

THE JOURNAL.

EXTRA.

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Concerning Cyclones.

Every one should know what a cyclone is, but the general ideas of the subject are rather vague. Take a small butter-pot, and set it down on your largest map of the world at about 20 degrees North Latitude, anywhere in the Atlantic between two continents, say east of the West Indies. Then, with a piece of whalebone twice as long as from the butter-pot to the North Pole, bent into a parabola, with one end at the Pole, the other at the butter-pot, mark out thus the cyclone. The apex of the bent whalebone will be somewhere in the Western United States. Imagine your butter-pot to be revolving in its own centre in the direction of the hands of a watch, at the rate of a hundred miles an hour. Its northwestern edge will be the dangerous storm-rim, blowing a hurricane, lashing the seas, and precipitating the rain; the other edges will be breezy, but not so stormy, as they contain less moist air. The centre will be the low barometer and calm area, because here the air has less weight, and is flowing upward. Now move your butter-pot slowly along the parabola, still supposing it to be turning. By the time you reach the centre of the United States, exchange the pot for a saucer, with the same supposed conditions, only by this time, if wintry, a snow-storm will take the place of the rain. Keep it moving circularly, and northwards also along the parabola, and about Hudson's Bay change to a breakfast-plate, and in Greenland to a dinner-plate, and about the 80th degree North, before the storm reaches the size of a buggy-wheel, it breaks up. Thus you see the space over which the storms travel enlarges as it passes North, the winds blow around its rim, and the calm centre moves with it. Mariners now carry what is called a horn-card, a transparent piece of flat cows'-horn, with a circle on it, inside which are several smaller circles, with arrows pointing as a watch's hands travel. Whenever the barometer changes, and clouds send by, this horn-card is placed on the chart at the ship's position. Knowing the wind's direction and the weight of the air, the horn-card tells whereabouts in the cyclone the ship is, and from this is reasoned how to sail to avoid the cyclone; or, if unavoidable, how to manage in it. Not many decades ago, ships were driven thousands of miles from their course by not having masters possessed of this knowledge. Nowadays, meteorological information is as necessary to the navigator as his sextant. In South Latitudes storms pass in the same way toward the South Pole, by way of a western bend, only the circular motion is reversed, and the southwestern is the stormy edge.

At Gillingham, near Chatham, England, a singular ball was recently held. The party was made up of fifty-nine ladies and gentlemen whose united ages amounted to 4,259 years. A gentleman born in 1790 opened the dance with a lady only four years his junior, and it is said that their waltzing was as brisk as that of any young couple of twenty.

The Berlin Volkszeitung announces that the Prussian Government has denied one B. von Konigberg the permission to erect, on his own property or elsewhere, an oven for the cremation of corpses.

Anecdote of Cromwell.

An English merchant-ship was captured during a period of profound peace with France, by a vessel of that nation and carried into St. Malo, where she was condemned, and sold for the benefit of the captors, upon some frivolous and groundless pretence. The master of the merchant-ship, who happened to be an honest Quaker, immediately on his return to England, presented a petition, complaining of this grievance, and praying for redress, to the Protector in council. On hearing the case, Cromwell informed the council that he would take the affair into his own hands, and ordered the master to attend him the next morning. After a strict examination into the particulars of the case, finding the master to be a plain, honest man, who had been embarked in no illegal traffic, he asked him if he would be the bearer of a letter to Paris. The man assenting, he desired him to prepare for the journey without delay, and wait on him again the following morning.

On the next morning he gave the master a letter to Cardinal Mazarin, with directions not to wait longer than three days for an answer. This answer, he informed him, was to be nothing less than the full value of what he might have made of his ship and cargo; desiring him to tell the cardinal that if it was not paid in three days, he had strict orders from him to return home. The honest Quaker appears to have followed the injunction of the Protector to the very letter, and meeting with the usual shuffling evasions, common among diplomatists, took his leave on the third day, and returned without accomplishing the object of his mission. "Well, friend," demanded the Protector, on seeing him, "have you obtained your money?" Being answered in the negative, he told the Quaker to leave his address with his secretary, promising to let him hear from him shortly. Without involving himself in the delays, trickeries and evasions of diplomatic negotiations—without the empty parade of protocols and conferences, which too often waste time without leading to satisfactory results—without even deigning to repeat his demand or explain the ground of his proceeding, this distinguished statesman issued orders to seize every French ship which his cruisers fell in with and bring them into port.

In pursuance of these orders several captures were made, and their cargoes ordered by the Protector to be immediately sold. Out of the produce of these sales he paid the Quaker the full value of his ship and cargo; and sending for the French ambassador, then resident in London, he acquainted him with the steps he had taken, and the reason of his doing so, informing him at the same time that there was a balance out of the sales, which should be paid to him if he pleased, for the purpose of returning it to the French owners. This promptness had the desired effect.—[*Reynolds' Miscellany.*]

In the last edition of Dickens's works is a little farce entitled "The Strange Gentleman," produced at the St. James's Theatre, London, in 1836, which undoubtedly contains the original sketch of Sam Weller under the name of Tom Sparks. Otherwise no duller dramatic production was ever penned, except Charles Lamb's "Mr. H.," which might run in couples with it.

