The Cowboy's Life.

In the windy, bleak nights when the rain falls in torrents or the snow, flying in clouds, seems to cut asunder all that comes before it, the cowboy has the greatest obstacles to overcome. These are the nights when a sudden stampede might destroy all the rounding-up work of weeks preceding.

Mounted on his best bronco, the cowboy rides out to his post on the outskirts of the gathered herd, miles away, perhaps, from the camp. As the wind whistles in hoarse cadence along the surface of the ground and through the sage-bush, his dull chant floats over to the uneasy herd.

A few steers, made restless by the cold, start to wander away from the gathering place, and through the blackness of the night the cowbow sees their moving forms. Without ceasing the song he moves gently past them, and they are turned back to the thousands they have attempted to leave. Once in a while a steer escapes, to return again at break of day, but the general stampede seldom happens.

But when a stampede does occur the cowboy's nerve is tried to the utmost. "Milling" a stampede is one of the most dangerous operations that a cowboy has to endure. To mill the cattle is to get them going in a circle, and letting them run themselves down. A frighted herd of several thousands will run over a train or anything. The only way to stop them is for some bold fellow to mount a horse, and ride around a herd, and by constant cuts of the lariat or squirt, get leaders turned. He must follow close after the leaders, and not mind those in the rear. They will follow. But it is certain death if he is unhorsed or his pony stumbles. The frightened herd would trample him to death in a few moments.

A cowboy once told me that he was trying to mill a stampede one very dark night. He was almost at the leaders when his horse stopped. He had raised his spurs to plunge them into the pony's flanks when a flash of lightning showed him that he was on the verge of a precipice some two hundred feet high. He said he went back to camp sick, and it was a week before he could take to the saddle again.

SUAREZ, the anarchists who was injured badly in the explosion near the house of ex-Premier Canovas in Madrid, has confessed that the conspiracy has widespread ramifications.

MURRAY, the BARBER.

MURRAY, the Barber, respectfully informs his customers and friends that he continues to prosecute his profession at his old stand, four doors east of the European House

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SOUTHERN NEWS ITEMS.

THE prize of $1,000 in gold offered by the German-American Insurance Company of New York for the best plan of a fire-proof cotton warehouse has been awarded by the committee of judges to Mr. James E. Beasley, secretary of the Factors' Insurance Company, of Memphis, Tenn. About 100 plans in all were submitted. The committee of award consisted of three architects, three insurance men and three cotton warehousemen, appointed by the cotton exchanges of New York, New Orleans and Memphis. The contest for this prize has been the occasion of much interest on the part of architects and cotton insurance men throughout the entire country.

AT a meeting of the Confederate Historical Association at Memphis President Frazer announced that he was in receipt of a communication from Col. John C. Underwood, who has succeeded in erecting a monument to the 7,500 Confederates who died in Camp Douglass and to those who died in other Northern prisons during the war. The monument is situated in Chicago and has been built largely by contributions from Southern sympathizers in the North. The speaker said he thought it but proper that the association make a contribution to the fund in honor of the heroes, who preferred death to liberty purchasable only by the oath of allegiance. The monument is to be unveiled July 25, and Gen. J. B. Gordon, of Georgia, is to make the oration on the occasion.

A SPECIAL from Crawfordsville, Fla., says: Sheriff Smith and posse arrested the two Jenkins brothers on the Sopchophy prarie. The wives of the two men came out and notified the sheriff that the first to enter the yard would be killed. A. J. Tully entered the yard and fell dead, riddled with buckshot. The Jenkins brothers made for the woods, with the posse in pursuit, firing at the fleeing murderers. One of the men was shot and fell mortally wounded, but the other escaped.

A TERRIFIC wind storm occurred in Macon, Ga. Great damage was done to buildings and shade trees. In the country north of Macon crops and fruit trees were destroyed by wholesale. The large brick residence of Charles Norton was struck by lightning and demolished by the wind. Several of the inmates were injured. No deaths have yet been reported.

Caleb Wright, a negro preacher in the chain gang, committed suicide by jumping into the river near Rome, Ga. He was sentenced for wife-beating, and had preached to the convicts several times. It is believed he committed suicide on account of learning of his wife's faithlessness.

THE election in Macon, Ga., on the question of issuing bonds to provide for a system of sanitary sewers for Macon resulted in favor of the issue. Seventy-one votes were cast against and 2,367 in favor of the bonds

BURGLARS GOT $8000.

An Old Man Who Had More Confidence in Himself Than the Banks.

J. Logan, an eccentric old bachelor living a few miles west of Greenville, Pa., was robbed of $8000. He had sold his farm some time ago but was afraid to trust the banks with the money. He carried it with him wherever he went.

During the night three masked men broke into his house and after a short struggle secured the money and made their escape. This was all the property that Mr. Logan had and leaves him destitute.

Curiosities of Glass Making.

The art of glass manufacture goes back into antiquity to a time when the "mind of man runneth not to the contrary," yet we cannot penetrate the mists which hang over the infancy of what has been for ages a useful industry. Its original discovery is alleged, on the authority of several reputable writers, to have been the result of an accident in which some nitrum (supposed by some to have been salt) was fused with sand. The date of this event is not even approximately given, but is said to have taken place on the banks of the Belus, in Palestine, where some mariners had landed and were cooking their meals, using blocks of nitrum to hold their pots in position.

