CLASS NEWSPAPERS.

Their Character and Enormous Increase in Twenty-five Years.

This has been aptly called the mechanical age of journalism. With all the powerful intellect brought to bear, the boundless knowledge of men and affairs subserved, and the cognizance of events near and afar, the publishing of a newspaper is but a business matter. To the ordinary mind, a daily newspaper was once a sort of magical resultant, but it is now a most prosaic affair, as regards its production and distribution. Once, the publication of a newspaper, whether a daily or a weekly, was a serious undertaking and well considered. Now merchants, tradesmen, undertakers, soapmen, agitators and "fakirs" thrust their journals upon the public in bewildering numbers.

The line between newspapers and class papers is finely drawn. Arbitrarily defined, a newspaper is a publication which supplies current news and general information, and is issued regularly to subscribers or sold to the public. All others are special papers, whether they treat of merchandise, art or literature. Papers wholly or in part dealing with mercantile affairs are properly called "trade journals."

Of the 722 newspapers and periodicals published at New York City, a little over one-sixth, or 122, strictly come under the head of news and general information. The journals of a special character, but also furnishing general news, and the papers and periodicals dealing with special matters of universal interest, augment the 122 newspapers mentioned to 413. The remaining 309 are purely class papers and trade journals. Many publications of the class last referred to are ably conducted and of great value to the business community. The larger number of them, say 160, are but advertising mediums, in fact. At least one-half of these advertising sheets are of the most ephemeral character. Instead of the nomenclature which exists among them they should have such names as Little Joker, Will-'o-the-Wisp and Fly-by-Night, as they appear and disappear with startling rapidity, and move in mazy courses. The publisher of one of this kind of papers, ostensibly a weekly, has lived well and supported a family for the past two years upon advance payments of subscriptions and advertisements obtained, and has issued but two numbers of his paper, one at the commencement of each of the two years. He is still collecting for subscriptions and advertisements, and the third number of this paper will shortly appear.

In 1860, as regards to number, the five leading classes of newspapers and periodicals in New York and the five minor classes were as follows:

Greatest.		Least.	
General news	61	Science	7
Religious	57	Trade	5
Literary	25	Railroads	3
Commercial	13	Education	2
Medical	8	Mechanics	2

The classification of the present time is as under:

	No.		No.
Trade	127	Commercial	27
General news	122	Science	23
Religious	81	Mechanics	20
Literary	50	Education	15
Medical	31	Railroads	14

The above comparison is particularly valuable as showing the enormous increase of trade journals in the quarter of a century.

In 1860 the existing newspapers and periodicals covered 33 topics. Eighty-one publications were devoted to general news, 57 to religion, 25 to literature, 11 to commerce, 8 to juveniles, 8 to insurance, 8 to finance, 7 to science, 6 to comics, 5 to trade, 4 to railroads, 4 to sport, 4 to politics, 3 to crime, 3 to temperance, 3 to agriculture, 2 to education, 2 to music, 2 to mining and 2 to art. Law, drama, typography, mechanics, fashion, infidelism, history, phrenology, Masonry, marine, military and anti-slavery had 1 each.

At the present time the subjects embraced are 56 in number, as follows: Trade, 127; general news, 122; religious, 89; literary, 56; medical, 37; commercial, 27; science, 25; mechanics, 20; insurance, 19; education, 15; railroads, 14; juveniles, 14; finance, 14; sport, 13; fashion, 12; agriculture, 10; art, 9; law, 8; comics, 7; music, 6; collegiates, 6; marine, 5; politics, 4; temperance, 4; drama, 4; Masonry, 4; military, 4; fraternal other than Masonic, 4; mining, 3; typography, 3; communistic, 3; hotels, 3; fire records, 3; matrimonial, 2; real estate, 2; cookery, 2; labor, 2; electricity, 2; crime, infidelism, history, phrenology, anti-monopoly, weather signals, social reform, heraldry, numismatics, expressage, poultry (fancy), municipal, greenback, animals (protection of), United States mail, philosophy (social), babyhood and journalism, 1 each. Of the subjects extant in 1860 only one was lost in the twenty-five years, that of anti-slavery, while the list was increased by 23 new topics.

Trade journals and class papers are generally named after the business or topic they represent, and there is a general leaning to brief and comprehensive titles. *Life* carries the banner for brevity, and the *Illustrirte Nachrichten aus Deutschland, Oesterreich und Der Schweitz* takes the heavy thunder. —*N. Y. Star.*

FRYING FOOD.

Why Perfect Frying Can Be Considered the Perfection of Cooking.

