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FAMILY MATTERS.

Matters of Interest to the Family Circle.

The Importance of Cleansing Beds and Pillows.

Two little children were almost simultaneously attacked with canker rash in its worst form. There had been no cases in the vicinity for years, and they had been kept entirely at home for the whole winter, so there was no possibility of their having taken the disease from any outside exposure to contagion. It was a mysterious Providence the clergyman said when he was called to perform the burial service. Afterwards it was ascertained that the mother had bought a feather bed of a pedlar a few weeks before, and used it on the trundle-bed for her little ones to make them a comfortable nest tor the cold weather. Upon further investigation it was discovered that the peddler had bought it at a house some 25 miles away, and that two children had been sick and died of scarlatina upon the same bed the year before. The bed had been laid away in an open chamber till the family sold out their place to move away, and they sold the bed to a traveling peddler for a trifling sum, thus distributing sickness and death through a distant town, for the disease spread in every direction and became a regular epidemic. Had that bed, immediately after the death of the first children, been washed thoroughly and soaked in water with either a little carbolic acid or spirits of ammonia added to it, and then dried in the sunshine, it would have been safe to be used by any one; but, as it was, it carried grief and desolation into many households. Of course it was not a premeditated wrong, it was a case of ignorance or carelessness. Diphtheria has been conveyed by using beds in the same manner, and if individuals would only consider for a minute how much suffering might be prevented they would be more careful. There is never an effect without a cause, but perhaps the cause may not be discovered till too late to prevent the evil. It is very little labor to cleanse pillows and beds, if done in a proper manner, and common sense will show that it is advisable to have it done often, even if no sick person has lain upon them. A day's exposure to the hot sun—turning over and shaking them up often—is a great benefit, and makes them sweeter as well as lighter. An occasional washing is a sure purifier. Carbolic acid is a powerful disinfectant, and it sweetens beds, which will accumulate a disagreeable odor if not thoroughly cleansed and aired. Pillows can be washed without ripping so that they will be delightfully renovated. Use scalding suds in a wash-tub to soak them well, and then pass through rinsing waters till the water is not colored at all. This is all that is required unless they really smell badly. In that case either carbolic acid or spirits of ammonia should be added to the rinsing water. Let them drain well, and then hang them where they will get air and sunshine.

Home Training.

Above all things study the child's nature, since no one can hope to become a successful teacher unless he perfectly understands the needs of those whom he is teaching in home training, the great object is to teach those great principles which should govern us in our daily intercourse with one another, the principles of honor and usefulness, and in this direction all our efforts should tend. Hence it becomes evident that to be a successful instructor requires a vast deal of tact, much more than parents usually possess. Parents pay too little attention to the natural inclination of the child. They fail to realize that there are certain traits of characters which can never be eradicated. They do not see why a restless, active child can not be as quick as one of less ardent temperament. Or why one whose only prominent trait is mechanical genius can not be as prominent in literary pursuits as one who buries himself in books. Hence it is nothing uncommon to find the temper of a nervous, sensitive child utterly spoiled by hasty words and harsh treatment. Study the child's nature and inclinations. If he is passionate, self-willed and stubborn, endeavor to discover some of the best traits in his character, and develop them. To do this successfully, it is necessary to get the child's love and esteem; when you can make your child love you, will have little difficulty in governing him. Enter into all his sports, make yourself a boy part of the time; do not frown every time he makes a little noise, bear with him, and he will bear with you. And do not be influenced by any foolish notion that he ought to be what he can not be, for it is always better to be a good mechanic than a poor artist.

A New Cure for Wounds.

As soon as a wound is inflicted, get a little stick—a knife or file handle will do—and commence to tap gently on the wound. Do not stop for, but continue until it bleeds freely and becomes perfectly numb. When this point is reached you are safe; all that is necessary is to protect it from dirt. Do not stop short bleeding and numbness, and do not, on any account, close the opening with plaster. Nothing more than a little simple cerate on a clean cloth is necessary. We have used, and seen this used on all kinds of simple punctures for years, and never knew a single instance of a wound becoming inflamed or sore after this treatment. Among other cases: A coal rake tooth going entirely through the foot, a bad bite from a sucking pig, several instances of file shanks through the hands, and numberless cases of rusty nails, awls, etc., but we never knew a failure of this treatment. So says an exchange.

The Utility of Soot.

"A Lady Gardener" writes as follows to the Belleville *Intelligencer* as to the utility of soot:—"I tried soot mixed with strong soap suds. The worm does not like the bitter taste. It certainly drives them away; besides, it manures the cabbage. You must apply it often at first. Another good plan is to pick off the worms, or apply hot water. The cabbage plants will bear water to 200° Farenheit. An old gardener says, 'I have been compelled to fight insects, some of them very small and others large, and soot has been one of my best aids in overcoming the myriads of insects that attack plants in a state of cultivation.' Soot is one of the best manures we have. It can be applied in a liquid state. Vick says, 'Do not throw away an ounce of it.' Ladies, try it on your plants. Tie two or three pounds in a cloth, squeeze it in a tub of water, pour some on occasionally. I am, yours truly,

"A Lady Gardener."

