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MISCELLANY.

PIKE'S PEAK.

The Famous Signal Station.

On Pike's Peak there is the highest habitation on the American continent. Major Pike took the altitude and recorded it at 18,581 feet above sea level, but it is now ascertained to be only 14,366. It is not generally known that on its summit is established an army signal station. It is the highest point for scientific observation in the world, and records of the observations are sent to almost every enlightened European nation. On the summit is a stone house, rudely constructed, having 18-inch walls, and about 12 feet high. This is divided off into an office, which is used as a sleeping-room also, and a kitchen, which also answers for a dining-room and bedroom. A rude shed is attached where are stored provisions, wood, etc. J. V. Brown, Observing Sergeant, is in charge of the station, which is the most important in the service, and he has two assistants. One, strangely enough, is J. T. O'Keiffe, a newsboy and bootblack of New York, who passed the competitive examination and forced his way by his superior scholarship into Annapolis, and was subsequently expelled for hazing the colored cadet. The other is T. B. Bowlus, of Cleveland, a very capable and experienced man. Mr. Brown was our guide, and not content with showing us to the summit, he took us back to our lodgings, and the next day went trudging home to his dreary station.

"I have been here," said he in answer to my questions, "since last March. I did not open the station. It was begun in August, 1873, when the telegraph wire in Colorado Springs was laid. Its object was to learn something about upper currents of the atmosphere. Little was known except from experience in balloons. There is much that is singular about this station," said he, continuing. "For instance, at sea level it is well known that as the barometer rises the thermometer falls; and as the thermometer rises the barometer falls; but at this station as the barometer rises so also does the thermometer."

"What instruments have you here?"

"We have the barometer, which gives the pressure of the atmosphere; the thermometer, which marks the temperature; the hygrometer, which indicates the humidity of the atmosphere; the anemometer, with self-registering attachment, which marks the velocity of the wind, of which we keep a continuous record; and a rain gauge, which marks the fall of rain and snow."

"What is the lowest temperature ever observed here?"

"At one time, I do not remember the date, the thermometer showed 37° below zero, and at the same time the wind was blowing 92 miles an hour. At Mount Washington, which is less than half as high as Pike's Peak, the wind is often 100 miles an hour. This shanty," continued he, as I ran my eye over the clumsily-built house, "is really unsafe. I think a 90-miles wind would unroof it and blow it down. The contractor did not keep to his specifications."

"Do you send daily reports of your observations to Washington?"

"Not now, because the appropriation is exhausted. They were sent three times a day until last January, but I presume they will be resumed on the 1st of July."

Continuing my inquiries, I ascertained that this desolate station, which in the best weather in Summer requires a day to reach, is wholly cut off from the world for seven months in the year. Early in November the three men house themselves. They lay in provisions to last them until April or May; salt pork, corned beef, canned vegetables, lard, flour and groceries. They also keep fresh meat, beef and mutton by burying it in the snow. Wood at $17 a cord is also laid in, in bountiful supply. During these seven months not a human face do they see. They can neither get down to the living world, nor can the living world get up to them. Half the world may be drowned and the other half burned for aught they know. Countries may change, war may have blotted out geographical boundaries. If the telegraph wire works faithfully, which it does not always in that atmosphere, a scrap of news is occasionally obtained. But at best it is a dreary, dead, profitless thankless life.

"One of the most remarkable phenomena seen on the Peak," said Mr. Brown, in a later conversation, "is the electric strom. These storms generally begin with hail, and last from half an hour to four hours. The whole atmosphere is full of electricity. Sheets of fire are everywhere. Sparks crackle about your clothes and in your hair, and fill the buffalo robes and the bedding. The electricity comes through the roof, through the windows, and up from the floor. It seems as though you are in a battery. If you go out doors a cloud of electricity rests on the whole Peak; it comes from the rocks, the clouds are full of it. The lightning plays below in fearful intensity. The electricity is diffused through the atmosphere, and is everywhere in the cabin. One's hair literally stands on end, and even the furs in the cabin are stiff with it. At first one is greatly terrified, but he gets used to it." "No," continued he, in answer to a question, "it has no marked effect on a person except to give him a violent palpitation of the heart. It also, perhaps has a fatiguing effect."

Mr. Brown informed me also that the frosts on the Peak are very remarkable. "I have seen the frost," said he, "more than a foot deep all over the summit, on windows, doors, rocks, and particularly on metals. It has sometimes clogged the anemometer and stopped its working. I have seen the frost covering the telegraph wire more than eight inches deep, and in long stretches it frequently breaks the wire and stops communication."

THE COST OF THE TRIAL.—It is no easy matter to calculate the cost of the trial of the cause of Tilton against Beecher. It not generally known to any newspaper man what fees counsel receive. The trial has cost the county of Kings at least $40,000. The jurors have received $3,600. The total jury expense including panels of 1,500 men, amounts to $5,194. The County Treasurer has paid out $26,154 as the county's share of the expenses of the Tilton-Beecher trial. This does not include the pay of the detailed policemen, which will foot up a large sum, neither does it embrace the bill of Mr. Parker for feeding the jury.

Mr. Beecher's trial expenses can hardly be less than $70,000. Mr. Tilton is out of pocket some $15,000, which amount he will easily earn as soon as the lecture season begins. All told, $140,000 is a moderate estimate of the cost of the great suit.

Washington's Morristown Headquarters.

