

A RIVER OF FIRE
The Lava Flow Moving Down
Steadily Upon Hilo.

A correspondent of the Hawaiian Gazette, writing from Hilo on July 14, gives the following particulars about the lava flow which threatens destruction to Hilo. During the past week a small tongue has shot out of the Waiakea flow seventy feet long and six feet wide, but the flow is very active on top and has spread very much laterally on the Hilo side. The Waiakea people have become quite sanguine as to their chances of escape. Beyond the seventy feet reported the Waiakea flow has made no progress, but it may break out at any time with increased vigor, however; if it does so, it will come upon a sort of marshy basin which may take a considerable time to fill up; according to our informant, months. It will go on piling up and spreading out time and again before it will be sufficiently concentrated to burst forth—but unless the central fire of Mokuawewe weakens, it must inevitably fill up, and then it will break out at some point and come down with a rush to the sea. A tremendous distance this molten stuff has come. Taking into consideration all the winding it cannot be less than forty-five miles. People need not think that natives or gulches have any effect upon it. The only thing that is saving Hilo and the vicinity at the present time is the number of offshoots which the original flow has to feed. The main and most dangerous flow is overlapping the old flow of 1850, and has not up to the present writing, reached the end of it. It will take months, at its present rate of progress, to reach Hilo, but if it does it will almost infallibly go to the north and overwhelm the town.

Another correspondent furnishes this graphic description of the scene on the mountain: The Launima branch is coming to meet the other, which is widening out and going towards Hilo, although it will not reach there probably for two weeks, if so soon. It has been more active since our visit, although we thought it very active then. The night we were there it came down about half a mile towards Hilo, not from the bottom (we were a mile and a half above that point), but it is spreading out on both sides. We moved our camp twice. The first time the lava came toward us at the rate of six feet a minute some of the time, and that although our camp was on rising ground. The ladies of our party felt anxious, so we moved across a small gulch, thinking it would protect us from the fiery stream. We had eaten our lunch beside the water in this gulch, some distance from what was then the active stream, a distance above the spot, but to our surprise the lava followed along in our track at once, and it was a magnificent spectacle to see it pouring over the upper side and entrance. There were three cascades of from six to ten feet high. Soon the wind freshened and as the lava crept nearer the smoke from the burning trees grew so dense and suffocating that we couldn't endure it, so we moved one of tents and finally the other. It seemed ominous the way the fire crept in after us, for all night the loud crash of falling trees drew nearer and nearer. I did not sleep, for I could not, but kept running down the track to see the pouring fire. It crawled steadily up one path, but downward, too, so that it would abate in this direction in a few hours. It was like a hissing, roaring monster. We had moved down about a mile, and it had followed us. The fire in the trees does not spread at all, as it is so very moist from the frequent rains. It burns no further than the edge of the flow. But the burning trees and shrubs made some of the most pitious sounds. It sounded like those tiny sounds which a sick child makes in sleep.

STREMS OF BOILING WATER.
Some of our streams are beginning to run boiling water. It is a mistake to suppose that when the lava enters and fills up a gulch it dries up the stream; the water continues running under the lava. As proof of the heat, a little dog which followed its owner up to the flow the other day plunged into a pool and had all the hair taken off in a second; it died almost immediately.

In the Far West.
On the Pacific coast you can often hear stories of "OLD JACK MARTIN," an eccentric character who crossed the plains with the flood of emigration in '50. He had been an exhorter in the States, but his theological studies and turned his feet toward the American river, but fortune was not lavish of her smiles in his particular case, and he found himself flat on "bed-rock," with not a pound of flour or bacon in the cabin. In disgust he abandoned his claim and drifted down to Sacramento, where for a few weeks he earned a precarious livelihood. The mining fever again attacked him and drove him to the mountains, where in a few weeks he was discovered wandering about the camps, preaching to all who would listen to his harangues, which were usually delivered from the top of a stump or the head of a whiskey barrel loaned him by some accommodating saloonist. At the close of each sermon he would pass a tin box prepared for the purpose, around in the crowd.

