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SELECT MISCELLANY.

THE LORDS PRAYER.

Our Father—
By right of creation,
By bountiful provision,
By gracious adoption—
Who art in heaven—
The throne of Thy glory,
The portion of Thy children,
The temple of Thy angels—
Hallowed be Thy name—
By the thoughts of our hearts,
By the words of our lips,
By the works of our hands—
Thy kingdom come—
Of Providence to defend us,
Of grace to refine us,
Of glory to crown us—
Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven—
Towards us without resistance,
By us without compulsion,
Universally without exception,
Eternally without declension—
Give us this day our daily bread—
Of necessity for our bodies,
Of eternal life for our souls—
And forgive us our trespasses—
Against the commands of Thy law,
Against the grace of Thy gospel—
As we forgive those that trespass against us—
By defaming our characters,
By embezzling our property,
By abusing our person—
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil—
Of overwhelming afflictions,
Of worldly enticements,
Of Satan's devices,
Of error's seduction,
Of sinful affections—
For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory forever—
Thy kingdom governs all,
Thy power subdues all,
Thy glory is above all,
Amen.
As it is in Thy purpose,
So it is in Thy promises,
So be it in our prayers,
So it shall be to Thy praise.

HEATING A CITY BY STEAM.

Details of the plan by which Mr. Holly will Heat Lockport.

We have heretofore alluded briefly to a plan devised by Mr. B. Holly, of Lockport, to heat that city by steam. The Lockport Union supplies a more extended account of the proposed experiment, and it is so curious that it will be read with general interest. It seems that a number of substantial citizens of Lockport have formed a company under the name of the "Holly combination company, limited," and have elected a board of directors, in which Samuel Rogers, D. F. Bishop, I. H. Babcock, F. N. Trevor, B. D. Hall and M. M. Southworth are associated with Mr. Holly, and the experiment is actually to be made under the following estimate:

"Estimated present cost for coal, wood, kindling, labor, repair of stoves and furnaces for warming the following districts, in the city of Lockport, being about one-half mile square, bounded as follows:

"East by Washburn street, south by High street, north by Caledonia street, including the following:

475 dwellings at $100 each (for fuel and labor	$ 47,500
150 stores at $125 each	18,700
250 offices and rooms (over and about the stores)	12,000
12 churches at $400 each (labor and fuel)	4,800
10 hotels at $700 each, 4 schools at $800 each, 1 opera house	10,000
Factories, shops, mill office, etc	1,500
Lifetime of stoves and furnances, for 10 years, at ten per cent	5,000
Total	$100,000

First cost of works for warming the above district with steam:

18,480 feet of main pipe, at $1 per foot	$ 18,480
Building and smoke-stack	3,000
Six steam boilers and fixtures	10,000
Lot for building and coal-yard	3,000
Incidentals	3,000
Total	$ 37,480

Mr. Holly has written a book in which he sets forth fully his plans for supplying steam for heating and doing all the various machine labor of cities and villages, domestic, mercantile, manufacturing, etc. He says:

In cities or towns of 3,000 to 8,000 inhabitants, where the main business portion does does not exceed one-half mile square, one set of boilers located near the center of the place, with pipes leading out in four directions, will do all the work. If the city is one mile square, four sets of boilers will be necessary. The main pipes that leave the boiler will be four-inch, and will diminish to three, two and a half, two, one and a half and one inch at the extreme end away from the boilers, the mains of four inches continuing as the use along the line may demand. The main pipes are placed about four feet below the surface of the earth. The iron pipes are first covered with asbestos, and then put in wood pipes two inches thick, leaving a space for confined air between the asbestos and wood. The outside pipe keeps all water and moisture from the steam-pipe and prevents condensation. These pipes, both wood and iron, are put down in lengths of two feet, when they terminate in hollow, upright posts, firmly secured in the earth. The upper part of this post is arranged so as to receive the ends of the steam-pipes through stuffing boxes to allow the pipe to expand and contract without moving the post. The posts are also arranged so as to receive the ends of the service-pipes either with or without expansion joints. The service-pipes are not taken directly from the mains, but from the hollow supports, thus allowing them to be attached or detached from the support instead of passing through the outside wooden pipe to enter the steam pipe, which could not be done beause the steam pipe expands and contracts, while the wooden pipe does not. This overcomes one of the most important objections to the use of long lines of underground steam pipes, when branch pipes are to be taken off. Another objection has been condensation. This the asbestos reduces about three-fourths, and the air-space and wooden pipes will reduce it still further. Tests made during the month of July, with very small pipe, proved that steam may be carried through well projected pipes for a mile, and then be more economical than any other system. But it is thought that 1,200 or 1,500 feel each way, making a half mile square, is about all that need be furnished from one location. This even in a city with a population of 1,500, would, include nearly all the business places hotels, churches and schools. Buildings further out could be reached by a single line of small pipe. Steam can be manufactured on a large scale for one-fourth that it is on a small scale, for warming a single dwelling or block. You can stop the expense at any time by turning the steam-cock in your house, whereas in the use of a private boiler, when you shut off the steam combustion goes on just the same. There is about one hundred and fifty cubic feet of hot air per minute lost through the chimney.—*N. Y. World.*

