Longevity and Civilization.

[Milwaukee Sentinel]

Von Moltke was born only a dozen years after the birth of Lord Byron, and had reached manhood when Byron indulged himself in laudation of forest life, and of Daniel Boone, whom the poet considered as furnishing the most striking illustration of his theory that the woods form the choicest home for men. "The cane in point I took Boone fived hunting, up to ninety," sings the author of Don Juan. When these words were first published there were a number of young men living whose histories were to serve as illustrations of the fact that long life is quite as compatible with surroundings of the highest forms of civilization as with life in the forest, to say the least. The future German Emperor Wilhelm was one of them; George himself was another, Gladstone was another, and Von Moltke was another. All these men were workers in the highest grade of civilized employment; in intellectual labors which tried their temper to the last degree, and three of them have lived into the tenth decade of their lives, while the ninety-seventh survivor of the group—perhaps the most persistent worker of all of them, Mr. Gladstone—bids fair to rival the others in the number of his days. In the meantime Byron's poems have become a part of ancient literature, the Napoleonic wars, which were contemporaneous with the youth of Williams, of Moltke and of Bismarck, have come to be regarded as a part of ancient history, and the great forests that Boone loved have disappeared before the forward movement of a civilization which loved them not, but which gives every indication of being better fitted for the environment of the days of the time than are the forests that it displaces. The graves may have been God's first temples; they were pretty certainly man's first sanctuaries; but it may be doubted whether they were ever more conducive to healthfulness than were the houses, and even the palaces, of civilization. Moltke was a graduate of a military school at eighteen, and never thereafter ceased to be a student of military subjects as well as a practical worker. As with Bismarck, "Bismarck," there never was any fault in the machinery of this remarkable man, physically or intellectually, and his final collapse was also much like that of the vehicle which "ran a hundred years to a day," and then so suddenly and mysteriously disappeared from the eyes of men. On the last day of his life the general attended the session of the imperial parliament for that day, and afterward he was suddenly dead. From heart failure, the physicians said, as they are apt to say in cases of collapse; but it is quite as probable that in the veteran's well-balanced physique the whole gave way together. Probably no other general ever did the same amount of work in his profession that was done by this man; certainly none was ever more fortunate in such a number of enterprises, and none ever passed from life into death in a manner more apparently desirable. Uncounted millions of the human race have died since Moltke was born, but his term of life has demonstrated that civilization has not yet begun to retrograde as regards the temporal and material welfare of man, at any rate.

The Rio Grande as a Servant to Man.

[Southwestern Geographical Magazine]

At a point about midway in New Mexico from north to south, the Rio Grande takes on a new character. The Rio Puerco (Nasty river) comes in from the west, bringing down in thick solution the soil of its alkaline valley. The earth of the Rio Grande's banks in this healthy vasty dissolves, and from the mouth of the Rio Puerco southward the waters are liquid mud.

The great river both gives and takes on its journey to the sea. Smaller streams join it from point to point, some begging to it down canon hollows, some meandering as rivulets in the middle of wide channels filled only at flood; and often the waters of the inlet, as in case of the Rio de Santa Fe, are hidden from sight beneath a dry bed, and ooze underground to join the subterranean current of the greater stream. The river gives of its abundance to the villages and cultivated fields through acequias, or irrigating ditches, that go from it to the grounds of the dwellers upon its banks. Far enough up the stream is placed a sluice, if necessary. All to the lands to be irrigated, a little wing dam of brush and stone serves to turn the water from the stream into the ditch, which follow the bank at a slight descent as compared with the downward flow of the swift current. These canals, which at first run nearly at a level, parallel with the course of the stream, as the river's surface falls more and more below them, seem to the unlearned eye actually above the bank, and the "Tenderfoot" or unlatinted stranger, is ready, almost, to assert that the water in the ditch is running up hill.

The main canals that lead from the river, which are known as acequias madres (mothers of ditches), distribute their waters into smaller waterways leading into separate fields and these ditches, in turn, through furrows, like ramifying arteries, diffuse the water over every part of the cultivated ground. No manure is needed on lands thus irrigated, for they are abundantly fertilized by the fine rich detritus in the water. These artificiative fields in the Rio Grande valley that have been under continuous cultivation for 200 years. The water drawn off for domestic use, when allowed to settle, is excellent, and by the residents on its banks and the New Mexico nomads that shiftily seek its refreshing current, it is regarded with a veneration akin to that the Egyptians and Arabs bestow upon the Nile.

Glimpses of an Egyptian Bride.

