

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

It is said that one woman out of three all over Utah drinks whisky and gets drunk about so often. They claim they do it to keep off malaria.

Base-ball is going up in the world. An American sculptor has a statue under that title in the Paris Salon, representing a young man in the act of throwing a ball.

The Atlanta Journal, suggesting the bloom of the cotton plant for the National flower, says: "Is there any other flower of the country whose product is so essential to the thrift of millions of its people, which is in every way so well fitted for Uncle Sam to wear in his buttonhole?"

Ten years ago there were twenty-two railroads which could not interchange cars owing to the gauge. Now all are alike and cars owned in Maine are seen slipping over the rails in Texas. The railroad system of the United States is declared to be as perfect as a system can be made.

The Governor of Wyoming lately pardoned a man sentenced to a term of years for a murderous assault on the condition that if the convict ever drinks another drop of liquor he shall forfeit his liberty and be sent back to prison. A similar pardon was granted in Mississippi a few years ago.

During 1888 there were 525,019 immigrants landed in this country. From Germany there were 106,975; from England, 76,040; from Ireland, 71,966; from Sweden, 48,845; from Italy, 47,424, and from Russia, 35,504. The lowest recorded was 1 from Malta, and the next lowest 21 from Portugal.

Recently an old lady died at Bethlehem, leaving an estate of \$2,000, which fell to a near relative. The heir secured a Bethlehem attorney, who in turn secured another attorney. When final settlement was made the lawyer deducted \$1,250 from the estate for his services, and the near relative got the balance.

Among the curiosities developed in the hunt for relics of Washington is a contract with his gardener, in which stipulation is made that the gardener shall keep sober all the year, except that he is to have four dollars at Christmas with which to be drunk four days, and two dollars at Easter and Whitsuntide to be drunk two days. Fancy such a contract being made with the President of the United States in 1889.

The hair of the beard in growing, raises little hills of flesh around each root," says a barber, "and in shaving a man smoothly the razor cuts these off, leaving the blood vessels exposed. Under the microscope these bleeding vessels can be distinctly seen, and the flesh is seen to be entirely without the covering of skin it should have. The natural result is that the close shaver is always troubled with colds and affections of the throat."

The large plate-glass windows that adorn large store fronts have their origin in the vanity of women. A woman likes to see herself as others see her. She can do that in a mirror. When she is on the street the shop windows serve as mirrors to tell her how pretty or bad she appears, if her hat is on crooked, her back hair down or her new-fangled bustle awry. Then they are attracted to the goods in the windows and go into the stores to inspect and buy. Tradesmen who observed the manner in which they looked in the windows urged the glass manufacturers to make large panes. They gradually made them larger and larger until now they fill the entire front.

WORN-OUT FOOT-GEAR.

How it is Utilized in the Manufacture of Shoddy Shoes.

"Old clo" and "old shoe" merchants never pass an ash can without inspecting for old shoes. If any is found it soon finds a hiding place in the capacious bag carried for the purpose. Each day's labor is taken to the home of the "old shoe man," where it is sorted over. Shoes that are not past a few days of usefulness go under the resuscitating care of an Italian cobbler. He gives the old shoe a new lease of life by endowing it with a new sole and other repairs. These go to some second-hand shoe store, of which there are a goodly number in this city.

The shoes that are past repair are taken to the old junk dealers, who in turn ship them to the shoddy factories. There they are pulled to pieces in order to remove the steel shank piece, if there be any, and then ground to a fine dust. This leather dust is then mixed with about forty per cent. of rubber, which has been gathered in the same way. The mixture of rubber and leather dust is spread in sheets about two feet square, and subjected to a pressure of 6,000 to 10,000 per square foot. The substance is then colored, and sold at prices some fifty per cent. below that of leather.

This manufactured leather is used by the manufacturers of cheap shoes mostly for inner soles. As it is wholly wanting in fiber, it is manifestly a very poor substitute. Shoes with these shoddy inner soles are to be found in large quantities strung on poles and bearing the legend, "All leather, \$1."

The industry of making shoddy shoes has greatly improved. At first straw board was used for inner-sole counters, and sometimes for out soles by pasting over with a thin veneer of old leather. Next leather scraps and old shoes were ground up and mixed with the straw paper. This gave a little better substance. Now shoddy contains leather dust and rubber.—N. Y. Sun.

WHALES OF ALL SORTS

Their Habits and Modes of Life and Warfare.

