

NOTES OF THE DAY

NEW YORK is rapidly mounting to the high station once occupied by Ohio. The empire state now has the president, two members of the cabinet, three assistant secretaries, three chief clerks, seven heads of bureaus, and any number of deputy commissioners and chief clerks of bureaus and divisions.

THERE is a marked decline in the immigration to the United States for the past month, a state of affairs which is hardly a matter to be regretted, in view of the existing industrial conditions. Immigrants with money, and who intend to become farmers, are about the only class of people, from any foreign land, now really being welcome here.

RICH London merchants are discussing the advisability of private subscriptions toward the defence of that city against assault by war ships. They fear that, in the event of war with a foreign country equipped with a powerful navy, a fleet might make its way up the Thames and enforce an enormous ransom for sparing the town.

THE cottage in which Gen. Grant died on Mt. McGregor is owned by Mr. Joseph W. Drexel, and it is authoritatively announced that it will never again be occupied by any family or persons. Mr. Drexel will in due time present it to the state or national government. The house will be presented intact, with all its present belongings—furniture, fixtures, etc., as a gift to the nation or commonwealth.

PROF. ZAHM of Notre Dame college, South Bend, Ind., has returned from a trip to Alaska. He has traveled in all parts of the world, but he says the trip from Puget Sound to Alaska surpasses anything he has seen for beautiful scenery. He thinks the trip will become a favorite one with summer tourists. He reports Alaska to be as rich as Nevada was in mineral ores. Senator Miller of California, and Senator Polph of Oregon, returned on the same steamer.

THERE was an apparently authentic report a year or two ago that the copper-colored wards of the Nation were increasing in number, notwithstanding all the adverse conditions of Indian life. But this seems to have been a mistake. A census of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes recently completed, the first enumeration of these tribes since 1874—shows a total of only 3,919, whereas eleven years ago they numbered 6,261. In such a remarkable decrease there is the lesson of destiny, it would seem, for the red man. It has not been due to exceptional causes. Excepting the civilized tribes, the Cheyennes and Arapahoes are as favorably situated and in all respects as well provided for as any Indians in America. The ready inference is that the red race has been fast declining and is hopelessly doomed to final extinction.

THE hero of Appomattox passed away peacefully. Grim death touched him with a kindly hand. Even as sweet sleep overtakes at dawn the weary spirit, long suffering, the brave old soldier was borne on the wings of morning from the visible to the invisible. Gen. Grant's circle of life was complete, perfect-rounded, notable in this respect above the lives of most other great men. He finished the course of study and training at West Point; he was in the war from the beginning to the end, coming off chieftain and victor; he served eight years as president, leaving the executive chair with the high consciousness of duty done to the best of his ability; his round-the-world tour was, in all the countries through which he passed, the most memorable trip ever made by a private citizen of the United States, or of any other land, showing the universal, marvelous fame of the American soldier, final in the last months, while under the very shadow of death, a constant sufferer, he gave to his countrymen a look of personal memoirs, historically invaluable. It would seem that in every part the temple of a great life was completed.

The duke of Cumberland is conspicuous for his hatred of Germans. An alligator strayed up into Long Island Sound and was caught recently. Tomatoes are now grown in Turkish gardens under the name of red eggs. San Antonio has a newly organized cremation society with 163 stockholders. Ex-President Arthur is making a big record this season as a fisherman. Charleston, W. Va., rejoices in the discovery, near the city, of a vein of quicksilver. One blast of giant powder in Salt River, Arizona, knocked out three wagon loads of fish. Eighty degrees is about the right temperature, when you want to make your horse trot fast. Memphis doesn't consider anything under 100 degrees in the shade uncomfortable.

The Sunday closing law is made to apply to barbers in Philadelphia and it is said to work well. No matter how heavy the receipts are, the expenses usually eat them up. A doctor down east says it's risky, as well as unprofitable, for any man over 40 years of age to run. An Iowa girl tried to change the color of her eyes, and, as a result, made her face hopelessly blind.

The question of the hour is—what knocked out the roller rink? Was it public opinion or the weather?

Chicago belles complain that their pet dogs are often by themselves. Pug dogs roared are said to be good eaters.