Useful Recipes.

Fried Cucumber.—Pare and lay in ice water half an hour, cut lengthwise into strips about half an inch thick; wipe dry by laying them upon a soft towel, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and dredge with flour, and fry to a nice brown in meat drippings, or butter; have your spider and drippings quite hot before laying in the slices of cucumber; serve hot.

Fried Egg Plant.—Slice the egg plant half an inch thick; pare carefully and lay in salt and water; let them lie in this about one hour; take out, wipe, roll in cracker crumbs and fry quickly in hot butter to a nice brown.

Apple Omelette.—Take about six large apples, pare and stew them as for sauce, beat them smooth while hot, adding one tablespoon of butter, five tablespoons of sugar, nutmeg to taste, or lemon should you prefer; when cold add the beaten yolks, and lastly the whites of three eggs; pour into a buttered dish, and bake in a moderately hot oven, and serve for tea with graham bread.

Water Risings for Bread.—Take a quart pitcher and a spoon, scald them, fill the pitcher half full of boiling water; let the water cool to the temperature of good, hot dishwater; stir in flour to make a batter as thick as for pancakes; add a quarter of a teaspoon of salt and as much soda; cover closely, and set it where it will keep warm, stirring occasionally. It will rise in five or six hours. Some prefer this to hop or brewers' yeast.

Tomato Catsup.—For 4 or 5 quarts catsup, boil one peck of rip tomatoes fifteen minutes, without removing the skins, and strain through a sieve; put into a little bag one teaspoonful of whole cloves, one tablespoonful of ground cinnamon, allspice and black pepper, and put these with a pint of good vinegar into the strained tomatoes, and boil the the whole carefully from three to five hours; when sufficiently boiled and condensed, stir one teaspoonful of ground Cayenne pepper, salt to taste, and keep in well-corked bottles.

To Make Cheap Blacking.—Ivory black and brown sugar-candy, of each two ounces; sweet oil, a tablespoonful; add gradually a pint of cold vinegar, and stir the whole gently till incorporated.

Muffin Pudding.—Two muffins to a quart shape, three eggs, a little sifted sugar, a lump of butter half the size of an egg; pour boiling milk over; beat till smooth; stew one hour; and serve it with some sauce.

To Raise the Pile of Velvet.—When the pile is pressed down, cover a hot smoothing iron with a wet cloth, and hold the velvet firmly over it; the vapors arising will raise the pile of the velvet with the assistance of a light whisk.

Brown Gravy Soup.—Take about three pounds of beef, one carrot, one turnip, one head of celery, six small onions, or less in number if larger, about four quarts of water. Have ready some nice drippings in a frying pan, slice the onions and fry them brown; take them out and set them aside in a covered pan to keep warm; cut the beef into bits about an inch long and half an inch thick; fry them brown also turning often lest they should burn; chop the vegetables and put them with the meat and onions in a covered pot. Pour on the water and stew altogether for two hours, throw in salt and pepper, boil a little longer, skimming very carefully; strain, put back over the fire, boil up once more to make the liquid clear, skim again and then add a handful of vermicelli that has been boiled carefully. The safest plan is to add the vermicelli when the soup is poured into the tureen. Add if you like a glass of pale sherry.

Veal Scollop.—Chop some cold roast or stewed veal, put a layer in the bottom of a pudding dish, and season with salt and pepper; next have a layer of cracker or bread crumbs, strew bits of butter upon it, and wet with a little milk; then more veal, seasoned as before, and another round of crumbs, with butter and milk. When the dish is filled, wet with broth, or a weak gravy should you have it. Spread upon the top a layer of crumbs rather thick, wet thoroughly with milk, so that it will brown nicely, bake it in a hot oven about 20 minutes, covering it at first, but at last letting it have a nice brown.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Seasonable Information for Tillers of the Soil.

Watering Horses.

There is a great diversity of opinion as to how often horses should be watered during a day, whether in summer or in winter. We think both man and beast are generally watered too much. Men and horses at hard work in warm weather perspire just in proportion to the quantity of fluids taken into the stomach. Frequent drinking in hot weather, according to our experience, emasculates instead of refreshes. Some years ago, being at Cape May, in driving out in one of the stand-coaches of the place, on a very hot day, we asked the driver how it was that his horses perspired so little, while the horses of private carriages, going at a slower speed, were covered with foam. He replied that he watered his horses three times a day only, though he sponged their mouths frequently; while the private drivers watered their horses whenever they stopped. He said, and it seemed to us very sensible, that the frequent watering of horses effected no good purpose, while it made them very uncomfortable and lethargic. Horses, no matter what their work was, did not need watering oftener than three times a day. Our own experince with horses all our life is to the same effect.—*Lancaster Farmer.*

How to Preserve Cider.

