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A LOCAL NEWSPAPER
—FOR THE—
Farmer, Business Man, and Family Circle.
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FRANK S. DEMENT,
PROPRIETOR AND PUBLISHER.

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OREGON LODGE, No. 3, I. I.
O. F., meets every Thursday evening, at 7½ o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Main street. Members of the Order are invited to attend.
By order of N. G.

REBECCA DEGREE LODGE,
No. 2, I. O. O. F., meets on the Second and Fourth Tuesday evenings of each month, at 7½ o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall. Members of the Degree are invited to attend.

MUETNOMAH LODGE, No. 1,
A. F. & A. M., holds its regular communications on the First and Third Saturdays in each month, at 7 o'clock from the 20th of September to the 20th of March; and 7½ o'clock from the 20th of March to the 20th of September. Brethren in good standing are invited to attend.
By order of W. M.

FALLS ENCAMPMENT, No. 4,
I. O. O. F., meets at Odd Fellows' Hall on the First and Third Tuesday of each month. Patriarchs in good standing are invited to attend.

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Keep constantly on hand for sale Flour, Middlings, Bran and Chicken Feed. Parties purchasing feed must furnish the sack.

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One door north of Ackerman Bros.
☞ Boots and Shoes made and repaired as cheap as the cheapest.
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PAY THE HIGHEST PRICE FOR
WHEAT,
At all times, at the
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And have on hand FEED and FLOUR to sell, at market rates. Parties desiring Feed must furnish sacks. nov12-tf

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HENRY HUMBEL,
HAVING purchased the above Brewery, wishes to inform the public that he is now prepared to manufacture a No 1 quality of
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As good as can be obtained anywhere in the State. Orders solicited and promptly filled.

The Farmer's Lesson.

If I had told her in the spring
The old, old story, briefly,
When sparrows and robins began to sing,
And the plowing was over chiefly!

But haste makes waste, and the story sweet,
I reasoned, will keep through the sowing,
Till I drop the corn, and plant the wheat,
And give them a chance for growing.

Had I even told the tale in June,
When the wind through the grass was blowing,
Instead of thinking it rather too soon,
And waiting till after the mowing!

Or had I hinted, out under the stars,
That I knew a story worth hearing,
Lingering to put up the pasture bars,
Nor waited to do the shearing!

Now the barn is full, and so is the bin,
But I've grown wise without glory,
Since love is the crop not gathered in—
For my neighbor told her the story!

The First Snow Storm.

Out on the landscape's wide expanse
You see a little mound, perchance,
And o'er it bends above the stone
A willow, distant and alone.
When summer days were warm and fair,
We marked the spot with daisies rare,
And lingered oft till shadowy night
Had hid the hillock from our sight.

At last the autumn, brown and sere,
Gave token of a vanished year,
Whose birds and many tinted flowers,
With wavy fields and leafy bowers,
Had faded like some happy strain,
Which ne'er should come to us again.
We knew that leaves and flowers would fade,
And in the damp, dark earth be laid.

Like treasured loves and faces dear,
Which never to us now appear;
'Tis then the snowflakes, white and chill,
With sad, sad thoughts our bosoms fill.
And then the saddest thought of all,
Which always comes when snowflakes fall,
Is, that a burial sheet so cold
Should ever round those dear ones fold.

Burning of the Body of Baron de Palm.

Starting from Vienna, Austria, in 1873, with all the impetus that a hearty recommendation of the Managers of the World's Exhibition could give it, cremation was yesterday firmly planted on the soil of free America. If there had been the slightest defect in the process of Baron Von Palm's cremation, that method of disposing of the remains of the departed would have received a deathblow in this country. But the experiment was a success, not alone in the perfect incineration of the body, but also from a sanitary standpoint. Opponents of cremation have asserted that the gases arising from the burning body would poison the surrounding atmosphere. The test of yesterday proved that the gases can, and are consumed in the furnace, before reaching the flue through which the smoke passes to the air beyond.

The experiment yesterday proved another thing incontestably. Two hours and twenty-seven minutes were consumed in the cremation of the body of the Baron, and as a preliminary to the cremation it was necessary to maintain a fire in the furnace during thirty-six hours, so that it might be brought to a proper degree of heat for the reception of the body. In the actual work of incineration but forty bushels of coke were used. These facts show that the system is yet in its infancy here, even in the application of facilities. The furnace of Dr. Le Moyne is susceptible of many improvements, whereby there would be much saving of time and fuel.

