

The income of a professional rat catcher averages \$1500 per year, announces the Detroit Free Press, and there are only ten of them in the United States. The average income of lawyers is only \$700 per year, and the ranks are overcrowded.

There has lately been unprecedented activity in building new cotton seed oil mills, most of which are independent of the Cotton Oil Trust, though the Trust has, it is generally reported, recently virtually secured control of the Southern Oil Company, with its eight large mills. The Manufacturers Record, of Baltimore, publishes a complete list of all the cotton seed oil mills in the South, showing 213 mills, with an aggregate capital of about \$20,000,000, against 30 mills, with a capital of \$3,500,000, in 1880.

Berlin is very much taken with a young Cossack girl now on exhibition in that city. She is only eleven years old, but is nearly nine feet high, weighs about 280 pounds, and is still rapidly growing. She has large, dark eyes and a pretty face, and in the costume of the Don Cossacks, which consists of a red skirt, blue jacket and long apron, embroidered in gold, she presents a most interesting appearance. It is said that she spends much of her time in playing with her dolls.

The New York Mercury observes: "The Quakers are practical, if anything, and believing that the royal road to a man's heart lies through his stomach, they have determined to convert the noblest man through the cooking stove as a means of grace. Already they have laid before President Harrison a proposition to send women among the Indians to teach them housekeeping, and Congress is expected to make an appropriation for this purpose. It all depends on the character of the cooking. Heavy biscuits and muddy coffee will exterminate the remnants of the tribes to a dead certainty."

The News and Courier, of Charleston, fulminates against the people who are forever trying to tamper with the White House at Washington on the plea of improvement, new decorations, extensions, or the turning of the building into offices for national business. A far better plan, this paper suggests, "would be to authorize the erection of an edifice of some description on the Potomac flats for the employment of these artists for all future time. Perhaps if they were allowed to control such a building, and to spend their time and the people's money in putting it together and taking it apart and setting it up and pulling it down, they would feel that they were earning their salaries in a way and would let public property be."

Samuel R. Lowery, of Birmingham, Ala., a very intelligent colored man who has for some years devoted his time to silk culture with a view to the development of this industry in the South, is now trying to raise \$5000 to purchase looms for this work. He has been very successful in producing the silk, and is highly commended and endorsed by Senator Morgan and other leading men who have personally known him for many years. His object is to develop at Birmingham a silk-making industry in which the colored people can engage. We believe, says the Manufacturers Record, of Baltimore, that the enterprise is worthy of the practical aid of those who desire to develop this important industry in the South, and thus furnish employment to many women and children who are forced to remain idle.

The twenty-first annual Co-operative Congress, recently held in England, offers some suggestions to workingmen in this country which might be made of great practical benefit. This congress is made up of delegates from co-operative societies in England. There are a total membership of 896,000. They engage in various business enterprises for the benefit of their members. Last year the sales in these co-operative stores aggregated over \$170,000,000, and the amounts saved to the members ran up into the millions of dollars. What, asks the New York News, is to hinder the success of similar institutions in this country? "American workingmen are the most intelligent of any class of workers in the world. And yet they fail to utilize their unused ability, as do their English competitors. Some efforts have been made here in the direction of co-operation, and they have failed. The same thing is true in Ireland. There co-operation has failed. It is hard to tell just why this is so. Our workingmen seem less willing to work together than those of England. Co-operation is the true ideal of the workingman. By that means he could derive whatever profit there is to be had from his own purchases and from his own labor. Whether or not the time will come when this will be a practical proposition is doubtful. My own feeling on this subject is that co-operation is a noble and noble progress in the direction of a better life through building.

THE ADIRONDACKS.

PLEASURES OF A NOMADIC LIFE IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Far From the Din of Civilization the Summer Resorter Finds New Life Among the Rugged Granite Peaks.