There is one hotel flat at Atlantic City so supported by wire that it always looks as if it were being blown outward by the breeze. Opera doesn't pay the managers very well if the expenses usually eat them up.

Three men who recently attempted to climb the Chamorro glaciers "troughed up" at the bottom of a 3,000 feet precipice, hopped a week

FARM MANAGEMENT.

How to Treat Wounds in Farm Animals—Suggestions on Raising Oak Trees from Seed—General Industrial Miscellany.

Wounds in Animals.

There are two principal methods, writes an English veterinary surgeon, by which wounds are repaired. The first of these, and the more favorable of the two, is the method termed by surgeons healing by the first intention. Under favorable circumstances this takes place in an incised wound when the surfaces are brought carefully together and maintained in close contact after bleeding has ceased. The two surfaces then become cemented together by the formation of a thin intermediate layer of new tissue. The other principal mode of repair is healing by the second intention. That is what takes place in large incised wounds when the cut surfaces cannot be brought and maintained in opposition, and it is the invariable method of repair in punctured and lacerated wounds. Here the gap in the texture becomes filled up by the growth of granular material taking place from the bottom of the wound, while a new skin grows inward from the edge of the wound. This skin, however, is not exactly similar to the natural healthy skin from which it extends, being thinner, more delicate, and without any hair. A third and much rarer process of healing in wounds is what termed the immediate union. In this it is said, the divided surfaces being brought into accurate contact unite without the intermediate growth of any new texture. It is questionable if such is really the case, but it is certain that sometimes in small wounds the cut surfaces when placed together unite so speedily that exactly that no scar is left. In an incised wound treatment in the first instance should be directed toward favoring union by the first intention. The essentials for this are—a sound constitution on the part of the animal, accurate and close contact with the divided surface, and the absence of any interference with the process. Without man's interference this process would seldom or never ensue in the lower animals, for in all wounds except the smallest the cut surfaces gape apart unless some means be adopted to keep them together. The means commonly adopted by surgeons for this purpose are the application of strips of plaster across the surface of the wound, or the passing of sutures through its edge. In adopting the former plan, a few strips, according to the length of the wound, should be applied at intervals; but the entire surface should never be entirely covered by the plaster. The surfaces, moreover, should not be brought together until bleeding has been arrested, for should a clot of blood be effused into the wound it would prevent healing by this method. Sutures are simply stitches used to tie or sew the edges or surface of a wound together. They are used of various materials, such as thread, horsehair, cat-gut, and silver. Nothing further need be said about the application of these, since their insertion into a wound should always be left to a veterinary surgeon. In a punctured or a contused or lacerated wound, where the surface cannot be maintained together, or where inflammation ensues in such a wound, then the treatment must be that of a simple healing by the second intention. Inflammation, shown by redness, swelling, and great tenderness of the edges of the wound, should be combated by assiduous bathing with hot water. In a contused and lacerated wound, such as "broken knees," particles of sand and other foreign matter must be carefully and lightly sponged from the surface; in punctured wounds, or stabs, it must be made certain that nothing remains in the bottom of the wound; and in all classes of wounds healing in this way provision must be made to allow the discharge from the wound a ready escape.

With the last object it is often necessary, in a punctured wound, to encase it in a counter-opening, or to make what is called a "counter-opening"—that is, one running from the surface upward to the deepest part of the wound. The necessity for a free escape from a punctured wound is seen in the case of "pricks" of the feet. These are generally simple in their effects, and the tract of the matter is carefully followed out and enlarged; but if not, the nail-hole is apt to become obstructed, and prove insufficient for the escape of the discharge from the wound. In that case the discharge accumulates within the hoof, and gradually forces its way toward the surface, in the direction of the coronary artery to the hoof. In all wounds union is promoted by putting the part at rest. In the case of such large animals as the horse this is always extremely difficult, and sometimes it may be necessary to put the animal in slings.

