Agriculture.

High vs. Low Wheels.

A correspondent of the *Prairie Farmer* writes on this subject as follows:

"But for the fear that I shall make this paper so long that it will be rejected, I would like much to add to the heading *Hard vs. Soft Roads*, as each is equally in order and description alike needed by your rural readers. Feeling that the ventilation of the text will yield abundant matter for one paper, I shall confine myself to it. If no other good shall grow out of what I write than inducing those who use road vehicles to think a little for themselves, and not to trust all to the wheelwright and wagon maker, I shall not have written in vain.

While engaged recently as an architect and engineer in Iowa, I had several thousand yards of earth to excavate, which was to be moved from eighty to five hundred feet, to grade a site for dairy-farm buildings. Experience having taught me that it was not economical to move earth with scrapers more than 150 feet, where the use of proper dumping vehicles can be advantageously used, I applied to the proprietor, who owns and is running a farm of some 800 acres, for carts, or dumping wagons. To my surprise I found that he had no cart on the farm, and the mere mention of a dumping wagon seemed to beget a general distrust in any and everything that I suggested. I, however, succeeded in obtaining his consent to have two made with despatch, and in a few days they were in use on the job, and with a pair of light horses to each, they each did the work of five scrapers and five pairs of horses. The proprietor was so delighted that he proposed to have more built at once, which I discouraged, as the two were ample for the longer haul, and we had a supply of wheelbarrows and scrapers for the shorter. I made detail drawings for the wagons, and took them to a noted commercial wagon builder in this city, who had facilities for turning out three or four of his standard, farmers' lumber wagons per diem, which I found retailed at $65, with a two-story bed, or body, spring seat, single-trees and neck-yoke.

Although he said he could build a wagon after my plans in the best manner for $10 more than the price of his standard wagon, he insisted that they would be worthless, the wheels were so low. I replied that I had to haul on very heavy grades. "So much the more you need high wheels," said he. I, however, soon convinced him and his foremen, in both the wood and iron shops, that on a heavy grade, with a fair surface, the lower the wheel the more advantageous, to which there is, of course, a limit.

That the readers of the *Prairie Farmer* may demonstrate the relative economy of low and high wheels for themselves on hilly roads, I will give a very simple mode of practically deciding the matter. Rest one end of a plank on the ground and raise and support the other, so as to produce a rise of one foot in ten. Place on said inclined plank in a rolling position the lowest wagon wheel at hand. Make a mark on the plank at the bearing point; then suspend a plumb bob from the centre of the hub and mark the plumb point on the plank also. This done, place on the plank a wheel of as nearly double the diameter of the first as is obtainable; place its bearing on the bearing point of the smaller wheel, and plumb and mark as before. Then note with what relative leverage a weight resting in the centre of the hub of each wheel will incline to roll each wheel down the grade. The result attained will be very convincing evidence in favor of the lowest wheel practicable for use on hilly roads with a proper surface. Of course, for level roads and muddy ones, the conditions are greatly changed, and a reasonably increased diameter in the wheel will be most advantageous. But the judicious farmer and teamster will endeavor so to shape his team work that it will be done mainly when the roads and fields are dry. He will also at once and with a will set about the improvement of the roads so that there will be no more necessity for building expensive, weak and unmechanical high wheels, on which to disadvantageously do all hauling at all times except when the mud is deep.

The wheels of the dumping wagons of which I have spoken are but two feet four inches in diameter in front, and three feet two inches behind, and the bed or body of the wagon is a cubic yard in capacity. It is hung so low that the greatest height to which the lading is to be shoveled is not above that of the front wheel of the ordinary farm wagon. The construction of the body is such that no 'tail-board' is to be removed and replaced, but it may be dumped to either side and the load will be distributed without stopping the team, thus saving the expense of a man 'on the dump.' The convenience for loading these wagons over the ordinary cart is fully 30 per cent. in favor of the wagon, and in unloading the advantage is still greater.

I introduced them in the East some twenty years since, and wherever they were tested they have caused the entire abandonment of both horse and ox carts.

