CAPT. COLE'S STORY.

Every one who uses the great steam ferry between Liverpool and New York knows Captain Cole of the Cunard Line I don't say anything about his steamship, because I know nothing about it; but he is said to be the very best of the commanders of that company, which boasts of never having lost a ship—nor a passenger—during the many years it has plowed the Atlantic. My own acquaintance with him has been solely on shore; because when at sea I am never in a condition to make acquaintance with anybody. There are some folks whose sea-sickness "goes off" after a certain number of days. I can only say that I should like to know the number. It has never "gone off" with me during even the longest voyage between this country and the United States, or vice versa. Pehaps it would "go off" if I extended my travels to South America, but my impression is that I should go off first. Nature herself seems to have set bounds, in my case, to the wish to range. If I had been born on the Continent, I might have been a great traveler; but, being insular, no desire for foreign travel ever stirs within me. My bark is on the shore, and never goes beyond it, if I can help it. I can sit on a pier (if it is not one of those chain pier which swing), and watch the ripple of the wave with much satisfaction; but not all the blandishments of all the boatmen in Great Britain would induce me to embark upon it for pleasure.

Of all poems, Byron's "Address to the Ocean" is my favorite, because (under pretense of friendship) he shows what a monster it is. "The wrecks are all thy deed"—a strongish expression to use, at a time when French ships of battle were sunk by scores by the English guns, but I like him all the better for it. "A thousand fleets sweep o'er thee in vain," which, though not quite a correct statement, is eminently true as regards seasickness. You may try any number of vessels, and all kinds of them, but to that complexion (of seagreen, with black about the eyes) you come at last, with which you started.

I hate the sea. For certain reasons, however, I am compelled periodically to cross the Atlantic, and on the first occasion I had a letter of introduction to good Captain Cole. We shook hands; the screw began to move, and I rushed to my cabin, where I remained throughout the voyage. I believe he came to see me very often in my misery. "Visiting the sick" at sea is a much more unpleasant thing than on shore, remember, but I didn't know and I didn't care. I saw him—to know him again—at New York; and in short, though on board his ship he might have been its rudder for all I saw of him, we met on shore both in the New and Old World pretty frequently. He knew Charles Dickens, and being himself a genial fellow, was personally much attached to him, but he could never forgive him what he has written of the dangers (from fire) of a steamer's chimney at sea. It was the only part of the great novelist's writings that seemed to have come under his notice (indeed, the gallant Captain never read anything but his own log and the points of the compass), and this caused him to have an unfavorable view of him as an author. "No, sir," he would say, when I would endeavor to combat this idea, "he was a great man, a noble, generous, fine-hearted creature, but as a writer he was nowhere like what you are," he would say, with a wink of the eye and a roll of his head, "when you're aboard ship." In spite of which disagreement of literary opinion the captain and I grew to be fast friends.

He entertained a colossal contempt for the land and all belonging to it (except his fellow creatures), which amused me vastly; but especially for its modes of locomotion. Cabs, coaches and omnibuses were all in his eyes senseless and dangerous; and as to getting astride a horse, I don't believe any sum would have induced him to attempt it. He had a certain respect, however, for an express train, or rather for the engine of it, which, flying through storm and sleet from starting-point to terminus, reminded him perhaps of his own gallant ship.

[illegible] find hardly a thought or a topic in common, it was natural that our social intercourse took a narrative shape. I told him stories (which, as he had never read anything, had the merit of novelty), and he reciprocated with yarns. I was foolish enough at first to suggest a channel for his recollections—shipwrecks, of the records of which, as a thorough-going landsman, I was naturally fond. "Sir," he said, drawing himself up and getting very red in the face, "you forget that you are talking to the captain of a Cunarder. What the [here he inserted a sea term] do we know about shipwrecks? However," he added, more benignly, "there was one occasion when I thought the spell of our company's good fortune was about to be broken, and that I should be the critter to do it."

"It was several years ago, and in the summer time, that the ship was making her voyage out, and a very good voyage. The whole way the sea had been like a duck pond."

Here I shook my head incredulously. I had seen the Atlantic in the condition referred to, and felt it.

"Well, I should not perhaps have said 'the whole way,'" he admitted, with a smile, "for when we were about 100 miles from land we met with a breeze of wind."

The captain always talked of "a breeze of wind," just as some shore folks talk (though with less tautology, for sherry is not always wine) of "a glass of sherry-wine."

"I remember the breeze, because we picked up a little sailing boat with only one man in her, and very short of provisions, who had been blown out to sea, and whom we took on board. About half an hour after that incident I was informed that one of the passengers wished to speak with me in private upon a very important matter. Accordingly he came to me in my cabin, a little thin wizened man looking like a tailor, whom I hardly noticed as being on board; indeed he was insignificant enough in every way save for the expression of his face, which certainly exhibited the most intense anxiety and distress of mind. Of course I thought he had been drinking, and in fact was on the verge of 'the jumps,' which is what the Yankees term delirium tremens.