Sir Gardner Wilkinson gives a cut of a piece of Egyptian sculpture work which represents two glass-blowers plying their art in a manner which strikes one as being surprisingly like that practiced at the present time. Sir Gardner informs us that this sculpture was executed about 3500 years ago during the reign of Beni Hassan. Theban paintings and sculptures, which are known to date back to the time of the Exodus, 1400 years B. C., show glass drinking vessels of delicate patterns and fine workmanship, in some instances rivaling similar vessels of modern make. Strabo and Josephus both affirm that the Egyptian glass-workers were so well skilled in their art that they imitated the amethyst and other precious stones to perfection. Malleable glass was one of the secret arts of the ancients, the formula for making it now being reckoned as lost. Strabo mentions a cup of glass which could be hammered into any desired shape, the material of which it was composed being as ductile as lead.—St. Louis Republic.

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SHINGLES.

CURIOUS FACTS.

The Irish language is not a commercial language, though it is still spoken by persons who have business to transact.

One of the first tunnels in the United States was on the Alleghany Portage Railroad in Pennsylvania. It was 900 feet long and finished in 1831.

D. W. Hughes, of Mexico, Mo., possesses one of the few patents issued by the Confederate Government. It was for a breech plug for a cannon.

The letters in the various alphabets of the world vary from twelve to 202 in number. The Sandwich Islanders' alphabet has the first named number, the Tartarian the last.

Youghiogheny, the name of a river in Pennsylvania, is not hard to pronounce. Try it this way: "Yahi-yahgheny." It used to be spelled "Yogyyoyhgania" on the old maps.

Many of the South Sea Islanders believe that Paradise can be inherited only by persons of perfect physical forms. Where this belief prevails a man will die rather than submit to amputation.

Fleur-de-lis means the flower of Louis, and it was a white one which Louis VIII, of France, took as his emblem. The name of the flower family to which this plant belongs is Iris, the Greek rainbow.

Eddie Johnson, a Kentucky boy, who is two and a half years old, weighs eighty-five pounds and is regarded as the largest child of his age in the State. He wears a man's hat and a nine and a half shoe.

The size of the Columbian stamps just suits a wealthy farmer in Wayne County, Iowa. He proposes to paper his parlor with one, two and five cent Columbian stamps, and has sent $4000 to Washington to pay for the necessary material.

With the natives of Burmah it is the belief that people born on Monday are zealous; on Tuesday, honest; Wednesday, quick tempered, but soon calm again; Thursday, mild; Friday, talkative; Saturday, hot tempered and quarrelsome; while Sunday's children will be parsimonious.

The producing power of the banana is forty-four times as great as that of the potato. The dried fruit is readily converted into nutritious flour; it may also be manufactured into sausages; beer can be made from it; while the skin can be turned into cloth, and the juice made to do service either as ink or vinegar.

Lemon grass, known only in Ceylon grows to a height of six or seven feet and ignites spontaneously. At first a single curl of smoke or bright tongue of flame will be noticed. Soon, however, as the water runs down the stalks and mingles with the oil and acids contained in the pith of the curious herb fierce fires burst into view here, there and every place, soon covering the whole mountain in a sheet of flame.

At Columbus, Ind., recently a carp, which weighed eight and a half pounds, had been left in a small sound of water by the recent overflow, and was discovered by a dog, who began barking at it. The fish began jumping at the dog, and his gills and fins became distended, plainly showing his intense anger. Finally the dog sprang at the fish, and plunging under the water, brought the carp out and laid it on shore.

Attacked by Golden Eagles.

Through channels known to be trustworthy, a New York Times correspondent has learned that a boy named Fred Dezener, aged thirteen years, had been attacked by two golden eagles just before nightfall in Belimont, seven miles from Malone, N. Y. The boy was in the employ of Frank Winkley, a well-to-do farmer of unquestioned veracity, who, himself gives the facts.

A drenching rain was falling, and Mr. Winkley sent the boy, on horseback after the cows. As a protection from the storm the boy wore a rubber overcoat and a rubber cap from which a cape depended, covering almost all his face, and falling to the shoulders.

The cows had wandered into a maple sugar orchard for shelter, and just before reaching the trees, the boy saw two eagles rise from the ground. As he came to the point from which they had risen, both birds swooped down upon him, striking with beaks and talons.

Dezener was knocked from the horse, and both eagles followed him, continuing their attack. A dog was with the boy, and it at once attacked one of the birds, while the boy, seizing a stick, made the best fight he could with the other, finally dealing it a blow that stunned it.

Dezener then quickly drew off one of his mittens and drew it over the eagle's head, thus enabling him to hold it. Securing its legs, the boy remounted his horse and hurried to the house with his prize. The bird had revived long before he arrived, but was restrained from fighting by the boy's sharp clutch around its neck.

The eagle is now alive and in Mr. Winkley's possession. Its wings spread seven feet. The other one was driven by the dog into the woods and escaped. Had the boy not been clad as he was, and had his dog not been with him, he has no doubt he would have been killed, and Mr. Winkley and others cognizant of the facts fully share his opinion.

To Treat Tired Eyes.

Eyes that are tired from loss of sleep, overuse or traveling can be refreshed by being covered half an hour with a linen cloth lifted out of water as hot as can be borne and laid dripping over the lids.

AT last there has been found a wife who kills her husband in defending herself when he tries to beat her. She is to be honored.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Song of Birds."

TEXT: *"By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches."*—Psalms, civ., 12.

There is an important and improving subject to which most people have given no thought and concerning which this is the first pulpit discussion—namely, "The Song of Birds." If all that has been written concerning music by human voice or about music sounded on instrument by finger or breath were put together, volume by the side of volume, it would fill a hundred alcoves of the national libraries.