The chief event of Monday at Morristown, New Jersey, was the public opening of the house which Washington used as his headquarters, and which, in the hands of the association which now owns it, has received such repairs as will preserve it from decay without changing its appearance. The exercises consisted of speeches by Senator Randolph and Ex-representatives Hill and Phelps. In his speech Senator Randolph said:

"This house had its foundations laid in 1772, and was ready for occupancy and was occupied by Colonel Ford's family in 1774. They builded well. The oaken planks that make these outer walls, caulked like the frame of a great frigate, are as sound to-day as when they sheltered Washington from the storms of the terrible winter of '79-'80. The carved work about these doors and on these beautiful cornices are rare specimens of elegance in woodwork. It would be difficult to excel their chaste design to-day.

"The same oaken doors open to you as they did to Washington; the massive knocker his hand was wont to touch yet waits obedient to your wish. The floors he trod in anxious thought and with wearied brain, you may tread. The century has wrought no change in rafter or beam or floor or sheltering oak. Is there no significance in the remarkable preservation of this house?

"This dwelling was for many months the home of Martha, the wife of George Washington. Within these rooms, with quiet dignity and grace, she received her husband's guests. Under this roof have been gathered more characters known to the military history of our Revolution than under any other roof in America. Here the elegant and brilliant Alexander Hamilton lived during the long winter of '79, and here he met and courted the lady he afterwards married—the daughter of General Schuyler. Here, too, was Greene—splendid fighting Quaker as he was—and the great artillery officer Knox, the stern Steuben, the polished Kosciusko, the brave Schuyler, gallant Light Horse Harry Lee, old Israel Putnam, 'Mad Anthony' Wayne, and last to be named of all, that brave soldier, but rank traitor—Benedict Arnold. Here, too, from time to time gathered prominent members of the Continental Congress.

"The furniture used by these soldiers and statesmen is here in part to-day. The dressing bureau, chairs, tables and stands have been preserved through all these years and kept within these walls. The small stand or table upon which Washington wrote his despatches, and upon which the ink stains he made still remain, is ours to-day. The curious old secretary he used, with its hidden drawers and quaint workmanship, stand here now as it did then. The mirrors used by General and Lady Washington you may see your faces reflected in. The old camp chest, heavy and solid, is yet good for a long campaign. The specie wagon—a curious contrivance as you see—long and deep and partitioned, swung between broad wheels, held all the specie, no doubt, of that almost specie-less time."

The Stockings of the Period.

[From the Home Journal.]

The Paris shops are full of the most fanciful designs in this one detail of feminine attire. They are made in cream color, lemon color, orange yellow, straw color, pink, pale blue, pale green, lilac, light brown, dark brown, crimson, scarlet, purple—in short, in every shade of every color. But the precise tint is only half the question; the designs worked upon the stockings are by far the most important part of it, as regards fashion, and these are of the most varied description.

One pair of stockings which excited much admiration from the passers of a certain well-known shop in Paris was in lemon color, and the instep of each foot was covered with bunches of black currants, with their twigs and leaves, most delicately embroidered in the colored silks.

Another example of ornamentation lay close at hand, in the form of a black silk stocking, round the leg of which a garter of pink rose-buds and leaves winding upward from the ankle was exquisitely embroidered. This last fashion is very popular just now. Stockings so embroidered are, of course, enormously dear. Few women can afford to buy many such expensive articles of dress as these garlanded stockings; therefore it becomes a matter of eager competition among the leaders of fashion to secure as many specimens of the latest rage as their purses will allow. The mania is instilled, and henceforth the woman of the world takes rank according to her stockings. Garlands of flowers do not hold the field alone, it must be observed. In some cases inscriptions and devices are embroidered round the legs of the modern stockings, and rows and patterns are worked in colored silk stars or spots. The ground, however, of all this work must, on no account, be white.

Home Made Wills.

John Jennings, of New York, recently deceased, never learned to employ a lawyer to draft his will, and, therefore, now that he is dead, the grasses around the edge of his newly-made grave bend over and nod in sorrow that John's will is being contested. He made it himself. In this manner he disposed of his estate: "To me sister, Mrs. Carboy $2,000; to me wife's brother, John Kindregan, $700—if he dies before we can get the money his children can get it themselves, Mick, James and Caty; to Celia, Mrs. Lobin, $600—if she is dead her children may get the money, equal shares; to Bridget, Mrs. Madden, £20, and if she is dead her son Patrick or children may get it; to Bishop McCloskey, for the 'nue cathedral,' $50," and smaller sums to various charities. The codicil of the will, not signed or dated, reads as follows: "Margaret, if you get $4,000 for the house, you give $300 to Celia, $300 each to the Margarets." The will has gone into the courts on a contest. Two judges have held that the document is valid, and two that it is absolutely void, and the whole case now rests in the Supreme Court. The most intense haters of legal technicalities and forms will not care to encourage amateur will-writing to such a degree as to sacrifice explicitness to simplicity.

Heredity in Human Longevity.

In the Sanitarian for July there is an article on "Biometry," in which the effect of heredity in the matter of human longevity is thus touched upon:

"It is found from observation that where there has been long and vigorous ancestral stock upon one side, with perhaps short life engrafted from the other, such person will arrive at a period of partial decline, with ill health, and subsequently recover, living on and beyond this deflection, being sustained by the vitalizing secretory influences of the longer-lived ancestor. A moment's reflection will call to mind many such instances, as when persons have remarked that at a certain period of their lives they were suffering from some special disorder, from which after a period they have seemingly entirely recovered and enjoyed sound robust health.

