ICELAND'S HOSPITALITY.

The Primitive Manner of Retiring Which Shocks a Traveler.

All members of an Iceland family sleep in one room, and this, indeed, often serves all purposes save that of kitchen. Very narrow, and from six to twenty feet long, according to the size of the family, with a row of low bunks on either side, leaving a space three or four feet wide down the center, these rooms are lighted by one small window at the end, ventilated by the door or the trap through which they are entered from below and warmed by the heat of the bodies collected in them. The steeply pitched roof, constructed of rafters and overlapping boards and covered on the outside with a thick layer of growing turf, rests on low walls and makes it impossible to stand upright, except under the ridge. The priests' houses and a few others have guest chambers, with sometimes a stove, which is only used on extraordinary occasions, owing to the difficulty of transporting fuel from the seaports. Parties of tourists stop where there is a church and shiver out the night on the eight-inch wide benches, the vestment chests or the floor, but if there are only one or two of you and no guest room, or that is already filled, you generally share, for experience's sake, in the somewhat promiscuous nightly packing of the family—for experience's sake, mind you, and you always get it, as well as the only good idea of the home life of the people.

Upon this evening I found myself in a room smokily and dimly lighted by seal oil, burned with a wick of cotton-grass in a lamp of brass, much like the ancient lamps of the Greeks, but furnished with an overhanging arm and a swivel and boat-hook arrangement, which permits of its being stuck or hung wherever the user wishes. Two bunks on one side and one on the other were literally full. In one a man and two boys, in another two women and children, and in the third three men, all sleeping like sardines in a box, the head of one on the same pillow as the feet of his next bed-fellows, and the space that was not occupied by human beings probably was by beings inhuman. After shaking up the many boxes and bundles under the rude mattress, and giving an extra poke or two to the feather or down bed which is the only form of covering known in Iceland, one of the girls motioned us to the bed where we were to sleep (an Iceland gentleman was to share my bed,) and then, as if it were an every-day occurrence to shock the senses of a modest traveler, while we were still undressing she, with two others, proceeded to take possession of the bunk opposite ours, until "the last in bed put out the light." My companion somewhat surprised me by a warning to secrete any valuables I might have, but as he was an Icelander I thought it better to follow his advice than to trust to the proverbial honesty of his countrymen, and after an application from a box of rough on rats—no, well never mind—I was soon unconscious, breathing carbonic acid gas by the cubic yard, but in sweet oblivion until awakened during the general turn-out next morning.

The daylight revealed nothing new, except, perhaps, the many little articles stuffed into every nook and crevice. Furniture is scarce and a chest of drawers a luxury in an Icelandic habitation, and odds and ends are hung on nails in the roof, stuffed into the cracks or in boxes hidden away under the mattresses in the bunks. Horn spoons, knives and forks, bits of cloth, needles, books and fishhooks were tucked promiscuously away, and old clothes and fish hung over lines stretched lengthwise of the ridgepole. It was interesting to see the men, after slipping into the few clothes they had removed upon retiring, sit on the edge of the beds chatting and sipping the coffee brought by the women.

Several times I was roused from my musings by the rustling of the disarranged covering in a bed which I had supposed empty, and presently a half-naked child would start up from the depths and stare in open-eyed wonder at the stranger, who returned the gaze with a sense of the ludicrous rising within him. From a bed where I had counted three the night before, four had already risen, and how many more were to follow? At the further end of the isle a mattress spread upon the floor had served for the resting place of three more girls, whose accustomed bunk myself and companion had probably occupied. By this time I had begun to feel the need of a little clean air, and, getting into my clothes, I descended to the guest-room where I breakfasted on more mutton and turnips, but lightened this time with a cup of chocolate and some English crackers. *—Lang (Iceland) Cor. Philadelphia Press.*

AN INGENIOUS DEVICE.

An Incandescent Lamp Which Requires No Vacuum in the Globe.

