# Agriculture.

### Examine the Combs.

It is the easiest thing in the world when you know how 'tis done—to tell when your fowls are in ill health, even in the incipient stages of any disease or ailment, if you but examine your flock carefully. The comb of each fowl is a true index to the workings of their systems. If they be in ill health the comb will lose color and will become far less firm in texture; as the malady increases the color decreases, till a very sick bird will show a comb almost devoid of scarlet color, being of a livid dull crimson or else pale or ashy in appearance. If the cholera or any disease should come into the flock, carefully examine the combs of each bird, morning and night, and all those which are wanting in that bright, rich color which denotes perfect health, remove at once from the flock to a place remote, where they should at once be put under medical treatment.

The comb of the fowl is an honest index of the true inwardness, and should daily be consulted by the fancier who values the health and well being of his flock. Look at the comb of a laying hen or pullet! She is in the height of health and strength and carries her unfailing sign of healthfulness on her head, in the shape of a blood-red, bright and full comb. A vigorous cock or cockerel will carry the same sign, though not, perhaps, in so eminent a degree.—*American Poultry Yard.*

### Feeding Indian Meal to Stock.

The *Massachusetts Ploughman* says:

1st. Never feed it to a calf after it is three months old, but feed more for growth than for fat.

2d. Heifers intended for the dairy should not have meal until after their second calf, and not then until the calf is at least ten days old, and in small quantities at first.

3d. The injudicious feeding of meal is one of the reasons why farming does not pay.

4th. All grain fed to farm stock should be raised upon the farm, as every dollar put out for meal is a positive loss, unless dollar for dollar comes back as the direct result of feeding such meal.

5th. Heifers that are kept fat with meal will not breed, while those kept in good growing order on grass, hay and roots, breed readily.

Feeding meal to a bull, unless in very small quantities, is very injurious to say the least, as it makes him ugly and renders him an unsure getter.

### How to Make Cows Give Milk.

A writer in the *Southern Farmer* says that his cow gives all the milk that is wanted in a family of eight, and that from it, after taking all that is required for other purposes, 260 pounds of butter were made last year. This is, in part, his treatment of the cow: If you desire to get a large yield of rich milk, give your cow every day water slightly warm and slightly salted, in which bran has been stirred at the rate of one quart to two gallons of water. You will find, if you have not tried this daily practice, that your cow will give twenty-five per cent. more milk immediately under the effects of it, and she will become so attached to the diet as to refuse to drink clear water unless very thirsty. But this mess she will drink almost any time, and ask for more. The amount of this drink necessary is an ordinary water-pail full at a time, morning, noon and night.

—In feeding his fine herd of Ayrshires, J. D. W. French, of North Andover, Mass., pursues the following method of winter treatment: From November 1st to about the middle of May, milking begins at 5 A. M. and 5 P. M. After milking in the morning, each cow is given one feed of good hay; after that is eaten ten quarts of cut mangels and turnips or mangels alone. The cows are then carded, cleaned and bedded. At 11 A. M. watering begins. At noon each cow receives a foddering of corn fodder or poor hay; at 4 P. M. a foddering of good hay and two quarts of corn meal (the corn is generally ground with the cob-) After the evening milking, the cows are bedded and then left for the night. This food is not excessive, neither is it intended to force the cows into giving unusually large quantities of milk. The dry cows do not receive any grain. The amount of hay fed per day is from twenty-five to thirty pounds.—*Am. Cultivator.*

—Horse raising has become a large business on the Western plains. Some of the herders on the Yellowstone have from 500 to 1,500 head, and are making fortunes by selling the three-year-olds at $50 too $100 each. No grain is fed and no stabling is provided, abundant grass and rough sheds sufficient. The business is exceedingly laborious and risky, an entire herd being sometimes lost in a night by scattering or by an Indian raid.

—Col. R. M. Littler, a successful dairyman, feeds his cows night and morning the year round, and in each feed puts about a teaspoonful of salt. He considers this method of salting cows preferable to the usual one of giving animals salt once or twice a week, and thinks this method adds largely to the amount of milk given.

