

quently depend as much on the firearms they carry as upon their sabres. It is said that cavalry charges, in which the swords of the riders are depended upon to rout the enemy, do not frequently occur in the warfare of the present day; and those naval battles of which we have all read, where the opposing ships are run side by side, and the sailors of one, cutlass in hand, spring upon the deck of the other and engage in a hand-to-hand fight, are seldom heard of. Our iron-clad ships fire at one another from a great distance, or one of them comes smashing into another with its terrible steel ram; and a sword would be a very useless thing to a modern sailor. Our armies lie a mile or two apart, and pop at each other with long-range rifles and heavy cannon, and to the great body of the opposing forces, swords would be only an incumbrance.—John Lewees, in St. Nicholas.

Science.

Science is gradually penetrating the mysteries of nature and disclosing the wonders thereof. It is a matter of common knowledge among naturalists that bees, butterflies, moths and other insects have a peculiar habit of breathing through the under portion of their bodies; but it remained for Professor Bick, more, of New York, to explain why these creatures were so constructed. The mouth is of no use to them except as a means of taking food, so that if they have influenza or asthma, they must necessarily have it down on their bodies, where the disease will not make their breath offensive to their fellows." The head of a fly, we are told, is used only for the purpose of carrying around his eyes and a sort of suction pump which he brings to bear on bald heads. The Professor is at a loss to know of what use a fly is in the economy of nature. On the other hand, the presence of vast quantities of flies, he holds, is in a great measure the reason why civilization makes no more rapid strides in Africa. The wasp has a good deal more common sense than the fly. He cares more for the comfort of life, and lives in better style. The professor has dissected a number of wasps' nests, and finds that they are a series of "flats," as regularly arranged as any of the structures that have become fashionable as places of abode in cities—with this difference, that the main entrance is at the cellar. Its advantages over human habitations are that there is plenty of ventilation and between the apartments occupied by the families are promenades and avenues so regularly laid out that there is ample room for old and young to move about without coming into collision or engendering family quarrels. The paper like covering of the house is for protection from the weather and the insects which would otherwise annoy the wasps—otherwise to keep out the flies. The beetle, says the Professor, is a body-snatcher. He buries himself in the sand and leaves, protruding two formidable jaws with which he is provided. These he extends, and when an ant, crawling along, falls over the edge of the precipice into the capacious cavern ready to receive it, that ends his antship. The Professor tells how the child of a white miller might easily upset the silk industry of the world: When the caterpillar prepares to wind itself in its death shroud and become a cocoon, it throws out a thread so regularly and perfectly that it can be unwound after the caterpillar becomes a larva. If the caterpillar should adopt the habits of some of his less regularly constituted brothers and sisters and throw off a tangled or a fluffy cocoon, the silk trade would be ruined and one of the questions which agitate tariff reformers would be eliminated from the many that they have to consider.

He Thought It Was a Bear.

The Telegram noted a few days since the fact that William Wilkinson and J. L. Merrick, officials of the Hudson River Water Power and Paper Company, had started for the Adirondacks, where they intended to devote two or three weeks' time in hunting bears. Last Friday, a trail was started, and in following it the two hunters became separated. In a short time Merrick heard a shot fired in the direction he supposed Wilkinson to be, which was at once

followed by the most unearthly yells he ever heard. Hastening to the locality he took in the situation at a glance. A shot from Wilkinson's rifle had evidently wounded one of the black bears, and angered by pain, the animal had turned upon Wilkinson and was giving chase, while Wilkinson was running for dear life. The ferocious animal gained rapidly upon him, and as he stumbled and fell to the ground two or three times the distance between the pursued and the pursuer was soon reduced to nothing. As the animal had Wilkinson once almost within his embrace, Merrick's heart nearly failed him, for he had followed on with a hope that an opportunity would be afforded him to dispatch the animal, and thus save his now nearly scared-to-death friend.

Once the animal was close enough to bite off a piece of Wilkinson's coat tail, and again his teeth were fastened into the bottom of one of his pantaloons legs, which, of course had to succumb to the wrath of the infuriated animal. Thus piece by piece the clothing was torn from the person of the pursued hunter, until, after a half-hour's chase an opening in the woods was reached and a rude dwelling-house appeared before the eyes of Wilkinson in the clearing a few rods ahead. For this building he made a straight line and in three minutes he fell over the threshold, breathless and nearly exhausted. It proved to be a farmer's abode, and the hind-hearted ruralist lost no time in applying proper restoratives and rendering all the aid in his power for the comfort of his suddenly acquired guest.

As soon as Wilkinson was sufficiently recovered to notice the arrival of his friend Merrick, he seized the latter's rifle, his own having been dropped in the chase, and vowed he would kill that bear if it took him until snow flew. The farmer at once assured him there were no bears in that vicinity. "What do you mean, sir?" exclaimed our hero. "No bears in this vicinity? Why, I was just chased into your house by one of the largest bears I ever saw or heard of. Don't tell me there are no bears here." "Why, my dear sir," said the farmer, "that bear that followed you to this place was one of my black Berkshire hogs. I have got over two hundred of them out here in this piece of woods."—Troy Telegram.