[Blackford Condist]

It was in the Barrage, the famous bridge of double weir, the eastern part spanning the Damietta and the western the Rosetta branch of the Nile. It was there that the bride Khedive built a lovely palace and still more lovely garden, which he, perhaps, graced with his presence once in his life and left to decay just as all Egypt can have done when the world begins, never renewing, never reviving, but building, as a child would build a toy house, to pull down and begin anew. As Aneh, an English one of the half dozen retained in office, has charge of the bridge, and it is he who walks under the shadow of the palace and gathers the wild roses and eats the golden oranges that, whether or not, blossom and bear fruit in the deserted garden.

It was from the balcony of his house, a part of the old palace, looking out on the beautiful, blooming country, the green Delta, the lovely, mysterious river, that we saw a cavalcade approaching, and heard the sound of the lute and pipe. "It is a fantasia," exclaimed our host; a fantasia meaning any fete or fete. Down the long white road they came, a procession of horsemen on white Arabian steeds, the last mounted in handsome raiment and bearing himself with the proud air of one upon whom all eyes were fixed. Next to him stode a groomed and caparisoned mount with a rich blanket and an embroidered saddle, and after this another camel with even more gorgeous trappings, who bore a rich palanquin, curtained on every side with gold and crimson hangings. Within is sat the bride. Following the bride were three other camels, on which were seated veiled women, and then came a train carrying household furniture, bedding, stuffs, chests, pots and pans, and all the various appurtenances essential to home-keeping in an oriental country.

It was the bride's coming to the bridegroom's house, the last day of the wedding, and the festivities of the seven days' feasting. In a few hours he would lift for the first time lift the veil of her face, and see for the first time the face of his mother indeed wine his mother has told him is true; whether she is almond-eyed and rose-cheeked and supple of limb and graceful of form; whether she has a voice like the coing of a dove, and is learned in the making of bread and baklah, for not one glimpse of her face, save one word spoken by her, has ever been vouchsafed him. Poor fellow! he has brilliant curtains shared loveliness or deformity? Has the mother been wise enough to give him of shells and earrings and bracelets to fancy beauty where there are only rubies? It has happened so in other lands. But the bride is veiled, and the bridegroom, who is also supposed to be ignorant of the lineaments of her husband. The bride is a woman. There are windows, through which she looks, but in the house in the village over the plain, and the brown eyes were never darkened when, veiled and shrouded, she went to the mosque or well. We may be sure the bride has seen him many a day and oft, and loved or hated him after the fashion of women, who, even to be praised, do not meet a century of condemnation to make up their minds whether they like a thing or not.

An Old Game That Is Amusing.

In Lower Canada the boys have a game that we doubt their ancestors brought over with them from la Belle France centuries ago, but which I have never seen played by the boys of the other provinces. It is called "La Main Chaude"—that is, the main heated—and when I describe it I am sure you will agree with me that the name is very appropriate.

One of the players takes his seat in the chair. Another is blindfolded and either kneeling down before the seated or simply bending forward, as he may prefer, rests his head on the chair's knee. Resting his back, with palm outstretched, he holds his right hand. The game is now ready to begin.

The other players range themselves round the blindfolded one, whose palm lies so invitingly open, and in turn give his hand a smart slap with their. It is the business of the unfortunate wight thus being slapped to guess who strikes him, the sitter determining the accuracy of the guess, and the instant he guesses correctly the person whom he has thus found out takes his place and the game proceeds.

When not too roughly played a great deal of fun may be had out of La Main Chaude, but, of course, undue violence must be guarded against.—New York Herald.

Some Odd Bequests.

A blind lover, it is asserted, having lost his wife, determined to commit suicide, and thereupon drew up his last will and testament, wherein he ordered his body to be boiled down and all the fat extracted. The fat was then to be made into a candle, which together with a long letter attached to the will was to be carried at night time to the girl who had jilted him, so that she might read his last allusion by his own light.

Many persons of sound mind have directed that their bodies should be disposed of in a more or less singular manner. Sir James Tuite desired to be buried, not in any churchyard, but under a tower he had erected in his own park. Similarly, Mr. J. Hull desired to be buried under a tower on the top of Leith hill, the highest point in his native county of Sussex, whence, undoubtedly, if he glared wisely, and had any taste for scenery, he may enjoy one of the most charming views to be obtained within a hundred miles of London.—All the Year Round.

The Remarkable Memories.

J. M. Hill, of New York, and Joe Parks were talking in the Tremont House about their memories. Parks said he could remember some things, while others got sorry from him completely. "I can recite," he said, "from memory every line of 'Tam o' Shanter' without missing a word, but I don't remember the number of my brother's house."

"Same here," said Hill. "I walked one night in New York from memory 'Macbeth' from start to finish. I wrote out a check for a man and forgot to sign my name to it."—Chicago Tribune.

His Week.

In a pretty church on the island of Antiyan, in the New Hebrides, is a tablet erected by grateful natives to the memory of their missionary, Rev. John Geddie.

On this tablet is written in their language the following:

When he landed
in year
There were six Christians here
and when he left
in 1872
There were six hundred.
—Missionary Link.

