THOMAS COUNTY CAT.

PORTER & HOVEY, Publishers.

COLBY. - - - - - - - KANSAS.

THE ROADSIDE SPRING.

Tall houses crowd the rising ground, where stood the woods before,
But still unchanged the crystal spring and as it was of yore—
The yellow log through which it wells, its bottom strewn with sand,
The gourd hung on the alder bough, so ready to the hand,
The lush-grass growing on the edge, the bushes drooping low—
It is the same old roadside spring of fifty years ago.

Here one time was the grazing farm where I was born and bred;
There stood the farm-house—they have built a mansion there instead;
This street was once the turnpike road, o'er which in drought or rain
There used to pass, on creaking wheels, the Conestoga wain;
And here, however given was he a stronger draught to take,
The driver always stopped awhile his ceaseless thirst to slake.

How frequent, on my way to school, I tarried at the brink,
And looked within its crystal depth before I bent to drink.
There is no change—the water still the purest and the best;
That gourd—it seems the very same my lips so often pressed,
The grass around is quite as green; the log as mossy seems;
How vividly the past comes back, like figures seen in dreams!

Out yonder stands a church, whose spire is piercing through the air,
Where stood the school-house in a field of grass and bushes bare;
A little wooden house it was, one-storied, narrow, low—
Old Griffin was the teacher then; he died here long ago;
Hard-featured, stern—the neighbors said he was a learned man;
One thing he knew beyond all doubt—the use of his rattan.

Down that side street, so thickly built, the path lay to the glen—
The short road to the village mill; they've arched the stream since then.
That dusty, dun, three-storied mill, with ever open door;
That champing brutes that bore the grist ranged in a row before;
The black wheel turning slowly round, the water falling free;
The clatter and the whirr within—how plain they are to me.

Mill, woodland, school-house, field and farm—they all have passed away;
This is a strange and alien land wherein I stand to-day;
The scenes of youth I longed to see, at my approach have fled;
Here is the burial place of dreams, and here the past lies dead;
And yet one verdant spot remains within the desert drear,
One oasis within the waste—the road-side spring is here.

—*Thomas Dunn English, in N. Y. Independent.*

WONDERS OF MEMORY.

Both Idiots and Geniuses Certainly Exhibit Them.

If "all great people have great memories," as Sir Arthur Help declares in his delightful book entitled Social Pressure, it by no means follows that all those who are possessed of great memories are great people. Many an instance might be cited to show that men of very moderate intellectual capacity may be endowed with a power of memory which is truly prodigous. In addition to this, there are plenty of well-authenticated examples of the extraordinary power of memory displayed even by idiots. In the Memoirs of Mrs. Somerville there is a curious account of a most extraordinary verbal memory. "There was an idiot in Edinburgh," she tells us, "of a respectable family who had a remarkable memory. He never failed to go to the kirk on Sunday; and on returning home, could repeat the sermon, saying: 'Here the minister coughed; here he stopped to blow his nose.' During the tour we made in the Highlands," she adds, "we met with another idiot who knew the Bible so perfectly, that if you asked him where such a verse was to be found, he could tell without hesitation and repeat the chapter." These examples are sufficiently remarkable; but what shall be said of the case cited by Archdeacon Fearon in his valuable pamphlet on Mental Vigour? "There was in my father's parish," says the archdeacon, "a man who could remember the day when every person had been buried in the parish for thirty-five years, and could repeat with unvarying accuracy the name and age of the deceased, with the mourners at the funeral. But he was a complete fool. Out of the line of burials, he had but one idea, and could not give an intelligible reply to a single question, nor be trusted to feed himself."

These phenomenal instances may be matched by the Sussex farm-laborer George Watson, as we find recorded in Hone's Table Book. Watson could neither read nor write, yet he was wont to perform wondrous feats of mental calculation, and his memory for events seemed to be almost faultless. "But the most extraordinary circumstance," says Hone, "is the power he possessed of recollecting the events of every day from an early period of his life. Upon being asked what day of the week a given day of the month occurred, he immediately names it, and also mentions where he was and what was the state of the weather. A gentleman who had kept a diary put many questions to him, and his answers were invariably correct."