Mr. Max Muthel has patented in Germany an incandescent lamp which possesses the advantage of requiring no vacuum in the globe. He has, it is reported, very ingeniously overcome one danger that experiments of this kind have hitherto presented, and that is the fusion of the incandescent wire. The wire used by him consists of a mixture of bodies that are conductors and non-conductors of electricity. He takes magnesia, silicate of magnesia, etc., and porcelain clay, and forms a fine thread of them, which he heats to incandescence and saturates with a solution of platino-iridium salts, and afterward raises several times to incandescence in order to reduce the absorbed salts to a metallic state. Instead of the foregoing mixture, filaments of clay may be taken and saturated with a solution of a metallic salt, which is then reduced to a metallic state, through incandescence and the use of oil of lavender or some other organic substance, or through an electric current. With wires thus prepared fusion is absolutely overcome, the presence of the non-conducting substances preventing the metallic parts from melting. Mr. Muthel supposes that the electric spark jumps, so to speak, from one particle to another, and in this way causes a heating of the other substances, which, brought to incandescence, emit a more intense light.*—N. Y. Post.*

The Latest Society Whim.

The latest craze which has struck the Washington belle is the carrying of canes. A few weeks ago a young leader in society returned from England, and the next day she surprised her friends by appearing on the streets with a cane. It wasn't the ordinary dude cane, but a nice little stick with a shepherd's crook of hammered silver. Sometimes she swung it and at other times she struck the ground with a sharp rap. There is no question that this created a sensation, but there is a great deal of difference of opinion as to whether the craze will strike in or not. So far not more than half a dozen girls have mustered up courage enough to appear on the street with canes. The probabilities are that the craze will not extend to that point where it will seriously interfere with the ordinary every-day happiness of the modern dude.*—Washington Letter.*

—The average price paid a school teacher in this country is four hundred dollars. And yet some people complain because schoolmistresses are not always professional beauties.*—N. Y. Graphic.*

BOOKS AS FURNITURE.

They Are Admirable Adjuncts to the Home Properties.

Surveyed only from the point of view of their utility as home furniture, books have a recognized value. In the mind of the average purchaser, there is usually an apologetic residuum after the accomplishment of his purchase. Carrying his coveted volume home, he casts about for reasons, apologetic and sufficient, which shall lead wife and daughters to condone this unwonted extravagance. If the book be bound, it assumes a more definitely rebuking shape, and he knows that the rigid economy which accepts resignedly the acquisition of a new novel in paper will be suspicious, if not outraged, at the greater permanence and cost of binding.

It is amusing to hear the excuses made by book buyers with reference to the indulgence of their taste for literature. They were on the train and something was needed to beguile the tedium of the journey, or a birthday anniversary was about to recur, and a book was not only cheap, but might be read by several in the household besides its possessor, or—and let it be confessed that the last is the most frequently assigned reason—the book was offered at a bargain some cents below its advertised price. To the multitude any article offered on sale at ninety-nine cents appears fabulously cheap in comparison with its neighboring article at one dollar. Ladies ingenuously own their preference for saving the odd cents, and the bazar which holds the trump card is the one which offers the number of wares for seventy, or eighty or ninety-nine cents.

Seriously, there is nothing so inexpensive, its real value, its perennial interest and its external charm all weighed against its cash price, as a book and a bound book. We do not underestimate the convenience of cheap issues in paper, but their only use after they have been read is to lend or to give away. They are simply rubbish and impediment in the eyes of the neat housekeeper, and justly so. Far better these than none: still, in these days of luxurious typography, exquisite illustrations and daintily-perfect binding, a well-bound book is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. In itself it is a miniature art gallery. It helps you in the entertaining of guests. It offers a theme for conversation. It tends to the fostering of refinement in the children. It diffuses around it an atmosphere as distinctly elevating, if the book be good—and bad books should never be admitted into the home—as the air of health which blows cheerily from the mountains or the sea. It drives *ennu* away; it stimulates to activity. Any teacher will testify to the fact that his most intelligent pupils are the bookish pupils—the girls and boys who are accustomed to handling books and living in their good company.

But, conceding all this, admitting that the everlasting borrowing of books is as much a mistake in manners as should be the borrowing of coats, or vests, or gowns, or gloves, we present an argument which shall irresistibly appeal to the frugal mind.

