The Richland Beacon.

"Libertas et Natale Solum."

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THE MYSTERY OF FIRES.

Spontaneous Combustion the Chief Cause.

Many a hundred fires yearly remain unexplained, even after the most painstaking and exhaustive investigation. Among all the wonderful phenomena which chemistry presents to us," writes Professor Weissman, "there are few more remarkable than those of spontaneous combustion of bodies, animate and inanimate, which emit flames, and are consumed entirely consumed by internal fire." Among the substances subject to spontaneous combustion pulverized charcoal is one of the most remarkable. "A load of charcoal was delivered in an outhouse of a clergyman in Leipzic, and showed no signs of taking fire until the door by accident was left open, when the wind blew sprinklings of snow on the charcoal. The rapid absorption of oxygen from the melting snow caused the charcoal to ignite, and as the day was windy the whole range of buildings was burned to ashes." In this connection a fruitful and unsuspected source of fire suggests itself to those of our American housekeepers who burn wood as fuel and who store the ashes in boxes and barrels. The accidental disturbing of such ashes, even after years, will cause them to ignite, provided the air is damp or foggy. The phosphuret of potash from decayed wood renders wood ashes highly inflammable, and mysterious cellar fires in the rural districts are, no doubt, in some cases caused by this extraordinary form of spontaneous combustion.

Professor Weissman himself had the unfortunate experience of being burned out of house and home on a wild winter night some three years since, and he has since diligently collected facts about spontaneous combustion. It appears that he had been having his house painted, and one night the painters, as their manner is, left their working pants, their pots and their brushes on the asphaltum floor of the cellar. They had previously with a bunch of rags removed from their hands with spirits of turpentine the paint with which they were soiled. The ball of rags took fire, the pants and paint pots followed suit, and the house was burned to the ground.

In the carriage factory of Messrs. Eaton & Gilbert, Troy, New York, a drop of linseed oil fell into an open paper of lampblack, set it on fire and came within an ace of burning the whole great factory.

In several instances oilcloth in large rolls has taken fire in damp, muggy weather. An instance of this also occurs in American fire experience. A planter in Virginia sent his servant to Fredericksburg for a roll of oilcloth. It was a warm day and the wagon was open. During the journey home it began to rain, and the roll of oilcloth took fire on the road. Another instance of the kind is supplied by Philadelphia during the war. An order from the War Department in Washington for knapsacks for a regiment was filled in the City of Brotherly Love. The sacks were all finished and collected, and counted over and left in a pile in the paint shop about ten o'clock on Saturday night, so as to be sent to Washington by cars early on Monday morning. On entering the paint shop before daylight on Monday morning no knapsacks were to be found. In their place was nothing but a heap of smoldering ashes!

Newly pressed hay frequently ignites, as do also oatmeal and cornmeal in barrels. During the famine in Ireland in 1847-48 a vessel was dispatched from New York with a cargo of cornmeal for the relief of the sufferers. In discharging the bags from the vessel the last three were found to be on fire.

Dangers of the Sea.

The difference between handling a ship so that she escapes a danger and in a way to plunge her headlong upon it was doubly illustrated on a voyage by the Algeria, from Liverpool to New York. On her sixth day out the Algeria found herself in a heavy fog on the Banks of Newfoundland. The ship was feeling her way cautiously along, all eyes and ears, so to say, when from over the port bow there sounded a fog bell. It seemed some distance off. But the Captain, swift as light, ordered a reversal of the engines. The screw flew round, the great ship paused, slowly backed, and none too soon. In a trice there loomed up through the fog a huge three-masted schooner, rushing forward under full sail. Had the course of the Algeria been kept, had she failed to retreat at the moment she did, a collision would have been inevitable. The schooner flew on her way straight across the foaming wake of the steamship, and a terrible calamity that might have cost hundreds of lives was happily averted. Very nearly the same thing happened again on the same evening, the dangerous craft that approached the Algeria in this instance being another large steamer. This time the stranger was not seen through the dense mist, but the voices of persons on her decks were heard with startling distinctness, and the escape was apparently as narrow as in the case of the schooner. Eternal vigilance is as clearly the price of safety at sea as it is of liberty everywhere

There Was No Fire.

