

The trial of Louis Riel has been adjourned for a week to allow him to procure witnesses to the various points of his defence.

Signor Romero, the Mexican minister at Washington, says there is not the slightest foundation for the report that the Mexican government proposes to sell a part of its Territory to the United States.

The foreign immigration during the last fiscal year was 122,000 less than the year preceding and 401,171 less than during the year ending June 30, 1882, the year of the greatest immigration.

According to the reports of the tenth census, the State of Michigan produces nearly one-half of the total amount of salt manufactured in the United States the total being 29,805,298 bushels, and the Michigan product being 12,425,885 bushels.

The Cleveland iron masters who have lately been confronted with a dangerous strike, are not entirely blameless. They were especially unwise in bringing over, at the time of some former troubles, a great many ignorant and degraded Poles and Bohemians.

Minister Lowell was often accused by his own countrymen of tuft-hunting, or toadyism to the British nobility, but Mr. Phelps, his successor, has taken a long step in advance of any performance by Mr. Lowell.

The Baltimore Manufacturers' Record publishes its semi-annual review of the South's industrial growth, giving the name, location, and character of business of all enterprises organized in that section during the first half of 1885.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Practical Suggestions on the Time and Manner of Pruning Trees Intended for Timber—Minor Topics.

Pruning Timber Trees. Pruning, in its legitimate sense in the culture of forests, writes a correspondent of The Garden, denotes only the removal of unsightly excrescences or superfluous parts of trees with the view of making the bole grow straighter, higher, and more regular.

Many authorities agree that pruning is beneficial and essential in promoting the profitable growth of most hardwood trees, but this may be rendered less necessary in certain situations by thick planting and judiciously timed thinning.

Plenty of grass should be given fowls in confinement, in order to keep them in good healthy condition. The sheep business, comprising both the wool and mutton produce, is one of the greatest industries in the United States.

It is claimed that if milk is brought just to the boiling point, then poured immediately into cans and sealed airtight, it will keep for an indefinite period.

Some fruit-growers claim that alternate rows of pine and fruit trees prevent the moth and other destructive insects from injuring the fruit.

Early lambs are the most profitable. A cross of the Cotswold and South-down lately produced a lamb that dressed twenty-four pounds at two months old, which sold for twenty-two cents a pound, a total sum of \$5.28.

Lime and salt, mixed with a soft food, is one of the cholera remedies for poultry, but the method generally adopted as the most efficacious is to give each sick fowl a heaping teaspoonful of hyposulphite of soda in enough water to slightly moisten it.

Plantain, dandelion and other weeds in a lawn may be destroyed by placing a little sulphuric acid with a stick in the crown of each plant. The acid should be carried in an open-mouthed bottle with a long handle, so that fingers and clothes are protected.

The killing of sheep by dogs is usually done during the night. To guard against dogs the sheep should be induced to come up every evening to be fed inside of a high inclosure made of palings or wire, with an open shed in the center for protection to the sheep against storms.

A gentleman at Germantown, Pa., who was greatly annoyed by the flocking of sparrows in large numbers to an ivy which covers one side of his house, got rid of them by sifting half a pound of red pepper down through the vine.

Decaying branches break off sooner or later some distance from the trunk. When this happens, nature at once begins to work by closing in the bark at the base of the branch, which is finally forced off when the bark meets, if not before, in vigorous trees decay in such a case rarely extends farther than the base of the branch, because the projecting pieces afford protection from moisture until the wound is healed over, as is often very well shown in the buried knots of sawn-up trees.

I had a ramble through a broad belt of woodland the other day, which, I am assured, the "pruning-hook" has never entered, and was impressed by the fact that it had never apparently been missed. The trees are rather crowded, having been planted for sheltering purposes, but, with the exception of those at the margin of the belt are remarkably straight and clean—although they are all deciduous—showing that the shape of timber trees depend more upon thinning than pruning.

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Cleanliness is absolutely indispensable in the dairy. Wash in tepid water every dish, implement or utensil that comes in contact with milk or its products, then scald in boiling water or steam, rinse in cold water and expose to the air—and sunshine if possible—until wanted for use.

All kinds of grain may be fed to fowls with benefit, as variety seems to be an advantage. A single kind of grain, with the necessary animal and vegetable accompaniment, will secure profit, especially if that grain be wheat, less so if it be corn, but a variety of seed is still more profitable.

THE MILITARY AUTHOR.

Grant's Literary Methods and Ambitions.