Of a similar kind is the memory for which Daniel M'Cartney has become famous in the United States. The strange story of this man's achievements is told by Mr. Henkle in the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*. M'Cartney, in 1869, declared that he could remember the day of the week for any date from January, 1827, that is, from the time when he was nine years and four months old—forty-two and a half years. He has often been tested, and, so far as Mr. Henkle's account goes, had not failed to tell his questioner "what day it was," and to give some information about the weather, and about his own whereabouts and doings on any one of the fifteen thousand or more dates that might be named. When Mr. Kenkle first met this man of marvelous memory, he was employed in the office of Hon. T. K. Rukenbrod, editor of the Salem *Republican*, where nothing better could be found for M'Cartney to do than "turn the wheel of the printing-press on two days of each week." On the first formal examination this man underwent, his answers were tested by reference to the file of a newspaper which gave the day of the week along with the date. In one case his statement was disputed, for the day he named was not the same as that given by the paper; but on further inquiry, it was found that the newspaper was wrong, for the printer had made a mistake. Short-hand notes of the conversation were taken at subsequent interviews. The report of these is very curious reading. Take the following as a sample: "Question—October 8, 1828? Answer (in two seconds)—Wednesday. It was cloudy and drizzled rain. I carried dinner to my father where he was getting out coal. Question—February 21, 1829? Answer (in two seconds)—Saturday. It was cloudy in the morning, and clear in the afternoon; there was a little snow on the ground. An uncle who lived near sold a horse-beast for thirty-five dollars." And so the conversation ran on for hours, ranging over forty years of M'Cartney's personal history. Mr. Henkle tells us that if he went over some of the dates again, after a few days' interval, the answers, although given in different terms, were essentially the same, "showing distinctly that he remembered the facts, and not the words previously used." M'Cartney's memory is not confined to dates and events; he is a rare calculater, can give the cube root to such numbers as 59, 319; or 571, 787, &c.; can repeat some two hundred and fifty hymns, and start about two hundred tunes; has a singularly extensive and accurate knowledge of geography, and never forgets the name of a person he has once seen or read of. With all this singular power of memory, however, he is not a man whose general grasp of mind is at all noteworthy.

The same may be said of scores of men whose one rich gift of memory has brought them into prominence. No one has claimed any high intellectual rank for the renowned "Memory Corner Thompson," who drew from actual memory, in twenty-two hours, at two sittings, in the presence of two well-known gentlemen, a correct plan of the parish of St. James, Westminster, with parts of the parishes of St. Marylebone, St. Ann and St. Martin; which plan contained every square, street, lane, court, alley, market, church, chapel and all public buildings, with all stables and other yards, and also every public-house in the parish, and the corners of all streets, with all minutiæ, as pumps, posts, trees, houses that project and inject, bow-windows, Carlton House, St. James' Palace and the interior of the markets, without scale or reference to any plan, book, or paper whatever; who undertook to do the same for the parishes of St. Andrew, Holburn, St. Giles-in-the-Fields, St. Paul's, Convent Garden, St. Mary-le-Strand, St. Clement's and St. George's; who could tell the corner of any great leading throughfare from Hyde Park corner or Oxford street to St. Paul's; who could "take an inventory of a gentleman's house from attic to ground-floor and write it out afterwards. He did this at Lord Nelson's at Merton, and at the Duke of Kent's, in the presence of two noblemen."

Turning, now, from examples like the foregoing, which have been given to show that a great memory does not argue in all cases any unusual mental power in other directions, let us look at some of the "great people" whose "great memories" illustrate the correctness of Sir Arthur Helps' dictum. Running over a long list of examples, which the writer has prepared for his own use in the study of this subject, he has been struck with the fact, that the last three or four centuries appear to much greater advantage in this review than any similar period which preceded them. This, after all, is not surprising, when the circumstances of modern life are carefully considered; but it is not in accordance with common opinion. There is a notion abroad that the power of memory has declined since the invention of writing, and especially since the invention of printing and the universal spread of cheap books and newspapers. Nothing could be more mistaken than such a supposition. If we do not nowadays use the memory as the only registry of facts within our reach, we do use the memory even more than the ancients, for the simple reason that our knowledge travels over an immeasurably wider area, we have more to remember, and, as civilization and culture advance, a good memory becomes more and more needful for the work of life; the general level of intelligence is being raised, and mental power is developed from age to age. In this general advancement and growth, memory has its share.