First, I remark that which will surprise many, that the song of birds is a regulated and systematic song, capable of being written out in note and staff and bar and clef as much as anything that Wagner or Schumann or Handel ever put on paper. As we pass the grove where the flocks are holding matin or vesper service we are apt to think that the sounds are extemporized, the rising or falling note is a mere accident, it is flung up and down by haphazard, the bird did not know what it was doing, it did not care whether it was a long meter psalm or a madrigal. What a mistake!

The musician never put on the music rack before him Mendelssohn's "Elijah" or Beethoven's "Concerto" in G or Spohr's B flat symphony with more definite idea as to what he was doing than every bird that can sing at all confines himself to accurate and predetermined rendering. The oratorios, the chants, the carols, the overtures, the interludes, the ballads, the canticles that this morning were heard or will this evening be heard in the forest have rolled down through the ages without a variation. Even the chipmunk's song was ordained clear back in the eternities. At the gates of paradise it sang in sounds like the syllables "Kuk!" "Kuk!" "Kuk!" just as this morning in a Long Island orchard it sang "Kuk!" "Kuk!" "Kuk!" The thrush at the creation uttered sounds like the word "Teacher!" "Teacher!" "Teacher!" as now it utters sounds like "Teacher!" "Teacher!" "Teacher!"

In the summer of the year 1 the yellowhammer trilled that which sounded like "If!" "If!" "If!" as in this summer it trills "If!" "If!" "If!" The Maryland yellowthroat inherits and bequeaths the tune sounding like the words "Pity me, pity me, pity me!" The white sparrow's "Tseep, tseep" woke our great grandfathers as it will awaken our great grandchildren. The "Tee-ka-tee-ka-tee-ka" of the birds in the first century was the same as the "Tee-ka-tee-ka-tee-ka" of the nineteenth century.

The goldfinch has for 6000 years been singing "De-ree-dee-ee-ree." But these sounds, which we put in harsh words, they put in cadences, rhythmic, soulful and enrapturing. Now if there is this order and systematization and rhythm all through God's creation does it not imply that we should have the same characteristics in the music we make or try to make? Is it not a wickedness that so many parents give no opportunity for the culture of their children in the art of sweet sound? If God stoops to educate every bluebird, oriole and grosbeak in song, how can parents be so indifferent about the musical development of the immortals in their household?

We want a hemispheric campaign of hosannas. From hearing a blind beggar sing Martin Luther went home at forty years of age to write his first hymn. In the autumn I hope to have a congregational singing school here during the week which shall prepare the people for the songs of the holy Sabbath. If the church of God universal is going to take this world for righteousness, there must be added a hundredfold of more harmony as well as a hundredfold of more volume to sacred music.

Further, I notice in the song of birds that it is a divinely taught song. The rarest prima donna of all the earth could not teach the robin one musical note. A kingfisher flying over the roof of a temple aquake with harmonies would not catch up one melody. From the time that the first bird's throat was fashioned on the banks of the Gihon and Hiddekel until to-day on the Hudson or Rhine the winged creature has learned nothing from the human race in the way of carol or anthem. The feathered songsters learned all their music direct from God. He gave them the art in a nest of straw or moss or sticks and taught them how to lift that song into the higher heavens and sprinkle the earth with its dulcet enchantments. God fashioned, God tuned, God launched, God lifted music! And there is a kind of music that the Lord only can impart to you, my hearer.

Songs like that which Paul commended to the Colossians when he said, "Admonish one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing, with grace in your hearts, to the Lord." Songs like Moses sang after the tragedy of the Red sea, songs like Deborah and Barak sang at the overthrow of Sisera, songs like Isaiah heard the redeemed sing as he came to Zion. Oh, God, teach us that kind of song which Thou only canst teach and help us to sing it on earth and sing it in heaven. It was the highest result of sweet sound when under the playing of Paganini one auditor exclaimed reverently, "Oh, God!" and another sobbed out, "Oh, Christ!"

Further, I remark in regard to the song of birds that it is trustful and without any fear of what may yet come. Will you tell me how it is possible for that wren, that sparrow that chickadee, to sing so sweetly when they may any time be pounced upon by a hawk and torn wing from wing? There are cruel beaks in thicket and in sky ready to slay the song birds. Herods on the wing. Modocs of the sky. Assassins armed with iron claw. Murderers of song floating up and down the heavens. How can the birds sing amid such perils? Besides that, how is the bird sure to get food? Millions of birds have been starved. Yet it sings in the dawn without any certainty of breakfast or dinner or supper. Would it not be better to gather its food for the day before vocalizing?

Besides that, the hunters are abroad. Bang! goes a gun in one direction. Bang! goes a gun in another direction. The song will attract the shot and add to the peril.

For every bird a thousand perils and disasters hovering and sweeping round and round. Yet there it sings, and it is a trustful song. The bird that has it the hardest sings the sweetest. The lark from the shape of her claws may not perch on a tree. In the grass her nest is exposed to every hoof that passes. One of the poorest shelters of all the earth is the lark's nest. If she sings at all, you will expect her to render the saddest of threnodies. No, no. She sings exultingly an hour without a pause and mounting 3000 feet without losing a note.

