Weekly Chillicothe Crisis.

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RANDOM CLIPPINGS.

CHEVREUL, the great French chemist, will round his centennial year in August.

A SUBSCRIPTION is being made in England for the purpose of presenting a free-will offering to Walt Whitman.

THE sum of $4,500 a week is now being paid by the government on account of the work of making the new harbor of Vera Cruz.

IT is given out that the proper way to pronounce Sir Stafford Northcote's new title, Earl Iddesleigh, is "Idsley," and cut quite as short as possible at that.

SPURGEON, the English preacher, has a son who is a pastor in New Zealand and whose sermons are said to be even more sensational than his father's.

THE first edition of Gen. Grant's book will consist of 500,000 copies. It is thought now that the family will realize about $2,000,000 out of the work.

A MAN in Manitoba found cool and easy sleep in a hammock swung from the limb of a tree thirty feet from the ground, but one night a storm blew him out, breaking his legs and arms.

YOUNG MR. MONAGHAN, of Rhode Island, who goes to Manheim as consul, was one of the most effective of the younger Cleveland stumpers. He is a Brown university man, and only 26 years old.

A RAILWAY similar to that on Mount Washington is to be constructed on Mount Royal at Montreal. By means of it the magnificent views from that famous spot will be brought within reach of the million. The road is to be completed by September, and 18 cents will pay for a round trip horse-car ride from any section of the city and the ascent of the mountain.

THE Duke Alexander, of Wurtemberg, now dead, was once a cavalry general in the Austrian army, but he did not distinguish himself in that capacity. After his retirement from the service he devoted most of his mind and time to the construction of hobby-horses and carrousels for the instruction of youths in equestrianism, in which he was notably proficient.

LUCIAN HOBSON, of Texas, when the late war began, invented and had patented by the confederate government a projectile which was used with some success in Charleston harbor against the union vessels. After the war the patent of course was worthless. Recently Hobson filed an application for a patent for the same projectile, and a few days ago a letter was sent to him from the interior department informing him that his application had been granted.

THE heartbroken appearance of a pretty girl, about 16 years old, who was on her way through to Birmingham, Ala., induced a reporter to look into the case. He found that the young lady had been forced by a peculiar clause in a will to marry an old man, a perfect stranger, in order to save the property of the family. *The Atlanta Constitution*, which relates the incident, adds: "The mother was escorting the daughter to see that the sacrifice was duly made. This May and December business should be stopped."

AN old, rich New Yorker, the head of a Knickerbocker family, who knows a good deal about private estates, tells a correspondent of *The Boston Saturday Gazette* that the wealth of many persons in New York is absurdly exagerated. He declares that, omitting William H. Vanderbilt John Jacob and William Astor, Jay Gould, Russell Sage, Sidney, Dillon, D. O. Mills, Henry Hilton, Cyrus Field, and a few others, there are not twenty citizens worth $5,000,000 each. The general opinion on the subject is that this assertion is a monstrous depreciation of the wealth of New Yorkers.

AN old settler near Valdoza, Ga., had never killed a deer, but was fortunate enough to trap one. "Now" said he to his wife, "I'll have it to say that I've killed one deer." So he tied a rope around the animal's horns and fastened it to a tree. Carefully loading his big bored rifle, he stepped off a few yards and aimed deliberately at the buck's head. Bang went the gun, the dust flew from the rope, and the deer bounded off, free and untettered, to enjoy the pleasures of his haunts in the greenwood. The bullet had cut the rope in twain.

D. M. JONES, "Wyoming's favorite poet," is a practicing lawyer of Wilkesbarre. His eccentricities are many, but they are more than nullified by the charm of a pleasant manner and the attributes of an honest heart. Poetry is his idol. His own productions are remarkable for their simplicity of diction, the imagery of a cultivated imagination, and the hatred of oppression which they breathe. He is still young, and would be one of the happiest men in the world if to read and write poetry were his only duty.

A FAT literary lady who frequents the reference room of the Boston public library carries in her dress-pocket a small card much soiled. Upon this card is written in bold characters: "I am sorry to remind you that speaking aloud is contrary to the rules of the library." Whenever any person in her vicinity engage in conversation the old lady slyly pops her card beneath their eyes, and as soon as its inscription has been read she pulls it back by the string attached to its corner. The attendants say that the old lady is a blessing to them. She preserves good order without any assistance from the employes.

TO A BIRD ON THE TELEGRAPH WIRE.

O wild bird sweet!
What wonderful tidings are these,
Flying under the palms of thy feet?
Ah, tell me, please,
What news throbs under thy tremulous toes,
Little bird, up there, where the warm wind blows?

O blithe, brave bird!
What rumor of battle now speeds,
On the lip of the lightning weird?
What startling deeds,
Done on the land or the sea, I pray,
Are told by the wires to the world to-day?

O beauteous bird,—
Stealing the secrets that hourly stream
Out of the heart of the world deep stirred!
(Do I but dream,
In fancying thee, little bird, the ghost
Of some old message, love-sent and lost?)