A pure, sweet cider is only attainable from clean, sound fruit, and the fruit should therefore be carefully examined and wiped before grinding. In the press, use hair cloth or gunny in the place of straw. As the cider runs from the press let it pass through a hair sieve into a large open vessel that will hold as much juice as can be expressed in one day. In one day, or sometimes less, the pomice will rise to the top, and in a short time grow very thick. When little white bubbles break through it, draw off the liquid through a very small spigot placed about three inches from the bottom, so that the less may be left behind. The cider must be drawn off into very clean, sweet casks, preferably fresh liquor casks, and closely watched. The moment the white bubbles, before mentioned, are perceived rising at the bunghole, rack it again. It is usually necessary to repeat this three times. Then fill up the cask with cider in every respect like that originally contained in it, add a tumbler of warm sweet oil, and bung up tight. For very fine cider it is customary to add to this stage of the process about half a pound of glucose (starch sugar), or a smaller portion of wild sugar. The cask should then be allowed to remain in a cool place until the cider has acquired the desired flavor. In the meantime clean barrels for its reception should be prepared as follows: Some clean strips of rags are dipped in melted sulphur, lighted and burned in the bunghole, and the bung laid loosely on the end of the rag so as to retain the sulphur vapor within the barrel. Then tie up half a pound of mustard seed in a coarse muslin bag, and put it in the barrel, till the barrel with cider, add about a quarter of a pound of isinglass or fine gelatine dissolved in hot water.

This is the old fashioned way, and will keep cider in the same condition as when it went into the barrel, if kept in a cool place, for a year.

The Clawson Wheat.

The *American Miller*, in its August number, discusses the Clawson wheat and says: "No variety of wheat has elicited so much discussion as the Clawson or Seneca wheat which has of recent years become so widely cultivated. Millers have praised and condemned it by turns and by localities. The verdict as to its merits would be quite as uncertain a thing as that of an ordinary jury. All are aware of the trouble Michigan millers, as a class, have had with it, although some of them seem to like it very well. In some parts of Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana, millers like it best of all, just as some millers in the latter State and Illinois prefer the Fultz, although the latter is anything but a popular wheat with millers. There seems to be a discrepancy of testimony and diversity of opinion everywhere, except among farmers, who very naturally like the wheat because it is hardy, bugs do not attack it, and it has a strong straw, besides giving a large yield of wheat per acre. So many have written to us on the subject that we can only summarize what we have said before, premising, always, that testimony is exceedingly various as to the real qualities of the wheat. It seems to depend very largely upon the place where it is grown. Still there is a comparative unanimity among millers that it is far from being a desirable wheat, although some say that it yields a splendid flour when grown half and half with spring wheat.

Perhaps the Clawson wheat grown in Michigan can be taken as a fair sample, as it there that the battle has raged the most fiercely between the millers and farmers. On the side of the latter Prof. Kedzie, of the State Agricultural College, made some tests about a year ago which show a comparison between Clawson and other varieties of Michigan wheat."

Buckwheat as a Fertilizer.

Mr. T. J. Finney, of Wythe county, Va., gives his experience in using buckwheat as a fertilizer. He writes: "Desiring to enrich a piece of land, and not having time to await the slow process by clover, and knowing that any organic matter, even weeds plowed under, would enrich the soil, and having plenty of buckwheat, determined to sow that, and did so, about one bushel to the acre, sown in the early spring, after all danger of frost. In a very short time the ground was thickly covered with the growing buckwheat two feet high. This was plowed under, covering completely by the use of a block attached to a chain, fastened to the plow-beam and handle. The ground was then well harrowed, and another bushel to the acre sown, and when the growth had attained two feet, again plowed under, and repeated the third time, followed immediately by wheat, and timothy sown in the spring. The wheat crop was good, and there has been a good crop of hay gathered off the ground for fourteen years. To-day (July 16th, 1879,) I am cutting the lightest crop it has ever produced, and the ground seems crying to me for more buckwheat."

In the Orchard.

Watch for insect pests. If the trees are infested with bark lice, take them at the time the young are moving forward, and kill them with a wash of strong soapsuds, in which a little carbolic acid is mixed. When canker worms are infesting the trees, syringe thoroughly with London purple and water. Set traps for codling moths, or use hay bands about the limbs of the trees. Look for the first appearance of tent caterpillars early in the morning and late in the evening, when they are clustered in their nests. After they get size they are not so gregarious. Have an old broom along, fastened to a suitable pole; with this the worms and web may be easily taken away. Kill them in any manner that may suggest itself. Beating on hard ground is pretty effectual. Do not scrape trees because the bark is rough. Many people keep their trees scraped down to the quick. They think it looks nice. It is wrong; the bark is for protection. If the trunk is mossy it shows the tree is not doing well, and that it wants fertilizing. Scrape the old scales away in this instance, wash with very strong soapsuds, and cultivate and manure the orchard. So if insects have found a lodgment in the rough bark, scrape it away so the trunk may be easily washed. Do not scrape to the quick; the bark is the skin of the tree and should not be wounded. A light scraping is good, but moss shows that the soil is too wet, and probably poor. Under-drainage and manuring will help this.

