UNEXPLORED LANDS.

A Description of the Flat Tops of Guiana's Sandstone Mountains.

Nearly all the surface of the globe between the frigid zones has been examined by curious and scientific travelers. If any parts are left unvisited, we know the conditions of life there so well that we feel certain what will be found upon exploration. There are, however, the flat tops of the sandstone mountains in Guiana, many miles in extent, of which we know little. They are described by the English surveyor, Mr. C. B. Brown.

I took the guide and another Indian, and crossing to the foot of Roraima, ascended its sloping portion to a height of five thousand one hundred feet above the level of the sea. Between the highest point I reached and the foot of the great perpendicular portion, which towered high above us, was a band of thick forest. Looking up at the great wall of rock, two thousand feet in height, I could see that a forest covered its top, and that in places on its sides, where small trees or shrubs could gain a hold with their roots, there they clung. The great beds of white, pink and red sandstone, of which it is composed, are interbedded with layers of red shale, the whole resting upon a great bed of diorite.

No one can view this wonderful mountain and its surrounding similarly-shaped neighbors without feeling convinced that they stood at one time as islands in the ocean, but at what period of the earth's history it is difficult to say. If any mammals then lived upon them, when the sea washed the base of their cliffs, the descendants of those mammals may exist there still, for all communications with their tops and the surrounding country has ever since been effectually cut off by their sides, which are almost everywhere perpendicular.

The length of Roraima is about eight or twelve miles, and two of its neighbors are of greater extent. All have perfectly level tops. The area of its surface must be considerable, for Schomburgk, who visited its southern end, to the westward of the point to which I ascended, describes some beautiful waterfalls as leaping from its sides, forming the drainage of part of its top. When viewing it from a mountain on the upper Mazaruni, in 1872, at a distance of thirty miles, I distinctly saw an enormous waterfall, on its northeast side, of very considerable width and extraordinary height. —*Youth's Companion.*

SCHUMANN'S POVERTY.

The Straits to Which the Great Composer Was Sometimes Reduced.

A passage or two from the life of Schumann, the eminent musician, shows the straits to which he was sometimes reduced for want of cash during the time he was a struggling student. In a letter written to his mother in November, 1830, he says: "For the last fortnight I have not had a farthing; I owe Wieck twenty thalers and Lube thirty, and really live like a dog. You say I had better borrow one hundred thalers of somebody, but who is to lend them to me? I hardly know a soul, and those I do know have got as little as I have. * * * I should like to have my hair cut, as it is a yard long, but haven't a copper to do it with. For the last fortnight I have been obliged to wear only white neckties, as my black one is simply in rags, and the white ones will be at an end to-morrow, so I shall have to be old-fashioned and do without. I ought to send several letters to Heidelberg, but have no money for the postage. What will the world think of me? My piano is horribly out of tune, but I can not send for the tuner, etc., etc. I have not even enough money to buy a pistol to shoot myself. That is the state I am in. So do not take it amiss if, in a despairing moment, I run right away either to America or to my uncle at Twer, where cholera morbus is just now raging, which might soon put an end to the life and career of my wretched self." Three months later he was in debt at the restaurant for dinners, and the unreasonable proprietor wanted to be paid. Nay, he was most rude in pressing for the money (sixty or seventy thalers). Wieck, also, and a fellow-student were creditors by money lent, and the poor young man had got into a "fix." "By Jove, it's quite true when I tell you that I have only eaten meat about twice and lived upon plain potatoes, and although I am very fond of them, still it is getting too much of a good thing." He had raised money at his "Uncle's." "I have also had to pawn your watch, and one book after the other finds its way to the second-hand bookseller's. You may imagine how much I am losing. The day before yesterday I went in despair to Wieck and borrowed a thaler, and heavens! didn't I pitch into the roast veal, that's all! Poverty must be a horrible thing, because it absolutely excludes one from human society."—*N. Y. Post.*

Since the establishment of so many creameries and cheese factories throughout the country, cheese making in families has almost become a lost art. The night's and morning's milk may be put together in a large kettle and brought almost to blood heat, when rennet is put in and stirred up with the milk. After that it must not be disturbed again until it has curdled and whey appears on the top and sides of the kettle. Dip this off carefully, so as not to break the curd and cans a whitish whey. This whey may be warmed and turned back to keep up the temperature until the separation of of the whey from the curd is complete, when it is all dipped off again and the hardened curd is cut from time to time into inch squares with a large knife to still further aid in the separation of the whey.

