

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

A SWEDISH DAIRY.—Miss Clausen, of Point Reyes, conducts a dairy on what is known as the Swedish system, one which differs materially from that in vogue in California. Instead of ordinary pans, the milk is set in tin cans, holding 22 gallons each, being 2½ inches deep by 20 inches in diameter. The cream rises to the depth of 3 to 4 inches. These cans are not set on shelves, but in large vat-like receptacles, through which cold spring water is constantly running, the cans being sunk in the stream to the top of the milk.

Many would think the cream would not all rise from such a large body of milk, but this is an error. When the odor and warmth of the animal are all removed, the cream will all float. Uniformity of temperature, and that low, is the requisite. This method is much used in New York, where the lady named told us it originated, and that it was copied from the Empire State by dairymen of Sweden.

Mr. W. O. L. Crandell, who was present, thought it originated in Sweden, and was adopted in this country. Mr. H. Claussen runs two dairies; the one formerly occupied by his venerable father, at present the home of his mother and sister, and the other about two miles beyond, T. B. Crandell's lying between. On the two 375 cows are milked.

On the dairy of which we have been speaking, Miss Clausen is the butter maker, having full direction and performing the labor herself. She works the butter of 200 cows with her own hands. She thinks no butter-maker has ever been invented that is quite equal to the human hand, directed by an intelligent and experienced head. When she showed us her morning's work, a 135-pound roll of as nice butter as ever came from a dairy, our thoughts were divided between the butter and the butter queen.

Everything about the butter room, and, indeed, all the dairy buildings, is as neat and sweet as water and scrubbing can make it.

Miss C. is a rare specimen of her sex, a fine model for American girls to imitate. Above the medium size, her figure straight and graceful, neither full nor spare, her step quiet, but quick and springy; her whole physique denoting perfect health and freshness; her manner modest and self-forgetful, almost to a fault; and her conversation that of an intelligent and independent woman, familiar with the theories and practice of the best minds in her profession on both continents; and pervading all an air of contentment and satisfaction with her lot, which we could wish was not so rare with her sex in this country. She is giving the Swedish (or New York) system a fair trial, and if it is found advantageous on the whole for this latitude, she will doubtless soon have many imitators.—*Marin Co. (Cal.) Journal.*

A House Built in a Day.

The newspapers of Lancaster, Pa., publish an account of the building of a brick dwelling-house in that city in ten and a half hours, the materials having been prepared and collected on the site previous to the commencement. The house is twenty feet by thirty on the ground floor, two stories in height, and contains eight rooms. There were in all upwards of 100 workmen employed. The cellar foundation was already laid, and at precisely six o'clock Friday morning, the men went to work. The *Examiner* thus describes the labor:

"Mr. J. T. Reading, photographer, was present with his apparatus, and took views every fifteen minutes of the building and the workmen while in motion, which, of course, produced some ridiculous pictures—men, white and colored, in almost every position, are to be seen represented. At 8 o'clock a.m. the structure was advanced to the height of one story, with two floors—ground and second—laid, partitions in, and lathed and partly plastered, doors hung, stairways up, and a view taken with the Doctor in the midst of his workmen. The scene is a busy and comic one—the bricklayers erecting scaffolding for the second story. Ten o'clock a.m., view taken of the western front on Prince street; second story brickwork two-thirds up, and plasterers commence lathing; western front painted and brick pencilled of first story, and

masons run short of brick, and then some delay in consequence, but it was remedied in a short while.

At 11 o'clock a.m., the bricklayers are up to square of ceiling for third floor, with corners raised to the height required to receive the rafters for roofing. Tinner waiting. The process of white-coating is now about completed in the first story. 11.18 a.m., first rafter for the roof laid. At 11.11 the last brick was placed upon the chimneys, and the bricklayers are done. Roof sheathed and tinner begin to lay roofing. 12.50, scaffolding all removed from building. 2.30 p.m., sash in windows of first story and painters finished up; wash-boards down and rubbish cleaned away. At this writing the painters are leaving the building; roofing and spouting completed. Plasterers still at work in the second story. The building has been insured, and in the course of a few hours will be ready for a tenant."

The Mormon Failure.