Books furnish. They furnish in the same manner that drapery and pictures and bric-a-brac do. After you have possessed yourself of the bare necessities, the carpets and chairs, and tables and bedsteads, and when you begin to think of adornment and decoration, every penny you expend in books is an investment which will return you large interest. Furnish a house in the extreme of the upholsterer's art, without regard to the money spent, omitting books, and your house shall resemble a statue waiting for the soul. The backs of books on the shelves, books on the center-table, books tempting hand and eye, as the caller in the parlor awaits the advent of the hostess, are all useful in filling up what we may style the properties of the home. You may make a mistake in buying silver or glass. Your other furniture may find itself in the wake of a departing fashion; your pictures may be inharmonious, or you may pay too much for them in proportion to the merit, but the modest book, costing comparatively little, well worth, even if it cost much, the price of several desserts and of two or three pounds of candy, will, merely as furniture, reward you by its vindication of your taste and its quality of inherent vitality. Therefore good mater-familias encourage the household book buyer.*—Home Journal.*

A PEDESTRIAN WONDER.

The Remarkable Walking Feats Performed by a Norwegian Sailor.

The pedestrian feats of the present day are cast into the shade by the recorded exploits of Ernst Mensen, a Norwegian sailor in the English navy, early in the present century. Monsen first attracted attention by running from London to Portsmouth in nine hours, and soon after he ran from London to Liverpool in thirty-nine hours. Having distinguished himself at the battle of Navarino in 1827, he left the navy and became a professional runner. After winning a number of matches he undertook the feat of running from Paris to Moscow. Starting from the Place Vendome at four o'clock in the afternoon of June 11, 1831, he entered the Kremlin at ten o'clock a. m., on June 25, having accomplished the distance of 1,760 miles in thirteen days and eighteen hours. The employment of Mensen as a courier extraordinary became a popular amusement in European courts. He ran from country to country, bearing messages of congratulations, condolence or despatches, and always beat mounted couriers when matched against them. He never walked but invariably ran, his refreshment being biscuit and raspberry syrup. He took two short rests only in the twenty-four hours. These rests he took standing and leaning against some support; at such times he covered his face with a handkerchief and slept. In 1836, while in the employ of the East India company, Mensen was charged with the conveying of dispatches from Calcutta to Constantinople, through Central Asia. The distance is 5,615 miles, which the messenger accomplished in fifty-nine days, or in one-third of the time taken by the swiftest caravan. At last he was employed to discover the source of the Nile. Setting out from Silesia on May 11, 1843, he ran to Jerusalem, and thence to Cairo and up the western bank of the river into Upper Egypt. Here, just outside the village of Syang, he was seen to to stop and rest, leaning against a palm tree, his face covered with a handkerchief. He rested so long that some person tried to wake him, but they tried in vain, for he was dead. He was buried at the foot of the tree, and it was years before his friends in Europe knew what fate had befallen him.*—N. Y. Clipper.*

Quite a Novelty in His Way.

The wife of a New York cashier remarked at the supper table:

"Have you read the late novel by Wilkie Collins?"

"Haven't read it."

"Well, there is a cashier of a bank in it just like you. He is honest and faithful, and does not run off with his employer's money.

"That's the way it is with those novelists. They are so unnatural and improbable in their descriptions of men."*—N. Y. Herald.*

ROLLER SKATING.

The Rise and Fall of the Pastime—The Fortunes Made During the Craze.

The great, empty, barn-like structures—the skating rinks—which last season were alive with thousands of busy skaters, are very quiet now. Here and there in the city can be found one that is making an effort to keep open, but the attendance is very poor and the attractions that last year would have brought out thousands are bringing but few to the rinks this season. The "craze" is over. It was a very profitable one for the manufacturers of roller skates and the owners of rinks last year. There were rinks in this city that made thousands of dollars. Last year Frank Hall, the proprietor of the Olympian Rink, in Philadelphia, and who owned a factory for making roller skates, sold one hundred thousand pairs of skates. This year he has sold none and has closed his factory. Mr. Hall says that, though the "craze" is over, it is a mistake to think that roller skating as an amusement is to die out. When the "craze" has entirely subsided roller skating will be reduced to the limits of a pastime upon which legitimate business ventures may be made.