In this lake-spangled land, with a girdle of mountains chaining us in from the din and heat of crowded civilization, cheerily writes "Kamera" from the Adirondacks to the Chicago Herald, the lazy heart expands like a rose in June, for the air is as clear as the breeze off the open sea and as inspiring as sparkling wine. Coming up from Plattsburgh through those ramshackle villages, smirched with the soot and clanging with the noise of iron mills, a dream is likely to attack the doubting and strange traveler, for his imagination of clear, alluvial expanses is not fed to any great extent. The first naked hills of gray granite are not lovely, and the woods are

dark, gaunt and ragged. But in the North Woods, as in most mountainous sections, one must penetrate far and diligently, and then of a sudden, when all seems dense and unprofitable, a marvelous view, a natural gem of the earth, is flashed before one's eyes like a change in a stereoscope. As the stage coach careens round a sharp turn of the road the glitter of roofs, the fair wave of lawns, the flutter of leafy trees, and beyond, the shining surface of a lake, with the blue hills frowning their shadows down upon it, are spread under the tired gaze, and immediately the delight of the Adirondacks is realized. Then if you come suddenly upon a fellow camper with a cigar in his mouth, and a girl with wild flowers in her hands, while the scent of the smoke and the perfume of posies mingle with the incense of their love-making, you feel that you have surely got at some truly rural solace.

One might as well try to comprehend England at a glance of London as to set down a picture of a spot out of these mountains and left stand for the whole. When we think of the hundreds of miles that a man and his guide may travel, carrying their boat from lake to lake, dining at one place, sleeping at another, and reaching miles beyond any habitation the next day, we understand what an unusual and immense wilderness this region is. The different phases of life and character of people that find place here would also be difficult to describe. In the summer-time the invalid is scarcely discernible, not because of his physical attenuation, but because it is his custom to repair to a secluded spot, where with guides, cooks, nurses, and the best of food from the city, he endeavors to impede the advancement of his disease. The hotels are filled with healthy, jolly and fine looking people. Around the larger lakes, such as Upper and Lower Saranac, Long Lake and St. Regis, there are camps that cost their owners thousands of dollars, which the advantages of isolation, of absolute freedom from social restraints and the romantic sensation of drifting in a nomadic state slightly imitating the original Americans are combined with a luxury which could only find example in the drawing-rooms of these same people when they are at home. Probably the most extensive camp in the mountains at this time is that of Anson Phelps Stokes, of New

York. It occupies an island on St. Regis Lake, and to show how important it is, let it be said that Mr. Stokes has fifteen Adirondack guides in his employ, besides his kitchen servants and attendants, to care for the camp and the people in it. Other camps in this neighborhood and elsewhere are of nearly equal pretensions. As you float by one of these fair spots it is hard to believe that the brown-throated girl with the skin peeling from her nose who stands in the boat house rolling up her sleeves for a row on the lake, is the same fairy that whizzed in the dance at the Patriarch's ball last winter, arrayed in gauze and looked as white and as frail as a lily. Occasionally you discover how our girls store up that energy which is the wonder of the skeptic and the physician in January. It is just as hard to comprehend that the white-whiskered old man, mounted on a donkey, is the venerable Professor Deacons, of Cornell University, on a summer journey of recreation. He conceives the sure-footed donkey to be a safer beast to ride than a horse, and what is beauty compared with safety?

But the rough old camp, with its dried venison hanging alongside the fire with the bean-pot boiling in the ground, the trout you have caught an hour ago sputtering in the frying-pan and the partridge you have just shot roasting with a savory perfume—that is the Tropics of these woods, in spite of its discomforts and inconveniences. Out on the wide plain in a lake that is about a mile across, sailing that you, your guides and your

dogs are the only tame animals within sound; that a fresh buck hangs by its hind feet at the back of the camp; that the brook, whose song you can hear, is flashing with trout, and that your dog barking down by yonder stump is calling you to come and observe the beautiful partridges that he has sitting up before him—and surroundings of this sort your appreciation for the first freshness of life is bound to be invigorated, if you are in anything near a normal condition of mind and body. And it is exciting on a moonless night to be paddled up one of these narrow rivers, skirted with impetuous bushes and void with strange noises, watching for the deer as he comes down to escape the flies and nibble the yellow lilies.

But there is the sort of civilization to be had at the hotels, at the highest prices, too. I witnessed only yesterday the despair of a young man who had come to the Adirondacks for a cheap vacation, but had been charmed into asking a divine girl to dine with him. She was rolling up a bill of about \$10. It reminded me of this bit of dialogue, which I heard last week at a very high priced Brighton Beach race-course restaurant.