After this the whole is dipped into a coarse strainer cloth, spread in the cheese basket and placed over a tub to drain. It is then chopped in a chopping bowl or rubbed into small pieces and salted ready for the cheese hoops, when it is gently pressed until the whey is all expelled. A dried rennet is soaked in salt and water in a stone jar, and the amount required will depend on its strength and must be learned by experience. A tablespoonful to a gallon of milk is about the usual quantity. When on the shelf to dry the cheese must be rubbed daily with grease made from heated butter until it is cured. While a quite small fruit or cider press might be used, it would not be well adapted to the purpose, and a cheap one made by a carpenter would be better.

BISHOP STROSSMEYER.

The Great Hobby of One of Europe's Most Famous Prelates.

One of the strangest and most remarkabe figures of the Austro-Hungarian Empire is Mgr. Strossmeyer, the turbulent and powerful Bishop of Diakovar. In perpetual conflict with the Government for more than twenty years past, no attempt has been made to deprive him of his see. As recognized leader of the eighteen million Slavs, who constitute an integral portion of the population of Austro-Hungary, he is blindly obeyed by his followers, and any attempt to discipline him would result in an immediate insurrection of the whole of Croatia and Esclavonia. Although venerated almost as a saint in the two provinces just mentioned, he is but seldom to be seen at the altar, and excepting on rare occasions, he disdains the use of the cassock, which constitutes the customary garb of the clergy in all Catholic countries. As a rule, the holy man is to be seen stalking through the streets of Agram and Diakovar, booted and spurred, dressed in a coarse dark-gray shooting-jacket, a soft felt hat perched rakishly on one side of his head, a hunting-crop under his arm, and a cigar in the corner of his mouth. Although over seventy-three years of age, his bristly, bushy hair shows but slight tinges of gray. Of commanding stature and imposing presence, his aspect is much more that of a soldier than of a priest. The See of Diakovar is one of great wealth, and, during his twenty years' tenure thereof, Bishop Strossmeyer has developed its resources in such a remarkable manner as to place almost unlimited revenues at his absolute disposal. On every side he has founden agricultural and industrial enterprises of the most varied nature. The episcopal mines are among the most productive of the empire, the fame of his breeding stud is known to all lovers of horse-flesh throughout Europe, and the vastness of his operations as a timber merchant would make even the princes of the Chicago lumber trade open their mouths with astonishment. The resources thus obtained have been developed by the Bishop to the reconstitution of the Croatian and, in fact, all the Slav races in Austria, into one political unity, and to their rescue from the appalling ignorance, moral degradation and barbarism for which they were proverbial during the first half of the present century. His cathedral at Diakovar bears an inscription over its central portal to the effect that it has been "designed, built, and sculptured for the greater glory of God exclusively by Croatians." No one was allowed to put his hand to the work unless it could be shown that he had Slav blood coursing through his veins. For several consecutive years the Bishop kept men traveling through the country collecting all the old Slav legends, popular songs, poems, etc., which, after being carefully revised by the prelate himself, were printed and distributed gratis everywhere, in order that, in the words of the Bishop, "the people might no longer be exposed to hearing those hateful German and Hungarian songs which contain nothing but curses for Croatia."—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

A MILLION YEARS.

Two Ways of Forming an Idea of Such a Vast Period of Time.

Astronomers and geologists habitually deal in large numbers. It is utterly impossible to conceive of a billion miles, and even the familiar illustration of a railroad train going so many miles an hour for so many years conveys a very vague idea.

It is equally difficult to form an idea of the vast periods of time with which geologists deal. What idea can man, who is limited to a hundred years, form of a million years?

Prof. Croll tells us how a striking impression of such a lapse of time may be partially conveyed to the mind:

"Stretch a piece of paper eighty-three feet four inches long around the walls of a room somewhat over twenty feet square, recall the events of life to give some conception of a hundred years, and then consider that a mark one-tenth of an inch broad at one end of the paper represents the century, while the whole strip gives place for only a million years."