Any Letters for the Wattses?

Mexico (N. Y.) Ledger.

A lantern-jawed young man stopped at the post-office last Saturday, and yelled out:

"Anything for the Wattses?"
George Poteet, our polite postmaster, replied, "No, there is not."
"Anything for Jane Wattses?"
"Nothing."
"Anything for Ace Wattses?"
"No."
"Anything for Bill Wattses?"
"No, sir."
"Anything for Tom Wattses?"
"No, nothing."
"Anything for 'Fool Joe' Wattses?"
"No; nor for Dick Wattses, nor Jim Wattses, nor Sweet Wattses, nor any other Wattses, dead, living, unborn, native, foreign, civilized or uncivilized, black, franchised or disfranchised, naturalized, or otherwise. No, there is positively nothing for any of the Wattses, either individually, severally, jointly, now and forever, one and inseparable."

The boy looked at the postmaster in astonishment, and said:

"Please look if there is anything for John Thomas Wattses?"

Good Advice to Readers.

If you measure the value of study by the insight you get into subjects, not by the power of saying you have read many books, you will soon perceive that no time is so badly saved as that which is saved in getting through a book in a hurry. For if to the time you have given you had added a little more, the subject would have been fixed on your mind, and the whole time profitably employed; whereas, upon your present arrangement, because you would not give a little more you have lost all. Besides, this is overlooked by rapid and superficial readers—that the best way of reading books with rapidity is to acquire that habit of severe attention to what they contain that perpetually confines the mind to the single object it has in view. When you have read enough to have acquired the habit of reading without suffering your mind to wander, and when you can bring to bear upon your subject a great share of previous knowledge, you may then read with rapidity; before that, as you have taken the wrong road, the faster you proceed the more you will be sure to err.—[*Sidney Smith.*]

Lincoln's power of illustration, his humor, was inexhaustible. He had a story or an illustration for everything. I remember, as an instance, when Stephens, of Georgia, came on the Jeff Davis peace commission to City Point, Stephens did not weigh more than eighty pounds, and he wore an overcoat that made him look like a man of two hundred pounds. As Lincoln and I came in, Stephens took off his coat. Lincoln said, after he was gone: "I say, Grant, did you notice that coat Alick Stephens wore?" I said yes. "Did you ever see," said Lincoln, "such a small ear of corn in so big a sheaf?"—[*Grant.*]

The Port Jervis Gazette compliments the Elmira Free Press on using "the best wrapping-paper of many of our exchanges." It is pleasant to be able to conscientiously praise a contemporary.

The salary allowed the governor of Michigan is \$1,000 a year.

The Manure Pile.

Nothing adds more to the riches of the farmer than the manure pile, says the Farm and Fireside; for without manure the crops can grow but feebly, and the fertility of the farm is not increased. It should be the object of every farmer to increase, in every possible manner, the bulk of his manure pile, and thereby increase the fertility of the farm, and consequently, the dollars in his pockets.

Some of our best farmers, every fall, buy up a lot of stock for fattening, enough animals, in fact, to eat up all the grain and coarse feed they produce on the farm, and thus market their grain in the form of meat, from time to time, until late spring. Usually, considerably more is realized in this way than selling the grain, and when merely the sum is obtained for the fat cattle, only enough to pay for the food and care, there is still a fair profit for the farmer, in the shape of lots of rich manure, and just on the farm where it is needed. Manure is the basis of good farming, and he who uses the most of it, judiciously, is sure to make it pay.

While but few persons seem to realize it, manure from grain-fed animals is worth fully twice as much as that from animals sparingly fed on it; it is richer in the elements of plant growth. Nearly every farm has some woodland attached, and in that woodland annually goes to waste much that can and should be utilized as fertilizing matter. We refer to leaves, which so few farmers make any use of. The off days and parts of days when there is not much else to do in the winter, can be profitably employed in gathering up the leaves and hauling them to the barn yard, where they can be used as bedding for the horses, cows, pigs, &c., as well as spread thickly in the barn yard to absorb the liquid portions of the manure, which would otherwise be wasted by evaporation and drainage. This work gives profitable employment for both horses and men, at a time when the regular farm work is at a stand still on account of severely cold or inclement weather.

If there be muck or marl on the place, this should be dug out in the winter, especially the muck, so the frost can disintegrate it, and thus put it in better condition for plant food. This muck is useful, when it has been separated well by frost, as an absorbent, and is used mixed with the manure, or is spread in the barn yard, or it can be spread alone over clayey lands, which it lightens, or over any soil which is deficient in vegetable matter, which many of our old Southern farms are.

Court Plaster.

Soak isinglass in a little warm water, says the Scientific American, for seventy-four hours; then evaporate nearly all the water by gentle heat; dissolve the residue in a little dilute alcohol, and strain the whole through a piece of open linen. The strained mass should be a stiff jelly when cold. Now stretch a piece of silk or saracenet on a wooden frame, and fix it tight with tacks or pack thread. Melt the jelly, and apply it to the silk thinly and evenly with a badger hair brush. A second coating must be applied when the first has dried. When both are dry, apply over the whole surface two or three coatings of balsam of Peru. Plaster thus made is very pliable, and never breaks.