A Tough Miner.

Night before last, Roger Stinson had both of his legs broken while at work in the Chollar croppings. The accident occurred fifty feet below the surface of the ground. There were two caves, or falls of rock. When Mr. Stinson was knocked down and partially covered up by the first, his comrades did not hesitate to run to his assistance and do all in their power to extricate him, though a second fall of rock upon the same spot was imminent. Indeed they were only driven back when the second mass was actually in motion—falling. Twice was the unfortunate man covered up in caves of earth and rocks, but his friends stood by him, though all about them was crumbling and threatening to come in. When he was finally dug out he was of course utterly helpless as regarded locomotion. He was at once carried back to a place of safety, when a messenger was sent for a surgeon. As there was a shaft fifty feet in depth to be ascended, and the only way of reaching the surface was by means of a rope and bucket, the miners thought that a surgeon could come down into the mine and in some way so mend the legs of their wounded companion as would enable him to go up in the bucket.

When the surgeon came he said it was no use to try to do anything with the man down in the mine; he must be brought out. The miners descended and set to work on the problem. The strongest man among them stood erect in the drift, when the others lifted Stinson upon his back. With a long rope the two men were then lashed together, Stinson being so placed that his broken legs were well up from the ground.

The miner, with his living load thus lashed upon his back, then got into the bucket and was hoisted to the surface. At the surface the wounded man was carried into an old blacksmith's shop and laid upon the ground. The surgeon then split up some old barrel staves and lashed these temporary splints upon the broken limbs, preparatory to placing him upon a wagon for removal to his home.

When laid upon his back in the blacksmith's shop, instead of howling and bellowing about pain, Stinson asked his companions to fill his pipe and give it to him, which being done, he smoked as calmly as any old Indian brave could have done under like circumstances.—Virginia City Enterprise.

Things Learned by Experience.

If your coal fire is low throw on a tablespoonful of salt and it will help it very much.

A little ginger put into sausage meat improves the flavor.

In icing cakes dip the knife frequently into cold water.

In boiling meats for soups use cold water.

If the meat is wanted for itself alone plunge into boiling water at once.

You can get a bottle or barrel of oil off any carpet or woolen stuff by applying dry buckwheat plentifully and faithfully; never put water to such a grease spot, or liquid of any kind.

Broil steaks without salting; salt draws the juices in cooking; it is desirable to keep these in if possible; cook over a hot fire, turning frequently, searing on both sides; place on a platter, salt and pepper to taste.

Beef having a tendency to be tough can be made very palatable by stewing very gently for two hours; pepper and salt, taking out a pint of liquid when done, and letting the rest boil into the meat. Brown the meat in the pot. After taking up, make a gravy of the pint of liquid saved.

A small piece of charcoal in the pot with boiling cabbage removes the odor.

Clean oilcloths with milk and water; a brush and soap will ruin them.

Tumblers that have had milk in them should never be put in hot water.

A spoonful of tomatoes in the gravy of either roasted or fried meats is an improvement.

The skin of a boiled egg is the most efficacious remedy that can be applied to a boil. Peel it carefully, wet and apply it to the part affected; it will draw off the matter and remove the soreness in a few hours.

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Starting a Young Man.

It is related of a wealthy Philadelphian, who has been dead these many years, that a young man came to him one day and asked for help to start in business.

"Do you drink?" inquired the millionaire.

"Occasionally."

"Stop it! Stop it for a year, and then come and see me."

The young man broke off the habit at once, and at the end of the year again presented himself.

"Do you smoke?" asked the great man.

"Yes, now and then."
"Stop it! Stop it for a year, and then come and see me."

The young man went away and cut loose from the habit, and after worrying through another twelve months once more faced the philanthropist.

"Do you chew?"

"Yes."

"Stop it! Stop it for a year, and then come and see me."

But the young man never called again. When some one asked why he didn't make one more effort, he replied:

"Dinn't I know what he was driv'at? He'd have told me that as I had stopped chewing, drinking and smoking I must have saved enough to start myself."—Wall Street News.

No Great Hurry.

It was in Philadelphia that a man stepped up to the railroad ticket office the other day and inquired:

"Is there any cut on rates to New York?"

"No, sir."

"Any drop on the regular fare to Washington?"

"None."

"Anything off on tickets to Buffalo?"

"No."

"Any likelihood of a cut from here to Chicago?"

"Don't think so. Which way are you going?"

"Well, I'll go in any direction where there is a cut on rates. Don't make any difference to me where I go."

"There is no cut in any direction."

"Very well; I'll wait until there is. I'm in a no great hurry, and if the railroads think they can tire me out they'll find themselves barking up the wrong tree."

Seven Riddles of the World.

In an address delivered by Prof. DuBois Reymond on "The Limits of Natural Science," he propounded what he called "The Seven Riddles of the World"—riddles which have never been explained, and the majority of which never can be by any known laws.