Healthy wounds are seldom much benefited by the application of lotions or ointments. When the wound is of small size it is best to leave it uncovered; and if it be in summer it may be smeared with zinc ointment, or with forty parts of olive oil to one of carbolic acid. In large wounds the surface should be lightly covered with a cloth kept wet with a solution of carbolic acid in forty parts of water. When a wound shows what is called "prond flesh" it should be rubbed over at its most prominent part with sulphate of copper (blue-stone), or washed with a solution containing two ounces of sugar to a pint-bottle of water.

During the past few years large quantities of acorns have been taken from this country for the purpose of planting. White-oak acorns are preferred, and they have been chiefly obtained in the state of Missouri. They are generally planted on sandy or broken land that is intended for pasturing sheep. In Great Britain sheep are accustomed to eat acorns, and it is considered profitable to raise sheep for food. No variety of oak has received much attention at the hands of the planters of fruit trees. They are, however, generally planted on very slow growth, and for this reason they prefer to plant trees that grow rapidly and furnish fuel and timber in a shorter time. A foreign writer suggests that oaks may be raised to excellent advantage in connection with other varieties of trees that grow rapidly. He admits that oaks grow slowly while they are young, but states that they increase in size rapidly when they are fifteen to twenty years old. He therefore recommends planting a row of oaks between the rows of quick-growing trees. The latter will be large enough to use for various purposes when they are from fifteen to twenty years old. If care is exercised they may be cut down as soon as they are the young oaks. These trees being

PENCILINGS FROM LIFE.

"Have you anything to say in mitigation of your crime?" "Can't say I have." "Have you anything to say before sentence is passed, why the full penalty of the law should not be exacted?" "Well, no; I reckon not." "You have nothing then, to offer in extenuation of your misconduct?" "Hold on a minute, Judge; I believe there is one little thing; but I don't know as it will count for much, either." "Well, what is it?" "I never writ any spring poetry." "It is enough. The penalty shall be as light as the law allows. Ten days; and you shall have turkey every meal at my expense, for I used to run a newspaper myself."

"I CANNOT marry him, mamma, so please do not urge me further." "But, my dear child, he is—" "I know, what you would say, mamma; but it cannot be. I will not be his wife." "Foolish girl! Why will you be so blind to your own interests? He is all that could be wished, and has no bad habits." "You do not know him, mamma?" "How do you mean?" "He cuts onions." "But Cupid is blind." "That may be, but he can smell, and so can I, and I'll never throw myself away on a man that goes around smelling like a bologna factory half the time, if I have to be an old maid."

"HELLO, Duffy, I heard you was out West." "Yes I have been, but I got back Saturday." "How did you like it?" "Well, I was a good deal disappointed. Things have been misrepresented like the mischief." "You don't tell me." "You can't believe anything you hear. Why, bless you, I was even disappointed about the wind. You know what whopping big stories they tell about the wind out there?" "Yes." "Well, don't you believe them. I did, and I got fooled. From what I'd heard about the tall blowing in the prairie countries I went out west expecting to see a good share of the property lying down and holding on to the ground, but I didn't see anything of the kind. You may stand a board straight up against the house, and the wind will hold it there three weeks at a stretch, but when it comes to blowing the hair from a dog's slick and clean, why it just can't do that, that's all."

"I'll own that I love you, but—" "Blessed girl! And you will be my wife?" "I say I love you." "Of course you do, and you are a darling for doing it. But when shall we be married, my love?" "What's wrong? But you said you loved me." "Yes; too true; but I can not be your wife." "But why, my darling? Do your folks forbid?" "No. On the contrary, my mother favors your suit, and has urged me to accept you." "Then where's the hitch?" "Alas! I can not tell you." "And why not?" "I can not bring myself to do it."

"Judge on my feelings! Out with it, what's wrong?" "Please do not insist." "But I do insist. Come, what's the trouble?" "I could never respect you—I saw you kick the dog. Oh, Harry! My love could you—boo-hoo!" "And is that all? Ha-ha! My! what a fright you gave me. I thought it was something serious. There's no drawback about that, and we'll be married as soon as you can get ready. You poor little goose! If every woman had to respect her husband there'd be precious few weddings."—Chicago Ledger.