O wild bird sweet—
Singing away in thy sapphire coat!
Surely the song runs up at thy feet,
And out at thy throat,
Thrilling the chattering tribes of the air,
With gossip and scandal from everywhere.

O wretched bird!
How sad must thy little heart be,
Hearing of agonies, yet unheard
By all save thee,
Pecking the bulletins out of the wires,
When an empire falls or a king expires.

O sad bird,—
Musing alone on the mumbling line,
Till thy soul is sick and thy bright eyes blur'd,
With tears like mine,
For a world grown foul with folly and sin,
And death,—as the years creep out and in.

Sweet bird, away!
Fly to the east—fly to the west—
Fly to the uttermost verge of day;
Fly!—nor rest
Till the leaning lips of the desert kiss
Each thought away of a race like this.

—*J. N. Matthews, in The Current.*

WHAT JOHN FOUND.

Recess was nearly over. The boys and girls gathered in the playground outside of the log school-house, but no play was going on. Most of the boys had their books in their hands, and were poring over them, if to make up for all the idle time of their lives; the girls sat on the wood pile, whispering and looking at the boys with a kind of awe.

The school-house was built just outside of a mountain village in North Carolina. The boys were dressed in butternut, or blue cloth, the girls in a kind of linsey, all of which their mothers had spun and woven.

Outside of the fence was a gang of little negroes whom the white children ordered about with an air of authority; for, poor as they were, their fathers were all slave owners. There was a row of shiny black faces at the top of the fence.

"Gorry! Look at Mas' Will! I tink he get it."

"P'shaw! G'long, you Victory! Our Mas' Bob's twist as good a scholar. See how he's pokin' into dat book."

The others volunteered no opinions but shouted:

"Hooray! Which of ye gwine to be de sojer? Mas' Bob Sevier he gwine! Cunnel Bob Sevier! Hooray!"

Never had there been such a day known in Uncle Job's school.

Bob Sevier, a fair, thin boy, with round blue eyes, sat on the steps, turning over the leaves of his "Historia Sacre."

He knew every word and line; but he turned leaf after leaf with his cold shaking fingers.

When the little negroes shouted for "Cunnel Bob!" he felt a lump in his throat choking him. If he should not win! Bob had always been head boy in the school, but during the last month he had worked harder than ever. The cause was this: Judge Peters, who was now congressman from this district, had paid a visit to the village a few weeks before, and had dropped into the school one morning and made the boys a little speech.

"I was a pupil here," he said. "There is the very desk at which I sat. Uncle Job taught me pretty much all I know. My father could not afford to send me to college, and I am sure neither can your fathers afford to send you there. But I want to give some boy here a chance such as I did not have. I have the appointment of a cadet to West Point, and I propose instead of giving it to some rich man's son, that the boy in this school who passes the best examination a month from now shall have it."

This was the speech. It made the boys as wild as if he had put fire into their brains. Not a boy there who did not see himself a colonel in full regimentals, preceded by a brass band, riding up the street of the village in triumph. They fell to studying, most of them for the first time in their lives. They never had done anything but lounge about the sunny, hilly highland hamlet, listening to the interminable stories of the hunters, who came in with peltry, or playing "sisty out" with the little negroes.

John Fremoy, the shabbiest of them all, sat apart from the other boys with his sister Louise.

"Now, Lou, just hear me this page," and he began: "Charlemagne otherwise Charles the Great, was the son of Pepin the Short, the first of the Carlovingian—Carlovingian,—oh, what comes next?"

"Dynasty," prompted Lou.

"And what's the meaning of 'dynasty,' I'd like to know? Such rubbish! I don't understand a word of it! There's no use to try, Lou!"

Lou's eyes filled and the tears rolled down her flushed cheeks; but John only shut his jaws a little firmer, and fixed his dark eyes on the ground. They were honest, kind eyes, but dull; very different from Bob Sevier's which glowed like lamps.

"I might as well give up, Lou. Uncle Job says patience and hard work will take any boy through. But there's a difference in boys. Now, Bob Sevier don't work half as hard over his books as I do; but just look at him. I reckon he could go over the Carlovingians, or any other Vingian, like a trottin' horse."

"Oh, yes, I reckon he could," groaned Lou. "But only think of West Point, Jack! You'd be a gentleman and a soldier, and see the world. An' if you don't get it, why, then——"

"Then Uncle Bill will set me to plowing in the fall. He said only this morning he'd wasted enough money on our schoolin', and you and I better to go to work to earn our salt."

John took up the book and went at the lesson with a desperate energy, while Lou sat crying silently.

The children were orphans and lived with their uncle, a farmer, on Mount Craggy. He was wretchedly poor, like all the other mountaineers, and was, beside, a coarse, hard-natured man.

The school-bell rang.

"It's coming now," said John, as he got up and shut the book.

"You're powerful on 'rithmetic, Johnny, mind that. Jest you keep up," eagerly whispered Lou, running along beside him.

