

FACTS AND FIGURES.

—Brooklyn could fill up twelve more school-houses if she had them.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

—A total of 35,190,866 fleeces were shorn in the United States in 1880, with an average weight of 4.41 pounds.

—Thus far 1882 has been an extraordinary year for fires. The estimated losses in the United States for eight months foot up more than \$61,000,000, or \$7,000,000 more than the average for four years.—*N. Y. Sun*.

—The estimated value of real and personal property in the United States in 1880 was \$33,805,000,000, against \$24,169,000,000 in 1860. That is, the gain in 20 years has been \$1,320,000 a day or nearly \$1,000 a minute.

—The State of New Hampshire has had 38 Governors in the past 100 years, and their average age when elected was 53 years. The youngest, Levi Woodbury, was 34 years old when chosen, in 1823. The two oldest were each 70.

—We see it stated that the railway service of this country employs 1,200,000 men, and railroad construction 400,000 more, a total of 1,600,000, about one-eighth of the entire adult male working force of the country.—*N. Y. Herald*.

—A few days ago the Briggs shaft colliery at Scranton, Pa., hoisted 612 mine cars in five hours. During that time it was stopped fifteen minutes, but for which delay thirty-two more cars would have been raised. Each car was lifted 450 feet, emptied and lowered again. During the same time the colliery prepared and shipped 1,200 tons of coal. This record, it is claimed, is unprecedented, either in Europe or America.—*Chicago Journal*.

—During the year ended on the 31st of August last the State of Texas produced 878,854 bales of cotton, valued at over \$50,000,000; 22,299,000 pounds of wool, worth \$5,128,000; and 13,572,000 pounds of hides, worth \$1,628,000; besides \$16,000,000 worth of cattle, and over \$1,000,000 worth of horses and mules. The total product of the State, including lumber, grain, cotton-seed, sugar, molasses, and other articles, was over \$97,000,000. Within the year, also, there were completed 1,641 miles of railroad, at an estimated cost for construction and equipment of \$44,525,000. The State has now 5,908 miles of completed railroads, the cost of building and equipment being placed at \$165,806,900.—*Chicago Tribune*.

—At the beginning of the present year California possessed about 6,000,000 fruit trees; among them were 2,400,000 apple, 800,000 peach, 300,000 pear, 260,000 plum and prune, 130,000 cherry, 250,000 apricot, 50,000 fig, 1,000,000 orange, and 140,000 lemon trees. The canning factories have a market in Europe for all the fruit they can export, and the demand for their wares is constantly increasing. Thousands of men, women and children find employment in them. The exports of the present year are likely to fall behind those of previous years, the fruit having ripened later than usual and so nearly at the same time that the canneries were unable to handle it to the best advantage. This has caused a rise in the prices.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—The superiority of some men is merely local. They are great, because their associates are little.—*Johnson*.

—Epitaph on a tombstone at Wolstanton, England:

"Mrs. Ann Jennings,
Some have children, some have none,
Here lies the mother of twenty-one."

—Consistency is a "vice of small minds" only when it leads men to be consistent with their own follies and mistakes. It is "a jewel" when it holds a man true to his principles.—*Boston Herald*.

—A little girl was asked by her mother on her return from church how she liked the preacher. "Didn't like him at all," was the reply. "Why?" asked her mother. "Cause he preached till he made me sleepy, and then hollered so loud that he wouldn't let me go to sleep."

—"What a man your father is!" exclaimed Mrs. Homespun, looking up from the letter she held in her hand. "He says he has bought a French clock, and shall bring it home with him. What will it be good for except as an ornament? None of us can tell the time by it, unless you can, Edith. You know something about French, don't you?"

—The obliging visitor, to show that he really is fond of children, and that the dear little one is not annoying him in the least, treats the kid to a ride upon his knee. "Trot, trot, trot! How do you like that, my boy? Is that nice?" "Yes, sir," replies the child; "but not so nice as on the real donkey—the one with four legs!"—*Iowa State Register*.

—An Austin boy who is very selfish, and wants everything he sees, no matter whether he has any use for it or not, was seen on the avenue a few nights ago with an umbrella hoisted. "In the name of common sense, boy, what have you got that umbrella hoisted for, when there is neither rain nor sunshine?" "This is the only time I can get to use it. When it rains or shines the old man is so mean that he uses it himself!"—*Texas Siftings*.