Grease of every description is capable of being heated to a very much higher temperature than water; in fact, it can be made almost three times as hot as boiling water. When fat is at its boiling point it is so hot that any article of food brought in contact with it is actually burned, and this is precisely the reason why, for purposes of frying, fat should always be boiling hot. For any article of food, a doughnut, for example, dipped into boiling fat, is immediately covered all over by a thin crust of burned dough, which prevents the fat from penetrating further in and enables the rest of the doughnut to be exposed to a greater degree of heat than can be applied to it by any other process, without coming in contact with the fat, and the natural chemical processes go on inside with a greater degree of perfection than can be obtained by any other method. Perfect frying is the perfection of cooking, but so soon as the fat is not sufficiently hot to create the burned crusts around the article fried, the fat penetrates it and absolutely prevents cooking from taking place at all. If the fat is not boiling, bubbling hot, the process that takes place is not cooking, but simply drenching the food with a tepid fat and rendering it totally indigestible. It makes no difference how hot the fat is afterward, the mischief is done the moment the fat penetrates the inside.

All perfectly fried food has a thin, crisp, brown outside crust (which has in itself a relishing taste) and is perfectly free from the suspicion of fat inside, except what was intentionally put there by the cook. All housekeepers know that to fry well their fat should be hot. But they do not attend to it as scrupulously as they would if they understood the true philosophy of it. Boiling, bubbling fat can not penetrate anything, and cooks to perfection; tepid fat penetrates everywhere and does not cook at all, but actually prevents cooking. Any housekeeper who reads this and chooses to profit by it, need never put any greasy, fried, half-cooked and indigestible food upon her table. The whole secret consists in having the fat boiling hot before the things are put in.—*Housekeeper.*

A SLAVE TO CARE.

The Happiness Which is Part of a Pure and Honest Life.

Many persons think that, in order to enjoy perfect liberty, it is only necessary to be free from the control of other people. If no one exacts obedience, regulates their lives, or interferes with their will, they triumphantly call themselves free. Yet there is a bondage, which is not the less slavish because they forge the chains themselves. There are tyrants that hold men in unflinching servitude, and burdens under which they bend without thinking it possible to rebel against the one or to cast off the other.

One of the most common forms of this unacknowledged slavery is that which we are under, to care. Now care is something that rightly falls to the lot of all. Childhood alone may claim exemption from it. As the life advances it comes with every new responsibility, and every honest man and woman accepts it cheerfully as his or her share in the world's burdens. So far, however, care is no grinding taskmaster. It develops power, it encourages endeavor, it promotes happiness. No one but the selfish idler would wish to be entirely free from care, but we justly hold him in honor who faithfully takes up that which falls to his lot and fulfils the duty it involves.

Insensible, however, in many cases, the time arrives when the man is no longer master of the situation. Care gradually tightens its grasp and extends its domain until by and by he who had once governed and regulated it becomes its vicious slave. He has perhaps become involved in business ventures that tax all his powers of body and mind. Not only his own money, but that of others is implicated; not only his own welfare, but that of a dependent family hangs upon the issues. The ups and downs that once were borne cheerfully now wear upon his nerves and irritate his temper. His brow is contracted, wrinkles betoken an anxious spirit, the smile fades from his lips. Absorbing care has fastened upon him, and though he imagines he is free, he is in fact and for the time a slave.

Or he has entered political life, with high hopes and bright prospects. He counts much upon his friends, he undertakes large enterprises, and binds himself by many promises. Presently complications arise: obstacles impede his path; friends grow cool and enemies spring up; his aims seem to recede from him, even his motives become clouded; care overshadows him, and he can no longer control it; his freedom is gone. Ofte is extravagant, and, yielding to his inclination or vanity, he spends first up fo his income, then a little beyond it, then incurs liabilities which he can not meet; and then care has gained a supremacy over him that he can in no way throw off. Another gives way to some temptation and wrecks his own life and the happiness of all that are dear to him, and the care that guilt brings sits forever at his board. One is immersed in details and takes the cares that properly belong to many others upon his own shoulders until they weigh him to the earth; another by neglecting to hold the threads of life in an orderly way becomes entangled in a web of care from which he struggles in vain to extricate himself. Thus in numerous ways do men give up the liberty they profess to prize, and submit to a tyranny that fetters the soul, that palsies the energies, that weakens the will. Who that has writhed under such a despotism would not escape from it with gladness, even at the loss of much that he holds dear? Yet, like all tyranny, it must cost a revolution to break the yoke.

