MEANS OF SUBSISTENCE.

MEN WHO PREDICT THE EXTINCTION OF HUMANIY BY STARVATION.

Facts More Convincing Than Theories. The Whole Matter of Food Supply Revolutionized—The Coming Man May Die of Overeating.

It seems strange that at a time when food of all kinds is cheaper and more plenty than it ever was before in the history of the world, and when famine nowhere exists, men of mind and learning should be predicting the extincion of humanity by starvation. Still the matter has recently been discussed by Mr. Frederick B. Hawley in the Quarterly Journal of Economics and by Mr. Edward Atkinson in The Forum. Both writers refer at length to the writings of Malthus and Ricardo, the first of whom taught that there is a tendency of population to increase faster than the means of subsistence—the first increasing in a geometrical and the last in an arithmetical ratio—and the second of whom showed that land cultivated for a series of years yielded diminishing returns in proportion to the amount of labor and capital expended upon it.

It is certainly difficult to refute the propositions of Malthus and Ricardo by arguments. They were acute reasoners and plausible writers. Facts, however, are more convincing than theories. The population of the world is much greater than when these men wrote and food is cheaper and more plenty. Science as applied to the raising of crops and to transportation has revolutionized the whole matter of the supply of food. Fifty years ago wise men informed their sons that the time would soon come when they could eat white bread but half the time, for the reason that wheat enough could not be cut to supply the material to make it. There was then no implement for harvesting wheat but the sickle. But the horse harvester and self binder soon made wheat cheaper than corn was when the prediction was made.

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

Forty years ago a man with a hand hoe—the only implement used—could only plant and cultivate four acres of corn. By the aid of machines one man now finds no difficulty in planting and tending forty acres. Experiments are now being made with machines for harvesting and thrashing corn, and within five years' time they will be brought to perfection and in general use. Potatoes are now planted, cultivated, dug, sorted and bagged by machinery. The machine has done more for the field than for the shop in the matter of increasing production.

Skill in breeding and feeding has reduced the time necessary to prepare a steer for the market from four years to about eighteen months. A few years ago it was estimated that the product of five acres of land was necessary to support a cow or steer. Now the product of one acre, preserved in a silo, will keep the animal. Silage is the coming food for all animals kept on farms for the purpose of producing meat.

Producing new varieties of small fruits and melons and improving their cultivation have added much to the food supply of the world. Fruit is now almost as common on tables as bread. Melons, oranges, strawberries and grapes form parts of the poor man's breakfast. Sugar is one of the cheapest articles of food, and the country is "flowing with honey," strained for its waxen comb and costing but four cents per pound. During the past few years grapes during their season have been about as cheap as potatoes, and the prospect is that they will soon be included among the most common articles of food.

PRESERVATION OF PERISHABLE FOODS.

The process of canning fresh fruit, vegetables, fish and meat has prevented about half the amount of these articles annually produced from going to waste and rendered their preservation practical for years. Cars and vessels fitted up as refrigerators now carry food products classed as perishable round the world. We can dine on fresh salmon caught in the Columbia river ten years ago, green turtle captured in the West Indies at the same time, and pineapples raised in South America.

Huxley tells us that the "harvest of the sea" has but just commenced, and our own Seth Green has apparently demonstrated that "water farming" is more profitable than land farming. He thinks that all will soon be convinced that an acre of water is capable of producing as much food as an acre of land.

Grain producing territory large enough to form an empire has just been brought into notice in several parts of the world. Agricultural experts state that Siberia is capable of supplying all the people in continental Europe with grain. A like statement is made in regard to Canada. Most of the land in the world once classed as "desert" has been found to be very productive. The first settlers in California thought the most of the soil would produce nothing. The state is now exporting vast quantities of food.

There is no danger that the coming man will starve. It is more likely that he will die of overeating, thinking that it is his duty to do his part in "disposing of the surplus." Possibly the last man will laugh himself into an untimely grave while reading the absurd theories of Malthus and noticing how his predictions came out.—Chicago Times.

The Value of Advertising.

"If you will tramp the city over and take notice of the business places you will find that where the show windows are finest, the stock of goods the freshest and the salesmen the quickest to make sales." The speaker was a joker and we checked him to ask what kind of a patent medicine 'ad' he was going to spring on us. We were fooled, for in all seriousness he continued: "There you will find an advertiser." We all agreed, and another friend said he had another way of telling. "If you will ride from Ashland avenue to State street and count the mercantile houses having electrical lights I will venture that you can find the 'ads' of nine out of ten by searching the morning and evening papers."