From All Sources.

Paris street costumes are said to be neat and plain, the women there having such notions of dress as the American feminine swell.

"Awnshent pawtnah," is the way Mrs. Julia Ward Howe says old partner. This is what is known as Bousthing culture.

"Man is part dust and part deity," we wrote, trying to quote from Byron. And the intelligent compositor got it, "Man is part dust and part dirty."—*Graphic.*

The Chinese of California use water-melon seeds for food, and shipments of thousands of pounds of these novel provisions are made from one town to another.

A gas well, about two miles from Bradford, is to be utilized. A pipe is to be laid to Bradford, Pa., and the gas will be used to light up the town at night.

The petrified carcass of a large rattlesnake was found imbedded in solid rock by miners blasting at Paskenta, Cal., recently. Even its rattles are preserved.

The production of quicksilver in California has increased so rapidly during the past two years that it has attracted the attention of all interested in the article throughout the world. The receipts for the year have been 63,928, and the exports 48,010 flasks. In addition to the receipts there, probably about 6,000 flasks were shipped direct from the mines to Nevada, thus bringing up the production to over 70,000 flasks, a gain in round numbers of from 12,000 to 15,000 flasks over 1875. The exports in 1875 were 34,844 flasks, or 13,666 less than in 1876.

Ex-Postmaster General Jewell, who made his fortune in the leather trade, discovered, while he was minister to Russia, the manner by which the peculiar scent is imparted to Russian leather, the process not being regarded as a secret of the trade in that country. It is done by the use of birch bark tar in dressing the skins instead of tallow or other grease. Mr. Jewell sent ten barrels of itto various leading leather manufacturers in this country, with instructions. The result is that "Russia leather" goods are now made in America, and doubtless will soon be sold at nearly fifty per centum below old prices, and may, perhaps, go out of fashion.

The inland ice in Greenland is now encroaching on the land, though at one time it appears to have covered many portions of the country at present bare. This advance and retreat of the inland ice may be due to change of climate, to the rapid advance of the ice from the interior, or to the rise and fall of the land. There are traditions that a great inlet once stretched across Greenland not far from Jakobshavn, as represented on some of the old maps, but that it has also now got choked up with consolidated bergs. In former times the natives used to speak of pieces of timber drifting out of this inlet, and even tell of people coming across; and stories yet linger among them of the former occurrence of such proofs of the openness of the inlet.

AGAINST SPACE.

French Novelists' Devices for Beating Their Publishers.

It is said that a dialogue of Dumas the elder created a revolution in the French mode of paying romance literature. Dumas, who was reckoned by the line, one day introduced, they say, into his feuilleton this thrilling passage:

My son!
My mother!
Listen!
Speak!
Seest thou!
What?
This poniard!
It is stained—
With blood!
Whose!
Thy father's.
Ah!!!

After that Dumas was paid by the letter. To say sooth, the same incident with a different catastrophe, is related of Pouson Du Terrail, who, one day, in his "Resurrection de Racombole," filled about a column with dialogues of this character:

Who!
I.
You?
Yes.
He shuddered.

Accordingly, as the story goes, the author being summoned before the editor of the Petit Journal, was notified that if this monosylable chat went on he would be paid by the letter. "Very well," replied the obliging novelist, "I will change my style," and the next day, M. Milluard was astonished to find the feuilleton introducing a pair of stammerers talking in this agreeable fashion:

Wou-wou-would you de-de-de-deceive me, you wr-wr-wretch?" said the old consair in a tone of thunder.

"I ne-ne-ne-never de-de-de-deceived anybody," exclaimed Baccarat, imitating the other's defect in pronunciation.

