

## FACTS AND FIGURES.

The city of Boston consumes an average of 4,520,200 gallons of water daily from its Cochituate and Sudbury reservoirs.

There are 9,000 saloons in New York. If placed side by side in a direct line they would extend a distance of forty-five miles.

In the Pincard district, San Bernardino County, California, the San Jacinto mine is said to be producing from \$8,000 to \$10,000 worth of gold per month.

During the year 1881 1,700 locomotives were made in the United States at eleven establishments, the greatest number at any one place being 554.—*Detroit Post.*

There have been sold of "Appleton's Cyclopaedia" 91,222 sets, or 1,459,550 volumes, or, adding the "Annual Cyclopaedia," 1,722,750 volumes.—*Chicago Journal.*

The Chinese of San Francisco pay about \$60,000 annually in licenses, while it costs the city \$100,000 a year to maintain the law in the Chinese quarter.—*Chicago Times.*

For lighting the new residence of Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, it is stated that there are 2,000 gas-burners, supplied by about 15,000 feet, or nearly three miles, of pipe.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The total length of fencing in the United States is upward of 6,000,000 miles, and the cost over two thousand million dollars. Cost of fencing during the last census year was nearly \$79,000,000.

The *North German Gazette* complains of the guzzlers of its countrymen. It fixes the amount paid for beer and brandy in Germany in the last eight years at \$1,800,000,000, of which \$1,600,000,000 went for beer.

A cattle-dealer informs the *Salt Lake Tribune* that he has shipped 2,500 head of beef cattle from Utah to Eastern markets during the past year. He says Utah furnishes 40,000 head of beef cattle to Eastern markets every year, and cattle-raisers have realized about \$15 per head.

Land in the more common streets of New York is worth \$250,000 to \$350,000 per acre; in the best part of Broadway it is \$2,000,000 per acre, and the corner of Wall and Broad streets, the most valuable corner on the Continent, was recently sold at the rate of \$14,000,000 per acre.—*N. Y. Times.*

As an illustration of activity in mining and railroad enterprises on the Pacific coast, the fact is cited that the sales of giant powder in San Francisco, during the month of April, reached nearly 700,000 pounds, the largest since the works were established. Heavy shipments have been made for the Canadian Pacific and North Pacific Railroads, where blasting on a vast scale is required in the work of construction. It is presumed that the manufacture and sale of other high explosives has been just as great.

## WIT AND WISDOM.

When is a lady's arm not a lady's arm? When it's a little bare (bear).

The trouble and worry and wear and tear that comes from hating people makes hating unprofitable.

The best way to discipline one's heart against scandal is to believe all stories false which ought not to be true.

Logic is logic, and it does not follow that Noah brewed beer in the ark because the kangaroo went on board with hops.

It is really very little use teaching a future great man penmanship. When he gets to man's estate he is sure to write as if he were drawing a design for a cobweb factory.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

An old yellow dog in Cologne, ran away with an old woman's bogue; but the wrathful old croque hit him twice with a stone, and it was dreadful to hear the dog groan.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

At the extinguishment of one in the night out-broken fire comes a fireman remarkably too late. The Commandant stands him about it to a speech. Fireman—"I could not before come, as I so far from the fire location distant live." Commandant—"Then must you next time nearer move?"—*Fliegende Blätter.*

An English turfman visiting Mount Vernon engaged in conversation with a native, and, after a few preliminary remarks, observed: "I dare say Mr. Washington didn't care much for 'orses. You can't tell me, I suppose, if he was ever a 'orse-breaker?" The Virginian eyed him a few seconds doubtfully, and then answered: "I ain't much on history, but to the best of my recollection the General was a lion-tamer."—*Danbury News.*

A country clergyman had been raised to the dignity of rural dean. When before the Bishop he complained of not receiving any extra title—plain reverend did not seem sufficient for his new dignity. "The Bishop," he said, "was called right reverend; a dean very reverend. Why had not the rural dean also some prefix?" "Well," returned his lordship, "I don't know what it can be unless it be 'rather reverend.'"—*Detroit Post.*

A nice-looking young man, who seated himself in a well-filled North Side car, held in between his jeweled fingers the stump of a cigar, giving out its dying fumes. They are not a pleasant odor, even to old smokers, and in this case were especially vicious. One bright little miss, a dozen years old, saucily remarked, so as to be heard: "If he will throw it away, I will pick him up a longer stump as soon as we get up to the park." It was not long before that young man went to the front platform to see a man.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