This illustration is worth trying.

An even more striking illustration may be seen in the works of nature. Could we stand upon the edge of a gorge a mile and a half in depth, that had been cut out of the solid rock by a tiny stream scarcely visible at the bottom of this terrible abyss, and were we informed that this little streamlet was able to wear off annually only one-tenth of an inch from its rocky bed, what would our conception be of the prodigious length of time that this stream must have taken to excavate the gorge? We should certainly feel startled on finding that the stream had performed this enormous amount of work in something less than a million of years.—*Golden Days.*

Dresden's Street Car Lines.

A Baltimorean, writing from Dresden to a friend in that city, says: "It was here that I saw the best managed street car lines. The hill boys are men, and the 'jaded' hill horses are 'fiery steeds,' all the company's employes are uniformed, and such uniforms are not on our police; they look more like our military dress. The cars are spotless, double decked, first and second class, roof cheaper; first class fare 15 pfennings, or less than 4 cents from end to end of the route, and 10 pfennings for shorter distances. The horses go like race horses, and are evidently not overworked. There are waiting rooms at numerous crossings along the route, and the morning papers are kept on the racks—two papers to each car."—*Chicago Herald.*

—Veteran Statesman Hannibal Hamlin, in a public address recently, rejoiced that his life had covered the full development of the age of steam. Now the age of electricity is at hand, and one man's life-span may extend over this new era, too.

Another small boy of three, who is decidedly irreverent, on praying "God bless papa," added "and make him a good boy; if you can't, just warm him up."—*Babyhood.*

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—A Vermont minister has preached 121 funeral sermons, with net returns of two barrels of apples and a silver dollar.

—About the meanest gag that could be devised was one which an Ohio highwayman used. He filled his victim's mouth with sand.

—Gold dollars are used for bangles and trinkets to such an extent that they have become scarce and command a premium of twenty-five cents.

—The lack of women's restaurants down town in New York is made up in some instances by the janitresses of big office buildings who serve warm dinners to the pretty typewriters up under the eaves.

—Rattlesnakes have been unusually numerous in Georgia during the last year, and their increase is attributed by the newspapers of the State to the enforcement of the stock law, which prohibits the hog, the rattler's greatest enemy from roaming at large.

—A new disease has broken out among the grapevines of the Santa Ana and San Gabriel valleys of California. It is termed the sapsour, and the cause of it no one knows. The vines begin to wither and in a short time die. The disease is infectious and spreads very rapidly.

—A monument to the memory of Dr. Elisha Mitchell has recently been erected on the summit of Mitchell's Peak, in North Carolina. The monument is of bronze, and is probably the highest memorial shaft in the world, the mountain having a greater altitude than any east of the Rockies.

—A Boston liquor dealer was tried for selling without a license. He claimed that he only kept an ice cream saloon; thereupon the judge asked the witnesses had they ever seen any women entering the place. They declared they had not. "That settles it," said the judge, "the man is convicted. An ice cream saloon without women is an impossibility."

—A writer in a Chinese paper asserts as a physiological fact that the Chinese lack the full complement of nerves that are possessed by Western people, or that their nerves are less sensitive than those of other races, and explains in this way the wonderful endurance of the Chinese, their impassiveness, and their ability to get along without bodily exercise.

—Japanese gongs melodiously summon guests to dinner, and are considered a great improvement upon the dinner bell. Of all devices, however, which have been invented to call people to meals, including the bugle, the gong, strings of bells suspended from the portiere rod, and the soft-spoken waiter, no arrangement sends such a thrill and awakes such an appetite as the farmer's horn.

—The receiving ship Wabash while lying off Boston some time ago had several curious applications from men who wanted to enlist. One man said he would enlist if he could do work to which he was accustomed. He was not enlisted, for he was a paper-hanger. Another wanted to enlist and take care of the Captain's horse. A gardener would enlist if he could find work, and another candidate wanted to be the ship's roofer.

