either is sown alone.—*N. Y. Times.*

—Here is an excellent recipe for the foundation of all kinds of fruit fritters. Make a batter of half a pint of sweet milk, ten ounces of flour, and two ounces of butter; sweeten and flavor to suit your taste. The whites of two eggs well beaten are to be stirred in last, or to make variety, you can sometimes use both the yelks and whites. Stir the chopped fruit in this batter, and fry in hot lard, dropping it by spoonfuls; or you can dip the fruit in batter and fry. The first time you try this weigh the ingredients; after that it will not be necessary if you are, like most cooks, "good at guessing."—*N. Y. Post.*

Extra Feed.

As our readers know, we advocate mixed farming—raising a little of everything, and as much as possible of everything. Specialists do well, but it requires more money to engage successfully in any one branch of rural life, as the raising of cattle, or sheep, or hogs, or any one thing. A man with limited means can make a good living, and, at the same time, improve and make a good farm and home, by applying his energies to farming in general. This includes stock raising. Every farmer ought to raise as much stock as his land will maintain well, and no more. If he will study his business as closely and carefully as the merchant and lawyer do theirs, he will find many available sources of profit lying loosely about him.

This thing of having but one cow, or two sheep, or three hogs, to every cultivated ten acres of land is wasteful extravagance. It costs something to get stock, we know, but not so much as many think, if we only get about it right. The writer of this once bought a wicked-looking sow with seven pigs. If it had not occurred in Missouri and before the war, he would be ashamed to mention it. Not that he is ashamed of having purchased a sow: but—*such* a sow. Well, that was in the fall of 1860. By the time the soldiers came along that way—one year later—it seemed as if the woods was full of good pork, and all from that sow and seven pigs. We had thirty-odd head of fair porkers that we had expected to feed—not the soldiers with. The fact is mentioned merely to illustrate that stock may be started from small and homely beginnings.

But our theme now is not the increase of stock. It is the feeding well of what we have. Put every available item of feed into meat and wool. It does not pay to ship corn when we can put it into beef, pork, mutton, or wool, and ship them. It rarely happens in Kansas that it is not cheaper to feed hogs or cattle than it is to ship corn, rye, oats, turnips and hay. Let us all study the art of feeding. It is an art. Some men will raise animals on half the food that others use. It requires study, good executive ability, patience and perseverance. For feeding hogs we ought to have good floors and dry, warm feeding pens. Save every kernel of corn, and let the hogs eat them—not waste. Cattle ought to have shelter from storms. They need feeding troughs, racks, and dry, well-littered places to lie. Sheep need troughs and racks, and clean, well-ventilated houses. All kinds of stock need shelter and clean, dry quarters. But if we can not do as well as we would like to do, let us do as well as we can. At least, let us save all the feed we can and put it into our stock.—*Kansas Farmer.*

—The fruit of idleness usually runs to seed. If you don't believe it, look at the tramp.

Clothing for Little Folks.

It is said a great many babies die every year for want of sufficient clothing. Children do not need heavy clothes, but they do need warm, light flannels. Little children are on the floor a great deal, and are more exposed to colds than grown persons. When not too small, they should have flannel or merino underclothes. Two suits will cost less than a doctor's visit, and if your babies are not properly protected from the cold you will be very apt to have the doctor visit you a good many times. Babies too small for underwear can be made comfortable with flannel diaper drawers the color of the stockings. Three pairs are needed. From half to three-fourths of a yard are required. They should be cut half handkerchief shape, and then hollowed out to fit around the legs snugly. A little crocheted edge of zephyr or Saxony finishes them neatly. Five buttons should be on the pointed part. The top button holds both button-holes on the band around the waist.

Children's shoes are apt to have very thin soles until number four's can be worn. After cold weather comes on, cut in-soles of paste-board a little smaller than the sole, and cover with Canton or woollen flannel. An old, felt hat makes a good lining for little shoes. Shaker flannel is the most sensible for children's wear, as it does not shrink in washing, is warm, and wears well. There is a quality of scarlet flannel (it is all cotton) which has a very short nap, closely resembling Shaker flannel, which sells at sixteen cents per yard. It is said to wash without fading. This will make pretty and cheap skirts, if it is fast color, and a very pretty edge in shell stitch can be crocheted on the edge by first doubling the Saxony in a zephyr needle and button-holing the edge after it is hemmed. Make the stitches a quarter of an inch long. When you have been around once, commence crocheting, using only every other one of the button-hole stitches. Put four stitches in the first row of shells, four in the second, and five in the last. I am not familiar with the terms used in describing crochet work, but any one who understands the simplest stitch can readily do this. Any number of rows can be knitted, but I think three makes the trimming deep enough for a little child. Work a vine in double herring-bone stitch, with white linen thread, above the hem, and you will find it a great improvement.

