

A REMARKABLE MILL.

In Which Most Everything Is Made and the Gospel Is Preached.

On the old country road leading from Taunton to New Bedford, about three miles from Taunton, at the head of a large pond stands a building whose history is so peculiar and whose uses are so many that it can properly be classed among the wonders of the old colony. It was erected about fifty years ago by Josiah King for a fork works. A few years afterward it was sold to William Pierce, who now owns it. In appearance it is no more peculiar than the ordinary run of country saw-mills. Its age rests lightly upon it, and, barring accidents, it is likely to remain a landmark for at least fifty years to come. Its history, told by one who lives near it, is as follows:

"On the lower floor of the building are three rooms. In one is a grist-mill, in another machinery for sawing and splitting wood and cider making, and the third is used for a church and for holding various kinds of entertainments. Grain is brought there from miles around and ground into meal for 'fodder and cake-making.' On any day during the late fall you will see half a dozen old farmers gathered about discussing things in general, and waiting for their little grist to be ground. Meal made from corn of their own raising is thought far superior to any that can be bought at the store.

"I asked an old man one day why he did not use bolted meal. 'I've used meal of my own and father's raisin' for over sixty year' an' its good enough f' me. I don't b'live in s'many new-fangled notions just gut ip t' g'it money out uv us por farmers.' Of course he must have his clumsy joke on the end: 'I c'n bolt my own meal fast enuf when 't's made into cakes.'"

"In the early fall the old mill is kept running night and day making cider. Hundreds of cart-loads of apples are ground up and the juice squeezed out. An upright barrel with one head out stands always full of the fermented juice and a cup near by invites everyone to help himself. One day a small boy wandered in. He could not reach over the top of the barrel to the cider, so he made 'an inclined plane of a board and crawled up on it. He reached down to dip a cupful of the coveted liquid. The board tipped up and the young man went in head first. Luckily someone heard the splash and rushed into the room just in time to save the youth from a cider grave. This boy has now grown up to be an active temperance worker. Cider-drinking parties are often held here, and the person who drinks the most is voted the champion. I once saw a young man drink ten glasses in rapid succession. When this part of the mill is not in use for cider-making wood is sawed and split here, and the same old farmers who bring their own corn to have it ground to save money will bring a load of wood and have it reduced to the proper size for stove-burning. Years ago this part of the mill was used for sawing box-boards and shingles, and more recently as a furniture factory.

"In all the years the old mill has been there has been but one accident. One day the mill was sawing shingles, when a young man with a scarf about his neck came in. He got too near the shafting, and it caught him by the scarf and began to throw him around and around. Before the mill could be stopped his boots and stockings were torn from his feet in shreds, and four of his ribs and an arm were broken.

"The room used as a church is such as the old puritans worshiped in. Except in midsummer and midwinter meetings are held here regularly Sundays, and on week-day evenings fairs, festivals, and 'sewing circles' often make merry in this room. Not infrequently in winter a dance draws the young people to the old mill.

"I distinctly remember one evening prayer and praise meeting that I attended here. The minister was an old man and very near-sighted. In the course of the evening he began to cough, and not being able to control it he asked for someone to fetch him a glass of water. It was early in the fall, in cider-making time, and in the second room beyond stood the full barrel and a glass near it. A young scapegrace quickly responded to the request of the minister, but instead of bringing water he filled the glass with cider, and with a sober face took it up to the preacher. The audience discovered the trick and roared for handkerchiefs. The unsuspecting old gentleman raised the glass to his lips, and, without stopping to taste or smell, swallowed the whole of it. Such a look of horror as came over his face when he realized the trick I will not attempt to describe. The audience smiled and tittered, but the minister immediately regained his composure, and said not a word.