It is true that excessive care is sometimes the result of circumstances that can not be controlled, but usually it is not so. Often it is only a question of limit. How much to undertake and to promise? How far to accept responsibility? What style of living to adopt? The practical answers to such questions frequently decide whether care is to be an honorable and useful servant or a cruel and tyrannical master. Our powers are all limited, and their best efficiency is never secured by straining them to the utmost. Always to leave a margin, a reserved force of strength or means, is a valuable rule of life. To aim at excellence in one thing, rather than mediocrity in many, to undertake few things, and those few with a whole soul, will greatly help to ward off the tyranny of care. So above all, will firm principles that place truth, honesty and fidelity so high that no temptation can assail them, and a pure and simple life that prizes righteousness above gain and draws its happiness from nobler sources than luxury or display.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

TALK CORRECTLY.

A Bishop's Exhortations on the Subject of Correct Language.

Probably there is not an instrument in common use, from a pencil to a piano, which is used so imperfectly as language. You were well taught here, and most of you have been using the English you learned for some time since you graduated. But if you will let me be plain, I suspect it would be safe to offer a gold medal as a prize to every young lady here who will not before to-morrow night utter some sentence that cannot be parsed; will put no singulars and plurals into forbidden connections; will drop no particles, double no negatives, mix no metaphors, tangle no parenthesis, begin no statement two or three times over without finishing it, and not once construct a proposition after this manner: "When a person talks like that, they ought to be ashamed of it."

We all repeat and perpetuate conventional blunders and hereditary solecisms without once applying the study of four or five years in syntax and conjugation to our current speech. Where is the reform to begin? I say emphatically, set about grammatic correctness, first of all. Watch yourself. Criticize yourself. Be intolerant with yourself. Get some housemate to expose you. Say over the thing correctly till the mistake is made impossible. It would be no more disreditable to your training to finish a picture out of drawing, or to misspell the name of one of our territories, or to mistranslate a line of Virgil, or to flat in music, than to confound the parts of speech in a morning call.

Nothing is to be said of slang. If I were to exhort those who are here on that matter, it should be only to forbearance, in that they are obliged to hear it from their ill-bred acquaintances. "Awful handsome" and "horrid nice" and "jolly sunset," and all that pitiful dialect, coming of weak heads and early neglect, we shall have to bear with till select and high-toned schools have chastened the manners and elevated the spirit of the better-conditioned classes; and, through them, the improved standard will work its way outward and downward into the public schools and into the homes of the people. Unexpected hyperbole is often witty, but nonsense is not, nor are stale repetitions of nonsense.

An ill-natured bachelor shamefully reports that he has entered in his diary a thousand scraps of talk of young women overheard in streets and houses, of which seven hundred and eighty begin with "Says I" or "says he," and a hundred and twenty contain the combinations "just splendid," "stuck up" and "perfectly lovely."—*Bishop Huntington's Address before the Noble School.*

LOST RIVERS.

The Tributaries of a Stream That Does Not Exist.

There is one remarkable case in New Mexico where the lost tributaries are plentiful but the main stream does not exist. This is in a valley which lies between the Rio Grande and Pecos Rivers. The valley begins near the Sandia Mountains, and shut out from the streams on each side by broken mountain chains. It is a well-defined valley, not very broad, but having a length perhaps of three hundred miles. Flowing into it, especially on the western side near the upper end, and on the eastern side toward the lower, are numerous lost tributaries; but the primary stream has so completely disappeared that its bed can only be found at intervals.

In the valley lie the ruins of the Gran Quivira, the existence of which is not only attested by the ruins themselves but also by the accounts of the earliest Spanish settlers. The records of the Spanish up to the latter part of the seventeenth century, when they were expelled by the Indians, are incomplete, as the Indians destroyed all that was left behind. That the Gran Quivira was well known to them, however, is shown by the fact that the most prominent ruin there is that of a church. There is now no water for many miles from the ruins. That there must have been once can well be granted, for no large city would have been built by human beings at a distance of fifteen or twenty miles from a scanty water supply. The valley may be named from this city, and would then be the Gran Quivira Valley. About half way down the valley it is broken by a long, narrow, thin layer of lava, now much broken up, and making a desolate region, locally known as the Mal-pais, or "bad land." The crater from which the lava was derived was near the northern end or the Mal-pais. Just above the Mal-pais an old river-bed is reached at the depth of about two hundred feet; below it the river-bed, when found, is at a slight depth. Southwest of the Apache Reservation the old river-bed runs into a large salt marsh. A stream of no mean size seems to have once run down this valley. Not only has it now disappeared, but its bed is covered by lava and loose soil sometimes to great depths. As to the cause of the disappearance, it may have some connection with a tradition of the Indians, which tells of a year of fire, when this valley was so filled with flame and poisonous gases as to be made uninhabitable. When this occurred the chronology of the Indians is not perfect enough to tell us. That it was long ago is attested by the depth to which the old bed is covered by a detritus, probably washed down from the mountains, and by trees of considerable size which are found in some places in it. But that it was not so extremely long ago that it had become entirely uninhabitable is made probable by the comparatively late desertion of the Gran Quivira. It is entirely possible that the Indian year of fire may have long preceded the drying up of the part of the valley in which Gran Quivira was situated.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

