

Stock.

Feeding Horses.

The following extracts are from the essay read by John E. Russell, at the Farmers' Institute, at Salem: The horse has the smallest stomach in proportion to his size of any animal.

A horse's digestion is very rapid, and therefore he gets hungry sooner than a man. When he is hungry he is ineffective, and wears out very rapidly. Water fills the stomach, lowers the temperature and dilutes the gastric juice; therefore a horse should not drink immediately before eating.

I consider bruised oats worth twenty percent more than whole. They are more completely digested. I prefer oats to any other grain for horses. Cracked corn is very good under some circumstances, but I wouldn't use it under any other.

Salt for Animals.

It is well known that herbivorous animals are fond of common salt, and this is true of wild animals as well as of those domesticated by man. Carnivorous animals, on the other hand, either have no liking for salt, or show a positive aversion for it.

Their vegetable diet is generally very rich in potash, and they instinctively seek an additional supply of soda. Soda does not seem to be an essential ingredient of plants, but it is certainly indispensable in the animal economy.

Sheep for Hard Times.

The past season, characterized by climatic extremes, followed as it must necessarily be by a winter in which the feeder's resources will be heavily taxed to avoid a sacrifice of a portion of his live stock, will serve to give prominence to the claims of the sheep to a foremost place in the farm economy.

itally subjected in many localities. If those less fortunately circumstanced will take the lesson home to themselves, and apply its teachings to their future policy, much good that is not now apparent to them may be brought out of their present adversity.—Live-Stock Journal.

European Emigration.

There is no more significant symptom of the depressed condition of the working masses of Europe than is afforded by the multitudes that are emigrating to North and South America. The enormous cost of modern government, the maintenance of vast armaments, the unprecedented accumulations of national debt, and the oppressive taxation consequent upon these things—which inevitably finds its final incidence upon the working classes and the farmers—these are the things that are putting before the masses of the Eastern continent the alternatives of starvation or of emigration.

The nations in which this forcing out process is most conspicuous are Germany and Italy, because there the expenses of government range highest in proportion to the earnings of the people. The governments of both countries find the efflux so serious that they are devising special methods, for retaining their suffering subjects at home. Bismarck seeks to neutralize the popular discontent through assuming socialistic guises, and by providing a special insurance fund for the benefit of the disabled and the aged poor, and through restoring the protective system under the pretense that it will give better employment to the working masses. Italy begins her counteraction of the efflux with official appeals to the fears and the patriotism of her ignorant population, leaving remedial measures for future consideration. These appeals, however, sufficiently attest the importance the government attaches to this drain of the best classes of the working population. How far such methods are heeded by the people may be inferred from the following extract from a reply from the peasants of Lombardy, one of the richest and most enlightened provinces of Italy, to a ministerial circular advising them against emigration:

"What do you mean by a nation, Mr. Minister? Is it a mass of poor wretches? Then, we, indeed, are the nation. Look at our pale and emaciated faces, our bodies worn out by excessive toil and insufficient food. We sow and we harvest wheat, but we never eat white bread. We cultivate the vines, and we drink no wine. We raise cattle, but we eat no meat. We are clothed in rags and live in pestiferous holes. We are cold in winter and hungry in summer. Our sole article of food is a little Indian corn, which is made dearer by a tax. We are decimated in the dry districts by malarial fevers, and in swampy districts by malarial fevers. The end is premature death in the poor house or our own huts. Yet, despite of all this, you advise us, Mr. Minister, not to expatriate ourselves! But, is a land where one cannot earn a living by increasing toil a fatherland?"

These are ominously significant words. It is only necessary to note the pitiful aspect of the thousands of Italians who land at this port to comprehend the spirit of this terrible indictment. Is it wonderful that Bismarck should detect the symptoms of an underlying Republicanism among the masses of Italy, when monarchy is found to carry with it so much misery? The feeling that inspires these de-pairing utterances threatens more than mere Republicanism. When the best of the oppressed classes have left the country, what will remain, whether in Italy or Germany, but a desperation of hunger that will find expression in nothing short of a repetition of the times of the French revolution? The signs of the times indicate that affairs are working rapidly towards such a denouement.—Commercial Bulletin.

Lumber of the Future.