Nothing connected with the "craze" is more curious than the manner in which it affected the trade in boxwood, maple and hemlock. The boxwood was found to be the best material from which to manufacture the rollers. In consequence, last year that wood jumped up from $26 a ton to $40, and one firm, by a fortunate purchase just before the market took an upward turn, made $17,000 in less than two weeks. The market was stripped almost bare of boxwood for a time, and thousands and thousands of tons were made up into rollers in a few months. Boxwood is selling now at $18 a ton, and the price is still going down. So enormous did the proportions of the infatuation for roller-skating become that companies with hundreds of thousands of dollars as capital were formed for the purpose of constructing rinks in small cities all over the country. These rinks were built for the most part of hemlock, and so extensive were the operations that this lumber, notwithstanding the immense supply, made advances until the market at one time showed that its value had been increased at least 25 per cent. by the large operations of the construction companies. Since 1884 the price of hemlock has fallen off 30 per cent. because the building of the rinks had to be stopped. One of these construction companies in ten months divided profits of $400,000. The plan of the managers was to build a rink in a promising locality, run it a few weeks, and then sell it out to local speculators. Maple was found to be the best wood with which to construct the rink floors, and this lumber jumped up to $50 and $55 a thousand feet.

It is an interesting fact that the "roller-skating craze" would have come long ago but for the patent. For seventeen years after the skate was patented not a skate was sold, and yet the patentee in that time made $3,000,000. Eben Plimpton was the lucky fellow who first conceived the idea of the roller, and he made all the roller skates used during the years his patent ran, and rented them out to skating-rink managers. He always made the contracts read that he should receive ten per cent. of the admission receipts and all the money for the rental of the skates. Of course, roller skating did not flourish under these circumstances, but the amusement was popular enough to keep small rinks in large cities, and Mr. Plimpton made money. As soon as the patent expired and skates could be made by any one the "craze" started, and started in Richmond, Ind. A citizen of that place started the manufacture of roller skates in a little wood-shed. The skates became popular, and he enlarged his shops until he had a factory of over four hundred feet in length and one in which many workmen are employed. He has made a round million of dollars in the business. *—Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

MODERN SCIENCE.

Its Discoveries in Regard to Man's Senses and Constitution.

The experiments which have been and are being made in Germany and in this country on the five senses show that there is no especial apparatus for each in the human system. It has been proven that touch, for example, is not a function of the skin solely, as heretofore believed, but is an organization which works out its wonderful results through distinctly created machinery. This machinery registers the minutest pressure and the slightest alteration in temperature. Scientists demonstrate that there are distributed spots on the skin which are cold and hot, and that there are places intermediate between these localizations which are insensible both to pain and to cold. These epidermal spots are unequally distributed over varieties of human bodies, but are to be found in such size and localities as are best adapted to the wants of an individual; and further, that they peculiarly differ in their distribution on the body of the same person. It is stated, too, that the places intermediate between the cold and heat spots may be pierced with a sharp instrument without producing pain. All feeling, of course, proceeds from the brain, the apparatus of touch being but a register in given localities of the human organism. A gentle pressure on the hidden springs of the machinery is at once telegraphed to the brain, and the answer is sensation pleasurable or painful. Another discovery has been made, and it is that the whole of the esophagus is alive to temperature, thus evincing that the apparatus of touch is made sensitive even there by the atmospheric pressure. In fact, if the hidden organs could be reached, it would be seen that the organ of feeling variously operates upon them. It is no longer conjectured that the entire surface of the body breathes, and German scientists go so far as to say that in the experiments touching the five senses they "indicate the external covering of the human body as the primeval and reliable source of knowledge of the external world," and justify the belief that further researches may "shed more light on some of the fundamental problems of pscychical action and unfolding." That is going too far in the repudiation of the primary motor, mind. Nevertheless, the onward stride of science is developing something wholly new in regard to that "fearfully and wonderfully made" being, man, and the curious part of it is that man himself is becoming gradually but surely to attain a knowledge of himself! Discoveries as to touch and temperature are the most recent of wonders, and the twentieth part of the mysteries of each have not yet been developed.*—N. Y. Mercury.*

—The Hawaiian *Gazette* says the natives of the Sandwich Islands have "only just reached a higher civilization than poi, the national dish, and if the Chinamen come into the islands all that has been gained will be lost." Then by all means let Chinese immigration into the Sandwich Islands be prohibited. When a people have reached a higher civilization than "poi" they should be assisted and encouraged in their great and glorious advancement. But what a ridiculous way to spell pie. *—Norristown Herald.*

—An artists' chance for drawing turkey in a raffle is no better than any body else's.*—Boston Bulletin.*

HE FOUND OUT.

How an Inquisitive Traveler Had His Curiosity Satisfied.