1. The nature and essence of matter and force.
2. The origin of motion.
3. The origin of life.
4. The apparent design of nature.
5. The origin of consciousness.
6. The origin of rational thought and language.
7. The freedom of the will.

Of the latter he says: "Our 7th difficulty is no difficulty if one resolves to deny the freedom of the will, and to declare the subjective conviction of freedom an illusion, otherwise it is inexplicable."

A Knabe in the White House.

There was seen yesterday at Messrs. Knabe & Co.'s factory a magnificent concert grand, just finished by them for the presidential mansion. President Arthur, who is a thorough connoisseur of music, in selecting a piano for the White House decided in favor of the Knabe Piano as his preference, and ordered accordingly the instrument referred to. It is a concert grand of beautiful finish in a richly carved rosewood case, and of superb tone and action—an instrument worthy in every respect of the place it is to occupy. It was shipped to its destination yesterday. — Baltimore American.

MIXED SPICE.

"Why should you celebrate Washington's birthday more than mine?" asked a teacher. "Because he never told a lie!" shouted a little boy.

"Is there any chance in this city to make an honest living?" asked a stranger of a Chicago man. "I don't know," was the meditative reply; "but we are very progressive and most any new experiment is worth trying."

A Philadelphian has invented a doll which creeps, sings, and, if wound up at bed time, will yell like a wild Indian right in the middle of the night. Young men contemplating matrimony should buy one and see how they like it.

One great unpleasantness attending a man's getting married is his utter insignificance on the occasion. The bride is the object of attention as the star performer of the show,

and he is regarded merely as necessary property.—Boston Post.

A Johnstown man lost his pocket-book containing \$1,500, and rewarded the honest finders with the munificent sum of \$1. The finders feel very grateful over the fact that they were not charged interest on the money while the pocket-book was in their possession.—Philadelphia News.

Advantage of freezing to death: "Ugh!" exclaimed Brown, "I believe I shall freeze to death; but I've got to die some time," he added, "and I might as well die that way as any other." "Much better," replied Fogg, consolingly, "you'd have such an excellent chance to thaw out on the other side, you know."—Boston Transcript.

The widow's grief: A young widow to the marble-cutter: "Tell me, must I put on the tomb of my husband the words 'Eternal Regrets' or simply 'Regrets?'" "Ah, madame," replied the marble cutter, with his most charming smile, "that is for you to decide. Does madame think of marrying again soon?"—French Wit.

There is a lady living in Legington who believes in doing everything in a hurry. The other day her husband hired a man-of-all-work who was too slow to suit her. The other morning he was employed cutting wood while the family were at prayers. Upon arising from her knees the first thing she said was: "That boy didn't strike but three licks while we were at prayers."

"Did you see dat hoss you was talkin' of buyin'?" asked one Austin darkey of another. "Yes, I seed him." "Did you buy de hoss?" "No, I didn't buy him, becase dar was no mutuality." "What do yer mean, niggah?" "Dar was no mutuality. I seed enuff of de hoss, but de hoss didn't see enuff ob me. He was blind in one eye. Dar has ter be more mutuality in a hoss trade."—Texas Siftings.

A Boston editor bounced the cook, cuffed two children, left his wife in tears, and made a bee line for the office, and wrote: "If you want to make the world brighter and better, begin by being kind and loving to those in the small circle of your own family, and from that as a centre work out as you are permitted to go."

A minister was traveling along a country road in Scotland one day in winter, riding rather a long, lean horse, and he himself dressed in rather an odd looking cap and large camelot cloak, when a gentleman came along, riding a fine horse, which "scared" at the preacher and his horse. "Well, sir," said the gentleman, "ye wud scare the vara dell, sir." "That's my business, sir," said the preacher.—Rochester Post-Express.

"Is it a fact," asked one Austin young lady, that "you have consented to marry young Spooney, and are going to be married right off?" "Yes, we are engaged." "Why, he has not got any money, he is ugly, and he is dying with consumption. He won't live two months." "That's the very reason I marry him. Black is so becoming to me that I ought to have been a widow years and years ago."—Texas Siftings.

"I hope you will excuse my stupidity, doctor," said a woman to an Arkansas physician whose professional skill had been visited on her husband and who had called again to investigate the condition of the patient, "but I really didn't think—" "Your husband is much better this morning, ma'am." "I say, doctor," continued the confused woman, "that I don't know how to excuse my stupidity. I gave him the wrong medicine."—Arkansas Traveller.

A few evenings ago something was the matter with one of the electric lamps in front of the Buckingham Theatre. The light burned low and then flashed up several times, and then the electricity passed to the iron rods supporting the awning, and beautiful balls of fire ran down to the ground. A small boy near by, seeing the spectacle, struck at one of the globes as it glided smoothly down the iron pole, and was rewarded for his trouble by being knocked head over heels by the electric force. About a hundred people witnessed the beautiful electric display.—Louisville Courier-Journal.