

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

WOMAN & SPRINGER, Eds. and Prop.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

TON EDISON'S CAREER.

Biographical Notes of a Great Inventor and Electrician.

A reporter for the Commercial yesterday obtained from Mr. Ed. T. Gilliland, an interesting statement regarding Thomas Alvy Edison, the great electrician and inventor. Mr. Gilliland has been more or less associated with Mr. Edison since boyhood, and for three years, recently, was associated with him in business. He says:

Edison was born at Milan, in the north part of this State, and his parents moved to Port Huron, Michigan, while he was quite a small boy. He was first employed as train boy on a railroad running through Port Huron. It was while thus employed that he learned telegraphing.

I first met him in 1863, at Adrian, Michigan, where we were both employed as telegraph operators. We both left there about the same time, he going to Indianapolis and I coming to this city. He remained only a short time in Indianapolis, and then came to Cincinnati. I was then boarding at the Bevis House, Mr. Hyams, now manager of Wood's, Edison and myself occupying one room. One day Edison was relating to Hyams and myself how, on one occasion, while he was a peanut boy, he had taken charge of the locomotive and run the train the entire trip. The engineer and fireman had been compelled to make one or two extra trips, and had become completely worn out, and while on a siding both engineer and fireman fell asleep on their seats. The conductor signalled to go ahead, and Edison endeavored to awake them, but was unable to do so, and decided he would pull out, expecting they would soon awake after they got in motion. Finding everything was going all right, he grew a little bold and didn't disturb them. The train being a light one he was enabled to do the stoking. If the train hands looked forward they saw Tom busy slinging wood or pulling the bell, or, perhaps, with his hand on the throttle-valve. But as he was very fond of riding on the engine and had often been allowed to do the same, nothing was thought of it, and so he drove ahead, completing the entire trip. Of course, very little could be said about it at the time without giving the engineer, who, on many occasions, under the pretense of adjusting some part of the machinery, would delay starting a few minutes to enable him to get his box aboard, when he had overslept and was a little late.

From this story I learned that Tom was of a mechanical turn of mind, and having in my youth been apprenticed out at gunsmithing, we found much to talk about. He then showed me a little steam engine he had made out of brass tubing, with a very ingenious valve motion, and told of several other inventions he had gotten up. From this time forward all of our spare time was spent in tinkering and experimenting. At that time we had very poor facilities—no tools, yet an apparatus, having to rely wholly on the old, worn-out, and discarded elements and battery from the office.

In 1865, when the Western Union office was moved from Fourth and Walnut to Third street, there was an old set of repeaters not wanted in the new office, and Mr. Stevens, the chief operator, told Edison he could have them. For some time Edison had an idea that he could send two messages simultaneously over one wire. He had a great many sketch drawings of it, and often explained the invention to me (I have these drawings now in my possession), but up to this time had never been able to secure sufficient apparatus to test it. Immediately upon getting possession of the old repeater, it was taken to his home and pulled to pieces, and the work of constructing a duplex was begun, and when completed and tested was found to work precisely as he expected. The few operators to whom it was shown could not understand or appreciate it, and went away believing it to be some trick, or that he was deceiving himself.

At this time this tinkering or experimenting was not looked upon with much favor, and no hopes were entertained of being able to get a set of apparatus and making a practical test upon the wires. The instruments used for the experiments were, of course, not suitable for practical transmission of messages, being stuck together with sealing-wax, and tied up with strings. An old cigar box, being easily whittled and bored with a gimlet, was usually the base or foundation of this experimental apparatus. I have always believed that, had Edison received a little encouragement at this time, from the telegraph company, they would have enjoyed the benefits of the duplex and quadruplex, from five to eight years earlier than they did. Edison's early knowledge of electricity was largely acquired from books in the Mechanic's library, which was then situated at 4th and Vine. Mr. Johnson, the presiding officer of the Western Union, in those days the assistant chief, said that many times Edison would get used from duty under pretense of being too sick to work, and various excuses, and invariably strike a bee for the library, where he would read the entire day and evening in reading De La Rue's or Noad's Manual, and such other works on electricity were to be had.