Gilhooly lives on Galveston avenue, far from a milkman. Yesterday he milkman, and, taking him off to asked him, seriously:

"here a fire in your barn ? I had a great notion our assistance."

no fire in the barn,"

"what made you aw you pump quick, and em where News.

GOD KNOWS BEST.

BY EMMA CLARK WHITNEY.

In many troubles that perplex,
And make us weary of this life,
If we would say, "I will not vex
My soul no more with worldly strife,"
But, looking upward—"God knows best;"
Unto His care leave all the rest.

Instead we strive with hands so frail
To part the clouds upon our way.
Ah! life gives us no warrior mail
Invulnerable to sorrow's sway;
And when its darts pierce through our breast,
Teach us to feel that God knows best.

When in the throes of fiercest pain,
And our weak spirits seek release,
And cry aloud to Him in vain,
To succor or to still in peace,
Though granting not our wild request,
Teach us to feel that God knows best.

When like a serpent from its lair,
With coils that kill all they embrace,
Sin springs upon us unaware,
And poisons what was pure and chaste,
Though falling 'neath temptation's test,
Teach us to feel that God knows best.

THE ORDEAL OF LOVE.

Adolphe and Celeste were lovers—the course of true love never did run smooth, and it was interrupted in theirs by cruel parents, who had different views for their children. Adolphe, in despair, takes poison, but the invention of stomach-pumps prevented his desperate purpose, and he recovers. Celeste had the poison in her hand, and was in the act of raising it to her lips when her mother discovers her. The story thus proceeds:

Whatever the exaggerations of our lovers, they loved fervently, disinterestedly, and with all their hearts. Not one in ten thousand loves is so strong, or promises to be so lasting.

Adolphe did not die—antidotes were given in time—he recovered. The illness of Celeste was more dangerous. She suffered, poor child, a delirious fever, and it was several weeks before her life and reason were restored.

No parents could stand all this; ordinary caprices it is very well to resist, but when young people take to poison and delirious fevers—*il faut céder*. Besides, such events derange one's comforts. One is always glad to come to terms when one begins to be annoyed with one's self. The old people then made it up, and the young people married.

As the bridegroom and Celeste were convinced that the sole object of life was each other's company, they hastened at once to the sweet solitudes of the country. They had a charming villa and beautiful garden; they were both accomplished, clever, amiable, young, and in love. How was it possible they should be susceptible to *ennui*? They could never bear to loose sight of each other.

"Ah, Adolphe—traitor—where hast thou been?"

"Merely shooting in the woods, my angel."

"What, and without me? Fie! Promise this shall not happen again."

"Ah, dearest, too gladly I promise."

Another time:

"What, Celeste! three hours have I been seeking for you! Where have you hid yourself?

"Don't look so angry, my Adolphe; I was only directing the gardener to build a little arbor for you to read in. I meant it as a surprise."

"My own Celeste! three hours—it is an eternity without you! Promise not to leave me again, without telling me where to find you."

"My own dearest Adolphe! how I love you—may my company be ever as dear to you."

This mode of life is very charming with many for a few days. Adolphe and Celeste loved each other so entirely that it lasted several months. What at first was passion had grown habit, and each blamed the other for want of affection, if he or she ever indulged in the novelty of different pursuits.

As they had nothing to do but to look at those faces they had thought so handsome, so it was now and then difficult not to yawn; and of late there had been little speeches like the following:

"Adolphe, my love, you never talk to me—put down that odious book you are always reading."

"Celeste, my angel, you don't hear me. I am telling you about my travels, and you gape in my face."

