

The Year Without a Summer.

The year 1815 was known throughout the United States and Europe as the coldest ever experienced. Very few persons now living can recollect it. The following is a brief abstract of the weather during each month of that year:

January was mild, so as to render fires almost needless in parlors.

February was not cold; with the exception of a few days, it was much like its predecessor.

March was cold and boisterous during the early part of the month; the remainder was mild. A great freshet occurred on the Ohio and Kentucky Rivers, which caused a great loss of property.

April began warm, but grew cold as the month advanced, and ended with snow and ice, and a temperature more like winter than spring.

May was more remarkable for frosts than smiles. Buds and fruits were frozen; ice formed half an inch thick; corn was killed and fields were again and again replanted, until deemed too late.

June was the coldest ever known in this latitude; frost, ice and snow were common. Almost every green thing was killed. Fruit nearly all destroyed. Snow fell to the depth of ten inches in Vermont, seven in Maine, three in the interior of New York, and also in Massachusetts. Considerable damage was done in New Orleans, in consequence of the rapid rise in the Mississippi River; the suburbs were covered with water, and the roads were only passable in boats.

July was accompanied with frost and ice. On the 6th ice was formed of the thickness of common window-glass throughout New England, New York and some parts of Pennsylvania. Indian corn was nearly all destroyed; some favorably situated fields escaped. This was true of some of the hill-farms in Massachusetts.

August was more cheerless, if possible, than the summer months already passed. Ice was formed half an inch in thickness; Indian corn was so frozen that the greater part was cut down and dried for fodder; almost every green thing was destroyed in this country and in Europe. On the 30th snow fell at Barnet, forty miles from London. Papers received from England state "that it would be remembered by the present generation that the year 1815 was a year in which there was no summer." Very little corn ripened in New England and the Middle States. Farmers supplied themselves from corn produced in 1815 for seed in the spring of 1817. It sold at from \$1 to \$5 per bushel.

September furnished about two weeks of the mildest weather of the season. Soon after the middle it became cold and frosty; ice formed a quarter of an inch in thickness.

October produced more than its share of cold weather; frost and ice were common. The summer and autumn of 1816, cold, rainy and ungenial throughout Europe, was peculiarly so in France. Constant rains fell during the months of July, August and September. But for an abundant potato crop, famine, with all its horrors, would have been the lot of France. The Minister of the Interior established granaries throughout the kingdom, where corn was sold to the destitute at a reduced price. Prices rose, however, to more than double, and hundreds perished of actual want.

November was cold and blustering; snow fell so as to make good sleighing.

December was mild and comfortable. The above is a brief summary of the cold summer of 1816, as it was called in order to distinguish it from the winter. The winter was mild. Frost and ice were common in every month of the year. Very little vegetation was matured in the Eastern and Middle States. The sun's rays seemed to be destitute of heat during the summer; all nature was clad in a sable hue, and men exhibited no little anxiety concerning the future of this life.

The average price of flour, during the year, in the New York market was thirteen dollars per barrel. The average price of wheat in England was ninety-seven shillings per quarter. Bread riots occurred throughout Great Britain in 1817, in consequence of the high price of the staff of life.

Our Foods.

The study of foods has two important phases—viz., those of adaptation and of economy. It is important that the articles are such as are fitted to the being to be sustained, and also that they be furnished at such prices as are within the reach of the masses. The latter, as well as the former, has a direct bearing upon the public health. It is in vain for us to tell of this or that as the best food if it is not placed at the command of the populace. In time of scarcity or high prices the first pressure of sickness is felt amid those who are thus deprived of a full supply or who are thereby led to use inferior articles. The French have excelled all other nations of the world in the study of the economy of foods, and know not only that it means social and political economy, but thrift of health. It is the keeping in reserve and on hand the forces of life, than which there is no greater economy for persons or for a nation. We are glad that in our own country more attention is being paid to this matter of appropriate and economical feeding. Labor statistics are being brought to bear, and investigations are being had as to the foods best adapted to the various classes of laborers and others. The greatest burden on the wage classes to-day is their inability to avoid expenses which ought

not to be—such as those owing to sickness, to inability to buy food at the lowest prices, from not knowing which are the most economical materials for, or the best combinations of food, or, how so to prepare it as to be most acceptable to the palate, most digestible and most nourishing. The time has come when we are able, with a good degree of certainty, to estimate what are the demands made by labor on the various food supplies, and how so to furnish the food as that from it shall be derived the greatest amount of ability for work.