The dumping body is held in place in so simple a manner that two men mount or remove it in one minute—not a nut or bolt is to be removed. When the dumping body is to be removed, the wagon is all ready to receive the bed of the ordinary lumber wagon or the hay rigging—in short, it is the wagon of all work. The wheels are 33 per cent. lighter than the ordinary high wheels of the farm wagon, and the expense of construction proportionately less.

I have made plans for the dump-wagon in the East, where they were for one horse, and they were on small farms the only work vehicle used, a wagon of all work. As constructed, the dump wagon turns on nearly the same area required by the cart; it has all its advantages and none of its disadvantages. Among the latter are its necessarily large wheels, the great inconvenience in loading, and when used on heavy grades the unavoidable tendency to overload the back of the horse in descent, and to lift him from his feet on ascents, the objectionableness of both are too obvious to require comment.

Farmers will do well to investigate the subject of economical farm vehicles before making further investments therein. I assert that no farmer can afford to use a cart for either horses or oxen.

S. D. Payne, of Kasota, Minn., announces his expectation of having 100 acres in forest trees before the end of the year. He planted 70,000 during the past season, and his mode of operations, briefly stated, is as follows: "Break the land the first year, crop it the second, plant the trees, seeds or cuttings the third. Put 2,000 trees to the acre. Distance apart, 4 feet 8 inches each way, or 6 feet one way and 3½ feet the other; the latter distance preferable for many reasons. Planted as last stated, and after the ground becomes thoroughly shaded, I intend to cut out every other tree. This will leave my plantations 6 feet by 7. After this cut out only dead trees. Our forests are like the human family, composed of pigmies and giants. The pigmies do not amount to anything. At the expiration of thirteen years I do not expect to have over 300 handsome, thrifty growing trees, standing on an acre."

Domestic.

Small Courtesies at Home.—There is a great lack of minor refined habits in some places—especially in the arrangement of the table. Setting a table is preeminently a lady's work. It should not be left to any frowsy Gretchen, or blundering Biddy, or shiftless Dinah. A woman, with any of the instincts of a lady, however dormant, ought to want to see her table beautiful, and attend to it herself, or give her girl special training in this department.

Country housekeepers, alas! while too solicitous of the substance, often completely ignore the symbol. In most cases their cloths are clean,—usually in some districts, that is all. They are often wrinkled, frequently there are no napkins, the glass is dingy, the knives unpolished, the food arranged more as regards quantity than appearance, and altogether, to sit at such a board long, would effectually check any attempt to rise above the gross materiality of the subject.

There is scarcely a woman who in her secret heart would not desire better. But the thought of a set of hungry, impatient, dusty, sweaty, farm hands hang upon her like a millstone. Perhaps she has read Mrs. Diaz's excellent little book, "The School-master's Trunk," and from it has learned—or perhaps not, and some one has told her,—that rich cakes and pies and hot bread are abominations; in despair, she remembers that she still has this famishing crowd to feed. She may herself believe that plain bread, light cakes, uncooked fruit, and simpler meats, would be wholesome;—but, oh, the "men folks!" Above all, to imagine *them* brushing their hair and putting on their coats and sitting down to smooth, snowy linen, glittering glass, sparkling silver, shining steel and fresh flowers,—no more!

I might tell you to determine to have plain white dishes, uniform if not priceless; glass like crystal; silver reduced to absolutely solid spoons, forks and butter-knives (more if you can afford it), and the money saved from the shams of plated pitchers and sugar-bowls, going to enrich your damask and then your china,—but I know I should frighten you, were I to add, "Use them every day, arrange them with exquisite care, and embellish them with fragrant flowers."

I know, I am familiar with every difficulty which can beset the mistress of a farm-house. Yet think what cause you have to hope. Your men and boys all go to the pump and splash themselves plentifully with water as though by instinct. If they knew that you sincerely desired it, they would soon form the habit of taking just a minute or two more to arrange their toilets. It is pretty safe to say that if the table invariably presented an exquisite appearance for two weeks, they would be sorry to see a relapse the third. You may not be able to reform the food itself,—but the accessories, with patience, you may.