"My dear Adolphe, I am so exceedingly sleepy."

One morning, as Adolphe woke and turned in his bed, his eyes rested on his wife, who was still asleep—"Bless me," thought he, "I never saw this before—let me look again—yes, certainly she has—a wart on her chin!"

Adolphe rose and dressed himself—Adolphe was grave and meditative. They met at breakfast—the bride and bridegroom. Celeste was in high spirits; Adolphe was sombre and dejected.

"Let us ride to-day," said Celeste.

"My dear, I have a headache."

"Poor child! well, then let us read the new poem."

"My dear, you talk so loud."

"I!" and Celeste gazing reproachfully on Adolphe, perceived for the first time something in his eye that surprised her. She looked again—"Good heavens!" she said to herself, "Adolphe squints!"

It is impossible to say what an effect this fatal discovery had on Adolphe. He thought of it incessantly. He had nothing else to complain of—but then warts on the chin are certainly not becoming. Celeste's beauty had improved greatly since her marriage. Everybody else saw the improvement. Adolphe saw nothing but the wart upon her chin. Her complexion was more brilliant, her form more perfect, her walk more majestic; but what is all this, when one has a wart on the chin? The wart seemed to grow bigger and bigger every day—to Adolphe's eye it threatened speedily to absorb the whole face! Nay, he expected in due time to see his beautiful Celeste all wart! He smothered his pain as well as he could, because he was naturally well-bred and delicate; and no woman likes to be told of the few little blemishes she is blind to herself. He smothered his pain, but he began to think it would be just as well to have separate rooms.

Meanwhile, strange to say, Adolphe's squint grew daily more decided and pronounced.,, He certainly did not squint before we were married," thought Celeste; "it is very unpleasant—it makes one so fidgety to be stared at by a person who sees two ways—and Adolphe has unfortunately a habit of staring. I think I might venture to hint, delicately and kindly, that the habit can't yet be incurable."

As wives are always first in the emulation of fault-finding, Celeste resolved to hazard the hint on the first favorable opportunity.

"Well, my Celeste, I have brought my dog to see you," said Adolphe, one morning.

"He! down, down! Pray turn him out; see the mark of his paws. I can't bear dogs, Adolphe."

"Poor thing!" said Adolphe, caressing his insulted favorite.

"Was that to me, or the dog?" asked Celeste.

"Oh! to him, to be sure."

"I beg your pardon, my dear, but I thought you looked at me. Indeed, Adolphe, if truth may be said, you have lately contracted a bad habit—you are getting quite a cast in your eye."

"Madame!" said Adolphe, prodigiously offended, and hurrying to the glass.

"Don't be angry, my love; I would not have mentioned it if it did not get worse every day; it is yet time to be cured, I am sure; just put a wafer on the top of your nose, and you will soon see straight."

"A wafer on the top of my nose! Much better put one at the top of your chin, Celeste."

"My chin?" cried Celeste, running in turn to the glass. "What do you mean, sir?"

"Only that you have a very large wart there, which it would be more agreeable to conceal."

"Sir?"

"Madame!"

"A wart on my chin, monster!"

"A cast in my eye, fool!"

"Yes! How could I ever love a man who squinted!"

"Or I a woman with a wart on her chin!"

"Sir, I shall not condescend to notice your insults. No wonder—you can't see! I pity your infirmity."

"Madam, I despise your insinuations; but since you deny the evidence of your own glass, suffer me to send for a physician, and if he can cure your deformity, so much the better for you."

"Yes, send for a physician; he will say whether you squint or not. Poor Adolphe! I am not angry; no, I pity so melancholy a defect."

The doctor could not very well see whether Adolphe squinted, for he had his hat over his eyes; besides, he prudently thought it best to attend to one malady at a time.

"As for the wart, sir," said he, "it is not difficult to cure."

"But if my wife don't confess that she has it, she will never consent to be cured. I would not mind if she would but own to it. Oh, the vanity of women!"