TEDIOUS STORY TELLERS.

A Class of Bores Who Spin Yarns About Every Thing.

The story-telling bore is one of the dreariest of his class. He is a long-winded biped, and invariably chooses an unsuitable time for his stories. The slightest hint will start him on one of his interminable tales, prefaced by "that reminds me." Talk of Waterloo, and he will tell you of a grand-uncle of his own who knew the Captain of a vessel who was intimately acquainted with a man who once made boots for an officer in Wellington's army, and then, being started on a military tack, he will relate war anecdotes for hours. Discuss the increase and character of English newspapers and magazines, and he will be reminded of a friend of his who is now a California editor, and who owns a dog which is the grandson of a dog possessed by Abraham Lincoln, and which performed an extraordinary feat during the American war, which he proceeds to relate. You ask him where he purchased the handsome cane which he carries. "Ah, my dear fellow, I have a story to tell you in connection with the purchase of that cane. You know Harley, of Elmwood. Well, I met him one day in London about two years ago. He had just returned from South America, and we had much to talk about. Harley was always a great talker—very prosy. I proposed lunch. He agreed. On our way down the street we met Morton—you know Morton—fine sister. You remember her at Brighton three summers ago. By the bones of Napoleon, sir, I loved that girl. Well, Morton told me his cousin Gregory had been killed in the Riel rebellion—fine fellow, Gregory. He was out one morning on a reconnoitering expedition; but first I must tell you why he joined the volunteer force; by Jove, I had a great mind to join it myself. Did I tell you of the row I had with my governor about that? No. Well, a few days before Riel was captured I said to the old man——" etc., etc. 'Tis ever thus. I haven't yet found out where he bought that cane.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

KING LEOPOLD.

How the Monarch of the Belgians Appears on the Promenade.

Leopold is one of the most democratic of Kings. He saunters about Brussels in the most leisurely way, and is as familiar a figure on the Rue Royale or du Midi as President Grant used to be on Pennsylvania avenue. He is fully six feet tall, has an angular form and an awkward manner, and one day when I saw him on the Rue du Midi he had the gout so bad that he hobbled along in anything but a kingly fashion. He has a dark complexion, wears a full sandy beard that is long and tinged with gray, and his small eyes are so close together that there is scarcely space for his big Roman nose between them. Here is the dress which Leopold thinks the proper one for a King's street wear: A coat of dark blue broadcloth, cut in the style of a Norfolk jacket, and trousers of the same material, but a shade or two lighter in color. In all the seams of both coat and trousers was set a small gold cord; boots of heavy calfskin, with soles fully a half inch thick, cap similar to that worn by an American army private, with a miniature gold lion of Brabant over the forepiece, and gold-bowed eye-glasses with a pendant chain. A heavy cane was held in a hand whose third finger was encircled by a gold ring that bore the square, compass and letter G of the Masonic order, set in diminutive diamonds. His only attendants were two portly middle-aged gentlemen, elegantly dressed in black broadcloth and fine linen, who walked a few feet behind the King, and who occasionally answered a question put to them by their royal master.—*Cor. Boston Post.*

—The theory, which some eminent physicists have been disposed to abandon, that the interior of the earth is in a molten state, is strongly defended by a German scientist, who has been studying the Krakatoa eruption. In view of the remarkable phenomena connected with this catastrophe, he thinks the heat of the volcanic furnaces can not be entirely due to local chemical action.

A FUTURE CATACLYSM.

The Sinking of the Atlantic Coast and the Recession of Niagara Falls.

The scientists have again unfolded to the public their views to the effect that the Atlantic coast line of the United States is settling away, and will be at length submerged by the ocean. The rate at which it is sinking is not such as to create immediate alarm. The most that is claimed is that the crust of the earth is falling in at the rate of a quarter of an inch a year, or about a foot in fifty years. At this rate the Atlantic Ocean will submerge New York City about the time when by the recession of Niagara Falls to the outlet of Lake Erie at Buffalo, the chain of great lakes will be drained of a large portion of their contents. This generation will hardly take an interest in either event, which will occur at a period in the future so very remote as to lose much of its interest as a study.