The verbal memory displayed by the old Greek rhapsodists and bards, or the Icelandic scalds, was undoubtedly remarkable, and is often held up to the envy of these degenerate days. Yet the modern Shah-nama-Khans, Koran Khans and other singers and reciters of Persia, who will recite for hours together without stammering," and the Calmuck national bards, whose songs and recitations "sometimes last a whole day," can not surely be a whit behind, if indeed they do not surpass the prodigies of early ages. We are often reminded of Greek gentlemen who knew their Homer by heart, in the days when Homer occupied the field almost alone and there was very little else to learn. But what are their exploits by the side of men like Joseph Justus Scaliger, who "committed Homer to memory in twenty-one days, and the whole Greek poets in three months?" Casaubon says of Scaliger: "There was no subject on which any one could desire instruction which he was not capable of giving. He had read nothing which he did not forthwith remember. So extensive and accurate was his acquaintance with languages that if during his lifetime he had made but this single acquisition it would have appeared miraculous."

Since the revival of learning in Europe there have been scores, yea, hundreds of scholars who have known "their Homer" by heart and a thousand other things besides. Bishop Saunderson, old Isaac Walton tells us, could repeat all the odes of Horace, all Tully's Offices, and the best part of Juvenal and Persius. Euler the mathematician and Leibnitz the philosopher could recite the Æneid from beginning to end. In their day, Porson, Elmsley, Parr and Wakefield, held the foremost place as scholars, and all, of course, had rare memories, but the palm must be given to Porson, of whom endless stories are told. Before he went to Eton, he was able to repeat almost the whole of Horace, Virgil, Homer, Cicero and Livy. When, as a practical joke, a school-fellow slipped the wrong book into Porson's hand, just as he was about to read and translate, the boy was not disconcerted, but went on to read from his memory, as if nothing had occurred. In later life, his performances approached the miraculous. It would require all our space to give any fair idea of them; for he not only knew all the great Greek poets and prose writers pretty well by heart, but could recite whole plays of Shakespeare, or complete books from Paradise Lost, Pope's Rape of the Lock, Barrow's sermons, scenes from Foote, Edgeworth's Essay on Irish Bulls, scores of pages from Gibbon or Rapin. He is also said to have been able to repeat the whole of the Moral Tale of the Dean of Badajoz, and Smollett's Roderick Random from the first page to the last.

Gilbert Wakefield's memory was also of the gigantic order, but it will not bear comparison with Porson's. There were few passages in Homer or Pindar which he could not recite at a moment's notice; Virgil and Horace he knew perfectly; and he could recite entire books from the Old and New Testaments without halting or failing in a single verse. There was also John Wyndham Bruce, whose leisure time was devoted to classical studies. His chief favorite was Æschylus, the whole of whose plays he had learnt by heart, including the twelve hundred lines of the *Agamemnon* collated by Robertellus. He knew his Horace in the same way, and was quite content, until one day he met with an old fellow-student at Bonn, who, when he made a quotation, would mention book, ode and verse, remarking that he did not regard any one as knowing Horace properly unless he could do that. Mr. Bruce accordingly set to work at Horace again, and it was not long before he could name the exact place occupied by a line in any of the famous odes. It would be hard to believe that Athenian lads could beat the English lads of fourteen years and under, of whom Archdeacon Fearon tells us in the pamphlet referred to above. It was the custom in the school to which he went for the boys to repeat at the end of one of the terms all the Latin and Greek poetry they had learnt during the year. The usual quantity for a boy to go in with was from eight to ten thousand lines, and it took about a week to hear them. "One boy in my year," he says, "repeated the enormous quantity of fourteen thousand lines of Homer, Horace and Virgil. I heard him say it."

Ease in learning foreign languages is sometimes regarded as a mere matter of memory; while, however, this is not exactly true, it must be allowed, of course, that skilled linguists are endowed with powers of memory beyond the average. Here also we find that there are no examples in ancient times that will stand comparison with our great modern linguists. Our modern facilities for travel and study place us at an immense advantage. Crassus, when prætor in Asia, was so familiar with the dialects of Greek, that he was able to try cases and pronounce judgment in any dialect that might chance to be spoken in his presence. "Mithridates, king of twenty-two nations, administered their laws in as many languages," and could harangue each division of his motley array of soldiers in its own language or dialect.