The lumber of the future is to be made of straw. It is to compete with that of the better class, so says the Southern Manufacturer and Builder. It is manufactured into any desired length, from 12 feet upward and as much as 32 inches in width. The cost is such as to compete with better grades of pine. Samples exhibited hold nails well, are susceptible of a high finish and can be polished to an extent desirable. Straw lumber is waterproof and therefore adapted for roofing purposes as well as for interior work. It is susceptible to being worked by the ordinary tools of the carpenter and is not liable to shrink or swell. For finishing it is not required to be as thick as ordinary lumber, for its tensile strength is about double that of wood.

UNION COUNTY TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

SUMMERVILLE, Oregon, Dec. 29, 1881. Members present: J. F. Outhouse, L. J. Rouse, Frank Collins, M. F. Harlan, L. J. Roe, John Sturgill, John Laramore, J. K. Powell, John McDonald, Aidez Tuttle, Terry Tuttle, Lilly Chancey, Allie Rees, Mrs. Belle Horney, J. B. Horney, Mrs. Laughlin, Miss Josie Ewing, Mrs. Culley, Mr. J. L. Hindman, Mrs. Harlan, T. Olivey, Edward Davis, J. A. Almond.

Officers: President, Hon. J. T. Outhouse; vice-president, J. B. Horner; secretary, Frank Collins; treasurer, H. E. Tuttle; executive committee, Mrs. Belle Horney, Miss Maggie Walker and Mr. J. L. Hindman.

The next Institute will be held in Union City. The teachers presented a case to the Superintendent. The Superintendent delivered a very excellent address. He stated teachers should be retained in schools two terms instead of one, when they were worthy. They should be paid good salaries. They should prepare themselves for their work. Superintendents should travel districts comprising two or three counties, and many other interesting things.

A BAD AFFAIR.

Some few weeks ago, says the Baker City Tribune, an insane man by the name of John Caylor, who had been working in the neighborhood for a short time, walked into the domicile of Mr. Hull, near Winkville, in this county, and informed that gentleman that there was to be his future home. Mrs. Hull was sick at the time, and as Caylor could not be persuaded to leave, rather than excite her by any disturbance, Mr. Hull submitted to the arrangement and set him to work. Caylor was armed with a revolver and could not be persuaded to part with it, daily making the assertion that he was pursued, and that whoever attempted to take him should forfeit his life. Mr. Hull and the whole neighborhood lived in constant fear of the crank and finally on the 21st of December, on the oaths of several citizens, a warrant was issued and placed in the hands of Sheriff Travillion for his arrest. He rode out with a posse to Hull's place and endeavored to arrest him quietly, but he gave them an opportunity, and after they left Caylor boasted that "there was another crowd that was afraid to tackle him!" The fore part of last week Caylor assisted his host in killing hogs, but kept his revolver fast to his side, changing at times from one side to the other. Mr. Hull suggested the idea that the pistol was in his way and that Caylor had better take it off and place it under his coat for safe keeping. This Caylor refused to do, saying, "This revolver is my God, and I'll stay with it."

The sheriff and his posse remained concealed for three days in the vicinity of Caylor's, waiting for an opportunity to arrest him. On Friday, the 6th inst., he informed Mr. Hull that he was going to Winkville to buy some cartridges, and expected to kill two or three men before he got back. On his way to the store he passed the sheriff, who allowed him to get a short distance ahead, when he and his deputies stepped forth from their place of concealment, walking toward Caylor, and the sheriff called on Caylor to stop, as he wished to talk to him. Caylor wheeled and faced the sheriff, drawing his revolver at the same time and firing at the posse. Thinking to intimidate the insane man, the sheriff fired his shot gun in the air, and simultaneously Caylor again fired his revolver at the sheriff and his aids. It was getting to be interesting to all concerned about this time, and the sheriff, after consultation, fired his shot gun at the legs of Caylor, but he, having on a thick overcoat, which protected him, or else because of the poor marksman-ship of our sheriff, no blood was drawn. In the meantime a revolver bullet sped uncomfortably close to the ears of the two deputies, who were armed, one with a navy revolver, both carrying balls of the same calibre, and both deputies fired together, the ball from one of the guns taking effect in Caylor's right hip, passing through the lower part of the abdomen and lodging underneath the skin on the left side. Caylor dropped on his knees, but kept pulling the trigger of his revolver. The sheriff and aids ran to the wounded man, disarmed him instantly, and sent to this place for physicians. After Caylor was disarmed his fighting propensities oozed out with the flowing blood, and in a minute or so was very sorry for what he had done, begging pardon of Dr. Atwood and Hulsey, who were soon at the side of the wounded man and did all in their power for him, but their services were in vain for he died about noon on Saturday, the 7th inst.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

George Simpson, on last Sunday night about 10 o'clock, says the Corvallis Gazette, while traveling home and when at the cross roads at the Mountain View school house, about six miles north of this city, two men on horseback drew their pistols and called for him to throw up his hands, which he did, while one of the robbers held a pistol on their victim the other dismounted and proceeded to rifle his pockets, taking therefrom \$29.50 in coin and a new silver watch and chain worth about \$27. The highwaymen, after obtaining these articles, mounted their steeds and road towards Albany.