—"He hisped," says *Forney's Progress*, "and his name was Mr. Carr, and one of his family being ill late in the night he ran to the drug store and rang the night bell. A head appeared at the third-story window, and a voice demanded: 'Who's there?' 'Mis-ta-Carr,' was the reply. 'I can't help that; take the next car,' and bang went the window. Repeated rings had no effect, and Mis-ta-Carr cannot be convinced of the sanity of that druggist."

Some Women's Way.

At the busiest hour in the afternoon yesterday a woman who would have balanced one hundred and seventy-five pounds of horse feed on the scales elbowed three men away from the stamp-window at the post-office and inquired:

"Is there a mail going north, to-night?"

"Yes'm."

"Is it sure to go?"

"Oh, yes."

"Have I time to write a letter?"

"Yes, five hours' time."

"I was thinking of writing to my husband, who is in Saginaw. I suppose I could write a postal card?"

"I suppose so."

"Do they go just as safely?"

"Certainly."

By this time there were seven men waiting and scowling around, but the woman clung to the shelf and continued:

"I suppose you keep postal cards here?"

"Yes'm."

"Two for a cent?"

"No, only one."

"I didn't know but that they were down this fall. I presume you can change a five-dollar bill?"

"Yes."

"Seems too bad to break it for a cent; but I suppose I must. You may hand me a card."

A card was handed out, and she began to feel for her purse. The crowd surged up and tried to hustle her, but she couldn't be hustled. She looked in fourteen different places for that bill, but it was not to be found.

"Do you suppose I could have lost it?" she suddenly asked.

"Yes'm."

"Where?"

"On the next corner."

"Then I'll go and get it. Dear me! but I wish I had written a letter!"

She let go and was pushed aside, and it was about ten minutes before she reappeared and called out:

"The bill wasn't on the corner, and I believe I handed it to you when I first came in."

"Oh, no."

"Well, if I did, and you are mean enough to keep it, you'll never prosper. I'll go home and get a cent and come back and buy a card; but I do think that under the circumstances you might let me write on both sides of it."—*Detroit Free Press*.

A Slow Train.

According to the trustworthy *Travelers' Magazine*, a man was traveling on a "mixed train" (freight, with passenger car attached) on a Western road, when he went to the conductor, and asked him if he couldn't hurry up, as his wife was sick, and he wanted to see her before she died. The conductor said he was on time. Again the man came to the conductor and said he guessed his wife was dead by that time, and he'd give the conductor something extra if he'd get there before the remains were so bad he couldn't recognize her. The conductor only grunted, and in a little while the man again assailed him. If the wind wasn't dead ahead, he said, he wished he'd put on more steam, because he wanted to see where his wife was buried before the tombstone crumbled to pieces. The conductor gave him no satisfaction. Then he begged him to rattle along a little because he had a note coming due in three months. The conductor threatened to lick him, and so the passenger sat down and got to talking and laughing with another man, soon forgetting his worry. By and by the conductor coming along said to him: "Don't feel so badly about your wife's death?" "Time heals all wounds," sighed the man. "And you are not too particular about that note," sneered the conductor. "Not now. That's all right. Don't worry, I've been figuring up, and I find that the note has outlived since I spoke to you last!"

Making Adobes.

Monday morning we drove down to see them making adobes. They make an "acequial" by drawing the water through a ditch from the creek to where the adobes are to be made. This water, clay and chopped hay form the adobe material. The workers presented a picturesque appearance, the red handkerchiefs bound about their foreheads contrasting with their bronzed skins, glittering eyes and dark hair. They wore gray-colored shirts and pants that might have been white at the embarkation of Noah's ark. They were rolled high above the knees. Two of the men stood knee-deep in the mud, with which they loaded an oblong litter, trotting with it to a man on the hill above, who molded the bricks. He had a hollow rectangular frame, three inches in depth and divided in the center. Placing this on the ground he filled it with mud from the litter, smoothed the mud even at the top, and raising the litter led two bricks on the ground, while the two men trotted back and again loaded the litter. After these adobes dry on the top they are turned sideways to harden in the sun. At night they are carefully covered with tarpaulin, in case of rain, which destroys them if it falls before they are hardened. The Mexicans, in building their houses, hollow out a piece in front of the building, where the "acequial" is formed to make the adobe, and when the house is finished use this hollow for debris.—*Philadelphia Times*.

—Young ladies of this city are having furniture made to fit them. One fair damsel is so thin that when her chair was sent home the servant put it in a basket with the rest of the clothes-pins.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—Greek and French have been added as optional studies to the course of the Indianapolis high school.

—The English Church has established a Christian mission at Sara, a town which reaches further back than the call of Abraham.—*N. Y. Examiner*.