He left here in 1868 or 1869, going to Boston, where I chatted with him occasionally over the wire, nearly always concerning some new invention he had thought out. He never seemed to be appreciated until he went to New York, where he had been but a short time when he was employed by the Gold Incentor Company as inspector and so forth. He did not remain long in that capacity. Their apparatus at that time was in a crude state and susceptible of great improvement. The old apparatus in a short time was entirely superseded by his improvements, and nearly the whole system of gold and stock apparatus to-day is the invention of Edison.

These inventions were rapidly followed by the district and domestic telegraph system; type writers, universal printer for private lines; the automatic rapid system by which a column of news matter can be transmitted over one wire in a minute; the duplex; the quadruplex; the sextuplex; the electric pen, telephone, phonograph, aeroplane, and upward of 150 minor patents.

The quadruplex, one of the most valuable of his inventions, has come into general use on the Western Union lines, and is worth millions to them. But owing to bad management, or too much haste in disposing of it, it has got out of his control, he having received only \$35,000 for it. He has adopted the plan of putting all of his inventions out to responsible companies to be manufactured on a royalty. Some idea can be formed of his income, when I state that his royalty on the electric pen alone is from five to six thousand dollars per year.

Until three years ago he carried on an extensive manufacturing concern in Newark, N. J. At times he has employed three hundred hands in the manufacture of telegraph and electrical supplies. Finding that the business occupied too much of his time, he decided to devote his entire time to his laboratory and inventions.

In order that he might work undisturbed, it was thought advisable to move into the country. Perth Amboy was at first selected; but he decided a more secluded spot was desirable and selected Menlo Park, which contains about twenty-five inhabitants, as the most suitable place, and on the top of a hill, remote from all other buildings or dwellings, his laboratory now stands. I succeeded to his manufacturing business, which was also moved to Menlo Park, but occupied a separate building, one-half a mile away from the laboratory. He has in his laboratory all of the known chemicals and minerals, and a collection of apparatus, instruments of precision, models and machinery, together with a complete library, which cost him upwards of a hundred thousand dollars.

He proposes to have, and I presume has had, constructed fire-proof vaults, for keeping his papers and records. A daily record of all experiments is kept, which is dated and signed by himself and assistants, among whom is Mr. Charles Batchelor, a very skillful mechanic, who was sent to this country from England to superintend the setting up and adjusting of the automatic thread machinery for the Clark Thread Works; also two Swiss, very skillful workmen.

The article which appeared in the *New York Sun* concerning his first appearance in Boston I believe to be greatly exaggerated, in respect, at least, to his personal appearance.

I was personally acquainted with his family, and know that they were in good circumstances. His mother, who is now dead, was an educated and accomplished lady, and would hardly allow him to start off for Boston dressed as described. He was, and is yet, very careless in regard to his appearance, his clothes and hands being usually pretty well stained with chemicals, but he is never dirty and ragged, as stated by the *Bostonian*.

I read in to-day's *Commercial* that the English Government has offered him \$200,000 for his aeroplane if it performs what is claimed for it.

He has an elegant home, a handsome wife, and two interesting little children. He is not a cranky, long-haired inventor, but all his productions are the result of hard work. I think that all will agree that a boy who a few years ago was working a circuit in the Western Union Telegraph office has done pretty well.

I have written Edison, asking permission to make and exhibit his most recent invention, the phonograph, or speaking machine, and expect to exhibit it at the next meeting of the Electrical Society, about the fifth of April.

The Queen of Tramps.
Mrs. Mary Merriman is a respectable appearing woman of thirty, is not bad looking, and has every appearance of being upright and of good character. She is, however, without doubt, the queen of female tramps, and can disconcert the great majority of male tramps. She was born in St. Albans, in this State, and her folks were farmers. She has since lived in Hermon with her brother, Joseph Merriman, who does a good deal of trading in this city.

Three years ago this fall she took it into her head to see the country, and started out with neither scrip nor staff, but a good pair of thick shoes. She walked across the country, braving all kinds of weather, and finally brought up in Clinton, Iowa, when she took the back track and returned to this city.