UNHEALTHY VIRUS.—Vaccination for the prevention of smallpox, in, of late, being looked upon by many of our citizens with disfavor from the great danger there exists of serious injury resulting to the person treated from the use of unhealthy vaccine matter and the great difficulty of procuring such as can be confidently recommended. A case in point is that of a family named Welch who reside some seven miles from this city who are suffering from smallpox, it is claimed, from the effects of being vaccinated for its prevention. Some doctors are refusing to vaccinate any more for fear of more harm than good being done by the operation, and there seems to be a wide-spread conviction that the benefits of vaccination, even when pure, healthy virus is used, are every year growing less. The subject is one of much interest to medical men, and many diverse opinions are held in regard to the matter.

BAD MAN ARRESTED.—Tom Somers alias Harry Grafton, who is under \$1,000 bonds for assault with a deadly weapon on E. Sorenson, the builder of the steamer Yaquina, was arrested at 1 o'clock this a. m. at the Nicolai house by Joe Day and Officer Barry. He was about to skip the town and Day has been after him for two weeks, but was not able to get at him before. Day received a letter from the chief of police of Sacramento sometime since and a photograph of Somers, who is wanted there on a charge of forgery, and also as an escaped convict from the penitentiary at Folsom, where he was serving a second term. There is a reward of \$500 offered for his arrest, which Day expects to secure.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—George Borchard, an old resident of Gray's river section, Washington Territory, while sailing with his son on Tuesday morning in the Columbia, near Oak Point, was struck on the head by the boom, knocked overboard and drowned. The boy tried to go to his father's rescue in a skiff, which they were towing along, but the river being very rough the skiff was capsized and the young man had to swim to the skiff to save his own life. The body of Mr. Borchard had not been recovered at last accounts. His son afterwards proceeded on the steamer Bonita to Astoria to convey the sad intelligence to relatives who reside at that place.

A ROUGH TRIP.—The California, which arrived here on Thursday, on her evening passage up met with some very rough weather and experienced the most unpleasant trip for two years. A number of heavy seas were shipped, and several of the passengers lost articles of jewelry. One lady lost a valuable gold watch and chain, washed out of her berth, another a gold bracelet, while clinging to the rail, and several others articles of value. Taken altogether, the trip was an experience few of the passengers wish to repeat.

On Wednesday of last week, in a row in tunnel No. 2, near The Dories, A. Bell, the foreman, stabbed Morris A. Herra in the left breast with a pocket knife, inflicting a frightful wound.

A BOYS' LOVER.

"When I am big I will marry Kitty;" but Kitty slapped me and ran away, and while I wept for myself, in pity I made up my mind I would marry May. For May was gent' and May was tender, yet lightly she put my offer by; "I am engaged to George Bender—perhaps I'll take you if he should die." By and by I met Jennie D'Alchell; Jennie was thirteen and I was ten; I used to carry her books and sachel, and made up my mind to marry Jen. But Jennie, her reign was quickly over, and Kate, my cousin, became my fate; I said: "I'll propose, like a brave, true lover, as soon as ever I graduate." Alas! when I took out my e'en diploma, the darling girl was about to start on her wedding trip with young Will de Roma. And no one knew of my broken heart!

FORMATION OF CLOUDS.

Interesting Facts in Physical Science. Whence comes the rain which forms the mountain streams? Observation enables you to answer the question. Rain does not come from a clear sky. It comes from clouds. But what are clouds? Is there nothing you are acquainted with which they resemble? You discover at once a likeness between them and the condensed steam of a locomotive. At every puff of the engine a cloud is projected into the air. Watch the cloud sharply; you notice that it first forms at a little distance from the top of the funnel. Give close attention, and you will sometimes see a perfectly clear space between the funnel and the cloud. Through that clear space the steam which makes the cloud must pass. When, then, is this thing which at one moment is transparent and invisible and the next moment visible as a dense, opaque cloud?