"That longevity is a resultant of heredity no one will dispute and that it does not wholly depend upon race, climate, mode of life, or special observance of sanitary law, is also a self-evident fact. Those who have inherited it can, seemingly with impunity, almost defy all sanitary law, and yet continue to live up to and beyond the allotted limit of 'three score years and ten,' while those who have not inherited long life cannot by any system of life, or observance of the laws of health or process of prolongation, protract their naturally short-lived inheritance. Of course we must admit that abuse can and does shorten the lives of the naturally long-lived, and acute disease or great injuries cut them off suddenly; but the rule holds good, that the naturally long-lived inheritance affords that innate power of resistance which will carry them through disaster and disease that will certainly destroy the naturally short-lived.

"The probably short lived may be equally healthy and robust, and able to do almost as much, while that life lasts, as the longer lived, yet it seems to be the fact and nature's law, that the period of existence has had its limit beyond which no process of prolonging can avail to carry it beyond the allotted period. The secerning elements of the vital organs have their limits, and hence control the existence of the whole organism. We see this illustrated in almost every organ of the body; certain parts cease to perform their functions, die out; and, so long as these are not vital, life continues, although it may be in a restricted sense—as, for instance, persons become bald or partially so at a certain age; they say the same occurred in their ancestors at about the same age; others find their digestive powers failing, and remark the same thing as having occurred in their parents or grandparents. The secretory vitality of these parts is then seen to follow the law of heredity.

"Without an inheritance of long-lived secretory powers it is in vain to expect any great degree of longevity in the descendants.

"In estimating the probability of a lifetime it is entirely useless to depend upon the general average of human life. This rule holds good only as respects human life at large, and therefore we must look beyond life statistics to sum up the problem. With the duration of individual life general average holds no command. Ancestral longevity will not obey the general average law, but defies death in many shapes, holding on tenaciously until the machine, actually from rust and the interstitial deposits of years among its most delicate parts, wears out."

Mother Shipton's Prophecy.

[From the Springfield Republican.]

Every now and then, for these four hundred years and more, some one has brought to light the prophecy and memory of Mother Shipton. As event follows event in mechanical progress, her doggerel verses fall in so pat that they must needs be quoted. One of the predictions thereof—"Fire and water shall wonders do"—has come to pass time and again, and the latest fulfillment is in the Keely motor. This Mother Shipton was one that would have taken high rank as a medium in our day; in her's, the fifteenth century, she was said to have been begotten, like the wizard Merlin, of the phantasm of Apollo, or some aerial demon under that guise, and a beautiful orphan Yorkshire girl, named Agatha. She had the weird, lonely girlhood that the child of shame is apt to have, avoided or persecuted by those who should have been her mates; she was christened Ursula by the Abbot of Beverly, and grew up so eccentric and unnaturally shrewd that by and by this tradition, in those superstitious days, grew about her birth. She prophesied as she grew older, and even "persons of quality" consulted her. She told the great Wolsey that he should never come to York, and, indeed, when within eight miles of it, he was arrested by Northumberland at King Henry's order, and brought to Leicester, where he died. Also she is said to have foretold the great fire of London, the execution of Charles I. and many notable events besides of the Reformation of the reign of Elizabeth and James. At the age of seventy-three she foretold her death, and at the hour predicted she died. Her name is a popular tradition in Yorkshire even to-day, and the tradition is founded in part upon fact. Her famous prophecy was said to have been published in her life-time, and again two hundred years ago: it was certainly published forty years ago, for we have seen it in a book of that time, where it was said to be copied from an older book. Though most of the items are vague enough, some show a marked coincidence with remarkable events, such as the invention of steam, railway locomotives and turnels, the telegraph, ironclads, and the admission of Jews into Parliament (in 1858). Without further preface, these are the elegant lines:

Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe;
Around the world thoughts shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye.
Water shall yet more wonders do
Now strange, but yet they shall be true;
The world upside down shall be
And gold be found at the root of a tree;
Through hills man shall ride
And horse nor ass be at his side;
Under water men shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.
In the air shall men be seen
In white, in black, in green;
Iron in the water shall float
As easy as a wooden boat;
Gold shall be found and shown
In the land that's not now known;
Fire and water shall wonders do,
England shall at last admit a Jew,
The world to an end shall come
In eighteen hundred eighty-one.

Death of Father Nicephorus—One Hundred and Seventeen Years of Age.

[From the Pall Mall Gazette, June 26.]

The death of a "veritable centenarian" is reported from Mount Athos. Father Nicephorus, of the Convent Zitza, has just passed away at the age of one hundred and seventeen years. A romantic souvenir, says the Levant Herald, is attached to the earlier days of this venerable priest. He was the actual caloyer who, according to Mr. Hobhouse, Byron's travelling companion, entertained the poet "in a warm chamber with grapes and a pleasant white wine, not trodden out with the feet, but pressed from the grape by the hand," and who in gratitude was immortalized by his guest in "Childe Harold:"—

Here dwells the caloyer, nor rude is he,
Nor niggard of his cheer; the passer by
Is welcome still.

Father Nicephorus, it is said, preserved to the last years of his long life a lively recollection of Byron's visit to Zitza. Mount Athos air seems to agree with the monks, for the other day another caloyer died at the age of 103. Probably, however, it is not only the air, but the "absence of worry" on Mount Athos which is favorable to longevity. The monks who inhabit monasteries in that elevated situation are not much troubled with the cares that shorten the life of so many secular householders. They are not pestered by dishonest and discontented servants, by extortionate tradesmen or by many morning visitors. They live, too, chiefly on herbs, fruits and fish, and keep regular hours. If Father Nicephorus had "dined out" six nights in the week, eating immense quantities of unwholesome food, breathing an impure atmosphere and only retiring to rest in the early hours of the morning he would probably not have attained the ripe age of 117.