# Domestic.

BEDROOMS.—*How They Should be Ventilated.*—The London *Lancet* has some comments on this topic which may be read with as much profit in this country as in London. It says: If a man were deliberately to shut himself for some six or eight hours daily in a stuffy room, with closed doors and windows (the doors not being opened even to change the air during the period of incarceration) and were then to complain of headache and debility, he would be justly told that his own want of intelligent foresight was the cause of his suffering. Nevertheless, this is what the great mass of people do every night of their lives with no thought of their imprudence. There are few bedrooms in which it is perfectly safe to pass the night without something more than ordinary precautions to secure an inflow of fresh air. Every sleeping apartment should, of course, have a fire-place with an open chimney, and in cold weather it is well if the grate contains a small fire, at least enough to create an upcast current and carry off the vitiated air of the room. In all such cases, however, when a fire is used, it is necessary to see that the air drawn into the room comes from the outside of the house. By an easy mistake it is possible to place the occupant of a bedroom with a fire in a closed house in a direct current of foul air drawn from all parts of the establishment. Summer and Winter, with or without the use of fires, it is well to have a free ingress for pure air. This should be the ventilator's first concern. Foul air will find an exit if pure air is admitted in sufficient quantity, but it is not certain pure air will be drawn in if the impure is drawn away. So far as sleeping-rooms are concerned, it is wise to let in air from without. The aim must be to accomplish the object without causing a great fall of temperature or a draught. The windows may be drawn down an inch or two at the top with advantage, and a fold of muslin will form a "ventilator" to take off the feeling of draught. This, with an open fire-place, will generally suffice, and produce no unpleasant consequences even when the weather is cold. It is, however, essential that the air outside should be pure. Little is likely to be gained by letting in a fog or even a town mist.

A HINT TO LADIES ON THE BANISHING OF WRINKLES.—The London *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "What should the lady do who perceives the first trace of a crow's foot in the face reflected by her mirror? She should lend an ear to the Comtesse de Bassanville, editress of the *Almanach du Savoir-Vivre*. In the number for the year 1879, just issued, sound advice is offered as to the best means of opposing the ravages of time. Crow's feet, indeed, cannot be altogether removed, but there is no reason why they should assume too prominent an appearance if nature's own most agreeable remedy be resorted to. 'When you are past twenty-five,' says Mme. de Bassanville (and her counsels are tendered to gentlemen as well as ladies), 'never let more than five or six hours pass without closing your eyes for a short time—say ten minutes; not necessarily to sleep, but to repose the muscles of the eye.' Of course every movement and play of the face necessarily tends to fatigue these muscles—whether it be a smile or the expression of surprise or fixed attention. The closing of the eyelids at intervals is therefore recommended as a 'beauty rest.' The muscles, reposed, lose their tendency to that nervous contraction which translates itself into wrinkles. It might, however, be objected to this prescription that in our busy age few persons can find leisure to close their eyes at odd times during the day; that to many enforced inaction—a condition of absolute repose without sleep—is intolerable; and, finally, that if a man or woman happens to be tired, a ten minutes' nap may develop into forty winks' or a long doze, which is refreshing enough at the time, but loses a precious slice of the day and insures a sleepless night. Few, indeed, share that enviable peculiarity of the late Baron Bunsen, who could go to sleep for three minutes, and then wake with powers restored and a single-hearted appetite for Egyptian chronology or any other light work."

TO DYE BLACK WOOLEN CLOTH DARK GREEN.—Clean your goods well with beef gall and water, and rinse in warm water; then make a copper boiler full of soft water boiling hot, and take from one pound to a pound and a half of fustic, put it in and boil twenty minutes; to which add a lump of alum as big as a walnut; when this is dissolved in your copper boiler, put in your goods, and boil it twenty minutes; then take it out and add a small wineglass three parts full of chemical blue, and boil again from half an hour to an hour, and the cloth will be a beautiful dark green; then wash out and dry.

# Scientific.

*A Device for Holding Cars to the Track.*—The *National Car Builder* describes what is called a "safety runner," which has been successfully tested on a railway in Minnesota. It consists of a bar of iron 4¼ inches thick, suspended from the truck outside of and underneath the oil-boxes, and secured across the ends of the truck by the brake-beams. It is braced between the wheels, and so constructed as to completely encircle and bind the truck. The runner hangs about 4 inches out from the wheels, on either side, and about half an inch above the trend of the wheel. It is claimed for this runner that it will hold the car to the track under any and all circumstances; and the trial certainly sustained the claim. The scene of the trial was in a sharp curve (6°). An outside rail, 30 feet in length, was removed, and the car, an empty flat, was sent over the gap at the rate of 15 miles an hour. The "runner" did its work beautifully; the truck dropped on to the ties, but was held close to the rail, and the car stopped in a distance of 30 feet. On the second trial the car was sent over the gap at the rate of 25 miles an hour, and ran about 150 feet, the "runner" holding it close to the rail, as before, and in each instance the car was replaced upon the track, uninjured, in less than 30 seconds.

*Interesting Experiments with Lycopodium Seeds.*—The seeds of the *Lycopodium clavatum*, or club moss, are so fine that they appear as a yellow powder, and repel water so powerfully that a person may thrust his hand below the surface of water that has been well sprinkled with it without wetting his hand. This property renders it useful as a preventive of chafing in infants, and as a coating for pills to prevent their sticking to each other.