At the exhibition at Vienna Professor Brunetti displayed the ashes of a man whose corpse weighed but ninety pounds. The body was reduced to ashes in about four hours, at an expenditure of about 160 pounds of wood. The furnace he used was oblong in shape, and was made of refractory bricks.

The greatest success in the matter of furnaces has been achieved by Siemens. His furnace is constructed on the principle of regenerative heat. To build it costs about $1,250, or about $600 less than that of Le Moyne, and it will incinerate a body of 200 pounds weight in one hour, at an expense of 75 cents for fuel. The wife of Sir Charles Dilke was cremated in a furnace of this description at Dresden in 1874.

Yesterday's cremation vividly recalls the burning of the body of the poet Shelley, on the banks of the Mediterranean, in 1822. The horrid details of that sad scene in Tuscany are familiar to all English readers, as Trelawney did not fail to graphically reproduce them. That was probably the first cremation in modern times. That of yesterday was the first of any time since the settlement of this country, or, at least, the first promoted and successfully carried to completion by the civilized people of the country, and the reader of the detailed report appended can not fail to mark the great contrast between the scientific cremation of Von Palm and the burning of poor Shelley.

The successful cremation of the remains of Von Palm in Little Washington, yesterday, was an event that will make that borough famous. But its citizens did not seem to appreciate it. The majority of them are hard-headed Presbyterians; and they are prone to regard the reform as a desecration of the dead. Rev. George P. Hays, the President of Washington and Jefferson College, is a notable exception, however, and his influence has done much to mollify the the people of his sect thereabouts. The apathy of the people seemed to be a studied one, and very few of them visited Gallows Hill during the cremation of the Baron. The narrow space around the building was at no time crowded. Few carriages were driven to the scene, and those were of a public character. The reception room, small as it was, was sufficiently commodious to accommodate the spectators in attendance. Scientific men were conspicuous by their absence, and before the cremation was over it leaked out that the slim attendance of notables was attributable to Dr. Le Moyne, who had notified them that there would be no room for them. The night before the event was a busy one for Col. Olcott. Upon him devolved the whole business of arrangement, and of this duty he acquitted himself very creditably. At the last moment there was some discussion as to whether the body should be inserted head or feet foremost, but at the earnest suggestion of Dr. Le Moyne the body was put in head first.

The crib rested on the catafalque near a window in the reception room, and directly opposite the door leading from the front of the building. In the crib were the remains of the Baron. The head only was exposed, the body being wrapped in a winding sheet of linen. The face was very dark, nearly black in color, but the features were natural. The tissues were flaccid, and the eyes sunken and wasted. With the exception of a faint smell of carbolic acid, the remains were odorless. The body was in such a condition that a number of physicians expressed the opinion that it would not be a difficult work to separate the skin from the muscular tissues. The odor of carbolic acid noted arose from a crystalization of that acid with which the cavity of the stomach had been partly filled. In addition to this, a preparation of potter's clay was used in the process of embalmment. The body weighed ninety-two pounds.

At fifteen minutes after 8 o'clock Col. Olcott completed the preparation of the body for cremation. Frankincense, myrrh, and aromatic spices were sprinkled over it, and then it was wrapped in a linen cloth, which had been saturated in a solution of alum. A few primroses, some immortelles, a bunch of geraniums and roses, and several sprigs of evergreen were laid upon the dead Baron's breast, and the pall bearers stepped to the crib and lifted the body from the catafalque. At the head were Henry S. Olcott and Henry J. Newton, the executors of the Baron, and at the feet were Dr. Le Moyne and Dr. Asdale, of Pittsburg. Before the body was put into the furnace the members of the Theosophical Society broke off sprigs of the evergreen, and put them carefully away as mementoes of the occasion. The march to the furnace was a very short one. A blast of furious heat came from the furnace when the door was opened, and the pall-bearers propelled the body quickly into it. It was thought that the first attack of the flame would consume the coverings of the body, and to avert this the winding sheet, soaked in alum water, had been wrapped about it. The temperature of the furnace was then 1,000 degrees, and this was increased until, after the body was in the furnace about an hour, the temperature was believed to be about 2,000 degrees. This was purely hypothetical, however, as there was no pyrometer at hand to accurately determine the intensity of the heat.