Setting Strawberries in Autumn.

Although spring is the best time generally for transplanting strawberry plants, yet it often becomes desirable to do the work later in the season. The plants, if set in August, make some growth, and obtain a good foothold before winter. One of the difficulties with transplanting later is the liability to be thrown out by frost. The work will succeed well in September if the following precautions are observed: Procure strong plants of the same season's growth, with abundant roots, and set in a rich, deep and mellow soil which has a good surface and bottom drainage; spread the roots out well like an umbrella, which will prevent heaving out better than if crowded together; if the soil is dry, settle it about the roots with water when the hole is partly filled, mulch with manure, and keep the surface well protected with such a mulching in water, taking care not to cover the crowns of the plants. If the soil is heavy or clayey, make it slightly convex about the plants, and press it firmly with the foot, leaving a smooth surface to throw off the water or rains.—*Country Gentleman.*

General Farm Notes.

Gather up fallen fruit and give it to the pigs. Each contains at least one worm, which would otherwise become the parent of a large family, to prey upon your trees another year. Every one destroyed now, therefore, lessens by hundreds the numbers for the following year. Think, therefore, what a multitude may be prevented by the persistent destruction of only those in the fruit that falls to the ground now.

"What shall I use for scaly legs in fowls?" asks a correspondent. Kerosene until the scales begin to drop off, then lard or sweet oil.

Dark brahma hens, if provided with comfortable quarters and well fed, will lay right through the cold weather.

Rat Killing.

It costs as much, if not more, to feed the rats of this country as it does to keep our poor, yet but few use proper measures to rid themselves of this heavy and unnecessary tax. Where there are sewers and large drains it is almost impossible to get at them, and they breed in countless thousands in security. In and around old farm buildings they have places of almost equal security, and claim a large share of the young chicks which the breeder can ill afford to spare. If it can be put where nothing but the rats can get it, it is a very good plan to use poison, the very best being a preparation of phosphorus, which the rats will speedily eat. By poisoning them in this way we once cleared them out with two doses, those which did eat it frightened away their companions. Great care is necessary when using it, for it is very dangerous, and where children are around, or where you have valuable dogs or cats, we would not advise its use. The safest way, and the way to combine considerable sport with business, is to get a trained ferret; have him properly muzzled and put into the burrows. He will instinctively chase the rats out where one or two nimble terries can be on hand to dispatch them at fast as they show themselves. Quite a "bag" of rats can be gotten in this way in a single hour.—*Moore's Rural Life.*

IMPROVING THE INDIAN.

"M. Quad," writing to the Detroit *Free Press* from up North, relates the following incident:

At Traverse City we were joined by a man from Boston who had "Injun" on the brain. He shook hands with every redskin he could corner, patted on the head every papoose he could reach, and the sight of a bark wigwam would send him off on a journey of three miles along the sandy beach. When we got up to Old Mission "Hiawatha," as we called this Boston man, found plenty of food for his characteristic. Lots of Indians were loafing around—greasy, slovenly redskins who hardly knew enough to catch fish, and the Bostonian let himself loose. He was the friond of the red man from the word "go." His charity extended to the red man and no further. The ingenuity of the Indian surprised and delighted him, and after paying three dollars for a bark lamp-mat worth about twenty-five cents he exclaimed:

"Why, sir, give the red man half a show and his ingenuity would outshine the white man's in no time at all! He has been knocked down and stepped on and kept down, but I'll improve him if I have to stay here all summer."

The next day, while we were hunting around for harvest apples, we came upon about twenty Indians on the shore. One was using "Hiawatha's" fine comb; another had his toothbrush cleaning the sand out of a sore heel; a third was trying to wind up his watch backwards; a fourth had his wallet; a fifth had his hat and cane The Boston man had a bottle of perfumery in his satchel, and one old squaw was pouring the contents on the soles of her big, black feet, and then smelling of each foot in succession. Her face bore the broadest, blandest smile one ever saw, and was darkened only when her husband came along and drank up what perfumery she had left.

They sailed away down the bay in their canoes, and an hour after we came across the Boston man. His enthusiasm had so carried him away that he had spent the night in a wigwam. While he slept and dreamed of improving the poor Indian, the poor Indian had remained awake and improved his chances. It was a sad blow to the trusting man, and when we took a shake purse to send him across to Petoskey, he had only one wish. He wanted to be turned loose in paddock with all the red men of Michigan for about half an hour.

A SMART WIFE.

(Detroit Free Press.)

The other morning a citizen called at a hardware store on Woodward avenue and said he wanted a key to a certain door in his house, and he took up and carried away almost the first key handed out to him. On his way down town after dinner he stopped and exchanged the key for another, explaining that the first wouldn't fit. These changes took place twice a day for the next four days, the citizen being unable to get hold of a key to fit. On the sixth day he drove up to the store with a door on a dray, and calling to the proprietor he said:

"Bring your box of keys out here and we'll get a fit to that lock. Here I have been running back and forth for about a week, and I might not have got a fit for a whole month if my wife had not suggested that I bring the door down here. Some of these women are mighty smart."