"One of the most pathetic scenes I ever witnessed was the funeral of a little child in the church-room of the old mill. The parents were poor, hard-working people, and the dead baby was the only one God had given them. It was a beautiful little girl, as fair as though its parents had been of royal blood instead of being too poor to provide a coffin for the little thing. Kind neighbors had bought a little white casket and made a little white robe of some cheap cloth and trimmed it with blue ribbons. They put flowers about the room in the old mill in rude vases and cups, and gathered reverently about the mourning parents, while the minister said a few kind words and prayed to God that the father and mother be given strength to bear their great grief. "Surely, like the mills of the gods, this mill grinds all."—Taunton (Mass.) Cur. Boston Globe.

The microscope reveals that there are more than our thousand muscles in a caterpillar, and that the eye of the drone contains one thousand mirrors. There are spiders as small as a grain of sand, and they spin a thread so fine that it would require four hundred of them to equal the size of a single hair.

State of Ireland—American Tourists.

It is pleasing to notice that American public opinion has not been terrified by the rumors circulated by interested persons in reference to the unsettled state of Ireland. Such unfounded reports, says *The Belfast News Letter*, have done much to intimidate tourists from visiting this country, but the fact that these idle stories have not completely accomplished their objects has just received a graphic illustration in Belfast. A very large number of American tourists have recently visited Ireland, taking in this town in their tour. An instance showing how thoroughly ineffectual malicious reports have been is afforded by the fact that a party of thirteen American ladies, unaccompanied by what would perhaps be considered the reassuring escort of gentlemen, arrived after a tour through the country, at the Queen's hotel, Belfast. They left Boston by the Cunard liner Cephalonia. Another large party of ladies and gentlemen tourists arrived at Queenstown on the 6th inst. by the Cunard steamer Aurania. They spent the interval of twelve days in visiting Cork, the Lakes of Killarney, Dublin, Enniskillen, Londonderry, Belfast, and other places of interest. It is an acknowledged fact that Ireland presents features of attraction to tourists such as few countries possess, but false public opinion has intimidated many visitors who were only too desirous of becoming acquainted with this island. That such influences are dying a natural death is being demonstrated daily. In addition to the facts above quoted, it may be mentioned that on Saturday last the Cunard steamer Etruria landed at Queenstown nearly one hundred saloon passengers, and the steamers of other transatlantic lines are furnishing their quota also. The supposition that tourists might not travel from Cape Clear to Main Head without molestation or dread strikes anyone who knows Ireland as a complete absurdity, and that false rumors have been dissipated in the minds of American travelers is now amply proven. The party of ladies who have been staying at the Queen's hotel left for Glasgow last night by the Messrs. Burns' steamer Gorilla. The Dromedary, also, on Thursday evening conveyed a large party of Americans to the same destination. These facts possess a special interest, as emphasizing a returning confidence on the part of foreigners in Irish hospitality and the general state of the country.

Caught It All Alone.

On the boat coming down from the Flats the other evening was a young man and a black bass. They were a pair. That is, the young man had in some way accumulated the fish, which was dead. He was such a guileless-looking young man that several parties thought to try him and his catch. The fish was hanging to a peg, and with it a pair of small balances which enable a fisherman to weigh his victims, providing they don't go over twenty pounds.

"Catch it all alone?" asked one.

No reply.

"Pull very hard?" asked a second.

No reply.

"Were you much over three days about it?" queried a third, and so it went on for ten minutes, while the fisherman had nothing to say. At length one of the crowd remarked:

"That bass will weigh all of half a pound."

"I doubt it," replied another.

"Say, fisherman, what are the figures?"

"Two pounds," was the solemn answer.

"Get out!"

The man pulled a \$10 bill from his vest, and laid it on his knee and said:

"If he don't the money is yours. Put up!"

After some hesitation a shake purse of \$10 was raised, the fish hung to the scales, and he showed an ounce over.

The crowd kicked on the scales, and the fish was weighed in the steamer's pantry. The figures held good, but he was weighed again when the boat landed, and the money had to be passed over.

"How did you do it?" asked a policeman when the crowd had dispersed.

"Simply poured seventeen ounces of birdshot down his throat," was the reply; and he let the fish's head drop and the shot pattered out on the wharf like a young hail-storm.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Watermelons Won't Go.