"'Well, my man, what is it?' said I, severely; 'we shall soon sight land; I have no time to throw away.'

"'That is very true, captain,' he answered, in a thin, quavering voice, and with a strong American accent, 'but your time will be even shorter than you imagine unless you listen to what I have got to say to you. You will never see land, and much more make it, if you are not prepared to act at once on the information I am about to give you. Neglect it, and your ship will be at the bottom of the sea in'—he looked at his watch—'yes, in exactly an hour and a half.'

"'All right, my man,' said I, 'you may go. I'll send the ship's doctor to look at you;' for of course I thought he was wandering in his wits.

"Then what had seemed anxiety in his face became mortal fear—genuine abject terror, such as no actor could have imitated. He threw himself upon his knees, and, clasping his hands together, besought me not to treat his words with incredulity.

"'Then why, sir,' I replied, 'do you talk such —— nonsense about my ship?'

"'Because it's true, captain,' he groaned. 'There's dynamite on board, and clockwork machinery connected with it. As I am a living man, if the thing is not at once looked to the ship and all on board of her will be blown to atoms within the time I have mentioned.'

"At this I confess I felt a cold shudder down the nape of my neck, for not three months before the very catastrophe at which he hinted had taken place at (I think) Bremerhaven, and had struck terror into all ships' captains like myself. Some infamous villain had insured a vessel very heavily, and had taken means for its destruction on its voyage in this very manner, only the infernal machine had burst on the quay, killing scores of people, and its inventor with it.

"'Good heavens, man! tell me all,' I cried, 'and quickly.'

"'Nay, but I daren't, and I can't,' he pleaded, 'unless I have your solemn [illegible] will never betray me. [illegible] you are a man of your word and that will suffice for me. You must promise, whatever may happen, never to allude to the conversation that we are now having, or to make use of it in any way to the disadvantage of myself or others.'

"'Well,' said I, I promise. Now, where is this cussed dynamite?'

"'One moment, captain. There is still time and to spare, now, since you have listened to reason, and I must prove to you that though I once harkened to the whisper of the devil, I repented, and would have undone the mischief if I could. This ship is insured in London—never mind where and how—for a huge sum, and I have been employed to sink her. I brought the machinery, set to this very day (for you have made the voyage quicker than was thought possible), down to Liverpool in a small portmanteau which was sent on board the night before she sailed. It was a stipulation that I should sail with you to see that nothing interfered with the execution of the plan. But I swear to you, no sooner did I touch the deck than I repented. I wanted the package placed in my own cabin—ask your own man if it was not so—in order that I might have some opportunity of getting it thrown overboard in the course of the voyage. They had already, however, put it below—where, indeed, it was intended to go—with the other baggage. It's a small portmanteau of bullock's hide, and they might as well have let me have it in my cabin.'

"The dread had passed away from the man's voice directly I had given my promise that no harm should happen to him. He had doubtless every confidence in the clock-work machinery, but that, of course, was not my case.

"'Come up on deck, you scoundrel,' cried I, 'and identify this infernal thing.'

"I set twenty men to work at once to bring up the luggage on the deck, which, since we had not yet even sighted land, astoishend them not a little.

"'Quick, quick, my good fellows; there will be extra grog for you,' I said, 'if you turn the things out within the hour.'

"The passengers who had not been across the water before, thought it a natural thing enough perhaps, but my officers imagined I had gone demented. There I stood with this Yankee tailor (as he looked like) by my side, who, though he affected to be quite unconcerned, kept a sharp eye on everything that came up, and was to let me know by a nod when we got to the dratted thing. The luggage of a Cunarder is no joke in point of quantity, but in quality it varies more perhaps than any similar collection to be found anywhere else. There were arks belonging to fine ladies, large enough to go to sea in; chests that contained clothes and tools of emigrants; dapper portmanteaus of gentlemen touring for pleasure; bags of carpet-baggers that had no other luggage nor property on earth; hampers full of English fare to astound the natives of New York; and photograph cases smelling of nasty stuff for twenty feet round 'em.

"I won golden opinions from the ladies, through my being so very particular, and calling out, 'Gently, gently; handle 'em smart, my men, but be careful not to shake 'em,' which of course, was put down to my carefulness of their precious possessions, whereas I was thinking of the dangers of dynamite, which explodes, you know, by concussion. That blessed portmanteau, as it happened, was at the bottom of all—a mangy, ill-looking thing enough, and, though small, as heavy as lead. 'Now, just throw that overboard, my fine fellows,' said I, 'will you, and be very careful not to knock it against the bulwarks.'