The boys crowded into the hot little school-room, and the girls followed, excepting Lou, who hung back, and finally went back to the wood-pile again. She knew she should not be missed, and she could not bear to hear John's examination.

The poor little girl had but one friend in the world, her brother. She sat down, her hands shaking as if in a chill.

"He'll fail—I know he'll fail!" she said, looking up to the sky and talking out loud.

"I can't stand it! Oh, Heavenly Father! I can't!"

As with most southern children, "Heavenly father" was very real to Lou. Then she began to pray, fast and hard, to this far-away Friend in the sky to help John.

"Oh, dear, only get him over the Latin, and them Vingians! He'll manage the arithmetic himself."

She sat there an hour or more, hearing only a droning voice now and then from the open window.

At last there was a hush. Uncle Job was going to give his decision. The little negroes crowded up to the school-house steps.

Lou stood up and threw her calico sun-bonnet off her head. She did not know what she did. She was stifling with a sudden, terrible heat. Her strained eyes were on the door.

Presently she heard Uncle Job's voice in a few brief words. But she did not catch them. They sounded to her like "John has won—John Fremoy."

Suddenly there was a cheer inside. Then the negroes took it up.

"Bob Sevier! Cunnel Bob! Hooray for Bob!"

Lou sat down and covered her face with her hands. Her brother came to her in a moment.

"Get up, and come along home," he said roughly.

She caught his arm and patted it.

"Don't you mind it Johnny," she said. "You kin do lots of things Bob Sevier knows nothin' about," she cried, fiercely.

"No, Bob won it fair," he said, sturdily. "I'm a dunce; I didn't deserve it; that's the worst of it."

His face was colorless, even to his lips, but he showed his disappointment in no other way.

Judge Peters came to the village the next day, heard the report of the examination, sent for Sevier, and promised him the appointment.

He then went out to the farm which he owned, near to Cabel Fremoy's, John's uncle. The boy crept over, toward night, to catch a glimpse of the great man who might have made him happy for life, but had not done it.

He hung miserably about the place until evening, and then set off homeward.

Coming to the edge of Craggy Creek, just where it turned from the mountain, he sat down on the bank, and put his hot feet into the water. To-morrow he was to be set plowing with the negroes.

"It's all yer fit for," his uncle said. "Ye'd a chance for West Point, an' ye didn't take it. So yer ken kennel with the darkeys for the rest of yer life. I'll feed yer no more."

John sat moodily flinging pebbles into the water, until dusk came on, and an owl began to hoot.

Suddenly the boy stood up, trembling with excitement, holding a stone in his hand up to the fast fading light. It shone with a brilliant luster, like a great drop of dew in the morning sun.

As he moved it, it flashed a blood-red star in his dirty palm. John had heard of the ruby which had once been found in the neyl gorge.

"It was worth thousands of dollars!" he sobbed, rather than spoke. "I heard Judge Peters tell my uncle there was a corundum on his farm, and a ruby is a kind of corundum. I am rich for life."

He sat down breathless, carefully rubbing the brilliant lump in his hand, as Aladdin might have done his lamp. What was West Point to this? Money, beautiful houses, a glimpse of the world, an easy, happy life for himself and Lou.

"Poor Lou! I was so cross to her to-day! I'll go and tell her."

Then he stopped as if some one had struck him. The ruby was not his; he was on Judge Peter's land.

The boy sat down again, and for one whole hour the tempter strove with him. If there was one quality strong and dominant in John Fremoy, it was his honesty; but this was a temptation such as seldom comes in the way of any man.

The next morning Judge Peters was mounting his horse to go into the village, when a boy came across the yard. He walked quickly as if driven by some force from behind.

The judge waited, one foot in the stirrup. As long as John Fremoy lived, he remembered, like a sudden, terrible picture, the glaring light of the little muddy yard, the starring negro boy holding the horse, and portly, kind-looking old man awaiting his approach.

When John reached the judge, he stopped and was silent. He had his little speech all ready, but his tongue was stiff and his throat parched.

"Well, my boy, what is it?" asked the judge kindly.

John thrust out his hand.

"A ruby, sir. It's worth a great many thousand dollars. I found it on your land."

Judge Peters took the stone and examined it eagerly; then he turned to John, and looked at him as curiously.

"Why didn't you keep it, if its worth so much?"

"I had a mind to, but it's yours."

He turned away.

Stopped my boy! Who are you?"

"John Fremoy, sir."

"Oho! Uncle Job spoke of you to me. You are uncommonly quick at figures, eh?"

"If I am, I'm a dunce at everything else. If I had not been I might have gone to West Point."

"Yes," looking very thoughtfully at John. "Very well, Fremoy, I'm very much pleased with your honesty. Good morning!" And the judge rode abruptly away.

He rode directly to Uncle Job's house and was closeted with him for an hour. The next day the village was electrified by hearing that Judge Peters was going to take John Fremoy to Annapolis to pass an examination in the engineer's department of the Naval Academy, and that Lou was to be put to school in Raleigh by the same kind friend.