"There is as handsome a lot of watermelons as ever reached New York," said a Washington market dealer, "and yet people shun them as if they were afraid they would go off. Where I sold a thousand last season I do not sell one hundred."

"How do you account for it?"

"That's an easy one. Why, cholera, cholera, cholera! The health board have scared the fruit consumers to death, and in place of breakfasting on a good ripe watermelon or dish of other fruit, they are dieting on oatmeal, crackers, rice, or hominy. Nothing green—not a shade of that color upon the table. Now, watermelons are notoriously wholesome."

"How do the prices compare with last season?"

"There is a handsome melon for 25 cents. Fifty and 60 cents was a common price a year ago."

"Many melons coming?"

"Yes; but they will not pay expenses. We won't have the cholera, but we have got the scare, and the melon business is laid out."—*New York Sun.*

All the Insurance He Wanted.

"Young man," said a minister to a passenger who had just finished curing the peanut boy for waking him up, "does it ever occur to you that we know not what a day may bring forth—that we are here to-day and gone to-morrow?"

"I should say so; I'm a Cincinnati drummer."

"Do you know," went on the minister solemnly, "that in the midst of life we are in death?"

"You're too late, old man," said the Cincinnati brisley; "I've got \$10,000 in the Occident and Orient, and that's all the insurance I can carry."—*New York Times.*

PASSING EVENTS.

The wine product for 1885 is estimated at 15,000,000 gallons.

The old Cincinnati postoffice is to be rebuilt at Eden park for an art school. A Danbury, Conn., man swallowed a live frog several days ago for two bottles of beer.

A proposition has been made to erect a monument to Gen. Grant in Buffalo, N. Y., by popular subscription.

The last blow to the roller-skating rink has been given by a Philadelphia physician, who says that roller-skating enlarges the feet.

The Japanese have adopted the bicycle, and it has become popular there, but the Chinese seem wholly incapable of comprehending it.

It is now claimed that birds as nearly as possible imitate the nests in which they were reared, and bring to the work a sort of rudimentary education.

Prof. L. E. Richards, the Yale pedestrian, has walked nineteen hundred miles thus far this year for pleasure. Last year he made twenty-one hundred.

The Pennsylvania Railroad company is soon to open at Allegheny, for the use of its employees, a library, reading-room, bath-rooms, and an assembly hall.

Fifteen thousand people at the opening of the Chautauqua school, which indicates that as a popular summer resort the school is fast taking the place of the camp meeting.

In a recent issue of a well-known French journal appeared the following advertisement: "Wanted, a distinguished and healthy looking man to be 'cured patient' in a doctor's waiting-room. Address, etc."

As two men were fishing in a mill-pond at Valatie, Columbia county, New York, the other day, they saw a crocodile about six feet long crawl into the water. It was put into the pond six years ago, when small.

The tribal government of the Cherokees is democratic in form, with an elective chief magistrate and an upper and lower house of representatives. The judiciary is also elective, and criminals are punished after the manner of the whites.

The dry weather in Texas affects *The Luling Wasp* in this manner: "The foam-covered couriers of the air are constantly in sight, but the sound of their trumpeting comes not, nor do we feel the welcome spray from the rain-god's fountain."

A horse was thrown down in New York a few days ago by the iron shoe of one foot coming in contact with the cover of a manhole for the electric wires, which was affected by leakage, while the other foot touched the iron rail of the Bleeker street horse railroad.

In a communication to the *Academie des Sciences*, M. Duclaux states the presence of micro-organisms in the earth is essential to the germination of seed. His experiments were made with plants whose seeds grow on the surface as well as those which develop in the ground.

Tenejapa, Oaxaca, Mexico, the Indian residents are more sanguinary than the Chinese in the administration of justice. They surrounded the houses of seven well-known robbers, and burned them alive in their houses. When the militia arrived they only found a heap of ashes.