"Nobody, of course, questions the orders of a ship's captain when at sea—and over it went with a splash; but I saw the first mate look at the second with an expression that conveyed 'he's mad' as clearly as if he had given words to it. It was this circumstance, combined with the sense of complete security from the awful peril that had threatened us, that for the first time put it into my mind that I had been made the victim of a hoax. If it had been so, I verily believe I should have thrown the little tailor after his portmanteau; but when I called to mind the face of the fellow when he first came into my cabin, I could not quite believe that. However, I took an opportunity of speaking to him once more alone. 'Look here,' said I, 'you unmitigated thief and villain; there's one point in your story that wants clearing up. Your life is not very valuable, it is true, but I daresay you yourself put a very fancy price upon it, and, that being so, how could you take personal charge of a machine that, according to your own account, was to blow us all to splinters—how comes it, I mean, that you were on board with it yourself?'

"'Well, captain,' he replied, 'you see I'm a poor man, and the money was a good round sum; and, as I told you, my employer insisted on my seeing the thing was going right with my own eyes; there was a risk, of course, but the fact is, arrangements had been made for meeting me in this very latitnde. The man in the boat whom we took on board was on the look-out for me, and it was agreed should take me off the ship.'

"'What! did he know about the dynamite, too?' I broke out; 'is it possible that there was a third villain, beside you and your employer?'

"'Well, yes, captain, I'm afraid there was, but you can't touch him, you know, without touching me, and you have passed your word that I shall not be harmed. Besides, you must remember that I might have got off and clean away, leaving you all to bust up, if it had not been for the extreme delicacy of my conscience.'

"There was a sly smile about the fellow's mouth for which I could have wrung his neck, but for the safe conduct I had given him; his whole manner as well as the expression of his face had changed, now he had got his way; and instead of a villain who had repented of a great crime, he looked more like a successful schemer.

"However, the dynamite was overboard, thank heaven; we were nearing land, and I had other things to talk about.

"When we were still some way from the harbor, we were met by a police boat, the chief officer of which demanded to be taken on board to speak with me.

"'Hullo!' I said, when we were in the cabin together; 'no extraordinary business, I hope? There is no murdering Englishman among my passengers, is there?'

"'Well, no,' he answered; 'but I've reason to believe there's a citizen of the United States who would neither stick at murder nor anything else.'

"Then I thought of the dynamite, of course, and rejoiced that the villain had been discovered without any betrayal of his secret on my part.

"'You have a warrant for his apprehension, I conclude?'

"'Well, no, Captain, that's just my difficulty; for I don't know which man it is; but I've an order to search the luggage. Information has come by wire that a whole plant for forging American bank notes is being imported by your ship; it will not be down below, but in the man's personal luggage in his cabin.'

"I smelt a rat at once, and I dare say looked pretty blank and bomboozled.

"'No one has left the ship since you started, has there?' inquired the officer anxiously; 'there has been a small boat hanging on and off the harbor, and we have reason to believe that this man's confederate may have had a hint by telegram—'

"'No, no,' interrupted I, 'everybody is on board that sailed with us;' and I might have added 'and one more,' but I thought he might just as well find that out for himself. I didn't want more people than was necessary to know that I had been made such a fool of.

"'According to my instructions,' continued the officer, 'the plant is contained in a portmanteau of bullock's hide, with brass nails around the rim, and therefore easily recognizable.'

"I nodded, for indeed I myself recognized the thing from his description very readily. Had I not told them to be very careful with it and not to knock it against the bulwarks, and seen it dropped overboard with my own eyes? thus making myself an accomplice in the escape from justice of a Yankee forger!

"Of course the officer didn't find the portmanteau among the 'personal luggage,' though I am bound to say he looked for it very carefully, and scandalized some of my saloon passengers not a little by his unwelcome attention; nor was it among the larger articles, though they all lay exposed on the deck, as if for especial behoof and inconvenience. His imagination was, he said, that his 'information,' as he called it, had been incorrect, and that the bullock-hide portmanteau must be coming over in the next ship, which I said was possible—because everything is possible, you know—though, I own, I did not think it very probable.

"As to the owner of the article in question, he contrived to keep out of my way, and slipped out of the ship on the very first opportunity. His story was so far true that he had intended to keep the thing in his cabin, to be got quietly on shore, only that the steward had objected and caused it to be taken below. That information had been telegraphed from England to the New York police, and was known to the confederate, who had come out to warn him, and they would no doubt have saved me all the trouble by dropping the portmanteau overboard themselves, only it was among the other luggage. How to get it out and dispose of it without discovery was the problem they had to solve, which they accomplished by means of the dynamite story."

—*James Payn.*

The Ocean Floor.

There is an end of all romance about hidden ocean depths. We can speculate no longer about pearls, or mermaids, heaped treasures, and dead men's bones whitening the coral caves. The report of the exploring expedition sent out from London in H. M. S. *Challenger* has lately been published. Nearly four years were given to the examination of the currents and floors of the four great oceans of the world. The Atlantic, we are told if drained, would be a vast plain, with a mountain ridge in the middle, running parallel with the American coast. Another ridge crosses it from Newfoundland to Ireland, on the top of which lies a submarine cable. The ocean is thus divided into three great basins, no longer "unfathomable depths." The tops of these sea-mountains are two miles below a ship, and the basins, according to Reclus, fifteen miles, which is deep enough drowning, if not for mystery. The mountains are whitened for a thousand miles by a tiny, creamy shell. The depths are red in color, heaped with volcanic matter. Though the black, motionless waters of these abysses move gigantic abdormal creatures, which never rise to the upper currents.