Further, in the sky galleries there are songs adapted to all moods. The meadow lark is mournful, and the goldfinch joyous, and the grosbeak prolonged of note. But the libretto of nature is voluminous. Are you sad? You can hear from the bowers the echo of your grief. Are you glad? You can hear an echo of your happiness. Are you thoughtful? You can hear that which will plunge you into deeper profound. Are you weary? You may catch a restful air. So the songs of birds are administrative in all circumstances. And we would do well to have a hymnology for all changes of condition. You may sing your woes into peace and rouse your joys into greater altitudes. Upon every condition of body and soul let us try the power of song. The multitudinous utterances of grove and orchard and garden and forest suggest most delightful possibilities.

Some of the most deeply impressive songs we ever sing are family songs. They have come down from generation to generation. You were sung to sleep in your infancy and childhood by songs that will sing in your soul forever. Where was it, my brother my or sister, that you heard the family song—on the banks of the Ohio, or the Alabama, or the Androscoggin, or the Connecticut, or the Tweed, or the Thames, or the Raritan? That song at eventide, when you were tired out—indeed too tired to sleep, and you cried with leg ache, and you were rocked and sung to sleep—you hear it now, the soft voice from sweet lips, she as tired, perhaps more tired than you, but she rocked, and you slumbered. Oh, those family songs!

Mothers, be careful what you sing your children to sleep with. Let it be nothing frivolous or silly. Better have in it something of Christ and heaven. Better have in it something that will help that boy thirty years from now to bear up under the bombardment of temptation. Better have in it something that will help that daughter thirty years from now when upon her come the cares of motherhood and the agonies of bereavement and the brutal treatment of one who swore before high heaven that he would cherish and protect.

These family songs are about all we keep of the old homestead. The house where you were born will go into the hands of strangers. The garments that were carefully kept as relics will become moth eaten. The family Bible can go into the possession of only one of the family. The lock of gray hair may be lost from the locket, and in a few years all signs and momentoes of the old homestead will be gone forever. But the family songs, those that we heard at two years of age, at five years of age, at ten years of age, will be indestructible and at forty or fifty or sixty or seventy years of age will give us a mighty boost over some rough place in the path of our pilgrimage.

Many years ago a group of white children were captured and carried off by the Indians. Years after, a mother who had lost two children in that capture, went among the Indians, and there were many white children in line, but so long a time had passed the mother could not tell which were hers until she began to sing the old nursery song, and her two children immediately rushed up, shouting "Mamma!" "Mamma!" Yes, there is an immortality in a nursery song. Hear it, all you mothers, an immortality of power to rescue and save.

What an occasion that must have been in Washington December 17, 1850, when Jennie Lind sang "Home, Sweet Home," the author of those words, John Howard Payne, seated before her. She had rendered her other favorite songs "Casta Diva" and her "Flute Song," with fine effect, but when she struck "Home, Sweet Home," John Howard Payne rose under the power, and President Fillmore and Henry Clay and Daniel Webster and the whole audience rose with him. Anything connected with home ransacks our entire nature with a holy power, and songs that get well started in the nursery or by the family hearth roll on after the lips that sung them are forever silent and the ears that first heard them forever cease to hear.

Be careful how you treat the birds. Remember they are God's favorites, and if you offend them you offend Him. He is so fond of their voices that there are forests where for a hundred miles no human foot has ever trod and no human ear has ever listened.

Put off startling colors, which frighten the winged songsters into silence or flight, and put on your more sober attire and move noiselessly into the woods farther and farther from the main road and have no conversation, for many a concert in and out of doors has been ruined by persistent talkers, and then sit down a mossy bank—

> Where a wild stream with headlong shock
> Comes brawling down a bed of rock.

And after perhaps a half an hour of intense solitude there will be a tap of a beak on a tree branch far up, sounding like the tap of a musical baton, and then first there will be solo, followed by a duet or quartet, and afterward by doxologies in all the tree tops and amid all the branches, and if you have a Bible along with you and you can without rustling the leaves, turn to the one hundred and forty-eighth Psalm of David and read, "Praise the Lord, beasts and all cattle, creeping things and flying fowl," and then turn over quietly to my text and read, "By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches," or if under the power of the bird voices you are transported, as when Doctor Worgan played so powerfully on the organ at St. John's that Richard Cecil said he was in such blessed bewilderment he could not find in his Bible the first chapter of Isaiah, though he leafed the book over and over, and you shall be so overcome with forest harmony that you cannot find the Psalms of David, never mind, for God will speak to you so mightily it will make no difference whether you hear His voice from the printed page or the vibrating throat of one of His plumed creatures.

While this summer more than usual out of doors let us have what my text suggests, an out of doors religion. What business had David, with all the advantages of costly religious service and smoking incense on the altar, to be listening to the chantresses among the tree branches? Ah! he wanted to make himself and all who should come after him more alert and more worshipful amid the sweet sounds and beautiful sights of the natural world. There is an old church that needs to be rededicated. It is older than St. Paul's or St. Peter's or St. Mark's or St. Sophia's or St. Isaac's. It is the cathedral of nature. That is the church in which the services of the millennium will be held. The buildings fashioned out of stone and brick and mortar will not hold the people.

Again the mount of Olives will be the pulpit. Again the Jordan will be the baptistry. Again the mountains will be the galleries. Again the skies will be the blue ceiling. Again the sunrise will be the front door and the sunset the back door of that temple. Again the clouds will be the upholstery and the morning mist the incense. Again the trees will be the organ loft where "the fowls of heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches." St. Francis d'Assisi preached a sermon to birds and pronounced a benediction upon them, but all birds preach to us, and their benediction is almost supernal.