There is no use in talking. Hard labor, *as* hard labor, in itself is degrading. It is constantly encroaching upon and threatening previous qualities of mind and heart. It is false morality to try and teach otherwise, and it is well for all, especially the greatest toilers, to lock this matter squarely in the face. Once warned of the danger, they can study intelligently to avoid it. The end of living is not to labor, but labor is the means o living. High above it and beyond it and jealously guarded from its spoiling influences must be kept *life itself*. Not until we comprehend, as we should in this enlightened age, that since the days of our ancestors the world has wakened to the grand truth that we, ourselves, and our souls, are our true inheritance, to which all eternal things are to be subordinated, will we understand the real mission of labor,—that is, it is a useful machine, which we must rule and which must not be permitted to rule us. In order to derive permanent benefit from it, we must believe that we owe to ourselves as much rest and recreation, and refinement and culture, as possible. What folly to work so hard for temporal riches that may never come, and neglect daily opportunities to live intelligently in the present?

Would it not be a constant delight, a favorable occasion for the steady conquest of coarseness, this simple matter of the family meal? With carefully arranged appointments, agreeably disposed viands, presentable toilets, combined with seeming leisure, as though a company of Christians (not a herd of famished animals), gathered, and afterwards lingered for the sprightly jest and pleasant chat, what other influences could follow than good ones?

I know a family whose man-of-the-house hearing the dinner-bell as he works among his cabbage plants and tomato vines in the exposed garden, the perspiration pouring down under his broad straw hat and drenching his shirt sleeves, while the broiling sun grows fiercely overhead, places his hoes and rakes under the pear tree, wipes his streaming face with a snowy handkerchief, and as he leisurely saunters towards the house to give himself an opportunity to cool off somewhat, he frees his hands and nails from temporary lodgments, now and then shaking from his clothes loose particles of dirt. On the bench at the kitchen door is a basin and a blacking-brush, while overhead hangs a light coat, a whisk and his cuffs. In a very few minutes the transformation is complete,—hair, boots, nails, necktie, and all are just right. You are soon aware that he changes often enough and is careful enough to keep his shirt-bosom, with his gold studs, immaculate, and the rest is easy. He presents himself in the dining-room,—whether his mother and sister only are with him, or whether there is a large company gathered,—the perfect gentleman, whose appearance, except for a little flush of face and hands, perhaps these unmarked, indicates nothing different than it might if he had passed the morning on the piazza with his favorite books. It is the same in the winter,—only then he goes from the chicken-house and corn-crib to his room for a little while. I will add, lest some may whisper, "fancy chap," that he is accounted one of the most successful managers in that place. His vegetables and his poultry are his pride and they might be known anywhere.

Begin, mother, with the little boys, if the big ones are beyond you. Teach them the small proprieties, such as coming to the table neat, eating with their forks, using their napkins properly, etc. The older may make all these things habits, but the younger will grow with them so I have heard of farmers' boys who have said and felt that they are not treated and considered as gentlemen, because they had to work hard. They were wrong. It was not the work, but because they did not hold themselves above the work. To them I would say, "*Be* gentlemen, and the reputation will follow." There is no reason whatever why you should not. You are, or will be, your own masters. Kings of your own domain. Your position is secure, adorn it. Work, and receive its benefits, but religiously efface its deleterious effects, both in your minds and bodies. Read, study, think, observe, travel, be considerate of women, respect yourselves and your vocation, seek to improve your manners, tastes and habits, and by the time you reach the State or National Legislature, you will find that in the world's great arena you are worth as much as the best of men.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Household Receipes.

To Sweeten Rank Butter.—To three pounds of butter add two and a-half drachms carbonate of soda. For making fresh butter, the soda is to be added after all the milk is washed out and it is ready for making up. The unpleasant smell is produced by an acid, which the soda destroys, and di-perses at the same time the disagreeable flavor. Carbonate of soda produces the same results when added to dripping, lard, &c.