"But why didn't you take the lock of and bring it down in your pocket?" asked the dealer.

The buyer looked at him in a vacant way, stared hard at the door, and sat down on the curbstone with the remark:

"It's a wonder that the whole family wasn't sent to the fool-house ten years ago!"

—The Chevalier Desanges has completed his portrait of Lord Beaconsfield for the Junior Carlton Club, London. It represents the Earl, life size, standing erect in graceful pose. A paletot of light brown surmounts a black frock, relieving the sambre effect of ordinary walking costume, and in the left hand is a scroll of papers. The likeness is faithful and characteristic. The picture has been placed in the reading room, of the club, next to the portrait of the late Earl of Derby.

CHURCH FAIRS.

(By Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher.)

Fairs in which wrong dealings are winked at are held in abhorrence by all honest persons. To follow those who refuse to buy through the crowd persistently urging them after they have once declined, is a breach of politeness. The directors of the fair should act as a police force, watchful and vigilant to detect the beginnings of evil. If they do their duty any equivocal act will soon be detected. Among the young particularly, a desire to make rapid sales, to have their receipts swell beyond some other tables, some times tempts them to resort to various schemes to effect their object; and if this propensity is not nipped in the bud a fair may exert an evil influence that will far overbalance the good that may be attained.

Raffling should not be tolerated for a moment, or any device akin to a lottery. There are a thousand ways by which these chance operations obtain access to some of the departments in a fair, and it will require determination on the part of the directors to keep them out. Grab-bags, cakes with one ring, where a dozen children buy a piece, hoping to get the ring, and turn away disappointed and envious of the lucky one; trees with little bags filled with candy, in one or two of which there is a ring or some ornament—each of these is a species of gambling. Every child who spends its three or five cents at the grab-bag hopes to be the lucky possessor of something worth more than the money put in. If he finds the money spent for naught, he goes away feeling, and justly, that he has been cheated; or with the rashness of the true gambler continues to risk the few pennies that he has, hoping for "better luck" next time. In buying the candy-bags from the trees, hoping to get the ring, but came home crying because they had spent their money for naught.

A great dishonesty is often practised by refusing to make change for things purchased. We were told a few days since by a gentleman, that he went into a fair a short time previous and made a purchase of two or three dollars' worth from a very bright and intelligent young lady, and having no change handed her twenty dollars. He waited a few moments, then said:

"I'll take my change, if you please."

"Oh! we give no change," the young lady replied.

"Now," said the gentleman, "I have done with fairs. They all tend to make those engaged in them dishonest. I would never trust that young lady again."

Taking "chances," or buying articles "on shares," are two very different things. The "chance" is neither more nor less than a lottery—a species of gambling. Buying "shares is a strictly commercial transaction, a partnership concern, when each one who buys a share," is so far the owner of the article, has just so much invested in it, and when from the beginning it is understood that when purchased it is to be presented to some one, each one who buys a share or helps to pay for the goods is a *joint donor* of the article when presented.—*Christian Union.*

A MAN-HORSE.

A Strange Phenomenon and a Piece of Jungle.

(From the Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.)

The fire man of Sharp county is not likely to attract more attention than a phenomenon which has just made its appearance, according to a private letter, in Van Buren county. Some people call it a horse, while others affirm that it is a man. At any rate nothing in natural history can account for it. Its head has every resemblance to a horse's, while its body is unmistakably that of a man. When first seen it was standing in a road with its head over a fence, looking intently at a man plowing in the field. There was something so wild in the expression of the supposed horse's eyes, and and such a snap to his eyelids, producing such a peculiar sound, that the man left his plough and went up to the fence. His surprise and terror at seeing a horse's head on a man's shoulders knew no bounds, but his legs did, and springing away he ran toward his house. The man-horse, seeing that the plowman "fleed" when no man-horse pursued, climbed over the fence, walked up to the plow, took up the lines and started the horse. The owner had witnessed this, having stopped. Gathering courage, he went back, slowly and cautiously approaching the most peculiar freak of nature he had ever seen. When he had come within a few yards of the plow the man-horse stopped, turned and remarked:

"You seem afraid of me. Approach."

The man felt impelled by some unaccountable power, and when he was within a few feet of the man horse, experienced a slight sensation in his feet, he had a pair of hoofs. He had evidently exchanged with his horse, for, instead of hoofs on the front, the horse had human feet, and seemed equally as much dissatisfied with them as this man did with the hoofs. After performing the piece of magic the man-horse ran away. He has subsequently appeared to several parties, but has not performed any more miracles. It may be necessary to add that the man to whom the phenomenon presented the hoofs is known in the neighborhood as a "Guinea nigger." His plow-horse has not been seen since that memorable day. The man still retains his hoofs, and when last seen was at a blacksmith shop having himself shod. He knows them to be the hoofs of his horse, for there were marks on them that rendered unmistakable recognition. This story, a neighborhood superstition, does not come in around about way, but down the Fort Smith Railway, one of the straightest railroads in the south. It will not, however, take its place in a library of Sunday school fiction. It is stated, and with some degree of truth, that the old negro, suffering with elephantiasis, became crazy and started the story.