It has another curious property: if a teaspoonful of it be placed in a saucer, the flame of a common match will not light it; it appears to be as incombustible as table salt; but if a small quantity of it be placed in a short paper tube and blown over the flame of a candle in a cloud, it will burn with a flash like gunpowder, affording a good illustration of the dangerous explosive that is formed when carbonaceous dust is mingled with a certain proportion of air; and shows the necessity of reliable means for the removal of such dust from flour mills, and other manufactories where it is liable to accumulate.

There seems to be good ground for supposing the recent terrible explosion and burning of the flour mills at Minneapolis, Minn., were due to the presence of mill dust.

*The Color of Metallic Films.*—It is stated that films of gold and other metals can be obtained, by means of electricity, of sufficient thinness to transmit light. The films are obtained by causing electric sparks to pass from wires of the required metals, passing into glass tubes of rarefied air or other gases, when the particles of metal, detached from the wires by the sparks, become deposited on the glass, forming an excessively thin film, quite continuous, it is said, under the microscope. Of the metallic films thus produced gold transmits a fine green light; silver gives a fine blue color; copper, a dull green; platinum, a bluish-gray; zinc, a deep bluish-gray; iron, a tint nearly neutral, but inclining to brownish; and cadmium, like zinc, a bluish-gray.—*Engineer.*

The number of vessels built in the Dominion of Canada during the last year and registered at the different ports of registry in the Dominion was 430, measuring 118,985 tons register, showing a decrease, as compared with 1876, of 8715 tons, but an increase of fourteen in the number of vessels.

On the north side of the St. Gothard tunnel 1000 men are employed underground and 400 in the open air. Three hundred wagon-loads of earth are excavated every day, and in the daily blastings 600 pounds of dynamite are used. The energy shown on the Italian side is said to be equally great.

# Humorous.

—Thoughts that burn—amateur poetry when the editor's waste-basket is overflowing.—*Stamford Advocate.*

—"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge, "is there anything you wish to say before sentence is passed upon you?" The prisoner looked wistfully toward the door, and remarked that he would like to say "good evening," if it would be agreeable to the company. But they wouldn't let him.

—"Do you know what bull-dozing is?" asked a man of an old farmer. "I thought I did," said the granger, but the bull wasn't dozing; he was only making believe, and, being in the middle of a forty-acre lot, I naturally had to make pretty quick time to reach the fence ahead of him."

—A correspondent wants to know "What is the singular of measles?" The spots, woman, the spots; there's nothing else singular about measles that we ever heard of. And come to think of it, the spots are generally plural, too. It would be a poor, feeble measle that couldn't raise more than one spot.

—A skeptic who was badgering a simple-minded old man about a miracle and Balaam's ass, finally said "How is it possible for an ass to talk like a man!" "Well," replied an honest old believer, with meaning emphasis: "I dont see why it ain't as easy for an ass to talk like a man as it is for a man to talk like an ass."

—A young fellow in San Francisco suddenly snatched a kiss from a lady friend, and excused himself, saying it was a sort of temporary insanity that now and then came upon him. When he arose to take his leave the pitying damsel said to him: "If you ever feel any more such fits coming on, you had better come right here, where your infirmity is known, and we will take care of you."

—A mean-spirited Ohio man took a fourteen-pound club, with a knob on the bad end, and got his friends to put him in a coffin and place him in a vault. By the gray of the dawn two solitary figures were seen coming along the highway into Cincinnati. One of them went lamely to the Ohio Medical College with a lump on his head that lifted his hat off, and the other went to a quiet home, with a spoiled club under his arm and the glad light of a happy smile shedding the light of peace and duty over his honest countenance.

THE WRATH OF JASON.—Some few months prior to the unfortunate accident in the rolling mill, whereby Uncle Jason was so suddenly and unexpectedly launched into the mysterious beyond, Spikes was at his desk in the mill office, when a great noise and controversy was heard outside, as follows:

"Is you gwin to fill de contrac'?"

"Who you call contrap! I done black de shoe."

"I ax, is you gwin to carry out de 'greement? You h'ar me?"

"Go way, old man, I'se got no time to fool wid you. Ef you hab dat oder shoe shine up you has to pay extra."

"Boy, ef you rouse de lion in Jason, he cotch you by dem y'ears an' brush de groun' wid you."

"Who kin?"

"Dat's me; dat's me who kin."

"You kin?"

"Jes h'ar dat W'ginny Simmon talk to Jason ob de blue grass! I ax you, boy, fur de las' time in dis wale of tears, is you gwine to shine de shoe?"

"I done shine de shoe—"

"I ax you once mo' ef you 's gwine to comply wid the understandin'? Kase Jason's pizen, an' ef he lay his han' on you it waxinate you so dat you mudder 'low she's no 'lation wid you. Dat's my song."