In the time of Edward IV no one was allowed to own a swan except he were a king's son or had considerable estate. Through 100 or 200 years of life that bird was said never to utter anything like music until its last moment came, and then lifting its crested beauty it would pour forth a song of almost matchless thrill resounding through the groves. And so, although the struggles of life may be too much for us and we may find it hard to sing at all, when the last hour comes to you and me, may there be a radiance from above and a glory settling round that shall enable us to utter a song on the wings of which we shall mount to where the music never ceases and the raptures never die.

> "What is that, mother?" "The swan, my love;
> He is floating down from his native grove.
> No loved one, no nestling nigh—
> He is floating down by himself to die.
> Death darkens his eye and unplumes his wings,
> Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.
> Live so, my child, that when death shall come,
> Swanlike and sweet, it may waft thee home!"

SOUTH CAROLINA'S BAR.

Gin Being Put in Bottles Ready for Use. Shipments Soon to Be Made.

The South Carolina State Dispensary is now at work bottling gin. The gin is said to be of very good quality and is know as two-stamp juniper gin.

On the label appears a part of the Latin motto of South Carolina, but the buyer is left to determine for himself whether it is the State or himself who is ready with mind and property.

The labels read: Palmetto, Animal Opibusque Parati, Gin, Warranted, United States Standard, Proof, And Chemically pure, South Carolina State Dispensary, Columbia, S. C. Copyrighted, 1893.

It is expected that the first shipments will be made this week. The work of bottling the fine grades of whiskies and brandies has been commenced.

Little Dick—What did you run away from that dog for? Little Johnnie—'Cause I was 'fraid he'd bite me. "Don't you know if you run away from a dog he'll run after you, an' if you run at him he'll scoot?" "No." "Well, it's so. Dogs is just like boys."—Good News.

MARKETS.

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GRAIN, ETC.

FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat.	$ 4 60	@ $ 4 65
High Grade Extra	3 85	3 90
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	68	69
CORN—No. 2 White	55	56
Yellow	5	5
Ear Yellow per brl	2 45	2 50
OATS—Southern & Penn.	[illegible]	[illegible]
Western White	39	41
Mixed	6	7¼
RYE—No. 2	58	59
HAY—Choice Timothy	16 00	16 50
Good to Prime	14 50	15 50
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Clear ribsides	10½	11
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Mess Pork, per bar		22 00
LARD—Crude		11¼
Best refined		11¾

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BUTTER—Fine Crmy	$ 20½	@ $ 21
Under fine	18	19
Roll	15	16

CHEESE.

CHEESE—N.Y. Factory	$ 10	@ $ 10¼
N. Y. flats	10¼	10½
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EGGS—State	$ 14½	@ $ 15
North Carolina	13	13½

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CHICKENS—Hens	$ 10	@ $ 10
Ducks, per lb	10	11

TOBACCO.

TOBACCO—Md. Infer's	$ 1 50	@ $ 1 50
Sound common	3 00	4 00
Middling	6 00	8 00
Fancy	12 00	13 00

LIVE STOCK.

BEEF—Best Beeves	$ 5 25	@ $ 5 50
Good to Fair	4 75	5 25
SHEEP	2 00	4 00
Hogs	6 50	7 25

FURS AND SKINS.

MUSKRAT	$ 10	@ $ 11
Raccoon	40	45
Red Fox	—	1 00
Skunk Black	—	80
Opossum	22	23
Mink	—	80
Otter	—	6 00

NEW YORK.

FLOUR—Southern	$ 3 15	@ $ 4 25
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	72	72½
RYE—Western	56	60
CORN—No. 2	49	59
OATS—No. 3	36¾	37
BUTTER—State	16	20½
EGGS—State	16	16½
CHEESE—State	8	9

PHILADELPHIA.

FLOUR—Southern	$ 3 60	@ $ 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	69	69¼
CORN—No. 3	48¾	46
OATS—N. 2	39	39¼
BUTTER—State	20	21
EGGS—Penn. fst	16	16½

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Moonstone is a variety of feldspar.

In Germany aluminum cravats are now on sale.

A quarter of each generation is said to die before reaching the age of seventeen.

Two hundred dogs are annually doomed to death in an English university for physiological experiments.

Scientists allege that the remote ancestor of the horse was a diminutive quadruped, but little larger than the rabbit.

When the thermometer registers 100 degrees the cable which draws the cars of the East River Bridge, New York, is seven feet and six inches longer than when the thermometer is at zero.

The use of aluminum has been proposed for boats, balloon cars, trotting sulkies, flying machines and all purposes where lightness is desirable. At present its cost, seventy cents a pound, is against it.

Tissot says that talking is a healthy exercise, promoting the circulation of the blood without any risk of exertion. He attributed to their activity in this line the fact that women live longer than men.

The star Alcogne is so remote from the earth that the light which now arrives at our eyes, even though it speeds on its way at the rate of 180,000 miles a second, has not improbably taken a century or more than a century to reach us.

A pound of rice contains 86.09 per cent. of nutritive matter, against 82.51 per cent. for wheat, 82.79 per cent. for rye, 74.02 per cent. for oats, 82.97 per cent. for corn, 13.24 per cent. for potatoes, 46.03 per cent. for fat beef and 26.83 per cent. for lean beef.

A French scientist says that an unfailing test of death may be made by producing a blister on the hand or foot of the corpse, using a candle for that purpose. If the blister, upon being opened with a pin or other instrument, is found to contain fluid of any kind there is still life in the supposed corpse. On the other hand, should it contain steam only, rest assured that the vital spark has flown.