But what are such linguists as these by the side of the best examples of recent times? Keeping within the limits of the last hundred years, we have examples that have never been surpassed or even approached in former times. Sir William Jones knew thirteen languages well, and could read with comparative ease in thirty others. John Leyden, a very inferior man to his great contemporary, had a good acquaintance with fifteen of the leading European and Asiatic languages. Within the last few years we have lost two men who could have traveled from the hills of Connemara or the mountains of Wales to the Ural mountains, or from Lisbon or Algiers to Ispahan or Delhi, and hardly met with a language in which they could not converse or write with ease. The reader will most likely have anticipated the names of two of the most remarkable linguists this country has produced—George Borrow and Edward Henry Palmer. When Borrow was at St. Petersburg, he published a little book called Targum, in which he gave translations in prose and poetry from thirty different languages. Besides speaking the native tongue of every European nation, Palmer was so perfect a master of Arabic, Persian, Hindustani, Turkish and the language of the gypsies, that even natives were sometimes deceived as to his nationality. Mr. Leland says that one day in Paris Palmer "entered into conversation with a Zouave or Turco, a native Arab. After a while the man said: 'Why do you wear these clothes?' 'Why, how should I dress?' exclaimed Palmer. 'Dress like what you are!' was the indignant reply—'like a Muslim!' "

Viscount Strangford may be placed in the same category with these; and the "learned blacksmith," Elihu Burritt, whose friends claim for him that he knew all the languages of Europe and most of those of Asia, must not be left out of sight. But even these do not touch the highest limit of linguistic skill and power of memory. The most scientific linguist we have to name, and one of the most remarkable for the extent of his acquisition, is Von der Gabelentz, who seems to have been equally at home with the Suahilis, the Samoyeds, the Hazaras, the Aimaks, the Dyaks, the Dakotas and the Kiriris; who could translate from Chinese into Manchu, compile a grammar or correct the speech of the inhabitants of the Fiji Islands, New Hebrides, Loyalty Islands or New Caledonia. When we come to Cardinal Mezzofanti and Sir John Bowring we find the "highest record" as regards the mere number and variety of tongues that men have been known to acquire. No one can speak with absolute certainty as to the number of languages Mezzofanti could converse in with ease. Mrs. Somerville says that he professed only fifty-two.

This brief review of the subject necessarily leaves out of account a vast number of the most extraordinary and interesting examples. Artists like Horace Vernet; mathematicians and calculators like Dr. Wallis and Leonard Euler, or G. P. Bidder and young Colburn; musicians like Mozart; newspaper reporters like the unequalled "Memory Woodfall;" literary men like Lord Macaulay and T. H. Buckle; chess-players like Paul Morphy and J. H. Blackbourne, have accomplished feats of memory as marvelous as any of those which have been mentioned.—*Chambers' Journal.*

SCIENTIFIC GRAIN DEALS.

The Marvelous Effect of Sun Spots on the Prices of Grain.

For some years past there have been few subjects of astronomical study so interesting, and none that has been pursued with such diligence, as that of "sun spots." While little has been really learned as to the cause or nature of this periodic, measley condition of the solar orb, very much light has been gained as to its effect on matters terrestrial. Indeed, it has been found that few natural phenomena transpire that are not more or less affected by the so-called sun spots.

One of the most novel discoveries yet made in the realm of sun-spot science has just been laid before the world by Mr. Frederick Chambers, of Bombay, India, whose researches have developed the fact that the fluctuations in the prices of food grains in that country correspond to the regular variation which takes place in the number of the sun's spots during the same period. Mr. Chambers has been able to formulate the following law upon the subject: The lowest prices occur from three to five years after the year of maximum sun spots, while the highest prices occur from one to three years preceding the year of minimum sun spots.