Choice Pickles.—Put cucumbers, pepper, etc., in vinegar; a lump of alum size of an egg, to three gallons; thus leave them two or three weeks, if necessary; then pour off vinegar, and let it come to a boil. Having placed your pickles in stone jars (not glazed) or firkins, with layers of green Savoy cabbage leaves between; leave a week; then repeat, pouring off the vinegar, and boil it, and again another week repeat the boiling. Tie up in thin muslin bags green ginger, horse radish, English mustard-seed, whole pepper cloves and allspice, and a little garlic; add Cassia buds.

Lobster Salad.—Mix the yelks of two hard-boiled eggs with a teaspoonful of milk or cream, and two tablespoonfuls of oil; by degrees a teaspoonful of salt, and of made mustard; gradually, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar; rub it with the other ingredients until thoroughly incorporated. Take out the meat of the claws and body of the lobster, cut it up and mix with chopped endive and lettuce. The soft part of the fish may be mixed in the dressing, which should be put in the bottom of the dish, and not stirred until eaten. Cold soles, or crab, are excellent dressed in the same way.

Scientific.

—*The Telemachon. Transmitting Water Power by Electricity.*—The transmission of motor power promises to be accomplished by the "telemachon," a machine just making by William Wallace, of Ansonia, Conn. The New York *Sun* contains a two-column description of this latest wonder of mechanism, and it says that by its means power may be obtained from places where river or tidal power is abundant, or may be generated where fuel is cheap, as at the coal mines, and by means of an ordinary cable may be transmitted hundreds of miles. The cable may be tapped at any point and the power used therefrom. Some notion of the stupendous results that may follow should the telemachon prove completely successful, is given in the opinion of Prof. C. W. Siemens, of the Royal society of Great Britain, who has recently visited this country. In a recent address in Glasgow he said that in England a means of transmitting power by electricity must soon be the important problem of the day. What are the English people to do when their coal is exhausted? Of America and her great water course, he said: The amount of water falling over Niagara is equal to 100,000,000 tons an hour, falling 150 feet. The amount of coal required annually to raise such a weight up to a point from which it fell, which is a measure of the amount of power yielded by the water in falling, would require the consumption of 260,000,000 tons of coal a year, which is the amount now consumed by the entire world. Now if fifty per cent. of the power used to drive the first dynamo-electric machine may be recovered from the second, and hence if the whole power of Niagara could be utilized, it could be distributed over the United States so as to give from that waterfall alone a power equal to the present entire mechanical force of the world, estimating that one-half of the coal used is solely for mechanical purposes." Edison is greatly delighted with Wallace's machine, and thinks he can so assist him in its perfection that power can be conveyed from point to point, a la telegrams. Mr. Wallace can now "transmit the power of the Naugatuck river a quarter of a mile. The power of this stream is great enough to drive the ponderous machinery of the Wallace factory, where three hundred men are employed. A series of experiments has shown that in the transmission of this enormous power by electricity only twenty per cent. is lost, The *Sun's* description of the telemachon is as follows:

"In this instrument the electricity is produced by the Wallace dynamo-electric machine, no battery being used. Four large electro-magnets are placed within their poles facing each other. On an axle parallel with and situated between them is a disc of iron carrying upon its opposite faces a row of electro-magnets, thirty in number on each face, whose poles facing outward, revolve as close as possible to the poles of the large magnets, called the field of force. On the same axis, but outside of these discs, strips of copper are placed equal in number to the magnets on the discs, each strip of copper being connected to one end of the wire on the magnet. The other end of the wire goes to the next strip. Each strip, therefore, is connected to the last end of the coils and to the first end of that immediately following it.

When the disc with its magnets is revolved by any power, the weak magnetism remaining in the iron itself generates a current of electricity in the wires surrounding these magnets In virtue of the principle discovered by Farraday, that whenever a conducting wire is moved in the vicinity of a magnet a current of electricity is caused to circulate in that wire, the feeble current thus generated flows around the magnets of the field force, increasing their magnetism.