Warm, little hoods, of Saxony, are knit in the shell stitch I have described above, and lined with merino or silk. The cost is a trifle. A cut of Saxony will knit two. Glengarry caps in cardinal are much worn. They are crocheted at first just like a mat, and when the desired size is reached, decrease one stitch every row till the cap is small enough for the head, when knit half a dozen rows plain. Finish with a shell edge, and on top set a zephyr ball, steamed and trimmed into shape.

Very durable little dresses for children are made of small, shepherd's plaid, or plain gray flannel. They should be lined. A good way is a simple, close-fitting sacque almost like an apron, with a four to six-inch plaiting set up on the dress. Brighten with Scotch plaid bands, or rows of bright-colored worsted braid, or some easily-executed embroidery in zephyr or Saxony. Short-sleeved, low-necked aprons of white goods over these little, dark dresses are very pretty, and can be made of the cheapest materials. One lady whose children are always prettily dressed makes use of the five-cent pique. She says it wears well and does up very easily. The woven Swiss trimming is prettier than embroidery, wears very much better, and can be had in handsome patterns at from five to fifteen cents per yard. A very pretty quality of cross-barred goods can be got now that it is out of season for fifteen cents per yard. Economical mothers can find many bargains now in summer goods which have not yet been put away; and as most such goods are remnants, most merchants are willing to dispose of them at a bargain rather than carry them over.—*Cor. Louisville Home and Fireside.*

How the Oil Market is Influenced.

In many of the towns in the oil region are exchanges. The majority of members do not confine themselves to a brokerage business. Many of the producers hold seats in the exchanges, and the operations of the largest and shrewdest producers are not conducted so much with the view of producing oil to be sold for a profit at the ruling price, as with the object of influencing the market in a way to make their speculation in oil and oil-producing territory profitable. The market is influenced in many ways—by the opening of wells in new territory, by the condition of the money market, by the weather, by other causes of more or less importance, and now and then by the irresistible stroke of a corporation.

With one or two exceptions all the known oil-producing tracts of Pennsylvania and New York are bound by belts of unproductive wells which, in the expressive language of the region, are called dry holes or dusters. The oil-bearing rock, lying sometimes nearly 2,000 feet below the surface of the ground, has been laboriously tapped at intervals so frequent that its outlines are marked on maps of the region with almost absolute accuracy. The area and capacity of these tracts being known, nothing is expected of them beyond a diminishing yield until the rock refuses to give up oil in paying quantities. But producers are constantly studying the region with the object of finding localities in which to drill new wells at a distance from all others in the hope of striking rock that will yield largely. These isolated wells are called wild-cats. If such a well proves to be a valuable one, it is considered that a new area of oil-bearing rock has been found, and the opening of the well will will have a depressing effect on the oil market in proportion to the strength of the flow. If the well has shown any indication of a favorable character, but proves to be a duster, the promise of increased production in that quarter is destroyed, and the market is strengthened.

It is thus for the interest of the owner of the well to keep secret the result of the drilling until he has made his transactions in the market in anticipation of the effect likely to be produced when the facts about it are made public. If the well is a gusher, it is for his interest to keep it a mystery till he has secured leases of the lands lying around it, for these suddenly rise to enormous prices on the opening of the well, in view of the promise of a new tract awaiting development. All the prominent operators have men in their employ whose business is to find out the truth about these mysteries. The field men so employed are called scouts or log-huggers, and between them and the owner of wild-cat wells the shrewdest strife of the oil regions is carried on.

The state of the money market affects the price of oil in the same way that it influences prices in the New York Stock Exchange. The interest charged for carrying oil bought on a margin is called the carrying rate. The weather affects the market, because in times of drought water cannot be obtained for feeding the boilers used in drilling and pumping, and the production of oil falls off. A powerful corporation can influence the market by its own unerring methods, and when such a body deems it worth while to let its heavy hand fall on the speculating community, those who wholly escape harm are fortunate.—*Bradford (Pa.) Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

What Becomes of Knives?