## What Can Be Raised on an Acre of Ground.

A New York gentleman using plenty of manure and water raises the asparagus, peas, corn and other vegetables needed in a family of seven, also the summer keep of two cows, and hay, and manglewurzels enough to winter them, all on one acre of land. If the matter of providing fresh family vegetables and feed for the entire year can be accomplished on one acre of good ground judiciously worked, the cultivation of acre farms in the suburban surroundings of large cities must eventually become quite popular. It cannot be claimed that every man who owns an acre has sufficient knowledge of farming or gardening to enable him to successfully carry on a similar small farm, but there is no reason why, through the medium of standard works upon these subjects, and the exercise of good judgment, every person who lives in the suburbs should not measurably succeed. It is a positive pleasure to attend to a small garden patch, and even business-men have time enough at least to superintend the laying out and planting of such plots of ground. The knowledge that upon their own place they are assured of fresh vegetables, and plenty of them, is a great satisfaction. Such a garden adds to the health and comfort of the family, and possesses the additional recommendation of increased beauty. If it is possible to attain success upon an acre farm amid the rocks and creeks of Central New York, it would certainly seem that an equal degree of success would follow to "acre farmers" upon the prolific rich soil of Illinois. In the immediate vicinity of Chicago, a large number of family gardens devoted to raising vegetables have been started this spring, and there is apparently a mania existing for this particular branch of work. A fine flower garden is a "thing of beauty and a joy forever," but attached to the vegetable garden is the fact that a return in dollars and cents is certain to follow intelligent effort.—*Chicago Tribune.*

## The Salamander.

We have always considered the popular mythical legend or delusion, in regard to the salamander's being able to go through the fire unscathed, as one of the most preposterous mythical delusions. A Western gentleman, however, whom we know to be reliable, recently related to us a story in relation to the lizards of Nevada, which would seem to confirm the possibility of their enduring intense heat for a short time, at least. The black lizards of the sage-brush State are very easily domesticated, harmless, social and intelligent. This gentleman had several pet lizards, one of which lived near a furnace where he burnt retorts or molds for silver bullion. The work required a very hot fire, which he made open at each end. The lizard would sit on the tree near by, watching him. His dog would frequently chase the lizard if it ventured to the ground, and compel it to take to the tree again. Frequently, however, the lizard, apparently for the sport of the thing alone, would dash down off the tree and induce the dog to give it a sharp race, when it would run right through the furnace, coming out the other end like a flash, unscathed, while the dog in his eagerness would be burned at the fire before he could stop. This would be a daily occurrence, and the lizard actually seemed to enjoy the joke on the dog. The time that the lizard or salamander was in the fire was very short, and it doubtless could not have remained there a very great length of time; but the fact of its not fearing the fire is sufficient to have given rise to the idea of the fire-proof salamander.—*Philadelphia Saturday Night.*

## Longfellow's Autographs.

Longfellow's courtesy was as unflinching as the demands upon it were numerous and pressing. Very few imagine what a tax it is upon the time of our more prominent authors simply to write the autographs which are requested of them. He almost invariably complied with such requests, when made in a proper manner, wearisome as it must often have been to do so. Not long since he had a letter from a Western boy, who sent his name, desiring him to translate it into every language he knew, and send it back to him with his autograph! The poet was much amused at the request, but it is doubtful whether he found time to gratify that boy.

Still another incident related of him is that he was one day walking in a garden with a little five-years maiden who was fond of poetry and occasionally "made up some" herself. "I, too, am fond of poetry," he said to her. "Suppose you give me a little of yours this beautiful morning?" "Think," cried he, afterward, to a friend, throwing up his hands, his eyes sparkling with merriment—"think what her answer was! She said: 'Oh, Mr. Longfellow, it doesn't always come when you want it!' Ah me—how true, how true!"—*Lucy Larcom, in St. Nicholas.*

There is a smart Kentucky dog whose owner can tell by her bark what kind of animal she is after. The other day he heard her and bet five dollars she had treed a male fox squirrel. The bet was taken and the crowd set out after the dog. They came up with her; she stood yelping at a rattle-snake. "I want my five dollars," says the man. "Hold on!" says the owner of the dog. "We'll kill the snake, first." And they did it. And when they had cut the snake in two out popped a male fox squirrel which the snake had swallowed. The man silently handed the dog's owner a five-dollar bill.