Two years ago she decided to start out again, and this time selected a longer tour. She walked through portions of Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, and on to Washington, where she remained a few days, and 'did the capital.' Then she made a bolt for Savannah, Ga. Here she remained for a short time. Then she went, doing the States of Kentucky, Tennessee, Iowa, Indiana, and finally got round to Kansas City. Here she stopped awhile and earned a new tramping outfit. Again she started out, this time with the intention of crossing the plains to California, but finally stopped when told by persons that it would be very unsafe for her to think of attempting it alone. She then started on a return trip, walking from Kansas City to Chicago, and crossing to doings Niagara Falls, and crossing to Canada, thence to New York and through Massachusetts, arriving at her home in Hermon a little more than a week ago. She says she averages twenty-six miles a day. She says when she gets tired and out of clothes, she finds no trouble in getting a few days' work, and in this manner enjoys her life.—*Bangor, (Me.) Commercial*

The Central Ohio Science Association intends to accomplish much outdoor work in the coming summer. It will travel through the State with competent professors.

King Humbert owns 800 horses. He seems determined to establish a stable government.

Is Clairvoyance a Fact?

The term clairvoyance means literally clear sight. But everybody with good eyes has clear sight; the alleged vision is, therefore, not of the ordinary kind. It claims to be an extraordinary kind of seeing, a seeing through opaque objects—through the eyelids, through the bandages, or through the back of the head, and into objects not penetrable by ordinary vision. The term "clear," as applied to this kind of sight, is intended to denote special or remarkable clearness, or a transcendental vision, which opens to sight things not sensible to the normal eye. In short, clairvoyance affirms an extra endowment for making things visible which goes beyond the range of that sense which is our usual source of knowledge.

Now, Mr. Wallace says that this is an "absolute fact," which has been conclusively proved and known for forty-seven years, or since the report of 1831, that declared it to be demonstrated. As, therefore, this remarkable endowment of human nature has been established as a fact for nearly half a century, we are fairly entitled to ask, What have been its results? If it be true, no discovery ever made in science can for a moment bear comparison with it in importance; and if it be true, we have a right to demand the legitimate results that must flow from it, as we expect and require the natural results of all other genuine discoveries. Of course, the objection may be interposed that we must not be premature in anticipating the fruits of discovery, because the history of all science shows that the interval between the dawn of a new principle and its developments and applications may be very long. This is true; yet, in every case, we demand at once the effects that flow immediately from the quality of the discovery; in fact, we only know it by these results. It would, of course, have been absurd to expect from the invention of the spy-glass the great results of the modern telescope, which has grown out of it; but it would have been proper to expect from the spy glass that which was properly claimed for it, and which it at once compelled all men to yield. All scientific discoveries, in fact, are new procurable effects and are, therefore, their own witnesses. Clairvoyance must give us the new results of a marvelously sharpened vision; the extra faculty implies extra disclosures. And again we ask, where are they? With a new capacity for seeing, what new thing has been seen? The limitations of vision restrict and measure the usual sphere of knowledge, and with every increase in the power of optical instruments, as the microscope and telescope, in aiding the eye, knowledge has been extended, novel facts brought to light, and it is these that attest the instrumental improvements. But with a power of vision so mysteriously sharpened that opaque objects become transparent, with the barriers actually taken away, what has been revealed? There are thousands of perplexing and unsettled questions, regarding the constitution of material things which might be cleared up by another increment of visual penetration; but clairvoyance has given no help in conquering these difficulties. If it has been demonstrated reality these fifty years, it ought long ago to have vindicated its claims by unveiling some of the obscurities of material objects. Yet, claiming to be a superior means of laying open the inner constitution of things, it has not even proved equal to ordinary sight, and has, in fact, done nothing whatever toward extending the boundaries of knowledge.—*Popular Science Monthly for April.*

On Reading.

Women sometimes think they will not be interested in the standard English classics, just because they are standard and classic. Not long since, an intelligent lady was telling me how surprised she was to find Bacon's "Essays" so interesting. She said: "I was lying on the lounge in my husband's library, one evening, after an unusually wearisome day, and took it up because it was the nearest book, and I really felt as if I could not go across the room for another. I was perfectly absorbed before I knew it, and read for an hour with a sense of freshness and exhilaration which I had not known for a long time. I felt as if somehow I had got back to the beginnings of things. I had always supposed that Lord Bacon, being very learned, was therefore very dull and entirely beyond my comprehension."