There is an old legend coming down to us from the first ages of the world by which these scientific deep-sea soundings throw a curious light. Plato and Solon recorded the tradition, ancient in their days, of a country in the western seas where flourished the first civilization of mankind, which, by volcanic action, was submerged and lost. The same story is told by the Central Americans, who still celebrate in the fast of Izeall, the frightful catastophe which destroyed the land with its stately cities. Do Bourgborg and other archæologists assert that this lost land extended from Mexico beyond the West Indies. The shape of the plateau discovered by the *Challenger* corresponds with this theory.—*Noah's Sunday Times.*

Dr. Dufaur, a French physician, reports this interesting case: A common brown owl built its nest beneath the projecting roof of a farm-house, where it had a brood of young. One day the farmer, moved by curiosity, drove away the old bird, took out the young owls, and, after looking at them, replaced them uninjured. In the evening, as he was entering his house with his servant, the latter suddenly heard the beating of wings, and felt the claws of the owl on his chin, and before he could defend himself received a blow from its beak directly under the eye. On the following day an unsuccessful hunt for the bird was instituted, but in the dusk it appeared again and attacked the farmer himself, striking him directly in the eye with its beak. Dr. Dufaur found a wound of the cornea and an abundant hemorrhage. The sight of the eye was completely lost and the other eye was subsequently threatened with sympathetic inflammation.

Mr. Joseph Arch, the champion of the agricultural laborers, who visited the United States and Canada a few years ago to ascertain the advantages this continent offered to immigrants, in a letter on the existing condition of English agriculture says: "The law of primogeniture and entail must be abolished, so that large estates may be disposed of. Large farms have been a hindrance to the prosperity of our agriculture, and an injury to the country. The game laws must be abolished, as one-third, and in some cases one-half, the farmers' crops are devoured by game." "In addition," he says, "there must be an easy and cheap system of land transfer, and removal of the heavy land charges—in short, equal laws for rich and poor." When this is done he thinks there will be little fear but that the land will be properly cultivated, and the now waste twenty-seven million acres brought under the plow.

They had staid at the promenade concert rather later than she wished, and they were on their way homeward at last, she leaned her head against his shoulder, and her blue eyes looked into his as she murmured, "Dear love, won't you try to notice my eyes the next time, and read from their silent pleading when I wish to go?" He said he would, in fact swore he would, but he probably forgot, because after they had been married about seven years she tore off the tail of his coat one night when she wanted him to come away from a church sociable, and after she got him home, she kicked him twice in the stomach, pulled his ear nearly out by the roots, sat on his new hat and said: "You thick-headed old mackerel-eyed old idiot, the next time I tell you to come home you climb into your hat and come, or I'll tear the lungs out of you with a croquet mallet!" He "come" the next time.—*Scientific American.*

Mrs. Hooper tells this story of Carlyle: "An American gentleman once called to see him, and was greeted in the following manner: 'Weel, sir, and sy ye come from that big country where the vote of the greatest scoundral on airth is equal to that of Jesus Christ. And ye think much o' Jarge Washington, but he was no great mon,—he was a good surveyor, but he was no great mon!'"

"What organ," inquires Olive Logan, "has such a diapason as the human soul?" We don't know, but suppose most any manufacturer will claim that his organ can beat the diapason of the soul, on a dead level, best two in three, pp., and give the soul ten yards the start.—*Oil City Derrick.*

At the dry goods store: "Mme. wishes ——" I want a pair of garters." "Here are some pink ones. That's the color most worn this year." "Oh, no; they won't do for me. You see my furniture is blue, and they wouldn't match.

The manufactures of the State of New Hampshire amounted to over $96,000,000 last year, among them being $30,588,200 worth of cotton goods, $11,766,000 of boots and shoes, $9,222,000 of woolens.

What is supposed to be the largest tree in the Southern States, is a tulip-bearing poplar near Augusta, Ga., which is 155 feet in diameter, its lowest branches being fifty-five feet from the ground.

Prof. Benj. Pierce, of Harvard College, says the whole number of comets which are capable of being seen from the earth, and which are contained in our sun's sphere, may be fairly estimated at over five million.

Half the money that is spent for politics in this country in one year would establish every poor man in the country on a good farm, with all the stock and machinery be would need to support his family comfortably

"My dear," said a husband to his wife, on observing new red striped stockings on his only heir, "why have you made a barber's pole of our child's legs?" "Because he is a little shaver," was the reply.

The stubbornness with which the seven men imprisoned in the Pennsylvania mine held out to the end may be accounted for by the fact that they subsisted on mule's flesh.

Wreck of the E. J. McKinnen.