The papers have a great deal to say about the failure of Brigham Young's advance party to establish a colony in Arizona. That said party failed in its mission is beyond dispute; that the failure was or is attributable to the nature of the country, is an assertion we cannot permit to go unchallenged. But, first, let us review the account of the venture, as we find it in a recent copy of the Salt Lake City *News*—Brigham Young's own organ.

The writer, Mr. Henry Holmes, states that the instructions were, "to proceed to the Little Colorado river and make a settlement at the most suitable place above the falls."

The party started from some point in Southern Utah on the first of May, and, on the 9th, arrived at the Big Colorado, near the mouth of Paria creek, where the river was crossed. The Little Colorado was reached on the 22d, and found to be almost dry. A reconnoitering party was sent out, which went as far (at least) as the Prescott and Albuquerque road, and returned with bad news of the country they had seen. It is scarcely necessary for us to state their report gave general dissatisfaction to all followers of the prophet on the Little Colorado, who, straightway, turned their faces Utahward, leaving behind them many useful articles. They recrossed the Big Colorado, with some little difficulty, and, no doubt, thanked the God of Mormonism as soon as they struck the "sacred soil."

A party of Moquis Indians were met by the prospectors, the leader of whom told the Mormons that, long ago, Moquis had lived on the Little Colorado, but abandoned it, owing to drouth.

The chronicler of the expedition speaks of having seen several ancient ruins, and much petrified wood. Indeed, he observes, immense trees were seen in this condition. Narrow, alkaline valleys were frequently met with on the river, the water of which is denounced for its scarcity and brackishness.

The Indians—Moquis and Navajos—treated the party well, from which fact the "brothers" think they are ready to receive and embrace the doctrines of the Latter-day Saints. They give us this knowledge—not at all new to us—concerning the Moquis:

"Here are thousands of the Lamanites, who have inhabited this barren region for many generations, and they have managed to obtain a living and depended mostly upon the rain to water their corn, etc. The Moquis Indians, for example, have been located at their villages for generations, and raise corn, peaches, onions, etc. When they need rain they meet together to dance and sing and supplicate the Lord to send rain. A big time of this kind has just taken place at the Oriba village, which contains about four hundred souls. There are seven villages of the Moquis Indians, numbering in all about two thousand five hundred. They are industrious and intelligent, have much faith in the Lord, and their hearts are being prepared to receive the gospel. Some Navajos have visited our camp and are very friendly."

This, then, is the gist of the report of this Mormon failure, so we will proceed with a few *Miner* remarks.

The party came here in the wrong year, and at the wrong season. For the past five years, all of Arizona has had very short rations of snow and rain—a drouth, in fact, that would have made an irreclaimable desert of almost any other Territory, yet, the Mormon chronicler tells us that, although his party traveled with ox-teams, there was no suffering for water.

Concerning the Little Colorado,

its course is through wide valleys and narrow, deep gorges. In the valleys, where the Mormons found it, its bed is of quick-sand, and little wonder is it that they saw very little water on the surface in the driest portion of a dry year. They failed in that they did not follow the stream far enough south, towards its headquarters in the Mogollon and White mountains. Had they done so, they would have found a fine stream of water in the river, large and rich valleys, and other inducements for settlement. By leaving the river and going south, they would have discovered as fine a grazing country as eye of man need wish to see; forests of pine, pinion, cedar, oak, and other timber, beautiful springs and rivulets; abundance of fish, bear, deer, antelope, turkey, etc. But they turned back too soon, and, perhaps, for the best, as in our opinion they were not such people as our citizens would care to have in Arizona.

They saw the San Francisco range of mountains, and believed that they could have found homes. A fact. But their "instructions" forbade them from going there, and a certain allusion to Apaches warrants us in surmising that they were afraid of these savages, which fear is not shared by the "valorous" conductors of their organ—the Salt Lake *News*—which more than once has hinted that the Apaches always were good at heart, and would have remained at peace but for the encroachments of bad "Gentiles."

It is hard to say whether or not another attempt will be made to establish Mormonism in Arizona. We rather think that Brigham will not give it up so, and thinking this way, it becomes our duty to advise him to come himself and take a peep at the country.—*Arizona Miner*, Aug. 9.

Pioche Flooded.

THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS WORTH OF PROPERTY LOST.