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John Fremoy is now a middle-aged man, ranking high in his profession.

He met Judge Peters about a year ago, at his sister's house, for Lou married a planter in Virginia, and is a happy wife and mother.

"I have often wondered, judge," he said, "why you befriended me as you did. I certainly was a dunce as far as Latin was concerned, and I am not at all sure if I am accurate about the Carlovingian dynasty yet."

"Honesty is a rare quality than good scholarship, and more useful in the world, Fremoy."

"And another question. Is not that the ruby I found, which you wear on your watch chain?"

"Yes."

"May I look closely at it?"

The judge hesitated, then laughed, and gave it to him.

"Why, it is only colored quartz!" exclaimed Fremoy.

"Yes, but it is more valuable to me than any jewel, for it gave me an honest man for a friend."

A REMARKABLE HISTORY.

Incidents in the Life of One of the Oldest Men in the Country.

The funeral of Christopher Mann, the centenarian, who died at Independence Saturday in the 111th year of his age, took place yesterday morning, and was attended by a large concourse of relatives and friends. The death of the remarkable old man calls to mind many incidents in the history of a life that had its beginning before the birth of the republic. He was born in Virginia, Sept. 15, 1774. Two years latter his father emigrated to Kentucky, and in 1798, at the age of 24, Christopher removed to Ohio, where he afterward married Miss Bessie Lusk. Leaving Ohio he moved to Indiana, and in 1838 he came to Missouri, taking up his residence in Jasper county. In 1843 he moved to Jackson county, where he continued to reside up to his death. Seventeen children were the fruit of his first marriage and nine of the second, which occured in 1848. Of this numerous progeny fifteen survive, as does also his second wife. His oldest child is a son, 83 years of age, who resides in Portland, Oregon. The youngest is Lydia Anora, a beautiful girl of 17, who is the only unmarried child. His lineal descendants include fifteen living children, forty-two grandchildren, eleven great-grandchildren, six great-great-grandchildren and one great-great-great-grandchild. It had been his custom for several years past to celebrate each anniversary of his birth by a family reunion, and although at no time have all of his descendants been assembled yet on these occasions his little house was scarcely able to accommodate the throng that flocked from all parts of Missouri, in which state nearly all of his children reside.

Like other centenarians, "Uncle Chris," as he was called, had a fund of interesting anecdotes of the early history of this country and of the men who made its history what it is. He retained a vivid recollection of the incidents of the three wars since the Revolution, as he did of most of the important political events which have taken place within the past century. His acquaintance included Dick Johnson, President Harrison, Thomas Benton, Daniel Boone, and other personages of historic note, and the family reunions were the occasions when he most delighted to tell of the great men he had known. Although extremely deaf, he could speak distinctly up to the time of his death, and he never failed to regale a listener with incidents of his life. A circumstance over which Gen. Harrison had no control prejudiced Mr. Mann against the future president, and although he voted for him, as he did for every president since John Adams except two, when he voted for the wrong men, he never liked him. It was when he was passing through Indiana that the incident referred to occured. He stopped one night at a tavern kept by Gen. Harrison. The house was crowded and he was compelled to sleep on the floor, for which accommodation he was charged full rate. "Never since then," he observed, "have I liked 'Bill' Harrison. He was a good fighter, though, and he did whip old Tecumseh powerful bad at the battle of Tippecanoe."

Mr. Mann was a constant user of tobacco. He had been habituated to the use of liquor since his boyhood, although he claimed that he had never been under its influence. It was his boast that he had never been worsted in a personal encounter, and to judge from his appearance as an old man it was no ideal boast. He was over six feet in height, of a powerful frame, and retained the use of his limbs to the last. Until within a few years ago he was in the habit of walking four or five miles each day, always carrying himself erect, and would never ride when he could walk. A singular fact in his history was that his eyesight never became impaired, and he never knew the need of spectacles. His death removes one of the most remarkable personages in Jackson county, and it is probable that there is no one in the United States whose longevity exceeds his.—*Kansas City Times.*

Trades for American Boys.

The trades in our country, of late years, have been almost monopolized by foreigners. The American boy, however, when he does take a trade, goes straight on to the top of the ladder. It seems as if our boys would rather be fourth-rate lawyers, or physicians, than earn their living by working with their hands. Only the other day I read in a New York newspaper of a young lawyer in a distant city, whom I knew some years ago when I resided in that section of the country, who literally starved to death. He made scarcely any money, was too proud to tell of his want, lived as long as he could on crackers and water, and was found one day in his office, dead from lack of nourishment. He should never have entered the legal profession, for he had no ability in that direction. As a farmer or a mechanic he might have lived a long, useful, and successful life.

No boy, of course, should enter a trade unless he feels himself fitted for it; but on the other hand, he should not, it seems to me, let the false pride against manual labor, which now prevails to such a wide extent in our country, prevent him from endeavoring to do better work with his hands than in his inmost thoughts he knows that he can do with his head.—*From "Ready for Business," by George J. Manson, in St. Nicholas for August.*

Ivy on the Wall.