A Terrible Tale of Suffering---Victorino Lopez the Sole Survivor Twenty-Two Days on the Wreck---His Own Story.

Sending a Prayer to God for Water by a Dying Man.

Something over two and a half months ago the bark E. J. McKinnen sailed from San Francisco with a full crew among whom was Victorino Lopez, the sole survivor, and who tells the following story: On the 30th of March, six days after the fated vessel sailed from San Francisco, she was overtaken by the storm. That night the vessel lay to, and, just before daylight on the 31st, having fallen off for a moment, was struck by a wave which upset her. Lopez was at the wheel, which was lashed, and held fast to it. The mate and two men, who were on deck at the time, took refuge in the rigging. The sea, pouring into the forecastle, prevented the watch below from escaping, and they were drowned in their bunks. The captain, who with the second mate had come on deck when the vessel capsized, climbed to the side of the schooner, and held on there until a huge wave swept him away, and he was seen no more. When daylight came, Lopez with his sheath-knife cut away the rigging: the masts broke, and the vessel thus freed partially righted. A small keg of whisky, a box of fruit, and a sack of potatoes were procured from the cabin; but these were washed overboard. On the third day the mate died of exhaustion, and the survivors threw his body into the sea. Another sack of potatoes was fished up from the hold; on these the unfortunate men subsisted until the ninth day. Then Lopez, who to a greater degree than his companions retained his strength of mind and body, with great difficulty fashioned a hook out of a piece of iron, and with this began to fish in the forecastle. He first brought up the body of a ship-mate, but further attempts were more successful, and he obtained a box of butter and another sack of potatoes. All this time the men had been obliged to drink salt water, and Lopez now lost his reckoning of the days. He remembers that one day he killed a gull which was greedily devoured, except a small portion reserved for catching fish; a few fish were caught and eaten at once. A man named George was the first who died. Lopez asked him if he thought he was going to God, and, on his replying that he did think so, Lopez—with a world of meaning in his words—said, "George, when you get to where God is tell him to send us some water." The dying man said that he would do so, and presently he died. Drinking salt water had made the mate crazy, and he died shortly afterward. This death was followed by that of Lopez's only remaining companion and he was alone on the wreck. Lopez thinks that George's intercession was successful, for shortly after his death there was an abundant fall of rain. This was before the others died, and they lapped the water from the planks like so many dogs. Lopez caughed his hat full and carefully hoarded it. But he had now become too weak to obtain more provisions, although he made many attempts to do so. He could scarcely stagger to his feet for a few moments at a time. His mouth and throat were parched; his tongue swollen so that he breathed with difficulty; so wasted was his body that his flesh was drawn tight over his ribs. He thought that for him also the end would soon come, and that, should the wreck be found, it would be known who he was, for his name was tattooed on his arm. Despair had seized him, but one day he painfully rose to his feet in order to take one last lingering look for deliverance; he saw a vessel apparently standing from the wreck, and endeavored to shout, but no articulated sound escaped from his paralized throat. Making one supreme effort, he shook his sou'wester above his head and fell back unconscious as he caught a glimpse of a small boat coming toward him. He was taken on board the Otaga in an insensible condition and kindly cared for. Upon arriving at Port Townsend he was taken to the Hospital where he remained two months before being able to depart. He then went to San Francisco where the simple story of his unparalleled sufferings met with great sympathy and he was soon the recipient of substantial favors which will henceforth make his broken life more bearable and remove the necessity of labor or again experiencing the horrors of a ship wreck on the open sea.

A Curious Lake.

In Colorado there is a ten-acre field which is no more nor less than a subterranean lake covered with soil about eighteen inches deep. On the soil is cultivated a field of corn, which produces thirty or forty bushels to the acre. If any one will take the trouble to dig a hole the depth of a spade handle, he will find it to fill with water, and by using a hook and line, fish four or five inches long can be caught. The fish have neither scales nor eyes, and are perchlike in shape. The ground is a black marl in its nature, and in all probability was once an open body of water, on which was accumulated vegetable matter, which has been increased from time to time, until now it has a crust sufficiently strong and rich to produce fine corn, though it has to be cultivated by hand, as it is not strong enough to bear the weight of a horse. While harvesting, the field hands catch great strings of fish by punching a hole in the earth. A person rising on his heel and coming down suddenly can see the growing corn shake around him. Any one having the strength to drive a rail through the crust will find on releasing it that it will disappear altogether. The whole section of country surrounding this field gives evidence of marshiness, and the least rain produces an abundance of mud. But the question comes up, has not this body an outlet? Although brackish, the water tastes as if fresh, and is evidently not stagnant. Yet these fish are eyeless and scaleless, similar to those found in caves.