Tracing-paper may be made by immersing best tissue paper in a bath composed of turpentine and bleached beeswax. A piece of beeswax an inch in diameter dissolved in half a pint of turpentine is said to give good results. The paper should be allowed to dry for two or three days before using it.

Within a few days 180 omnibuses have been sold at auction in New York. The hundred sold at the Madison square stables went as low as an average of \$30, and one brought only \$15. At a later sale eighty Fifth avenue stages brought an average of \$60 each. At these prices they were cheap for the use of camping-out parties or traveling photographers.

Take a slip of paper and place thereon, in figures, your age in years, dropping months, weeks, and days. Multiply the sum by two; then add to the result obtained the figures 3,768; add two, and then divide by two. Subtract from the result obtained the number of your years on earth, and see if you do not obtain figures you will not be likely to forget.

For its private work the Bank of Devil's Lake, Dakota, has adopted a rather peculiar but suggestive vignette. The base is a sheaf of wheat, on which rests a silver dollar, over the back of which Satan is climbing, holding in one hand the scales of justice and in the other a lance. At his left is a map of the lake, which forms the place for writing the amount of draft or check, on which are the words, "Give the devil his due."

A few days ago a Watervliet, N. Y., farmer was induced by a stranger to act as agent for a wire fence, signing what he was told was an agent's certificate. Soon after two men visited him and showed him a paper, the one he had signed. It was a contract to purchase \$5,000 worth of wire. He invited the men into his barn, where he snatched the paper from the hands of the one that held it and drove both from the premises with a pitchfork.

It is said that three or four thicknesses of common wire mosquito-netting, painted or unpainted, and laid upon one another, are utterly impervious to lightning. No substance, whether liquid or solid, however combustible, inflammable, or explosive, that is protected by a covering of this material, can possibly suffer in anywise from lightning or from any accidental spark or jet of flame from without.

As a torpedo was being lowered into an oil well near Richburg, N. Y., Saturday, the oil suddenly rose in the well, and throwing the torpedo against the bull-wheel, it was exploded, completely demolishing the derrick, boiler, and engine-houses. The men saved their lives by running and throwing themselves on the ground as soon as they heard the oil rushing. All the dishes in a house near by were broken by the shock, and the house was badly wrecked.

Life of Birds Contrasted with That of Man.

From Belgravia. The house itself stood four miles or more from any other human habitation, and the master of the house lived in a cage, from which he looked out over the wide-stretching heath, and doubtless had his own opinions about the solitary situation and the shameful procession of life that was only illustrated to the dwellers in the house by the change of seasons and the fact that the heather, by which all were surrounded, was in blossom or dressed in the dark purple hue that tells the initiated that autumn is past and winter is coming over the land.

But whatever opinions the master of the house held on that or any other subject, he had no intention of telling them even to his protectress and slave, the mistress. Sufficient for him were the sweet food, the fresh groundsel, the feathery grasses and clear water and the adoration he received unflinchingly, replying thereto occasionally with a short, sharp word or exclamation that was at once written down by his worshipers and pondered over, to try and discern the hidden meaning, the profound philosophy, that doubtless were concealed in the mystic syllables; and many an event in the life of the tiny household was decided by the parrot, unconsciously swinging in his cage and scolding beneath his breath the 101 small birds that congregated near him, hoping to pick up a few crumbs that fell from his overflowing table. If the bird had inherited the soul of one of the sibyls he could not have inspired profounder respect. He was never left alone for more than two hours at a stretch, and then only with profuse apologies; and should the rare necessity of business call his worshipers further afield he would be carefully ensconced in a large red flannel bag that covered him and his cage completely over, and enabled him to take a long journey secure from draughts and from alarm at the constant succession of sights, that might have been harmful to one who so seldom left his quiet dwelling place, and for whom life was regulated with the precision of some choice and perfectly balanced piece of machinery.

A Three-Minute Geyser.

Portland Oregonian.