We were standing in a cigar store and the proprietor said he could go us one better. "Two years ago my patrons were so few that I scarcely made a living. One day two men got in a quarrel in my store and one shot the other, not fatally, but seriously. The patrol came, thousands gathered in front of the door, the reporters wrote up the affair elaborately and my little store and myself came in for a share of the publicity. The next day hundreds dropped in as they passed to see the scene of the shooting. Many of them bought cigars. From that day on my store was 'advertised,' and for a year I made more money than in three years previous. I now keep a small 'ad' in several papers and you see my clerks are busy."—Chicago Journal.

A Day of Hard Luck.

Jones (to Robinson, weary and footsore)—Been fishing, Robinson?

Robinson—Ya'as.

Jones—Catch anything?

Robinson—Naw; didn't even catch the last train home.—New York Sun.

WHY BOYS GO TO SEA.

The Charm of Sailor Dress—Romantic Notions of Foreign Lands.

I was but a very little lad when I first went to sea—my age 13 years and 6 months. Why I went to sea I can hardly say. I had certainly no clear views. Maybe the reading of story books about the ocean life raised a kind of hankering in me; but I think it was the desire to shine in buttons, to wear a pair of blue cloth trousers flowing at the feet, a little jacket with pretty brass bound sleeves, a colored shirt with a collar lying well open at the throat and embellished with a black silk handkerchief tied in a proper sailor's knot, the ends twinkling to every breeze like the fly of a streamer pulling at a mast, a cap on the back of my head with a sparkling device above the peak of it representing a golden wreath encircling a flag beautifully colored with blue and silver silk. I say it was a yearning to walk attired in clothes of this kind that ended in my going to sea.

My notions of the deep were entirely romantic. I thought of coral Islands, green savannahs, forests of fruit trees, savages with bows and arrows, great elephants with little black men riding cross legged on their heads, blue rivers winding toward the purple of distant mountains, with shining white cities upon their banks, where the roofs of the houses of the nobility were garnished with gold and silver and precious stones, where there were ducks that laid emeralds and hens rubies, and where there were the funniest monkeys in the world too be had for the asking. I promised one of my little sisters to bring her a box of gold dust and the ivory tusk of an elephant; for another I was to procure a bird of paradise, two humming birds and a lizard that wasn't poisonous. To my brother Tommy, who was two years younger than myself, I promised a real canoe, and I rather think I added that if it was to be managed I would present him with a live savage to go fishing with him in it.

I knew geography pretty well, though my ideas of distant lands were a little confused when I came to think of their product; but it seemed to me that a fellow only needed to go to sea to obtain what he wanted. The world was very big, I thought, and when a man sailed into it he was bound to meet with everything that was wonderful and worth having. It never struck me that I might make a voyage to a place where there were no elephants, no gold dust, no canoes, no savages even, merely a civilized black man or two, such as you may meet any day, bland, clean and shining, in a London street. Indeed, I no more realized the sort of country I might first visit than I did the life I must lead in order to get to it. There was a great deal of fruit mixed up in my seafaring dream; the brass buttons and the badge stood first, and then my vision was as plentifully stocked as a big market with cocoanuts, bananas, oranges, dates, custard apples and other first class eating.

I knew something about ships; I had lived half of my little life in a seaport town, and could talk of bowsprits, quarter boats, deadeyes and jibs without blundering; but of the hardships of a sailor's life, the food he eats, the work he has to do, I was, of course, quite ignorant. It has often amused and interested me since to ask a boy, say of 13½, who has told his papa and mamma that he is determined to go to sea, what his notions of the calling are. As a rule I find them wonderfully like what mine were. It is partly an idea of getting away from school, partly the dream of becoming a man all at once, partly a fancy of pirates, buried treasure, glittering uniforms, and fine curiosities to be got somehow and brought home, the whole colored with the light of the romance which shines very gloriously upon the minds of boys when they are little, but which slowly fades as one gets old and older, till life turns as gray round about one as a cold November day.—Clark Russell.

Cossacks in the Russian Army.

The Cossacks hold an exceptional position in the Russian army, and though they have lost some of their former liberties, they are usually looked upon more as the allies than the servants of the czar. They form a living rampart from five to six thousand miles in length, over the entire Asiatic frontier of Russia, from the Sea of Okhotsk to the Don and the Caucasus. In former centuries they were of vast service to Russia in protecting the Russian borders from the Asiatic hordes. The Cossacks of the Caucasus were themselves up to the year 1858 Russia's greatest opponents in the south. Shamyl gave the Russians twenty-two years of hard fighting in the mountains of the Caucasus before he was finally captured with his family in one of the hill passes.