England's Indebtedness to France.—A petition lately presented to the French Senate by a M. le Baron sets forth that the English Government is indebted to France in no less a sum than 64,776,132 francs, and prays that restitution of the sum may be claimed from the English Taesaury. It is stated that by the treaties and conventions between England and France in 1814, 1815, a sum of 6,500,000 francs, payable annually for a certain number of years (representing a capital sum of 130,000,000 francs), was awarded to England as indemnity for the losses suffered by English subjects in the destruction or confiscation of their property in the execution of the revolutionary laws, and on understanding that if any balance was left unappropriated after payment of the claims of various sufferers, the balance should be refunded to the French Treasury. It is calculated—on what grounds is not clear—that the sum of nearly 65,000,000 francs remains in the hands of the English Government unappropriated, and the petition suggests that its payment should be demanded. As an equivalent it is proposed that England should surrender to France Mauritius, the Seychelles, and neighboring islands, and [illegible] French supremacy in Eastern Africa and Madagascar.

American Sheep Husbandry.

Dr. Hayes, in his recent address before the National Agricultural Congress, remarking that an inadequate idea is given of a nation's resources by the number of sheep raised—the character of the animals being of the first consideration—proceeds to show some of the characteristics of American sheep husbandry. He stated that the sheep of the United States consist, first, of what are called native sheep; second, descendents from improved English races; third, the Mexican sheep found in Texas, New Mexico, Colorado and California; fourth, the merino sheep, and crosses of that breed with the three preceding races. The merinos constitute the principal and characteristic race of the United States; and this is the most important fact in the enumeration of our resources for sheep husbandry and the wool manufacture. England has no merinos, except in her colonies. Russia has about 12,000,000 merinos, and France 9,000,000. The merinos and grades in the United States exceed 25,000,000. Merino wool is for clothing what wheat is for food; it is the chief material for food; it is the chief material for cloth at the present day, the coarsest as well as the finest. While the softest, it is the strongest of all fabrics. From its fulling and spinning qualities, it is the best adhesive for the cheap fabrics—coarser wool, cotton or shoddy; the mixture of merino wool increasing indefinitely the material for cheap clothing. An abundance of merino wool is the greatest boon the world has received from the animal kingdom in the last century. It is, in fact, in its extended culture, the product of the last century. A century ago all the merinos in the world, confined exclusively to Spain, did not number 1,000,000; 1865 marks the epoch of the first transportation of the merinos to Saxony; 1786, to France; 1793, to Australia; 1802, the introduction of the first merino sheep to this country; and to General Humphreys, of Connecticut, and to the introduction to his farm of 21 rams and 70 ewes, may be directly traced the most celebrated breeds of the American merino; producing individuals actually sold for $5000 each; others from $2000 to $300, and one for which $10,000 was refused.—*Michigan Farmer.*

Temperance During the Past Fifty Years.

[From a Private Letter by William E. Dodge.]

But those of us who can go back to the very commencement of the temperance reform well know that in all parts of the country outside our large cities there has been a most remarkable change in the customs of the great mass of people as the result of temperance efforts. Then there was hardly a family of any standing that sat down to dine without some kind of intoxicating drink on the table. Men were hardly expected to work on the farm or in their shop without their regular allowance. It was kept in every country store; was used at all public gatherings, and, in my remembrance, was passed among the attendants at funerals. As you sat down at the hotel tables every second man had his bottle or glass of some kind of intoxicating drink. Now we know that to a great extent this is changed. Go where you will throughout the country, sit down to the tables of a great majority of our families, and you will find no intoxicating drinks. Sit down at our hotels on the great lines of travel and you will not see one person using strong drink, where fifty years ago you would have seen ten. Had it not been for the vast increase of population from the old world during the last half century, the results of the temperance movement would be more apparent. But those of us who have watched it feel that its progress has been most encouraging. I have just returned from an absence of two months, in which I have traveled through ten States and over 2000 miles, and I have seen less drinking and fewer drunkards than ever before in the same time and distance.

Fish Not a Brain Food.

Dr. J. W. Draper, in an article in *Harper's Magazine* for April says: Since during the acts of sensation and intellection phosphorus consumed in the brain and nervous system, there arises a necessity to restore the portions consumed, or, as the proper expression is, to use brain food. Now, as everybody knows, it is the property of phosphorus to shine in the dark; and as fish in a certain stage of putrifactive decay often emit light, or become phosphorescent, it has been thought that this is due to the abundance of phosphorus the fish contains, and hence they are eminently suitable for the nourishment of the nervous system, and are an invaluable brain food. Under this idea many persons resort to a diet of fish, and persuade themselves that they derive advantage from it in an increased vividness of thought, a single improvement in the reasoning powers. But the flesh of fish contains no excess of phosphorus nor does its shining depend upon that element. Decaying willow wood shines even more brilliantly than decaying fish; it may be discerned afar off at night. The shining in the two cases is due to the same cause—oxidation of carbon, not of phosphorus, in organic substances containing, perhaps, not a perceptible trace of the latter element. Yet surely no one found himself rising to a poetical fervor by tasting decaying willow wood, though it ought, on these principles, to be a better brain food than a much larger quantity of fish.

Delicacy of Mint Scales.