A chain of compressed cakes of gun cotton tied around the trunk of the largest-sized trees and exploded will, by the action of their violence, cut the tree down instantly and as smoothly as though done by an ax in the hands of an experienced woodman. Timber cutters working among the forest giants of Montana, Idaho and Washington declare it to be the cheapest and most economical mode of felling trees that has yet been devised.

Explosives theoretically act with the same force in every direction. Giant powder, nitro glycerine and the like explode so rapidly that the air has not time to get out of the way and acts to some extent as a solid. The downward force therefore has something to act against. Hence a part of the force is felt by the ground. Gunpowder, on the other hand, is a slow explosive, and when it is burnt on the ground the air has time to get out of the way and there is little apparent downward effect.

Humboldt and Cuvier estimated the number of species of mammalia, or creatures which suckle their young, to be but little short of 600; of birds, 4000; insects, 44,000; reptiles, 700; in all about 50,000 species. In the southern hemisphere birds are five times more numerous than the mammalia. Toward the equator both birds and reptiles are most plentiful and most highly colored. Cuvier said that the record left by the fossils prove that the mammalia was once as numerously represented as are the bird species at the present day.

Earthquake Phenomena.

The wild, untamed earthquake is a terrible thing to encounter. The "quaking," the rending of the earth's surface and the other incidental accompaniments usually described are only a tithe of the real terrors of a seismic shock. To some the noise which precedes the real shock is more terror-inspiring than the "quake" itself. Father Kircher describes these subterranean rumblings as "a horrid sound resembling that of an infinite number of chariots driven fiercely forward, mingled with the noise of cracking whips, neighing of horses and the cries of victory and despair on the part of the charioteers." The sounds which preceded the great Lisbon earthquake are said to have resembled "the rumbling of empty omnibuses, chariots and barrels, the noise increasing in volume until it equaled the roar of a thousand cannons." Another peculiarity is the gyratory motion that is frequently imparted to sections of earth of greater or lesser area. At Colares, in 1755, several stone houses in the lower quarters of the city were turned completely around, this, too, without rendering them uninhabitable.

Then, again, an earthquake is likely to be attended with a great atmospheric disturbance, such as explosions, thunder, lightning, etc. At Millittello there was an explosion in the fog which overhung the city for several days before the great earthquake, many houses having their roofs and upper stories completely ruined as the result hours before the shock which completed the awful work of destruction. In other instances queer looking clouds, in some cases not larger than a good sized balloon, will hang over a spot threatened by an earthquake for several days prior to the beginning of the terrestial disturbances. This was the case at London in the year 1149, at Munster in 1612, at Lisbon and at Riobanda, South America. At Dunstal, England, all the water in the lake "stood up like a pyramid to the height of a hundred feet," and in several cases all the water was thrown out of the wells.—St. Louis Republic.

Few Words in Some Indian Languages.

The language of many Indian tribes of the West continues in its infancy, a few broken words of English or Spanish being all that is added to their original scant vocabulary. The Apaches are a large and extensively divided tribe. Each minor tribe speaks a language unintelligible to the others. Among them is a tribe called "detached Apaches," which has migrated from old into New Mexico. This tribe is so bare of word language that it is said they are unable to communicate with each other in the dark except in the most limited manner. Therefore they rarely attempt it, as there must be light to enable them to see the movements of face and body.—Kate Field's Washington.

An Arizona Irrigation Canal.

The Pennsylvania ranch, between Crittenden and Sonoita, is one of the finest and most novel ranches in Arizona. The water supply is constant and comes from 150 feet above the level of the land irrigated.

It is a spring, supplying seven miles of ditches and carries 100 miner's inches of water. A feature of the canal is a sixty-foot waterfall, a pretty sight and a waste that might well be utilized for electricity, for power purposes and light.

A township of land is included in the ranch, where alfalfa and fruits of many varieties are grown. A large reservoir is being built to store much of the water at present going to waste.—Tucson (Arizona) Star.

It is said that a few pieces of the inner bark of the hickory dropped into boiling sugar molasses will give it the maple-sugar flavor.

Traits of Turkish Nomads.

The Yuruks, indeed, assert that human souls return into the bodies of animals, and that the spirits of the latter take also a human form and appear at determined epochs. This is certainly the reason they are so kind to animals. M. Elisee Reclus says that a Yuruk loves his horse as much as his family. The horses have their place under the tent, and it is not uncommon to see them warmly wrapped in a magnificent robe when the Yuruk and his children are covered with rags. Some other customs attest also a pagan origin; in the Orient everybody knows that the Yuruks worship certain trees and rocks. These facts yield sufficient evidence that monotheism is by no means the essential dogma of their religion.

Among the qualities possessed by the Yuruk, hospitality is, no doubt, prominent. Deprived, by the very influence of his adventurous life, of all the fierce instincts which characterize the Turkomans; restricted, by his occupations, to the woods, the plains, or the mountains; constantly exposed to the inclemency of the seasons, to dangers and enemies of all kinds, the Yuruk has conceived a generous and noble idea of hospitality, and he practices it with disinterestedness and pleasure. His tent, whether in his presence or in his absence, is always open to the traveler, and food and drink in abundance are given him. The tents of the Yuruks are square, and made of a sort of thick black woolen cloth.

Aside from the information I have given here, nothing precise is known of their private life. For instance, nobody ever knew what became of their dead, as no one has ever seen a cemetery. All I am able to say is that the body of the deceased is placed on a black mule, destined exclusively for that use, and thus carried to a mountain. There, I am not aware whether it is cremated or buried; but, as I was told that they also take a sheaf of firewood, it is safe to believe that cremation takes place.—Popular Science Monthly.