It was about twenty-five minutes after 8 o'clock when the door of the furnace was closed upon the remains of the Baron, and, for probably ten seconds after, an unpleasant smell tainted the room. The odor was faint but quite pronounced enough to be noted by the spectators. A constant current of air was forced into the furnace by a blower.

For the first half hour observations were made every few minutes, and no change could be observed in the appearance of the body in the crib. The evergreens had curled up on each side of the crib, forming an arch over the remains. The crib was red hot in a moment after it was put into the furnace, and by following the line of its upper rail the body could be plainly seen through the small hole in the furnace door.

At ten minutes past 9 o'clock the form of the body was unchanged. The winding sheets had not crumbled away, and the corpse looked like a black line in a sea of rosy fire. Col. Olcott made an observation at this time, and expressed the opinion that the body was destroyed, but the ashes still retained the natural form. Five minutes after this another observation disclosed the bones of the left knee, incandescent and protruding from the winding sheets. At the same moment the bare and illumined skull was also visible, and above it the evergreens were curled into a wreath. It had been suggested that there was no draft in the furnace, but a test was made by Dr. Ottarson, and it was found that a current of air constantly passed into it. This did not circulate in the furnace, however, as the oxygen was combusted the moment it entered, and the hydrogen was diffused in vapor, and therefore there was no current of air passing through the furnace.

At twenty minutes after 9 o'clock the ribs on the left side showed through the linen wrappers, and a few moments after the larger bones of the thigh and leg on the same side of the body were apparent. The wreath and arch of evergreens were still intact. At 9:43 another observation was made. Then it was impossible to distinguish the outline of the body. The furnace was in a rosy glow, and a slight mist rose from the body, and filled the space below the arch. From the midst of what appeared to be a molten mass in the crib the evergreens rose in faint black lines, but in perfect form.

At ten minutes to 11 o'clock, Col. Olcott, Dr. Le Moyne and Dr. Asdale, and three health officers, made extended observations. The crib was pushed forward, and the moment it was moved there was a great crumbling of the body. Dr. Ottarson announced that the incineration was almost complete. So great a portion of the body had been reduced to ashes, and had fallen to the bottom of the retort, that the lower rails of the crib upon which the body rested were exposed to view. The pelvis had not then been incinerated, and the sprigs of spruce were still in perfect form.

At 11 o'clock the incineration was complete, nothing being left of the Baron but three pints of ashes, quite enough to fill the small urn which rested on the top of the furnace during the cremation. The heat was kept up in the furnace until 12 o'clock, to make the assurance of the completion of the work doubly sure.

During the process of the cremation, men were sent out into the surrounding country to make observations of the effect of the smoke upon the atmosphere. There was no perceptible taint of the pure, crisp air. The smoke ascended in a steady volume during the whole time, and was diffused about the neighborhood by the sharp mountain winds. It was as pleasant to the nostrils as any smoke could be. There was no odor about it at all, and it was much to be preferred to the black clouds that rise from our manufactories.

At 12 o'clock, Col. Olcott and Dr. Le Moyne made a last inspection of the remains, and the cremation was declared to be complete. What was left in the furnace still retained the outlines of a human being, but it required but the coyest touch of the gentlest summer zephyr to crumble it into an indistinguishable pile of ashes. The gentlemen, upon becoming satisfied of this, ordered the fire to be drawn and the crematory bricked up. To day, at 12 o'clock, the ashes will be carefully collected and deposited in an antique vase, procured by Col. Olcott for the purpose, from the region of the Upper Nile. The vase or urn is of red clay, and has a short neck, and in is shape very like those found in excavations in eastern ruins. Brass handles are on both sides. A brass plate, with the following inscription, will be put upon one side of the vase: "Joseph Henry Louis Charles, Baron de Palm, Grand Commander of the Sovereign Order of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, Prince of the Roman Empire, and Knight of St. John of Malta." The ashes will be sprinkled with perfume before being enclosed in this receptacle, after the old custom of the ancient Romans, and especially the Greeks. The urn will be taken back with the party of the Theosophical Society and kept by them in their temple in New York.