"It must have been after some absence that this little defect was perceived by you—"

"After absence—we have not been a day separated since we married."

Celeste burst into tears. Adolphe, in a rage, seized his hat, mounted his horse and went himself to the doctor.

The doctor was a philosopher as well as a physician. He took his pony and ambled back with Adolphe. On his way he extracted from Adolphe his whole history, for men in a passion are easily made garrulous. "The perfidious women!" said Adolphe. "Would you believe it?—we braved everything for each other—never were two persons so much in love—nay, we attempted suicide rather than endure a longer separation. I renounced the most brilliant marriage for her sake—too happy that she was mine without a dowry—and now she declares I squint. And, oh, she has such a wart on her chin!"

"O-ho," thought the doctor, sinking into a revery—I have said he was a philosopher—but it did not require much philosophy to know that persons who would have died for each other only a few months ago were not alienated only by a wart or a cast in the eye.

They arrived at Adolphe's villa—they entered the saloon. Celeste no longer wept; she had put on her most becoming cap, and had the air of an insulted but uncomplaining wife.

"Confess to the wart, Celeste, and I'll forgive all," said Adolphe.

"Nay, why so obstinate as to the caste of the eye; I shall not admire you less (though others may), if you will not be so vain as to disown it."

"Enough, madam; doctor, regard that lady, is not the wart monstrous?—can it be cured?"

"Nay," cried Celeste, sobbing, "look rather at my poor husband's squint. His eyes were so fine before we married."

The doctor put on his spectacles; he regarded the first one and then the other.

"Sir," said he deliberately, "this lady has certainly a pimple on the left of her chin considerably smaller than a pin's head. And, madam, the pupil of your husband's right eye is like that of nine persons in ten, the hundredth part of an inch nearer the nose than the pupil of the left. This is the case, as it appears to me, seeing you both for the first time. But I do not wonder that you, sir, think the pimple so enormous; and you, madam, the eye so distorted, since you see each other every day!"

The pair were struck by a secret conviction; when an express arrived breathless to summon Adolphe to his father, who was taken ill. At the end of three months Adolphe returned. Celeste's wart had entirely disappeared, and Celeste found her husband's eye as beautiful as ever.

Taught by experience, they learned then, that warts rapidly grow on chins, and squints rapidly settle upon eyes, that are too constantly seen. And that it is easy for two persons to die joyfully together when lovers, but prodigiously difficult without economizing the presence, to live comfortably together when married.

A FIFTY-EIGHT DAYS' FAST.

A French Prisoner Who Beat Dr. Tanner—The Phenomena of Starvation.

[From the London Standard.]

Ann Moore, the famous fasting woman of Tutbury, pretended to have lived for eight years entirely without food. A watch committee was appointed, which detected the fraud in a very ingenious manner. Tinder and bedding, with the woman in it, were placed on a delicate weighing machine, which resulted in the inevitable exposure. At the expiration of the ninth day of this strict watching, being warned that she was sinking, she acknowledged her imposture, and admitted—which is an important fact—that, so long as the watch upon her was but imperfect, her daughter had contrived, when washing her face, to feed her every morning by using towels made very wet with gravy, milk, and other nourishing fluids, and had also when kissing her contrived to convey small portions of solid food from mouth to mouth. Guillaume Granet, a prisoner at Toulouse, resorted to starvation to avoid punishment. For the first seven days the symptoms were not very remarkable. After that period he was compelled to drink water to relieve his raging thirst, and, after lingering on in terrible agony, he died in convulsions on the fifty-eighth day. The case is reported by Van Swieten. There is no doubt as to its truth, and it shows that up to the present, at any rate, Dr. Tanner has at the most only done what others have done before him. Viterbi, a Corsican, condemned to death for the assassination of Frediani, resolved to starve himself to death. He died on the twenty-first day. He, too, occasionally moistened his mouth with water. The medical details of his case, which are very horrible, will be found in Paris' "Medical Jurisprudence." Of actual starvation, the most remarkable example is, perhaps, that reported by Dr. Sloane, of Ayr. "A man, some 65 years of age, a spare habit of body, and uncommonly vigorous for his time of life, was accidentally incarcerated in a coal mine for twenty-three days, during the first few of which he had access to water strongly impregnated with iron. He then became unable to move, and had unfortunately fallen some distance from the water. In this instance, Dr. Sloane thinks that an impure atmosphere, by lowering the vital powers, might tend to slightly prolong life under circumstances of privation. The unhappy man died on the third day after his removal." In 1866, Capt. Casey, of the James Lowden, passed twenty-eight days in an open boat without food or water. He contrived, however, to drink as much rain as he could collect, and it is possible, of course, that he may have chewed fragments of his clothes. Thus, then, so far as ascertained cases go, life has actually, on one occasion, been sustained for fifty-eight days without food, but not without water.