## "If I Had."

"If I had a million," says the sad-eyed young man who works mightily hard to create a *de die* impression, "I would be the most sought-for young man in this section. I would have all the belles of the town anxious for my smile, and I would marry the prettiest girl in seven counties and live a life of poetic, though magnificent, simplicity." But, bless his little tender heart, if he had a million he would be captured by the boldest, red-headedest freckledest girl in the neighborhood who would boss his entire household, and he would feel as cheap as though he wasn't worth a cent.

"If I had a million," says the shop girl, as she plods along with her lunch basket and tries to look pretty with her imitations of style, "I would loll in my carriage, I would dress in silks and seal-skins and have the sweetest millinery and the loveliest pug dog, and the man whom I would marry would have to be great in intellect and power to match my fortune." But, bless the little frizzed bangs that decorate her pimply brow, if she had a million some sharper would captivate her, invest her money in "wild cats" and in less than three years she would be running a millinery foundry under a French *nom de plume*.

"If I had a million," says the shy young man with tight trousers and wash-bowl hat, "I'd get the noblest turnout to be had for money. I'd put a crest on the panel, and I'd have a coachman in livery with his eyebrows all pulled out and his face as smooth as a pane of glass, and I'd eat the biggest swell in these parts." But the first thing he'd do would be to start in on the wine supper racket, the next, go on the street in futures, the next, cards, then the next, the pistol; nine chances out of ten.

"If I had a million," says the plodding, weary workman, "I would have the finest house in town, filled with upholstered furniture, beautiful carpets, costly paintings and all the luxuries. Then I could bring up my family as I wish to." Deluded man! Does he realize that if he had a million and his nice house that the chances are it would be a museum of bad taste in the fire red plushes and gaudy works of art, that his children, instead of learning independence and thrift from the necessities of these surroundings, would drift to an idle and profitless manhood, and after the mainstay of the house had passed on to that other "golden realm," would fritter his millions out and scatter the dollars like the leaves of the forest, never to be gathered by kith or kin of his?

"If I had a million," says the young mechanic just out of his apprenticeship, "I'd go into manufacturing on a large scale. I'd double my money in five years. I'd avoid all the mistakes of this man and that man. I can see just how to do it." Fool, if he wants to go into business, let him remember that from small beginnings almost every great establishment within his knowledge has grown. If he had a million, he'd very likely make an assignment just about the time he expects he would have doubled his money; but if he starts in slow, and goes careful, the doubling of his small capital will occur at regular intervals and he may retire with a million.

"If I had a million," says the enthusiastic young man who is overloaded with ideas, "I'd start a newspaper." Hold on, young man! The millionaires of New York, some of them, have newspapers and people will not take the trouble to read them; much less to give heed to their editorial sentiments.—*New Haven Register.*

## What He Would Do.

It was in the smoking car on the New York Central. There was one chap who was blustering a great deal and telling of how many duels he had fought, and behind him sat a small man reading a magazine.

"Sir!" said the big man, as he wheeled around, "what would you do if challenged?"

"Refuse," was the quiet reply.

"Ah! I thought as much. Refuse and be branded a coward! What if a gentleman offered you the choice of a duel or a public horsewhipping—then what?"

"I'd take the whipping."

"Ah—I thought so—thought so from the looks of you. Suppose, sir, you had foully slandered me?"

"I never slander."

"Then, sir, suppose I had coolly and deliberately insulted you; what would you do?"

"I'd rise up this way, put down my book this way, and reach over like this and take him by the nose as I take you, and give it a three-quarter twist—just so!"

When the little man let go of the big man's nose, the man with the white hat on began to crouch down to get away from bullets, but there was no shooting. The big man turned red—then pale—then looked the little man over and remarked:

"Certainly—of course—that's it exactly!"

And then conversation turned on the general prosperity of the country.—*Detroit Free Press.*

China, it is said, is inaugurating a system of railways which will give employment at home to the class that now seeks it in America. Wheat culture is being extended and flour mills introduced to make them independent of California, and textile factories are already successfully working. Mining is now being developed under competent engineers. Shipbuilding is being expanded, and a beginning is made in agricultural implements. Shoes and all kinds of clothing they can make in China and supply their California customers at round profits.—*Christian Union.*

## RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

Printing has been introduced as a study into the high school of San Jose, Cal.