The sinking of the Atlantic coast has long been a theme of scientific conjecture and calculation. By what system of measurement the fact has been ascertained we are not informed. Instruments of a very delicate character which measure with considerable accuracy almost infinitesimal distances have been invented for scientific calculation, and the results which they produce are sometimes very striking. It is not impossible that, as the earth's internal fires are still cooling, the process of shrinkage also continues and that the shell falls in as a vacuum is created by the decrease in the size of the central fiery core. But there are grave reasons why it may be doubted whether any uniform rate of sinking is perceptible by any means of measurement either along the Atlantic seacoast or elsewhere.

But that the Falls are receding there can be no doubt. That they were formerly located near the outlet of Niagara River is an established fact, and that they have receded within a recent era seven miles from Lewiston to their present locality is equally certain. When they shall back up so far that the dam across the outlet of Lake Erie shall give way, the outpour from the basin of the lakes will sweep down through the valley of the Ontario and out through the channel of the St. Lawrence in a flood that will devastate the entire East. Lake Michigan, owing to its great depth, will not, however, be drained dry, but will recede to some distance from its present shore. This, while apparently leaving Chicago an inland city, will merely provide it more ground over which to spread to the eastward, and will supply a long-felt want. As it is not possible, however, that this event can occur within the next two hundred and fifty thousand years, there will be ample time for future generations to make such preparations to meet it as may appear advisable under the circumstances.—*Chicago Journal.*

A SURE GUIDE.

Better Than a Trail Upon the Prairies in a Blinding Snowstorm.

Two travelers were lost on a far western prairie during a driving snowstorm. Night was coming on, the trail was obscured by the swift-falling flakes and it seemed as if they were destined to perish far away from home and friends. But suddenly one of them turned his face to the north, whence the ice-laden wind came in cutting blasts, and bidding his comrade follow, walked with swiftness and confidence against the storm. Miles onward they pressed, the one who had first faced the storm leading always, with a step that was strong and steady and an expression that told of hope in his heart.

Darkness came down upon the treeless plain and the storm increased in fury. Directly a light twinkled in the distance, and, quickening their pace, the travelers were soon receiving the hearty welcome of an old settler and his kindly wife. When his guests were enjoying their pipes before the roaring blaze in the big fireplace the old settler said:

"The trail you were following runs full five miles to the south of us. What good piece of fortune brought you through this terrible storm to our cabin door?"

"It must have been the hand of Providence," said the old settler's good wife, who was removing the remains of the supper.

"Well, very likely it was," answered the traveler who had led the way through the snow and darkness to the rude but cheerful prairie home. "Very likely it was the hand of Providence, but you, good madam, were the instrument which that hand used to bring us numbed and weary wanderers to your hospitable door. You were boiling cabbage, you know, and we were leeward, and once I got your bearings with my nose, which I think a very reliable one, I had no difficulty in reaching the human habitation I knew to be somewhere in the dark and mysterious beyond."—*Toledo Blade.*

AN ODD VIEW.

What Dumas Would Have Done With the Ducats of the Dead Vanderbilt.

Hard it is, indeed, to see how Mr. Vanderbilt was the better for his money. Perhaps he had 40,000,000 pounds, there or thereabouts. What can a man do with forty millions? He can do nothing, unless he has the imagination of a Dumas or the tastes of a Beckford. Mr. Beckford collected a truly delightful and marvellous library of books. Mr. Vanderbilt did nothing of the sort. He had no particular craving for rare editions, and the masterpieces of Duseuil and Le Gascon. Dumas, again, would have run through the money like a man. He would have presented Italy to the Italians and Rome to Victor Emmanuel. Perhaps he would have annexed India; very probably, at least, he would have made the attempt. He would have carried Duchesses captive, and his dramas would have been magnificently performed in Timbucto. He would have cut a canal through the Isthmus of Corinth; he would have carved Mount Athos into a statue of Athos, Comte de la Fere. He would have seen to it that flying became a practical art, and France's navies would have pounced from the central blue on Birmingham and carried off the Liberal Seven to chains and slavery. Dumas would have released convicts and imprisoned Princes. He would have fitted up in palatial style as many caves as Shelley ever dreamed of, and would have filled them with the most magnificent and most magnanimous brigands, many of them cardinals in disguise. O, great and glorious Alexander, exclaims the dazzled fancy, why hadst not thou the forty millions, while the tame Vanderbilt starved on a pittance of a few yearly thousands?—*Saturday Review.*

—A manufacturer of Breslau, Germany, has built an elastic fire-proof chimney, fifty-one feet six inches high, entirely of paper. The blocks, instead of being brick or stone, were made of layers of compressed paper, jointed with some silicious cement.

