

The Daily Reporter.

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NOTICE TO LITIGANTS.

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Scientific Miscellany.

The kola nut, the stimulant so highly prized among African tribes that in times of scarcity a slave has been given for a single kernel, is the product of a tree of the family sterculiaceae. Four or five of the seed, or nuts, grow together in a rough brown pod. Each seed has a red or white color, or both, and contains a kernel somewhat like that of a peanut and about two inches long. The taste of the nut is sweet, astringent and bitter in succession. The kola crop is gathered twice a year. When fresh the nut is chewed as if it were tobacco; when dry it is powdered and eaten. Its effect is remarkable, as it sustains the system for a long time under the greatest fatigues, even without food, while it is considered a certain preventive of dysenteries, and is said to make foul water drinkable and harmless. With the African tribes the kola nut is in order on all occasions, and is almost indispensable in important business transactions, in treaties, in declarations of war, as a present at weddings, in religious observances and in judicial proceedings.

In the last ten years relics of the industry of the early inhabitants of Switzerland known as the lake-dwellers have been accumulated in great quantities. Dr. Victor Gross states in a recent work that the articles of bronze alone which have been found in the lakes of Bieneue and Neufchatel number 19,600, of which more than 5,000 are in his own collection. Many articles of stone, pottery and iron have been brought to light in addition. In these archaeological discoveries Dr. Gross finds evidence that the period in which the prehistoric Swiss inhabited the dwellings built on the lakes was one of long duration, covering the successive stages of civilization from the primitive age in which metals were unknown and man's implements were rudely formed in coarse pottery and rough stones, through the age of finely-worked stones, followed by the age in which stones were still used and metals were introduced, then by the age of fine bronze and a highly-developed state of the arts, to the age in which iron appeared.

A single plant of a new species of potato—which has received the botanical name of Solanum Ohrundi—was some time ago discovered on a small uninhabited island at the mouth of the River Platte in South America. The tubers, about the size of hen's eggs, were carried to France and planted. The taste of the tubers was bitter, with a chestnut flavor, but under cultivation the quality is reported to be improving. The yield is abundant, and as little labor is required to raise the crop, it is thought that the new potato may furnish a desirable food for cattle even if it does not become sufficiently improved for table use.

He was seated across the room. "George," she said, "if a fire were suddenly to break out in the house, what would be your first impulse, do you think?" "Well, my first thought would be of you, of course. I would get you to a place of safety and then do what I could to extinguish the flames." "That would be very nice of you, George, to think of me first; but if a fire were to break out now, for instance, wouldn't you lose valuable time reaching me from way across the room?" "I don't know but I would," said George, as he changed his seat.

Where's your shake up?

Conversation of Men of Genius.

Tasso's conversation was neither gay nor brilliant. Dante was either taciturn or sarcastical. Butler was either sullen or biting. Gray seldom talked or smiled. Hogarth and Swift were very absent-minded in company. Milton was very unsociable, and even irritable, when pressed into conversation. Kirwan, though copious and eloquent in public addresses, was meagre and dull in colloquial discourses. Virgil was heavy in conversation. La Fontaine appeared heavy, coarse and stupid; he could not speak and describe what he had just seen; but then he was the model of poetry. Chaucer's silence was more agreeable than his conversation.

Dryden's conversation was slow and dull, his humor saturnine and reserved. Corneille in conversation was so insipid that he never failed in wearying; he did not ever speak correctly that language of which he was such a master. Ben Johnson used to sit silent in company and sip his wine. Southey was stiff, sedate, and wrapped up in asceticism. Addison was good company with his intimate friends, but in mixed company he preserved his dignity by a stiff and reserved silence. Fox in conversation never flagged, his animation and variety were inexhaustible. Dr Bentley was loquacious, as was also Brocius. Goldsmith "wrote like an angel, and talked like poor poli." Burke was entertaining, enthusiastic, and interesting in conversation. Curran was a convivial deity. Leigh Hunt was "like a pleasant stream" in conversation.

On the Coeur d'Alene Trail.

Speaking of the army, I am reminded of what I saw on my way by stage from Spokane Falls to the lake. Just before coming to Cowley's Bridge across the Spokane River, eighteen miles from the falls, we came upon an acre or more of bleaching bones. I asked what they were, and was told that here was where General Wright, many years ago, before the war, subdued the Indians by killing their horses to the number of 1,400. The Indians were among the rocks in the hill to the southward of the river, and somehow their horses in going to drink, perhaps, got separated from them. General Wright saw his opportunity, surrounded them in a marshy place near the river and had them all shot. The Indians were then so helpless that they gave themselves up, and the trouble was ended by some judicious hanging. It interested me to look upon this historic field of bones, becoming less observable each year, yet remarkable as having lasted a quarter of a century to tell the story of General Wright's famous victory.

Near by this old field of bones is a solitary grave, which also has a history. In it sleeps a horse thief and a murderer by the name of Keiogg, and he was shot dead on the spot where buried. He had been run out of Walla Walla and his life spared on the intercession of his wife, but the badness in the man was the dominant quality, and kept him in evil ways till he met his death in a quarrel here on the bank of the Spokane River. Near the grave a little heap of stones shows where his house once stood, by the old ferry, and the whole furnishes a suggestion of what life must have been when this was the rendezvous of as bloodthirsty a horde of cut-throats and robbers as ever infested a wild and out-of-the-way place.—Eagle City Cor.

As they were trudging along to school a 5-year-old Boston miss said to her companion, a lad of six summers: "Were you ever affrighted at the contiguity of a rodent?" "Nay, forsooth," he replied; "I fear not the juxtaposition of the creature, but dislike its alarming tendency to an intimate propinquity."

When a certain lady refused, soon after her husband's death, to let the bounds go out, a sargeant-at-law asked Chief-Justice X whether there would be any harm if they were allowed to do so with a piece of crape round their necks. "I can hardly think," said the Chief-Justice, "that a piece of crape is necessary; it will surely suffice if they are in full cry."

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