Hoaxing travelers has always been a favorite amusement with some people who have been connected with our transportation lines. There was George Knaggs, President of the Celilo Lying Club, who has invented more ingenious stories than can be remembered, but who has now turned a respectable and honorable citizen of The Dalles. How many have looked with delight on the immense orchards (of oak grubs) he has pointed to them along the hills of Wasco County. But there has arisen a greater than Knaggs, one who can lie in half a dozen languages. Lately coming up from Astoria, the passengers heard a loud, roaring noise on the south side of the river, and looking in the direction of the sound, saw a large column of water rise to a great height in the air. An excited lady, who inquired the meaning of this phenomenon, was told by the polyglot liar above mentioned that there was a geyser over there in the woods. "But," said the lady, "I was along here a year ago and I heard no mention of geysers." "Oh," was the reply. "It has only lately broken out. It spouts every three minutes after great roaring. If you will watch you will soon see it again." Sure enough in a moment a loud and prolonged roar was heard, and then a huge column of water flashed in the sun far above the intervening trees. The lady was convinced and was also delighted to have seen this wonder of nature. As the *Oregonian* does not wish the Iowa editors to be deceived by this romancer, it will "give away the snap." Capt. Ankeny has a long timber slide down the side of the mountain on the Prairie channel. It is lined with railroad iron, and the logs in descending it make a great noise, and when the logs strike the water they punch out a column the full size of the log, just as the pth is punched out of an elder, and shove it up in the air to a great height. As the logs follow each other down the chute at short intervals the appearance of a spouting geyser is presented to travelers along the main channel of the river.

A Sagacious Dog.

"I believe that half the yarns that run through the papers with regard to the sagacity of dogs and cats are fudged up," said a merchant in hearing of a reporter to another who was leaning over the counter.

"Do you? Well, I don't. You've seen my dog Betsey, I guess?"

"Yes, what of her?"

"I have had her about nine years, and in that time have changed residences about the same number of times. The last time the dog was forgotten in the confusion, and it was two or three days before we found her. Yesterday we started to move again. Directly after the wagon backed up to the pavement, and the men commenced moving the furniture, the dog, who is usually very sedate in her manners, cut up the most extraordinary antics imaginable. Finally she made a break for her kennel and, one by one, she lugged out a litter of three puppies and dropped them near the wagon, and not until she and her family were given a place on the driver's seat, would she allow anything to be touched, and then with a short bark or two, which I expect meant 'guess you catch me being left behind this time,' she coiled up and went to sleep."

A lady who has been abroad was describing some of the sights of the trip to friends. "But what pleased me as much as any thing," she continued, "was the wonderful clock at Strasbourg."

"Oh, how I should love to see it," gushed a pretty young woman in pink; "I am so interested in such things. And did you see the celebrated watch on the Rhine, too?"

"Now, children," said a schoolmistress, "I want you to be so quiet that you can hear a pin drop." All became still in a moment, and a little urchin cried: "Now, then let her drop."

AURIFEROUS GRAVEL.

Rich Deposits in Various Parts of Arizona.

Perhaps the most extensive unworked beds of auriferous gravel on the Pacific coast, between British Columbia and Mexico, are in Yavapai county, Arizona territory. This great county occupies the center of the northern half of Arizona and covers an area of thirty thousand square miles, all included within the elevated plateau in which the greater portion of the territory lies. This high tableland is traversed by a number of short, broken mountain ranges, trending usually northwest and southeast. All of these in the southern part of the county are rich in minerals, principally gold silver, and copper. The general slope of the mountains from base of foothills to summits is very gradual, although in places the high ridges of some of the ranges rise quite abruptly from the base hills, and the formation has been favorable for the deposition of vast gravel beds, as in the middle Sierra counties of California.

Placer mining has been carried on in Yavapai for more than twenty years, but a comparatively small amount of ground has been worked, owing to the scarcity of water, although this country is more highly favored in that respect than others in the territory. During the rainy season the mines most convenient to the water supply were worked so long as the latter lasted, and in many cases yielded enormously. It is not known that the average richness of the unworked placers is fabulously great, and probably they are not more so than were those of the El Dorado of the Golden state, but there are certainly large areas that would prove veritable bonanzas were it possible to place them under a sufficient water-supply.