The Nipenchin Skirt.

A case of agony occurred, yesterday, at the corner of Chartres and Canal streets, which makes the heart sad on contemplation. A young lady came along, hermetically sealed up by a battery of pins in one of the new style of walking dress, which, by the way, has the quality of prettiness to recommend it, whatever may be the physiological objections to it. At the corner she happened to drop her handkerchief, and a man near by, whom the sequel will show to be a veritable beast in disguise, made a forward movement to pick it up. In the act of doing so, he reconsidered his resolution, and stood stately up, leaving the handkerchief where it was. The young lady made an agonizing appeal with a pair of brilliant black eyes to the tantalizing male, but he ungallantly remained obdurate to the mute request, and laid his spine against the lamp post. She then made three efforts herself to pick it up, but failed. Finally she made a kind of semi-circular spring, such as men make when they run races in sacks, and, picking up the handkerchief, she left rapidly, while the blushes went way back to her hair.—[New Orleans Picayune.

Poisoning the Potato Bug.

A timely and instructive letter from Prof. McMurtrie, of the National Department of Agriculture at Washington, on the subject of the potato beetle and the remedy is published. This gentleman is reputed to be the most thoroughly and minutely informed scientific man in the country on this subject. In particular, he has made constant experiments with a view to ascertain the effect of mineral poisons, and especially those containg arsenic, on the health of plants. This is a point of great interest, inasmuch as it has been found that the potato bug can be exterminated by posion, and Paris green (a mixture of arsenite and acetate of copper) is the cheapest and most easily applied poision adapted to this use. Fears, however, have been raised that the poison which kills the grubs of the beetle may enter into the composition of the plant, making the remedy worse than the evil. Upon this point Prof. McMurtrie's experiments tend to dissipate all fears. In the plants that were killed, in the plants that were stunned, and in the plants which grew to full perfection, with the varying amounts of Paris green mingled with the soil of his pots, the most rigorous chemical analysis could detect no trace of arsenic in the composition of the plant itself.—As to the effect on the growth of crops he has found that the intermixture of this poison with the soil in large quantities destroys vegetable growth, but that in the small quantities requisite for destroying insects it does not interfere with or impede it at all. As the potato beetle is threatening extensive damage, the communication of Prof. McMurtrie is of timely and general interest. The substance of it will also appear in the monthly report of the Department of Agriculture.

The Minneapolis Tribune relates some of the pranks cut up by a recent tornado near Mendota, Minnesota. We are told, among other things, that a pine stick two inches square was driven into an elm tree with such force that it was fairly bedded in the living wood. A woman, Mrs. Patrick Tully, was carried a distance of five rods, clear across one ravine and deposited in another. The lady is still suffering severely from the injuries, having been badly cut and bruised. A farmer named Edward Pareau, living two miles south of Mendota, owned a little flock of fifteen sheep when the storm struck his place, and of this number eleven were missing. Subsequently, eight of them were found in the trees tops, fully one mile from his house. Two of them were found pinned together by a board that had been driven through the bodies of the poor animals and then into the ground, a fact which will be considered as suggestive of a new mode for "stringing" mutton. The fencing on Mr. Pareau's farm was blown from the ground, posts and all Mr. George Gage, living six miles southwest of Mendota, had ten acres of heavy oak timber on his place, and they were swept clean by the wind, as if an army of choppers had passed through the tract on a tour of malicious destruction. Some large trees, roots and all, were carried a distance of one and a half miles. John Berke, a farmer living four miles from Mendota, had his house lifted bodily from its foundations and torn to pieces while whirling in the air, and crashing against other debris of the storm.

MARK TWAIN.

An Old Engineer Who Remembers Him as a "Cub"—A Piloting Experience Not Set Forth in the Atlantic.

A St. Louis correspondent of the Milwaukee Sentinel writes: While sitting in front of the Southern Hotel, talking to a future great citizen about the old steamboat days of St. Louis, when Captains, clerks and pilots ran the town, and ran it under a full head of steam, an ancient mariner let up on whittling the arm of the next chair, turned toward us, and remarked: "You was speaking of the old river days?" "We was," I replied. "Perhaps, now, you have been reading some of Sam. Clemens' yarns?" I held up a copy of the Atlantic, open at Mark Twain's article, which had really brought about the conversation. "Yes, I thought so; well, he don't tell all he knows," said the social riverman, reaching over for a tobacco pouch which a gentleman was passing to a friend. "There's one little affair he hasn't worked into print yet, and it isn't likely he will."

The social quit off on his reminiscence at this point, and talked generally about the bad outlook of the crops and universal disadvantage of dryness. Seeing that nothing but gin and sugar would start him anew, he was persuaded into a convenient bar-room, and, after hoisting in three fingers (held vertically), a handful of crackers, and several chunks of cheese, he proceeded with his anecdote, interrupting himself a number of times to remark to the bar-keeper. "The same, pard."

"I was first engineer of the Alexander Scott when Sam. Clemens (Mark Twain) was a cub in her pilot-house. He was a chipper young chap, with legs no bigger than a casting line, and fuller of tricks than a mule colt. He worked off jokes on everybody aboard, from the skipper down to the roosters (darky deckhands), but they were all taken in good part, only I lay by two or three to pay back. About the time Sam. got the run of the river well enough to stand alone at the wheel, the Scott went into the Lower River trade, carrying cotton from Memphis to New Orleans. Perhaps, now, you never see a boat in the cotton trade burn? Well, you may cover your cotton from stem to stern with tarpaulins, and keep your donkey-engines steamed up, but if a spark of fire touches cotton enough to fill a tooth, your boat's a corpse. It's quicker'n gun-powder to burn, and no pilot can reach the lower deck from the texas in time to save himself, let alone his Saratoga. So, you see, every body in that trade is on the watch, and an alarm of fire in a boat loaded with cotton will turn a man's hair gray quicker'n an alligator can swaller a nigger.