Referring to the cases which occurred during the Irish famine of 1817, Dr. Donovan says: "They described the pain of hunger as at first very acute, but said that after twenty-four hours had passed without food the pain subsided and was succeeded by a feeling of weakness and sinking, experienced principally in the epigastric region, accompanied with insatiable thirst, a strong desire for cold water, and a distressing feeling of coldness over the entire surface of the body. In a short time the face and limbs became horribly emaciated, the eyes acquired a most peculiar stare; the skin exhaled peculiar and offensive fœtor, and was covered with a brownish, filthy-looking coating, almost as indelible as varnish. This he was at first inclined to regard as incrusted filth, but further experience convinced him that it was a secretion poured out from the exhalants on the surface of the body. The sufferer tottered in walking like a drunken man; his voice became weak, like that of a person in cholera; he whined like a child, and burst into tears on the slightest occasion. In respect to the mental faculties, their pros-

A Queer Statement.

A correspondent sends us the following item, which hardly needs comment: "*Land and Water* makes the curious statement that in certain counties in England, whence the chief supply of geese is drawn, young children are frequently detained from school or work that they may lie in bed by turns for the sole purpose of hatching goose eggs placed there with them." Here is another proof that the Americans are a progressive people and ahead of their English neighbors, as it is an acknowledged fact that it does not require force to keep the American children in bed long enough to be late from school or absent from their work.—*New York World.*

The Modern Young Lady at Two Periods of Her Life.

Behold her at 11.

Her limbs unfettered by the long skirts of conventionality, she runs, she romps, she slides on the ice-pond, she rolls hoop, she climbs fences, she hops, she kicks, she runs race and is as fleet of foot as the boys. Her appetite is good, her cheeks rosy, and her movements unconsciously graceful.

Behold her again at 20. No more does she run or jump or roll hoop, run races or slide on the ice. It is not "proper" now, our lady-like, and she couldn't if she would, for she is encased in long skirts, tight shoes and tighter stays. Her movement has no longer the freedom and unconscious grace of childhood, for now when she walks she walks to be looked at, which now is her estimation is the main object of walking. She is already in delicate health, and has a doctor who prescribes expensive advice and prescriptions for her, and ascribes her complaint to anything and everything but proper cause. That is simply the fetters of fashion, of the body with fashionable clothes. Physically she is a prisoner. At 11 she was free. The doctor advises travel, but he doesn't advise her to take off and keep off her fashionable fetters. She wouldn't do so if he did, and he wouldn't advise her if he knew it would bring relief, for she would no longer believe in a doctor who would make her dress like a guy, and being dressed like a "guy" is dressing different from the style prescribed by a Paris modiste. Diana never could find in a trailing skirt; narrow, tight, high-heeled gaiters, and a pinched, corsetted waist; but Diana with a twisted frame and untethered limbs would be bounced off Broadway by the nearest policeman. Dressing for health and freedom of body and limb is one thing, and dressing for fashion quite another. A man couldn't endure the pinching and incumbrances peculiar to feminine attire for an hour, and a pretty spectacle he'd make rushing about in such during business hours. Yet the "weaker sex" wear double the incumbrances of the so-called stronger. To "dress" at all after the style uses up half a woman's time and two-thirds of her strength.—*New York Graphic.*

About Peanuts.