Yesterday at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, an exceedingly heavy storm was seen approaching from the northwest. It was first generally noticed at a distance of about five miles from town, sweeping over the plain with more of the appearance of a high wall of dense fog than of an ordinary rainstorm. In less than ten minutes it reached us. The sky began to darken, and it was necessary to use lamps and candles in houses. People walking on the streets began to hurry their footsteps, teamsters put their horses to full speed, and horsemen spurred on their steeds to obtain a place of shelter. Doors and windows were closed, as a protection from the coming storm, and everything betokened a general uneasiness and hurry. First came a few exceedingly large drops of rain, mingled with hail, which melted as soon as it touched the ground. Gradually the rain fell faster and faster, till in a few minutes the air was so filled with it that one could scarcely see farther than 200 yards. On Main Street there was at first a small stream probably two or three inches deep and a foot and a half wide. This stream increased in size gradually, until in about ten minutes the whole width of the street was covered with a madly-rushing torrent of water. Hundreds of persons lined the sidewalks until the rising river forced them back into the shops, stores and saloons. Though no clouds could be seen, the lightning flashed in the sky almost every moment, and the quickly following, loud crashing and rolling of the thunder told how near to us were the discharges. Cobblestones, bowlders, fragments of rock, old boots and shoes, large and small dry goods boxes, barrels, planks and scantlings, and whatever animals had chanced to get into the stream, were borne down at an almost incredible rate of speed. Every available hand was at work bailing out cellars and sweeping the water and hoeing and shoveling the mud from houses and sidewalks, but the task was as vain as that of Mrs. Partington in a somewhat similar undertaking. Cellars were filled, and the floors of houses were covered with from two to eighteen inches of water, mud and stones.

TWO STORMS MEET.

Whilst the above described storm was flooding the lower part of town, another was coming in an opposite direction. The two storms met not far from the American Flag mine. The amount of water said to have fallen there was enormous. It was

so great that some even thought a cloud-burst had occurred. Bowlders weighing over two hundred pounds were carried down with the stream. The No. 7 shaft of the Meadow Valley Company is reported by the miners who were forced to leave it to be full of water to the eighth level, about 150 feet from the bottom. Miners came to the surface thoroughly wetted, and far more frightened than wet.

THE DAMAGE.

The damage is almost commensurate with its cause. Among the few who have given us rough estimates of their losses are Ashim & Bros., dry goods and general merchandise, \$4,000 to \$5,000; A. Flynn, boots and shoes, \$2,500; M. Wilcox, boots and shoes, \$1,500 to \$2,000; Colman & Tyler, Capitol Saloon (cellar broken in), \$1,200; H. Freudenthal, bakery, \$500.

This would make a total, in round numbers, of \$10,000 lost to business men alone. But this does not at all give an adequate idea of the damage. Chinatown seemed to be almost ready to float away. On the lower side of Main street the water passed through the Chinese dens from front doors to back, and corals and hoppers were burst through, and the fences carried off. Many of the residences on McCannon street, on Meadow Valley street, and all the smaller streets back of it on the side of Spring Mountain on Davis street, and other localities, were also flooded. Water, mud and gravel flowed into them, over carpets and furniture, destroying furs, silks, etc., to an amount probably greater than that lost by business men. Kitchens being flooded and provisions being destroyed, a greater number than usual were obliged to go to restaurants for dinner. But here again was a difficulty. Many of the restaurants had also been flooded and in one case, of which we know certainly, all but the regular patrons were sent away dinnerless.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS.

Whilst the stream down Main street was deepest and swiftest, a wooden wash tub was borne rapidly down past the long lines of spectators, who cheered it on its way. Shortly after, another vessel, used for the same purpose, but made of tin, was seen "careering over the wave" near Cronan's store. The whilom bearer of this one, a "heathen Chinese," followed his property. His logs were taken from under him by the force of the current, and he was soon floundering in the water. He was rolled over and over, and at times was completely covered, so that several thinking his life in danger started to save him. At last, however, he reached the sidewalk, and—best of all—he had his tub.

When the storm was at its height, two Indians were seen standing statue-like upon the rocky peak of the high hill to the east of Lower Main street, seeming to be in the midst of the lightning that was continually lighting up the heavens. They looked down on the destruction that was going on below them with the greatest complacency notwithstanding what appeared to be their uncomfortable and even dangerous position.