The London Telegraph, alluding to an exhibition of different kinds of whales shortly to be given in the Natural History Museum of London, says:

How such a spectacle as this changes the ordinary ideas about the life that is lived under the sea. It is seen almost at a glance that that greivous division of terrestrial existence into the eaters and the eaten holds good in marine communities also. On the one side are the toothless whales, prodigious in bulk, but virtually defenseless against attack; soft-bodied, and comparatively unweildy. On the other are the fierce "toothed" whales, smaller in dimension, but in proportion swifter, fiercer as tigers, and as cruel. Here is the enormous fin-whale, some seventy feet in length, with its great helpless paws, for they are little else, which it uses as paddles, hanging idly down, and its immense jaws which, fringed with whalebone, served it well enough as a trap for diminutive crustaceans and cuttle-fish, but are no weapon against the crocodile-snout of its smaller enemies. Next to it is "the killer," Orca, Gladiador, the wolf of the sea, which looks upon the Leviathan as ordinary beasts of prey regard flocks and herds, and which does not hesitate, with its hundred weight of bulk to its victim's ton, to attack it. Sometimes they will hunt in packs, and surrounding one monster, will ferociously tear the living thing to pieces, mouthful by mouthful. At other times, or kill the seal and the narwhal. Except that they do not haunt the harbors of busy ports, follow ships, and otherwise seek human prey, the "killers," whales though they are, are far more terrible creatures than the sharks. There have been writers who have spoken of life under the ocean wave as placidly, monotonously dull, without any decided interests or excitements. Yet, looking round this whale vault, with its fierce armature of fang and tusk and horn, it is difficult, indeed impossible, to believe that subaqueous existence is really uninteresting. On the contrary, when we survey forms so active and powerful in outline, so pugnacious in expression, so dreadfully armed for battle with natural weapons, and a ferocious rapidity of speed, we see at once how awful must be the tragedies enacted in the impenetrable depths of the sea, and what conflicts of race and for empire must be continually waged. For mere existence alone the carnage passes beyond human calculation. Look at that fin-whale there, with a mouth in which a tea party could be given. Imagine it wide open and going ahead full speed through a dense shoal of shrimps, a porridge of small fry of all kinds. Then think of those jaws suddenly closing upon a good substantial mouthful—substantial, that is to say, in proportion to the mouth—and after the water has filtered out through the whalebone fringes into the sea again, fancy the whale swallowing all its captives in a snap, and then opening its mouth for more. Compared to this, the sacrifice, a holocaust pure child's play. Lives by the million, swirled gulp by gulp down the monster's maw; and next day the same monster, torn into shreds by the gladiator "orca," lay scattered over acres of the sea as food for as many millions more; and what combats the fish must see! How the lobster must twiddle his long antennae with excitement, or the octopus on the rock look up with consternation at the prodigious dusks of the corquials, the leviathan encounters of the cachalots! What a scattering of smaller folk there must be when the fighting whales come up, and in close battalion charge with their ponderous heads! Over what spacious battle-fields the battle must range, and how indescribably terrific the shock of giants meeting in the green silence! The conflict might be a nightmare, a phantom struggle, but that the sea is being dyed a deeper and deeper red round the enormous combatants, and that the furious impact of the great bodies sends responsive vibrations through the sensitive depths, telling the dwellers on the sea-bed and in the crannies rocks that the giants are at war. Or change the scene to fine weather with a summer horizon unclouded, and peace everywhere—what a liberal education it must be to see these Lords of the sea ranging tranquilly among their peers, and rolling through unmeasured fathoms in careless ease! To live under the water and watch the whales "at home" would be almost enough to reconcile one to being a fish.

GENERAL.

The symptoms of malarial poisoning have been produced in animals by the subcutaneous injection of watery extracts from marshy soil.—Chicago Herald.

Among the frauds that afflict the people is the form of indictment prepared in many States. The thief escapes through the silly mass of verbiage.—Current.

The little hand-bags so generally carried by American women must go. The only Parisians who use them are the pedicures and manicures, who carry their tools about with them in these receptacles.—N. Y. Graphic.

Judge Fane, of Salt Lake, has ruled that a plural wife has no rights of inheritance, and can not attain such right by long continuance in the illegal relations; that she is no wife in law, and can not, therefore, be a widow.—Denver Tribune.

Tuesday was an eventful day in the life of a Leavenworth (Kan.) man who had previously borne a good reputation. At nine in the morning he was recognized as an ex-convict. Just after dinner he slipped and fell into a tank of boiling water. At three o'clock, when he was hovering between life and death from his terrible scalds, a Sheriff arrived with a warrant for his arrest as a highway robber. He died at sundown.—Chicago Tribune.