A Chinaman, dying of consumption in Chicago, erected an altar in his laundry, and worked before it, with his face to the east, as long as he was able to wash at all.

Forty thousand dollars, the full amount needed, has been contributed to endow a professorship in Syracuse University in memory of the late William Penn Abbott.—*Utica (N. Y.) Herald.*

The Professorship of Anatomy in the Harvard Medical School has had but three incumbents in the century of its existence—Dr. John Warren, Dr. John Collins Warren and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

While preaching from the text: "He giveth His beloved sleep," a Toledo minister stopped in the middle of his sermon, gazed upon his sleeping auditors and said: "Brethren, it is hard to realize the wondrous, unbounded love the Lord appears to have for a good portion of this congregation."—*Toledo Blade.*

The new pay roll which the Board of Education of Brooklyn will probably adopt makes an increase in the pay of some principals. The Principal of the Central Grammar-School will receive \$3,300; twenty-six others will receive \$3,000. If this schedule is adopted the pay of teachers in the public schools of the city will amount to \$839,742, of which the State will apportion \$260,539.56, and the city \$570,202.44.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Bishop Moore made the annual address before the Conference of the M. E. Zion Church, at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., recently. The prospects of colored Methodism were never brighter, the Church having a membership of 3,000,000, scattered in nearly every State and Territory, Canada, Liberia and the Indian Islands. There are twenty-two Annual Conferences presided over by six Bishops, and church property to the amount of \$16,000,000, and a recently established institution of learning in North Carolina.—*Chicago Tribune.*

President Eliot, of Harvard, has that last best gift of man—tact. At one time his students developed an unpleasant liking for sitting in large numbers upon the fence that surrounds the college yard. The President, not desiring such a thing to become a custom, was at a loss how best to break up this practice. At last, one even ng, as he was walking along the sidewalk, and the students were sitting on the fence singing, etc., the President said: "Gentlemen, allow me to congratulate you on having adopted the Yale custom." He was never troubled afterward by students sitting on the fence.—*Chicago Journal.*

## Matings.

To all persons who contemplate furnishing a house, and who desire to unite saving of money with saving of labor, I will make a suggestion. Nothing in my experience of housekeeping has given me more real satisfaction than the matings on all my second-story rooms. Beautiful matting can be purchased for fifty cents a yard, add its advantages over carpets are legion. If we consider health of paramount importance, as we should do in these days of "invalid women, then we cannot hesitate a moment in our choice between carpet and matting for a sleeping-room; while a carpet attracts the dust and stores up an endless amount of it, to be circulated through the air at all times, a closely-woven matting retains none of it; the dust collects, to be sure, as it always will in all places, but with scarcely any expenditure of strength can be swept off easily and quietly, without flying about and covering the furniture. Gentle, efficient sweeping is a rare gift among servants; they usually scrape the carpet apart in pieces, and raise clouds of dirt, part of which settles again in the room.

Carpets attract something still worse than dust; the insidious moth is a *bete noir* to housekeepers; its favorite lurking places are around the edges of the carpets, and especially under pieces of furniture, where unseen and unsuspected by the novice housewife it commits grievous depredations. My matings were put down in the spring; through the summer they were cool looking and grateful; in the fall I was spared the terrible tearing up of rooms and shaking of carpets; only had my matings wiped off with a clean cloth and water, when they had the fragrance of new-mown hay. Some warm-looking rugs and mats thrown down gave a cozy, comfortable look to the rooms. In the following spring when the matings were taken up I was amazed to see that no dirt at all had worked through them; the floors were as clean as though lately swept.

Bare floors with rugs are handsome, but an exceeding great care; the polished boards get scratched in spite of the greatest care, and moreover show every particle of dust.