This increased magnetism reacts upon the revolving magnets, increases the electrical current, and so, alternately, until the magnetism attains a maximum, and that maximum is generated in the wires of the revolving magnets. This current bears for each a perfectly definite ratio to the power consumed, and they are capable of converting eighty per cent. of the power applied into electricity.

The electric current generated is carried by two copper wires to a second machine, the telemachon. This effects the reverse operation—that is to say, the reconversion of the electricity into mechanical power. The telemachon consists of a field of force and a revolving armature. This field of force consists of twelve large electro-magnets in two sets of six each, the poles of each set facing each other and connected together by heavy bands or bridges.

In the space inclosed by these magnets and parallel with them, is the armature axis supporting an armature consisting of a ring of iron wire serving as a core, around which is wound an insulated copper wire in two series of fifty coils. The ends of these wires come out alternately to the right and left of the armature, and are connected with two break pieces upon their axis. Six springs or brushes of copper wire, press upon these break pieces, each pair of brushes facing each other and opposite a pair of magnets in the field force.

The electric current, entering the machine, presses round the field of force and magnetizes the magnets. At the same time it passes through the armature magnetizing that, so that the poles of the armature nearest to the poles of the field magnets are of the opposite name. In consequence of this the field of force magnets attracts the poles of the armature and causes the armature to move.

But the motion in its new position brings other portions of the break pieces in contact with the spring and causes a redistribution of the magnetism. Again, attraction takes place as before, and again the direction of the current is changed by the break pieces. The magnetic effect being continuous, the rotation is continuous, increasing constantly in speed until the friction and the magnetic power balance each other.

Humorous.

—A Western woman has lost two husbands by lightning. She ought to marry a conductor.

—I don't like that cat; it's got splinters in its feet," was the excuse of a four-year old for throwing the kitten away.

—A rolling-pin gathers no velocity if let alone; but let a woman swing it three times, and then let it fly, and all the science in the dodging art is useless.—*Edinburg Herald.*

—"How do you make letter paper, Mr. Harkins?" said his wife.

"With stationery engines," replied Harkins. Then the whole family was enveloped in gloom.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

—"Oh!" said the afflicted wife, weeping over his remains, "he said he would take off his flannels anyway; and—poor man!—he little thought how soon he would go to that place where flannels are never needed!—*Church Journal.*

—An inveterate wag, seeing a heavy door nearly off its hinges, in which condition of neglect it had been for some time, observed that when it had fallen and killed some one, it would probably be hung.—*Chicago Commercial Bulletin.*

—"Ma," groaned a Tioga boy, who had surreptitiously eaten half a dozen unripe pears, and was under the charge of his maternal parent, "why am I like an overstocked cheap dry goods store?" "Give it up" was the reply. "'Cause I'm so full of colic-oh."

—A legend of New Jersey is sung by *Andrews' Bazar:*

A fair-haired child to its mother spoke,
As its eyes with wonder grew:
"What's that, dear ma," the prattler said,
"That's hilding the sun from view?"

The mother gazed, as the fading light
Made the scene look ghastly and drear,
Then turned to her fair-haired child and said,
"That's a Jersey mosquito, dear!"

—"For what am I," he said, in a conversational way to his Sunday-school class of little boys—"what am I but a something filled with a little air? Without it I could not be—would collapse—in short, I'm only—"

"A bladder!" was what the good little boy said. The class adjourned *sine die.*

—For all the effects, save death or serious wounding, of an exploding torpedo—for consternation, discomfiture and desperation—for the annihilation of thought and the paralyzation of action—commend us to a large, juicy, past-meridian-ripe tomato, thrown and spread on the countenance of a man who didn't expect it—didn't want it.

—At a recent trial of a liquor case the witness on the stand was under examination as to what he had seen in the defendant's domicile, which he said he had visited "a number of times."

"Did you ever see any spirits there, or anything you regarded as spirits?" asked the presiding justice.

"Why, yes—I don't know but I have," was the reply of the witness.

"Do you know what kind of spirits?"

"Yes."

"How do you know?"

"I kinder smelt it."