When the train comes to a stop on a siding between the stations something has got to be done. The veteran railroad traveler either pulls out a newspaper or settles down for a cat-nap, and the responsibility of finding why the train is standing here instead of thundering along twenty miles away devolves upon Farmer Davis. Mr. Davis got on two stations below, and is going three stations beyond. He was at the depot just an hour and a half before train time, and he spent the long interval in reading railroad advertisements and walking up and down the platform. He didn't ask the station master if the train was on time over twenty times, which was letting him down very easy.

Now that the train has come to a standstill without just cause or provocation something should be done. Indeed, something shall be done, and Mr. Davis is the man to do it. He throws up his window, crawls out as far as he can, and looks up and down the train. He sees nothing to alarm, and nothing to indicate the cause of delay.

"Mighty singular, isn't it?" he queries of the man behind him as he draws in his head.

"Yes."

"Ever known a train to stop this way before?"

"Never."

"Some one ought to find out the cause of it, hadn't they?"

"Some one certainly had."

"Well, I'll go out and look around a little. If they've come to a stop apurpose to let some other train run into us I want to know it."

The farmer goes out and walks down to the rear of the train, but nothing is in sight. Then he heads about for the locomotive. When he reaches it he finds the fireman oiling up and the engineer smoking. He can't see that there is a single wheel missing—not a one. The cow-catcher is in its accustomed position—smoke-stack, cab and tender are seemingly all right, and Farmer Davis begins to feel indignant.

"What's the matter?" he demands, as he looks the engineer square in the eye.

The engineer looks down upon him as calm and placid as a June morning, but has no reply.

"Anything give out?"

No reply.

The fireman is next appealed to, but if Mr. Davis was ten thousand miles away that fireman could not have been more oblivious of his existence.

"Now you look a-here!" says the farmer, as he advances a foot nearer. "I want to know why in Tophet this 'ere train is fooling around here alongside of this swamp instead of tending to bizness? Mebbe you've got time to fool away, but I haven't!"

Neither the engineer nor fireman looked at him. He thought of climbing into the cab and waking them up, but gave up the idea on second thought, and returned to his seat in the car. Just as he reached it the Chicago express came rushing past, and in half a minute his own train moved on.

"Why, they must a-been waiting for that train!" he said to the man behind him.

"Oh, certainly."

"And you knew it all the time?"

"Of course."

"Then, sir, I want to say that you are a pizen-mean man not to tell me of it, and I wouldn't sell you 'taters if you offered four dollars per bushel!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A MODEST SCIENTIST.

Mr. A. Martin, the Greatest Mathematician in America.

The Librarian of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey is an odd sort of person. The only name he personally cares anything about is Artemas Martin, but he has a half dozen prefixes and suffixes, all given him by learned societies. Mr. Martin is one of the first mathematicians in the world. The problems of Calculus are to him mere child's play. Nothing short of mathematical sophistries of the most abstruse and unpractical sort have any fascination for him. Oddly enough, Mr. Martin was, until his appointment in the United States Government service, a market gardener. He owned a small piece of land on the south shore of Lake Erie, within a half-dozen miles of the city of Erie, which he tilled, raising mostly kitchen truck for the city market. Twice every week he was to be found in his stall, as little known to his customers or people of the city as was the vender of poultry or the seller of beads and buttons in the neighboring stalls. One day it was announced in the telegraphic news in the papers that a Mr. A. Martin, of Erie, Pa., had been elected an honorary member of one of the leading learned societies of Great Britain, the Royal Mathematical or something of that sort, I have forgotten just now what. Everybody said: "Who's Martin?" "Have we any such distinguished individual in our midst?" No one seemed to know. A few days later the University of Michigan conferred the degree of Master of Arts upon Mr. A. Martin, of Erie, Pa. Here was a fresh bit of news. Well, after awhile this learned but mysterious man was discovered in the person of the gardener who tended a stall in the city market. A man of perhaps forty-five, he was tall and ungainly, dressed as became his calling, looking as little like a fellow of a royal British society as like British royalty itself. But fame made no change in the appearance or occupation of the market gardener. He continued to tend his stall—and study, too, I suppose—as before, dropping the former only when appointed a few months ago to the Government position for which he is so eminently qualified.—*Cor. Detroit Free Press.*

Getting Up Wood.