—English entomologists are excited over the addition of a new butterfly to the British fauna, making a total of sixty-five species. What American belle is over there now?—*Boston Post.*

—The most extreme age to which a chicken can live under favorable conditions is said to be nine years, but anybody who ever boarded knows better —*Chicago Ledger.*

SOLD THE DOG.

How Josh Billings Cooled a Crowd of Yale Boys.

It is told of Josh Billings that once tramping, with a yellow dog as his companion, he fell among some Yale boys in a Connecticut village hotel. They took him for a farmer from way back, and set out to have some fun with him. On their inquiring, with affected interest, after the health of his wife and children, Josh, with counterfeited simplicity, gave them a graphic account of his family and farm. "Of course you belong to the church?" asked one of the boys. "Yes, the Lord be praised, and my father and grandfather before me." "Now, I suppose you would not tell a lie," said one of the students. "Not for the world." "What will you take for that dog?" pointing to Josh's cur, which was crouching beneath his chair. "I won't take twenty dollars for that dog." "Twenty dollars! Why, he's not worth twenty cents." "I assure you I would not take twenty dollars for him." "Come, my friend," said the student, who, with his companions, was bent on having some fun with the old man. "Now, you say you won't tell a lie for the world. Let me see if you will not do it for twenty dollars. I'll give you twenty dollars for your dog." "I'll not take it." "You will not? Here! let me see if this will not tempt you to a lie," added the student, producing a small bag of half-dollars, which he built up in small piles on the table. Josh was sitting by the table, with his hat in his hand, apparently unconcerned. "There are twenty dollars, all in silver; I will give you that for the animal." Josh quietly raised his hat to the edge of the table, and, as quick as thought, scraped all the money into it except one half-dollar, and then exclaimed: "I won't take your twenty dollars! Nineteen and a half is as much as the dog is worth; he is your property."—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

CARVING TURKEY.

Territorial Losses of the "Sick Man" During the Last Two Centuries.

The *Novoe Vremya* gives the following summary of the territoriol losses of Turkey during the last two centuries: Since the capture of Constantinople in 1453 they had gradually seized the whole of the Balkan Peninsula excepting Montenegro, the Peloponnesus, the northern shore of the Black Sea and of the Sea of Azov. In 1711 the Ottoman Empire possessed more territory in Europe than any other power except Russia, her possessions extending westward to the Dniester, the Dnieper, the Don and the Kuban. Thus Bessarabia, the Crimea and other Mongolian regions were under the dominion of the Turks, whose possessions on the Continent of Europe covered an area of fifteen thousand four hundred and forty-five square miles. But from this period the decadence of Turkey commenced, and, with the exception of her temporary success against Austria in 1739, she went on losing territory to such an extent that upon the eve of the war with Russia she had only nine thousand four hundred and fifty-six square miles of territory, of which two thousand nine hundred and forty-eight miles were governed by Princes, who merely owed her suzerainty. The Berlin treaty deprived her of four thousand five hundred and fifty-eight miles, so that from 1700 to 1878 the Ottoman Empire lost in Europe ten thousand six hundred and sixty-six square miles, out of which eight thousand nine hundred and two were conquered by Russia, who has annexed four thousand eight hundred and sixteen square miles. After the war of 1877-8 Russia annexed four hundred and sixty-eight square miles in Asia Minor and one hundred and sixty-seven in Europe, while Austria annexed one thousand and seventy-three (Bosnia and the Herzegovina), and England one hundred and seventy-four (Cyprus.)

TORNADO PREDICTION.

The Main Peculiarity Upon Which the Signal Service Advices Are Based.