MISCELLANEOUS.

It was when the late Prof. Proctor was an English school examiner that a little girl defined the difference between a man and a brute as follows: "A brute is an imperfect beast; man is a perfect beast."

John Swift, a Connecticut man, lived to the age of eighty-eight without being sick one hour in his whole life. He never had mumps, measles, headache nor toothache, and when he died it was more because a tree fell upon him than from any fault of his own.

Forty years ago the United States stood sixth in point of population among civilized nations of the globe and twenty years ago it stood fifth. Twenty years hence it will stand first.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

An Indiana man who has attained the sobriquet of "Lawsuit John," having been continually engaged in one lawsuit for the past twenty years, was lately sentenced to a year in the penitentiary. This will give him a vacation and plenty of time to plan new lawsuits for the next decade.

Newark contributed over \$25,000 for the relief of the Johnstown sufferers. Jersey City contributed less than one-half of that amount. As Jersey City—according to the census—is the largest city in New Jersey, we must account for this discrepancy by reasons not novel. Jersey City people go over to New York to contribute to the relief fund, just as they go there to die, be born and be married.—Newark Advertiser.

In 1816 it took just one bushel of corn to buy one pound of nails, now one bushel of corn will buy ten pounds of nails. Then it required sixty-four bushels of barley to buy one yard of broadcloth; now the same amount of barley will pay for twenty yards of broadcloth. It then required the price of one bushel of wheat to pay for one yard of calico, now one bushel of wheat will buy twenty yards of calico.

At a teachers' examination in Jones County, Ia., in answer to the question, "What is hygiene?" a young lady applicant for a certificate to teach school answered: "It is the soft spot on the top of a baby's head which gradually becomes harder as the baby grows older." The board of directors rejected her application, evidently believing that the "hygiene" on top of the young lady's head had not sufficiently hardened to qualify her for the stern duties of a teacher.—Norristown Herald.

The attention of visitors to Mount Repose Cemetery, at Haverstraw, N. Y., is attracted by a novel grave in a secluded spot. It is the grave of a pet canary bird which belonged to a wealthy family in Brooklyn. The pet a short time ago became quite ill and was attended by persons skilled in bird doctoring. All their treatment was useless, however, and the bird died. So strong was the attachment of the family for the bird that it was given an aristocratic burial, with all the honors that could be bestowed.

A Maine village housewife, keen of wit and thrifty, not long ago issued cards for an afternoon party at her house, terming it a "whang." The ladies invited were puzzled by the word, and didn't know how to dress, but finally appeared in their most stunning toilets. When they arrived at the house named, one p. m., they found the house in disorder, and everybody scrubbing for dear life. A "whang" is a house-cleaning party, and some of the ladies are sorry they didn't dress accordingly.

There is an able romancer out West somewhere who is keeping the East supplied with excellent "items of interest." Here are a couple of them: "Lightning played a queer caper on a ranch near Buffalo, Wy., Ter., recently. It struck a bar wire fence, and for a distance of four hundred yards melted the barb without injuring the strands, and pulled one end of the staples holding the wires to the posts. The extracted ends were neatly turned into corkscrews and nickle plated." "Jim Blevins, living near White Rock, Tex., killed a very large chicken snake a few days ago, and noticing the snake's body was unusually large and ill-shaped, made an incision and found it to contain a large cow horn and in the horn a prairie rat. It is supposed that the snake chased the rat into the horn, and to secure the rat swallowed the horn."

Names of Post-Offices.

Postmaster General Wanamaker would accomplish a beneficent reform if he would overhaul the list of the 58,000 post-offices of this country, and compel a change in some of the ridiculous appellations that now belong to them. There is no particular objection to Aquashicola, Wapwallopen, Passadumcook, Punxsutawney, Wytopitlock, Dagusahonda, Mattawumkeag, Kishacoquillas, Wanepashmet, Quijotos, Skaneateles, Qushochontag, Agua Caliente or Tajique, providing they mean anything in this particular. And there may be some excuse for Blue Eyes, Dow Drop, Baby Head, Early Dawn, Sweet Lips, Bridal Veil, Rosa Bud, Daisy Dell, Sweet Home, Dell Delight, Keep Tryst, Prairie Queen, and so on. But when it comes to calling a post-office Big Shanty, Burnt Cork, Dry Bones, Happy Jack, Hanging Dog, Hat Off, Horse Gail, Hump Back, Little Chucky, Mouse Tail, Negro Foot, Parch Corn, Pay Up, Pink Bed, Quid Nunc, Rabbit Hash, Rough and Ready, Bye Patch, Sal Soda, Scalp Level, Shoo Fly and Short, there seems to be room for reform.—Boston Herald.