"Sam, being a young pilot, and new to the cotton trade, was told over and over again how the profession would lose a promising cub if ever a fire broke out on the Scott, and the boy got nervous. My striker and me always managed to be in the lunch-room when Sam. came off watch, and as he came in we would talk about the number of cotton boats that burnt in such a year, and how such a cub would have made a lightning pilot if he hadn't got burnt up in the cotton trade, and we always noticed that Sam.'s appetite failed him after that, and instead of going to bed he would go prowling around the lower deck, and peering about the hatchways, smelling at every opening, like a pup that had lost its master.

"One day when we backed out of Memphis with a big cargo of cotton, I complained, in Sam.'s hearing that the mate had loaded the boat too near the engines. The boy followed me into the engine-room, and, without seeming to notice him, I told my striker I would do my level best to keep that cotton from catching fire, but that it was a slim chance with bales piled right up before the furnace-doors. Sam. got whiter'n a bulk-head, and went up to the texas, where he packed his Saratoga, ready for any business that might come before the meeting. When he went on watch I posted the second clerk to keep an eye on him.

"He hid behind a smoke-stack and saw Sam. alone in the pilot-house, his hair on end, his face like a corpse's, and his eyes sticking out so far you could have knocked them off with a stick. He danced around the pilot-house, turned up his nose like he was smelling for a polecat; pulled every bell, turned the boat's nose for the bank, and yelled fire! like a Cherokee Indian on the war path. That yell brought everybody on deck. We had a big cargo of passengers and the women screeched, the men rushed for cork pillows, and the crew yanked the doors off their hinges and rushed to the guards, ready to go overboard at the first moderation of weather. The skipper had hard work to make the crazy passengers believe that there wasn't any fire, but he brought them to reason finally. I paid no attention to Sam.'s frantic yells, so the boat didn't run her nozzle against the bank he aimed for. The captain and first pilot and a lot of passengers after hunting all over the boat, couldn't find a sign of fire anywhere outside the furnaces, and then they went for Sam. He swore up and down that he smelt cotton burning; no use talking to him—he knew the smell of burning cotton, and by thunder, he had smelt it.

"The first pilot said kind of soft and pityingly to Sam: 'My boy, if you'd told me you was so near the jim-jims I'd stood double watch for you. Now you go and soak your head in a bucket of water, and take a good sleep, and you'll be all right by to-morrow.' Sam just biled over at this, and when a pretty, young woman passenger said to the skipper, loud enough for Sam. to hear, "So young and nice looking, so—how sad it would make his poor mother feel to hear how he drinks," he fairly frothed at the mouth. You never see a fellow so touched down as Sam. was after that, and though the boys never quit running him, he never talked back, but looked kind of puzzled—as though he was trying to account for the smell of that cotton smoke.'

"And what was the cause of the smell?" I asked mine Ancient. He chuckled a full minute and said: "You see there's a speaking-tube running from the engine-room to the pilot-house. I had in mind the tricks Sam. had played on me, and having worked him to a nervous state about fire, I waited till he was alone in the pilot-house, and then set fire to a little wad of cotton, stuffed it into the speaking-tube, and the smell came right out under his nose. A little sugar in it, pard."

Rearing Profitable Horses.

A writer in one of the reports of the Agricultural Department states that speed in a horse has now become essential to the comfort and convenience of the people, and it commands its money value accordingly. The wants as well as the habits and tastes of the community have changed materially since railroad traveling has become so universal. Men accustomed to a speed of from twenty to thirty miles an hour in the cars cannot be expected to content themselves with the common rate of five or six miles an hour, and the majority of the people now want a horse to go off easily and even without over urging at the rate of ten or even twelve miles an hour, and the horses that do it are not very common, whereas formerly they were only exceptions to the general rate of speed. Speed is, to be sure, only one of the many qualities which are essential to a good roadster, and size, style, action, temper, form, constitution and enduring qualities are equally important in making a general estimate of the character of the horses of this or any other period. The aggregate money value has been greatly enhanced because of the number of fast horses has increased, and speed will demand its price. The art of training the horse to the trot or to any other gate, and developing all his powers in it, is far better understood now than it was forty or even twenty years ago, and the increase in speed has been to a great extent due to this source. Then it is a well ascertained fact that the exercise and development of any particular qualities or capacities in animals not only enables them to excel in such characteristics become hereditary, or at least are much more easily trained and developed in their offspring. There is another thing which has operated most hopefully on the general improvement of our horses, especially in their speed, and that is the high price which they have commanded during the last few years. The profit made in producing first-class animals has been great, and the stimulus it has afforded to skill in breeding has been of itself sufficient to account for much of the progress that has been made.—[N. Y. Herald.

A Ship With Wings and Paddles.

[From the Gainesville (Ga.) Eagle.]