Miss Highfly (reading table on bottle): "Oh, my favorite! Order another bottle."
Mr. Hardluck (in a financial hole): "Oh, it's an awful day for favorites. You'd better take care."
But I was writing of deer shooting—not of deer eating and drinking. That the sport is agitating to the nerves of the citizen I can relate for proof an incident which came under my notice a few days since. A young man in camp on a small secluded lake was hunting the river that ran close by. As motionless as a statue in the front of the boat, with the bull's-eye lantern throwing its light over his head, and his guide in the stern paddling without the slightest noise—as is wholly necessary—the young hunter held his eyes fixed on the shores for the quarry but sensitive deer. Suddenly he saw a ball of fire directly ahead of him. He raised his rifle, and was about to shoot, when his common sense reminded him

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"What do you think of them?" said a Lewis County minister's wife to her husband, as they looked back at a couple of New York girls.
"Well, I've got to preach about them next Sunday," he replied.

Chimes of Iron and Glass.
If the Comte de Keraty's estimation is to be accepted, heavy stone and brick are in their last days for architectural purposes, and iron, glass and pottery will take their place. He instances the beauty and success of the Exposition building in Paris. According to a writer in Harper's Magazine, also, a new invention in glass, of French origin, may supersede cast-iron, so that railway sleepers, fence posts, drain pipes, tanks and so forth, may be made out of this precious substance, and be stronger than iron, as well as lighter and cheaper. There is some doubt yet as to whether the toughening process Mr. Bastian applies to his glass will qualify it for doing all that he claims, but he has succeeded in arousing interest and expectation. Already transparent glass bricks are made, and it has been asked whether entire houses may not be thus put together. The joke about people in glass houses having already been chestnuted, only this passing reference is made to it. It is not, indeed, desirable that glass houses should be transparent. The way some people live who have no visible means of support would be sufficiently transparent without that. But, perhaps, the time will come when our new cities will be mainly vitreous. Such architecture will become the mode, and public and private edifices will be literally the glass of fashion as well as the mould of form.—New York Star.

Plants Protected by Their Juices.
When a drop of the juice of sorrel, garlic, saffron, or nasturtium is put upon the segment of a snail, the animal manifests pain and exudes a substance of its mucous secretion; yet it is not thus affected by a drop of water. When snails avoid plants marked by such juices, we have a right to regard the plants as defended by a chemical armor. The offensive substance may also be important to the nutrition of the plant, but that is not the question we are dealing with here. Many plants are evidently lacking in this means of defense; for, of some plants, all the animals experimented upon have been found to prefer fresh to dead parts. Others are never touched by them, whether living or dead. Hence we may conceive that an infinite variety may exist in the degrees of chemical armoring between total absence of protection and complete protection.

Plants pertaining perceptible tannin are disagreeable to nearly all animals. Only swine will eat acorns as if they regarded them as food. Other animals reject them, except when they can not get anything else. Leguminous plants containing tannin in weak proportions are eaten by horses and cattle, but snails are not fond of them. But the garden snail, which feeds fresh clover alone, will eat it freely after the tannin has been extracted with alcohol.—Popular Science Monthly.

Where the Snail is Reverenced.
The vineyard snail is held in great esteem in Southern Europe. It is by no means uncommon in England. At one time it was believed to have been imported by the Romans; while another theory held that it was introduced about the fifteenth or sixteenth century. It is undeniably common in the vicinity of old Roman camps. But it is frequent also on chalk and other dry soils, and the opinion now generally entertained is that the Helix pomatia is a native British species. The rulers of the world were nevertheless its especial patrons. Not content with eating it stewed in every form, they fattened it in cochlearia, or styes, meal-bolled in wine being regarded as the food best fitted for producing large and juicy specimens. How successful they were may be inferred from the fact—if fact it be—that some of the shells of these domesticated snails would hold a pint of wine.

best oarsman and fighter in the woods. A club man from New York took this handsome fellow down to New York a few seasons ago, and wherever he went the crowd stopped to gaze at him. He was photographed in his rough costume, and more than one woman in New York still treasures this Adirondack Adonis as the thing about which he has been admiring, and some time ago he declared that henceforth he would guide only men and old ladies, as the young girls made him feel like a fool and couldn't do his work with any effect. His young man is reckoned the best fighter in this section and weighs considerably more than 200 pounds. It is interesting to know that "Billy" Edwards, of New York, a professional light-weight boxer, was once brought up here, and without knowing who he was our handsome friend Fred willingly accepted his invitation to put on gloves with him. The simple, good-natured guides ranged themselves about the boat-house of Paul Smith's expecting to see the little fellow from the city knocked into atoms. As they watched the fight they were astonished at the men could not be found than they were when Billy landed on the big fly's neck and sent him in a heap down among the boats. Fred took off his gloves and said he was satisfied. When Billy Edwards was introduced as the former light-weight champion of America he was looked on with more respect than if he had been President. Fred tells the story to every one and always laughs over it, his great voice sounding like a contented lion's.