The modus operandi by which the nuts are separated, cleaned and classed is somewhat as follows: The third story of the building contains thousands of bushels of peas in bags, and there the continual roar of the machinery is deafening. Each machine has a duty to perform. First, there is a large cylinder in which all the nuts are placed, in order that the dust and dirt may be shaken off them. They pass from the cylinder into the brushes, where every nut receives fifteen feet of a brushing before it becomes free. Then they pass through a sluiceway to the floor below, where they are dropped on an endless belt, about two and one-half feet in width, and darting along at the rate of four miles an hour. On each side of the belt stand eight colored girls, and, as the nuts fall from the sluice on to the belt the girls, with a quick motion of the hand, pick out all the poor-looking nuts, and by the time the belt reaches the end two-thirds of the nuts are picked off, allowing only the finest to pass the crucible. Those that do pass drop through another sluice and empty into bags on the floor below. When the bag is filled it is taken away by hand, sewed up and branded as "cocks," with the figure of a rooster prominent on its sides. The peas caught up by the girls are then thrown to one side, placed in the bags, and carried into another room where they are again picked over, the best singled out, bagged and branded as "slips." These are as fine a nut as the first for eating, but in shape and color do not compare with the "cocks." Having gone over them twice, we now come to a third grade, which are called and branded as "eagles." These are picked out of the cullings of the "cocks" and "slips," but now and then you will find a respectable-looking nut among them, though the eyes of the colored damsels are as keen as a hawk, and a bad nut is rarely allowed to pass their hands. The cullings that are left from the "eagles" are bagged, sent through the elevator to the top story, and what little meat is in them is shaken out by a patent sheller, which is not only novel, but as perfect a piece of machinery as was ever invented. These nuts being shelled by this new process, the meat drops into bags below free from dust or dirt of any kind, and are then shipped in 200-pound sacks to the North, where they are bought up by the confectioners for the purpose of making taffy or peanut candy. It may be here stated that a peculiar kind of oil is extracted from the meat of the nut, and in this specialty a large trade is done among the wholesale druggists. There is nothing wasted, for even the shells are made useful. They are packed in sacks and sold to stable-keepers for horse-bedding, and a very healthy bed they make.

In some parts of Germany, instead of smoking meat to preserve it, it is hung up in a dry, well-ventilated room, and painted over with wood vinegar (pyroligneous acid), an acid distilled over when wood is burned in air-tight stoves, or any other place where there is not free access of atmospheric air. The painting three or four times with this vinegar answers every purpose of smoking. It protects the meat from insects, fungi, and putrefaction.

Joseph Taylor, the father of Bayard Taylor, is 85 years old, and resides at Kenneth Square, Pa.

BITS OF INFORMATION.

Tolls were first paid by vessels passing the Sluis on the river Elbe, 1160. In England, toll-bars originated in 1267, a penny being asked for every wagon that passed through a certain manor, and the first regular toll was collected a few years later for mending the road in London, between St. Giles and Temple Bar.

The invention of music is uncertain. Lucretius ascribes it to the whistling of the warblers in the woods. Pausanias to the various sounds produced by the breath of Pan; Cicero to Pythagoras, and others to the singing of birds. And Zarlino to the sound of water. It is, however, proved that music was first reduced to rules by Jubal, 1800 B. C.

The average duration of vitality in seed of some of our cultivated plants is as follows: Artichoke, five years; broad bean, six; beet root, five; cabbage, five; carrot, four; cucumber, five; lettuce, five; maize, two; melon, five; onion, two; parsnip, two; peas, four or five; radish, five; spinach, five; tomato, five; turnip, five; egg plant, seven; endive, ten; parsley, three; strawberry, three.