Mr. Micajah Dyer, of Union county, has recently obtained a patent for an apparatus for navigating the air. The machine is an ingenious one, containing principles entirely new to aeronauts, and which the patantee confidently believes have solved the knotty problem of air navigation. The body of the machine in shape resembles that of an eagle, and is intended to be propelled by different kinds of devices, wings and paddle wheels, both to be simultaneously operated through the instrumentality of mechanism connected with the driving power. In operating the machinery, the wings receive an upward and downward motion, in the manner of the wings of a bird, their outer ends yielding as they are raised, but opening out, and then remaining rigid while being depressed. The wings, if desired, may be set at angle so as to propel forward as well as to raise the machine in the air. The paddle wheels are intended to be used for propelling the machine in the same way that a vessel is propelled on water. An instrument answering to a rudder is attached for guiding the machine. A balloon is to be used for elevating the "flying ship," after which it is to be guided and controlled at the pleasure of its occupants. Mr Dyer has been studying the subject of air navigation for thirty years, and has tried various experiments during that time, all of which failed until he adopted his present plan. He took an eagle for his model, and has constructed his machine to imitate his pattern as nearly as possible. Whatever may be the fate of Mr. Dyer's patent he himself has the most unshaken faith in its success, and is ready, as soon as the machine can be constructed, to board the ship and commit himself to the wind.

How a Kentuckian Took the Bees.

[From the Springfield Kentuckian.]

Enoch Royalty of Anderson county discovered a bee tree a few days ago, a large poplar. The bees had found a hollow 107 feet from the root of the tree, which they had taken possession of and filled with honey. Enoch thought it would be a rich prize, so he adopted the following mode of securing it:—Commencing near the ground, he bored a large auger hole at a height he could reach, in which he put a strong pin; on this he sat and bored another hole at a convenient distance above, in which he drove another pin, and proceeded in this way until he reached the height of 107 feet, where he deliberately cut off the top of the tree. He then possessed of the honey, rich in quantity and quality, secured the bees, and descended safely to the ground. He proposes to make another similar and more adventurous conquest in a short time. Above Oregon, on the Kentucky river, there is a cliff two hundred feet high, and at the height of one hundred feet there is evidently an immense bee home, where the bees have been at work from a time to which the memory of man runneth not back to the contrary. Enoch says that's his meat, and before the season is over he intends to have it.

According to G. W. P. Custis's recollections, the grooming of Washington's white horse was something surprising. The night before the horses were expected to be ridden they were covered entirely over with paste, of which whiting was the principal component part; then the animals were swathed in body clothes, and left to sleep on clean straw. In the morning the composition had become hard, was well rubbed in, and curried and brushed, which process gave to the coats a beautiful glossy and satinlike appearance. The hoofs were then blackened and polished, the mouths washed, teeth picked and cleaned, and the leopard-skin housing being properly adjusted, the white chargers were led out for service.

Crime in Summer.

There is said to be an increase of crime in summer. Suicides are more common in summer, but this, also, may be accounted for by natural causes. Suicide generally is the result of business failure or lack of occupation, either or both combined producing despair, and a careless disregard of life. From the general dullness which pervades every community during the extremely warm months, commercial failures are common; from failures in business comes lack of occupation, and from idleness comes misery. The disappointed and unhappy fly to suicide, and the more so in summer, because the causes of their trouble are more frequent in that season than in any other. In France suicide by drowning is frequent in July and August, and other warm months—much more so than at any other time. Not even a suicide likes to jump into cold water. There is something about the first chilling plunge that repels one from it in winter. But in summer the heat of the atmosphere, and the fire that is burning in a man's brain, make him regard the spring into the waves as a pleasant thing. It is to him the end of all trouble and the beginning of rest. It is so with financial crimes. Forgery, embezzlement and petty larceny are more frequent then because the summer stagnation of business causes general depression. This makes felt the need of funds, and obliges men to get money in some way; and, if it does not come by fair means it is obtained in any ready way that suggests itself. Philosophers have been speculating on the connection between crime and warm weather, and no doubt in time there will be evolved a long, profound, non-understandable theory about "Psychology and increase of temperature during the summer months, and consequent mental and moral aberration."

Snails.

One of the singular industries pursued by the Parisians is that of fattening snails for the market. That the demand for this article of diet is large is proved by the fact that a great number of persons find profitable employment in furnishing an adequate supply. Most snail-breeders who carry on their business outside the "barriers" of Paris fatten the molluscs in tanks, but some prefer to keep the creatures in the open air. The preserve in which snails are fed is divided into eight or ten separate, inclosures, each of which is surrounded by a line of sawdust four inches broad, and freshly laid each morning. This simple hedge is an effectual barrier to the passage of any helix tempted to indulge vagabond propensities and stray beyond the boundaries of its allotted precincts. Each daily consignment of snails is deposited in one of the parks or inclosures, and is left to fast for 48 hours. After this they are removed to another park, where they are provided with abundance of food, consisting of cabbages, lettuce, endives, thyme and vine leaves. Purified by their prolonged fast, the snails eat with voracity, and in eight or ten days are fat enough to satisfy the eye and taste of a Parisian epicure. The tax upon fatted snails is very small, but it is estimated that, were the levy to be raised to one-quarter of that set upon oysters, and fifty snails to be counted as one dozen bivalves, the revenue annually arising from their consumption in Paris would amount to 200,000 francs. It is stated that a diet of snails reduces a man's flesh until he becomes a mere skeleton. The edible snail of the Gold Coast has a shell three inches long by two inches deep. From this he protrudes a pair of tentacles are the choice part of the animal, and are served whole in that savory compound called snail soup. Shrimp-fishing is also an extensive industry to France, and is mostly pursued by women. The shrimps are plentiful on sandy shores, and the fishers wade knee-deep into the sea, pushing before them a net in the form of a wide mouthed bag sowed around a hoop and fastened to the end of a pole by means of a cross-piece. A bag tied around the waist receives the animals as they are caught. In winter the shrimp retires to deeper water, and is there captured in nets drawn by boats. These nets are now made of galvanized wire, which resists the action of the water, and is a great improvement upon twine. Shrimps are sometimes left by the retiring tide in sandy pools, and when alarmed will bury themselves in the sand by a dexterous movement of their fan-like tail. In feeding they grasp their prey by the short rake like appendages between the claws proper and the tail, and pass it along up to the claws, and so on to the mouth. The choice between shrimps and snails as food is a mere matter of taste. Many persons who partake of the one reject the other with loathing, but there seems, in fact, no reason why both are not as clean and wholesome as the oyster.