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A Memorable Apple Tree.
Angelo Pacha, color-sergeant of Com. G. First Michigan cavalry, under Captain Alexander, was in the battle of Gettysburg. On the third day of the fight, when the bugle called, he drank water out of his tin cup. He placed it in the crotch of an apple tree and joined his command, and forgot all about it. Recently he went to the battlefield and bought the tree for \$25, and had the trunk cut up and carried to his home. The cup was completely embedded in the crotch of the tree, and Angelo prizes the relic beyond anything that he owns. He gave away parts of the apple tree to his old army comrades.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Yejiri Uno, a son of poor Japanese parents, was one of the twelve students out of 100 who took the highest honors at the Ann Arbor University.

A BATTLE WITH A HAWK.

A FIERCE CONTEST OVER THE POSSESSION OF A FISH.

The Bird Seizes a Hooked Pickerel and Attacks the Fisherman in His Boat—Game to the Last.

George Decker, a Monroe County fisherman, was fishing a few days ago in Goose Pond, near Pocono (Penn.) lake to the New York Sea. He hooked a pickerel, and while he was reeling it in a big fish hawk that had been sailing around at a great height above the pond all day without favorably locating any prey swooped down and seized Decker's pickerel in its talons. The pickerel was at the end of about fifty feet of line when the hawk struck it. As the hawk arose from the water with the fish it quickly reeled out all the line, which was 150 feet in length. Decker braced himself and lunged on to his pole, which was a long bamboo in one piece. When the hawk had run all the line out, the hook being still firm in the pickerel's jaw, the big bird was brought to a standstill. The line was strong enough to hold out against the hawk's tugging at it, and the hook was so deeply imbedded in the pickerel's bony jaw that the strain, great as it was, did not tear it loose. The hawk's strength started the boat, and the bird was soon towing it across the pond by means of the hook in the pickerel's jaw and the pole in the fisherman's hands.

The hawk's audacious act in swooping down upon the hooked pickerel so dumfounded Decker that he had been towed some distance before he awoke to the necessity of making an effort if he wanted to save his fish and tackle. He had a medium-sized six-shooter with him, and drawing it, he began peppering away at the hawk. Only one of the shots took effect, and that was the last one. It struck the hawk in one of its legs. With a sharp cry the bird released its hold on the pickerel, and the latter tumbled back into the water. Ed the hawk was not through with Decker yet. Upon dropping the pickerel the ugly bird darted savagely down upon the fisherman, and attacked him in the boat. This was a movement so entirely unexpected to the fisherman that he was carried completely off his feet by the force of the hawk's assault. The hawk fastened its claws in Decker's shirt at the waist, and began a vigorous onslaught with its powerful beak, seeking to drive it into the fisherman's eyes. Decker had dropped his pole, but retained his pistol in his hand. This was empty, however, and the only use he could make of it was to use it as a billy in defending himself. By raining blows on the bird's head and neck, while he protected his face and eyes with his other arm, he managed to fight the bird until he regained his feet, when he thought that the bird would either give up the fight or be easily disposed of.

The hawk, however, showed not the slightest disposition to give up, but resumed its attack with renewed vigor. The narrow boat placed Decker at a disadvantage, as it rocked and tipped every movement he made, and rendered his footing so uncertain that he had to guard against tumbling into the pond as well as the hawk's desperate lunges and strikes. Decker at last managed to make a successful grab at the hawk, and seized it with both hands around the neck. It would soon have choked the bird to death, but in making the grab the fisherman tipped the boat far over to one side, and before he could recover his balance his pitched headlong into the pond, carrying the hawk with him. To save himself from drowning he was forced to release the hawk which rose from the water, and Decker struck out for his capsize boat. The hawk's blood was still up, and as the swamped fisherman was swimming to his boat the bird swooped down upon him and fastened its talons in Decker's hair, his head being the only part of him above water. Decker's hair was thick and heavy, and the hawk secured a firm hold in it and tugged away at Decker's scalp like an Indian preparing it for the knife. Decker dived beneath the water, and seizing the hawk with one hand by one of its legs carried the big bird under with him. A desperate struggle ensued below the surface, but there the hawk was so entirely out of its element that by the time Decker was himself forced to come to the surface he had succeeded in drowning his bold antagonist.