The common belief that ivy trained against the walls of a dwelling house produces damp walls and general unhealthiness is fallacious. The very opposite is the case. If one will carefully examine an ivy-clad wall after a shower of rain he will notice that while the overlapping leaves have conducted the water from point to point until it has reached the ground, the wall beneath is perfectly dry and dusty. More than this, the thirsty shoots which force their way into every crevice of the structure which will afford a firm hold, act like suckers in drawing on any particles of moisture for their own nourishment. The ivy, in fact, acts like a great coat, keeping the house from wet and making it warm. One more virtue it has in giving to the ugliest structure an evergreen beauty. —*Land and Water.*

SOILS AND HEALTH.

How Certain Soils Absorb Various Substances that Give Rise to Dangerous Diseases—Industrial Notes.

Soils and Health.

The soil, especially the first few inches or feet below the surface, writes Prof. Raphael Pumpelly in *Science*, is the antechamber of life—the laboratory in which operate incessantly the processes by which inert matter is prepared for the nourishment of life. It is this, because it is also the tomb of all terrestial living matter. Here is the realization of the phœnix myth, the slow combustion of organic matter leaving a residuum, from which springs the new life of succeeding generations. These processes of the transformation of matter are the work of the low forms of microscopic life which are known as bacteria, and are gifted with the capacity of enormous and immensely rapid multiplication. This world of microscopical life is vast as regards the distribution and number of its living entities. These minute organisms are known to be intimately connected with many of the fundamental processes of the organic world, and our knowledge of their range of activity is constantly increasing. They may be considered practically to stand in close genetic relations to many diseases; but the question of absolute differentiation of forms with specific functions, or of the possibility of protean functional characteristics among them, varying with their surroundings, is one of the present great problems of biology.

The great majority of pathologists now consider the infectious, and most of the contagious, diseases to be dependent on these low forms of life; and the tendency is to consider that certain diseases, or groups of diseases, are produced only by specific forms of bacteria.

These organisms are wide spread, especially the various forms that are associated with putrefaction and mold. Only on high mountains, and far from land on the ocean, is the air practically free from them. Elsewhere the air, water, and soil teem with them. Their abundance is necessarily proportionate to the amount of decomposing organic matter in the neighborhood, since they are themselves the scavengers on which the processes of decomposition depend. Few people realize what an important part the soil plays in our lives. The water we drink (unless from cisterns) has leached through it. The air we breathe is frequently loaded with its dust. It is in our food. The soil is highly porous; and the interstices between the grains are filled with water or with air—'ground-water' or 'ground-air.' The ground-air fluctuates with the varying barometric pressure and with the rise and fall of the ground-water in rainy and dry seasons. The ground-water flows according to the common laws of hydrostatics, but with a movement retarded by friction.

A town on a river flat is built over a continuous sheet of slowly-moving subterranean water, and most houses are built where water is accessible within a few feet from the surface. In view of the fact that our wells and the cellars of our houses are in more or less close proximity to these centers of pollution, it was thought desirable to ascertain to what extent the different soils act as filters in arresting the spores of bacteria. This investigation, which was carried out for the national board of health by the writer, assisted by Dr. Smyth, brought out very clearly three facts:

1. All soils finer than very coarse sand have practically a continuous capacity for arresting the spores of bacteria from infected air filtered through them.

2. No soil, no matter how fine, can arrest and hold back the spores of bacteria contained in water. The experiment on which this statement rests consisted in filtering unsterilized water through one hundred feet of pipe filled with fine sand which had been sterilized by heating to a red heat. The pipe was connected by an air-tight joint with a flask of sterilized beef-infusion, and the whole apparatus left for several weeks before use. The first drop of water that passed through these hundred feet of sand infected the beef-infusion, causing it to putrefy.

3. Neither bacteria nor their spores can detach themselves from a liquid or from a wet soil and pass into the air except through the conversion of the water into spray, or through the formation of dust by evaporation.

The chief practical inferences from these results are that distances, even of hundreds of feet, between wells and cesspools are no protection against infection, and that a dry, or an alternately wet and dry, cellar may be more dangerous than a permanently wet one. These results emphasize the importance of an intelligent survey of the condition of the soil in selecting a home, and of legislation prohibiting the pollution of the soil. In many towns and cities the privy-vaults and leaching cesspools of every house drain really into the sheet of ground-water; the soil arrests the coarse material, the grease and slime, but the swarming bacteria diffuse with ease, as much as the soluble chlorides and nitrates, and follow the flow wholly unobstructed. In this same soil are sunk or driven the wells; and the water that is drawn for use is polluted in proportion to the number and proximiny of the vaults and cesspools on the one hand and the thinness and sluggishness of the water-sheet on the other. In the worst wells in daily use the water is distinctly colored with sewage; but the most deadly water my carry only the germs of typhoid fever or of dysentery, and be otherwise sparklingly clear, and so pure as to pass unchallenged through the most searching chemical analysis.