The Short Legatee.

To be left one's own weight in one penny notes—a curious legacy that fell to the children of a Scottish gentleman some years ago—might tempt a man to wish himself a Daniel Lambert. But perhaps nothing is so calculated to make a man's mouth water as a single line in the will of Richard Arkwright. "I bequeath to my son Richard, Sir R. Wigram, one million sterling."—All the Year Round.

ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

HORTICULTURAL SUBJECTS CONSIDERED IN A PRACTICAL MANNER.

The Apple Orchard—Professor Bailey Tells That Carbonate of Copper Is a Sure Remedy for the Scab Fungus Which Works Such Harm.

In an address on apple trees and their enemies Professor Bailey expressed the opinion that a large part of the apple failure has resulted from the early spring and early development of the scab fungus. He said: The last two seasons have demonstrated that carbonate of copper is a sure remedy for the apple scab fungus. It is not yet fully demonstrated just what are the best times to make application, but it is necessary to begin before the flowers open, and to make from four to six applications between that time and the fall of August. Three applications at any rate should be made—one before the blossoms open, one just after they fall and another three or four weeks later.

The apple, however, even when a half dozen, need not cost more than fifteen to twenty-five cents for a large tree for the whole season, counting both materials and labor. A good formula is as follows: Dissolve one ounce of carbonate of copper in one quart of ammonia, and dilute with 100 quarts of water when ready to apply.

This scab fungus appears to be somewhat worse on low and sheltered lands than upon high and warm elevations, although the latter are never by any means exempt in the infected regions. Some guesses think that the most hilldwell varieties, like grimsdinge, are most seriously injured. The growth of the wood is very small because of the unhealthy foliage.

Carpet Beds.

The plan of carpet beds has recently been revived from Popular Gardening has been carried out with the effect. The plan is capable of very adaptivity, not only as regards size, but the selection of plants.

AN ARTISTIC CARPET BED.

One simple but very pleasing arrangement might be as follows: 1, Darkest Coleus; 2, Golden Coleus; 3, 4, 5, 6, Coleus (intermediate gradations); 7, Alternanthera Amoena (green); 8, Centaurea tomentosa (white); 9, Alternanthera paronychioides major (orange red); 10, Variegated Mesembryanthemum; 11, Echeveria secunda glauca.

The Mullein.

The mullein, a native of Europe, has been grown for many years in the southern Atlantic states, and to some extent in California. It is, however, classed as a second grade fruit and has never attracted any special attention. The fruit, which is of a dark brown color when ripe, varies from an inch to an inch and a half in diameter and somewhat resembles the persimmon in shape. Like the papaw it is not good to eat until the first stages of decay have softened the pulp. It has thick bark, soft and flavor. The tree, says California Fruit Grower, is small but handsome, and is frequently used for making hedges.

Shading Young Trees.

A nurseryman who has seldom had occasion to replace a tree that has died says that his success is the result of a very simple but seldom failing precaution. When the tree is planted a piece of wood six inches wide, three inches wide and high enough to reach the lowest branches should be driven into the ground just south of the tree. This keeps the sun off it during two-thirds of the day, and prevents the sap and bark being burned up before new roots have been formed. Any one adopting this plan will be certain to have success with his trees, no matter how poorly they look when first planted out.

For Outdoor Roses.

Joseph Harris says: For outdoor roses in permanent beds my experience leads me to think that it is desirable to get the actual rich in nitrates. I have used nitrate of soda for several years, and the longer I use it on a bed of roses the more vigorous are the plants, and the more luxuriant and glossy are the leaves. I give them a heavy dressing every spring, and I presume the subsoil is rich in nitrates, and that the roots follow the food.

Money in a Vineyard.

G. J. Carpenter, in a paper on grapes, showed that his vineyard had almost paid for itself in the first three years, and that in the years following the products were beyond their gain. He recommends the Brighton, Goethe, Worden, Agawam, Concord and Ives for a large vineyard.

Helpful Hints.

The First Grower says: When red rust appears upon raspberries or blackberries the canes should at once be carefully cut away and burned.

The sulphide of iron has proven in some cases to be a fair tonic for plants with weak flower stems. Weak solutions should be given at first.

Would you have an extraordinary development of fine foliage in cannas, caladiums, castor oil beans, eulalias, reeds, ulandinas, etc? Then rely on the abundance of manure in the soil and abundant summer watering.

By spraying with a combination Bordeaux—Paris green or London purple, or perhaps helleboro or tobacco extract in place of the arsenic—we can prevent injury from insects as well as fungous diseases.

Hit Or Acquitted.

Ward—I have heard it said that a man soon forgets all he learned at college, but there is one thing I shall never forget.

Van Pelt—What is that?

Ward—How to roll cigarettes.—Munsey's Weekly.