"Well, now," said the judge, straightening himself for the convicting answer which he supposed would be given, "will you please tell me what kind of spirits it was?"

"Spirits o' turpentine!"—*Newbern News.*

—"Save me, doctor, and I'll give you a check for a thousand dollars."

The doctor gave him a remedy that soon eased him, and he called out:

"Keep at it, doctor, and I'll give you a check for a hundred dollars!"

In half an hour more he was able to sit up, and he calmly remarked:

"Doctor, I feel like giving you a fifty dollar bill!"

When the doctor was ready to go, the sick man was up and dressed, and he followed the physician to the door, and said:

"Say, doctor, send in your bill the first of the month."

When six months had been gathered in time's bosom the doctor sent in a bill amounting to five dollars. He was pressed to cut it down to three, and after so doing, he sued to get it, got judgment, and the patient put in a stay of execution.

—He carelessly threw his spring overcoat across the rack, and stroked the heads of her two pet dogs, and, declining her invitation to tea with the assurance that he had "dined late at the club," entered the parlor, and threw himself, with a Sir Charles Coldstream air, on the sofa.

The busy patter of the dogs' feet in the hall scarcely attracted his languid attention, until accompanying low, ominous growls excited his disgust that she would keep such stupid brutes about her.

The growls deepened and the scampering increased, until a thoroughly inaugurated dog-fight, with its yelps and barks, brought him and the whole family from the dining-room hurrying to the spot. There were the two dogs, their eyes aflame, their tales rigid and perpendicular as flag-poles, and the hair on their backs stiffened into paint-brushes. On the floor lay the spring overcoat, the pockets dismantled and scattered around, a gnawed end of dried beef, a square-inch of cheese, two biscuits and a piece of yellow grocer's paper that had contained these remains of the club dinner. He left her—he lost her—and turned dog-catcher.

FINGERS AND FORKS.

We often laugh at the Chinese and their chopsticks - or small, thin sticks of wood or ivory—with which they eat, and fancy they must make very dirty work at their meals; yet they are cleanly and civilized compared with the habits of our ancestors some three hundred years ago. Then forks were unknown. Each man had his own knife, and at dinner seized the joint with his hand and cut off what he wished. The dish was then passed on to the next, who did the same. The knife then cut up the portions into small pieces, which were put into the mouth by the fingers of the hand unoccupied by the knife. In many parts of Spain, at present, drinking-glasses, spoons, and forks, are rarities; and in taverns in many countries, particularly in some towns in France, knives are not placed on the table, because it is expected that each person has one of his own—a custom which the French seem to have retained from the ole Gauls; but, as no person will any longer eat without forks, landlords are obliged to furnish these, together with plates and spoons. None of the sovereigns of England had forks till the reign of Henry VIII. All, high and low, used their fingers. Hence, in the royal household there was a dignitary called the ewry, who, with a set of subordinates, attended at the meals with basins, water, and towels. The office of the ewry survived after forks came partially into fashion. About the first royal personage who is known to have had a fork was Queen Elizabeth; but, although several were presented to her, it remains doubtful whether she used them on ordinary occasions. Forks were employed only by the higher classes in the middle of the seventeenth century. About the period of the revolution (1688) few English noblemen had more than a dozen forks of silver, along with a few of iron or steel. At length, for general use steel forks became an article of manufacture at Sheffield. At first they had but two prongs; and it was only in later times that the three-pronged kind were made. As late as the early part of the eighteenth century table-forks—and we may add knives—were kept on so small a scale by the country inns in Scotland, (and perhaps in some parts of England,) that it was customary for gentlemen travelling to carry with them a portable knife and fork in a shagreen case. The general introduction of silver forks into Great Britain is quite recent. It can be dated no further back than the termination of the French war in 1814.

BUSINESS LAW.

Ignorance of the law excuses no one.

An agreement without consideration is void.

Signatures made with lead pencil are good in law.

A receipt for money paid is not legally conclusive.

The acts of one partner bind all the others.

Contracts made on Sunday cannot be enforced.

A contract made with a minor is void.

A contract made with a lunatic is void.