If the soil is polluted and very coarse gravel this indranght, loaded with the spores of bacteria will flow through the cellar to the warmer rooms. If the soil is poluted and fine, and the ground-water surface rises at any season to the level of the floor, it will evaporate as it oozes into the cellar, and leave an infected dust to be taken up into the circulation of the house-air. Similar results will follow from the leaching of the cesspool toward the cellar wall, or from the filteration through the soil of sewerage from a broken or leaky drain, which is very apt to exist in or just outside of the foundation wall. The pollutions of soil and water already mentioned are of such a general character that, with ordinary forethought, they can be guarded against; but there are others of a local character which are not revealed to a general survey. In the growth of many of our cities the natural topography is disregarded. Lowlands and marshes which are travesed by sewage-fed brooks are covered with a net work of high-graded streets, which convert the blocks into sewage-basins which come, in time, to underlie blocks of dwellings of all classes.

In other cases low or marshy ground is made the dumping-ground of the city and receives the sweepings of the street, the contents of the ash and garbage barrels—everything, in fact, that can not pass through the sewers or be sold. The entire material is loaded with organic matter, which is kept in a state of very slow decomposition by moisture. Some of the costliest dwellings of our cities rise upon such soil. We may take every precaution to avoid in our homes the dangers that arise from a polluted soil and may yet fall victims to the filthy condition of remote places over which we have no control.

Among many others there are two exceptionally frequent sources of danger of this kind. One of these is the farmer's well, which is rarely safe, and when not not used to adulterate milk is used to rinse milk pans and cans, and leaves upon their surfaces a source of contamination. The other frequent instance is the use, by druggists, of water from wells or from cisterns which are often anything but sewer-proof. Throughout the country, and often in the cities, the use of only distilled water in compounding medicines is far from universal; and I have had analyses made of lime water bought at a druggist's which was highly contaminated with organic matter. The druggist's well moreover, is the source of the soda-water throughout the country, as well as in many cities where the water rates are high. A person having a harmless disturbance of the bowels, arising from a cold is just in the condition to succumb to the dysentery or typhoid fever lurking in the medicine or Vichy water from the too-much-trusted druggist.

Industrial Breathes.

The latest advices from different parts of the continent of Europe indicate the prevalence of hot and dry weather. In France the crops have developed finely under the influence of bright sunshine. Much-needed rain has improved the rather poor prospects in Austria-Hungary; but the benefit has been to some extent discounted by the damage done by thunderstorms and floods. From Germany and Holland reports are mainly favorable, except with respect to the rye crop in Germany. In the southern parts of Russia drought has been so severe and prolonged that the crops have suffered irreparable injury; but in the central districts the outlook is moderately satisfactory.

Mr. M. A. Moore, of Greencastle, Ind., says *The Indiana Farmer*, has succeeded in taming robins and catbirds that nest in the trees on his grounds so that they allow him to handle them and take them into the house at pleasure. He began taming them by feeding the mother birds, while on the nest, with worms, which he at first extended on the end of a long stick, and afterward held to them on the hand. They soon learned to look on him as a friend to be sought and not to be feared and avoided, and now come at his call, like so many pet doves and chicks.

The Hellenic government has prohibited the importation into Greece from all the provinces and islands of Turkey, including eastern Roumelia, Bulgaria, and Egypt, of plants, roots of trees of every sort, fresh fruits, leaves, grass, vegetables, roots, bulbs, of every kind, and trusses of hay. The consular agents of Greece resident in Ottoman ports have received orders not to issue the *permis* necessary for the transport of these articles. This action is taken in order to prevent the importation of the phylloxera.

Seedling strawberries are easily raised. The most perfect berries should be selected for the purpose. They may be dried in the sun, and gently rubbed so as to separate all the seeds; or, when larger quantities are to be prepared, they may be washed out and strained. When dry the seeds may be kept till the following spring or till wanted. But a more satisfactory way is to mash the berries with enough fine, dry sand to make a dry mixture, and sow at once.

A singular circumstance is reported from a hot, dry valley in New South Wales. Last year the drought there was of long duration, and the denizens of the apiaries suffered much from it. This year the bees have made provision against a similar emergency. They have filled a large number of the external cells in every hive with pure water instead of honey. It is thought that the instinct of the little creatures leads them to anticipate a hot summer.

A Swedish engineer has succeeded in producing a new explosive, which he calls romite. It is claimed that no elaborate machinery is required in the manufacture of this explosive, that it will not freeze, and can not be exploded except by ignition. Experiments have been made with the new explosive for blasting, and it has also been tried in shells, the results, it is said, in both cases being entirely satisfactory.

A few weeks ago Mr. E. R. Newcomb, of Pleasant Valley, N. Y., took from between the clapboards and lath of the side of Martin Ruger's house at Pleasant Valley 125 pounds of fine honey, and succeeded in saving the colony of bees, which were soon after placed in a hive. Mr. Newcomb has a large apiary at Pleasant Valley, and has been very successful in the culture of bees.