SEA-COAST BATTERIES.

How the Cadets Manage the Big Guns at West Point.

At five o'clock the northern hillside was alive with spectators, including many ladies, young and less young, beautiful and less beautiful, as well as all the cadets off duty (that is, off military duty), to witness the sea-coast battery drill by the second class with section leaders taken from the first, under the direction of the instructor of artillery tactics, Lieutenant Galbraith. The battery consists of two 15-inch smooth-bore guns, throwing a solid shot of 450 pounds with a charge of forty pounds of powder, three 8-inch rifled guns (converted from 10-inch columbiads by the insertion of rifled steel tubes) carrying a solid shot of 180 pounds with a charge of twenty-five pounds of powder, and one 13-inch mortar, throwing a shell of 216 pounds, with a nine-pound firing charge and a bursting charge just sufficient to blow out the fuse. The guns are mounted on iron sea-coast carriages, and the whole battery is arranged like an ordinary water battery, as, for instance, for the defense of West Point against a hostile fleet, no matter whose, coming down the river, no matter how. The heavy projectiles for the larger guns, it is hardly necessary to say, have to be handled by mechanical means. The popular interest in a drill like this seems to center in the noise of the big guns and the distant crash and dust of the big projectiles as they hit, or do not hit, the white target on the mountain side, just under and in front of Crow's Nest; yet there is nothing more instructive in the whole range of tactics. It is all hard work and "means business." The cadets handle the big guns with ease, as they do every thing, loading and firing them first by piece and then by section, wing, and finally by battery; the last a tremendous salvo, trying the ear-drums, but practically as well timed as a volley of musketry. The practice, too, was good, considering the range, which was 2,100 yards, many shots striking the target and all seeming to come somewhere near it. The five solid shot of the final volley appeared to hit the target simultaneously, though, of course, at that distance no one but the observer at the telescope could distinguish the effect with any accuracy. In revenge for so much perfection, perhaps, one shell from the mortar seemed to have gone over the mountain and exploded. But this is a way that mortars have.—N. Y. Tribune.

MOTHERS, SPEAK LOW.

Do Not Teach Your Children to Be Noisy Men and Women.

I know some houses, well built and handsomely furnished, where it is not pleasant to be even a visitor. Sharp, angry tones resound through them from morning till night, and the influence is as contagious as measles, and much more to be dreaded in a household. The children catch it, and it lasts for life—an incurable disease. A friend has such a neighbor within hearing of her house when doors and windows are open, and even Poo Parrot has caught the tune, and delights in screaming and scolding, until she has been sent into the country to improve her habits. Children catch cross tones quicker than parrots. Where mother sets the example you will scarcely hear a pleasant word among the children in their plays with each other. Yet the discipline of such a family is always weak and irregular. The children expect just so much scolding before they do any thing they are bid, while in many a home, where the low, firm tone of the mother, or a decided look of her steady eye is law, they never think of disobedience, either in or out of her sight.

Oh, mothers, it is worth a great deal to cultivate that "excellent thing in a woman," a low, sweet voice. If you are ever so much tried by the mischievous or willful pranks of the little ones, speak low. It will be a great help to you to even try to be patient and cheerful, if you can not wholly succeed. Anger makes you wretched, and your children also. Impatient, angry tones never did the heart good, but plenty of evil. You can not have the excuse for them that they lighten your burdens; they make them only ten times heavier. For your own, as well as your children's sake, learn to speak low. They will remember that tone when your head is under the willows. So, too, would they remember a harsh and angry voice. Which legacy will you leave to your children?—Kindergarten.

The Law of Child Life.

Indulgence of the child is the ruin of the man. Restraint and control mark the path of safety and eminence. "The rod and reproof give wisdom; but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame," is the wisdom of Solomon, which, though somewhat discounted in our age, stands well the test of experience. Authority, with a firm spinal column, must shape the life of the child. The child is not yet competent to judge. Of the pitfalls about his path he sees not the danger, but is attracted by the glare of many false lights to his ruin. The judgment of another must be guide for him past the places of danger, and until his own faculties become competent to deal with the difficulty. Blessed are those children favored with kind and generous, but at the same time firm and straightforward, parents!—Zion's Herald.