If this rule holds good for India it will probably be found to apply to grain-growing countries generally, and the discovery is an important one. It will work a revolution in grain speculations. The Board of Trade man will no longer need to consult market reports, study the condition of growing crops, and guess as to the proper discount to be made upon the lugubrious complaints of the grangers. His course will hereafter be to master the intricacies of sun-spot science; to ascertain whether "the sun-spot curve" in the particular period he is operating in is regular; whether the interval between maximum and minimum spots is of the average length; in short, to search out many of the mysteries of "sun-spot waves" and "cycles" which have as yet eluded the keenest efforts of science to solve them. In order to pursue his business intelligently, the grain man will find a telescope absolutely essential to his outfit, and we may expect to see every chamber of commerce provided with an observatory containing one of these instruments for the free use of its members. In view of this contingency our new Board of Trade building will have the usual Chicago advantage over all other competitors in that its lofty tower will be eminently suited to the uses of an observatory. But the operator who shall be able to have an observatory on his own house and to provide himself with his own telescope, will possess an obvious advantage over his poorer neighbor, as he will be able to pursue his study of sun spots at every favorable opportunity. The man of scientific tastes will be likely to lead in the new method of grain-dealing.—*Chicago Journal.*

PROTECTING IRON.

A Process Which Will Prevent the Rusting of Gas and Water Pipes.

The liability of iron to rust is a great drawback to its use for many purposes, and the practical value of a process which will protect it at a slight expense is self-evident. That the process is successful in accomplishing this object seems no longer a matter of doubt, and at less cost than galvanizing or tinning. The color on cast and wrought iron is a bluish gray, which to some may be objectionable, but, as the coating takes paint far better than untreated iron, this objection is easily overcome, and with the assurance that the paint will remain, and not soon be thrown off, as it is generally. For polished work the color is a lustrous blue-black, adding greatly to the beauty of the article treated. This process seems peculiarly well adapted for gas and water pipes. Any one who has had occasion to use water which has passed through a new iron pipe, or one that has not been used for some time, knows how full of rust it is, and that only after months of constant use does it become clear again. With pipe coated with the magnetic oxide by the Bower-Bar process, no trouble of the kind can occur. The water runs pure from the first day, and if for any reason the pipes are emptied, and left so, there is no danger of their becoming coated with rust. Another important fact is, that the water coming through one of these rustless pipes is just as pure as when it entered, for the water can dissolve none of the coating of oxide, as it always does with lead or galvanized pipes. It is a well-known fact that water running through lead pipes is very apt to contain lead in solution, and the continued use of such water causes lead-poisoning, for although the amount (of lead) dissolved may be very small, still it accumulates in the system, and finally causes sickness and disease.—*J. S. C. Wells, in Popular Science Monthly.*

—Talking about busy men, who leave their homes early and get back after dark, and never see their children, a man of that sort was hurrying away one morning when he found that his little boy had got up before him and was playing on the sidewalk. He told the child to go in. Child wouldn't. Man spanked him and went to business. Child went in howling. The mother said: "What's the matter?" "Man hit me," blubbered the youngster. "What man?" "That man that stays here Sundays."—*Boston Post.*

ESTEEMED CONTRIBUTORS.

What the Public Owes to "Veritas" and His Numerous Anonymous Co-Workers—A Dissertation by Bill Nye.

My name is Veritas. I write for the papers. I am quite an old man and have written my kindly words of advice to the press for many years. I am the friend of the public and the guiding star of the American newspaper. I point out the proper course for a newly-elected member of Congress and show the thoughtless editor the wants of the people. I write on the subject of political economy. Also on both sides of the paper. Sometimes I write on both sides of the question. When I do so I write over the name of Tax-Payer, but my real name is Veritas.

I am the man who first suggested the culvert at the Jim street crossing, so that the water would run off toward the pound after a rain. With my ready pen—ready, and trenchant also, as I may say—I have, in my poor, weak way, suggested a great many things which might otherwise have remained for many years unsuggested.

I am the man who annually calls for a celebration of the fourth of July in our little town, and asks for some young elocutionist to be selected by the committee, whose duty it shall be to read the declaration of independence in a shrill voice to those who yearn to be thrilled through and through with patriotism.

Did I not speak through the columns of the press in clarion tones for a proper observance of our Nation's great natal day in large Gothic extended caps the Nation's starry banner would remain furled and the greased pig would continue to crouch in his lair. With the aid of my genial co-workers, Tax-Payer, Old Settler, Old Subscriber, Constant Reader, U. L. See, Fair Play and Mr. Pro Bono Publico, I have made the world a far more desirable place in which to live than it would otherwise have been.