There is no better time to get wood from the lot than on the first snows, and before a great depth has fallen. As soon as the ground freezes, the farmer can generally get time to go into the wood lot and cut what is needed for the next season's supply, and have it ready to be hauled to the wood-shed as soon as there comes good sledding. This is an easy way to get the wood out, for it is often difficult to get about the wood lot with wheels, and then if the wood is at the door it can be cut at convenient times and made ready to be housed. It is much more comfortable cutting wood in the lot before the snow gets deep.—*Congregationalist.*

—The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has decided that the word "guest" as defined by the public statutes under the license law, is limited to persons who resort to an inn for food and lodging, and clearly excludes those who resort there for the purpose of procuring and drinking intoxicating liquor.

—A nicely sharpened lead pencil is the only thing in creation that defies the law of gravitation. The lighter end always strikes the floor first.—*Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.*

—Society spends nearly all of its time not devoted to eating and dress in discussing what somebody not in society is doing or has already done.—*Philadelphia Times.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—When snow is scarce and the weather freezing, look out for your orchard trees and vines.

—An excellent remedy for hiccough for young and old is granulated sugar moistened with pure vinegar. For an infant give from a few grains to a teaspoonful.—*Toronto Globe.*

—Coarse brown paper soaked in vinegar and placed on the forehead is good for sick-headache. If the eyelids are gently bathed in cool water, the pain in the head is generally allayed.—*Exchange.*

—Treacle Muffins: One and one-fourth cups oatmeal, one cup flour, one-half cup brown sugar, one-half cup butter worked into the sugar, one egg, small cup of milk, a teaspoonful soda dissolved in less than a half cup of molasses, one egg, a little nutmeg.—*Albany Journal.*

—For a light tea cake, take one cup of sugar, two eggs, half a cup of melted butter, one and a quarter cups of milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar and one teaspoonful of soda. Add flour enough to make a stiff batter. Bake twenty minutes in a good oven.—*Boston Budget.*

—A Salamander: Bone a chicken and rub it well all over with cayenne and pounded ginger; put a quarter of a pound of butter in a stew-pan and lay the chicken in it; let it simmer in the butter until it is quite cooked; lay it on a dish and pour the butter over it, with the juice of a lemon; serve very hot.—*The Caterer.*

—Snow Balls: Core and peel six apples; fill the place where the core was with orange or lemon peel chopped, Allow two tablespoonsfuls of rice to cover each apple and scatter this over, after it is placed in the cloth. Tie each apple in a separate cloth and boil one hour. Serve with sauce.—*Cincinnati Times.*

—For ebonizing wood, use half an ounce of copperas and eight ounces of logwood chips. Boil the logwood chips in one gallon of water for half an hour and then add the copperas. The mixture must be applied hot to the wood. Two or three coats will be required. If the ebonized wood is to be varnished, a little black must be added to the varnish else it will give it a brown tinge.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Orange snow is delicious when prepared after the following method: An ounce of isinglass is dissolved in a pint of boiling water. It is then to be strained and allowed to stand until it is nearly cold. Now mix with it the juice of six or seven oranges and one lemon. Add the whites of three eggs and sugar to taste. Whisk the whole together until it looks white and like a sponge. Put it into a mold and turn it out on the following day.—*Toledo Blade.*

—Plum Pudding: Beat thoroughly the yelks of four eggs and stir them into a quarter of a pint of milk; add a quarter of a pound of suet chopped fine, half a pound of fine bread crumbs, half a pound each of stoned raisins and currants, one-eighth of a pound of citron cut into thin peels, one and a quarter gills of sugar, a little nutmeg, powdered cinnamon and mace. Mix all well together, adding to the last the white of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Tie in a cloth and boil six hours, turning once in a while, and being sure to keep boiling water on hand to add to that in the kettle when it boils down.—*Boston Globe.*

GERMAN FARM HANDS.

The Wages They Receive in Some of the Empire's Richest Districts.

Consul Dithmar, at Breslau, Germany, has made a report to the Department of State relative to agricultural labor. He says the laborer usually lives upon the estate, and is employed upon it the year round. The working hours are in summer from six a. m. to seven p. m., and in winter from sunrise to sunset. He has free lodging and free fuel, and it is customary also to allow his family the use of 100 square rods of land for raising vegetables. As direct wages he receives per annum $19 to $23.80 in cash and 24 bushels of rye, 5 bushels of peas and 1½ bushels of wheat. The laborer's wife is bound to work in the field whenever required, and receives for a day's work in summer 12 to 14 cents, and in winter 10 to 12. Of tea, meat and tobacco the farm laborer gets but little. If he smokes a pipe it is but seldom, and his tobacco is unmanufactured leaf. In harvest time he is treated to schnapps to encourage him in his work. A writer on economic subjects estimates that a laborer's family, consisting of himself, wife and five children, under 12 years of age can subsist for $1.09½ a week, or $57 a year. Miners and mine laborers receive daily from 52½ cents (which is paid to foremen, engineers and carpenters) to 18½ and 15 cents paid to women and minors. The average cost of the subsistence of a miner's family, including rent, clothing and taxes amounts to $122.80 per annum. The rents paid by miners range from 36 cents to $1.19 per month.