Decker reached his boat and climbed upon it, dragging the body of the big hawk with him. Then for the first he had time to think of his fish pole and the pickerel. He discovered the pole, which was in the water 200 yards from where he had dropped it, and from the way it was moving along Decker was satisfied that the pickerel had survived its experience with the hawk, and was still alive and active with the hook in his jaw. Decker was in the middle of the pond, on his capsize boat, and helpless to get near his rod, or get ashore without swimming. He took off his clothes and struck out for the fish pole. Sure enough, the pickerel was still on the hook. Decker swam ashore, handling the pole with one hand, and succeeded in landing the pickerel, which was over two feet in length. He then swam out and pushed the boat ashore and righted it. The hawk, which had made such an unprecedented fight, measured six feet with its wings outstretched.

This mammoth hawk had made its haunts in wild hills around Goose Pond for over twenty years, and had defied all the skill and wiles of hunters in capturing it. Only last season, in this same pond, Decker had a lively fight with an enormous snapping turtle, which he had captured on an outline, and which snapped off the index finger of his right hand during the fight.

Both the climate of the country and our national habits tend to keep the brain and nervous system at a high tension. We need to see that, without a radical change, there is danger ahead for us. We need to force ourselves to take things more quietly, to think more of rest. But, meanwhile, the midday nap is of vast help. It is wonderful how much recuperative power there is in a nap of a few minutes. No one who has ever acquired the habit of a brief siesta has failed to experience it, and perhaps there is no way in which a quarter of an hour of our time every day can be invested, and with a prospect of a better divided in health and length of days than an after-dinner nap.—Youth's Companion.

TO PREVENT MOLD IN JARS.
One of the great troubles in preserving fruit in glass jars is to prevent the formation of mold on top and the consequent spoiling of fruit when it rises above the top of the sirup. A very effective, cheap and simple device is a disc of thin veneer of wood, from one-sixteenth to one-twentieth of an inch thick and from two and three-quarters to three inches in diameter for one quart jars, made from gum, beech, birch, elm or ash, as these woods have no taste, nor flavor and will not injure the fruit. To use, slip in hot water to prevent cracking, slightly bend so as to slip in the neck down below the shoulder of the jar; press down on the fruit so as to allow the sirup to rise over it. The shoulder will keep it down and in place. When you wish to use the fruit remove by running a fork under and picking it out.—Washington Star.

HOW TO PACK FRUIT AND FLOWERS.
Florists and fruit growers are cautioned by an English authority against the use of cotton as a packing material for fresh flowers and fruits. It is affirmed that cotton is a packing material for cut flowers or living plants, cuttings, scions, etc., it is the very worst if employed in immediate contact with vegetable tissues. It is advised, to observe the rule, to first wrap fruit in tissue paper before using the cotton, which may then be employed with advantage as a soft padding. But for bowers, plants and cuttings fresh clean wood moss is advised. An English horticulturist of experience tells of his success in sending cut flowers. This secret is to pack the flowers firmly and yet leave some elasticity. He packs on a layer of moss the flowers, wrapped in wax paper, and over all places a piece of the corrugated brown paper used in shipping bottles and other glass.—New York Herald.

BEST TIME TO BATHE.
The best time to bathe is just before going to bed, as any danger of catching cold is thus avoided, and the complexion is improved by keeping warm for several hours after leaving the bath. A couple of pounds of bran put into tin bag and then into the bath tub is excellent for softening the skin. It should be left to soak in a small quantity of water several hours before being used.—New York Telegram.

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HOW TO PACK FRUIT AND FLOWERS.
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BEST TIME TO BATHE.
The best time to bathe is just before going to bed, as any danger of catching cold is thus avoided, and the complexion is improved by keeping warm for several hours after leaving the bath. A couple of pounds of bran put into tin bag and then into the bath tub is excellent for softening the skin. It should be left to soak in a small quantity of water several hours before being used.—New York Telegram.

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