The most remarkable and interesting feature of the development of tornadoes is the fact that they nearly always form southeast of a moving center of low pressure, and their tracks, scattered here and there, conform closely to the progressive direction of the main storm. For example, on February 19, 1884, 44 tornadoes occurred in Georgia, Alabama and South Carolina, but principally in Georgia and Alabama. They developed at a distance of from 500 to 2,000 miles from a storm center that moved across the northern part of the United States, beginning at the northern extremity of the Rocky Mountains in Montana, thence southeasterly through Dakota, Minnesota and Wisconsin to Northern Illinois and Indiana, northward through Michigan across Lake Huron, disappearing north of Quebec. This sudden, sharp turn of the storm center southward into Illinois and Indiana seems to have relation to the unprecedentedly large number of tornadoes that developed not far from the South Atlantic coast, extending inland as far as Southern Illinois and Indiana. This southward lunge of a mass of cold, moist air seems to have caused the abnormal conditions of temperature and dew-point and the high winds necessary to cause the most tremendous exhibition of destructure tornado power ever recorded by the Signal Service. This invariable location southeast of the storm center is one of the main peculiarities of tornado development upon which the predictions depend.—*William A. Eddy, in Popular Science Monthly.*

VICTOR HUGO.

The Great Poet's Love for His Little Grandchildren.

Mlle. Jennie seems to have been like the little girl in Longfellow's nursery rhyme, when she was good, she was very, very good, but when she was bad, she was horrid. Once she had been naughty, and her mother had to deprive her of her dessert. Victor Hugo said that if she could not eat any he would not. Now, the poet was like a healthy child in his fondness for sweets. Unfortunately, Mlle. Jennie was no better the next day, and again the poet kept her company in her deprivation. A third day the little girl trangressed, and the poet had no dessert. The third evening, as it happened, Mlle. Jennie fell asleep early and was taken to bed before the fruit was placed on the table. The mother besought the poet to eat his favorite fruit. "No," said the grandfather, "I shall not eat any. A man must keep his word always, even when he gives it to his granddaughter." His grandchildren called him "Papapa." He was very fond of playing innocent tricks on them, and to this end he had invented a game of cherries, in which he took a double share for himself while pretending to make an even division. "One for me, one for you, and one for me," and then a pause, after which he began again, "one for me, one for you, and one for me." Generally it took the puzzled child a minute or two to denounce the flagrant injustice of this division.—*Saturday Review.*

—Dealers in wild animals in Europe often lose twelve thousand dollars a year by death of the animals. The profits of the dealers are enormous, however.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—In an artesian well being sunk at San Bernardino, Cal., a sound cedar log was struck at a depth of 158 feet, and at 169 feet another was encountered.

—An exchange remarks: "Persia is very partial to maidens with marital proclivities. According to a law of that country a woman can marry anywhere between one and ninety years."

—A lawsuit in New York which cost over five hundred dollars was all about a safety pin the nurse had lost. She was discharged and refused pay for full time, but the court has decided in her favor.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Ladies who wear gloves of medium or light color are cautioned against the use of umbrellas with silver handles, as they will seriously blacken the inside of the glove, and it is quite impossible to remove the stain.—*Chicago Journal.*

—A scientist now states that a cockroach has three hundred teeth. From the facility with which the cockroach gnaws through everything, from the fire-clay backing of a range to a Brussels carpet, the popular impression has gone abroad that the domestic roach has five hundred teeth tipped with steel files.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—Those whose eyes are nice to discover typographical errors have no conception of the mistakes which the painstaking proof-reader corrects before they reach the press. Among the examples of last week we noticed that on the first proofs "them asses" was corrected to "the masses," and "intercessory jimjams" to "intercessory prayers."—*N. Y. Independent.*

—Metropolitan poverty is naturally on a large scale. The New York Charities Organization Society reports that it found on a single street (between Houston and Fourteenth streets) 823 cases requiring relief, or with the average of four to each family, a population of 3,000 people in a single street only five blocks in length, and the section referred to is generally regarded as one occupied by poor but respectable working people.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—The amount of water in food is very large. A beefsteak contains seventy-seven per cent. of water. In buying a pound, only one-fourth of that pound is dry solid meat. Cabbages contain eighty-five and ninety per cent. of their weight of water, and succulent fruits sometimes more than ninety per cent. Of substances most commonly eaten, rusks or biscuits are the driest and watermelons the most watery of foods.—*Toronto Mail.*

—Referring to the use of corrosive sublimate as a surgical dressing, the Philadelphia *Medical and Surgical Journal* cites the following remarkable fact: A child was brought in with his leg so mangled—bones crushed, etc.—that "that three prominent surgeons decided that amputation was imperative." They told the parents that the child would die if the operation was not performed. But the parents would not consent to it, and, under protest, the surgeon dressed the wound in bichloridized sawdust. "The result," says the *Journal*, "was an absolutely perfect limb."