The New York Commercial Advertiser of June 9 published some interesting gossip about Gen. Grant and his literary methods. It describes him as completely dominated by the desire to finish his book, that he may leave it as a legacy to his family.

He stands in the midst of conversation to record a reminiscence. Once on awakening, after a dose of morphia, and when his attendants thought that he could not stand, he walked over to a chair, sat down, and in his delirium said, as if in great surprise: "Well, this is funny. Here are my books, papers, pictures, and furniture, yet I am in Illinois. Harrison, how did I get out here? Someone has brought me here. I wonder what for. I am away from my book and no time should be lost in its completion. I suppose I shall have to make the best of it. But, by the way, Washburne and Morton are coming to dinner with me, and I have no clothes on."

"You are not in Illinois," said one of those present. "That's all right; I know what I am doing. Can't I see the old barn? I know every inch of this ground." It was the action of a mind weighted with one subject, and to this day the general does not know what occurred.

Not long ago in the middle of the night he awoke. "Harrison, Harrison, light the gas!" he exclaimed. "The man servant did so. 'Bring me the paper and pencil.' They were brought; he jotted down an idea, and then ordered the lights to be extinguished. He was recently asked:

"What about that story of the surrender of Gen. Lee's sword?" "I didn't take his sword," replied the general, "because I wouldn't think it would be right. Nothing was said or thought of it." "It is usual to take the sword, isn't it?" "Yes; but I wouldn't do it in that case."

To the writer of this article the general said in the course of conversation: "I have read a good deal in my life, but I know of no grander man than Gen. Robert E. Lee."

His usual habit is to rise early, breakfast at 8 o'clock, and get to work by 9 or 9:30 o'clock. He works steadily until 12 or 1 o'clock, and then takes luncheon. Until recently he had a short ride in the park almost daily. Later in the afternoon he sometimes works for two hours again, and sometimes even at night for a little while.

He writes in his own room, on the first floor above the parlor. His writing-table—an ordinary card-table—is set about the middle of the room. He sits with his back to the bay-window at East Sixty-sixth street. At his right is the bureau, and further on the fireplace. On the opposite side is his bed. He wears slippers, vest, trousers, and dressing-gown. On his head he has a black silk cap, or a mixed worsted one, as he is subject to attacks of neuralgia. He uses a large, old-fashioned pair of hard rubber spectacles. He generally writes with a lead pencil on common manilla paper.

The general composes with great rapidity, and but seldom interlines. When trying to express an idea just right he often gets up and walks around the room, although his locomotion is strained and slow, his leg still being lame. It is thought by some that the leg which was injured when he fell on the slippery pavement was broken and wrongly set.

In an adjoining room there is a stenographer, to whom, when the general wishes to record an idea quickly, he dictates, the stenographer taken it down. When dictating the general talks very rapidly, but the swelling on the neck is so large that it interferes considerably with the clearness and distinctness of his speech.

The general keeps by his side many records from the war department at Washington, and in handling them Col. Fred is of great service to his father. The general has a great deal of confidence in the ability of the colonel. He said some time ago: "For an ordinary looking man Fred is the best informed, particularly on military subjects, I ever saw. When he was in Europe he showed a great acquaintance with the history of the countries we visited."

It was particularly unfortunate, says the writer, that Gen. Badaeu, when Gen. Grant was thought to be dying, should have allowed the impression to exist that he, in great part, was the author of the book. The family was incensed at the report. Col. Fred Grant showed the manuscript to a friend familiar with Gen. Grant's writing, and asked whose it was. The gentleman quickly responded: "It is Gen. Grant's." It is a significant fact that nothing more is to be heard from Gen. Badaeu. He has left the house, bag and baggage, and has not been in it for some time.

When the book was completed Gen. Grant was much delighted. He took it to Mrs. Grant, and said: "Here is your book. It's all done. It's the only legacy I have to leave you or my family."

He invariably refers to the book now as Mrs. Grant's. The first volume of the book will appear in December, the second in March. It has already over three hundred thousand subscribers, which insures a handsome income to the family.

Thirty shaves for twelve cents is the ordinary barber's rate in India. Time is not money in that country, evidently. But then, the barbers there don't have to converse in three or four different languages and are apt to wear little else than exceedingly brief Oscar Wilde trousers and bugs. Their rates are about as much too low as ours here are too high.—Puck's Sun.

The first monkey ever born in this country first saw the light of day in New York Saturday. The only event of a similar nature was the birth a year or so ago of some Manouques in the Cincinnati zoological gardens. The mother of the new arrival was brought from Calcutta by a sailor last fall.

Pith and Point.