A Fair Distiller, of Fontrose county, Tenn., has been arrested on a charge of illicit distilling and has been taken to Nashville. She is said to be handsome and accomplished, and is supposed to have written that wild and stirring romance, "The Blue Headed Traveller," or "The Book Where the Sap Sucks out." Col. Harvey Mathes, editor of the Memphis Ledger, says that Miss Smith is undoubtedly the author of the story. This is a startling revelation in Tennessee. At one time Colonel Mathes offered three thousand dollars for the discovery of the author. When Miss Smith was arraigned before the United States court, she conducted herself with such grace and dignity, that the polite old judge, deeply impressed, arose and made her a profound bow. "Miss Smith," said the judge, "to see you in this awful predicament seriously touches me." "It does me too, judge." "Judge, you should not ask such a question, but I will tell you. I am two years older than my married sister, who was married before she was as old as I am. She has been married eighteen months and still speaks well of her husband. Now how old am I?" "I cannot tell, but to blame for your mathematical inefficiency." "Why did you go into the business of illicit distilling?" "Because I wanted to make whisky." "I suppose so. How long have you been a distiller?" "Ever since I was sixteen years old." "When were you sixteen years old?" "The year my father died." "What year was that?" "The year my Uncle Henry moved to Texas." "Miss Smith, you are a woman, but I insist that you shall answer my questions. Rejoice that if convicted of this awful crime, you will be sent to the penitentiary. What did you do with the whisky you made?" "Sold it."

"Well, judge, it would be rather hard to tell you bought it all. Some time ago a party of gentlemen came into my neighborhood to hunt deer. The party got out of whisky, but found it difficult to buy any. Afraid while I told a man if he would put his jug down on a silver dollar and go away he might, when he came back, find the jug full of whisky. He did so." "Would you know the man?" "Oh, yes, sir, I recognized him in a

moment. You are the man, judge."—Arkansas Traveller.

Why He Was Rounned. "Do you think you can sell dress-goods and ribbons?" inquired Mr. Nathan Waltrous, senior member of the retail firm of Waltrous & McGill, of Houston, Texas. The party addressed was a florid young man with a florid hair. He was, in short, quite a Florida youth, and his name was Theophilus Duggan. "I reckon so," he replied. "Can you be suave?" "Which?" "Can you support a becoming address in the presence of ladies—po-liteness, suavely, you know?" "Oh, yes," answered Duggan, "in the last place I worked the boys all said I was the suavest man in the troupe, and a ruster among customers."

"What business was it?" "Pumps—wooden and iron pumps and hydraulic rams." "Quite a different line from dress-goods and ribbons." "Well, yes, but I ain't scared to tackle 'em." Mr. Waltrous gave him a trial. The boys in the store labeled him "pumps" from the first moment of his initiation into the dress goods and ribbon department. The second day a petite "Ques" inquired for some "chicken down" nun's veiling. Pumps commenced to sweat. "What color is it?" he blurted out. The girl only rewarded him with a stony stare. Pumps rushed off after a new stock of information and inquired: "Is this a provision store or a butcher shop?" "Why?" asked a one hundred and fifteen pound salesman. "Because there's a gal there by the show case who wants chicken down."

The one hundred and fifteen pounds of pure and adulterated suavity waited on her. "Show me some elephant's breath cashmere," said an elderly lady in gold-bowed spectacles. Pumps dropped a roll of paper cambric, and again started down the road after some more information. "What's elephant's breath?" he gasped. "Hanged if I ain't thinkin' I've struck a menagerie." "It is a silk—woolen goods," murmured another salesman, moving up towards the elderly lady and selling her a large bill. "Bet your boots I'll catch on," said Pumps, swaggering before the glass where ladies stir on bonnets and hats. Another young lady interviewed Pumps in the afternoon and said: "You know our cat on gray velvet is considered very chic." "It is just the chickest thing agoin'," observed Pumps. The young lady looked grieved. "Show me some giraffe colored cashmere," she said quietly. "Another animal wanted," muttered Pumps, breathlessly, as he reached the other end of the store. He, of course, lost the sale. "Show me some crinolettes," demanded a spare woman with a cast in her eye. Pumps was nonplused. "It was you I wouldn't get a crinolette," he ventured. "You wouldn't?" sneered the lady. "No, not at this season of the year. I'd get a pair of striped stockings and a poke bonnet."