If you like history, "The world is all before you, where to choose." If you are fond of science, you cannot fail to be interested in the papers and books in this field—never so numerous and never so well adapted for popular reading as now. If you imagine any of these departments "too literary," and cannot be happy without a novel, there are works of fiction that are as important a part of one's education as "Quadratics, to say the least:—"Rudolph," "Ivanhoe," "Hypatia," "David Copperfield," "Pendennis," "The Scarlet Letter." Just think of all the books so well worth reading, and yet people will continue to draw out of the libraries dreary "society novels," or poor translations of worse French and German love-stories! It is like eating appleskins and potato-parings when bananas and oranges might be had for the picking! Bishop Potter says: "It is neither an axiom that people will not be better than the books they read." Consider, therefore, what kind of books you read.—*Scribner.*

Two sable philosophers took shelter under the same tree during a heavy shower. After some time one of them complained that he felt the rain. "Nether mind," replied the other; "dere's plenty of trees. When dis un awt through we'll go to de odder."

The "Egyptian Tribute," which is the chief British interest now involved in the settlement of the Eastern war, amounts to \$3,000,000 or \$3,500,000 annually. Last year its actual yield was \$3,409,100. This tribute is paid nominally to Turkey, but in reality it goes directly into the Bank of England, which disburses it in payment of interest on various Turkish loans guaranteed by and chiefly held in England. Hence when Russia desires to take this tribute as a "war indemnity" from Turkey it naturally excites John Bull.

Easter Games in Germany.

Easter Monday is looked upon as a grand holiday by the peasantry in many parts of Germany. Weddings are often deferred to this day, and many village games are reserved for this season. The lads and lasses all appear in their gala costumes; the girls with short dark skirts, braided with gold or silver, snowy aprons and full white sleeves, bright colored bodices and odd little caps; the boys with knee-breeches, white stockings, low shoes, and scarlet or yellow vests, the solid gold or silver buttons on which are often their whole inheritance. But when they are dancing gayly together on the green, they look a good deal happier than if they were little kings and queens.

Games vary in different villages throughout the country, but one example will give some idea of what they are like.

Two of the leading young men of the place take entire charge of the day's amusements, selecting for the purpose as the scene of festivities some inn or *Wirtshaus*, to which is attached a large garden or meadow.

For several preceding evenings, when work is over, they go about from house to house, dressed in their best, and carrying large baskets on their arms. Everywhere they are kindly received, and bread with wine or cider is placed before them, and they are secretly returned to their places. The eggs are not asked for, neither are they alluded to in any way, but the object of the visit is well understood and prepared for long beforehand.

When Monday morning dawns, the inn is found to have been gaily decorated with garlands of green and flowers and fluttering ribbons of many colors. The tree nearest the house is ornamented in like manner, and on it the prize to be contended for, conspicuously hangs. On the smooth grass hard by, a strip, a few feet wide and perhaps a hundred long, has been roped in, and at either end of this narrow plot a large shallow, round-bottomed basket, called a *Wanne*, is placed, one filled with chaff and the other with eggs, dozens, upon dozens, cooked and raw, white and colored.

The plan of the peculiar game which follows is that one player is pitted to run a given distance, while another safely throws the eggs from one basket to the other, he who first completes his task being, of course, the winner. Accordingly, when the young men and maidens have arrived, two leaders draw lots to determine who shall run and who shall throw. That decided, the contestants are gaily decked with ribbons, a hand strikes up a lively air, a capering clown clears the way, and the game begins. He who throws takes the eggs, and one after another swiftly whisks them the length of the course, and in the hands of an assistant. Occasionally he makes a diversion by pitching a hard one to be scrambled for by the crowds of children who have assembled to see the sport. Meantime (while wagers are laid as to who will likely win) the other contestant speeds the distance of a mile or two to an appointed goal, marks it as proof of his having touched it, and if he succeeds in returning before all the eggs are thrown, the victory and the prize are his, otherwise they belong to his opponent. The game finished, the prize is presented to the victor with due ceremony and amid the cheers of the crowd; the hard eggs are distributed among the company, and the raw ones carried unparaphorically into the neighboring inn, there to be cooked in various ways and eaten.