The well-known division of foods into the nitrogenous or flesh-forming or muscle-repairing foods and the non-nitrogenous, fat-forming, heat-producing and force-giving foods is valuable as a guide. While the distinction of the two is not so exact but that one now and then in part substitutes the other, yet both must be had in due proportion if effective life is to be maintained. Albumen, so largely represented in the whites of eggs, in meat and in such a vegetable as beans, is so much the mainstay of this part of the vitality as that this class of foods is often known as the albuminates. The carbonaceous or heat-producing keeps the fires of life alive, and sugar, starch, the fats and the sweeter fruits represent this. In digestion the starches are converted into sugars, and so into heat. The heat-producing power of fat in its natural state is about twice as great as that of starch or sugar. By comparing the chemical composition of various articles with the materials of which we are made, and closely studying the physiological processes by which the transformation of materials is carried on, we are able to determine theoretically and experimentally what foods should be used, and to test their accurate use by the results secured. In many substances we find the exact food stored up which is needed to augment or sustain the body. In other cases, when not finding the precise article, we find something readily convertible into the substance required, and can determine the method and condition of conversion. Knowing what effects will be produced by excessive toil or other demands, we prepare or provide, therefore, by extra supply. Many vegetables have in store the food contained in flesh. Not only beans, but Indian corn, well cooked, has much of the strength of meat and is rich in oil. Its nutritive value is in carbon, the same as wheat flour, and its ten grains less of nitrogen is compensated by a considerable quantity of free hydrogen. It depends for its digestibility and for its relish more on cooking than does the wheat flour. It requires long boiling and to be carefully stirred into hot water while being prepared. If thus allowed to boil till well done and so as to be thick when cold, it can be cut into slices and used for frying, and thus form both a nutritious and savory dish. Milk, while so much valued, is not often enough at the command of the laborer and of children. Skim-milk has only lost its oil, and is, therefore, very valuable. Buttermilk is not enough esteemed for its food value. Buttermilk and potatoes have so often formed the chief food in Ireland that we there have illustrations of its value. Meat is so expensive as not to be at full command to all classes, and, therefore, substitution should be carefully studied. We have the greatest respect for the good old-fashioned Yankee and English dish of beans and bacon. The chief trouble nowadays is that so few cooks know how to prepare it. The beans must be good and soaked before cooking. They want, before baking, to be parboiled. Then, with a piece of good salt pork and slow cooking before it is time for the browning, a savory as well as meaty dish is at hand. Albumen and other ingredients are in this form at hand quite as readily and quite as usefully as in meat.—N. Y. Independent.

A Horrible Ceremony.

The maxim which teaches that there must be no disputing about tastes has its limits, which appear to have been reached in Portsmouth yesterday, if we can believe the local papers. Miss Mainwaring, the daughter of an army officer, was about to be married, but unexpectedly she died. It was resolved however, that before interment she should be married "as far as possible," and accordingly the Rev. T. D. Platt and other clergymen among them read the marriage service, and then the service for funerals. It is not stated what the bridegroom did. The other friends wore their wedding clothes. The Portsmouth Gazette mentions sympathetically that the dead bride's "trousseau and that of her bridesmaids had been provided," as if it were a pity that so much millinery should go for nothing; but it may be doubted if the Rev. T. D. Platt's Bishop will regard this circumstance as justifying so novel an interpretation of the rubrics.—Pall Mall Gazette.

—An electrician at the Palais de l'Industrie, Paris, thus explains the friendly relations that often exist between cats and dogs. Generally, the dog who makes friends with a cat is an old dog, who has lived a good deal, and who suffers more or less from rheumatism. Well, every time he licks the cat, or passes his paw affectionally along her back, he is simply doctoring his rheumatism by the aid of the electricity in the cat's skin and hair. The dog does not regard the cat so much as a friend as a magneto-electrical machine.

—The glucose product of this country is said to be over one million pounds a day.

—New Yorkers swallow from ten to fifteen million oysters daily.

Vaccinating the Troops.