My co-laborer Mr. Tax-Payer is an old contributor to the paper, but he is not really a tax-payer. He uses this signature in order to conceal his identity, just as I use the name Veritas. We have a great deal of fun over this at our regular annual reunions where we talk about all of our affairs.

Old Settler is a young tenderfoot who came here last spring and tried to obtain a livelihood by selling an indestructible lamp chimney. He did well for several weeks by going to the different residences and throwing one of his glass chimneys on the floor with considerable force to show that it would not break. He did a good business till one day he made a mistake. Instead of getting hold of his exhibition chimney, he picked out one of the stock and busted it beyond recognition. Since that he has been writing articles in violet ink relative to old times and publishing them over the signature of Old Settler.

Old Subscriber is a friend of mine who reads his paper at the hotels while waiting for a gratuitous drink. Fair Play is a retired monte man and Pro Bono Publico is our genial and urbane undertaker.

I am a very prolific writer, but all my work is not printed. A venal and corrupt press at times hesitates about giving currency to such fearless, earnest truths as I make use of.

I am also the man who says brave things in the columns of the papers when the editor himself does not dare to say them because he is afraid he will be killed. But what racks Veritas the bold and free? Does he flinch or quail? Not a flinch; not a quail.

Boldly he flings aside his base fears, and with bitter vituperation he assails those he dislikes, and attacks with resounding blows his own personal enemies, fearlessly signing his name, Veritas, to the article, so that those who yearn to kill him may know just who he is.

What would the world do without Veritas? In the hands of a horde of journalists who have nothing to do but attend to their business, left with no anonymous friend to whom they can fly when momentous occasions arise, when the sound advice and better judgment of an outside friend is needed, their condition would indeed be a pitiable one. But he will never desert us. He is ever at hand, prompt to say, over his *nom de plume*, what he might hesitate to say under his own name, for fear that he might go home with a battle of Gettysburg under each eye and a nose like a volcanic eruption. He cheerfully attacks every thing and every body, and then goes away till the fight, the funeral and the libel suit are over. Then he returns and assails the grim monster Wrong. He proposes improvements, and the following week a bitter reply comes from Tax-Payer. Pro Bono Publico, the retired three-card-monteist, says: "Let us have the proposed improvement regardless of cost." Then the cynical U. L. See (who is really the janitor at the blind asylum) grumbles about useless expense, and finally draws out from the teeming brain of Constant Reader a long, flabby essay, written on red-ruled leaves, cut out of an old meat-market ledger, written economically on both sides with light blue ink made of bluing and cold tea. This essay introduces, under the most trying circumstances, such crude yet original literary gems as:

Wad some power the giftie gie us, etc.

He also says:

The wee sma' hours ayant the twal,
and farther on
Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said, etc.

His essay is not so much the vehicle of thought as it is the accommodation train for fragments of his old school declamations to ride on.

But to Veritas we owe much. I say this because I know what I am talking about, for am I not old Veritas himself? Haven't I been writing things for the papers ever since papers were published? Am I not the man who for years has been a stranger to fear? Have I not again and again called the Congressman, the capitalist, the clergyman, the voter and the philanthropist every thing I could lay my tongue to, and then fought mosquitoes in the deep recesses of the swamp while the editor remained at the office and took the credit for writing what I had given him for nothing? Has not many a paper built up a name and a libel suit upon what I have written, and yet I am almost unknown? When people ask, Who is Veritas and where does he live? no one seems to know. He is up seven flights of stairs, in a hot room that smells of old clothes and neglected thoughts. Far from the "madding throng," as Congressman Reader has so truly said, I sit alone with no personal property but an overworked costume, a strong love for truth and a shawl-strap full of suggestions to the over-estimated man who edits the paper.

So I battle on, with only the meager and flea-bitten reward of seeing my name in print "anon," as Constant Reader would say. All I have to fork over to posterity is my good name, which I beg leave to sign here.—"*Veritas,*" *in Chicago News.*

WISCONSIN RAFTSMEN.

How Rafts Are Built and Rebuilt in the Great Northern Pineries.