Consider for a moment, all weary housekeepers, in how many ways matings could diminish your cares, and you must certainly agree with me in asserting that they are the most desirable covering for the floors of sleeping apartments. Even one of the prettiest parlors I know has a matting upon the floor. In winter a large Turkish rug of genial, warm colors covers all the center of the room; the heavy red drapery of the windows is drawn far back so that the sun streams in and brightens the wicker chairs with their comfortable cushions. One cannot enter the room without feeling that an artist's brain has conceived and an artist's hand arranged such beauty.—*Cor. Our Contributor.*

## An Unnatural Condition.

The farmer or stockman who has cattle to sell knows that there is an apparently astonishing disproportion between what he receives for his cattle and the price asked the consumer for beef at this time. In fact he finds it more difficult to effect satisfactory sales in Chicago than he does sometimes when the butchers are charging a considerable less price for meats, and if he does not happen to know what the trouble is, the situation is an enigma to him. The truth is that the supply of cattle exceeds the demand. But then arises the inquiry, if that is true, how happens it that the retail prices are so high? We will explain. Probably the scarcity of grain had some influence in raising prices at the beginning, but it is stated that the rise was principally because of a corner. At all events beef at retail began to leap up in price until people to a large extent stopped buying beef, and the consumption has been steadily falling off, and is still continuing to fall off. This being the case, the retailers have stopped buying, except in a comparatively small way, and the butchers have quit slaughtering to an extent that makes the supply inadequate to even the comparatively light demand. So with comparatively plenty of cattle in the country, for which the producer cannot get what he ought to get, the consumer is compelled to pay almost famine prices for his beef. It is said by the dealers that the trade is almost wholly in mutton and pork. It is a shame that this large price which beef is commanding cannot in some way be divided up between the producer and consumer to the benefit of each. How far speculation may have operated to produce this result, we do not know, but, as before stated, it is said that the fault lies scarcely anywhere else. If so—and if it is not true in this instance, it is true with other food products very often—it is a sad commentary upon our civilization. If there is no way to prevent individuals and boards of trade from using the products of our farms as the basis of gambling operations, to the detriment of the farmer and to the injury of the consumer, there is something radically wrong in what we call civilized life, and the rules and laws which it originates. It will not be claimed that a man or set of men have the right to carry on a business by the side of other men's property that would injure the latter. The enjoyment of any rights which we have is conditioned upon it being harmless to our neighbor. This is the theory of civilized government. Yet men are permitted to make a corner on grain or meat, which is an injury to every producer, or to the majority of producers, in the end at least, and to every consumer. It is simply getting money at the expense of somebody else, nothing more or less. And what the difference is between that and setting up a disreputable business next door to another man's residence, we cannot see.

The number of really good cattle is small, the price of corn being so high that nothing can be made feeding it. As most of the best cattle, however, always go East, Western markets are no worse off, or at least not much, on that account. The usual stock from which Western markets are supplied is plenty.—*Western Rural.*

## Where and How to Apply Fertilizers.

It is often difficult to decide—for barn-yard or stable manures, or for any artificial fertilizer—whether to put it in the hill or broadcast it; and whether to apply it on the surface, or bury it deeply. Here is a hint or two. If not strong enough to injure the first tender roots, a little manure near at hand gives the plant a good send off, like nourishing food to the young calf or other animal; the aftergrowth is much better if the young animal or plant is not dwarfed by imperfect and insufficient diet. Therefore, drilling innocuous band fertilizers in with the seed is useful, as is putting some well-rotted manure or leached ashes into hills of corn, potatoes, indeed with all planted seeds. But there are good reasons for distributing most of the manures or fertilizers all through the soil, and as deeply as the plant roots can possibly penetrate. The growth and vigor of all plants or crops depend chiefly upon a good supply of strong roots that stretch out far, and thus gather food over the widest extent of soil. If a flourishing stalk of corn, grain or grass be carefully washed, so as to leave all its roots or rootlets attached, there will be found a wonderful mass of hundreds and even thousands of roots to any plant, and they extend off a long distance, frequently several feet—the farther the better, to collect more food and moisture. Put some manure or fertilizer in place two feet away from corn or potato hill, or from almost any plant, and a large mass of roots will go out in that direction. So if we mix manures or fertilizers well through the whole soil, they attract these food-seeking roots to a greater distance; and they thus come in contact with more of the food already in the soil, and find more moisture in dry weather. A deeply stirred soil, with manure at the bottom, develops water-pumping roots below the reach of any ordinary drouth, and the crops keep right on growing—all the more rapidly on account of the helpful sun's rays that would scorch a plant not reaching a deep reservoir of moisture.—*American Agriculturist.*

The Wesleyan Female College in Cincinnati, O., has been struggling along for some years with an oppressive debt, and announcement is now made that unless \$90,000 is raised before the expiration of the current academic year its property must be sold.—*Detroit Post.*