At a latter day he settled down as the Dutch Flat, where a rude church had been erected by such of the miners as had not lost all of their religious inclinations in the search for gold.
A RATHER GOOD STORY
is related of the manner in which the old man woke up his congregation on the matter of a little back salary due him. On a certain Sabbath morning an unusually large congregation assembled to hear him discourse. Before the beginning of the service Jack descended from the pulpit and was seen to approach several brawny members of the congregation and whisper into their ears. When he returned to his stand the muscled worshippers quietly arose and stationed themselves at the door, after which the preacher calmly said:

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17. Shear at once any sheep commencing to shed its wool, unless the weather is too severe, and save carefully the pelt of any sheep that dies.
18. Have at least one good work by you to refer to. This will be money in your pocket.
Ants as Fruit Growers' Friends.
Many of the leading orchard proprietors in northern Italy and southern Germany are cultivators of the common black ant, which insect they hold in high esteem as the fruit grower's best friend. They establish ant hills in their orchards and leave the police service of their fruit trees entirely to the tiny colonists, which pass all their time climbing up the stems of the fruit trees, cleansing their boughs and leaves of malefactors, nature as well as embryonic, and descending laden with spoils to the ground, when they comfortably consume or prudently store away their booty. They never meddle with sound fruit, but only invade such apples, pears and plums as have already been penetrated by the canker, which they remorselessly pursue to its fastness within the very heart of the fruit. Nowhere are apple and pear trees so free from blight and destructive insects as in the immediate neighborhood of a large ant hill five or six years old. The favorite food of the ants would appear to be the larvae and pupae of those creatures which spend the whole of their brief existence in devouring the tender shoots and juvenile leaves of fruit trees.

The London Lancet.
"The London Lancet says: 'Many a life has been saved by the moral courage of the sufferer' and many a life has been saved by taking Spring Bismuth in case of bilious fever, indigestion or liver complaint. Price 50 cents. Info. bottles 10 cents."

My dear brethren, it is now about a year since I first showed up in this pulpit and headed you toward the

living pastures on the straight and narrow gospel trail. I've tried to juggle out the square truth as I caught onto it in my skimishes through the Holy Writ. In my prayers I have shown no partiality, but have wrestled just as hard when asking Heaven to open the eyes of 'Bummer Jim,' and turn him from his wickedness as I have when imploring that the truth be made manifest to Col. Ward, the owner of the Monarch mine.
"Now I'm going to talk business to you, after which I will drive ahead with the regular service. I want money! I am going to have money too, before I sling a word this morning. You are not doing the square thing with me, and you know it. When I agreed to look after your spiritual welfare you promised me a clean two thousand a year, but during the year past I have received less than one thousand. Now, I have stationed a mob of business at the door, and the first impudent sinner that tries to make a sneak on the open air will be the leading character in a lively little incident that he will remember as long as he lives. A collection will now be taken up, and as I call each man's name I want him to draw his bag and empty some dust into the box. Tony Arnold, just you circulate the box. Now, Doc, spill the dust and set the boys a good example. Tip 'er up—don't be afraid of dropping a grain or two too much. Contribute your mite that your days may be long in the land that flows with milk and honey. Now, Aleck Jones, it's your turn. Thanks, that was a decent spill. Johnson, I saw the bulk of the wealth on your side of the table in the game at Kentuck's last night, and the church wants its percentage. Good enough—that's a fair share. Judge Mason, skin your weasel and pay toll or don't travel. That's the ticket—nothing mean about you, Judge. Now, Shorty, chip in and give the glorious cause a boost—may the Lord be as liberal in shaking blessings down on you. Your pull next, Arkansas; ante and pass the buck. Hold on that don't go. You didn't drop three grains into the box. Tip 'er up again, and may your blessings be choked off as you choke off the stream of dust."

Thus he went over the whole congregation, not one of whom had the "cheek" to refuse a contribution. When the dust was brought forward the preacher said:
"The cause of the Lord and Jack Martin'll not suffer now for several months, and I shall continue, as heretofore, to herd your souls on the theological grass to be found in the Gospel ranges. The text chosen reads as follows: 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me.'"

From this text he preached such a powerful financial sermon that several came forward after the service and wanted to double their contributions.
WYOMING KIT.
Rules for Keepers of Sheep.
1. Keep sheep dry under foot with litter. This is even more necessary than roofing them. Never let them stand or lie in mud or water.
2. Take up lamb bucks early in summer, and keep them until December 1st following when they may be turned out.
3. Count every day.
4. Begin graining with the greatest care and use the smallest quantity at first.
5. If a ewe loses her lamb, milk her daily for a few days, and mix a little alum with her salt.
6. Let no hogs eat with the sheep, by no means, in the spring.
7. Give the lambs a little mill feed in time of weaning.
8. Never frighten sheep, if possible to avoid it.
9. Sows for weak ones in cold weather, if you can.
10. Separate all weak or thin or sick from those strong in the fall, and give them special care.
11. If any sheep is hurt catch it at once and wash the wound, and if it is fly time apply spirits of turpentine daily, and always wash with something being. If a limb is broken bind it with splinters tightly, loosening as the limb swells.
12. Keep a number of good bells on the sheep.
13. Do not let the sheep spoil wool with chaff or burrs.
14. Cut tag-locks in early spring.
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