From Shamyl's former adherents Russia has won a magnificent Cossack army. One of Shamyl's sons is an officer in the Russian garde; a second son was also an officer in the Russian service, but went over to the service of the sultan during the last war, where he commanded for a time a regiment of his own people who acknowledged the sovereignty of the Porte. After the Cossack revolt on the River Yaik (Ural), in 1655, many emigrated to Turkey. The Cossacks of the Ural, like those of the Caucasus, fought long for their independence. Their final struggle took place in the year of the declaration of American independence. But the Russians were victorious, the Cossack leader, Pugatcheff, was captured and executed, the name of the river and province of Yaik was changed to Ural, and since then the Cossacks have been peaceful subjects of the czar, who is in his own person a Cossack hetman and in whom is now vested the right of appointing commanders.—Philadelphia Times.

Firearms in African Warfare.

Professor Drummond, the African traveler says he has often wished he could get inside an African for an afternoon and just see how he looks at things. It is certain his views of the world are very different from ours. The General-in-chief of the king of Uganda's army recently expressed some novel ideas on the introduction of firearms in native warfare. He told the king he was sorry gunpowder had ever reached the great lakes. In the good old times the Waganda warriors were invincible. Those were the days of hand to hand combats, when victory rewarded the bravest and strongest, and skill in handling the lance and shield decided the fortunes of war. But now, a clumsey coward safely hid in the grass can kill the bravest soldiers. There is no longer a chance for glorious feat of arms, and "since guns are the fashion we must fight with guns." This stickler for war clubs and assegais was doubtless all the more impressed with the degeneracy of the times from the fact that he was suffering from two bullets wounds inflicted by the Wayoro, whom for the first time in his life he had failed to whip. It seems a pity that all savages do not harbor old fashioned prejudices against firearms.—New York Sun.

Should Be More Careful.

Wife—John, I had a fearful fall this morning.

Husband—How was that?

"I was going down the cellar stairway"—

"And I s'pose you slipped and fell?"

"Yes."

"Well, you'll have to be more careful. I just paid $12 to have the stairway painted, and if you keep on you'll have it all scratched and dinged."—Lincoln Journal.

SHAM AND PRETENSE.

A BRIEF LOOK AT OUR OWN PLEASING PERSONALITIES.

What Our Rich Men Have Done—The Dude Who Made Believe He Was a Sailor—A Fancy "Colonel" in 1861. Only Veneer.

But come a little nearer home.

Let's take a look at our own pleasing personalities. Do we wear wigs, false teeth, tight shoes? Do we wear high heeled boots to deceive our neighbors as to our height? Do we pull in our waists and pad out our busts? Do we wear funny things behind, in the absurd endeavor to persuade people who know better that the Lord made us different from what he did make us? You remember, don't you, a few years ago, when our dear sisters wore little humps on their shoulders? That was the funniest fashion I ever knew. Every woman tried to make everybody else believe that on each shoulder she had a little hump. Now, all women, and a majority of men, know that no women was ever born with a little hump on either shoulder, let alone on both.

Our rich men are curious creatures. They have ornamented, beautified, solidified our streets and those of every significant city in the land by magnificent structures, semi-hotels, and they have pandered to a fast growing sentiment in this land of the free, which seems to ape foreign affairs by giving to these structures names which mean something on the other side of the ocean, but which here are bloomingly idiotic. Our great apartment houses here are called the Buckingham, the Rockingham, the Sandringham, the Belvidere and so on.

THOUGHT HE WAS A SAILOR.

I was sitting on the broad piazza of a summer hotel about an hour ago, when a curious creature came from the inner recesses and stood in the doorway. On his head was a sailor's cap. He wore a flannel shirt with a wide turnover collar and anchors embroidered on the ends. Gilt buttons made his attire more conspicuous, but what attracted my attention more especially were the creases down the middle of his trousers, which by the way were turned up about two inches from the bottom, revealing a pretty pair of black silk stockings and neatly fitting patent leather pumps. He was a dude from Dudeville, a darling escaped from the bandbox, yet he thought he was a sailor, and that the effect produced upon the guests of the hotel was that of a rollicking, jolly, pipe smoking tar.

I wondered as I looked at him what he would do with those pumps and those silk stockings and his pretty trousers in a storm. He apparently had about as much muscle as a fresh water clam, and I queried how many ropes his bejewelled fingers could handle in a moment of necessity or of danger.

Whom did he deceive?