Edison's Practical Ways.

An incident once happened in Edison's laboratory illustrating capitally the intense practicability of the "Wizard's nature and also showing the impractical ways of professors. During the course of some incandescent lamp experiments Edison wished to know the amount of space enclosed in the glass bulb, and so, turning to two of his wise and learned assistant electricians, requested them to ascertain the cubical contents of one of his electric illuminators.

To these professional minds there occurred but one way to solve the problem—mathematics. Any one who has ever probed very deeply into this science of quantities and magnitudes will know by reason of the irregular form of an incandescent lamp that to ascertain its cubical volume is no easy task. In fact it called for the greatest mathematical skill. But the professors went to work with true grit, and after using several sheets of paper and consuming considerable time, informed Edison of the result. To their surprise the inventor said these figures were not within gunshot of the true solution, and to the question as to how he knew, the "Wizard" would only shrug his shoulders and tell them to find out for themselves.

The electrical experts again went over their figures, checked them and tried all the forms of mathematical calculation, from arithmetic to applied mechanics, but without avail, for the final result was again declared wrong by Edison. After several more useless attempts, and when a good portion of the day had been wasted, the professors would work no more upon the problem until they knew Edison's method of computation.

The "Wizard" then simply took the cap off an incandescent, filled it with water and then poured the liquid into an instrument used to determine the volume of fluids, whence the cubical contents was known.—New York Herald.

Mud Shoes For Horses.

Mud shoes for horses are common in certain parts of Washington State, being used on horses in plowing the low and wet lands of the valley north of Sumner nearly every spring. The mud shoe consists of a heavy board about eight inches wide and from eight to ten inches long, rounding in front. On this board a redhot shoe of the size worn on the horse's foot for which it is intended is placed until it burns into it to a depth almost sufficient to bury itself. It is necessary that the shoe have a long toe and long corks. A piece of circular band iron to fit over the top part of the hoof is then attached to the board and over the hoof to hold the mud shoe solidly to the foot. One end of the band is fastened to the board with a screw, which when tightened holds the board as squarely to the bottom of the hoof as if it had grown there. The horses become accustomed to wearing them, and after a day or two experience no difficulty in working in them. By this means farmers are enabled to plow land in the spring where without the use of the mud shoes horses would mire down.—Chicago Herald.

To Cleanse the System

Effectually yet gently, when costive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, colds or fevers, use Syrup of Figs.

The taste of pie does not depend upon the size or the shape of the piece.

We Cure Rupture.

No matter of how long standing. Write for free treatise, testimonials, etc., to S. J. Hollensworth & Co., Owego, Tioga Co., N. Y. Price $1; by mail, $1.15.

There are thirteen elements in the body—five gaseous and eight solid.

Malaria cured and eradicated from the system by Brown's Iron Bitters, which enriches the blood, tones the nerves, aids digestion. Acts like a charm on persons in general ill health, giving new energy and strength.

It is the troubles of to-morrow that make people heavy laden to-day.

S. K. Coburn, Mgr., Clarie Scott, writes: "I find Hall's Catarrh Cure a valuable remedy." Druggists sell it, 75c.

A great many people are right in their hearts and wrong in their heads.

Brown's Iron Bitters cures Dyspepsia, Malaria, Biliousness and General Debility. Gives strength, aids Digestion, tones the nerves—creates appetite. The best tonic for Nursing Mothers, weak women and children.

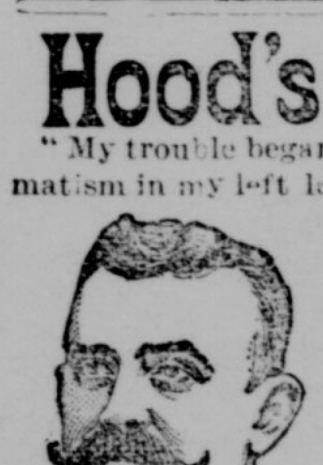
The man who will not improve his talents steals from himself.

Beecham's Pills with a drink of water mornings. Beecham's—no others. 25 cents a box.

During the most violent gales the sea is disturbed to a depth of 500 feet.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle.

Thinking will keep us from doing wrong.



Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

"My trouble began with inflammatory rheumatism in my left leg above the knee. As a result of poulticing a running sore formed, and I was in terrible condition. In about six months my physician removed a piece of bone, I all the time suffering great pain. I bought a half dozen bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and soon after I began taking it the sore stopped discharging and healed up." CHARLES W. HAUER, 23 West Patrick Street, Frederick, Md. Get Hood's.

Mr. Hauer.

Hood's Pills Cure Sick Headache. 25 cents.

Swiss Vineyards.

Many Swiss vineyards are formed with persevering industry upon these precipitous slopes by means of parallel walls, whose narrow intervals are filled with earth that has been carried up by the peasants in baskets upon their backs from below; and in the same way they must be abundantly covered with manure. These successive terraces are reached by steps, frequently cut with infinite labor in the hard rock, and with every economy of the land. Every inch of the ground is valuable, because only on one side of certain hills will these vines come to perfection. These lands, after being purchased at so high a rate, need constant attention; for the soil is washed away from these steeps beneath the stone walls, and must be replaced every spring; every clod of earth is a great treasure, and they carefully collect the earth that has been thrown out of a ditch to fill up their vineyard patches. A square foot of land is reckoned to produce two bottles of wine annually.—American Agriculturist.