What reply, if any, was made to the threat and peroration was not audible. A scuffling ensued, followed by a sound similar to that produced by a street-sweeping machine when in motion. And when Spikes looked out he saw Uncle Jason apparently busily engaged in examining the ventilation beneath a pile of pine boards, which stood inside the mill, near the door, and heard him utter:

"Ef dat police stan' clar fur fo' minit mo' dat pert boy's mudder was a widderless orphin, an' de coroner hab a cash job to find out what 'ticular misery spoil de chile, o' my name ain't Jason an I ain't no Baptis'."—*Graphic.*

—The names of American cities are a study; the face of the continent is studded with illustrious names as thickly as the surface of the moon. Washington is of course the favorite; he, the father of the country, has left his autograph in every State, if not in every county of our confederation. The capital of the Republic bears his name. Twenty-seven counties or more bear it; of cities, towns and villages, there are not less than one hundred and fifty Washingtons, besides the Washington Hollows, Washington Heights, Washington Lakes, and half-a-dozen Washingtonvilles. If there be gratitude at baptismal fonts, Americans are certainly not ungrateful to the man whose genius achieved their freedom, and whose virtues founded their empire. Franklin has given his name to about twenty counties and one or more parishes, to one hundred and sixteen cities, towns and villages, to say nothing of compounds of his name, such as Franklinton, Franklinville and the like.

—The manufacture of gas in the United States was first tried at Baltimore. They didn't have success at first, but in 1821 the new interest was well established. Boston in 1822, and New York in 1823, started gas companies. There are now about five hundred companies in the United States alone.

### SINGING MICE.

A few days ago I was invited by a medical friend to visit him at his house, and hear two musical mice sing a duet, the performance to begin punctually at 8 P. M. I had never heard a singing mouse, though I had read and been told a good deal of the vocal accomplishments the little animal occasionally displays; so I gladly availed myself of the opportunity, and duly arrived half an hour before the commencement of the concert. My friend explained to me that every evening two little mice came out from behind the skirting-board in his dining-room, and sang for their supper of cheese, biscuit, and other muscine delicacies which he took care to place on the carpet for them always at the same hour. One of them had received the name of "Nicodemus"—an allusion, I suppose, to a certain furtive visit by night—and the other was known as "The Chirper." To "make assurance doubly sure" that they would fulfil their engagement, and not disappoint me, their supper had been withheld from them on the evening previous to my visit.

True to time, just as the clock struck eight, and while we were conversing, there came from a corner of the fireplace, "Chirp, chirp, chirp," the same note being repeated several times at the rate of about thrice in a second, and gradually becoming louder. Presently a slight movement was visible about one end of the fender; and, after some hesitation, a little brown mouse came out upon the carpet, leisurely sniffed about for its accustomed meal, came close to my chair, looked wistfully up to my face, and I was introduced to "The Chirper." As a critic, I am bound to say that "The Chirper's" performance was of second-rate quality; but it was merely a kind of *levee de rideau*, and the principal artist was yet to appear.

We had not to wait long. At the conclusion of "The Chirper's" ineffective solo, a prolonged trill was faintly heard from behind the scenes, followed by others, each more audible than its predecessor; and ultimately "Nicodemus," the soprano, came forth before the audience, perfectly self-possessed, and showing no signs of "stage-fear."

The song to which the little creature gave utterance again and again is our full view was as sweet and varied as the warbling of any bird. It most resembled that of the canary, but the melody of the nightingale was occasionally introduced. Every note was clear and distinct, but withal so soft, so gentle, tender and *pianissimo*, that I can only compare it to the voice of a bird muffled by being heard through a down pillow. In the room was a canary, whose cage was suspended in one of the windows. He had settled himself to roost, and his head was under his wing, but at the sound of "Nicodemus's" serenade he awoke, and listening attentively, and fantastically leaning alternately to right and left, peeped curiously down to the floor. I learned that mouse and bird were intimately acquainted with each other, and that the former frequently visited his feathered friend and staid to supper. Accordingly, while we looked on with interest and pleasure, "Nicodemus" climbed up the curtains, entered the bird's cage, and partook of the seed—the canary showing no symptom of disapprobation or disturbance, but merely from his perch peering down on his visitor in a ludicrously quaint and odd manner. During his supper-time "Nicodemus" obliged us, from the cage, with several repetitions of his song, "The Chirper," down below on the carpet, occasonally coming in with a monotonous contralto accompaniment, and sometimes emitting a sound like the squeaking of a corkscrew through a cork. The two little songsters, having done their best to please us, were rewarded with all that mice could wish for as components of a feast, and, after selecting the portions they severally preferred, gracefully retired.

The singing of mice has been attributed to various causes: It has been thought to proceed from disease of the lungs or vocal organs, and to be akin to the wheezing characteristic of asthma.