"Wh-wh-wh-where is Bo-ro-rocamba-bole?"

"You ne-ne-never will kn-know."

"He will make all his characters stutter soon," said Millaud. We had better pay him by the line."—*The Galaxy.*

How a Man Hunts for Clean Clothes.

Did you ever see a man try to find a clean shirt or a handkerchief, or something in the bureau drawer where his wife keeps her linen? It mostly happens when he is in a hurry, when he has got his fireworks temper on, and his wife has got the baby on her lap, or she is up to the elbows in dough.

He finds the white arrayed in such symmetrical layers as only a woman after long practice can accomplish, and he dives in a good deal as he would fish for nubs of kindling in a barrel of shavings, pitching every thing right or left on the floor; meanwhile, as he fails to get the desired article, stewing and swearing and offering up selecced expressions of relief to his feelings in a suppressed tone of voice, and vowing in a way especially designed to reach the ears of his wife, "that it beats the old—what's his name?—a thing can't be put where it can be found."

About this time the wife yells out from below that the article sought is right at the top, when he sarcastically wants to know if she supposes he has "got no eyes."

And then he gathers everything up in a bunch and rams them back anyhow, just as he can grab them in savage handfuls, tearing around an' jerking thinks all over with a nervous looseness. Then he sings out in a sort of abstracted way, as if addressing no one in particular, "that he can always find anything he needs at his place of business in a moment; that he keeps a place for everything, and everything in its place."

Just about the time he has worked himself into a great worry of boiling-over impatience, and got the whole room in a litter, his wife glides in and lays her hand on the missing article, right in the drawer, where he had jerked it out and rammed it back again, in that quiet way a woman has of maddening a choleric husband into a fit state for the lunatic asylum.

The Greatest Wool-producing Country.

There can be no doubt that the census of 1880 will prove incontestably that this republic of ours is the greatest wool-producing country in the world. Our latest figures are several years old and make the total clip 200,000,000 of pounds, while the Australian estimate for 1876 is only 125,000,000 pounds—while our yield in 1870 was 187,000,000 pounds. This interest is a steady-growing one, but a great cry was raised against the "wool tariff," when congress undertook to protect the American wool grower. Since then the clip has become immense, and is really the main reliance of the Americal woolen factories. There are still all sorts of reasons for importing foreign wool, just as there are for importing foreign iron, lead, copper, salt, cotton goods, silks, etc. Some want foreign coarse goods because they are cheaper. Others want special grades of foreign fine wool. But the equality of American wool is such as give our woolen goods the command of the home markets. With our vast extent of land, great varieties of soil and climate and large developments of agricultural and pastoral interests, there is no grade or quality of wool we cannot produce, and no good reason why we cannot compete with foreign wool in price. The war gave a great impetus to the production of wool and the manufacture of woolen goods at home, and it has been firmly held out and increased.

A Chromo with a Drink.

Henry A. Jones, brother of senator Jones, of Nevada, tells the following story on one of his fellow townsmen: While in New York city, during the late cold and snowy weather, making his way with difficulty against the blinding storm, he was accosted by a familiar voice, which, on recognition, proved to be an old acquaintance from the "gold hill." The time, circumstances of meeting and well-known bifulous disposition of his new-found friend all conspired at the usual invitation to "take a drink." Seeking the first spacious bar, our friend nominated, his exhilarant as "whisky straight." The shining decanter and glasses were passed down when, pouring out the fiery fluid, it rose, one, two, three, four fingers high, yes, even full, flush to the top of the tumbler, and the customer seemed to reluctantly stop pouring even at that, evidently regretful that it would hold no more. The barkeeper could hardly believe that a single person would have the face to go so far as emptying a bottle, and until he saw it done had no idea that any man could master such a potion at a single swallow. Without loss of breath, however, our Nevadaite cleared the glass at one bending of the elbow, and without grimace or change of countenance threw down his quarter dollar on the counter.

"What is that for?" asked the barkeeper.

"To pay for my drink, of course," said our friend.

"Oh, no; none of that," replied he of the house; "you don't owe us a cent; on the contrary, we always throw in a chromo with a drink like that."

Effect of a Sermon on Hell.