Principals are responsible for the acts of their agents.

Agents are responsible to their principals for errors.

Each individual in a partnership is responsible for the whole amount of the debts of a firm.

A note given by a minor is void.

Notes bear interest only when so stated.

It is not legally necessary to say on a note "for value received."

A note drawn on Sunday is void.

A note obtained by fraud, or from a person in a state of intoxication, cannot be collected.

If a note be lost or stolen, it does not release the maker; he must pay it.

An endorser of a note is exempt from liability if not served with notice of its dishonor within twenty-four hours of its non-payment.

FACTS WORTH REMEMBERING.

One thousand shingles laid four inches to the weather will cover over one hundred square feet of surface, and five pounds of shingle nails will fasten them on.

One-fifth more siding and flooring is needed than the number of square feet of surface to be covered, because of the lap in the siding and matching of the floor.

One thousand laths will cover seventy yards of surface, and eleven pounds of lath nails will nail them on.

Eight bushels of good lime, sixteen bushels of sand, and one bushel of hair will make enough mortar to plaster one hundred square yards.

A cord of stone, three bushels of lime, and a cubic yard of sand will lay one hundred cubic feet of wall.

Five courses of brick will lay one foot in height on a chimney, nine bricks in a course will make a flue eight inches wide and twenty inches long, and eight bricks in a course will make a flue eight inches wide and sixteen inches long.

MEN OF FEW WORDS.

Some men use words as riflemen do bullets. They say but little. The few words go right to the mark. They let you talk, and guide your face and eyes on and on, till what you say can be answered in a word or two, and then they launch out a sentence, pierce the matter to the quick, and are done. Your conversation falls into their minds as a stream into a deep chasm, and is lost from sight by its depth and darkness. They will sometimes surprise you with a few words that go to the mark like a gun-shot, and then they are silent again, as if they were reloading. Such men are safe counselors and true friends, where they profess to be such. To them truth is more valuable than gold, while pretension is too gaudy to deceive them. Words without point to them are like titles without merit—only betraying the weakness of the blind dupes who are ever used to forward other men's schemes.

BE AFFABLE.

Much of the happiness of life depends on our outward demeanor. We have all experienced the charm of gentle and courteous conduct; we have all been drawn irresistibly to those who are obliging, affable and sympathetic in their demeanor. The friendly grasp, the warm welcome, the cheery tone, the encouraging word, the respectful manner bear no small share in creating the joy of life; while the austere tone, the stern rebuke, the sharp and acid remark, the cold and disrespectful air, the supercilious and scornful bearing are responsible for more of human distress, despair and woe, than their transient nature might seem to warrant.

AMERICAN DIAMOND CUTTNG.

The Cape diamonds, which now form the world's steady supply, all go to London; for this capital has become not only a great centre for buying and selling, but also for cutting—an industry once monopolized by Amsterdam, but now equally shared with its rival. No one can estimate the great stores of yellow diamonds in the rough that lie there in merchants' safes awaiting sale. But the fate of stones of this color is settled; they never can recover their lost prestige; or, granting that the flow from the mines should cease and that they should again become popular, the supply already on hand to work up and cut would suffice the world for dozens of years. On the other hand, the estimated 10 per cent. of white Cape stones finds an immediate sale, principally and ultimately after cutting for the American market. American purchasers, it is said, are the most critical judges of diamonds, and will have only the best white.

We should be surprised if, in a country famed for its mechanical ingenuity, the art of cutting diamonds should be left exclusively to the old world; but it is, however, only within a few years that this industry has become established here. Mr. Henry Morse, of Boston, and Mr. Hermann, of New York, were the pioneers, and yet remain sole competitors, the former, with true Yankee ingenuity, solving the problem with distinguished success for himself, and the latter bringing with him a knowledge of the trade from Europe. The cleaning, cutting, and polishing of the rough stone can now be done as well here as abroad, or (as I believe, judging by results and from the testimony of experts) better. Stones cut in Europe are frequently remodeled and repolished in this country, thereby gaining much in value, and others abandoned in the rough as not worth cutting are here converted into excellent brilliants.—*Scribner for September.*

AMERICAN DEXTERITY.