The remainder of the day is spent in dancing and merry-making, if a wedding can possibly be arranged to take place on that afternoon the fun is wilder than ever.—*St. Nicholas for April.*

Mr. Wade's property, which is left to his widow, amounts to a total value of \$75,000. It is related of Wade, that once upon a time, after holding court, he seated himself beside a friend, and said to him: "Brother—I have studied the scriptures of divine truth carefully and prayerfully for my own salvation, in order to find the dividing line between the rich and the poor. You know it is said to be almost impossible for a rich man to inherit the kingdom of heaven, and I have arrived at the conclusion, that if in a period of forty years a man accumulates over \$20,000, he gets it dishonestly, and there is no salvation for him. To live a perfectly honest life, and deal justly in that time, he cannot, at the age of forty, get beyond that sum, so I have agreed on that amount."

A six-year old, who was found putting himself outside of various good things at a rapid rate, just after complaining of inward griping, explained to his wondering parents that he "didn't mean to leave any room for that stomach ache."

Senator Randolph of New Jersey, is an inventor. Among the ingenious exhibits of American labor-saving machinery at the Paris Exposition will be an excavating machine contrived by the Senator, and capable of digging a trench a mile long, three feet deep, and nearly a foot wide, in ten hours, or equal to the labor of one hundred men.

Two Pennsylvania ladies were conversing in the gallery of the U. S. Senate, when one of them asked the other if she didn't think Don Cameron a great improvement on his father? "No," was the answer, "he can't be got to write such love letters as the old man!"

He appeared to be almost gone. Rolling his eyes toward the partner of his bosom, he gasped, "Bury me 'neath the weeping willow, and plant a simple white rose above my head." "Oh, it's no use," she snapped out. "Your nose would scorch the roots!" He got well.

George Eliot writes three pages of manuscript a day, and think she is industrious.

"The girls of our day are very badly educated," said one of the members of a committee on education to the Bishop of Gloucester. "That cannot be denied," returned his lordship. "However, there is one consolation, the boys will never find it out."

MY LUCK.

She had come to visit Wade's sister, and there I met her one night. A cousin, I think, of the family. And a girl rather handsome and bright.

I remember we looked at an album. And I told her how much I could grow of our character just from a picture. "Now witness," said I, "my success."

"Here's a photograph of a young maiden. Both pretty and modest and true." She fairly colored with pleasure.

"Why that's she," she exclaimed, "Wade's sister!" "But here," I continued, "is the same young lady looking follow this far." A started, old, wondrous circumstance. She simply said, "That's my papa."

—*Harvard Criticism.*

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

A LESSON IN COW MILKING.—A market gardener had a very fine cow that was milked week after week by hired men. He observed that the amount of butter he carried to market weighed about a pound more on each alternate week. He watched the men, and tried the cow after they had finished milking, but always found that there was no milk left in the teats. He finally asked the Scotch girl who took care of the milk if she could account for the difference. "Why yes," she says, "When Jim milks he says to the old cow, 'So my pretty muley, so!' But when Sam milks he hits her on the hip with the edge of the pail and says, 'Hist, you old brute!'"

CURE FOR SWEET.—I have used the following many times in the last forty years, and never knew it to fail: Take twelve ounces of salt pork; fry the grease from it thoroughly; dissolve three handfuls of salt in the hot grease; take three hen's eggs; bruise them fine, shells and all; stir thoroughly with the grease and salt when warm enough to dissolve the eggs, but not to cook. Apply to the part affected every other day until you see an improvement; then as often as you think best. Warm it in well with a red hot shovel after each application. I have never known this to fail. Usually two or three applications will cure.