Colonel McWhangdang is a great advocate of vaccination, but the company he commands is not, and recently before going into camp the Colonel resolved to have the men vaccinated whether they would or no. So he made a trade like this with Dr. Trough. He would on Tuesday morning send the men one by one to the doctor's office. He was to have two stalwart assistants there, and immediately seize the men as they entered and vaccinate them by force. Editor Keene had his office just across the hall in the same building with the doctor. Tuesday morning's issue of his paper contained a malignant assault on the "Piebald Plungers," another military company. Keene knew the members of the company would come up to wallop him, and so he slyly took his sign and put it on Dr. Trough's door. Presently up came Lieutenant Pills of the Plungers. Blind with rage, he rushed into the doctor's office, supposing it to be Keene's. The doctor saw his uniform, and at once ordered him seized. Before he could say a word the assistants had him in the chair. "Up with his sleeve!" cried the doctor. "You villain, what are you about?" cried Pills. "You'll see," and whack went the doctor's knife, and, in spite of Pills' howls and struggles, he was vaccinated. "Now git!" cried the doctor, and Pills was pushed out and started downstairs. Then in came Colonel Thug, of the Plungers. "Where is the pirate?" he asked. The doctor did not reply, but vaccinated the excited man in a jiffy, and put him out. Then others began to pour in, and all had the same amazing experience, and the doctor was flying around like a parched pea on a hot shovel, he was so busy. And as the vaccinated men began to accumulate outside and talk the matter over, their amazement was intense. Lieutenant Pills swore he'd go up again and kill the man, and he tried it. But he got left on it, and the doctor vaccinated him again and put him out, and he being delirious with wrath bolted in again, and, after a desperate fight, was vaccinated again. That satisfied him. He fled. And Dr. Trough had vaccinated twenty-two of the Plungers, and they were outside preparing for an united rush on his shop when Colonel McWhangdang came down to see the doctor. "Well, Colonel, I've vaccinated twenty-two of 'em." "You have? Why, I haven't sent one here! I came to tell you I'd put it off till next week." "By that time the Plungers burst in, and a scene of wild confusion ensued, till Colonel McWhangdang explained the affair. And then the Colonel nearly died in laughter, and the Plungers talked of hanging the doctor, and then Keene looked out of his door and notified the Plungers that if they molested him he'd print the whole story of how they had been vaccinated. And you bet they didn't desire that, and so they merely voted it a contemptible job and dispersed.—Boston Post.

Fashion Notes.

Deep cuffs will be worn. Orange color is revived. Byron collars are revived. Ribbons for bonnets are all very wide. Jet bangles are worn for half mourning. Velvet and plush pockets will be very fashionable. The wishbone appears among new lucky trinkets. Orange in small dashes or stripes is a very effective color. Metallic threads are thrown into the web of new stockings. Buckles and clasps will be much worn on all parts of costumes. Hair lines of gold in striped stockings match those in the new goods. Shaded and mixed effects appear in the new ostrich plumes and tufts. Derby felt hats come out under the names of Ascot, Cornell, Elswick and Bristol. White toilets will remain in high fashion until the weather becomes decidedly cool. Some bonnets have narrow ribbon strings, but the majority have very wide ones. Coarse, ill-finished beads introduced in trimmings are considered in very bad taste. Diadem wreaths of artificial flowers will be very fashionable for full evening dress. Little roosters have taken the place of little pigs and baby elephants as chain trinkets. Birds, cut in half from beak to tail, are used for hat trimmings, laid flat on the side of the crown and brim. All large bonnets are classed as pokes; small ones as turbans and cottage shapes. There are no Fashions as yet. Neckkerchiefs of bright foulard have pretty lace borders applied on with light gold embroidery in chain stitch. The new beaded trimmings are made highly artistic in finish by the use of beads of graduated sizes and of the finest quality. New bias ties of gray plaid and soft twilled silk, in bright stripes, are worn either as cravat bows or scarfs passed around the neck. The new striped novelty goods, shot with golden hair lines, can be used to advantage in making up with old plain stuffs of last winter's dresses. If one wishes to be very economical, a good way to make an old dress almost as good as new is to buy a yard or two of bright plaid or striped fabric, and add it to the material, if plain, in way of accessories, cuffs, collar revers, and a hanging pocket; or if the old material is striped, plaid, or figured, get plush to match for the accessories.—N. Y. Sun.

A Marital Romance.

Thomas Patterson, brother of United States District-Attorney Patterson, who disappeared from Baltimore after bidding his young and beautiful wife adieu, some fifteen years ago, and who was long supposed to have been dead, has appeared at Grand Rapids, Mich. Mrs. Patterson is the daughter of E. S. Rice, Jr., a wealthy citizen of Wilmington. Patterson's absence after saying goodbye to his wife was unexplained until his relatives read in a newspaper the description of an unknown man who had been found dead in Erie, Pa. The body was subsequently identified by a brother of Patterson as that of the missing man, the letters "T. P." in India ink on his arm being to him conclusive evidence. The body was interred in the family lot in Wilmington, and the tomb cared for and adorned with flowers, which were tenderly watered by the tears of the supposed widow. The discoveries just made show that Patterson, after falling into dissipated habits, went to Texas and was captured by the Indians. He subsequently escaped and made his way to Michigan, where he has amassed a comfortable fortune. A short time ago Mrs. Patterson, who still resides with her parents in Wilmington, was surprised to receive an envelope bearing the postmark of Grand Rapids, and at once recognized the handwriting of her husband. The discovery at first seemed like a dream, but when the seal was broken and she hurriedly glanced at the signature her fond hopes were fully realized. It conveyed to her the joyful intelligence that Thos. Patterson is a prosperous merchant of a large city in Michigan. The communication further stated that the writer had years ago discarded all his bad habits, was leading the exemplary life of an honest, temperate man, and that by strict attention to business he had accumulated a fortune. It was understood that he will return to Wilmington. Mrs. Patterson is still a beautiful woman and has had many suitors for her hand since the supposed death of her husband, all of which she declined.—Baltimore Special.