Dr. F. Julius Le Moyne is a gray haired man, now very nearly eighty years of age, of French parentage, and was born and reared at the place he now resides. His life as a medical man has been a successful one, and he has had, and has yet, a large practice. His wife, a Miss Bureau, died some years since, leaving, besides the Doctor, the following family: John Le Moyne, present Democratic member of Congress from Chicago, Third District of Illinois; Frank Le Moyne, M. D., partner of Dr. James King, of this city, and Julius Le Moyne, who prefers an agricultural life in Washington. His daughters are Mrs. J. A. Wills, of Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Harding, of Washington, Pa.; Mrs. Nicholas Wade, formerly of Pittsburg, now of Columbus, Ohio, and a lively young lady who stays at home, who vowed last evening that her life of late had been made hideous by the unceasing calls of the newspaper men, or words to that effect. Mrs. Wills keeps house for the old doctor in the substantial family homestead, on Maiden street. In 1835 Dr. Le Moyne became the champion of Abolitionism, and was the anti-slavery candidate for Vice-President of the United States, in conjunction with James G. Birney, of Cincinnati, for President; was candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania in 1841, '44, and '47, in the latter year receiving 2,566 "Abolition" votes. In 1845 he assisted in the establishment of the Washington *Patriot*, conducted by Russell Errett, Esq., and which was run as an anti-slavery paper.

The Doctor is well "fixed," financially, being worth, on good authority, over two hundred thousand dollars. He has made the following donations: "To the Le Moyne Normal School for Colored Persons, at Memphis, Tenn., $20,000 in 1865 or '66; to the founding of a professorship—in Washington and Jefferson College—of agricultural science or something similar, $20,000, seven or eight years since; and to the founding of a library at Washington, $10,000, in 1869." It seems scarcely fair, but to make this record complete it must be stated, that another cherished hobby of the Doctor's is that water was not intended by nature to be used for ablutionary purposes, and that he rigidly lives up to, and eloquently argues, this theory. To-day he has the appearance of one whose end has almost come. And yet the Doctor's features bear the impress of firmness and characteristic dignity, and he talks of the time when he shall occupy the fearful white-hot retort as an affair of the near future. The disease known as *diabetes mellitus* has undermined his strong system, and to walk about he requires the aid of two canes. In conversing upon his pet theme he never hesitates for a word, expression, or *simile*, and will brook no contradiction.

Baron Joseph Henry Louis de Palm was born at Augsburg, May 10, 1809, and was for a time Chamberlain to the King of Bavaria, and afterwards followed a diplomatic career. He held patents of nobility in a German baronial family, dating from 832. He came to this country previous to 1860, and secured papers of American citizenship in Chicago in 1861. He invested in Chicago real estate and mining operations, but with indifferent success. After living in the West for a time he went to New York, and there, by his learning and accomplishments, gained an entrance into cultivated society. He aided in organizing the Theosophical Society, and became one of its prominent members. The Baron had always taken a deep interest in philosophical scientific research, and the line of study pursued by the Theosophical Society aroused his earnest attention. The purpose of the society is to study the history of ancient mystic symbols, religion and science, the psychological powers of man and his relations to the laws of nature. They seek to obtain knowledge of the nature and attributes of the Supreme Power by inquiring into physical laws. In short, the aim of the society is to study the Supreme Being by processes directly opposed to the lessons of revelation. Baron de Palm willed all his worldly possessions to Henry S. Olcott, President, in trust for the society, and left instructions that his funeral should be a simple ceremonial in accordance with the rites of the ancient Egyptian ritual, and he expressed a wish that no Christian clergyman should be present at the funeral.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

O, BLESSED state of intimacy, when you may sit by a person for hours and never speak to him!

Curious Irish Custom.

In a rather retired part of the south of Ireland, near to the famous Skibbereen, a curious and not uninteresting custom prevails, called "Shrafting." It takes its name from Shrove (otherwise Shraft) Tuesday, on which day a regular matrimonial "Tattersall" is held, where all the "likely boys and girls" in the parish are on view, and all the "matches" in the year are made. For days before there is quite a stir in the neighborhood; and a twitter runs through the entire female population. There is a universal stitching and a buying of ribbons; every girl you meet on the road holds out her hand for a "sixpence;" and you can't speak to a domestic servant without her hanging out signals of distress. Indeed, there is this objectionable side to the proceeding, that it disorganizes one's establishment; for just as you have caught and trained a neat-handed Phyllis for yourself, she is sure to be pounced on and carried off by some of the coast-guards, who always attend the shrafting from the fishing village near at hand. The shrafting is in itself a pretty sight, and would furnish a subject for the pencil of any wandering artist, if such came that way. The girls stand in a row on the village green, under the spreading branches of a fine old copper beech tree. There is every expression on their faces—anxiety, curiosity, timidity, dull stupidity, sharp, shrewish interest; and here and there you come on such a pretty country beauty, with that indescribable half-arch, half-shy look in the eyes which Maclise has caught in perfection. At a little distance are clustered a lot of shame-faced looking men—"the boys," as they are called—all in their Sunday suits, and evidently ill at ease, and eyeing with some distrust the superior attractions of the coast-guards, who are, like the redcoats, favorites among the ladies. But that in reality matters little, as the real conduct of the affair is in the hands of the "powers that be"—the fathers and mothers who haggle and quarrel over their respective children, sometimes breaking up the negotiations abruptly and carrying off either son or daughter, as the case may be, as they would an unsalable beast from a fair. Of course little bits of romance crop up here as elsewhere—cases of money *versus* love, and young hearts sold to the highest bidder, just as they are in a Belgravian drawing-room.—*Chambers' Journal.*