—The Philadelphia Board of Education estimates its expenses for the next year at \$1,715,999.05. Of this sum \$1,136,025 will go for teachers' salaries.

—The net numerical growth of the United Presbyterian Church last year was, to the very unit, double that of the year before, viz.: 1,636 to 818.—*The Interior*.

—The *Boston Traveler* says that "for fifteen years there has not been the demand for good teachers that is manifest at the present time. The best lady teachers are quoted at considerably above par, and committees have to raise their salaries in order to keep them from accepting higher calls."

—The census of the world, according to its religions, has been figured out by some Scotch statisticians. Its results are: Protestants, 120,000,000; Oriental Christians, 80,000,000; Roman Catholics, 200,000,000; Jews, 10,000,000; Mohammedans, 175,000,000; Pagans, 80,000,000.—*Chicago Inter Ocean*.

—Mr. Flod, a German missionary and captive in Abyssinia, writes: King John has taken advantage of the troubles in Egypt to regain his lost provinces, and he has subdued and baptized the Galla tribes as far as Gurogo. He also states that the slave trade flourishes along the Blue Nile, and will continue to do so as long as the country is in the hands of Mohammedans.

—The *Detroit Post and Tribune* says there are nine Presbyterian churches in Detroit, with a membership of 2,872, paying \$20,000 in pastors' salaries, and owning property worth \$496,000, entirely out of debt, except some \$10,000 or \$15,000 still owing by the Fort Street Church on its rebuilding after the fire, and which its members can wipe out in any twenty-four hours that they will set about it.

—The well-known condition left on Girard College by its founder, excluding ministers from its doors and forbidding all sectarian religious teaching, is said to have been violated for many years. "The officers of the Girard estate," it is explained, "have always felt that while sectarianism was to be excluded from the college, religion as a principle of life was to be inculcated in the minds of the youth who received the benefit of the institution."—*N. Y. Sun*.

—That American parents are educating their children to be idlers is the complaint of the *Boston Herald*. "Not long ago," it says, "it was shown that the drift of representative schools in Boston and Quincy was in the direction of occupations which are beyond the rank of the common laborer, beyond the limits of common industries. None of the boys, none of the girls, expected to really work for a living. They were to do what was nice and genteel, but not to soil their hands, not to wear overalls or scrub floors; not, in short, to do anything that did not belong to a superior race."

How the Bey of Tunis Lives.

The palaces of the Bey are splendid and incongruous; the Bardo, an hour from the capital, is a fine sample of Oriental architecture and decoration, spoiled by Parisian upholstery and vulgar European carpets. Dar-el-Bey, his only town residence, is magnificent and neglected; his real abode is in a separate building, walled and standing in a garden near the Bardo. He goes to the Bardo once a week, to sit in judgment on his subjects and receive the Ambassadors and Consuls of the Great Powers; and then there is a brief stir, and the Court presents a stately picture. "It is, however, only an external brilliancy, and it cannot deceive the visitor as to the misery reigning within the Moorish Empire." Mahomed Es Sadock Pacha Bey is an amiable enough Prince, by all accounts; fond of children, but childless, and very simple in his habits. He has only one wife, and though he pays her a formal visit of an hour's duration at her castle every day, he rarely sees her, as the hour of his visit is generally one appointed for devotion, and on his arrival he goes to a small room in the palace to pray.

He is supposed to know nothing of the management of his possessions; before him all is splendor, behind his back all is desolate ruin. Whichever of his palaces he shall die in will be dismantled and left to decay, for a Bey must not live in a palace in which a predecessor has died. "None of them has had himself transported into the street on death approaching; and there are more than a dozen palaces in Tunis to-day which cannot be used by the Beys. A melancholy example of this absurd custom is Mahomedia, once the magnificent residence of Achmet Bey, who had it built thirty-five years ago at a cost of 10,000,000 francs. This palace, with its secondary buildings and villas for ministers and dignitaries, was situated two miles out of town; and when Achmet Bey died, the furniture was moved, the floors, glazed tiles, doors and windows were broken out and dragged to another palace. The heavy marble columns, statues, the curbs of the wells, etc., remained behind with the walls, and he who passes those imposing ruins to-day might think thousands of years had passed over them. The hand of the Arab destroys thus in our day in the midst of peace, as his ancestors and the Vandals did centuries ago, only in time of war. So much for Oriental culture!"—*London Spectator*.

"Jellies Clear and Amber Sweets."