He knows perfectly well he is no sailor, and he knows that everybody who looks at him knows that he is no sailor. As I looked at him, my mind ran back to the stormy days in 1861, when, with one foot on the sturdy solidity of peace and prosperity, the nation put its other foot forward upon the threshold of a five years' war, with its blood and turmoil. I was sitting in the office of Williard's hotel in Washington. The great corridor was packed with angry men, eagerly discussing what must be done. Forcing his way through the dense mass, a young gentleman in the full uniform of a colonel, approached the desk and registered his name, appended to which were the words, "paymaster of the state of New York." By his side clinked a sword. On his shoulders were glittering epaulettes. Brass buttons were all over him, and his cap was cocked over his right eye, with a real 1861 swagger. Col. Mansfield sat near me, then a bronzed veteran with a record, and Rosecrans, then I think a colonel, also was at the desk settling a bill, ere he departed for the extreme west.

AFTER RUDER EXPERIENCES.

The slap dash of the young gentleman attracted their attention. They looked at him with curious eyes, and seemed to see in him a prefiguration of the young America, about to come to the front. This young gentleman was on the staff of the governor of the state. He was there on duty, but he then had no more idea of war than any of the rest of us. To him the trip was a jolification. To him the experience was a picnic. To him it was all cocked cap, brass buttons, a clinking sword and a well written name, with a paymaster of the state of New York at the end of it. He had no more idea of the true duties of a soldier, then my curled darling in the yachting suit had of the duties of a sailor. His dress, so far as typifying any character beneath it, was a farce, a sham, a pretense, and yet I doubt not in later days, when ruder experiences were undergone, he developed the manhood that was in him. His bright buttons became tarnished by exposure, the blue of his uniform faded to a shiny white, and the noise made by his sword was not its clinking on the marble pavement of a metropolitan hotel, but its whizzing through the air, as pointing the way, he led his comrades to victory or death.

Mind you, I don't believe that the American mind intends deception.

These shams, pretenses, deceits are but the shining veneer, super laid over the hard wood endurance of sturdiness of character, of honest determination to win success in the great battles of life.

Well?

Well, the obvious suggestion would be to throw away your brass rings, to slice off your shoulder humps, to let your waist have its normal size, to wear heels of comfort rather than of show, to plane away the veneers and stand as you were made, improving along rightful lines, helping yourselves to grow, that you may extend the right hand of fellowship to others who would like, but are unable, to follow your example.—Joe Howard in Boston Globe.

Defending the Dutch Language.

Our aggressive mother tongue, which is pushing its way into every corner of the earth, has aroused the South African republic by its encroachments, and the Boers are rallying to the defense of Dutch as the national language.,

When it was announced in the volksraad the other day that the English language was spoken in the public offices, in the markets, and was even creeping into the courts, the vice president stood up for the vernacular, and declared that he would give every drop of blood in his body to uphold the Dutch language. The legislature then authorized the government to require that only the Dutch be used by public officials and in the market places and courts. Two Englishmen who were enjoying a lawsuit were thereupon informed that if they could not talk Dutch they must hire an interpreter or get out of court.—New York Sun.

Under the Walnut Tree.

A well known horticulturist says ,that of all trees for placing a seat under in hot weather, none is for a moment comparable with the walnut. Beneath its glossy leaves the air is always refreshingly cool; it harbors few insects, and it affords the most delightful shade in the world.—Once a Week.

WOODS FOR FURNITURE.

Value of Walnut—Preparation of "Quarter Oak"—Staining.

There are many crazes in the furniture business in respect to the different woods and their imitations, which are extensively used. For many years walnut was a wood that held absolute predominance over all other woods for furniture. But while other woods have become very popular, and walnut is apparently on the decline, yet, really, walnut will always be a fashionable wood. The price will gradually increase, for the large demand is fast consuming the supply. In many states fifteen years ago the farms were inclosed with walnut rail fences, as the wood was not so valuable in those days. But in these states where walnut grows, the lumber that would have been formerly cast aside with the "culls" is today sold for high prices. Even the small limbs of walnut trees are now sawed up into materials for rungs and posts of parlor chairs. The old snarled limbs and knots of the walnut trees are sought after with avidity by buyers through the country districts, who sell them to firms that manufacture them into ornaments for antique shelves, fancy hassocks and other similar furniture. Rail fences in these districts are now a rarity in the extreme.