Run Your Pen Through the Blanks.

A man drew a note promising to pay one hundred dollars. He used a printed form, and did not close up the blank devoted to dollars, and after passing a negotiable paper, somebody inserted "and fifty" after the one hundred and before the printed dollars. The note thus altered got into the hands of an innocent party, who presented it to the drawer, and the Supreme Court decided that the maker of the note was liable for its face because through negligence he did not draw a line between the written word "hundred" and the printed word "dollars." Any testimony that the drawer might offer to establish the fact that he gave the note for one hundred dollars must go for nothing, as there was nothing on the face of the note showing that it had been altered. Evidence of alteration on the face of the note would have changed the case. Let this be a lesson to all drawers of promissory notes. No one can be too careful in such matters.

Washington had a headquarters in Morristown a hundred years ago. George seems to have had quite a genius for creating headquarters. He spilled them over the country pretty recklessly. The Merristown headquarters is an old and large farm-house, which has been bought by patriotic ladies, and will be kept as a museum of Revolutionary relics and other mementoes of the old times.

The Moon and the Earth.

[From a Review in the London Spectator.]

Imagine how breathless the interest with which we should have awaited each revelation of the marvelous instruments which science employs in the work of lunarian discovery, if our satellite had been inhabited, and we could have discovered something like our own human life? Unhappily any such imagination is out of the question. A place without air and water, and in which the temperature passes through a range of nearly 700° within a fortnight, must present conditions of which we cannot form any conception. Another peculiarity which, to our notions at least, would be unpleasant, is supplied by the meteors. Here they are a pretty spectacle; in the moon they cannot be seen, but they must, at times, at least keep up a very brisk cannonade. "As there is no atmosphere," write our authors "to consume the meteors by fractional heat or break by its resistance the velocity of their descent, they must strike the moon with a force to which that of a cannon ball striking a target is feeble indeed." If these difficulties could be removed, the moon would be a most eligible place for the observation of astronomical phenomena—for finding out, for instance, all that we are so laboriously seeking to discover about the sun. The earth, too, would present a spectacle of extraordinary beauty.

"At this sunset time, the earth, nearly in the zenith of us (the supposed lunar spectators) will be at its half illuminated phase, and even then it will shed more light than we receive upon the brighest of moonlight nights. As the night proceeds, the earth's phase will increase through the gibbous stages until at midnight it will be full, and our orb will be seen in its entire beauty. It will perform at least one of its twenty-four-hourly rotations during the time that it appears quite full (the night is more than three hundred hours long) and the whole of its surface features will in that time pass before the lunar spectator's eye. At times the northern pole will be turned toward our view, at times the southern; and its polar ice-cans will appear as bright, white spots marking its axis of rotation. The seas would appear (as far as can be inferred) of pale bluegreen tint, the continents parti-colored, and the tinted spots would vary with the changing terrestrial seasons."

A Colorado letter states that wool growing is destined to be one of the heaviest and most important interests in the Territory. "There is no location in the country better fitted for sheep. The climate is mild, and in most cases the sheep graze the year around. The water is abundant and the bunch grass in the valleys is very nutritious. Few lambs die in the fields, and there are no diseases among the sheep, and never have been any in this Territory. While in the southern and western portions of the Territory I saw many large flocks of sheep, numbering thousands. I was surprised at the number of lambs, which seemed to be equal to the sheep. The wool here is very clean and entirely free from briars, burdocks, &c. The increase of wool shipments from Colorado has been forty per cent. a year for the last three or four years, and this year the increase will be still greater. The flocks are mostly Mexican improved by Merino blood brought from the East. Fine-wool-ed sheep keep up to the standard very successfully, but crossing with the Mexican breed makes the wool coarser, and as a consequence of less value There is only a local demand for the mutton, which is used largely in the mines. It is of very good quality, fine grained, firm and tender. The spring cutting of wool is estimated at from 3,000,000 to 5,000,000 pounds. One firm in this city, (Denver,) has already purchased over 500,000 pounds, and expect to handle during the season 1,500,000 pounds. Eastern buyers are already scattered over the Territory, and large shipments have been made to Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, and Canton, Ohio. Philadelphia is probably the leading market for Colorado wool. The prices are from 24 to 30 cents. The attempt to cultivate the Angora goat, which was tried here a few years ago, was a failure, and has been wholly abandoned.

How Butter is Sometimes Tainted.

Winter and Spring butter is often very much injured in flavor by allowing cows to eat the litter from horse stables. Cows are not unfrequently very fond of this litter, though it is impregnated with liquid manure from the houses, and if allowed, they eat it greedily; and the effect is that their milk and butter will be tainted with the taste of this kind of food, in the same way that the flavor is injured by eating turnips, but to a more disagreeable degree. If litter is allowed to be eaten, it should be only given to cattle not in milk, and on no account should milch cows be allowed to consume other than the sweetest and purest food. Very nice buttermakers are sometimes at a loss to account for stable taints in butter, especially when extraordinary precautions have been taken to have the milking done in the most perfect manner, and so on in all the processes of handling milk until the butter is packed for market.—Still, butter has a disagreeable taint and the cause often comes from allowing the cows, when turned out to water and exercise, to feed about the horse stable, where they consume all the litter which, on account of its being soaked with liquid manure, is cast out of the stable.