A Venetian Funeral.

I happened to witness a picturesque funeral in Venice. It was that of a chorus-boy, in a church on one of the smaller canals somewhere west of the Rialto. I stumbled on the church accidentally that forenoon, and was not able to find it again the next day—a circumstance to which the incident perhaps owes the fairy-like atmosphere that envelopes it for me. The building had disappeared, like Aladdin's palace, in the night. They were performing a mass as I entered. The great rose window behind the organ and the chancel windows were darkened with draperies, and the colossal candles were burning. The coffin, covered with a heavily-embroidered pall, stood on an elevated platform in front of the magnificent altar. The inlaid columns glistening in the candle-light, the smoke of the incense curling lazily up to the frescoed dome, the priests in elaborite robes kneeling around the bier—it was a masterly composed picture. When the ceremonies were concluded, the coffin was lifted from the platform by six young friars and borne to a gondola in waiting at the steps near the portals. The priests, carrying a huge golden crucifix and several tall gilt torches, unlighted, crowded into the bow and stern of the floating hearse, which was attached by a long rope to another gondola occupied by oarsmen. Following these were two or three covered gondolas, whose connection with the obsequies were not clear to me, as they appeared to be empty. Slowly down the narrow canal, in that dead stillness which reigns in Venice, swept the sombre flotilla, bearing its unconscious burden to the Campo Santo. The air was full of fragrant spring scents, and the sky that arched over all was carved of one vast unclouded turquoise. In the deserted church were two old cronies scraping up the drippings of the wax candles from the tassellated pavement. Nothing except time is wasted in Italy.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

A Quick Juror.

Judge Gibson tells an amusing story of the way that a juror "went for" conviction. He says he was trying a murder case a few years ago down in one of the wire-grass counties, and experienced great difficulty in getting a jury. Eleven jurors had been sworn in, and in the next panel was brought in a small, lean, cadaverous-looking fellow, who had on only one shoe, his pants being nearly above his knees, his shirt open both front and back, and the aforesaid pants held up by a single brace. The solicitor proceeded to ask the usual questions in such cases as follows: "Have you, from having seen the crime committed, or having heard any of the testimony delivered under oath, formed or expressed any opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner at the bar?" The single-brace fellow, in a clear and distinct voice, answered, "Not any." "Have you any prejudice or bias resting on your mind for or against the prisoner at the bar?" "I hain't." "Is your mind perfectly impartial between the State and the accused?" "Hit air." "Are you conscientiously opposed to capital punishment?" "I isn't." The judge did not like the juror much, but, it being late and jurors scarce, he was "put upon" the prisoner in the usual manner, the solicitor saying, "Juror, look upon the prisoner; prisoner, look upon the juror." The juror was quite near the prisoner, and when this command was given he bent over him, scanning him from head to foot intently for some minutes; he then turned to the judge and said, in a firm, solemn voice, "Yes, judge, I think he's guilty."

THOMAS CARLYLE'S sole dissipation is tobacco, which he inhales through a common clay pipe.

How Queen Victoria Lives.

The Queen's drawing-room and bedroom are more simple than those of some New York ladies I know. The first-mentioned is upholstered in pale-blue satin, the walls hung here and there with a few family portraits. The books of the day, the magazines and (when her Majesty is at the castle) the newspapers, are placed here. In this parlor breakfast is laid each morning for the Queen and her only unmarried daughter, the Princess Beatrice. Lunch and dinner are served in a handsome dining-room on the other side of the gallery, the most recent adornment of which are portraits of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Queen being, it is said, most particularly attached to her proud and imperial daughter-in-law. The bed-room where her widowed Majesty sleeps is hung with two shades of yellow satin, and there is little adornment to it in the way of art objects. But if it were bare of every yard of hanging, every stitch of furniture, it would still possess such a vision of loveliness over park and stream, meadow and lawn from its windows as would recompense for the lack of any man's adornments. It is quite sufficiently provided with these, however, and is a comfortable, elegant, small and cozy bed-room.