The Vegetarian Theory.

Vegetarians say it is a popular fallacy that meat is needed for strength. One prominent exponent of the faith says it is a fact that the strongest animals in the world are vegetarian and not carnivorous. It is the ferocity of the lion rather than his strength that makes him formidable. An elephant is a match for several lions, and is a vegetarian. The animals with most speed and endurance—the horse, the reindeer, the antelope and others—are also vegetarians. Dog trainers, says the authority, always feed their trick animals on a strict vegetarian diet, and many hunters do the same thing.—Chicago Herald.

Woman's Influence in China.

The laws and social customs of China make a woman's life a most restricted one in every way; and yet, in spite of all disadvantages, in no country is female influence more powerful. The women of China are the very backbone of the Nation, seeming to be born with a natural sense of honesty which is conspicuously absent among the men. While the mendacity of Chinamen is proverbial, the women are, as a rule, truthful, and have great strength of character. They make good wives, struggling bravely to restrain their husbands from ramshu drinking, opium smoking and immoderate gambling, vices for some of which most of them have a propensity. They are dutiful daughters and devoted mothers. It is only surprising that there are not more good men to be found among their sons. A Chinaman's most redeeming quality, however, is the warm affection and respect he generally feels for his mother. Their filial obedience is indeed remarkable. A mandarin some forty years of age will calmly remark that he must go here, or that he cannot go there, because his mother has bidden or forbidden him to do so! And woman's influence is not alone confined to the domestic circle. It is well known that Li-Hung-Chang, the great man of China, consults "Lady Li" on matters of importance, and to her credit let it be said that he is always foremost in favor of progress and a more enlightened way of governing the country. The Empress Dowager is also a woman of great intelligence; indeed, when the disadvantages of her education and mode of life are taken into consideration, it must be admitted that she is one of the most remarkable women of the age. That she is not, however, quite exempt from feminine vanity is shown by the fact that she was not long since admonished by the Board of Censors for dressing too youthfully.—New York Post.

THE U. S. Government Chemists have reported, after an examination of scores of different brands, that the Royal Baking Powder is absolutely pure, of highest leavening capacity, and superior to all others.

"German Syrup"

My niece, Emeline Hawley, was, taken with spitting blood, and she became very much alarmed, fearing that dreaded disease, Consumption. She tried nearly all kinds of medicine but nothing did her any good. Finally she took German Syrup and she told me it did her more good than anything she ever tried. It stopped the blood, gave her strength and ease, and a good appetite. I had it from her own lips. Mrs. Mary A. Stacey, Trumbull, Conn. Honor to German Syrup.

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WHEN ALL ELSE FAILED!

La Grippe Baffled!

The After Effects Cured

Mr. Bilger writes: "I had a bad attack of the Grippe; after a time caught cold and had a second attack; it settled in my **kidneys** and **liver**, and Oh! such **pain** and **misery** in my **back** and legs.

The Physicians' medicine and other things that I used made no impression, and I continually grew worse until I was a physical wreck, and **given up to die.**

Father bought me a bottle of Dr. Kilmer's **SWAMP-ROOT**, and before I had used all of the second bottle I felt better, and to-day I am just as well as ever. A year has passed and not a trace of the Grippe is left. **SWAMP-ROOT saved my life.**"
D. H. BILGER, Hulmeville, Pa.
Jan. 10th, 1893.

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FOR YOU.

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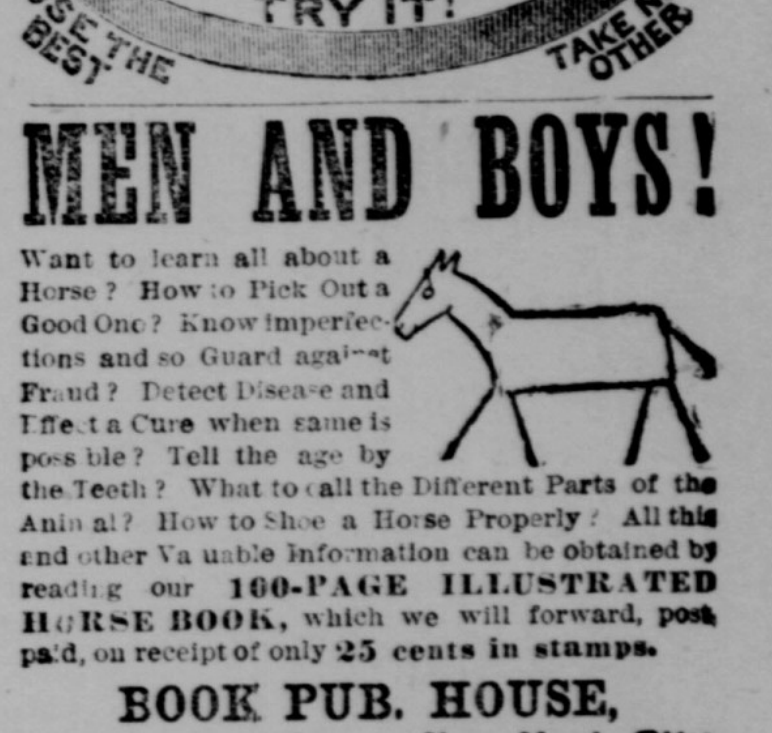

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To keep them, but it is wrong to let the poor things Suffer and Die of the various Maladies which afflict them when in a majority of cases a Cure could have been effected had the owner possessed a little knowledge, such as can be procured from the

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