A solemn problem is presented by the inquiry, What becomes of pins? The disappearance of cans which have contained fruit, baked beans and other alluring articles of diet is another unsolved enigma. No one is wise enough to trace the whereabouts of the mass of horseshoes which are always coming off, and which, of course, can not all be found. But with the lost chords of music and the lost arts must be reckoned the immense body of disappearing contrivances for cutting and slashing familiarly known as knives. Reference is here made not to the table knife, putty, pallet knife or chopping knife, but to the pocket knife, that humble instrument of pleasure and pain, and to the knife of the boy, and not of the graver and older class of whom the boys are fathers. What becomes of boys' pocket knives? Arithmetically the question is a large one. A country village with its hundred boys loses at least on an average a knife and a half for each boy every year. The boy who never loses a knife is to be ranked with the boy who never wets his feet, falls off a fence, shrieks, whistles, laughs or cries when he ought not; the phenomenal children who are grave from the first and who prefer to sit soberly by the fireside with the latest volume of the "Climbing Club Series" rather than to indulge in noisy sports. If this village be multiplied by the number of towns in the State, and allowance be made for a greater population, the annual aggregate is enormous for a single State; and what a heap of strayed knives, if brought together would be the result of tabulating the statistics for all the States! Putting the figures at the lowest reasonable numbers, it is within bounds to say, according to Prof. Chit, of the Metropolitan Academy, that at least seven million knives are lost each year in the United States; or, to use a method of illustration not unknown to the mental arithmetics, if an active boy on a bicycle should take a knife at a time, and, starting from the Park street gate of the Common, deposit the knife in the center of the parade ground and return for another, allowing fifteen minutes for each trip, the transportation of these lost knives would take 105,000,000 minutes, or 1,750,000 hours. These hours would make nearly 73,000 days, or about 200 years, at the end of which time both boy and bicycle would be worn out, and the knives would have been lost again several times. Everybody loses a knife at proper or improper intervals of time, but what right-minded boy ever finds one? The urchins who find knives are the outcasts who in the country stay away from school, possibly hooking Jack, and catch a good string of fish; who crawl under the circus tent and are not caught; or who in various ways transgress the school and home laws, and escape much injury. Or they are city Arabs whose eyes are keen as those of a bird of prey, and whose hands are swift to clutch a bit of plunder out of the mire. The respectable, proper boy by no accident ever finds his own or any other boy's knife. The chances are altogether that a boy deserving a card of merit or a medal for good conduct would go across a State—certainly across Rhode Island—in search of wandered knives, and report at home without a single trophy. There must be a measure of impropriety and irregularity in a lad who finds jack-knives. A new teacher in a boys' school in Idaho began his duties by the simple inquiry: "How many boys present ever found a knife?" Four of the pupils held up their hands, and were at once put on the black list. Before a week was past these boys had shown their true colors. The knife test for wickedness is as sure as the peppermint test for sewer pipes. There are undoubtedly deposits of lost knives several layers deep all over New England and other of the older States. Year after year the strata are pressed lower by the super-incumbent mass. Rust and other sources of decay affect the blade and wear away the handle. Doubtless if the lowest stratum of knives were now upturned the changed appearance of the fossilized implements lost fifty years or one hundred or more years ago would be taken by some investigators to point to a race of prehistoric men. The size of the men who handled them, the slope of the owners' foreheads, and the peculiar conformation of their hands would be inferred, and a new argument in archæology would be constructed. In due time the specimens would be placed in a private museum and labels tell of the place of their discovery; while visitors, diffident of their ability to disprove the theory of the experts, who might say, under the breath, that the discoveries resembled modern pocket cutlery, would be told they lacked the scientific spirit which is willing to accept the indisputable result of investigation. If lost knives are not some day at the bottom of a new theory of geological formation, the signs fail which have usually been trustworthy.—*Boston Advertiser.*

—Ninety years ago the first English missionary offered himself, and now the whole number of evangelical foreign missionaries is 5,000, and they are the leaders of a native host of 30,000 helpers of all kinds.

—New York City pays $7,000,000 a year for its religion and $22,000,000 for its drinks.

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