The fine gold-weighing scales made in Philadelphia for the New Orleans mint, and placed in position recently, are marvels of mechanical invention and accurate workmanship. The larger of the two has a capacity of 10,000 ounces troy, or about 686 pounds avoirdupois, and, when loaded with its full weight, will indicate a variation of 1-1000 part of an ounce, or 1-100,000 part of its weighing capacity. Another pair of scales is the one intended for weighing gold only. It has bearings composed of the finest agates, which have been ground with wonderful precision. So delicate is this machine that it will give the precise weight of a human hair, and is susceptible to the slightest atmospheric changes. Millions of dollars worth of precious metals will be weighed annually upon these scales.

Coffee-Raising in Florida.

While in Georgia tea culture is beginning to attract attention, in some portions of Florida the culture of coffee is exciting interest. The Tampa *Tribune* says: "Mrs. Joe Atzeroth, living on the south bank of Manatee river, near Braidentown, was two coffee trees, bearing this year for the first time, as we learn from a gentleman recently from there. With proper care and judicious efforts there certainly can be no doubt of the practability of raising coffee in South Florida, especially in certain parts of Manatee county and in the Caloosahatchie county. It would be interesting to know if any efforts have been made in this latter region to grow this tree, and if so, with what success."

In His Way.

Mrs. Morrell was an Irish lady, lately deceased, who in her youth was a member of the Milbanke household when Lady Byron, after many quarrels with her husband, returned to her father's house. These quarrels ended one morning at breakfast, when Byron was in a "tantrum," and his wife brought matters to a crisis by asking pointedly, "Byron, am I in your way?" Byron, leaning against the mantlepiece, answered savagely, "Yes, damnably!" Lady Byron immediately left the room, and soon after the house. She never saw her husband again, and "damnably" was the last word from her lips which fell upon her ear.

The Deepest Well in the World.—The Warren Farm Well, one of the deepest, if not the deepest in the world, was commenced on the South Downs above Brighton in 1858, and after four years persistent digging the water was reached at a depth of 1285 feet, the shaft being 6 feet in diameter down to 400 feet, and 4 feet for the remainder. The operation cost between £6000 and £7000, and was watched with the greatest interest by geologists.

Home-Made Vinegar.—A cheap and wholesome article of vinegar may be made of water, molasses, and yeast, say twenty-five gallons of water, four of molasses and one of yeast. This, when it ferments, will yield very good vinegar. A fair imitation of white wine vinegar may be made of mashed raisens and water kept in a warm place for a month.

Why Men Will Not Marry.

The expenses of women cause matrimony to be dreaded by men; so many of them prefer the splendor of wealth and the show of enjoyment to the simplicity of the manners and the pure pleasures resulting from it. Thus wrote "Brissot," of New York society many years ago, and the same might be written with as much truth to-day. How few there are that give any thought to the matter, or stop for a moment to realize how this love of expensive and costly amusements is growing to be a mania. The craving for excitement, for unsatisfactory pleasures, for indulgences that not only money can buy, is bringing sorrow into homes all over the land.

Men think they can't afford to marry unless they can find some one who has plenty of means, and the mass of women are searching for rich husbands, and both are wasting their lives in a wretched manner, and growing false to the better promptings of their nature all the time. There are so many women out in the world struggling to make an honest living, going forth to labor in any calling that will bring them the means to support themselves and aid others, perhaps, depending upon their earnings. Refined, well educated, reasoning girls, that know life to be earnest, and are by nature, education, and wise experience fitted to make noble wives and mothers, of whom men can well be proud, if their selfish instincts did not blind them to the truth. The noble army of patient workers are usually passed by for and preference given to the dainty creatures clad in purple and fine linen, who toil not, neither do they spin—who, when reverses come, sit down with folded hands and drive their husbands to distraction by their fretful repinings. They have cultivated such a love for expensive dress, pleasures and show that nothing else gives any delight, and so that the means are theirs, to satisfy their wants it matters not how or from whence they come. So husbands become ruined and wives have no inward resourses to fall back upon. The mass of men are selfish; they want their high-toned suppers, their fast horses, their expensive wines, their fine flavored cigars, their personal comfort and pleasure faithfully attended to, and when they marry they want a wife who either has or is able to earn enough by singing, writing, lecturing, or anything that brings in a plentiful amount, so they shall reap no discomfort by taking unto themselves a helpmeet. If both sexes would only learn to be resigned and contented with less show and more reality, come out of their dreams of frivolty and cultivate more simple tastes, more true happiness would fall into the lives that now are so barren and meaningless.