Of course, I can say nothing about the condition of the livers of the two mice I heard sing last week; but they did not act as if they were afflicted with disease of the liver, or any other organ. Brisk and vivacious in all their movements, darting now and then back to their hiding-place, as if to keep open their means of retreat while foraging, they looked the impersonation of vigorous health and bright activity; and, like every one else who has heard them, I feel quite sure that their song—especially that of "Nicodemus"—is not involuntary, nor the result of any disease of the respiratory organs, but an intentional and conscious utterance of a series of notes in musical sequence. As Mr. Buckland says, "The song is a genuine song, as good and as musical as that of a lark on a fine summer morning."

Prof. Owen tells us that the anatomy of the mouse is very similar to that of birds; and all who have seen this little rodent in the act of singing have noticed that the throbbing of its throat is like that of a bird in full song, and that it then elevates its snout as a bird does its beak.

It is remarkable that in almost every case of a singing mouse having been seen as well as heard, it has been described as very small, much browner than the common gray or slate-colored mouse, and as having very large ears. This exactly applies to my little entertainers, "Nicodemus" and "The Chirper." They are both very tiny mice, their coats are very brown (not so much as to be fawn-colored), and their ears are abnormally big. I should be tempted to regard the singing mouse as a peculiar variety, if this idea had not been contradicted by the recorded fact that one out of a litter of common mice has become a "cantatore" or "cantatrice" while the rest have remained incapable of "favoring with a song."

The fact is that, although singing mice are not very rare, they are not common enough to have permitted any common zoologist to note their birth and parentage, observe their habits in life, and dissect them after death in a series so complete as to give assurance of scientific accuracy.—*Henry Lee.*

—The United States Circuit Court at Trenton, N. J., recently gave Mrs. Almira Walters a judgment against the Mutual Life Insurance Company, of New York, for $2,674.50, the full amount of the policy on her husband's life and interest, which that company refused to pay because he had committed suicide.

—There is a house in Scotland over the door of which is the date 1178, and the same family has lived in it for thirty-eight generations.

### A DINNER AT THE SULTAN'S PALACE.

The guest is not incumbered by too much ceremony; no stiff, high-backed chair bewilders him and destroys his ease; may I say it?—he has not the care of a lady whom he must lead into dinner, and upon whose wishes he must attend. He crosses his legs upon the cushion which is spread for him, takes his spoon in one hand and his serviette in the other, and without a word waits till the dishes come. A minute or so elapses, and then attendants bearing a huge round tray arrive, and deposit it between the convives. Upon this tray there is a large bowl of soup, together with a little plate, and one knife and fork for each guest. There are besides several tiny dishes, upon which are displayed sweetmeats, pickles, caviare and olives; some pieces of bread complete the array. For a moment the diners regard the tray, and perchance taste an olive or a sweet. But the chief of the table, if he be an intelligent person, does not waste much time. With a wave of his hand to encourage his friends, he dips his spoon into the soup bowl, conveys the rich gravy to his mouth, and in this is at once imitated by all his guests. Now and then one or other will drop a piece of bread into the bowl and fish it out again, either for himself or a very particular friend, and so the dipping goes on till the soup is finished—the bowl empty. A pause ensues, while some call for water and others rest in anticipation of the next course and the next effort. Very shortly another dish makes its appearance; this time, perhaps, some kabobs, or a kind of hash, in which a good quantity of vegetables are used. In go the spoons once more, and the feast continues. Most probably the next plate will be cutlets or fowls, whereupon the various pieces are taken up with the fingers, and disposed of with some rapidity. And now comes the critical moment for you, if you are present at this feast as a stranger. You, as a European, will have placed your meat on your plate, and will be carefully cutting it up, when suddenly a more than ordinary juicy morsel will be pushed into your mouth by a pair of very greasy fingers. You must not resent this; it is a token of loving kindness; a sign that you are respected, esteemed, beloved. Eat it; you are a favored mortal. A dish of vegetables, par et simple, very likely succeeds, and then one of pastry, in which chopped meat is concealed; and, lastly, what the Turks who speak English tell you is the Ottoman plum pudding—pillaw—with just enough meat in it to make it palatable. With your spoon once more you take your turn in the general scramble; you eat till the dish is empty, and then, like your friends, lean back till a jug of water is brought; water is poured over your hands, a cigarette is given you, and the coffee comes. Your Turkish dinner in the palace of Sultan Abdul Hamid is finished.

### BELCHING VESUVIUS.

ONE OF THE GRANDEST SIGHTS EVER SEEN BY MORTAL EYE.