What Gloves Are Made Of.

How the World Is Searched for Suitable Material to Cover Our Hands.

"Many of the gloves that are sold in this country under the comprehensive title of 'kid,'" said a glove manufacturer, "are really made of goatskin. There is hardly a country in the world that does not supply some sort of material which are made up into gloves, and many of which use for kid in the retail stores. The supply of kidskins of the finest quality is naturally limited. The greater part is obtained in the manufacture of women's gloves. Men's gloves, therefore, are frequently made of fine lambskin, which is better than the second rate kid.

"The genuine Bluchkidskins are entirely of French origin, and those obtained from mountain slopes of southern France are world famed for their excellence. All the best conditions of climate, air and diet appear to unite in exactly the degree required to secure perfection in this fabric. Nowhere else are the goats so uniformly favorable, although kidskins of good excellence are produced throughout the mountain ranges of southern Europe. Their production is the principal industry among the mountaineers.

"Great pains must be taken to secure the softness and delicacy of texture and freedom from blemish which form the value of the kid skins. The diet is the most important factor, and mother's milk is required to keep the kid in perfect condition. If the animal is allowed to eat grass its value declines, as the skin immediately begins to grow harsh and coarse in texture. To keep the skin in perfect condition the young kid is kept closely penned and carefully guarded against injury from scratches, bruises and so on. As soon as the kids have reached the age at which their skins are in the best condition for the glover they are killed and the skins are sold to tanning peddlers, who hand them to the great centers of the tanning industry at Grenoble, Annonay, Millau and Paris.

"The lambskins are raised in great quantities in southern Europe, and throughout Hungary, Servia, Bulgaria and Roumania. The American glover makes very used of their lambskins at Vienna or Mulhiney.

"Suede is the chief product of all the miscellaneous skins. Here may be found the cape sheepskin, tough and durable, from the Cape of Good Hope; soft and silky skins from Buenos Ayres and other states of South America; hopskins from Mexico and Brazil; antelope from India, Brazil, Columbia and Africa. Of late years many of these skins have been brought directly to New York, and American buyers no longer find it necessary to go to London. While the lambskins are the staple in men's gloves, sealskins are rapidly coming into force, and the sealskins are also extensively used. Suede has a grain peculiar to itself, which, while not visible to the ordinary buyer, can be instantly perceived by the expert.

"Sealskins are good looking, soft and pliable, but are apt to crack. This fault is not found in sealskins, which are durable and handsome, and in many respects make model gloves. The wallaby are objectionable, but these disappear when the glove is on the hand. The 'pekes' of Venezuela constitute the majority of therskins at present. The coarse manes from the antelopes of the west. Heavy leather gloves are obtained from the elks. Hopskins are used in a moderate extent. Patmas, or Calcutta or Indian, are also used.

"Every invoice of heavy skins contains more or less curiosities, and the kind of leather that will be evolved from a stray moose, monkey, llama or kangaroo skin depends upon the skins that accompany it. Dogskins are occasionally made up into gloves, but their use is very uncommon. Everything that goes by the name of dogskin nowadays is likely to be Cape sheep. Reindeer gloves are about as frequent as rat skins in Chinese laundries."—New York Sun.

One Oyster for Two.

The author of "Oysters, and All About Them" gives some examples that nearly match the giant clams and abalones of the California coast.

Pliny mentions that, according to the historians of Alexander's expedition, oysters a foot in diameter were found in the Indian seas, and Sir James E. Tennant was unexpectedly enabled to corroborate the correctness of this statement, for at Kottiar, near Trincomalee, enormous specimens of edible oysters were brought in for the royal dinner, one measured more than eleven inches in length by half as many in width.

But this extraordinary measurement is beaten by the oysters of Port Lincoln in South Australia, which are the largest edible ones in the world. They are as large as a dinner plate, and of much the same shape. They are sometimes more than a foot across the shell, and the oyster fits its habitation so well that he does not leave much margin.

It is a rare occasion when a friend asks you to lunch, at Adelaide, to have one oyster fried in butter, or in eggs and bread crumbs, set before you, but it is a very pleasant experience; for the flavor and delicacy of the Port Lincoln monsters are proverbial, even in that land of luxuries.

A Dog's Strange Family.

The wife of Francis, a pet dog which makes its home in Mr. James H. Gloss's Nevada residence, is attracting considerable attention from the tourists. A short while ago a litter of her puppies was taken from her; one bounced for him, and after a few days disappeared, to making missing until Friday, when she was found in the basement with a family collection of kittens, which she had picked up somewhere and had adopted in the stead of the puppies so ruthlessly taken from her protecting care.—Chemical Commercial Gazette.

An Italian physiologist of repute, named Mosso, has demonstrated by experiment that thinking causes a rush of blood to the brain, which varies with the nature of the thought.

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