If young men were more sensible, they would not grow into old bachelors waiting to find a wife who has money and if girls were brought up to know how to take care of themselves and and be independent, there would be a far less number of miserable marriages in the world. Fortunately, we are growing so progressive that nowadays women do not feel as if marriage was the only destiny for which they are created, and many prefer to remain single rather than wed. If money was used to minister higher needs, and devoted less to glitter and display, to keeping up an appearance beyond your means, to entertaining those you really cared for, instead of numbers with whom you had not a thought in common, living would be such a continual unrest and such an unsatisfactory sort of existence. The best things are real clear to the core and most to be desired. Extravagance must not debar men from matrimony if they choose to look wisely for the true, noble girls that would help to make them not bankrupts, forgers and spendthrifts, but honorable members of society; who are free from false pride, an ambition to shine in merely fashionable society; who can live contentedly within their means, are not hollow and heartless and superficial, with hearts deadened by a life of fashionable and light frivolty, but are good, tender and true. Elve.

She Took the Cow.—Over in Wind fall, says the Tipton, Ind., *Times*, recently, a man and his wife got to that point of disagreement so graphically described in "Betsy and I Are Out." They decided to separate, and the assets of the partnership were divided up until only the baby was left, when the father said, "If you will leave the baby with me I will give you a good cow." The mother considered a moment, and decided that a good cow was worth $25, and a baby—well, pretty poor property. So she took the cow.

The little child, who has just broken out with the chicken-pox, is asked by the mother, "What do you think your papa will say when he sees his darling girl in such a plight?" "Oh, I s'pose he'll say, 'Why, damme! it's too bad.'"

Entozoa.—A group of invertebrate animals which during some period of their existence live within and derive nourishment from the bodies of other animals, and with but few exceptions belong entirely to the class of helminths or worms. Animal parasites form in fact a sort of sub-fauna, and their number is only to be estimated by the extent of the animal kingdom. The presence of helminths or worms in mankind is alarmingly baneful and prevalent, and their existence until recently was so little known that many persons have died from this cause who were treated for some other ailments. Indeed it is only within a few years that heminthology has attained to the position of a true science, and chiefly through the labors of a few observers in Germany. Dr. Vandenberg has on exhibition at his office, No. 212 First street, Portland, a large and varied collection of these wonderful and mischievous internal parasites which by his medicines he has expelled from many well known individuals in Portland and elsewhere. As the doctor charges nothing for advice, the afflicted should consult him.

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This is to certify that Dr. Van Denbergh expelled a large teacup full of worms from me, some measuring eight to ten inches in length, and now I feel like a new man again. I reside on Twenty-second street, between E and F, Portland, Oregon.
A. Lumsden.

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One bottle of Dr. Van Denbergh's Worm Syrup expelled over 2000 worms from my son 12 years of age.
E. S Griffith, 89 Salmon street.
Portland, May 21, 1879.

Murder Will Out.

One bottle of Dr. Van Den Bergh's Worm Syrup expelled over 2000 worms from my son Louis, and had the effect of curing him of Nervous Spasms. I reside on Eighteenth and one-half street between P and Q.
Benjamin H. Nye.
Portland, Oregon, June 21 1879

A Life Saved when Death Seemed Inevitable.

San Francisco, March 4, 1879.

This is to certify that I had been lingering for fifteen years with a complication of chronic diseases and for months confined to my bed without receiving any benefit from many eminent doctors who attended me. Given up to die by the physicians and my friends, I was taken to Dr. J. P. P. Van Denbergh, senior, office No. 523 Sixth street, S. F., unable to stand or walk alone, after a close and careful examination Dr. V. said all my ailments and misery were created by a specie of worms, and to my and my friends surprise, the Doctor expelled from me over 3,000 well developed worms within two hours which gave me immediate relief and was able to walk and did walk on the sidewalk eight days afterwards and two weeks after the worms were expelled I weigh nine pounds more than I did before. I believe I should now be dead but for the skillful treatment of Dr. J. P. P. Van Denbergh's saving my life is considered by myself and friends a miracle.
E. B. Lovine.

I certify that the above facts are true and I have known Mr. E. B. Lovine for a number of years during his sickness.
Chas. C. O'Donnell, M. D.,
Office 808 Kearny street, San Francisco.

A Card.

Dr. J. P. P. Van Denbergh—Dear Sir: I deem it my duty to make the following statement: For the last three years I have been suffering with constant gnawing pain and a quivering sensation in my stomach; also pain in my chest and heart; my food would not digest, and I was so nervous that it was with difficulty I could follow my occupation, which has been here in Salem for the past ten years, as a practical dentist. In fact, from from the constant pain and misery, I had wasted to a mere skeleton. I had been doctoring a great deal without any benefit, and believing there was no help for me but to linger on until death would relieve me of my suffering. Some of my friends thought I had worms, and had better see Dr. Van Denbergh. He told me at once that worms were the cause of all my troubles, so he gave me five small powders, and in about four hours about 700 worms, from one inch to one and one half inches long, came away from me that day, and the following night some more came, and I am now happy to say I feel like another man again, and am gaining strength from day to day.
H. Smith, M. D.
Salem, Oregon, September 23, 1871.

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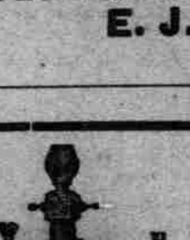

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