But as to the various woods that are used in the manufacture of furniture, maple, ash, poplar, gum and cherry comprise the list. What is known as quarter oak is the latest craze. Quarter oak is made by first sawing a log from end to end through the middle. Then each half is sawed from end to end through the middle, thus leaving four quarters. Each quarter has only three sides, one the bulge part of the log, and the other two sides being flat and coming to a sharp edge. The boards are sawed off the sharp edge, and each sawing, therefore, throws off a board wider than the one before it. Sawing the quarters of the log in this manner the lumber is beautifully cross grained. The cross grained lumber is "worked" into the finest parlor furniture at present. The wood is susceptible of a very fine polish, and the cross grain produces an effect, made by both nature and the saw, that is far superior to the art of the most experienced grainer.

But one of the prominent features still in the furniture business is the staining of wood. There are tricks in all trades, and this is the greatest one in the furniture manufactories. A very simple preparation, composed of crude oil and lampblack, is rubbed on the highly polished surface of oak, and when it soaks into the pores of the wood the wood then takes on a dark hue. The varnish is then applied, which gives a neat finish to the wood, and this is then a fair imitation of antique oak. The common gum is often stained to represent cherry. Cherry itself is very valuable, and is left in its own natural color, although it is sometimes stained to represent rosewood. Soft maple, poplar and gum are stained with preparations of burnt umber, crude oil and lampblack, to produce an imitation of mahogany. Ash has a very pretty grain that stands out prominently under color, and it can be stained to imitate red cherry. Sycamore is a wood largely used for bed posts, and it stains nicely in imitation of walnut.—W. L. Mitchell in Globe-Democrat.

Lincoln to Morton in 1861.

Your letter by the hand of Mr. Prunk was received yesterday. I write this letter because I wish you to believe of us (as we certainly believe of you) that we are doing the very best we can. You do not receive arms from us as fast as you need them, but it is because we have not near enough to meet all the pressing demands, and we are obliged to share around what we have, sending the largest share to the points which appear to need them most. We have great hope that our own supply will be ample before long, so that you and all others can have as many as you need. I see an article in an Indianapolis newspaper denouncing me for not answering your letter sent by special messenger two or three weeks ago. I did make what I thought the best answer I could to that letter. As I remember, it asked for ten heavy guns to be distributed with some troops at Lawrenceburg, Madison, New Albany and Evansville, and I ordered the guns and directed you to send the troops if you had them. As to Kentucky, you do not estimate that state as more important than I do; but I am compelled to watch all points. While I write this I am if not in range at least in hearing of cannon shot, from an army of enemies more than a hundred thousand strong. I do not expect them to capture this city; but I know they would if I were to send the men and arms from here to defend Louisville, of which there is not a single hostile armed soldier within forty miles, nor any force known to be moving upon it from any distance. It is true the army in our front may make a half circle around southward and move on Louisville; but when they do we will make a half circle around northward and meet them; and in the meantime we will get up what forces we can from other sources to also meet them.

I hope Zollicoffer has left Cumberland Gap (though I fear he has not), because, if he has, I rather infer he did it because of his dread of Camp Dick Robinson, re-enforced from Cincinnati, moving on him, than because of his intention to move on Louisville. But if he does go round and re-enforce Buckner, let Dick Robinson come around and re-enforce Sherman, and the thing is substantially as it was when Zollicoffer left Cumberland Gap. I state this as an illustration; for, in fact, I think if the gap is left open to us Dick Robinson should take it and hold it; while Indiana and the vicinity of Louisville in Kentucky can re-enforce Sherman faster than Zollicoffer can Buckner.—The Century

Red Tape in Italy.

The Italian official is never in a hurry, and there is a vast multitude of public servants, a dozen being appointed to do the work which two or three could easily accomplish did they display any activity. The most trifling affair is made to pass through so many hands, and each change is attended by so much delay and confusion, that a person is obliged to sacrifice an endless amount of time to rectify an official blunder. He is sent from one place to another, holds long conferences with innumerable dignitaries, each of whom makes out a formidable state document covered with seals, signatures and stamps, for which the luckless person is requested to pay a liberal commission, and at last the chances are greatly against the recovery of the lost letter, telegraph dispatch, baggage, or whatever he may be searching for. Upon asking advice respecting a lost letter of importance sent from Rome to Florence, the American bank authorities said it would be well to report the case simply to keep the subject agitated, but not to entertain the slightest hope of its recovery. This same delay and confusion is carried into every branch of the public service and is particularly glaring in the justice courts.—Florence Cor. Chicago Times.

A First Class Table.

Man (looking for board)—You set a good table, I s'pose, madam?

Landlady—Yes, sir; only last week my fourth floor back died of gout.—The Epoch.