The Great Bridge.

The first object that strikes the stranger, at St. Louis, is the bridge across the Mississippi. This is a magnificent piece of work, a credit to St. Louis and to the brains and muscles of the men who could conceive and execute it. To be appreciated, as Barnum says of his show, it must be seen. It is a great work—so great that it will be more of a financial success twenty years hence than now. It is ahead of this day and generation; a bigger thing than the day and generation can pay a living interest upon. On the west side the bridge shoots up above the houses, then in among them, into the ground and under it, the ground gradually sloping down to the river, and the bridge and the tunnel running into one another, so that it is hard to tell where the one begins and the other ends. The cost of this stupendous structure, tunnel and all, is put down at thirteen millions of dollars! Think of it, for two miles of superstructure, which is about the length of the bridge and tunnel. This is more than Cincinnati expects to pay for the Southern Railroad, or rather more than she set apart for the purpose.

The first thing a cold-blooded person asks, one who does not take glory at the regular St. Louis rates, does the bridge pay? It does not. The stock, if I am correctly inform, will be rendered worthless by the first mortgage bond-holders, who, of course, have first lien. The receipts of the bridge, deducting expenses, will not pay more than two and a half per cent on its cost. The effect of this, of course, will be to eat up the stock of the stockholders. But the rich men of St. Louis had rather have their pockets operated upon considerably than not to have the bridge. It is their pride and glory. The one big thing among big things, a section of the Great Future brought into service ahead of time.

Immense Gas Flow.

At Collinwood, where are the Lake Shore Railway shops, in East Cleveland, there has been discovered a gas territory, curious particulars of which are given in the Cleveland Herald: Mr. Anson Bartlett, in digging a cellar, noticed an escape of gas from the earth. He has lately carried that gas by an india-rubber tube to his parlor, which room is lighted by it. On making known this escape of gas Mr. Joseph Parks, who owns a farm not many rods distant from the Round House of the Lake Shore Company, called attention to a spot on his farm which may be forty feet square, and which is covered by a substance resembling peat. Mr. Marsilliot and Mr. Bartlett visited the spot and commenced some experiments. This peat substance lies to the depth of three feet or less. It is composed of mineral oil, decayed vegetable matter, &c. It burns very readily and very brightly, giving out a great heat. On removing this peat from a small spot blue clay was struck, which had many seams or fissures. A rain filled up the excavation, and on going to it in the morning a very rapid bubbling was going on by the escape of the gas. An improved receiver was made by planting a tobacco pail inverted, and in that was inserted a three-eighths gas pipe. On touching a lighted match a jet of gas eighteen inches in height lit up the surroundings. That jet continues to burn steadily. Arrangements are making to utilize this gas, and the gentlemen in interest are confident there is gas sufficient to light up and heat up the shops and the dwellings of that entire section. There is every reason to suppose the supply to be inexhaustible, and if so the value of the discovery cannot be estimated.

First Class Villas.

Rural property near New York city does not seem to "pay." We find the following in the New York Times:

Within the past season, a well-known estate on the Upper Hudson beautifully situated and carefully laid out, which cost the owner $100,000, was sold for less than the mortgage upon it, or for $30,000. As the traveler sails up the Hudson beyond Newburg he will, within a short distance, see three fine properties, one of which belonged to a British Ambassador, another to one of our own foreign Ministers, another to an equally prominent person, all of which are in the market, unsalable and unrentable, one, indeed, being turned into a brickyard.—Passing still further up the stately river, the traveler will be pointed to other splendid properties belonging to old manorial estates—some whose titles came from the British crown, and others whose deeds signed by the Indian chiefs—now utterly worthless as sources of profit, the expenses of keeping them up exceeding any rent possible for them, and they themselves not finding a buyer at the price of the mortgage on them. These places, too, it should be remarked, are among the price of the mortgages on them. These places, too, it should be remarked, are among the finest in the Northern States, with handsome lawns and gardens, old trees and parks and superb views of river and mountain. The houses themselves are perhaps old, but not uncomfortable, and they are easy of access by boat and railroad. The same state of things prevails further from the river. There is one place in Dutchess county, which is said to have cost $250,000, and which could not be rented, and probably not sell for a third of its value. In the interior of the State there are numerous other estates in the same plight.

Pilloried In The Press.

There was a time, says the Philadelphia Press, when the offenders against the law were exposed to stocks and pillories, to the buffeting and jeers of the rabble; that time has passed, we are accustomed to say, with some satisfaction in the superior humanity of our own age. But abuses of this nature, which are grounded in the coarse and low instincts of the race, are only very gradually refined away, and if we look about for survivals of the pillory we shall find them, we are sorry to say, in a class of newspapers which seek to raise a laugh at the expense of those most pitiable of all men, those who have done what in them lay to forfeit human sympathy. A correspondent calls attention to this inhuman and demoralizing practice on the part of certain journals, and makes a forcible appeal for its discontinuance. The last of all subjects for the exercise of the divine gift of humor, supposing police reporters in possession of the faculty, is afforded by the circumstances attending the administration of the criminal law. None but a thoroughly demoralized nature can find matter for witticisms and laughter in the distress of fellow-men.

The following remedy is recommended for the foot-rot in sheep. Mix carbolic acid with some adherent and greasy substance, thus forming a plaster which will adhere to the foot of the sheep for two or three days, preventing contact with air, and allowing time for the production of the healing effect.