The man who fails for a million dollars must command respect.

New York has received as many as 1,000,000 bananas per day. That is as good as 500,000 slip-ups.

Perry Davis is an inmate of a western county house, but of an eastern tomb which cost \$8,000.

It may do for theologians to call it "Sheol," but the old term is good enough for most of us in the usual daily walks of life.

No sooner did a real Boston girl remove to Chicago to reside than she dated her letters from "Chicago-by-the-Lake."

It was a Nashville cook this time who mistook arsenic for baking powder. Of course she kept them side by side on the shelf.

The consumption of beer has increased by 58,000,000 gallons in one year. Somebody's head must be getting used to the motion.

Ten yards of flirtation and a bushel of gush are mentioned by the Boston Globe as a full seaside outfit for the average young lady.

England's big cannon booms a charge of almost 600 pounds of powder at once. Such spendthrift habits should not be encouraged in a gun.

It has been satisfactorily settled that a yachtman need not know how to sail a yacht. All that is needed is a uniform and a roll of his gait.

This country imported about 18,000,000 bottles of wine last year and consumed 29,000,000. Nobody got hold of a bottle that wasn't "imported."

New Hampshire could put about 800 militia in the field if occasion demanded, but they would have to carry pitchforks and wear their every-day clothes.

They keep finding indictments against Ferd. Ward, but after a man has been drowned fifteen or twenty times it's no use to pour more water over him.

The New York Evening Post gives up the fight at last and says: "The time has arrived for bidding farewell in these columns to Keely and his motor."

Applauders are getting large enough to twist a boy of 10 out of bed and half-way down stairs at every grip, and the opportunity should not be lost by a single youth.

If it can on the one hand be called "cholera infantum," why can't it on the other hand be referred to as "cholera adultum"? The infants shouldn't have all the advantage.

It is believed that if Miss Dudley is kept in prison much longer she will be driven to write poetry, and for this reason many influential people are moving to have her released.

A St. Louis woman was spit on from a third-story window by a boy and she has sued the lad's employer for \$5,000 damages. The defense will be "contributory negligence."

Eighty-two per cent of all the fires occurring in New York city are traced directly to carelessness. It's no wonder an overworked reporter slips his grammar now and then.

A chap in Arizona has improved on the idea of an art loan. He has got up a "money loan" scheme, and only the other day eight stage coach passengers lent him nearly \$1,000.

The Brooklyn Eagle knows of a professional roller-skater with a bullet in his head. We can't see anything odd about that. That's no place to shoot one of those chaps if you want to lay him up.

Prof. Proctor says that at least 450,000 meteoric bodies fall from the heavens every hour of the twenty-four for the entire year, and yet it is hard work to find a chap who has had his hat knocked off.

Of the nine great musical composers of Germany not one of them had a face an average man would like to meet on a lonely road at twilight's solemn hour. He'd count on either being dunned or thumped.

A Chicago paper asserts that the young man who starts out in life with the feeling that he doesn't know beans from broomsticks has at least \$5,000 capital over all others. No such man ever started in Chicago.

Fargo has all along supposed that she had 17,000 population, but a census taken by the police fails to show quite 10,000. How 7,000 people slipped out of town inside of two days is what bothers those who didn't go.

More than 100 men and women over 60 years of age have been injured or killed in skating rinks within the last six months. Most of 'em were widows and widowers who were trying to show off like people of 20.—Detroit Free Press.

An Eloquent Tramp.

A stupid looking tramp knocked at the door of one of the finest residences in Austin, and was received by the lady of the house, who expressed some curiosity to know what he wanted.

"Please, mum, give me a dime to get a glass of bread—scuse me, I mean a loaf of beer."

"I ain't got no money," the lady replied.

"Ain't got no money? Then, madame, you should move into a cheaper house, so you will not deceive the humble tramp by the gorgeousness of your residence. You are living beyond your means. Economy is wealth."

"Now you clear out of here or I'll call my husband."

"Cut down your expenses, madame—cut down your expenses, or sooner or later your husband will be in my fix. I had just such a wife as you, and that's what has brought me to the condition I am now in. Reduce your expenses, madame, and some of these days you may have a dime—a whole dime—which may be the means of preventing some hungry, thirsty fellow mortal from committing suicide; or it may be a quarter, a coin of the value of twenty five cents, that will uphold the dark clouds of my despairing soul with a silver-plated lining and his stomach with beef beer. Fair lady, good bye."—Texas Siftings.

Base ball is a game in which diamonds are always trumps.

THE JIMJAMS.

