

Driving his Clover to Market.

From a late number of the *San Francisco Bulletin* we extract the following:

Jackson Wilcoxon of Yolo county lately sold 120 fat steers, for \$50 a head. We met him while driving about one-third the first instalment to Sacramento. The purchaser received them at Wilcoxon's farm, but Mr Wilcoxon helps to drive them to Sacramento, where they will be put on the cars for Oakland. The cattle bring the seller the nice little sum of \$6,350, and the delivery will cost him three trips to Sacramento on horseback. In these cattle Mr. Wilcoxon was driving his alfalfa to market. He has for the last ten years been raising alfalfa, and driving it to market in this way. His trips to Sacramento will probably cost him about \$5 each, making the expense of getting \$6,350 worth of alfalfa to market but \$15. If we reckon his alfalfa at \$10 a ton, the steers will carry in a condensed form 635 tons to market, at a cost of \$15. It would have cost to deliver the same in its original bulky condition, at least \$5 per ton, or \$3,175, half what the steers came to. We mention the fact as an illustration of the great advantage of reducing bulky materials produced on the farm to a more compact form before marketing the same; and another consideration, while these steers have been growing up they have been enriching and improving the land from which they have obtained a living. The man who sells his hay in bulk, carries away with each crop a part of the fertilizing properties of his farm, and will finally exhaust that fertility which alone makes it valuable. Let our farmers reflect on the lesson conveyed in the above facts.

A novel Cheese Show.

The literary public of the old college town of Hudson, which is in the county of Summit, State of Ohio, was advised that Will Carleton, the author of "Farm Ballads," &c., would have something to say on Saturday night. The author of "Farm Ballads," &c., is very popular with the lecture-going people of Hudson, so they all determined to give him a rouser. As the lecturer was to speak upon domestic themes, it was thought best by the committee, out of compliment to the subject and the leading industry of the place, to make a splendid display of our leading domestic product. Accordingly, as there were no chairs in the hall, it was seated with a thousand large-sized cheese boxes, tastefully arranged in quadruple rows; the platform was garnished in like manner; and to cap the climax of domestic appropriateness, a pyramid of solid old cheese was improvised for a table, and a seat for the speaker and officers of the evening; also for the band. This arrangement gave a peculiar pungency to the atmosphere in that part of the hall, and was suggestive of sharp ideas and strong sentiments. At the appointed hour the lecturer stepped lightly upon the platform. At the conclusion of his lecture the speaker responded to a deafening encore by repeating the following poem, which has never before appeared in print:

OUR DOMESTIC INDUSTRY.

Let landmen talk of mountains high,
Let sailors talk of seas,
But listen unto me, while I
Talk of your Hudson cheese.

The cows which roam the pastures free
Are competent for these,
Oh! how my eyes delight to see
Such mighty stacks of cheese!

And so in all their breadth and length,
Jellifuous as bees,
Arrayed in beauty and in strength
These golden disks of cheese!

And I shall go, a wiser man,
From sights and smells like to
And carry back to Michigan
The bon of Hudson cheese.

Causes of Dew.

If dew fell, it would fall for the same reason that rain falls; but dew does not fall—it is simply a deposit of moisture, always contained in the air to a greater or lesser degree, and which, when there is enough of it, will always form on any cold body exposed to the moist air, in precisely the same way that a cold bottle or stone, taken from a cold cellar and suddenly exposed in the shade to the moist, warm summer air, will become wet. This is not sweating, nor does the moisture come out of the bottle or stone, as many people believe, but from the air. It is for the same reason that moisture will condense against the window panes when the air is cold outside and moist inside, the moisture slowly freezing, while its deposits form crystals of ice, which we so

often admire in winter. When the weather is cool enough, the moisture deposited will even freeze on plants and grass, and then we call it hoar frost; if it does not freeze it is simply dew. The only point left to be explained is, why does the ground become so cool during the night, so much cooler than the air above it as to cause the latter to deposit its moisture? This was for many years a vexed problem, till Wells first suggested the radiation of obscure heat, which takes place from the surface of the earth through the clear atmosphere in the space above, and so causes the surface to become much cooler than the air itself. He demonstrated this by means of thermometers placed at different heights, and also by the fact that dew is only deposited on cloudless nights. When there are clouds, they reflect the heat, or prevent it from escaping. The surface of the earth thus being kept from cooling, no dew is deposited. *Manufacturer and Builder.*

THE farmers are the founders of civilization.—*Daniel Webster.*

THE IRRIGATION WORKS of India are so extensive that in the fourteen districts of the Madras Presidency there are 43,000 native tanks with 30,000 miles of embankments.

A SINGULAR EXHIBITION is to be opened in the Palais d'Industrie, at Paris, on September 15, of all the useful insects and their products, and of the noxious insects and the depredations they commit.

A DOG AND RABBIT FRATERNISING.—In the village of Kennoway, in Fife, a shoemaker, named James Dallas, has a dog and a rabbit living in close companionship. The rabbit, which was brought when young from a field and reared up with the dog, is his favorite friend. They lie together on the hearth, and the fantastic gambols of the rabbit seem to please the dog. A piece of bread cast at the one is invariably shared in by both.

TO CLEAR A ROOM OF MOSQUITOES.—Take of gum camphor, a piece about one-third the size of an egg, evaporate it by placing it in a tin vessel and holding it over a lamp or candle—taking care that it does not ignite. The smoke will soon expel the mosquitoes. One night, not long since, I was terribly annoyed by them, when I thought of and tried the above, after which I neither saw nor heard them that night, and next morning there was not one to be found in the room.