THE TIMBER AREA OF CANADA.

Lord Carnarvon, while Secretary of State, called for information from the colonies as to their timber supply. During the five years ending 1876, Canada sent England about $125,000,000 worth of timber. In Nova Scotia, the approximate amount of timber-producing land was, in 1872, computed at 9,000,000 acres; in Ontario, 30,000 square miles; in Quebec, 73,711,114 acres; New Brunswick, 6,000,000 acres. In British Columbia about 110,000,000 acres are covered with timber. Newfoundland, too, is densely wooded, but forest fires have there, as also to a considerable degree in Canada, made serious inroads. In Natal, Africa, the Crown forests have for some time been suffering so seriously from the depredations of the natives, that the Surveyor-General has absolutely prohibited the use of forest lands for the cultivation of crops. It is computed that Cape Colony has between 500 and 600 square miles of forest. Between 1868 and 1878, British Honduras sent 34,000,000 fee mahogany. In Victoria, Australia, timber is diminishing far too rapidly, and in Western Australia the Governor thinks that steps must be taken to arrest destruction. In Queensland an annual license fee is exacted from wood cutters, and an officer has been appointed to report on the the public timber-producing lands, with a view to their conservation. Tasmania (Van Diemen's Land) has about 8,000,000 acres under timber, of which about 1,000,000 are in private hands. In Ceylon steps were some time since taken to arrest reckless destruction. In Queensland and South Australia the clearing of the forests has produced no effect whatever on the rainfall. In St. Helena, on the other hand, where the destruction of the trees shortly after colonization of the island was followed by a succession of severe and destructive droughts, now that the forests have been allowed to grow again, there has been more less trouble on that score. The climate of Jamaica is reported much drier of years in the south side of the island, where the greatest clearances have been made.

MONKISH LIFE IN RUSSIA.

A lurid and ghastly light is thrown upon monkish life in Russia by the *Molva*, a journal published in St. Petersburg. In a recent issue is printed an article headed "Monastery Secrets," whence we extract the following strange story, the details of which are stated to have been confirmed in every respect by evidence collected in the course of an official enquiry, terminated a few weeks ago. The monks of the Lebiadyn Cloister addressed a petition to the Holy Consistory of their province, complaining of the barbarous and inhuman treatment they have undergone at the hands of their Prior, Father Isidore. This ferocious ecclesiastic, ever since his accession to office, has done little else but torture his subordinate brethern, cuffing, beating and starving them without mercy. He has thrashed their naked backs with a knotted cudgel and with a massive silvern crucifix, and caused them to be flogged with rods by "lay brothers" until they have become insensible from pain and loss of blood. He has shut them up in dark cellars, where they have been left without food or water as long as three successive days and nights at a stretch. One monk was flayed to death by his orders, and two more died of starvation. Two hanged themselves, two drowned themselves, and one cut his throat, driven to despair by his superior's relentless brutality. All these tortures are alleged in the petition to have been inflicted by Father Isidore upon monks who refused to act as panders between him and the female members of the congregation attending service in the church of the monastery. The Prior spent the revenues of the brotherhood in every description of debauchery, and any remonstrance upon the part of the monks drew down upon them the most horrible punishments. The attention of the Czar is said to have been called to the tragedy of Lebiadyn, and it is expected that His Majesty will order a searching and exhaustive investigation into the actual state of Russian monastic establishments to be instituted as soon as the repressive measures now being enforced to put down the revolutionary movement shall have restored order and tranquility to his Empire.

STRANGE CHANGES IN A MAN'S HAIR.

[From the Harrisburg Patriot.]

Obadiah J. Farling is thirty-eight years old and by a trade a plasterer. By reference to the city directory it will be seen that he resides at Penn street and Sayford avenue. He served in the army and during his term of service suffered from a severe attack of scarlet fever. When the fever left him he found that his hair, which had formerly been a bright auburn in color, was changed to a decided gray. Several weeks ago he employed John A. Herman, a young lawyer of this city, to make application for a pension which is due him. The application containing a description of the applicant as a gray-haired man, was duly forwarded, and Mr. Harman saw nothing more of his client for some time. The other day Farling walked into the lawyer's office, as he took off his hat and remarked that he had just recovered from an attack of inflammory rheumatism. Mr. Herman was astounded to discover that the man whom he had recently described in the pension application as gray-headed now possessed a crop of bright auburn hair, with not a gray lock on his head. The man is unable to give an explanation of the change, and Mr. Herman is naturely somewhat concerned about the discrepancy between his description and the actual appearance of his client.