The mark which persons who are unable to write are compelled to make instead of their signatures is constantly referred to as an instance of the ignorance of ancient times. It is not, however, invariably, a proof of such ignorance. Anciently the mark was not confined to illiterate persons. Among the Saxons the mark of the cross was required to be attached to the signatures of those who could write, and to stand in the place of the signatures of those who could not write, as an attestation of the good faith of the person signing. In those days if a man could write, or even read, it was a proof that he was in holy orders. The sacred use of the cross was therefore universal, and was the symbol of an oath, from its sacred associations, as well as the mark generally adopted.

Negro slavery was introduced into the present territory of the United States during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, by merchants of Liverpool, England. On Jan. 31, 1865, the final vote was taken in Congress submitting to the States for their approval and ratification the following amendment to the constitution: "Article XIII. Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction." On Dec. 18, 1865, the Secretary of State issued his proclamation declaring that this amendment had been approved by the Legislatures of Illinois, Rhode Island, Michigan, New York, West Virginia, Maine, Kansas, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio, Missouri, Nevada, Indiana, Louisiana, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Vermont, Tennessee, Arkansas, Connecticut, New Hampshire, South Carolina, Alabama, North Carolina, and Georgia—in all, 27 out of 36 States, and was consequently adopted.

Growth of British Cities.

The opinion, quite generally entertained, that London is one of the few large British cities which grow rapidly, is very erroneous as the figures plainly show. It is nearly eight years since the last census, and the Registrar General consequently supplies various estimates, annually, of the population of the principal towns, founded on the ratio of increase between 1861 and 1871, in order to form a basis for calculation of yearly rates. From this it appears that London now contains 3,620,893, an increase since 1871 of 366,608; Liverpool, 538,-338, an increase of 14,933; Manchester, 361,819, an increase of 10,619; Leeds, 311,876, an increase of 52,648; Sheffield, 267,138, an increase of 57,192; Bristol, 200,947, an increase of 27,305; Bradford, 191,046, an increase of 15,216; Hull, 146,-357, an increase of 24,455; Salford, 177,-819, an increase of 53,018; Newcastle, 145,918, an increase of 18,555; Portsmouth, 131,821, an increase of 18,232; Leicester, 125,621, an increase of 30,102; Sunderland, 114,575, an increase of 26,-363; Oldham, 111,318, an increase of 28,-651. London is equal to eighteen of the largest cities; Liverpool and Glasgow are very near one another in population, the latter having 39,818 more people than the former. The density of population varies greatly in the leading towns. For example, it is 11.4 in Norwich; Newcastle, 27.4; Sunderland, 41.4; London, 48.0; Manchester, 84.3; and Liverpool, 103.3 per acre. Many of the small uncommercial towns of Great Britain are stationary, others slowly decline.—*N. Y. Times.*

The London *Times* says: "The new and apparently most valuable method of preparing raw meat, discovered by Prof. Artimini, of Florence, and patented in this country, promises to have a great effect upon our markets. According to a report by Profs. Barff and Mills, of the Glasgow University, and Dr. Stevenson, of Guy's Hospital, meat six months old was found to be perfectly sound and good, the muscular fiber unchanged, and the nutritive properties unimpaired. The material employed is said to be less expensive than salt, and not only wholesome, but pleasant to the taste."

The best soil for sweet potatoes is a sandy loam. If sand largely predominates they will flourish if well manured. New ground or virgin soil is especially favorable for this crop. It is the common practice to sow buckwheat on new land for the first crop and then to plant sweet potatoes for the second. An abundant crop is the general result. In a heavy loam the vines grow luxuriantly, but the tubers are generally small, rooty and of inferior quality. In clayey soil sweet potatoes will not thrive.