The actual crater is placed almost in an amphitheatre, three-fourths of which is enclosed, while one-fourth is open. The enclosing walls rise above the bed of the crater from 250 or more feet in some parts, apparently composed of sulphur. The diameter, judging by the eye, from one side to the other, is about 300 yards, and the whole of this area is filled with lava of fire, but crusted on the surface with a skin some inches deep of lava that has been chilled. All who have crossed the Mer de Glace at Chamouny, are aware of the character of its formation in the deep, intensely blue tints of the crevasses, the huge boulders of ice, the uncertain and irregular character of the blocks, and sometimes the fantastic shapes assumed. Imagine just the same formation, but substitute heat for cold, intense fiery red color for the blue, and the appearance of the crater may be realized. The surface of the lava block is black, contorted in myriads of forms, hard, rough and somewhat brittle, and lying more or less at one level. Looking between the cracks or down the "crevasses," however, the glowing fires a few inches below our feet and in blocks wherein we were standing, were seen. When the mouth of the volcano showed signs of movement ten months since, it was not raised much above the rest of the bed. Its ten months' activity, however, has enabled it to raise a cone almost in the centre of the crater, at least a hundred feet in height, very wide at the base, converging at the summit like a sugar-loaf, but with the summit of the loaf removed.

With a pulsation as regular and as marked as that of the piston of a steam-engine in full motion, did the huge mountain carry on its works, so that now we were clearly able to understand what was meant by "every pulsation of the volcano being duly registered at the observatory."

Clouds of smoke and fumes were issuing from the summit of the cone—now densely dark, as if a fresh supply of coal had been heaped on the fire; then intensely light, as if the engine were blowing off its steam, and then most beautifully and delicately tinted with the tenderest rose-pink, as if an artist were testing how best to combine the loveliest tints of his art; then a pale salmon a little while, and then as if five thousand torpedoes were simultaneously exploded. The huge mountain seemed to heave, and forth from its mouth issued immense quantities of molten lava, shot scores of feet high up into the air—apparently at the mouth all in one body, but there separating into millions of pieces, great and small, all glowing with the most intense red heat that can possibly be seen. With a powerful opera-glass we silently watched the visible operations of the volcano. Each piece as it ascended into the air was separate; no piece was partly red and partly black, but was on fire and at red heat through, but, mostly, the lava emitted fell back again into the bosom of the heaving mass, but with every emission quantities, large or small, fell on the outside of the mouth, and thus we saw readily how the cone had gradually but continuously increased in size and height. Every now and then a huge mass would drop outside, and then would be heard an immense crash, followed by vast quantities of lava rolling down the sides of the cone. As we stood watching, at intervals there seemed to be the firing of ten thousand guns of mightier calibre than Krupp's, and we soon found that this was the precursor of a grand display. Up rose, possibly one hundred feet above the cone, an immense mass spreading in the shape of a lady's fan, and presenting one of the most magnificent sights the eye of man can ever see. And this upheaval was not a thing for which we had to wait till our patience was exhausted, and to wonder if it would be repeated or not, but was continuous and incessant, and almost seemed as if every renewed explosion were grander than its precursor, or as indicating a trial of actual strength prior to the great event proposed to be completed.

As we descended to the crater the rain had ceased; while there it again fell for a time heavily; then the whole surface seemed "frizzling, and hissing, and steaming," as the two bodies came into contact; the thunder overhead was pealing like the roar of fifty parks of artillery in concert, and the lightning flashed with intense vividness; then the rain and thunder and lightning ceased, and there was a perfect calm, nothing to be heard beyond the "machinery" of the mountain in full vigor and "steam up;" then the sunlight brightened briefly the whole scene, deepening impressions that time can never erase. As the day was drawing on it at last became necessary to think of returning to Naples. With much effort and the aid of our helper we again got out of the crater to the summit, but our descent was to be by another way from that by which we ascended. It was down the side of the mountain, at a far more acute angle than that now proposed for the roof of St. Alban's Abbey, but being of loose, friable materials similar to those we have previously described, there was little danger of rolling to the bottom. Stepping out bravely, and making long strides, with the foot and leg half-way up plunging into the mass at every step, our American friends made the descent of the outer cone in nine minutes; we traversed it more leisurely, and took from twelve to fifteen. The Hermitage was soon reached, and at once taking carriage we started for the hotel.

### WHO PUT OUT THE CANDLE?

Among many curious anecdotes which Whitelock relates respecting Cromwell, the following is not one of the least characteristic:

Oliver, it was well known, appeared to favor the fanatics of that day, but he did not like to be taken liberties with.—"There was," says Whitelock, "a secret expedition about to sail, and one of these fanatical preachers waited upon Oliver and wished an audience, which was granted, and when before Oliver, he stated that the Lord wished to know where the secret expedition was going. Oliver said, 'The Lord shall know, and thee shall go with it!' and he rang the bell, and ordered him on board the fleet."

Being afraid of cabals from the expelled royal family, he thought it dangerous to permit persons, particularly noblemen, to leave the kingdom without leave. A young nobleman in the interest of Charles II. came to pay his respects to the Protector, and solicit leave of absence from the country. Cromwell immediately granted the request, but said,

"Well, let me see you soon again, but don't see Charles Stuart."

"I will not, upon my honor," promptly replied the peer.

The nobleman soon returned, and coming to pay his duty to the Protector, Cromwell snatched his hat out of his hands, and with a penknife he cut open the lining, and from the inside he took out several letters and papers directed to the friends of Charles Stuart.