THE GREAT LAKES.

The latest measurements of the fresh water seas are as follows:—

The greatest length of Lake Superior is 335 miles; its greatest breadth 160 miles; mean depth, 688 feet: elevation, 627 feet; area, 82,000 square miles.

The greatest length of Lake Michigan is 300 miles; its greatest breadth is 108 miles; mean depth, 600 feet; elevation, 506 feet; area, 23,000 square miles.

The greatest length of Lake Huron is 200 miles; its greatest breadth is 169 miles; mean depth, 600 feet; elevation, 274 feet; area, 20,000 square miles.

The greatest lenght of Lake Erie is 250 miles; its greatest breadth is 80 miles; its mean depth is 84 feet; elevation, 555 feet; area, 6,000 square miles.

The greatest length of Lake Ontario is 180 miles; its greatest breadth, 65 miles: its mean depth is 500 feet; elevation, 261 feet; area, 6,000 square miles.

The length of all five is 1,265 miles, covering an area upward of 135,000 square miles.

A WONDERFUL HEART.

Lizzie Chandler, the girl who was shot by Thaddeus Barber, in St. Louis, on Thursday night, died on Saturday. "The *post mortem* examination of the body," says the Missouri *Republican*, "showed that the bullet had hit the heart, lacerating it to a considerable degree, notwithstanding which the victim had survived 31 hours after receiving the wound. The bullet had entered the chest a little to the left of the breast-bone, ranging backward and and toward the right side, passing entirely inside the pericardium, leaving large perforations at both the points of entrance and exit, and cutting a ragged groove across the thick muscle of the auricle. Those it passed through the lower lobe of the right lung, and lodged in the right side between the seventh and eighth ribs. The wound in the heart had not originally penetrated the cavity of the auricle, nor had it subsequently torn through so as to permit the escape of blood. It was regarded, however, as necessarily fatal."

ABOUT WOMEN.

—Elizabeth Leibesberger, aged ninety-two, resides in Richmond township, Pennsylvania, and is, in all probability, one of the richest maiden ladies in the county. She owns several beautiful farms in Richmond township, where she has lived nearly all her life. She has silvery gray hair, and is neat and trim in appearance. A few days ago her farm hands commenced hay-making. To their surprise the aged lady and land owner made her appearance in the field, rake in hand. She was suitably attired for the occasion, her skirts and dress being well gathered in and tucked back so as not to drag or give her any trouble in moving over the field. She said she was going to show them how to work. This was greeted with a clapping of hands and cheers. Miss Leibesberger went to work in good earnest, tossed the hay over and over, raked it into rows from one end of the field to the other, and then helped to rake it into piles, and finally assisted in loading and raking after the wagons.

WHY SHE MARRIED AGAIN.

A happy-looking couple were pointed out; and I was told the lady had been married once before. When her husband died he left a will giving his widow $30,000 a year as long as she remained a widow, and all of his fortune if she married again, for, he maliciously added: "I want another man to know how wretched she made me, and he may find some consolation in my money." The widow was not long in finding another husband, and, out of spite to her former spouse, makes the present husband supremely happy, and the wealth of the deceased is an immense factor to that end. Women are contrary creatures, and men don't understand them.

Flax Silk.—According to a German paper, a discovery has just been made at Lyons whereby a silken appearance may be given to flax fibres. After chemical treatment of flax yarn, it is dipped into a liquid prepared from silk waste, which leaves a siken coating upon it, and in regard to fineness, elasticity, and gloss, the material is said to be perfect as a substitute for silk. The new textile material no longer resembles flax, but has a bright highly resistible silken thread. It appears that a short time ago a Paris gentleman went to Lyons, and for the sum of 3,000,000 francs offered to communicate to the silk manufacturers a process by which a texture could be produced from flax yarn, at the rate of 9 francs per kilogramme, which would be equal, is not superior, to the silk produced at 35 francs per kilogramme. As the manufacturers hesitated to accept this offer, he prepared samples on the spot, which were so successful that within an hour fourteen manufacturers, whose names are given, contracted to pay the sum demanded. A limited company, with a capital of 6,000,000 francs, including the inventor's 3,000,000 francs, is now to be formed to work the process. Should the process prove a success, it will cause a revolution, not only in the silk industry, but in all the textile branches, and especially in the flax trade.

AROUND THE WORLD.

Interesting Items From All Sources.

—It is said that the midge has made its appearance in Beverly.

—Feathery acoustics is the latest appellation for soft talk to a girl.

—"Are you a wallflower?" he asked, and she replied, "No, I am a wall, sir." Then they waltzed.

—The hardest thing in the world for a young woman to do is to look unconcerned the first time she comes out in a handsome engagement ring.

—A company of pretended Zulus, on exhibition in Dublin, were routed by a woman who showered them with paving stones. She had lost a son in Zululand.