The same old experience of other surface diggings has been repeated here. As soon as it became impossible to work the mines so as to make them yield to the very best advantage—due to the expense of conducting water to them or to a scarcity of the same—they were forsaken. Many of these same mines to-day will pay, and some of them are paying good wages to those engaged in working them. The time has come here for the miner to be satisfied with reasonable wages. There has been very little enterprise shown in developing the placer mining industry, an important part of the wealth of this section. By constructing dams in suitable places and conserving the water in natural basins in the mountains where there is an overabundance, the period of working the placers might be extended every year to at least two or three times the length of the rainy season (which in Arizona occurs during the summer), and in the more favored localities during the twelve months. No large parts of this kind, common in other parts of the west, have been attempted here. An outlay of many thousands of dollars would be naturally involved, but several localities might be named where such would prove a paying investment.

A few words relative to what has been done in earlier days will be of interest, and a brief resume of such, mainly condensed from the accounts of a few of the principal districts, as recorded in the "Resources of Arizona," published under the authority of the territorial legislature, will be given. One of the oldest districts is that of Lynx Creek, six miles east of Prescott. The creek giving the name to the district has been one of the richest gold-producing streams in the territory, and it is estimated that over \$1,000,000 has been taken from the gravel beds through which it passes. They are still worked where water is obtainable in sufficient quantity. Of this district more will be said later. The oldest district in Yavapai, in the northwest, part of the county, is famous as the scene of the discovery of Rich hill. In a depression on the summit of the mountain, about six thousand feet above tide-water, the coarse gold was found lying on the bare bed rock. Pieces of the pure metal worth several hundred dollars were picked up, and over \$500,000 was taken from about an acre of ground. Butcher knives were used to dig the gold out of the seams in the rock, and it was not an uncommon thing to find from \$1,000 to \$5,000 under a small boulder. How the gold was deposited in such a place is a mystery which has not yet been solved. The gulches and ravines running down from the mountain contained considerable treasure, and are worked by Mexicans up to the present time. It is estimated that Weaver has produced over \$1,000,000 in placer gold. The Mexicans who still remain there dry-wash the gravel, by which process a large percentage of the gold is lost, and were it not that it is very coarse they could not make it pay. As it is, they do very well, and during the short time that water is to be had to enable them to use the rocker or pan, often obtain such results as were heard of when placer-mining was in its glory in California. Others in that district pack the gravel to water on donkeys a distance of five or six miles, and "pan it out," and make wages. Unfortunately there are no large streams near the richest part of the Weaver district, and mining is carried on in the face of every disadvantage, and necessarily on a limited scale. Hassayampa district has also turned out a large amount of treasure, but less than the two above mentioned. These are the most notable placers of the territory, but there are others of less importance on smaller streams. Yavapai county has turned out more gold than all the other counties in the territory; but in the yield of bullion of all kinds the small county of Cochise, in the southeastern corner of Arizona, takes the lead.

The only hydraulic mine in Yavapai county is in the Lynx Creek district, the property of F. M. Murphy & Bro. The gravel carries a large amount of gold, and the lack of a sufficient supply of water is all that prevents it from being one of the most valuable mining properties in the territory. On this account it is worked only a short time each year, during the rainy season, but for that brief period it pays well, the average yield of gold being 40 cents per cubic yard. The water is supplied through a fourteen-inch pipe reduced to six inches at the end. By constructing a reservoir and storing the water, the greater part of which runs to waste, the mine could be worked several months each year and made to turn out a large sum annually. The cost of making such a reservoir would be considerable, but the increased yield from the mine in consequence of the extended period during which it could be made to pay would soon reimburse the owners for all outlay. The bed of gravel which is expected to yield at the rate named—40 cents per cubic yard—is a large one, and it is calculated that, if worked as long as practicable each season, with the aid of a reservoir for the storage of water, it would last for more than a quarter of a century. The possibilities of the surface mining regions of Yavapai are great, but a large amount of money must first be expended for the construction of water reservoirs and conducting to the mines.

