

FOREIGN NOTES.

Paris has a wine shop for every 333 inhabitants.

A steamer leaves Liverpool every twelve hours for America.

Sir Henry Thompson, the distinguished English surgeon, is said to be the author of the proposal to test the therapeutic efficacy of prayer in hospitals.

Col. Wilson Patten, a very popular English member of parliament, has just given \$15,000 toward a public park for Warrington, Lancashire.

The King of Holland has been sued for alimony by a woman who claims that he married her before he was married to his present wife.

Santa Anna, the antediluvian one-legged ex-Napoleon of Mexico, so far from being dead—as he might have been, if he had tried, long ago—is an aspirant for the presidency of our "sister Republic."

Acts of petty incendiarism in the agricultural districts of Great Britain have become so frequent that the farmers are organizing vigilance committees, the local authorities proving unable to check the growing evil.

The late war is said to have caused the death of 116,000 French soldiers, and (according to the *Augsburg Gazette*, not the Berlin statistical Bureau), of 200,000 German combatants.

Miss Mitford has no hesitation in assuring us that the usual proportion between male and female in all the great English Catholic families is one son to three daughters.

A novelty at the late Dundee (Scotland) regatta was a race by four-oared fishing yawls, rowed by fisher-girls. The "Pet Lambs," wearing straw hats and striped bodices, won the race easily. Only another boat competed. The rowing is said to have been admirable.

Preparations are making at Woolwich Arsenal for a casting which is said to be the largest ever attempted, being intended for the anvil-block on the 30 ton Nasmyth hammer, which is to be erected in the new work-shop of the Royal Gun Factories. It will weigh more than one hundred tons.

The women's rights movement must be making considerable headway in England, if we are to believe the statement of a London correspondent of the *Scotsman*, who says that one of the leading lady advocates of woman's suffrage intends, at the next general election, to offer herself as a candidate for parliamentary honors in a popular constituency.

The British autumn military campaigning this season came off in the counties of Wilts and Dorset, when 30,000 foot and 20,000 horse soldiers, regulars, military and volunteers, divided into the northern army under Sir Robert Walpole, and the southern army under Sir John Michel. A swarm of hornets disputed the right of way of one portion of the troops, driving them back, and suddenly unseating some horsemen.

The French Attache Militaire at Berlin, coming home from the manoeuvres the other day, threw his burning cigar in one of the spittoons, when a terrible explosion took place, knocked the colonel down and severely burned his face. It appears that the servant, finding a bag of powder in the apartment, mistook it for lack sand and filled all the *crachoirs* with it, so delighted was she with the gloss of the mischievous granules.

A London correspondent says it is high time that the Princess of Wales was back into society, to teach it how to dress decently. In consequence of her example, bare bosoms and shoulders, during the past few seasons, grew less and less bare. This season she has been absent, and, whether from that or some other "cause," shoulders and bosoms have again come into somewhat unseemly prominence.

The *Saturday Review* finds in Mr. Greeley's Autobiography (lately reprinted in London) these qualities as belonging to its author:

"Strict morality, without a taint of hypocrisy or harshness; vehement and almost passionate earnestness, with perfect freedom from spite and malice; a steadfast adherence to his own practices and principles, coupled with a generous kindness and a desire to do justice to those who most widely differ from him—qualities that do not go far to make a statesman, but do make an honest man, a good neighbor and a valuable citizen."

A farthing famine was lately reported from Liverpool. Rows of pins were substituted for the coin. A magistrate's clerk reported to not having seen a farthing for six years.

The Germans are applying artificial parchment to the manufacture of sausage skins. As this membrane is rather indigestible, eaters of German sausages should be on their guard.

A paper suit of clothes for two shillings, in London, is the latest novelty. The drapers are selling the articles, which are of Japanese make, as tough as leather, and pliant as linen. Rain will not reduce them to a pulp.

The *Saturday Review* conceives that Miss Strickland has at last come to an end. Not the end of life, but of writing the lives of Queens and Princesses. Her last book, "Lives of the Last Four Princesses of the Royal House of Stuart," is a specimen of dullness unapproachable.

The *Saturday Review* attacks George Macdonald's last novels in its most savage style. It says that parts of them are "about the most pitiable exhibition known to us of a feeble intellect strained beyond its measure," that he was never strong and is now become "fatuous." The joke of it is, that it, a very little time since, spoke of his perception of human character as "almost supernatural."