—Ralph Waldo Emerson's study in the pleasant old Concord residence is kept just as the sage and poet left it. Over the low mantel hangs a fine copy of Michael Angelo's "Fates." There is a curious old Egyptian idol, choice engravings on the walls, and busts of celebrated men here and there about the room. On either side of the fireplace two doors open into the sunny south parlor. In the center of the room is a large table. It is piled with books. On one side lies the little blotting pad with sheets of paper, and by it a pen and an ink bottle. This is all the paraphernalia of Emerson's writing materials.—*Boston Journal.*

OLD JUNK.

New Uses to Which Discarded Iron and Tin Are Put.

Small boys with their arms heaped full of scraps of old tin, bits of iron and similar pieces of riff raff, gathered in the streets amid men and women, lugging big baskets piled full of the same kind of freight, kept traversing Goerck Street all day yesterday, bearing their strange burdens to the door of the uncouth two-story brick building at No. 57 Goerck Street. At the doorway stood a shaggy-haired man in working clothes, who took in all the miscellaneous stuff that came, and paid cash for it on the spot.

"What are you buying all this old stuff for?" a reporter asked of the old man, who was steadily depleting his old-fashioned pocket-book.

"Dunno, can't say. Couldn't give it to you straight," the old man said, pulling his old felt hat over his left eye. "You'll have ter go down ter the Wanderbilt building if yer want ter find out exactly what fur I'm doin' it."

An affable young man on the third story of the big building on Nassau Street, said that he knew the secret of the old man's purchase.

"Great idea," he cried," and lots of cash in it. It is a new scheme to utilize all the waste metal of Gotham that formerly used to go to the dogs because nobody was smart enough to find out that they could save the United States $2,000,000 a year outlay. That's what it has cost to import Taggard iron and tin from England and Germany. We have discovered that we can make this sort of iron and tin out of old cans and other things just as well and very much cheaper than it can be made out of the original ore."

"And how do you do it?" was asked.

"Nothing easier," tha affable young man said. "We put the waste material in an oven or grate heated by a furnace, and beat it with rollers until all the extraneous material is removed. It is allowed to cool after that, and the scraps are sorted out according to the uses to which they are to be put. The metal sheet remnants are passed under a rubber-coated roller and flattened out. Then they are piled in packs and slid between chilled iron rollers to reduce their thickness. After that they are annealed, shot through the rollers again, and then trimmed and finished off and packed ready for shipment anywhere. The sheets can be japanned, or tinned or galvanized or treated in any way that the material made from the original ore is treated."

"What is it used for after it is finished?"

"Lots of things. Out of the iron we make buttons, lye cans, umbrella tips, shoe lace ends, show cards, telephones, electric lights, and letter boxes. You can't get the English or German iron for this use for less than $7.50 for a box of 112 pounds. We can make it for $2 a box, and sell it for $5. Of th tin we make butter dishes, tops of paint and milk cans, and similar small ware. It costs $10 a box to import the tin, which is just double what we can make it for. The tin can also be made up for ferrotypes at a selling price of $15 a box of 112 pounds. The kind that comes from England costs from $35 to $50 a box, and before this photographers had to go to England for it because there was not any body here that would make it. We weren't able to compete with England and Germany and the original ore, because it cost us more than double to manufacture than it did on the other side of the water. There is a bonanza in it, and the proof is the profit, after paying the expense of manufacture, is $237,000 on 30,000 boxes of the iron when made from the waste material, and sold at an average of $5 a box.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Be Warned

in time. Kidney diseases may be prevented by purifying, renewing, and invigorating the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. When, through debility, the action of the kidneys is perverted, these organs rob the blood of its needed constituent, albumen, which is passed off in the urine, while worn out matter, which they should carry off from the blood, is allowed to remain. By the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the kidneys are restored to proper action, and Albuminuria, or

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is prevented. Ayer's Sarsaparilla also prevents inflammation of the kidneys, and other disorders of these organs. Mrs. Jas. W. Weld, Forest Hill st., Jamaica Plain, Mass., writes: "I have had a complication of diseases, but my greatest trouble has been with my kidneys. Four bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla made me feel like a new person; as well and strong as ever." W. M. McDonald, 46 Summer st., Boston, Mass., had been troubled for years with Kidney Complaint. By the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, he not only

Prevented

the disease from assuming a fatal form, but was restored to perfect health. John McLellan, cor. Bridge and Third sts., Lowell, Mass., writes: "For several years I suffered from Dyspepsia and Kidney Complaint, the latter being so severe at times that I could scarcely attend to my work. My appetite was poor, and I was much emaciated; but by using

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my appetite and digestion improved, and my health has been perfectly restored."

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