A large fragment of rock weighing probably 250 pounds was carried a distance of a hundred yards down Main street by the force of the current.

Several wagons in the lower part of town were lying around the streets after the storm, and owners were looking for their own and identifying it when found.

The depth of water in Main street or, rather, in "Main river," was at least a foot.

Many cases are reported in which families were obliged to "camp" together. One having no wood, another having no provisions, and another lacking something else; whilst each furnished a portion of the general meal.

One young man had just donned a pair of immaculate pantaloons, elegant new gaiters, and the rest to match. He was caught in the storm. Need we say more? No, we will spare his feelings.

Altogether the twenty-second day of August, 1873, will long be remembered in Pioche. May we never have another like it.—*Pioche Record*, Aug. 23.

A man who went into a crowded bar-room, in Philadelphia, and cried out, "Hello, Colonel!" was answered by seventeen men, who rose up and replied, "Hello!"

—Rocheport expects to revisit Paris within a couple of years, or whenever the next revolution comes off.

—This is Chicago's way of chronicling deaths in St. Louis: "Those that left St. Louis last week for a better country (no matter which way they went) numbered 252; and of these 21 took passage by the cholera line."

—Few persons understand what particular advantage John Russell Young is to derive from the bestowal upon him by the King of Sweden of the order of the White Elephant. It gives him the general privilege of carrying his own trunk, and, on special occasions, of blacking his own boots.

—How Minister Washburne came to be called "Sir Elihu" in the Paris papers is explained. A reporter heard Mr. W. in conversation with a Kentuckian who Sir, was telling him, Sir, that this country, Sir, isn't fit, Sir, to compare with the blue-grass region, Sir, and you haven't Sir, got a glass of Bourbon, Sir.

—Man's inhumanity to the oyster is a solemn thing. They are not only shucked with a knife which was devised in the form and spirit of murder, but spread out naked to the eye in all their voluptuousness, and, being gazed at, are in various ways tortured, like the early martyrs, on griddles, spits, stews, etc. Esculent, succulent, inoffensive, delicate, they have suffered as much persecution as the Vaudoise. I never see an oyster but I feel for him—with a fork.—*Cape May Letter*.

—The *News* of Elk River, in Sherburne county, Minnesota, says that Mr. Jones of Battle Brook, in that county, captured alive upon his farm a snake with two heads, one upon each end of its body. The heads were exactly alike, and it was impossible to tell which way the motion would move until it was in motion. He kept it for several days, and exhibited it to many who had the curiosity to call and see it, but at last let it escape, and has been unable to find it since.

—There was a good deal of fun in the British House of Commons the other night, when Mr. Hunt asked if it was true that at a recent examination of a school in Wiltshire, the government inspector refused to allow the children to sing "God Save the Queen," considering the national anthem to be a piece of "religious instruction," and so contrary to the principles of the Elementary Education Act. The laughter grew greater when Mr. Foster, Vice-President of the Educational Council, announced that such was the case. The Inspector has had a hint from headquarters not to be too particular.

—Mr. Wilde, a British inventor, has patented a combination of apparatus by which the electric light can be employed to illuminate the path of sea-going steamers, or light up the lines of ships or fortifications of an enemy. The principle of the apparatus is an electro or magnetic induction machine, which solves the problem of producing electricity at a continuous rate and in uniform quantity, while it neutralizes the influence of the current. A simple apparatus regulates the carbons, and the light thus produced is intensified by passing through a catadioptric holophote, which moves on pivots and condenses the rays, producing a far-reaching beam of great intensity. The British military authorities have directed a report to be made on the value of the instrument.

—An anecdote that has a moral is told concerning a recent county convention of farmers at Iowa. When the convention assembled, several gentlemen who had been rather more conspicuous as politicians than as tillers of the soil, sought to take seats. This was objected to, when one of them exclaimed,

"Why shouldn't I be a member of the convention? Don't I own seven farms?" To whom there came a responsive voice from a crowd of the horny-handed, "That's just it, judge, you own too many farms." There is a hint for the farmers in this reply. Beware of the men who own too many farms; they are apt to have among their other possessions national bank stock, railroad shares, an interest in a rolling mill, or in some business that depends on the monopoly principle for its prosperity.—*Chicago Times*.