What Becomes of the Dead?

Sir Lyon Playfair in Good Words.

If we follow the process of decay which takes place in the grave, it will be found that living organisms take part in the decay of the buried body, just as they do when beef or mutton is consumed by a man. In absolutely pure air flesh does not decay, and is in fact preserved for an indefinite time. But air is seldom absolutely pure, for in it is an infinite number of floating micro-organisms, either as spores or fully developed. On the tops of mountains these organisms, which are named bacilli, bacteria, or micro-cocci, are sparsely found. In the air of the country they are common, in that of towns they abound, over sewers or above church yards they positively swarm. What are they? Are they plants or animals? This is a question that science has not yet decided. Chemists are inclined to consider them animals of a very low type, because animals are chiefly engaged in performing analytical functions, that is, building up complex organic matter out of simple materials, for example, molding organisms out of carbonic acid, water and ammonia. Now, the great function of these micro-organisms which play such an important part in the economy of the world is to convert potential energy into actual energy, or, to put it more simply, to convert passive affinities into active affinities. In organized matter there is for a time the repose of the chemical attractions of those four elements—carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen, which constitute the great bulk of the body. The micro-organisms are engaged in the resolution of the dead body into those active forms of chemical energy—carbonic acid, water and ammonia. When these innumerable little beings have free play they are the greatest benefactors to the human race, for they are the most powerful of all scavengers, and they purify air, water and soil so as to render them fit for the living. But if you oppose their free action by restricting their access by shutting out the free circulation of air necessary to their life functions they become intensely malignant in their character, the true vampires of the dead, for they fly about planting themselves in the blood of the living and producing our well-known epidemic diseases—zymotic or "filth" diseases. In the fluids of patients suffering from such diseases these micro-organisms swarm. Mankind has only recently recognized how much we owe to the micro-organisms. Wine and beer are produced by their agency; by them vinegar is formed; by them we get those vast beds of saltpetre or nitre, which is one of the forms into which they convert decaying matter. Our ancestors used to live with rushes on the floors. When the rushes became filthy new ones were put on the top, and frequently accumulated to considerable thickness. Then the dreaded "petreum" of the King came and insisted on digging up the clay floor which had become saturated with saltpetre formed by these busy micro-cocci, in order to save the inhabitants from pestilence produced by their filthy habits. These little organisms, whether they be plants or animals, are infinite benefactors to the human race or terrible scourges, according as man is obedient to the wise laws of the Creator.

Collecting Postage-Stamps.

London Provisioner.

To judge from a recent price-list, the mania for collecting postage-stamps would seem as great as ever. A well known dealer, whose catalogue is before us, offers the nine penny blue Natal of 1859 for £20, the half peso rose of Peru for a similar amount, the 15 centime of Reunion for £30, an unused Mauritius envelope, issued at one shilling, for £35, and the plate of twelve distinct varieties of old Mauritius for a trifle of £25. For some of the first issues of the South American republics prices are asked which would, we should imagine, amply repay a search in the countries they came from and serve to replenish the empty coffers of state of such a needy country as Bolivia, the early stamps of which are almost as extinct as the dodo. Some English stamps are also very rare, notably the black "V. R." of which only a few examples are known to be in existence, and the high values of more recent issue. Among this latter the five-pound stamp is most highly prized. Whoever saw so expensive a label or had occasion to employ such high-priced postage? If, however, you presented yourself at St. Martin's-le-Grand and tendered a five-pound note in payment you would be immediately served with the article in question. Try the experiment and place the stamp in the album of, say your eldest boy.

per cubic yard. The water is supplied through a fourteen-inch pipe reduced to six inches at the end. By constructing a reservoir and storing the water, the greater part of which runs to waste, the mine could be worked several months each year and made to turn out a large sum annually. The cost of making such a reservoir would be considerable, but the increased yield from the mine in consequence of the extended period during which it could be made to pay would soon reimburse the owners for all outlay. The bed of gravel which is expected to yield at the rate named—40 cents per cubic yard—is a large one, and it is calculated that, if worked as long as practicable each season, with the aid of a reservoir for the storage of water, it would last for more than a quarter of a century. The possibilities of the surface mining regions of Yavapai are great, but a large amount of money must first be expended for the construction of water reservoirs and conducting to the mines.