Persons should be more careful about leaving empty paint cans and kegs where the cattle will get access to them. Also to keep cattle from newly-painted buildings and fences. Four cows were recently poisoned in Windsor, Conn., two of them fatally, by feasting upon fresh paint left in old paint-cans thrown away by a painter whose shop was in or near a cow pasture.

The prize-list of the Nebraska state fair to be held at Lincoln Sept. 11 to 18, has been received. One of the rules prohibits the sale of intoxicating liquors, wines, or beer of any kind, and gambling or any game of chance upon the grounds or within forty rods of the grounds.

The crop of early Richmond cherries was almost an entire failure in the vicinity of Chicago this season. Most of the trees set out from twelve to sixteen years ago are dead or dying. The severe cold of last winter was very hard on them.

The total sales of wool in Boston since Jan. 1, 1885, have been 62,680,700 pounds, against 45,850,200 pounds for the same time last year. This shows an increase of 16,830,500 pounds.

Poultry shows will be held at the following times and places: Topeka, Kan., Sept. 14-17; Fort Wayne, Ind., Sept. 16-20; Chariton, Iowa, Dec. 15-18; Battle Creek, Mich., Jan. 12-13.

The first shipment of live cattle from Duluth, Minn., to Liverpool, England, left July 3.

NOTABLE SAYINGS OF GRANT.

Quotations From His Speeches, Addresses, Letters, Etc.

The only eyes a General can trust are his own.

I do not believe in luck in war any more than in luck in business.

A General who will never take a chance in a battle will never fight one.

I would deal with nations as equitable law requires individuals to treat with each other.

I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.—[In the Wilderness, May 11, 1864.

This is a Republic where the will of the people is the law of the land. I beg that their voice may be heard. —[Letter to President Johnson, 1865.

The humblest soldier who carried a musket is entitled to as much credit for the results of the war as those who were in command.—[Speech at Hamburg, 1878.

With a people as honest and proud as the Americans, and with so much common sense, it is always a mistake to do a thing not entirely right for the sake of expediency.

Although a soldier by education and profession; I have never felt any fondness for war, and I have never advocated it except as a means of peace. —[Speech in London, 1877.

No theory of my own will ever stand in the way of my executing, in good faith, any order I may receive from those in authority over me.—[Letter to Secretary Chase, July, 1863.

If our country could be saved or ruined by the efforts of any one man, we should not have a country, and we should not now be celebrating our Fourth of July.—[Speech at Hamburg, 1878.

Too long denial of guaranteed right is sure to lead to revolution, bloody revolution, where suffering must fall upon the innocent as well as the guilty. —[Letter to Governor Chamberlain, 1876.

There had to be an end to slavery. Then we were fighting an enemy with whom we could not make a peace. We had to destroy him. No convention, no treaty, was possible only destruction.

The stability of this government and the unity of this nation depend solely on the cordial support and the earnest loyalty of the people.—[Address to loyal citizens of Memphis, August, 1865.

Peace and universal prosperity, its sequence, with economy of administration, will lighten the burden of taxation, while it certainly reduces the national debt. Let us have peace. —[Letter accepting nomination, 1868.

We are a Republic whereof one man is as good as another before the law. Under such a form of government it is of the greatest importance that all should be possessed of education and intelligence enough to cast a vote with a right understanding of its meaning.—[Annual Message, 1871.

To protect the national honor every dollar of the government indebtedness should be paid in gold, unless otherwise especially stipulated in the contract. Let it be understood that no repudiation of one farthing of our public debt will be trusted in places. —[Inaugural Address, 1869.

I feel no inclination to retaliate for the offenses of irresponsible persons, but if it is the policy of any General entrusted with the command of troops to show no quarter or to punish with death prisoners taken in battle, I will accept the issue.—[Letter to Confederate General Buckner, 1863.

I shall on all subjects have a policy to recommend, none to enforce against the will of the people. Laws are to govern all alike—those opposed to as well as those in favor of them. I know no method to secure the repeal of bad or obnoxious laws so effectual as their strict execution.—[Inaugural Address, 1869.

I am not one of those that cry out against the Republic and charge it with being ungrateful. I am sure that, as regards the American people as a nation and as individuals, I have every reason under the sun, if any person really has, to be satisfied with the treatment of me.—[Speech in New York, 1880.

The truth is, I am more of a farmer than a soldier. I take little or no interest in military affairs, and, although I entered the army thirty-five years ago, and have been in two wars, in Mexico as a young Lieutenant, and later, I never went into the army without regret and never retired without pleasure.

When I was in the army I had a physique that could stand anything. Whether I slept on the ground or in a tent, whether I slept one hour or ten in the twenty-four, whether I had but one meal or three or none, made no difference. I could lie down and sleep in the rain without caring. But I was many years younger and I could not hope to do that now.