A New York journal informs us that "a Brooklyn woman, frightened into insanity by a sermon on hell, was discovered the other night almost naked, on the Flatbush road, trying to dig up her dead children." That poor woman had heard some learned divine tell, in thoughts that breathed and words that burned, how a couple of savages, an indefinite number of centuries ago, had bitten an apple contrary to orders, and that as a natural and inevitable result of that blood-curdling crime, and as a just and righteous atonement therefor, every man, woman and child nowadays who does't repent, and believe, and isn't baptized—whether he or she has done anything worthy of repentance or not—must be hurled into a lake of fire and brimstone, and there made to burn, and writhe, and howl throughout all the lingering ages of eternity. Being weak enough to swallow the absurd and wicked story, it is no wonder that she was driven to insanity. If Milton had dreamed of the mischief he was doing in writing that apple and snake story in Paradise Lost, he would have told it a little differently, or would have left it untold altogether.—*Courier-Journal.*

No Hope for the National Banks.

The house has practically decided to place its veto upon all bills which propose to repeal or reduce taxation. A bill providing for the repeal of the ten per cent. tax on the notes of state banks was reported adversely from the committee on banking and currency yesterday, and tabled. This decision is not favorable to the proposition to repeal the tax upon the deposits in national banks, which has been strongly urged by the leading bankers of the country. The committee on banking and currency is understood to be opposed to it, and the committee on ways and means, to which a bill of this nature was lately referred, has as yet taken no action upon it. Prominent bankers who have lately visited Washington assure members of congress that unless some measure of relief for national banks is speedily passed, a majority of those institutions will soon take measures to wind up their affairs and go out of the business.—*Washington Special N. Y. Tribune.*

Enthusiasm of Great Men.

Would the scientists who have turned the world upside down with their theories and discoveries ever have accomplished what they have done if enthusiasm had not led them on untiringly in their researches? No finer, nobler instances can be cited than Prof. Agassiz. What patient thoroughness of investigation! What passionate devotion to truth! What reverent recognition of a Supreme Power governing all the great forces of the universe! A sad day for the world when that noble head was laid low in death, and the nobler heart, that had beat so long and so truly in the interests of science, was hushed forever. And what a rare example of unflinching devotion to one's self-appointed life-work has Dr. Livingstone left the world! In the interests of science, and the higher interests of humanity, how he persevered in the face of obstacles that would have utterly quenched all ordinary enthusiasm! The treachery of natives, the deadly miasma of those African marshes, the fierce heat of a torrid sun, and the hunger of the best affections of a noble nature for the dear delights of family and home, had no power to turn him from his chosen task. His zeal only went out with his last breath. He never yielded but to death, the conqueror of all. It was fitting that England should have brought back, with such honors, this intrepid, heroic missionary explorer, and laid him to rest with her most illustrious dead. Enthusiasm lends wings to principle. Straight onward, unswervingly, will principle take a truly noble mind; but inspire it with enthusiasm, and it is like putting spurs to a mettled steed. The zealot—and the enthusiast is in one sense a zealot—never leaves his work. He does not know what it is to live, nor is there any end to his labor. He goes on, ever ixspiring and being inspired, until the presumably impossible becomes a fact.

A French Lady's Experience.

A lady of thirty, a plump and jolly brunette, sees with some anxiety a dark, downy line penciling itself on her superior lip. She does not care to compete with the bearded woman, and consults the advertisements. She finds just what she wants—a depilatory pomade, warranted to remove the most obnoxious moustache woman ever had in five applications. She obtains a box at a price of ten francs, and follows the directions on the label with care. The moustache thrives on the depilatory, and after a while madame yields to the inevitable, and consoles herself by reflecting that it might be worse.

Three or four years roll by, and she sees with alarm that her hair is beginning to thin. A trifle of moustache can be borne, but a bald head never, and again she has recourse to the advertisements. She finds the article she needs—a miracle pomade—to increase the thickness and beauty of her hair. On visiting the shop she is stupefied. It is the same shop, the same attendant, the same bottle at the same price, the same pomade so far as she can judge from appearances. Only the label has been changed.

The merchant, on being severely examined, admits that it is the same pomade. It failed so utterly to remove hair that he turned it into a hair invigorator. With great joy the customer buys a pot and applies it—and her hair goes on falling out faster than ever!

Grasshopper-Grass.