What Becomes of the Dead?

Sir Lyon Playfair in Good Words.

If we follow the process of decay which takes place in the grave, it will be found that living organisms take part in the decay of the buried body, just as they do when beef or mutton is consumed by a man. In absolutely pure air flesh does not decay, and is in fact preserved for an indefinite time. But air is seldom absolutely pure, for in it is an infinite number of floating micro-organisms, either as spores or fully developed. On the tops of mountains these organisms, which are named bacilli, bacteria, or micro-cocci, are sparsely found. In the air of the country they are common, in that of towns they abound, over sewers or above church yards they positively swarm. What are they? Are they plants or animals? This is a question that science has not yet decided. Chemists are inclined to consider them animals of a very low type, because animals are chiefly engaged in performing analytical functions, that is, building up complex organic matter out of simple materials, for example, molding organisms out of carbonic acid, water and ammonia. Now, the great function of these micro-organisms which play such an important part in the economy of the world is to convert potential energy into actual energy, or, to put it more simply, to convert passive affinities into active affinities. In organized matter there is for a time the repose of the chemical attractions of those four elements—carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen, which constitute the great bulk of the body. The micro-organisms are engaged in the resolution of the dead body into those active forms of chemical energy—carbonic acid, water and ammonia. When these innumerable little beings have free play they are the greatest benefactors to the human race, for they are the most powerful of all scavengers, and they purify air, water and soil so as to render them fit for the living. But if you oppose their free action by restricting their access by shutting out the free circulation of air necessary to their life functions they become intensely malignant in their character, the true vampires of the dead, for they fly about planting themselves in the blood of the living and producing our well-known epidemic diseases—zymotic or "filth" diseases. In the fluids of patients suffering from such diseases these micro-organisms swarm. Mankind has only recently recognized how much we owe to the micro-organisms. Wine and beer are produced by their agency; by them vinegar is formed; by them we get those vast beds of saltpetre or nitre, which is one of the forms into which they convert decaying matter. Our ancestors used to live with rushes on the floors. When the rushes became filthy new ones were put on the top, and frequently accumulated to considerable thickness. Then the dreaded "petreum" of the King came and insisted on digging up the clay floor which had become saturated with saltpetre formed by these busy micro-cocci, in order to save the inhabitants from pestilence produced by their filthy habits. These little organisms, whether they be plants or animals, are infinite benefactors to the human race or terrible scourges, according as man is obedient to the wise laws of the Creator.

Collecting Postage-Stamps.

London Provisioner.

To judge from a recent price-list, the mania for collecting postage-stamps would seem as great as ever. A well known dealer, whose catalogue is before us, offers the nine penny blue Natal of 1859 for £20, the half peso rose of Peru for a similar amount, the 15 centime of Reunion for £30, an unused Mauritius envelope, issued at one shilling, for £35, and the plate of twelve distinct varieties of old Mauritius for a trifle of £25. For some of the first issues of the South American republics prices are asked which would, we should imagine, amply repay a search in the countries they came from and serve to replenish the empty coffers of state of such a needy country as Bolivia, the early stamps of which are almost as extinct as the dodo. Some English stamps are also very rare, notably the black "V. R." of which only a few examples are known to be in existence, and the high values of more recent issue. Among this latter the five-pound stamp is most highly prized. Whoever saw so expensive a label or had occasion to employ such high-priced postage? If, however, you presented yourself at St. Martin's-le-Grand and tendered a five-pound note in payment you would be immediately served with the article in question. Try the experiment and place the stamp in the album of, say your