A Way-Side Bargain.

Perhaps you might chance upon an old tin-peddler going his regular round of gossip and trade. If so, you will certainly find a moment to take a look at his remarkable turn-out, a sort of peripatetic junk-shop and circus wagon combined, with brooms and feather dusters towering up like plumes above its glittering tins and pans, and huge bursting rag-bag tied on behind, and an endless variety of choice earthen ware stowed away out of sight. It is as good as a circus, too, to hear him descend, as I did once, upon the great virtues of Mother Morton's Cherry Pectoral, "a sure and certain cure for all ailments of the liver and the lungs."

Or maybe it is a skillful estimate of the saying of the backbone in the use of the "Acme," Sparta's latest improved extra super double-sided zinc-plated wash-board. "Acme!"—mystic word! How insignificant is that pile of rags in the garret when pitted against such a lovely household gem! Thus, at least, you would read the sentiments of the enraptured customer, were you to glance at her expression. She is not long in deciding, "Ef they'r rags enuff, Mr. Spink, I bleeve I'll trade fer it." He follows her into the house, and, after spending ten minutes in the sitting room in friendly gossip, reappears tugging the bag of rags. They kick the beam and to spare; the "Acme" becomes her priceless treasure, and there is still eleven cents due her, which she takes out in a "cake o' soap fer the spar chamber, a doughnut cutter, a ball o' wickin', 'n' the rest in skein cotton."—W. H. Gibson, in Harper's Magazine.

Heroic Remedy for Indigestion.

Mr. A. Wehrner, the champion hunter of Leavenworth County, has discovered a sure cure for indigestion, or at least thinks he has. He went out on a hunt a few days ago, and becoming hungry seized upon a nest of eggs he happened to find, and ate eighteen eggs. It wasn't much of a meal, but some way or other it made him sick, and bad pains began to become disagreeable in his stomach, but he didn't know what to do, being far away from a drug store or a physician. While he was groaning away at a hard rate, he happened to see a wild goose that had recently been killed, and out of curiosity picked it up and found that its craw was as full of corn as it could be, and that mixed with the corn was a number of fine pebbles. He was at once impressed with the idea that pebbles are good to assist indigestion, and going to a small creek scooped up a couple of handfuls of muddy, gravelled water, which he swallowed. He says that it was only a few minutes until he was relieved of his pain, and felt as well as if he had not strained a point to swallow his eighteenth egg.—Leavenworth (Kan.) Times.

—The Emperor William has just received from his grandson, Prince Henry, a letter conveyed to him in a curious fashion. It was brought to Klimollen, on the west coast of Jutland, by a tiny boat two and one-half feet long and one foot broad. The boat is called the "Sea Messenger," and was dispatched by the duke of Edinburgh from the Scottish coast on July 24. Unaided by any human or machine power, it made its way alone across the water and was picked up on August 19.

—Charles Dudley Warner says that the moral tone of the American newspaper is higher, as a rule, than that of the community in which it is published.

A GRAND STEEPLE CHASE.

As if there were not sufficient excitement at the usual horse-race, these meetings on the turf nearly always close with a grand steeple chase. This kind of race combines all the excitement of the regular race, with the super-added element of danger which seems to give further zest to the sport. Horses, and good ones at that, often receive severe injuries, which render them practically useless for long periods. At least this was the state of affairs until owners and breeders of fine stock began to freely use St. James Ointment, the Great German Remedy for man and beast. This invaluable article to horsemen has so grown into favor on account of its phenomenal efficacy in diseases of domestic animals, especially the horse, that it would be difficult indeed to discover a horseman unacquainted with its magical potency. The Philadelphia



Easy Hour, in a recent issue says: "But one of the most important developments concerning St. James Ointment is the discovery that it has properties which are beneficial to the animal as well as to the human species. It has, of late, been in active demand among livery men and others for use on horses suffering from sprains or abrasions. The most prominent instance known of in this connection, is that related by Mr. David Walton, a well-known friend, who keeps a livery stable at 1245 North Twelfth street. Mr. Walton states that he was handling a valuable horse belonging to Benjamin McClure, also a resident of North Twelfth street. A few weeks ago the animal slipped and badly sprained his leg, making him very lame. Mr. Walton used two bottles of St. James Ointment on the animal and found within less than one week, that there was no need for any more, for the animal was as well as ever."

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