"Oh, shame!" cried Oliver, "is this the way the English nobles keep their honor?"

"I did not see him," quickly answered the nobleman.

"Then," said Cromwell, "who put out the candle, you or Charles?"

Oliver had cunningly contrived to put a spy of his own into the peer's service, who discovered that at the interview the king first put out the lights.

—At the Paris Exhibition one of the curiosities is a clock with a pistol in it, which is fired off by the mechanism of the time-piece every hour.

A POWERFUL TEACHER.—On one of the islands off the coast of Maine is a gigantic schoolmistress, seven feet high, weighing three hundred pounds, strong in proportion and very handsome. Once she was sent to reduce to order a school of savage young men, who thrashed their teachers and turned them out. Her advent was enough to make them meek as lambs, all save one young man of twenty-one, handsome and curly-haired, and who regarded himself as a privileged character. He began to cut up one day before the girls, whereupon, in the twinkling of an eye, the handsome giantess bowed him across her knee and spanked him with her ruler. The boys laughed, the girls tittered, and that was the end of that young man's pranks.


**Vitalized Phosphates.**

A BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD. Prepared from the nerve-giving principle of the ox brain and wheat germ. Relieves all fatigue of the brain, Debility, Nervous Prostration, or Impaired Vitality. F. CROSBY, 666 Sixth Avenue, N. Y. For sale by druggists.

TO LET A COLD HAVE ITS OWN WAY, is often to assist in laying the foundation of Consumption. To cure the most stubborn Cough or Cold you have only to use judiciously Dr. Jayne's Expectorant.

**PLAYS** New York Drama. All the latest and standard plays. The best published. Three full plays in one volume, sent anywhere on receipt of fifteen cents. Send stamp for catalogue. ERNEST HARVIER, 12 Union Square, N. Y.

# Advertisements.

**In writing to parties Advertising in these Columns please mention this paper.**

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE ILLUSTRATED
**UNIVERSAL HISTORY.**
A Clear and Concise History of all Nations.
Commencing with the Earliest Periods and ending with the most recent Important Events, including with the Russian War, The Administration of President Hayes, &c. 3 BOOKS IN ONE. Low price, quick sales, extra terms. Address,
J. C. McCURDY & CO., Phila., Pa.

**COMPOUND OXYGEN.**

A NEW TREATMENT FOR *Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Headache, Debility, and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders.*

NOT A DRUG but Nature's own life-giving element. It does not cure by substituting one disease for another, as when drugs are taken, but by a NATURAL PROCESS OF REVITALIZATION.

REMARKABLE CURES HAVE BEEN MADE IN CHRONIC AND NERVOUS DISEASES, WHICH ARE ATTRACTING WIDE ATTENTION.

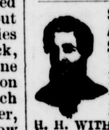
REFER BY PERMISSION to Rt. Rev. JNO. J. KEANE, Bishop of Richmond, Va.; Hon. WM. D. KELLEY, Gen. FITZ HENRY WARREN, T. S. ARTHUR, and others who have used and been largely benefited by this treatment.

HOW ADMINISTERED *By simple inhalation. This can be done at our office, or by the patient at his own home.*

HOME TREATMENT This is sent by express in a compact package. TWO MONTHS' SUPPLY, with inhaling apparatus and full and explicit directions.

SENT FREE! Brochure (212 pp.) with many testimonials of MOST REMARKABLE CURES.

Drs. STARKEY & PALEN,
1112 Girard St., Philadelphia.



**Smooth Faces and Bald Heads, Attention.** For a sure & rapid growth of Hair use COSMETIC PREPARATION, the results of a life-long study. We have yet to learn of ONE out of the many thousand treated where it failed to produce a soft, heavy luxuriant beard within 6 or 8 weeks, on the smoothest face, no injury. Satisfaction guaranteed. Mailed free, price 50 cents. Address, H. H. WITHERSTINE & CO., Herkimer, N. Y.

**ARTHUR'S**
**Home Magazine**
**for 1879.**

For so many years a guest in the homes and hearts of the people, with whose household cares and duties, and social life, interests, and pleasures it has so closely identified itself, the HOME MAGAZINE comes again, as the new year approaches, and asks for the old place among you, and the old cordial welcome.

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND so long a favorite with our readers, will commence a new Serial Story in the January number. This will be followed by

TENDER and TRUE a Story by the author of *His Dear Little Wife.*

ROSELLA RICE will contribute a series of Articles on Western Pioneer Life, under the title of "Fading Footprints, or, the Lowly Lives of Long Ago."

PIPSEY POTTS under the title of "Our Neighborhood," is going to give a series of papers in her peculiar vein, which will be spicy and good, of course.

CHATTY BROOKS lady readers in her easy, sensible, and pleasant way, under the title of "Wrinkles and Dimples, or, Myself and My Girls."