Further on, the privileged visitor will find the rooms which were always occupied at Windsor by the Prince Consort, and have never been used since his death. The faithful servitor who points them out says that nothing has been touched in them since the fatal 14th of December, 1861, when the "blameless Prince" quitted these scenes of earthly glory to find, let us hope, even more delightful ones among celestial spheres. The Prince's hat and cane stand where he last placed them; the book he was reading is open at the page where he left off; the bed on which he slept and whereon he died stands exactly as it did when he breathed his last; an inscription on its foot records the date of his birth and of his death. To come daily into these deserted rooms and see for herself that the thoughtless hand of some servant has not disturbed any of their pious arrangements; to gaze her fill on the vacant couch, the unfinished book; even (it is said) to herself brush away any trace of dust which may have fallen within the hour upon the cherished relics of her dead husband, is a duty scrupulously performed by this exalted woman and good wife each day when she is at Windsor. It may be that it is the reports of these truly wifely actions—which could not degrade a woman if she were a queen of heaven instead of Empress of India—which have spread from lip to lip and formed a basis for unfounded gossip about the Queen's semi-lunacy concerning the Prince. That she causes his plate to be placed at all meals, talks to him as if he were present, and other things more shocking than these, are rumors without a grain of truth in them at this time or formerly.

Marriage Statistics.

Ordinarily nine or ten pairs out of every thousand Philadelphians are mated in a year. But in 1875 the proportion fell off nearly a fifth, and was less than in any year since 1861. The cause is no doubt to be found in the general depression of business, a cause that applied almost equally in 1861, when there was a prospect of war. Comparing these and other years, it appears evident that people marry most when general business is most lively. For all who are becoming anxious on the subject of matrimony there is much information in these statistics as to his chances. The tendency to marriage is greater in Philadelphia than in England, but less than in Massachusetts. The great opportunity of marrying for either sex occurs between the ages of 20 and 25; the chances are not seriously diminished for men in the ensuing five years, but for women as they approach 30 there is nowhere near half as much probability. The fact that if people mean to marry at all they should set about it in the earlier years of maturity is very plainly enforced by these figures. At about the age of 25 unmarried women have lost two-thirds of their chances; at 30, sixth-seventhes; at 40, twenty-nine-thirtieths. When a bachelor has reached 30 years, he has lost seven-tenths of his opportunities; at 40, more than nine-tenths. Marriages in which there is great disparity of ages seem to be comparatively rare in Philadelphia; the old gentlemen of that city do not take kindly to very young wives; in 1875 only one girl under 20 married a man of over 50 years, and only one woman under 30 married a man of over 70. October is the favored month with people desiring wedlock, but they are almost equally well satisfied with any of the winter or fall months. On the other hand, March, whether in its quality of lamb or lion, is considered a wretched month for bridals; and August and July are almost equally out of favor.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

COOKING schools appear to be regarded with considerable favor in England. In November, 1875, schools were opened in two places. In each case all the board schools in the respective divisions were requested to send a certain proportion of selected pupil teachers and scholars qualified by age, regular attendance and good conduct, able and ready to attend the cookery classes. Each pupil was required to attend a lesson for two hours in the afternoon once a fortnight, until twenty lessons were given, and it was arranged that from thirty to forty from a group of schools should attend at a time. After ten lessons had been given an examination was held which was so successful that two more centers were opened in May, 1876. The instruction at the four centers has been steadily carried on up to the present time. Eight hundred and sixteen girls have attended.

ONE cranberry patch in Pennsylvania yielded one thousand and nineteen bushels this year, and when a man stopped to look at the crop five minutes it drew his mouth up into such a knot that he couldn't find his moustache.—*Danbury News.*

The New North Sea Canal.