Not long ago one of the largest and most successful shoe manufacturers in Europe stated that, though his factory was stacked with the best American machinery, and manned by as good a class of workmen as he could get, he was under-sold at his own door by American makers. His observations in American factories supplied the explanation: the average workman in our factories, he said, could turn out much more work in a day than the most skillful in Europe, owing to their superior dexterity and quickness. The Swiss watch manufacturer, Dubied, said that the American workman could turn out day by day three or four times the average product of the European of the same class.

This seems like gross exaggeration, but it is not out of harmony with the testimony of many competent foreign observers. A correspondent of the British *Ironmonger* tells a story which furnishes an apt illustration of this feature of American workmanship.

He says that during the Centennial year an English manufacturer of stamped tinware saw some presses in use in this country which pleased him greatly. He was particularly struck with their rapidity of operation, and ordered three. They were made in due time, and the maker, hoping for other orders, took them abroad himself. They were set up, and men experienced with presses were given charge of them; but under the most favorable conditions they could not be made to turn out within forty per cent. as much work as they averaged daily in American works. The operators were not quick enough. Here one man operated a machine unaided, and had a blank in position every time the die descended. In the English shop the operator had two boys to help him, one to handle the blanks, and the other to carry away the stamped article; but even with this assistance he could not supply the blanks fast enough, and forty out of every hundred times the die descended it had nothing to do.

The same writer observes that this is no uncommon experience with the makers of American machinery. Our most successful machines are often failures abroad simply because they are too fast for the workmen of other countries. Their operations are gauged by the average capacity of American artisans, and foreign operatives fail to keep up with them.

This is but another instance of the educative effect of machinery; and every year, with the increasing perfection of mechanical devices, the need of intelligence, precision, and rapid manipulation is increased. The intellectual development of skilled workers cannot but be advanced in consequence. Already the mechanic needs, and many of our mechanics possess, a higher grade of culture and vastly more knowledge than sufficed for the learned professions so called a few years ago.—*Scientific American.*

A Godsend to the People.

Chills and Fever and indeed all the various forms of Malaria, promise to be more than usually prevalent this year, and prevention, being better than cure, should be carefully guarded against, instead of waiting until the disease has taken a firm grasp of the system. The high price of quinine prevents the poorer class, and even many of the comparatively wealthy, from adopting it as a preventive, besides, many stomachs cannot tolerate quinine because of its distressing after-effects. Thermaline is the cheapest ague medicine in the world, is more speedy and of greater efficacy than quinine, and is tasteless. The British Government in an elaborate trial proved that the chief component part of Thermaline is superior to quinine in malarial diseases, and the experience of the manufacturers, gleaned from personal observation, entirely endorses his opinion. A prominent physician of New York City, when he first became acquainted with the medical properties of Thermaline, exclaimed, "This medicine is indeed a Godsend to the people." The manufacturers, Dundas Dick & Co., 35 Wooster St., New York, offer their 10 cent treatise on Thermaline *free* to readers of this paper. Twenty-five cents a box from any druggist.

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Register's Liniment is unequalled for man or animals.—See advertisement in another column.

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Dr. Taylor of the "Consumption Hospital," England, says: "The introduction of these hypophosphites into the system produces a glowing influence, expanding the chest, increasing animal power, nervous force and removing pains; it increases appetite and cheerfulness. These points I have repeatedly proved. "Drs. Bennet and Williams of London acknowledge that with *Cod Liver Oil* they had not cured two per cent. of their patients; whereas with these hypophosphites they had cured seventy-five per cent. Churchill uses it for all diseases of debility and nervous weakness. V. P. for sale by all Druggists. F. Crosby 666 Sixth Avenue, New York.

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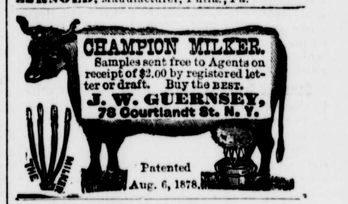

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