An extraordinary case recently arose at Dalkeith, Scotland, where a man named Ross and a woman named Lawless were arrested on a charge of false registry, having entered their two children as legitimate. They had not been married by a clergyman, being too poor to pay the fees, but had each placed some meal in a basin and kneeling opposite to each other, mixed it, swearing on the Bible to be true to each other.

A large number of manufacturers and scientific gentlemen assembled at Clegg Hall Mills, near Rochdale, England, to witness a new process of cleansing wool by a cold method and without the use of alkali. The liquid employed is fusel oil, and a large bale of wool, as greasy and dirty as possible, was submitted to the experiment. The opinions expressed were favorable to the process, which is that of Messrs. Paul Toepler & Co.

"Sericulture; or How to Make £100 per acre of ground," is a new treatise on rearing silkworms, just out in London. It gives the palm to the white mulberry tree, as a food producer, against the *morus multicaulis*, which once created such a furore in England and America. It shows how to accomplish the difficult feat of making silkworm culture profitable. China earns by its silk \$85,000,000 annually; Japan, \$15,000,000; Italy, \$11,000,000, and France over \$4,000,000, while England and America (outside of California) produce almost no silk.

Paupers in Islington, London, workhouse are to have no more beer, save in cases of disease or infirmity, and then only in reduced quantity, effecting a daily saving to the rate payers of four shillings and fourpence halfpenny. This, no doubt, well-considered measure of reform will bring its reward in another way, too. Henceforth Islington workhouse will be shunned by able-bodied paupers who have the least opportunity of going elsewhere. Beer in England is a consideration everywhere, and to "rob a poor man" of it has been, most of us know, characterized in an old song as an act deserving the severest condemnation.

A few days ago, says a London journal, two Irish reapers, standing on the up rails, were endeavoring to enter a train at the Crick station, on the London and Northwestern Railway, while at the same time the Carlisle express was within a hundred yards of them travelling over the line of rails between which they stood. A pointsman named Warren, perceiving the danger to the reapers, rushed at them, throwing one of them on to the platform and rolling the other upon it. Warren had but sprung off the rails when the express dashed through the station. This, it appears, is the second time in which the brave pointsman has risked his life to save the lives of others.

"I really believe that your cousins will eat up everything we have got," said a careful spouse to her husband. "Oh, no, they won't, dear," he replied, "they mean to drink part of it."

There is more truth than poetry in the following line from an advertisement: "Babies, after having taken one bottle of my soothing syrup, never cry any more."

EASTERN NOTES.

An Iowa patriarch past eighty, is the proud papa of a three year old baby, the last of a series of thirty.

The New York ladies are now wearing bright silk handkerchiefs folded over their shoulders.

The New York papers are complaining grievously of the vast number of goats that perambulate the streets in the various sections of that city.

A colony of Communists, 1,500 strong, is established in Iowa on a tract of land comprising 80,000 acres, which they call "Amania."

The *Danbury News* says: "Mrs. Annie Badger, of Danbury, wore the finest shaped and largest bustle at the fair."

Col. Wood, the museum man, is organizing a national dog show, like that of England, with several thousand dollars' premiums.

Rhode Island is the only New England State where farms are increasing in value, and this is owing to the growth and prosperity of her manufacturing villages.

A new steam drill, capable of boring a hole eight inches in diameter, has just been introduced in the anthracite regions by the Pennsylvania Coal Company. It will bore further in one day than a dozen men with the old drills could drill in a month.

The Denver and Platte Valley Railroad is to run between Denver and Fort Morgan, there connecting with the Colorado Central Railroad, which runs along the South Platte River to Julesburg. Fort Morgan is on the route between Greeley and Julesburg.

The *Boston Herald* remarks that there are really but two parties in the present crisis of the country, those who wish to shake hands across the bloody chasm and those who are determined to continue shaking their fists at each other.

At Lynn, Mass., the other day, Wendell Phillips said:

"I come here to-night to say to you, my fellow citizens, pour out your hearts like water, and hold up your hands for General Grant. He represents loyalty to-day and salvation ever after."

At a re-union of the family of J. A. G. Lee, of Owingsville, Ky., \$6,000 were placed under the plate of each of his children present. A correspondent says:—"As Mrs. Nesbitt gazed with grateful bewilderment upon her thousands she observed, 'If it is more blessed to give than to receive, pa, how do you feel?'"