The lady walked out. "What did she want?" inquired Mr. Waltrous, who had kept his eagle eye on the proceedings. "She was hankerin' after a crinolette," said Pumps, "and I don't think we have them in stock." "These are crinolettes," said Mr. Waltrous, sternly, and pointing to a pile of garments. "Them? Why I took them for base ball masks," said Pumps. "You will have to do better than this," remarked Mr. Waltrous, impressively. "There is a woman up at the front end who wants some Apollonaris. Hadn't I better go out and get her a glass of seltzer?" Some more condensed suavity waited on the lady and sold her a polonaise, a molle waistcoat, an ostrich feather fan, and ten yards of plum-colored velvet. Pumps was paralyzed. "You fellows have got the thing down middlin' fine," he said, pulling his vermilion moustache before the mirror. "Evidently you have considerable to learn in this business," said the head-salesman to Pumps. "All I ask is a fair show for my money," returned Pumps, dejectedly. "What would you do if a lady were to inquire for an imported jersey?" "What are you giving us?" whined Pumps. "This is no stock yard or dairy farm."

"That my dear friend," said the head salesman, "is a short jacket introduced into this country by Mrs. Langtry. What if she should inquire for a toureure?" "Me—oh—I'd—" "That will do," shouted Mr. Waltrous, bobbing up from behind a bale of sheeting. "You can just turn your back on this establishment, and hunt work in a yumber yard."—Texas Siftings.

In the Days of Stage Coaches. A book recently published in England, called the "Royal Mail," tells the story of the old coaching days. "Speed" was of the first consideration, and the stoppages at the wayside stages were of very limited duration. At an inn the travelers would hardly have made a fair start in appeasing their hunger when the guard would be heard calling upon them to take their seats, which, with mouths full, and still hungry, they would be forced to do, though with a bad grace and a howl—the acknowledged privilege of Englishmen. A story is told of one passenger, however, who was equal to the occasion. Leisurely sipping his tea and eating his toast, this traveler was found by the landlady, the breakfast-room when the other passengers were seated and the coach was on the point of starting. Boniface appealed to him to take his place, or he would be left behind. But, replied the traveler, that I will not do till I have a spoon to sup my egg. A glance apprised the landlady that not a spoon adorned the table, and, rushing in, the passengers were searched for the missing articles. Then out came the satisfied traveler, who also submitted to the search and afterwards mounted the coach; and as the mail drove off he called to the landlady to look inside the teapot, where the artful traveler had placed the dozen spoons, with the double object of cooling the tea and his second cup, and detaining the coach till he drank it.

WASHINGTON'S TREES.

Nation's Capital Leads the World in Shady Sidewalks—Their Effect on Health.

The air of Washington is full, at this season of year, of a white, downy substance. If you open your mouth to talk about it, you are immediately the subject of *The Cincinnati Times-Star*, it flies into it; if you wink at a pretty girl on the avenue you get it in your eyes. It flies into the white house on the wings of the wind, and rolls up in fluffy white balls in the corners of the great vestibule through which the disappointed office-seekers go out from their calls on the president. It does not stop there. It penetrates to the rooms of the private secretaries, and the cabinet-room, and even the office of the president himself. It attends the cabinet meetings, flies in the faces of the stately heads of the departments, and tickles the nose of the president. It looks like down, and to the stranger who is not accustomed to the ways of Washington it appears to be down, perhaps coming from the "downy beds of ease" in which all statesmen and government employes are supposed to spend most of their time. But it is not. It is a popular tree with which many of the older streets of the city are lined. "Cottonwood poplar" is the popular name of this somewhat unpopular tree.

"The poplars ought not to be an unpopular tree in Washington," said one of the park commissioners, talking of them to your correspondent. "They have a good deal to do with making the city of Washington one of the healthiest in the country, as it is." "How so?" "Because they prevent malaria. They are a great absorbent, both as to root and leaves, and are one of the best preventives of malaria that is to be had."