A RED BUG, not half as large as the potato bug, says the *Waynesburg Republican*, is beginning to make its appearance in the potato tops, and is a deadly foe to the Colorado bug. We are informed that these new bugs follow up the potato bug and finally drive them out by destroying their eggs. They can now occasionally be seen in the potatoes and should not be harmed, as by examination of eggs deposited by the old striped backs, it will be seen that the embryo has been extracted therefrom, and only the shell of the egg is remaining.

A VORACIOUS OX.—A flesher, at New Maud, in opening up the carcass of a four-year-old ox the other day, says the *Banffshire Journal*, found in the animal's stomach a very miscellaneous assortment of articles that must have proved rather trying to its digestive organs. First there were found the enormous number of 108 stones of various sizes, the largest weighing 4½ ounces. There were also found two pieces of what turned out to be parts of a glass bottle, the edges of which were worn quite smooth by the action of the gastric juices, and probably friction amongst stones. The rest of the contents were of a varied kind, such as iron nails, and other small articles that had been probably picked up in grazing.

RAIN AT THE ANTIPODES.—The earth, on our part of it, is dry and parched, but the Australian mail brings accounts of plenty of rain on the other side. At Melbourne as much as 10.54 inches had fallen this year up to the middle of April, the average for the period being only 6.40 inches. Five inches of rain fell in a fortnight in March. People on their way to the new Palmer diggings in Queensland were shut in between swollen rivers, unable either to proceed or return. They killed their horses for food, and were in danger of starvation. When the first steamer made its way up, a number of miners thus delayed at Cooktown got on board, unshipped the staging, cut off communication with the shore, and "rushed the steamer for a free passage." Constables were procured, but it was only after a long struggle that the ringleaders were arrested and order was restored.—*Times.*

OATMEAL AS A PREVENTATIVE OF SUNSTROKE.

Sunstroke may be prevented by mixing oatmeal with the drinking water of persons employed in out-door labor or in heated exposures, and cornmeal with the drinking water of horses. In New York city these simple preventatives are used on all the public works, and by most, if not all, the street railroad companies. The meal water soon becomes very palatable. Both man and beast will go through a hot day's work with more strength and comfort than by the use of simple cold water, the imprudent use of which so often causes sickness and death. Contractors would find it a paying investment to furnish their workmen with oatmeal water, and the same may be said of street railroad companies in regard to their poor, over-worked horses. Oatmeal water will add very much to their capacity of endurance, and save many a horse from dropping off prematurely.

HUMMING BIRD'S UMBRELLA.—In front of a window where I worked last summer was a butternut tree. A humming-bird built her nest on a limb that grew near the window, and we had an opportunity to watch her closely, as we could look right into the nest from the window. One day there was a very heavy shower coming up, and we thought we would see if she covered her young during the storm; but when the first drops fell she came and took in her bill one of two or three leaves growing close to the nest, and laid this leaf over so that it completely covered the nest; then she flew away. On looking at the leaf we found a hole in it, and in the side of the rest was a small stick that the leaf was fastened to or hooked on. After the storm was over the old bird came back and unhooked the leaf, and the nest was perfectly dry.—*Am. Sportsman.*

GREAT OLD OAKS.—The Wadsworth oak, at Genesee, N.Y., is said to be five centuries old, and twenty-seven feet in circumference at the base. The massive, slow-growing live oaks at Florida are worthy of notice on account of the enormous length of their branches. Bartram says: "I have stepped fifty paces in a straight line from the trunk of one of these trees to the extremity of the limbs." The oaks of Europe are among the grandest of trees. The Cowthorpe tree is seventy-eight feet in circuit at the ground, and is at least 1,800 years old. Another, in Dorsetshire, is of equal age. In Westphalia is a hollow oak which was a place of refuge in the troubled times of mediæval history. The great oak at Saintes, in Southern France, is ninety feet in girth, and has been ascertained to be 2,000 years old. This monument, still or recently flourishing, commemorates a period which antedates the first campaign of Julius Cæsar.—*Science Monthly.*

SENSIBLE.—Despise not the town, oh man of gaiters, corduroys, and short cut-away, whose face is stereotyped into perpetual jollity by Nature's wholesome merry hand, whose talk is of Swedes, superphosphate and red Lammis; nor do thou despise the country, oh frock-coated, sleek-hatted, umbrellaed town-dweller, whose face is blanched and thoughtful, and mayhap a little wrinkled, and whose talk is of prices current, scrip, cargoes, and consols. For you are each other's customers and brothers; the iron artery of locomotive traffic, and the electric nerve of flying thought, have brought you into a new and closer bond of reciprocity and fellowship: it matters little at which end of the wire your place and life task are appointed; your hearts and heads were cast in the same human mould, and it is hard but such a tie as now unites their throbs and thoughts shall strike out some results and combinations that you scarcely dream of yet, from the twin realities of agriculture and commerce.—*Chronicles of a Clay Farm.*

THE FISHING FROG.—Writers on natural history describe a hideous reptile known as the fishing frog, which angles for its game as expertly and with as great success as the most adroit fly-fisher. He is a clumsy, awkward swimmer, but nature has compensated him for his unwieldiness by furnishing him with an equivalent for a rod and line, with bait always ready for use. Two elongated tentacles spring from his nose, which taper away like actual fishing rods. To the end of them is attached by a slender filament, which serves the purpose of a line, a bait in the form of a shiny bit of membrane. The hooks are set in the mouth of the fisherman down below, and in order to induce the fish to venture within reach of them, the angler stirs up the mud at the bottom with his fins and tail. This attracts the fish and conceals him from their observation. He then plies his rod; the glittering bait glows in the water like a living insect. The dazed fish are taken in great numbers, perfectly incumbered by the trick of the crafty angler.—*Galaxy.*