The President of the Chamber of Commerce in his remarks has alluded to the personal friendship existing between the two nations. I will not say the two peoples, because we are one people, but we are two nations having a common destiny, and that destiny will be brilliant in proportion to the friendship and cooperation of the brethren on the two sides of the water.—[Speech at Newcastle.

Let us all labor to add all needful guarantees for the more perfect security of free thought, free speech and free press, pure morals, unfettered religious sentiments and of equal rights and privileges to all men, irrespective of nationality, color or religion. Encourage free schools and resolve that not one dollar of money appropriated to their support, no matter how raised, shall be appropriated to the support of any sectarian school. —[Address at the Reunion of Army of the Tennessee, 1875.

Victory has crowned your valor and secured the purpose of your patriotic hearts, and with the gratitude of your countrymen and the highest honors a great and free nation can accord you will soon be permitted to return to your homes and families conscious of having discharged the highest duty of American citizens. To achieve these glorious triumphs and secure to yourselves, your fellow-countrymen and posterity the blessing of free institutions, tens of thousands of your gallant comrades have fallen and sealed the priceless legacy with their lives. The graves of these a grateful nation bedews with tears, honors their memories and will ever cherish and support their stricken families.—[Address to the Armies, June 2, 1865.

One thousand Crow Indians congregated on the Big Horn recently to mourn the demise of Iron Bull, their war-chief. They made Rome howl for three days.

FACT AND FANCY.

The butcher should always be placed on joint committees.

The older a violin is the more valuable it becomes. It is different with jokes.

Vera Cruz people are discontented with the proposed personal taxation to be levied.

Bicycle clubs are called "veloce clubs" in France, and their members "velocemen."

The red rose is the national flower of England and the red nose is the national flower of English beer.

Cucumbers sliced are said to remove freckles. This is not wonderful. They have been known to "remove" whole families.

The only difference between "going a-fishing" and "been fishing" is the number of backaches and self-denunciations.

Outdoor exercise being ordered her by the doctor, a Nantucket woman has begun driving a public carriage.

Quails are so troublesome in some parts of San Benito county, California, that poison is used to destroy them.

It is now announced that the king of Siam is the father of 364 children. The last time the item went around the number was only 240.

The presiding officer at a political meeting is probably called "the chair" on account of the apparently very general desire to sit upon him.

Our little Billy's passed the golden shore; he always laughed and joked; it doesn't seem the same house any more, since little Billy croaked.

A kitten was recently born at Redlands, San Diego, county, Cal., having four eyes and two mouths in one head. It is on exhibition at Colton.

A small lot of pompano received at Fulton market, New York, on Monday morning from Pensacola, were quickly sold at the rate of $1 per pound.

At Modesto, Cal., white women and men patronize Chinese opium-dens, and smoke the drug at open windows in plain sight from the principal street.

A seaside landlord says, "One spirituelle g'rl will eat up, waste, and muss over more food than any two men who sit at my tables. I'd rather board a bear."

There is a fortune in store for the man who shall invent a bonnet that can be worn in any part of the church and always present its trimmed side to the congregation.

The senior warden of St. Paul's church, Woodbury, Conn., is 90 years of age, and his three immediate predecessors attained the ages of 94, 90, and 85 years, respectively.

A religious enthusiast in Georgia imagines that he is John the Baptist, and insists on having his head returned. An old deacon has volunteered to put a head on him.

The municipal debts of the five principal cities of New York are: New York, $80,814,055; Brooklyn, $37,775,650; Buffalo, $7,971,267, Rochester, $5,284,000, and Albany, $3,105,000.

"How many members are there in your church?" "Well," said a warden, "I tell 'em we've got about ten to be depended on, to do anything, though we've got more'n a hundred on the books."

The author of "Silver Threads Among the Gold" was one of the men who drew prizes in the administration lottery. He has been made postmaster with a salary of $212 per year.

"Oh, you can laugh," exclaimed Fenderson, with a show of impatience, "but I am not quite so much of a fool as you think I am." "Tell you the truth," said Fogg, "I didn't believe it could be possible."

If Adam had only had the "helpper readiness" to remark, when invited by his spouse to taste the forbidden fruit, "Not this Eve," we should all be living in southern Mesopotamia at the present day.

The Michigan chap who has received the most bonquets this spring from the ladies is a fellow who assaulted a woman with intent to rob and got a year in state prison. He was pronounced "perfectly lovely."

An Irishman was taken to see a cathedral. As he entered the magnificent building, bewildered by its beauty, he turned to his companion and said: "Phwy, Moike, it bates the divil." "That's the intintion, Pat."

Goodness gracious! and has it come to this? A lady in the horse-car remarked to her companion: "Of course, I like to go away in the summer. It's such a change, you know. But then it is so tiresome to have one's husband around all day."

"I don't understand how the railroads can afford to reduce the fare to 1 cent a mile." "Oh, it's very simple." "They have to make up the loss in some way." "They do." "How?" "Make the sleeping-car porter divide with the company."

"My dear fellow, how glad I am to meet you again. It is years since we parted. You look well, healthy, flourishing." "Oh, yes; I'm enjoying