Quite a paradox that in a land of the free so many covet bonds.

TREATMENT OF HOGS.

They Need Cleanliness Every Bit as Much as a Human Being.

I often wonder why it is that people are so careless with their stock, especially with their hogs. There is more money realized from hogs, and in less time, than from any other stock fed for market, and yet they are less cared for. It seems to me that farmers should be ashamed to treat the poor creatures as they do. Of course there are exceptions, but very many farmers are certainly too careless of their swine, so much so that they suffer great loss by it every year.

If there was more care taken of hogs there would certainly be less disease. Many farmers have ponds for watering places for their stock, and give their hogs access to them, let them wallow and drop their excrement in the pond until it becomes too foul and filthy for frogs to inhabit. Yet the stock must drink this water as long as it is thin enough to swallow. They are often fed in a manure pile, and have to sleep in a fence corner with the top rail for a storm shelter. If this class of farmers buy a thoroughbred boar and his pigs do not do well and make three hundred-pound hogs at nine to ten months old, under the above conditions, they denounce the thoroughbred a failure. Just let these men try drinking filthy water and eating one kind of food for twelve months and see if they thrive.

I tell you a hog needs cleanliness as well as a human being does. They require pure water, good dry sleeping quarters and a change of food, and they must have these. It is my opinion that if all hog raisers would be careful in the treatment of hogs the losses would not be but a fraction of what they are to-day by contagious and other diseases. It will cost but a very little to make comfortable quarters for hogs, and those who pay out a little money and take a little time to provide such quarters will soon get it all back with interest. Not only this, but when you butcher your hogs you would relish your pork better if you knew that your hogs had not been raised in filth, the meat would taste better to you, and the pig would not be squealing in your stomach.—Cor. Western Swineherd.

Wax Made By Insects.

The "insect wax" of China is an exudation from certain trees, formed in consequence of the puncture of the branches by a species of Coccus. These insects are white when first developed, but, when they yield their wax, are red, and attached closely to the branches of the trees. At first they are about the size of a grain of rice; but, after the wax is produced the accumulation is as large as a hen's egg. The insect commences to secrete the viscous substance in the spring, this taking the form of a silky down, which thickens and hardens. In August or September the balls hang like grapes, which are gathered by detaching them with the fingers; and, after being dried in the sun, they are purified and refined. This wax is in general use in China and Japan, where large tracts of land are planted with the trees referred to, upon which the insects are reared. The insect is propagated by means of its eggs, which are collected in clusters in the shells of the balls. As met with in commerce the wax is nearly pure, and melts at 190 degrees Fahr. It is sold in cakes of a circular form, and of different sizes. It dissolves easily in naphtha, and contains eighty-two per cent. of carbon, fourteen per cent. of hydrogen and four of oxygen. It is used like beeswax in making candles, and for other similar purposes, where its high melting temperature is an advantage. The light of these candles is of great brilliancy.—Nature.

Apoplexy Among Fowls.

A fowl taken at first with lameness and which in the course of a day or two will stagger about, make a rush for the food and stumble over it, with an appetite always good, is troubled with apoplexy. Bleeding, by opening a vein under the wing and feeding on light food will be helpful, and in some cases may effect a cure. It is possible, however, that this may be one of the results of a long course of inbreeding, by which the constitutional vigor has been impaired. Some fanciers, in their desire to improve their stock, persistently inbreed until they destroy their fowls. Possibly too much meat has been given, or the hens may be too fat, and if a warm breakfast gives place to a diet of oats and wheat in equal parts, or better still, barley, the chances are that there will be a marked improvement. If the result be one which follows inbreeding, the wisest course will be to change the stock and get some fowls that are not so closely related. The causes of apoplexy vary. Fat fowls, even when not inbred, are liable to trouble producing the symptoms.—H. S. Babcock, in Farm and Home.

A circus man filled thousands of people with wonder by catching in his teeth a cannon ball, fired from a cannon, without injury to his molars. Their wonder increased a few days later when they learned that the same man, in a heated discussion with his wife, had caught a flat-iron in his teeth with disastrous results. Five molars were knocked down his throat, and he was laid up for a week.

In polite circles out in Arizona they never speak of a gentleman as having run away to escape hanging. They simply say that "Mr. So-and-so has gone away in search of a climate for the benefit of his throat."—Boston Transcript.

ENGAGEMENT RINGS.

A Jeweler Talks About the Kind of Mottoes Engraved in Them.