—The pastor and deacons of a church at Gainesville, Texas, are said to have played poker, at five cents ante and fifty cents limit, while waiting for a quorum at a business meeting.

—When John Dixon, a Savannah negro, sat up in bed in the midst of his own funeral services, the assembled mourners ran yelling from the house, some of them getting out through the windows.

—Two elephants escaped from a menagerie at Warrington, in Eng., and there was a chase through the streets, by men boys and dogs, resulting in a capture of the beasts and the injury of two of the men.

—Some wicked man asserts that it was a great mistake that the potato bugs were not introduced in the garden of Eden, since their presence would have kept Adam and Eve so busy that they wouldn't have had time to go around foraging for pippins.

—The *Hebrew Leader* stigmatizes as ridiculous and invidious such grouping as "three Irishmen and a Jew" were arrested, and urges that we never read how "two Germans and a Methodist" or "a Frenchman and an Episcopalian" met such a fate.

—The conjuring materials taken from a Georgia negro consisted of goose quills filled with broken needles, a vial of iron rust, the feathers of various birds, and a snake skin. The negroes of his neighborhood had long believed in and feared his power of working mischief with charms.

—Muki Bacsi, the ablest wine drinker in Hungaria, was a guest at a recent wedding dinner. A glass holding three pints was set before him, and he was informed that he was expected to empty it as often as an ordinary glass was drained by the host. He obeyed, but the feat killed him.

—St. Thomas *Times*: Notwithstanding the *evils* connected with the N. P. and the havoc it has wrought among the millers (in Grit opinion) the oatmeal mill at Tilsonburg still keeps on its busy way, and Mr. Tilson expects to be busier next winter than before.

—A rough backwoods preacher, discoursing on the text, "These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also," announced as the points of his sermon: "1. The world is wrong side up. 2. It must be turned upside down. 3. We are the chaps to do it."

—Dear Little Buttercup has got down to this:

Man nennt mich Kleine Butterblume, liebe Kleine
Butterblume,
Obwohl ich nie gewusst warum,
Doch nennen mich Butterblume mich, arme Kleine
Butterblume,
Susse Kleine Butterblume, ich.

—Red snow, which is usually found only in Arctic latitudes, is seen on a lofty summit near Mount Stanford in the Sierra Nevadas. For several acres the vast drifts are of a beautiful pinkish tint to the depth of three or four inches. It is a beautiful spectacle. One explanation of it is that myriads of minute organisms cover the surface.

—Mary Keesucker, one of the most enthusiastic of the converts at a camp meeting at Urbana, Ohio, fell into a trance while praying. Her friends believed that her condition was the result of a special blessing, and would not permit a physician to do anything for her. She lay unconscious several days, and finally died of spinal meningitis.

—The old theory about getting up early is at last, happily, exploded. One can now go to bed and get up when he pleases without having that fatal proverb flung in his teeth. The higher philosophy tells us that even if we do "shorten our days," as the saying is, by getting up late, we at least lengthen our nights by the same process.

—C——, whose death is just announced, was one of the most secret, dark and midnight men imaginable. He did not wish the fact that he was ill to be made public; and so when his faithful friend X. was asked how the old gentleman was he took the inquirer by the buttonhole and whispered in his ear: "He's dead, but he don't want it known."

—A Norwich correspondent says: All our manufactories are busy. Mr. Palmer is succeeding in building up a lucrative trade. Bungay & Merritt, of Norwich gang plough fame, are actively preparing for the season's "talk" and business. There is a constant "hum sweet hum" around the planing mills which betokens liveliness.

—Ah, woe is me, ah, woe is me,
My dreams of bliss have flown away;
My summer dreams of peace have fled,
My joy is up the spout to-day—
Sighteth the oyster.
The oyster now doth dream and sigh,
Beneath the incandescent stars,
While tears pour down its mellow face;
Confound the R's
Of essentially.

—Says the Detroit *Free Press*: "The Canadian tariff is very far-reaching in its results. A society at Aylmer, Ontario, has been compelled to forego its annual picnic on account of the hard times, which the members attribute to the tariff." Which goes to show that all the fools are not dead yet, and that a good many of them are congregated at Aylmer.

—From the obituary column of an American newspaper we cull the following:

Our little Sally did to heaven go,
Baby life so fleet is;
She was afflicted with cerebro—
Spinal meningitis.

'Twas hard to lose our Sally so,
But the reflection sweet is,
She's gone where there's no cerebro—
Spinal meningitis.

—Geo. Fawcett Rowe's new play "Woolfert's Roost," was produced for the first time in New York, Aug. 18th, with John T. Raymond as *Ichabod*, the leading character. The critics are divided in their opinion regarding it, but the bulk of the criticism is in its favor. So far it has met with great success and will be continued at Wallack's Theatre until further notice.

—An apostrophe to bangs:

The beauteous, buxom Bertha Bangs,
Is one of our divinest girls,
She bangs the doors and bangs the chairs,
And likewise bangs her auburn curls.
She bangs on the pianny, too,
And bangs upon the