How a Man Got Cured of Seeing the Monkeys.

From the Detroit Post.

"Did you ever have the tremens?" was the laconic inquiry made recently by one Detroitier of another.

"The what?"

"The tremens, snakes, shakes, triangles, jimjams, side jumps or whatever you choose to call them."

"Oh, I see; you mean the jerks. No, I never had them and never will. I went through an experience once that convinced me I had no use for any nervous disturbance of that character. I was rooming with a capital young fellow at a hotel. He was a Southerner; came from Texas and had all that generous, impulsive nature that is attributed to the best class of Southerners. But that fellow would get on the most hilarious batters of the most pronounced type. He'd get blind, howling drunk, and keep it up until nature would bring in her bill and send him to bed because he couldn't meet them. He'd spend all the money he had, all he could borrow, and then run his credit to the very limit. He was ready to be anybody's friend, and the fact was taken advantage of while he could work the bars. He was quick to anger, and when his money disappeared he was liable to be treated to a pair of black eyes or a sore jaw. He would come out of a spree determined never to have another one, and while his resolution prevailed he was gentlemanly, tidy as a fashion plate and the best of company. He was a Democrat, and Cleveland's election took the young man clear off his feet. He was on the war path for two weeks. He was drunker than a lord and made Rome howl for weeks. He finally had to give up and went to bed at the hotel. He slept twenty-four hours and then wanted whiskey. The doctors said to give a reasonable amount, but the debilitated politician wanted a quart. He was quieted for a time and I threw myself on the bed for a nap. A voice awakened me. I heard the young fellow praying and saw him kneeling by the bedside. His petition was that the Lord, his mother and all other interested parties might forgive him for what he was about to do. He felt it as his duty to murder me then and there because in his distorted judgment I was fit to cumber the earth no longer. I was almost petrified with mingled astonishment and fear. I saw that he had 'em. He was an athlete, six feet tall, and out of his head. In the corner of the room were two Indian clubs and a baseball bat. He rose from prayer, started for the corner, and I saw that I must do something or be beat into a jelly. I made a spring before he knew I was awake, pinioned his arms behind him and let out two or three terrific yells. In a few seconds the porter with a half dozen other men were helping put the Cleveland man to bed. He got around all right and vows he's done drinking, but I wouldn't sleep with him after another Democratic victory for half of the state of Michigan. I'm cured and I'll never have the rattles."

A Genius for Friendship.

This genius for friendship, for entering into relationship with another, is the rarest of gifts. For the most part we go each our own way and make a virtue of it. The keenly critical nature is seldom the sympathetic or the helpful. It brings to bear the disintegrating, the analytical, rather than the constructive and the synthetic forces, and is far more apt to commend the unfortunate to the aid of Heaven than it is to endeavor to make itself an agency in heavenly work. A man has involved himself in some unfortunate and exacting circumstances; he has somehow dropped the clue of success and is groping blindly in the labyrinth; and we remark on his unwisdom, and wonder how he could have done so, and with the comforting reflection that it is none of our affairs, we leave him to grope his way blindly as best he may. It is no affair of ours. But is it not? Does not the man or woman who fails to speak the needed word at the right moment to give the inspiration of sympathy or of counsel, become morally accountable for the failure? "No one ever came so near as Margaret Fuller," said one who knew her well. "And have no doubt," adds Mr. Emerson, "that she saw expressions, heard tones, and received thoughts from her companions which no one else drew from them." In this sympathetic capacity she made of life her art. She saw the secret, interior capability. She brought this vital educative power to act on all to whom she applied herself to counsel or aid.—Boston Traveler.

Muscles and Brains. From the Princetonian.

One of the strongest arguments that can be brought to bear against the present ascendancy of athletics in our colleges is their damaging effect upon the studies of the men making up the teams. In the college offices the other day the register kindly showed me the records of the university base-ball nines of 1881 to 1884 inclusive. The nine of '81 had an average rank of seventy-six in a class of 100. The nine of '82 averaged fifty-three. The nine of '83 averaged fifty-two, while the nine of '84 averaged fifty-four. With the exception of '81, each nine contained two or three men of high standing, whose record showed that a man can study and play ball as well. Each nine showed also two or three men standing in the middle of the class. Finally, each nine contained several professional ball players with whom every examination must have been in the nature of a lottery. Upon the whole, however, the figures were higher than we expected, and were encouraging to one who believes that running bases does not unfit a man for intellectual work. One of the first duties of a captain is to look after the college standing of the men under his charge. A few teams in good standing will silence the critics of college athletics.