MANY NEW WRITERS of talent will be added to our already large list of contributors, while supplies of choice literary matter will be drawn from all available sources, in order to give the HOME MAGAZINE an interest and value second to no periodical in the country.

**TERMS FOR 1879.**

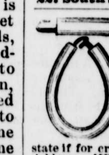
1 Copy, 1 year, $2.25 | 3 Copies, 1 year, $5.50
6 Copies, and 1 to Club-Getter, $11.00.
The Premium to Club-Getter for either of these two Clubs will be $1.00 worth of Butterick's Patterns for Ladies' and Children's Dresses.
10 Copies, and 1 to Club-Getter.....$17 50
15 Copies, and 1 to Club-Getter.....$26 00.
PREMIUM ON $17.50 CLUB—one pair $1.50 Three-Button Kid Gloves, and $1.00 worth of Butterick's Patterns.
PREMIUM ON $26.00 CLUB—two pairs $1.50 Three-Button Kid Gloves, and $1.00 worth of Butterick's Patterns.

LARGER CLUBS For these we offer as Premiums full Dress Patterns of elegant Black Silk or fine English and French Cashmere.

☞ Full particulars in regard to these large and valuable Premiums will be found in our Special Circular to Club-Getters, which will be mailed on application to all who desire to make up Clubs For 1879.

☞ SPECIMEN NUMBER, 10 CENTS.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON,
227 South Sixth Street, PHILADELPHIA



Over 300,000 in Use
The Only Elastic Curler,
Crimper, and Frizzer. It lasts a lifetime. Every lady uses it. It is better than all others. Send for a box. Price 25c. In ordering state if for crimps or curls. Lady agents wanted. Address, MRS. ROSE, 37 6th St., Brooklyn, E. D., New York

Established 1833.
MERCHANT'S
**Gargling Oil Liniment**
Yellow Wrapper for Animal and White for Human Flesh.
IS GOOD FOR

| | |
|---|---|
| Burns and Scalds, | Sprains and Bruises, |
| Chilblains, Frost Bites, | Stringhalt, Windgalls, |
| Scratches or Grease, | Foot Rot in Sheep, |
| Chapped Hands, | Foundered Feet, |
| Flesh Wounds, | Roup in Poultry, |
| External Poisons, | Cracked Heels, |
| Sand Cracks, | Epizootic, |
| Galls of all kinds, | Lame Back, |
| Sitfast, Ringbone, | Hemorrhoids or Piles, |
| Poll Evil, | Toothache, |
| Swellings, Tumors, | Rheumatism, |
| Garget in Cows, | Spavins, Sweeney, |
| Cracked Teats, | Fistula, Mange, |
| Callous, Lameness, | Caked Breasts, |
| Horn Distemper, | Sore Nipples, |
| Crownscab, Quittor, | Curb, Old Sores, |
| Foul Ulcers, Farcy, | Corns, Whitlows, |
| Abcess of the Udder, | Cramps, Boils, |
| Swelled Legs, | Weakness of the Joints |
| Thrush, | Contraction of Muscles. |

Merchant's Gargling Oil is the standard Liniment of the United States. Large size, $1; medium, 50c; small, 25c. Small size for family use, 25c. Manufactured at Lockport, N. Y., by Merchant's Gargling Oil Company.
JOHN HODGE, Sec'y.

**GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINES.**

**A GREAT OFFER.**

We will deliver, boxed, to any shipping point in New York, a new Genuine GROVER & BAKER Family SEWING MACHINE, with all improvements, for

$15.00. $15.00. $15.00.

This is the same machine that has been sold through dealers at $65. This machine is furnished complete in every particular, with polished Black Walnut Table and Box Cover that locks down, the Iron Work finished in Black and Gold. Its high reputation is earned by true merit, and 30 years of honorable service. Every machine is guaranteed in perfect running order, or money refunded. Each machine is carefully boxed and DELIVERED FREE on board cars or steamer. It can be sent by express or freight to any part of the world. As an evidence of good faith on our part, on receipt of $15, we will send to any point this machine, C.O.D. for balance. Perfect satisfaction and complete substantiation of every statement made guaranteed or the money refunded. Every machine is furnished free with the following Attachments, viz: With three Hemmers, one Braider, one Friller, one Quilting Gauge, one Needle Gauge, one Gauge and Screw, one Embroidery Plate, one Dozen Assorted Needles, one Screw-Driver, one Oil can, and one Book of Instructions. Remit by Post Office Order, Registered Letter, Check or Greenbacks. ORDER AT ONCE. We cannot guarantee that you will get a machine at this price after the next 60 days.

Address, G. W. HAMERSLY,
*293 and 295 Broadway, New York.*
Refer to A. C. Bryson & Co., 607 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, or the Publisher of this Paper.


©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8204-0668