Rotterdam, with all the drawbacks to its trade, has had fewer difficulties to contend with than Amsterdam. Embayed, as it were, in the remote recesses of the shallow Zuyder Zee, Amsterdam was always most disadvantageously situated. At last the merchants began to grow impatient of having to tranship the cargoes of deep-laden Indiamen, or to float them between a couple of "camels" over the ugly bar of the Pampus. They subscribed capital, obtained government aid, and made the sixty miles of the great North Holland canal, rather in opposition to the idea of the reigning monarch, who is said to have inclined to the alternative outlet which has since been adopted. The North Holland canal answered its purpose indifferently. So they went to work to find the ways and means for a canal by the shortest cut to the North Sea, which should make their port accessible to all comers, instead of being a place to be avoided by freighters and insurers. It was a great effort for a city that had begun to decline; nor was it easy to raise the capital. However, after many hitches and some serious delays, the government, the municipality, and private adventurers came to an understanding and carried out the scheme. The length of the canal was only sixteen miles; but the engineering difficulties were very great, and the estimated outlay was £2,000,000 ($10,000,000.) Nor will that estimate seem excessive if we remember that the best part of the work was a feat of original engineering in one shape or another.

The magnificently massive masonry of the locks at Schellingwoude is laid on a substructure of piles, and the foundations of the dyke which faces the sea there are simply bundles of fascines sunk in the mud. Repeated experiments had failed before that simple solution of the problem was hit upon. The canal bed, to within a few miles of the west coast, had to be dug out of the treacherous bottom of a shallow lake. Beyond this of the Y there was only a wilderness of loosely heaped sand-hills, so that the bank must necessarily be formed of a material that was set in movement by a puff of wind or by the plash of each passing vessel.

Finally, the North Sea harbor had to be constructed artificially for a refuge at a spot where, so far from there being natural facilities, there was nothing but a forbidding line of sand-hills. Enormous breakwaters of stupendous blocks of stone and concrete, each breakwater being nearly a mile in length, threw out their long arms in a wide sweep into one of the stormiest of seas; while locks of suitable solidity were indispensable to protect the country behind from sudden submersion. It may give some notion of the magnitude of the undertaking and of the care and completeness with which it has been executed, if we remark that four years ago we passed through the canal in a steamer, from the locks at Schellingwoude to those near the sea; so that even then it was practicable for all intents and purposes, except for the completion of the exterior harbor works, and some of the interior dredging.

It is characteristic, too, of the way in which the habitable area of Holland has been extended that the formation of the canal has been accompanied by works of reclamation which will repay, according to calculation, half of the two millions expended. When the Y was cut off from the Zuyder Zee it became possible to pump it dry, and ground which a few years ago was under water is selling now, as we are informed, at an average of $80 per acre. It is the dream of the Dutchman to do the same by the Zuyder Zee as they are doing by the Y; and we should be sorry to say decidedly that the grand fancy is impracticable. It may be a mere question of obtaining on faith sufficient advances of money, which can only be slowly. In any case the American people may point to the North Sea canal as a sufficient reason for claiming respectful consideration to any further schemes which they may submit to capitalists.—*London Saturday Review.*

The Trade in Camphor.

More than usual interest has centered in our trade in refined camphor of late, owing to a marked advance in prices. This has been caused by a decided advance in London and in the markets of China and Japan. Camphor is a drug of no small importance in the *materia medica*, and any market advance in the value is significant. The imports into the United States for the nine months of this year ending October 1, were 669,977 lbs. crude, valued at $76,534, against 693,858 lbs., valued at $78,715, during the corresponding period last year, a decrease in the quantity imported of 26,871 lbs. The decrease in the value, as here stated, may be attributed to rather low prices for crude which ruled early in the year, but the value of the drug, as intimated, is now considerably greater, not only as compared with this time last year, but also with any previous time this year. The manufacturers' price here is now 33 cents per pound for refined, against 25 cents at this time last year. There is a fair trade being done at the price mentioned. Camphor is admitted free of duty, and we receive it both from London and the East. It is procured in large quantities from the camphor tree in China and Japan. Some is obtained by distillation of the wood, but considerable is found in crystals in the heart of the tree. The quantity obtained this year is smaller than usual. The necessary art of refining camphor was in Europe for a long period known only to the Venetians, but American manufacturers of the present day make as fine a grade as can be produced anywhere. The most of this drug is refined in Philadelphia.

ABOUT 1,200 Icelanders have immigrated into Manitoba and settled on Lake Winnipeg, at a place which they call Gimli. The Colonial Government has given them land and helped them to get over. They are very unlucky, however, this winter numbers of them, especially children, having died of smallpox.—*N. Y. Herald.*

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