Mr. Fox, the Consul at Brunswick, sends a report on agriculture labor in that duchy. The wages paid to agricultural labor depends upon the locality where such labor is employed, being considerably higher in the level than in the mountainous districts. In the former the wages of a man and wife aggregate $194.26 per annum, while in the mountain districts a man and his wife, assisted by a child, earns but $184. Men and women earn from 35 to 47 cents hoeing, and from 47 to 59 gathering beets. In this latter work children are also employed to cut off the leaves, and a child from 10 to 12 years old will earn in a period of three or four weeks 24 cents daily. In the matter of beet culture contract labor is sometimes engaged, cash wages being from 24 to 30 cents per diem. Often a donation of 11½ cents per diem is given, provided the laborer remains steadily at work until the contract expires. Each employe receives from 20 to 70 cents head money upon entering into the contract, and extra hours are paid for at the rate of 2, 3 and 4 cents per hour. As a rule, every five or six work people receive one quart of milk and often one pound of bread per head daily, with coffee in the morning and a warm meal at noon and night, with meat on Sunday.—*Washington Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

To Prevent Rusting of Iron.

A composition has been invented by an English engineer which is claimed to effectully preserve iron from rust, being also usefully applicable to other materials, such as stone and wood, used in conjunction with metal. This composition consists of 100 parts virgin wax, 125 of Gallipol, 200 of Norwegian pitch, 100 of grease, 100 of bitumen of Judea, 235 of gutta percha, 120 of red lead, 20 of white lead, these ingredients being mixed together in the order named in a boiler, the gutta percha being cut up in small pieces or rasped. The mixture is stirred at each addition and poured into molds. For iron it is melted and laid on with a brush; for stopping holes it is used as a paste.—*Boston Transcript.*

—The London *Lancet* says that children who are allowed to go barefooted enjoy almost perfect immunity from the danger of "cold" by accidental chilling of the feet, and they are altogether healthier and happier than those who, in obedience to the usages of social life, wear shoes and stockings.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Tutors at Harvard are said to receive salaries of from $800 to $1,200 a year, while the trainer in athletics gets $2,000.

—The English Church Congress of 1886 will be held at Wakefield, on October 5, 6, 7 and 8. The Bishop of Ripon has been chosen president for the year.

—At a late meeting of the Psesbyterian Synod of Dakota the Indian women reported having raised five hundred dollars for missionary work among their own people the past year. This was more than all the money raised by their white sisters in three societies.

—Missionary work in Mexico is attended with hard work and slender results. A missionary preacher writes that he and one other preacher are expected to supply eight churches, and also to open new fields of labor. In order to do this they will have to spread themselves out exceedingly thin—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—Charlemagne in 789 gave these wise instructions: "Let some one open schools to teach children to read; let, in every monastery, in every bishopric, some one teach psalms, writing, arithmetic, grammar and employ correct copies of holy books; for often men seeking to pray to God pray badly on account of the unfaithfulness of copyists."

—In France in the tenth and eleventh centuries there seems to have been a kind of religious "revival" of peace. The clergy preached it; religious enthusiasts went from village to village proclaiming in the name of Christ, the "Prince of Peace," and holy relics were brought to public places, on which the wild barons swore a vow of peace.

—Rev. Dr. Clark, in reviewing the work of the American Board of Foreign Missions during the last twenty-five years, says: "As a result we note an advance in churches from 103 to 292; of church members from 3,500 to 23,000; of pupils in common schools from 8,000 to 35,000; of native pastors from 25 to 147, not to speak of the growth of a large and efficient body of native preachers and teachers acting as co-laborers with us in the evangelization of their people."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—As stated in the *Provinzial-Schulcollegium* the maximum of daily school work considered in Prussia to be compatible with health is fixed at from seven hours a day for children of eleven and a half years, up to nine hours for those of sixteen and a half and upward. The standard is thought too high by very many German teachers and doctors, and Dr. Roth states that sixty-four per cent. of those who should work after graduation are much below the normal standard of health. The standard in Denmark is still higher, and a recent government investigation finds that twenty-nine per cent. of the boys and forty-one per cent. of the girls are "sickly" from confinement and mental strain.