It is the steam or vapor of water from the boiler. Within the boiler this steam is transparent and invisible; but as it is kept in this invisible state a heat would be required as great as that within the boiler. When the vapor mingled with the cold air above the fire funnel, cools to be vapor. Every bit of steam, shrinks, when chilled, to a much more minute particle of water. The liquid particles thus produced form a kind of water-dust of exceeding fineness, which floats in the air. This is a cloud. Water the cloud-banner from the funnel of a locomotive; you see it growing gradually less dense. It finally melts away altogether; and, if you continue your observations, you will not fail to notice that the speed of its disappearance depends upon the character of the day. In humid weather the cloud hangs low, and lazily in the air; in dry weather it rapidly hiekes up. What has become of it? It has been reconverted into invisible vapor.

The drier the air, and the hotter the air, the greater is the amount of cloud which can be thus dissolved in it. Where the cloud first forms, its quantity is greater than the air is able to maintain in an invisible state. But as the cloud mixes gradually with a larger mass of air it is more and more dissolved, and finally passes a together from the condition of a finely-divided liquid into that of transparent vapor gas.

Make the lid of a kettle air-tight, and permit the steam to issue from the pipe. A cloud is precipitated in all respects similar to that issuing from the funnel of the locomotive. Permit the steam as it issues from the pipe to pass through the flame of a spirit-lamp, the cloud is instantly dissolved by the heat, and is not again precipitated. With a special boiler and special nozzle, the experiment may be made more striking, but not more instructive, than with the kettle.

Look to your bedroom windows when the weather is very cold outside; they sometimes stream with water derived from the condensation of the aqueous vapor from your own lungs. The windows of railway carriages in winter show this condensation in a striking manner. Pour cold water into a dry drinking-glass on a summer's day; the outside surface of the glass becomes instantly dimmed by the precipitation of moisture. On a warm day you notice no vapor in front of your mouth, but on a cold day you form there a little cloud derived from the condensation of the aqueous vapor from the lungs.

You may notice in a ball-room that as the door and windows are kept closed, and the room remains hot, the air remains clear; but when the doors or windows are opened, a dimness is visible, caused by the precipitation to fog of the aqueous vapor of the ball-room. If the weather be intensely cold, the entrance of fresh air may even cause snow to fall. This has been observed in Russian ball rooms, and also in the subterranean stables at Erzroom, when the doors are opened and the cold morning air is permitted to enter.

Even on the driest day this vapor is never absent from the atmosphere. The vapor diffused through the air of a room may be congealed to hoar frost in your presence. This is done by filling a vessel with a mixture of pounded ice and salt, which is condensed and freezes the aqueous vapor. The surface of the vessel is finally coated with a frozen fur, so thin that it may be scraped away and formed into a snow-ball.

To produce the cloud, in the case of the locomotive and the kettle, heat is necessary. By heating the water, we first convert it into steam, and then, by chilling the steam, we convert it into cloud. Is there any fire in nature which produces the clouds of our atmosphere? There is, the fire of the sun.

Thus, by tracing backward without any break in the chain of occurrences, our river from its end to its real beginning, we come at length to the sun.

STAY NOT until you are told of opportunity to do good, inquire after them. "I don't so much mind," said Mr. Henpeck, "I don't so much mind a woman's having a mind of her own, except that in such a case she usually takes charge of her husband's ass."

Indigestion.