"What kind of mottoes are engraved in engagement rings? Well, usually ancient ones, sometimes in old English letters. You see the fashion of having mottoes, or 'posies' as they were called, in rings is very old. It was quite common in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, both for betrothed and wedding rings, and just now is being revived. An English firm of jewelers has published a little pamphlet on the subject, giving examples of 'posies' found in rings which have belonged to celebrated people, some of them in English, others in Latin, French and German. One, in the ring with which Bishop Bull wedded his wife, runs: 'Bona parere parere parare dei mihl Dens'—'God make me a good mother and an obedient housewife.' I don't imagine there will be many orders given for that motto nowadays.

The posies were either double or single, the double ones being usually serious, and the single lighter in tone. A favorite in the seventeenth century was:

"God our love continue ever,
That we in Heaven may dwell together."

"And another:

"Let him never take a wife,
Who will not love her as his life."

"A sixteenth century gentleman felt confidence in his future happiness when he had inscribed in his wife's wedding ring:

"I did, then, commit so folly,
When I married my sweet Molly."

"And another justified his matrimonial plunge by:

"'Tis fit men should not be alone,
Which made Tom to marry Jane."

"Single posies are more popular now, as not many modern rings are large enough to admit of two lines. Some of the old single posies which are being used are:

"God above send peace and love,
"God and thee my comfort be,"
"Love me little, love me long,"
"I bid adieu to all but you,"
"This and my heart,"
"Love me and leave me not."

"Sometimes we have an order to engrave a few words from Browning. The last line of 'Lone Among the Ruins,' seems to be a favorite, and also several quotations from Mrs. Browning's 'Sonnets from the Portuguese.' Occasionally some one comes in and orders an inscription in which there seems no earthly sense, but it's intelligible enough, I suppose, to the particular fiancée for whom it is intended.

"Solitaire rings are not fashionable any more for engagements. Half hoop are considered the proper thing now, either one row of stones or two, like this one, with diamonds and rubies. Burned topaz is coming in once more. It was very much worn about forty years ago, and people who have jewelry of that date will find it useful. The prettiest bracelet we have in the place has two rows of burned topaz, each stone inclosed in a ring of small diamonds."—Chicago News.

CAROLINA MOUNTAINS.

Fourteen of Them Higher Than the Famous Mount Washington.

If you ask almost any one which is the highest mountain in the United States, east of the Rocky Mountains, the reply will be "Mount Washington, in New Hampshire," but this is not true. By referring to a map of North Carolina you will notice on its western boundary the great Appalachian chain of mountains, which form the dividing line between that State and Tennessee. The average height of this chain exceeds 5,000 feet. This part of it is a bold frowning barrier, nearly 175 miles in length. It continues northward as far as the State of Pennsylvania, but its highest peaks and roughest, wildest scenery are to be seen in North Carolina.

The famous Mount Washington, monarch of the White Mountains, is 6,285 feet above the level of the sea, but in the "Land of the Sky" there are fourteen mountains of greater altitude than this. Their names and heights are as follows: Mount Mitchell, 6,717 feet; Guoyt's Peak, or Balsam Cone, 6,871; Clingman's Dome, 6,900; Sandy Knob, 6,612; Hairy Bear, 6,567; Cat Tail Peak, 6,595; Gibbs's Peak, 6,586; Mount Alexander, 6,477; Sugar Loaf, 6,401; Potato Top, 6,393; Black Knob, 6,537; Mount Henry, 6,373; Bowler's Pyramid, 6,346; Roan Mountain, 6,318. These are the measurements of Professors Guoyt and Mitchell, with the latest corrections by J. A. Holmes, of the State Geological Department.

It will be noticed that the highest mountain in the list is Mount Mitchell; it is 432 feet higher than Mount Washington, and every additional foot makes a difference in altitudes. This is one of the spurs of the Blue Ridge, situated west of the main chain, in Yancey County; it was named after Prof. Elisha Mitchell, a native of Connecticut, and a graduate of Yale College. Prof. Mitchell accepted a call from the University of North Carolina, and the "Land of the Sky" became his adopted home. He demonstrated, as far back as 1835, that this mountain was the highest east of the Rocky Mountains.—American Agriculturist.

It is told of a pious, well-meaning man here that upon one occasion in Sunday school he prayed: "And bless the superintendent of this school, who has had such a long, tedious, Christian life." Even the superintendent could not suppress a smile.—Kingston Freeman.

Wet grass is injurious to young chicks even in the summer. Do not turn the hen and her brood out until the sun is well up.