—The ecclesiastical summary of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States for the year ending January 1, 1886, shows that the Archbishops number 12, Bishops 62 and priests 7,926. There are 1,621 ecclesiastical students, the Archdiocese of Milwaukee having the largest number—335. There are 6,755 churches, 1,071 chapels, 1,733 stations, 36 diocesan seminaries or houses of study for regulars, 85 colleges, 618 academies and 2,621 parochial schools, attended by 492,949 pupils. The charitable institutions number 440.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—The stars themselves are the best astronomers. They studded the heavens before Adam had a telescope. —*N. O. Picayune.*

—Talking about being in comfortable circumstances, did you ever see two lovers occupying one armchair?—*Burlington Free Press.*

—"Ah, Miss Green, what a lovely complexion Miss Pink has! I declare she is as pretty as a picture." "Yes, Mr. Black, one might almost think she had been painted by one of the old masters."—*Chicago News.*

—In England young gentlemen speak of their fathers as "the governor," "pater," "the overseer," etc. In America they say "dad," "the boss," or the "old man." In heathen countries they say "father," but they are a long way behind the age.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

—A South Side girl who covered her face with her hands when she thought her lover was about to kiss her, in her disappointment complained: "O, Harry, my hands are so small; there's room enough for five hundred kisses between them."—*Chicago Telegram.*

—"Darringer, I sympathize with you in your financial distress. As a friend you can trust me every time." But, Bromley, that doesn't happen to be the kind of friend I am looking for. I want a friend who will trust me."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—Rev. H. R. Heweis says that "a poem becomes a hymn as it becomes 'a lifter.'" "According to this notion," says a certain young man, "my girl's father is not a poem. Anyway he doesn't become a hymn when he becomes a lifter." This may be because he is opposed to the meet-her.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Matilda Snowball, the colored domestic in an Austin family, was suspected of helping herself to some wine. "Own up, Matilda, that you have been drinking out of this bottle of Rhine wine," said the lady of the house. "No, mum, I nebber has been near dat bottle." "Are you sure?" "Ob course I is. Ketch me a-drinkin' dat ar sour stuff what puckers up yer mouf. No, mum, I has got better sense dan dat ar."—*Texas Siftings.*

—A Boston girl was at a New York reception. "So you are from Boston?" said a young gentleman to her. "O, dear!" she responded, with an accent of despair, "how did you know? I'm sure I tried hard enough to conceal it." "To conceal it?" he repeated, with a puzzled air. "Surely, you are not ashamed of it?" "O, no, replied she, with engaging candor; but I thought everybody would be afraid to speak to me if they knew I was from Boston." —*Philadelphia Press.*

—"O, dear," exclaimed Mrs. F., after vainly endeavoring to pour hot water out of the empty tea-kettle, "how did I forget it, I wonder. I'm getting a perfect simpleton. I wish I did have a little common sense." "But, my dear," interrupted Fogg, "supppose you had. Do you think you'd know what to do with it?" "Do with it?" echoed Mrs. F.; "many things. I might want to be married again, you know, and it might save me from making a fool of myself a second time."—*Boston Transcript.*

Proper Protection of Stock.

The rule to be observed by every farmer in regard to the proper keeping of cattle is that every animal from the greatest to the least should be kept happy and saved from pain and misery. Then the stock are profitably kept, and the profit is in proportion to the degree of comfort enjoyed by them. Every farmer before he retires to his own warm bed at night or before he eats his abundant supper, should ask himself: Are my cattle, horses, sheep, pigs, and fowls resting in comfort and with well filled bellies? If he can not answer himself affirmatively and his conscience accuses him of neglect, let him be assured that his pocket is suffering just as much as his stock are, and that, moreover, his conduct is just as inhuman as if he prodded his animals with a fork or beat them with clubs.—*N. Y. Times.*

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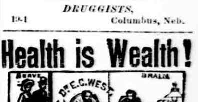

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