Among our vegetables are those containing sulphur, such as onions, leeks, watercresses, radishes, mustard and cress, etc. Their use should be shunned by people of weak digestion. If they are not digested they produce sulphuretted hydrogen and bad breath and uncomfortable distention from that gas. Celery is a salutary vegetable; so are some roots. Carrots and parsnips, if thoroughly cooked, will be better digested than turnips, as the latter also contain much sulphur. Steaming these vegetables is far better than boiling them, and preserves the sugar in them. All fibrous materials should be avoided, such as cabbage-stalks, green leaves with strong or coarse fibers, green beans with fibrous skins, etc. Whatever is used of vegetables must be thoroughly well cooked and reduced to a pulp without losing its nourishing properties. Steaming, wherever it can be employed, is, therefore, better than boiling. Salads can only be used sparingly, made of dainty head lettuce, the leaves having been well picked. Cucumber can never be eaten raw, but, if stewed, it is digestible. Of fruits the berries are the best. Strawberries eaten with sugar or raspberries are better than currants; oranges are good, eaten without the skins; apples or pears must be eaten sparingly, and are best stewed with sugar and a little spice. Oranges ought to be avoided unless eaten without the pulp; lemons, however, may do good if they are made into a lemonade with warm water and sugar. Nuts are entirely to be done away with. Of vegetable beverages we have tea, coffee and cocoa to consider. There is no doubt that tea has a refreshing influence on the digestive organs, if used moderately, and not in too strong an infusion. It is better, however, not to use it in the morning for a weak digestion, as it will stimulate too soon and rather weaken than strengthen the flow of the gastric juice at that time. One cup of tea daily is all that can be allowed for the dyspeptic. Coffee, when well roasted, is made strengthening in its effect, but it must not be taken too strong, and more than this, it must not have been boiled, but only have had the infusion taken off. I may here say that the roasting of coffee leaves, as yet, much to be desired, and that inferior coffees might be made more useful than they are if they were properly prepared. A preparation has come under my notice which I found most beneficial with persons of weak digestion. The best brands of Java or Mocha coffee, mixed with roasted and ground dandelion root in proportion of two or one of dandelion to three or four of coffee. This article, if delicately manufactured, is a most wholesome mixture and can be well recommended.—Food and Health.

Jenny Lind.

"Where is Jenny Lind now?" inquired a reporter of P. T. Barnum. "Jenny Lind, or Mrs. Goldschmidt, is living in London, near the Buckingham Palace, at a place called Picnic. When I was last in London I met her daughter at a photographer's—the royal photographer's—and she insisted upon my seeing her mother. So I went to see her, and had a very pleasant visit. Her marriage was rather romantic. Goldschmidt is a Jew. They studied music together. When she came to America she sent him to come as a pianist, and he used to play at her concerts. "It was her arrangement, and she paid his salary herself. She thought he was a grand pianist, and used always to get into one of the private boxes and applaud his pieces. Though she was older than he, she loved him, and was bound to marry him. He renounced his religion in order to be her husband. I guess he thought it was a comfortable place. She must be worth \$1,000,000. There was a joke about it at the time. The question was, 'Why did he marry Jenny Lind?' and the reply, 'Because he was gold smit.'"

The Pentateuch.

Pentateuch is the collective name of the first five books of the Old Testament. For centuries the Pentateuch was generally received, in the church, as written by Moses. Differences in style and apparent repetitions to be found in different parts of Genesis and the first chapters of Exodus led eminent critics to suppose that, in the compilation of the book, written documents of an earlier date had been made use of. The Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch is defended by many theologians, who hold that any other supposition is inconsistent with the plenary inspiration of the Bible. But some of these writers admit that, beside the account of the death and burial of Moses, some words and sentences may have been interpolated at a later period. Other theologians hold that the documentary theory is inconsistent with the divine authority and inspiration of the writings attributed to Moses.

Our Size.

The New York Herald publishes an interesting outline map of the United States on which the areas of the different European states are laid out, suggesting at once to the eye the relative size of this country and the countries of the Old World lying west of Russia and Turkey. England is as large as New Brunswick, Scotland as Nova Scotia, Newfoundland as Ireland. France stretches from the northern boundary of Maine to the western boundary of Ohio, and to the southern boundary of Pennsylvania. Germany could be got into the space lying between the southern boundary of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, the Atlantic, the Ohio river, the Mississippi river, and the northern boundary of Georgia and South Carolina. Spain is equal in area to South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Louisiana. Italy resembles Florida, both in size and shape. Austria would embrace Lake Michigan and the four States between the lakes and the Mississippi river—Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois and Indiana. So that the area of the United States east of the Mississippi, is equal to the states of Europe, excluding Russia and Turkey.

A poor old rheumatic lady said to her physician: "Oh, doctor, doctor! I suffer so much with my hands and feet!" "Be patient, dear madam," he soothingly responded, "you'll suffer a great deal more without them."

Crape on the Door.

Some one has gone from this strange world of ours, no more to gather its threads with its fingers. No more to linger where wondrous musts fall, where on all beauty death's fingers are laid: "There's crape on the door!"

A mother going by with her darling involuntarily tightens her grasp of the little hand, as she sees the banner of death furled so near, and the boy feels the pressure and stys: "What is it, mamma?" "Some one is dead, Willie!" "What does 'dead' mean?"