Wherever the pastures of western Missouri have been destroyed by the grasshopper, new varieties of grass have, according to the Kansas City, sprung up, which the oldest inhabitants never saw before. The principal of these is a green bunch-grass of luxuriant growth, which now covers pastures and door yards where only blue grass has grown for many a year before. Stock eat it with avidity. Some persons assert that it is buffalo grass, while others see in it a resemblance to other grasses of the plains and mountains west of us. We hope that its development will be studied by some expert in the botany of this continent, for its origin may throw a new and important light upon the origin of migration of the locusts. The seed was evidently brought here and deposited by the swarm that laid eggs in this region last fall. If brought here from Kansas or Colorado only, its identity would surely have been determined ere this by old plainsmen who are so numerous hereabout. It has put forth no seed stalk as yet, and perhaps in this climate it may not go to seed this year. Who will first inform us whence it came, asks the paper, and what may be expected from it?

The estimate of the cut of lumber on the Mississippi above Rum river places it at 70,000,000 feet.

GRAVE AND GAY.

WHAT is wanted in this country just now is a company to insure the insurance companies.

THE Mexican treasurer desires know what can be expected of a minister provided with an empty safe, some blank books and three rulers?

A GEORGIA exchange remarks that this is the time of the year to mortgage the crop which you have not yet begun to make for guano and supplies to make it with.

THERE is talk in London of setting up Cleopatra's needle in Northumberland avenue. To remove the obelisk from Alexandria and re-erect it will cost at least $35,000.

THE town of Wales, Me., by no means remote from civilization, has managed to get along for fifteen years without doctor, lawyer, minister or pauper.

"I'D kinder like a candy cat," he soliloquized, as he surveyed the toys, "an' that 'ere tin hoss would just put me on my hind legs for joy. But I gits nuthin'—nuthin' but cold ears, shivers and shakes."

SEAL skin sacques for poodles are coming into fashion. A lady carrying a canine pet thus attired called yesterday to comfort a poor woman who had lost two children by starvation. The sacque was cut pompadour.—*Brooklyn Argus.*

A GENTLEMAN met a citizen of Somerville recently, and said to him. "Your home is in Somerville, I believe?" "No," replied the Somerville man. My home is in heaven." Let me give you a little advice," said the gentleman, "You hurry and get a postal card and write your folks that you are never coming home."

People are feeling a good deal more tenderly toward Adam just now. The fact that he fell, and fell badly, has led to the belief that they must have had a city government in Eden and an ordinance directing that the ice should be removed from the sidewalks, and that the other residents never paid any attention to it.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

"OH, mamma, if I only could have one of these new style of dresses made to button down the back from the neck to the heels." "Well, my daughter, you can." "What! I can!" "Yes, dear." "Button clear down?" "Certainly, my darling," "With smoke pearl buttons?" "Yes, pet." "And galoon trimmings?" "Yes, dearest." Oh, mamma!" They hug.—*Chicago Journal.*

YOUNG woman, there is death in the bay rum bottle. A young lady of Omaha, with an eye to securing a beautiful complexion, was bathing her face and neck in bay rum. It ignited from an adjacent candle, and in less than two minutes all the tan, freckles, pimples and blotches were effectually removed from her skin, and the skin was eradicated at the same time. The young lady is now getting along without any complexion.—*Hawkeye.*

A CIRCUS company on their way to Australia, stopped to see one of the Fiji islands. While wandering about one of them turned a somersault, and the native spectators were astonished at the sight. Thereafter, the circusmen, discerning the opportunity for fun, varied their walks by frequent somersaults and grotesque contortions, all the time maintaining sober faces and the utmost gravity of demeanor. Multitudes followed them, in the belief that they were missionaries sent to teach a religion in which somersaults were a part of the service.

A YOUNG man was teaching in a district school when one day the following conversation took place: Teacher (to a little girl whom he sees weeping violently.) What is the matter, Fanny?" Fanny—"Je—Je—Je—Johnny's tryin' t—t—to kiss—" Teacher (interrupting) — "Johnny, were you trying to kiss Fanny?" Johnny—"No, sir." Teacher—"But she says you were." Fanny—"No—n—no, sir. He w—w—w—was t—t—t—tryin' to kiss M—M—Maggie J—Jackson."

"BOYS," chimed in Kettle Belley Brown, "when I was on the artic expedition with Dr. Hayes, I saw some devilish cold weather." Everybody bent to listen, for they knew that a master-hand was at the keys. "They all froze to death but me, and I kept right on to the north pole. Here is a chip I cut out of it just to show I was there. Anybody who seen the pole will recognize it. I liked that country." What made you leave it then?" asked somebody. "The whisky froze up, and I had to come further south," and the tears welled up, as he recollected how much he had missed during his ten long years in the artic regions.