There is less work about putting up late fruit than is required by the small fruits which claim attention earlier in the season, at least as far as preparing it for the preserving kettle. Fruit which is to be made into delicious marmalades and spicy sweet pickles needs only to be carefully looked over, the perfect specimens wiped off with a soft towel, and the others rejected or cut in two and all imperfections removed; but for preserves, which are to tempt by their looks as well as flavor, the skins and sometimes the core also must be removed.

Blackberries should be made into jelly and jam or canned, as the case may be, as soon as possible after they are picked from the vines. To can them, boil five minutes, add six ounces of sugar to each quart of berries, boil five minutes longer and put while hot in cans or glass jars. To make into jelly boil them until soft, then strain, measure the juice, and boil fifteen minutes; then add a scant cupful of sugar for each cupful of juice, as measured, and boil ten minutes. Unless the berries contain an unusual amount of water the jelly will be perfectly solid, but as it is impossible to always judge correctly—and jelly is spoiled if it has to be cooked over—it is well to try a spoonful in a saucer; if it jellies around the edge as it cools it is done.

Blackberries make a good jam, which is excellent for making tarts, and for breakfast with warm bread. Measure the fruit before it is put in the kettle; allow one-third less sugar than fruit, but do not put it in until the fruit has cooked well for half an hour. After the berries have become soft mash them with a wooden spoon, boil twenty minutes after the sugar has been added, stirring frequently.

To make genuine old-time preserves, a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit is used. The result is a delicious, rich conserve, which does not need the protection of new-fashioned self-sealing jars to insure its keeping. But, excellent as they are, like many other good things, they should be used in small quantities, and they should be reserved for extra occasions, and the plainer canned fruits hold a more prominent place on the every-day table.

Quinces, pears and sweet apples are preserved in the same way.

In making sweet pickles, whole, perfect fruit should be used. It is well to make marmalade at the same time, then the perfect fruit can be selected for the pickles, and all that must be cut in two or have imperfect places cut out can be used for the marmalade. To make a syrup for pickling fruit, take four pounds of sugar, one quart of cider vinegar and one pint of water for eight pounds of fruit; add one-half ounce of mace, one ounce of cinnamon in sticks and one-quarter ounce of whole cloves; let the syrup come to a boil before putting in the fruit. After the fruit is added let it boil until tender, but not until it is considered thoroughly cooked. Remove the fruit to glass jars and pour the syrup over it. Let it cool before sealing up. Peaches and crab-apples make the best pickles.

Crab-apples make a very pleasant-tasting jelly and are one of the best fruits for marmalade. Jelly, when made from yellow crab-apples, has a delicate amber color lovely to behold.

To make into jelly add two quarts of water to half a peck of apples and cook soft. Squeeze through a jelly bag and strain; boil the juice ten minutes, then add one cupful of sugar to each cupful of juice. The juice should be measured when put in the kettle, not after it has boiled; boil ten minutes longer, then pour into glasses.

Crab-apples, grapes, plums, peaches and quinces make good marmalade. A general rule is to cook the fruit until soft, then put it through a colander; return the pulp to the kettle, add a scant cupful of sugar to each cupful of pulp; boil three-quarters of an hour. It must cook slowly and be stirred frequently or it will scorch. It is better to put marmalade into small bowls. If put in large jars it remains soft, but, if rightly made, it will, when put in bowls, become perfectly solid.

Peach and apple butter is usually made in a quantity, and must be stirred all the time it is cooking. The stone is taken from the peaches and the core from apples, but neither are peeled. Enough water to cover the bottom of the kettle well is put in with the fruit and half a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit added. Apple butter should be cooked an hour and a quarter at least, and peach butter needs a little longer.

Plums are made into butter the same way.

Oranges make a most delicate flavoring for a preserve made from watermelon rinds, but, if a sharper taste is liked, lemons may be used. The melon should be cut in slices, the rind peeled off and the red part removed, leaving the firm white rind. Cut into small pieces about two inches long. Weigh it and use half a pound of sugar to one pound of melon. Strain the juice from the inside of the melon, without cooking, and make a syrup with it and the sugar; add the rinds and boil until clear; then flavor to taste with the orange or lemon; let it boil five minutes after the flavoring is put in; then remove to glass jars. Let the sirup boil down until it is thick, then pour over the fruit, and seal.

Preserves keep best in a dry store-room. They will do well if only tied up, but it is a good plan to seal all kinds of fruit made into any kind of jelly or preserve with the flour paste. Every jar should have its appropriate label.—*Our Continent*.

—From two acres of vines, William Tuthill, of Huntington, L. I., picked 150,000 cucumbers this season.

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