If you look at a forestry map of Wisconsin you will see that a strip of the peculiar shade of yellow which indicates territory stripped of its marketable trees lies along either side of all the rivers. The raftsman's greatest day is gone, then—the day, at least, when he was the most important person, as he yet thinks he is, whom the dog encounters from the woodman to the carpenter. Rafting, like every thing else, has been changed somewhat by the railroad, and many of the river "driver's" adventures with his logs in shooting rapids and going down swift and narrow streams are denied to his successor. Great mills have been built in the Wisconsin forests, and fewer logs every year are transported a great distance. Yet in the last census year $12,000,000 worth of round timber was sent by rafts down the rivers of Wisconsin to mills in Iowa, Illinois and Missouri. Ten billion feet of pine lumber alone were standing in 1880 in the valley of the Wisconsin river, to say nothing of the valleys of the other rivers, or of other species of marketable woods; and the State is, next to Michigan and Pennsylvania, yet the greatest lumber-producing State in the Union.

Rafting is by no means the mere binding together of logs and the easy floating down stream on them that the picture of a raft in a mild current indicates. The logs are thrown into the stream above rapids and narrows, and the raft often has to be made over many times. The simple splicing and fastening of them together, which makes the voyage down a steady current easy enough, are at best a trifling protection against the forming of a "jam," where the stream runs rapidly through a narrow or crooked channels Then one log wrenched out of position may obstruct all the rest, and the raft become a wreck. To loosen a jam has sometimes proved to be the work of a whole week, and men have had to be swung over it to find the "key log," and to cut it from a tree or cliff above. And when the jam is loosed, the raft must be rebuilt, wherever and whenever its material can be got together again. If there be a freshet when the logs get loose, or if a jam has so dammed the water that when it is loosened the stream is swollen at any angle the river makes, half the raft or all is likely to be driven and left high and dry on land. In the upper waters the raftsman has to make his way sometimes on his raft, sometimes by boat and sometimes by land, to keep his cargo together. The men whom this traffic has trained to be amphibious have acquired a degree of skill in the management of logs that gives warrant for their feeling of contempt for mere river pilots or boat captains on the lower waters.

When the raft has been built for the last time, and only the broad river lies before it, it is equipped with a rudder, the raftsmen make their home on it for days and even weeks; they stretch their tent and go comfortably on, using long poles when necessary as an auxiliary either to the rudder or to the current. Saw-mills as far down the Mississippi river as St. Louis are yet supplied with logs from the high waters of the Wisconsin river. When the river broadens sufficiently, a number of smaller rafts are joined together into one large one, and when it reaches the point where a tug-boat can be employed with advantage, the consolidated raft is a forest afloat several hundred yards in length.—*Harper's Weekly.*

GOING TO WHIP HIM.

Why a Young African Will Receive an Emphatic Admonition.

"Gwine ter whup dat boy ef I kotches him, gwine ter whup him, sho's he's bo'ned," exclaimed a negro woman rushing out of a cabin and hurriedly looking about her. "Oh, I'se gwine ter whup him fur he shain't treat me dater way an' 'scape."

"What's the matter?" asked a man, stopping at the fence and addressing the woman.

"W'y dat triflin' boy o' mine hab put me in trouble, dat's de matter."

"What did he do?"

"W'y he slipped in dar whar I wuz washin' an' eat up all dat saft soap."

"You don't tell me that he ate soap!"

"Co'se I does, fur dat's whut he done. Neber sced sich er chile ez dat in my life. Hit sometimes peers ter me dat de blame boy acks like he wuz mos' starbed to def, an' dat too when he knows I gin him nearly er whole catfish head day befo' yistidy. Oh, I'se gwine ter whup him fur eatin' dat soap like he was haungry."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—Many seem to think that they have made toast when they brown the outside of a slice of bread. Have they? The object in making toast is to evaporate all moisture from the bread, and holding a slice over the fire to singe does not accomplish this; it only warms the moisture, making the inside of the bread doughy and indigestible. The true way of preparing it is to cut the bread into slices a quarter of an inch thick, trim off all crust, put the slices in a pan or plate, place them in the oven—which must not be too hot—take them out when a delicate brown and butter at once.—*Exchange.*