PRUNING FRUIT TREES.—Among the successful fruit growers in Western New York, the heads of peach trees are kept so low that fully one-half the fruit can be picked by one standing on the ground, and the balance can be reached from a four-foot stepladder. They say it renders it difficult to cultivate among the trees, but that the advantages compensate. In regard to the trimming of fruit trees, there is but one opinion, and that is in favor of liberal trimming. It is not the pulp and flesh of a peach or apple that draws on the soil, but the stems and seeds. The way to obtain large and fair fruit is by rigid trimming. Pruning apple trees should be done in such a manner as to produce low, saucer-shaped trees. They should be allowed to grow as high as they will. In this way only can they strike their roots deeply in the soil. Superfluous roots may be removed at any time, but a bottle of shellac should always be ready with which to varnish the stump to protect it.

TAKING COLD.—If a cold settles on the outer covering of the lungs, it becomes pneumonia, inflammation of the lungs, or lung fever, and in many cases carries off the strongest man to the grave within a week. If cold falls upon the inner covering of the lungs, it is pleurisy, with its knife-like pains and its slow, very slow, recoveries. If a cold settles in the joints, there is rheumatism, with its agonies of pain, and rheumatism of heart, which in an instant sometimes snaps asunder the cords of life with no friendly warning. It is of the utmost practical importance, then, in the wintry weather, to know not so much how to cure a cold, as how to avoid it.

Colds always come from one cause, some part of the body being colder than natural for a time. If a person will keep his or her feet warm always, and never allow himself or herself to be chilled, he or she will never take a cold in a lifetime; and this can only be accomplished by due care in warm clothing, and avoidance of drafts and exposure. While multitudes of colds come from cold feet, perhaps the majority arise from cooling off too quickly after becoming a little warmer than is natural from exercise or work, or from confinement to a warm apartment.

AMMONIA.—A very useful article. We quote the following from competent authority: Put a teaspoonful of ammonia in warm soapsuds, dip a cloth in it, and go over your soiled pants, and see how rapidly the dirt will disappear; no scrubbing will be necessary. To a pint of hot soapsuds add a teaspoonful of the spirit, dip in your fork or spoon (or whatever you wish to clean,) rub with a soft brush, and finish with chamois skin. For washing windows and mirrors it has no equal. It will remove grease spots from every fabric without injuring the garment. Put on the ammonia nearly clear; lay on blotting paper, and set a hot iron on it for a moment. Also a few drops in water will cleanse and whiten laces and muslin beautifully. A few drops in a bowl of water, if the skin be oily, will remove all uncleanliness and disagreeable odors. Added to a hot bath, it entirely absorbs all noxious smell, and nothing is better to remove dandruff from the hair. For heartburn and dyspepsia the aromatic spirits of ammonia is especially prepared; ten drops taken in a wine-glass of water will give relief. For house plants, five or six drops to every pint of water, once a week, will make them flourish. It is good also to clean plant jars. So be sure and keep a bottle of it in the house, and have a glass stopper, as it eats away cork.

PEAS FOR SHEEP.—R. D. Button in a letter to the *Elmira (N. Y.) Club*, states his experience in feeding peas to sheep. The value of peas for feeding purposes, we are confident is but little known. The following is Mr. Button's letter:

I have made them one of my principal crops for several years, and find these advantages: Peas are as sure a crop as any other, and one which leaves the ground in the best order for wheat. The yield will vary with the soil, forty bushels being a large yield. In preparing the land I am to fall-plow and fit with cultivator in the spring. Peas are better if drilled, but can be sown broadcast. I never have threshed peas with a machine, as it splits them badly,

and sheep will not relish the straw as well as if threshed with the flail. If the vines are very luxuriant, sheep will not eat them very closely; but if cut before all the top pods have grown white, sheep will not only eat but relish the straw exceedingly well. If the straw is fed at night, sheep will eat more than if fed in the morning or at noon. We have been troubled with bugs which sting the peas while yet soft, leaving the small eggs, which are hatched, the worm feeding upon the pea, leaving but a thin shell by the following spring. This is obviated by the early sowing, so as to have the majority of the pods so hard by the time the fly arrives at maturity, that it is impossible to pierce them. If the season be backward, and this cannot be done, very late sowing will secure the same result. Good crops have been raised when sown as late as the fifteenth or twentieth of May. The quantity of seed will depend on the soil. If very fine and rich, one and a half bushels to the acre; on ordinary soil two.