"How do they compare with the eucalyptus, that have been so extensively used for this purpose in Italy in the last few years?" "They compare very favorably here, for the eucalyptus will not thrive here, or in any part of the country, except probably southern California. We have tried them and have come to our purpose. Our climate and soil do not suit them." "Are there many poplar trees in the city then?" "Yes, something in the neighborhood of a thousand of them." "And what proportion is this of the total?" "Oh, less than 10 per cent. You see we have more than a hundred thousand trees in the city of Washington." "More than a hundred thousand?" "Yes, considerably more; probably the total now reaches about 125,000 in streets and parks."

"How are they divided between streets and parks?" "About equally. There are over 35,000 on the streets alone, and nearly as many in the parks. There are no streets of any consequence without trees, and on many of the wider ones there are four rows of them, a row on each side of the sidewalk." "How many miles, then, of trees are there on the sidewalks, about?" "Pretty nearly 150 miles of them." "And how does that compare with other cities of this country?" "It surpasses that of any other city of this country, or of the world." "Of the world?" "Yes. There is not a city in the world that has as many trees in proportion to its population as Washington has. I have made this a study for many years, pretty nearly all my life indeed; especially in the last fifteen years in which I have been a park commissioner, and have visited and obtained statistics from all the great cities, and I am sure that Washington is far ahead of any of them."

"How long has this accumulation of health and beauty been going on?" "Well there has been more or less tree planting here ever since Washington was a city, of course. But the systematic work was begun under "Boss" Shepherd in 1871. There was some opposition to it at first, of course, but everybody sees the value of it now." "And the work is still going forward?" "Yes. We set out six or eight thousand trees a year, and are able to furnish many more. We have a hundred thousand young trees which we expect to furnish for the flats as they are needed. We set out several thousand of them last season."

"What is the cost of the care of these trees and the yearly adding to them?" "About \$18,000 a year only. We have studied it carefully, raise our own trees from seeds or clippings, and reduce the cost to a minimum."

"What do you find the greatest part of the work of caring for the trees?" "The pruning. It is as serious a task to us as the pruning of the service to the new administration. Indeed, no subject connected with their operations has given the park commissioners so much concern as the matter of pruning trees. Tree pruning is at all times an operation which demands skill in the operator, and can only be safely trusted to experts, a class of laborers whose services can not be secured except at wage rates which the present appropriations are unable to meet. The necessity of pruning may be referred to three salient reasons. First, that of the removal of branches and twigs which interfere with travel on the sidewalks and on the streets; second, the thinning out of the heads of luxuriant trees to prevent their prostration by heavy gales, a fatality to which street trees are more liable than those planted in parks; and, third, the heading in or cutting back the entire system of branches on diseased trees, and this is also a necessity which seldom occurs with trees in open parks and in open spaces. In the aggregate the pruning is the heaviest item of expenditure in the ordinary care of the trees."

"And as to the kind of trees that you use, are they mostly natives of this country?" "Yes, the most of them. On this subject we have a good many inquiries from various cities, and have prepared a list of those to be used. The maples, poplars, box-elders, and lindens are the most used, but they do not complete the entire list by any means. There are some thirty-five kinds used on the streets alone, to say nothing of the large numbers in the parks."

A certain married woman at Monroe, S. C., once had a colic. Her husband in attempting to get the necessary medicine made a dozen inquiries of the doctor, and in the end, however, it did the desired effect and cured the colic.

Disposal of the Dead.

A statement made by the council for the Greenwood cemetery association at the recent investigation into the management of the cemetery's affairs is one to make people here and elsewhere take notice.

"This was, that it was most injudicious to allow relatives or friends to be present when remains which had long been in a grave were taken out to be transferred to some other place, because the coffin was likely to have become decayed and the remains had to be taken up with a shovel. Just think of that! I actually believe I'd rather have the urn idea adopted in place of the present burial system, odd as it seems."

An officer of a cremation company, when asked by a reporter for particulars regarding the mode of disposing of the dead suggested by the above remark, said that from all observations cremation is destined at no distant day to supersede the practice of grave digging, where the human remains of their own features. "As now conducted at Gotham, Milan, and other points of Europe," he added, "cremation is not for a moment to be confounded with the offensive custom of burning on the open pyre, as practiced by the ancients. It is effected in a super-heated air chamber, which allows no contact of flame or fuel with the body, while all the gases and volatile products of combustion are completely regenerated and rendered innocuous and odorless before being liberated. Why an approved modern crematory might be erected in Madison square, and but for transporting the same an offense to any one. The process is accompanied with no repulsive sight, sound, smell, noise or smoke."