—The *Pall Mall Gazette* publishes a novel suggestion in sanitary science: A French Colonel ascertained that he could wash his men with tepid water for a centime, or one-tenth of a penny per head, soap included. The man undresses, steps into a tray of tepid water, soaps himself, when a jet from a two-handed pump plays upon him tepid water, and he dries and dresses himself in five minutes, against twenty minutes in the bath, and with five gallons of water against some seventy in the usual bath.

The Seller of Perfumes.

The subject of peculiar guests around a hotel is a never ending one for new features. Now, there is a drummer for an eastern house, manufacturing a full line of perfumes, who comes to this city occasionally. He is a veritable walking advertisement for his employers. He dresses in the latest style, is of a striking appearance in his general make up, has his handkerchiefs perfectly saturated with different perfumes, and with a small rubber ball he throws a fine spray of perfume on his shirt bosom and clothing, thus attracting attention to his business by furnishing a combination of delicious smells, from the spicy isles of eastern seas down to the real, common, every day musk that is so popular with the colored people.—James O'Connell in Globe-Democrat.

Hiring W___ _ g Outfits.

Among the oddest developments of New York's haberdashery is that shop where underlinen may be hired for trousseaux purposes, and where the finest of garments may be had for the honeymoon only, if the intending wearer will lay down cold cash sufficient to buy outright a moderate outfit. — New York

A VALUABLE MEDICAL TREATISE.

The edition for 1889 of the sterling Medical Annual, known as Hostetter's Almanac, is now ready, and may be obtained, free of cost, of druggists and general country dealers in all parts of the United States, Mexico, and indeed in every civilized portion of the Western Hemisphere. The Almanac has been issued regularly at the commencement of every year for over one-fourth of a century. It combines, with the soundest practical advice for the preservation and restoration of health, a large amount of interesting and amusing light reading, and the calendar, astronomical calculations, chronological items, etc., are prepared with great care, and will be found entirely accurate. The issue of Hostetter's Almanac for 1889 will probably be the largest edition of a medical work ever published in any country. The proprietors, Messrs. Hostetter & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., on receipt of a two cent stamp, will forward a copy by mail to any person who cannot procure one in his neighborhood.

Camphene and sand will remove paint spots from glass.

White Elephant of Siam, Lion of England, Dragon of China, Cross of Switzerland, Banner of Persia, Crescent of Egypt, Double Eagle of Russia, Star of Chili, The Circle of Japan, Harp of Erin.

To get these buy a box of the genuine DR. C. MCLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, price 25 cents, and mail us the outside wrapper with your address, plainly written, and 4 cents in stamps. We will then mail you the above list with an elegant package of oleographic and chromatic cards.

FLEMING BROS., PITTSBURG, PA.

A crust of stale bread will remove spots from wall paper.

Use the great specific for "cold in head" and catarrh—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

The Bohemian element is rapidly multiplying in New York city.

A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat should not be neglected. *"Brown's Bronchial Troches"* are a simple remedy, and give immediate relief. *Sold only in boxes.*

Bolivia declared its independence in 1824.

WONDERFUL POPULARITY.

The fact that the sale of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets exceeds that of any other pill in the market, be it great or small, is on account of the fact that they are tiny, little, sugar-coated granules, and that in most cases one little "Pellet" is sufficient for a dose; that they are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless; and for constipation, biliousness, sick headache, and all diseases arising from derangement of the liver, stomach or bowels, they are absolutely a specific. A gentle laxative or active cathartic, according to the size of dose.

Glycerine does not agree with a very dry skin.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Bancroft, the California historian, has a library worth $200,000.

A MADMAN AT LARGE!

He is a well-known citizen, and his nearest and dearest friends do not suspect his insanity. How do we happen to know about it? Listen; his appetite is gone, he is low-spirited, he don't sleep well, he has night-sweats, he is annoyed by a hacking cough. These symptoms are the forerunners of consumption and death, and yet he neglects them. Is it any wonder that we call him a madman? If you are his friend tell him to get a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery without delay. It will cure him if he takes it in time. It will not miraculously create new lungs when the old ones are nearly gone, but it will restore diseased ones to a healthy condition. Tell him about it, and warn him that in his case delay means death.

A ray of light travels 11,160,000 miles in a minute.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

N. P. N. U. No. 262—S. F. N. U. No 239