Mrs. Laura D. Fair, the California murderess, has been acquitted and released. She owes her acquittal to her beauty. If she had been a hard working washerwoman, with irregular features and a tanned complexion, she would probably have been strung up without judge or jury. It is to be hoped that Mrs. Fair will now fall in love with some one of the jury who acquitted her. If the jurymen selected by her thinks more of his wife than he does of Mrs. Fair, it will then be proper, according to his interpretation of California law, for Mrs. Fair to blow his brains out. We hope she will do it.—*New York Sun*.

Wool Growing a Success.

We are asked why wool-growers do not fail as other business men sometimes do. We answer, simply because the growth of the wool and the increase is as perpetual as the time in which they live. It matters not how dark the night is, the wool continues to grow, and it matters not how the wind blows or how it may storm—gestation is never longer than 150 days.

The lambs will average one-half females, and often twins, and they breed the next year, making a double compound—a perpetual growth and no loss. Everything that does not go into market goes back to enrich the pasture; and though the landlord may be very sick, it does not stop the growth of the lambs. Not so with other business. The mechanic or the man who works for salary has nothing to grow while he sleeps; when his labor ceases, his income stops, and his expenses are perpetual. Hence he is growing poorer more than one-half the time; if he puts in 312 days, labor in a year, and taking his lost time in changing business, sickness, holidays and hours of recreation, he is lucky if he squares his bills and has a few dollars to pay the undertaker on the last round. It is true there are perpetual expenses attending the sheep or goat business; but under the most unfavorable circumstances, where they can live

on the commons without feeding, the meat of the wethers will pay all expenses without drawing on the wool or increase of the ewes. Hence it is like a perpetual stream flowing into a basin; it is only a question of time about filling it to overflowing.

The drawback seems to be that men do not relish living away from thickly-populated settlements and towns, depriving themselves of society for the sake of money. This objection can be obviated. In all new countries there are villages constantly springing up, near which good sheep-range can be had, where the owner can visit his flocks daily, and at the same time give his family the benefit of schools and society.—*Facts and Figures*.

The Flower Garden.

A beautiful garden, tastefully laid out, and well kept, is a certain evidence of taste, refinement, and culture. It makes a lowly cottage attractive, and lends a charm to the stateliest palace.

An English writer, lately visiting our country, writes:

"I can conceive of nothing more dreary than to live in the country and have no garden. To have no garden is to take all the poetry, and nearly all the charms away from country life. To have a garden is to have many friends continually near."

"What a difference between what Mr. Carlyle calls an 'umbrageous man's' rest, in which a king might wish to sit and smoke, and call it his,' with his roses and honeysuckles and fuschias clambering in through the very windows in crowds, and the dreary, arid prospect around thousands of American houses!"

This hardly seems a fair criticism upon our homes. Having been an enthusiastic lover of flowers from childhood, and having cultivated them ever since the use of hands was learned, I cannot recognize its truth; have never known of any such houses as he describes. Yet many American writers will declare that slender porticos, fanciful verandahs, sculptured gables, and deep bay windows are often seen in this country with out a vestige of a flower or climbing vine about them; while in England the poorest laborer's cot is a bower or greenery; and his little plot of flowers often vies with that of his employer.

It is not always wealth or art that gives to English homes their beauty and picturesqueness, but it is the attention of their inmates to the cultivation of the "green things of the earth."

It is not the latticed casement nor the high gable that attracts the notice of the travellers, but the brilliant flowers and the trailing vines that drape and embower them.

American women live indoors too much, and thus sacrifice their health and spirits, they cultivate neuralgia, dyspepsia, and all their attendant ills—rather than the beautiful and glorious flowers which God has scattered so abundantly all over the world.—*Pacific Rural Press*.

Wells for Irrigating.

The farmers of Contra Costa have gone into the business of digging wells and erecting wind-mills for local irrigating purposes. The soils of that county are highly productive, but many of the best tracts of land are liable to drouth, excepting in seasons of abundant rain. The grand irrigating ditch for which they have been waiting will probably not reach down to Antioch for several years to come. In the meantime, a great deal of irrigating can be done in the manner above noted. The editor of the *Antioch Ledger* the other day counted twenty-five wind-mills between that town and Point Timber. Water in the wells is plentiful, and reached without going to any very great depth.—*Pacific Rural*.

DURHAMS or Shorthorns are becoming the favorites where good milking qualities are combined with size and adaptation to heavy fattening, and upon lands producing an abundance of nutritious grasses easily grazed. On the higher lands and mountain districts the sleek and beautiful Devon is evidently the breed most in favor with amateur growers, possessing good milking qualities, an aptitude to fatten on more scanty feed than the Durham, and making the fastest working ox and the handsomest of all the different breeds.—*Pacific Rural Press*.