The mother looks about her for an answer to the child's question. "It means—it means—why, Willie, you remember when your little sister died and was cold, and we buried her under the grass—"

"And then?" queried the child. "Then she went to heaven." "Where is heaven?" "It is where God is, my dear,"

"What is mamma, who made God?" "Poor child! it is a thoughtless question, get no more satisfactory answers than our researches into an older theology over which we so vainly agonize, and he must remain contented with his limited knowledge that some one is dead and it is the custom to put crape on the door—a custom beautiful in itself, infinitely beautiful if we look upon the insignia as one of hope and glad acquiescence in a summons to rest.

Some one is resting from sorrow and sin, though where earth's conflicts enter not; it is no more destined to his own bright shore; it is the best of all, there's crape on the door. We do not clap our hands and cry joyously, "it is the banner of immortality." No! We start and walk with slow step and bated breath, as the heavy wave of crape meets our eyes, and we shudder instinctively in the bright sunshine. The green leaves are coming, the flowers will bloom, the birds will sing, and the heart throbs with the fullness of life.

It is seen here their time to fall, A flower to wither at the north wind's sh, And stars to set—but all

Custom has decreed that we shall thus inform the passer-by that it is present, and the solemn badge the shadow and banner guards the portal from all idle intrusion. No such visits are paid to the house that show that sign; no call of ceremony is made while that guest is present; nor do people linger idly in the vicinity of the house that is thus set apart from its neighbors.

The somber fall of black crape on the door assures us that one of mature years has "passed over," but for a young person or a little child, white—the emblem of purity—is used, but it tells the same sad story:

Wary with mingling life's bitter and sweet, Wary with parting and never to meet, Some one has gone to the bright golden shore, Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door. —M. Quind.

There is just as much difference in the manner in which two men open shell oysters as there is in the way they go to church or walk on the street.

Who has not watched a thorough oyster-opener at an Eastern oyster market, and observed the tender manner in which he takes up the shell and looks at it, as though it was a friend of his. He inserts his instrument between the shells as delicately as a dentist will probe an aching tooth, and by a little turn of the wrist your oyster is uncovered and reclining upon the half-shell plump and juicy, inviting you to fire him down your neck. How different it is when an amateur attempts to open oysters. He commences by getting red in the face, and knocking off an inch of the edge of the shell, and letting all the juice run out and drip down between his fingers. He knocks some skin off his thumb, and that bleeds, and your heart bleeds for the oyster. He inserts an iron that looks like a stove hook into the shell, then pries and grunts, the shell opens and the oyster sticks to both sides of it and splits. He saws off the mantle-piece that holds the oyster to the shell, and hands you the half-shell with something on it that looks like scrambled oyster. The dirt from the shell gets on the oyster and it is about as much comfort trying to eat it as it is to eat a hickory nut that has been cracked by laying it down on the side and mashing it with a hatstet. The oyster opened by an amateur looks ragged and discouraged, and the man who opens it looks about the same, while the oyster opened by a man who understands his business looks as though it enjoyed life, and the man who opens it looks like a thoroughbred who is not ashamed of his business, and knows he can do it as well as anybody. The world is full of men who do everything the way an amateur opens oysters. They try to do that for which they are not fitted, and it is hard to make them believe they are not doing what they attempt to do well, but they always act as though they wanted to apologize for something being wrong. This oyster business is a little out of season, but you have all noticed how it is.—Peck's Sun.

EFFECT OF FLOWERS ON HEALTH.

An Italian professor has made some very agreeable medicinal researches, resulting in the discovery that vegetable perfumes exercise a positively healthful influence on the atmosphere, converting its oxygen into ozone, and thus increasing its oxidizing influences. The essences found to develop the largest quantity of ozone are those of the cherry, laurel, clover, lavender, mint, juniper, fennel and bergamot; those that give it in smaller quantities are anise, nutmeg and thyme. The flowers of the narcissus, mignonette, heliotrope and lily of the valley develop ozone in close vessels. Flowers destitute of perfume do not develop it, and those which have slight perfume develop it in small quantities. Reasoning from these facts, the professor recommends the cultivation of flowers in marshy districts, and in all places infested with animal emanations. The inhabitants of such regions should, he says, surround their houses with beds of the most odorous flowers.

The Rev. Mr. Willis offered the Lord's prayer in the Nevada Senate.

When he had finished, Doolin leaned over to Hammond and remarked: "He stole that prayer, and I'll bet on it. I heard the same ideas expressed at Eureka at a funeral over two years ago."