THE PEANUT.—Boys and girls are interested in peanuts, judging from what may be seen often in the steam-cars. No cow thinks more of her end than does the average Young American of these handy sweetmeats. A gentleman of South Boston sends to the *Tress* of that city some account of the popular nut.

The question has often been asked how and when did peanuts first appear in this country? About forty years ago, the writer was in Wilmington, North Carolina, and became acquainted with a gentleman who, in speaking of peanuts, said that he believed that he was the first person who introduced them into North Carolina; that when quite a young man, he went on board a vessel that had put into Wilmington in distress, and he saw for the first time some nuts in bags, and they told him they came from Africa, and were known as pea or ground nuts. They gave him a few handfuls, which he planted, and as they increased, they were scattered around, and became a staple article of culture.

is, that at the time referred to, the cultivation of peanuts was almost wholly confined to the southern part of North Carolina. The production has largely increased, and they are now raised in large quantities in most of the Southern and many of the Western States, and are now considered as one of our prominent and staple articles of agricultural products. The largest and finest nuts come from Virginia.

During the civil war, the Southern people made a very nice kind of oil from peanuts; and we have been told that in the warm countries east of us, when the olive-oil crop fails, this oil is made to take its place.

How a Rat was Tamed and What He Did.

During the winter evenings, when the children were engaged with their lessons, our tame rat, Billy, was usually to be found on the table rummaging among their books and catching at their pens; which latter amusement he enjoyed very much after the manner of a kitten running after a knitting-needle drawn quickly up and down the table; but, as these amusements rather interfered with the studies, Billy would be dismissed to the kitchen, to which he had a great dislike. He never stayed there longer than he could help, but on the first chance would run up stairs and scratch, or rather I should say gnaw for admittance. Speaking of this gnawing leads me to observe that one objection I had to receiving him was the fear that he would be very mischievous; but fortunately I never found him so. He had free access to a pantry where a variety of eatables, usually considered dear to a rat's heart, were to be found; but I never knew him to injure anything or even to cut the paper covering of any parcel, no matter what it contained. No doubt it was partly owing to his being so well fed that he was not driven to theft by hunger. I generally scattered for him on the shelves some grains of rice or pickles, or starch, and to these he helped himself when inclined. From soap or candles he turned away in disgust, being far too well-bred a rat to indulge in such low tastes; but he dearly loved a bit of plum-cake; and, shall I confess it, he was by no means a teetotaler; if ale was used for dinner, he would rush eagerly about the glasses until he was supplied with some in a spoon. I believe, before he came to us, he had been accustomed to stronger potatoes, in which, however, we did not indulge him. I have said he was not mischievous, neither was he, as mischief among rats is generally understood; but there is no rule without an exception, and Billy had a decided penchant for kid gloves. If any were left carelessly about, he was sure to get hold of them, and have the fingers eaten off in a few minutes. I cannot tell how many gloves he destroyed, until repeated lessons of this sort enforced more tidy habits. I must not omit to mention his love for music; when he heard the piano he would rush to the drawing-room and spring to the performer's knee, where he would remain perfectly quiet, evidently listening with much pleasure. When he first came he was very restless, seeming to live in a state of perpetual motion; but he soon learned to come upon the knee to be caressed and have his head rubbed, which operation afforded him intense enjoyment. He would have lain in a state of supreme delight for an hour if any one would have rubbed his head for so long.—*Chambers' Journal.*

The fairy tales of the late Hans Christian Anderson have been translated into Arabic for the benefit of the nomadic tribes of Bedouins that roam about the outskirts of the great Sahara. Mr. Carlo Landberg, a Dane, residing in Upper Egypt, writes to a Copenhagen paper of the enjoyment of the swarthy sons of the desert when listening at their camp-fires to the reading, after Oriental fashion, of the familiar stories. The frequent comments and exclamations show that they appear strongly to the imagination of the listeners. Of all, "The Emperor's New Clothes" appears to have made the greatest hit, though the stupidity of "The Sultan" seemed incomprehensible to a majority. An old sheik finally settled the question by deciding that "A Sultan may be as big a fool as anybody."