"What is this process?" was asked. "The body, covered with a pall, is placed on a catafalque in the chapel or reception hall, whence it descends noiselessly by means of an elevator to a chamber, where it is cremated. This, by means of superheated air, has been raised to a white heat at a temperature of about 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit. When opened to receive the body the in-rushing cold air cools this chamber to a delicate rose tint, and the body, after remaining an hour in this bath of rosy light, is cooled to a temperature of about 40 degrees, and a few pounds (about 3 per cent of the original weight) of clean, pure, pearly ashes. These are then taken out and put in an urn of terra cotta, marble, or other suitable material, and placed in a niche of the columbarium or delivered to the friends of the deceased." "What is the usual cost of cremation?" "The cost of such a disposal of the human body, after it reaches the crematory, is from \$10 to \$25, according to circumstances. To this may be added, if desired, \$5 for an urn and \$10 each for a niche in the columbarium, where the urn may be kept, with an inscribed tablet placed in the wall below the niche commemorative of the deceased. Thus the entire expense would not be over \$50.—New York Mail and Express.

Fish and Fishermen. Trout are caught in the Truckee River, Nev., so easily that any one with a bit of crooked wire tied to a stick can get a basketful. Winter fishing in Lake Manitoba has become quite an industry, several hundred persons being engaged in it. The fish is sold on the ice at a cent and a quarter a pound, or three cents delivered at the railway. In Lord Mansfield's fishing grounds, near Sores Palace on the Tay, a salmon weighing eighty pounds was recently taken. It was returned to its element. The heaviest fish ever recorded weighed seventy pounds, and was taken in the Weser, but not until recently was the first capture reported. The fish was taken near the place where it was put into the water. It weighed thirty pounds, and its marks showed that it was thirteen years old in 1872.

A race between a trout and a water snake was recently witnessed near Oswego, N. Y. The fish was on its spawning ground, and kept swimming about in a circle, a little in advance of its pursuer. The snake finally caught the fish by the tail, but the trout had the use of its fins, and kept its body well ahead of the snake. The snake then backed up toward shore, and with one final effort drew the fish out of the water and swallowed it.

A Small Boy's Ingenuity. The invention of the valve motion to a steam engine was made by a mere boy. Newcomen's engine was in a very incomplete condition, from the fact that there was no way to open or close the valves except by means of levers operated by hand. It was set up a large engine at one end of the mines, and a boy (Humphrey Potter) was hired to work these valve levers. Although this is not hard work, yet it required his constant attention. As he was working the levers he saw that parts of the engine moved in the right direction, and at the same time he had to open and close the valves.

He procured a strong cord, made one end fast to the proper part of the engine and the other end to the valve-lever, and the boy had the satisfaction of seeing the engine move with perfect regularity of motion. A short time after the foreman came around and saw the boy playing with a cord in the circle of the engine, he saw the ingenuity of the boy, and also the advantage of his invention. The idea suggested by the boy's inventive genius was put into practical form, and made the steam engine an automatic working machine.—Boston Budget.

How to Cultivate Fruit Trees. 1. Instead of "trimming up" trees according to the old fashion, to make them long-legged and long-armed, trim them down, so as to make them even, snug and symmetrical. 2. Instead of pruning heavily in small circles, in the foot of the tree, spread the manure, if needed at all, broadcast over the whole surface, where the ends of the roots can get it. 3. Instead of spading a small circle about the stem, cultivate the whole surface broadcast. 4. Prefer a well pulverized, clean surface in an orchard, with a moderate rich soil, to heavy manuring and a surface covered with a hard crust and weeds and grass. 5. Remember that it is better to set out ten trees with all the necessary care to make them live and flourish, than to set out a hundred trees and have them all die from carelessness. 6. Remember that tobacco is a poison, and will kill in many ways. Do not administer it to your trees, and in one of the best drugs freeing fruit trees from small vermin.