EL MAHDI.

The Miracles of the False Prophet of the Soudan.

A few days ago there arrived at El Ordeh from Obeid an elderly man named Mahmoud El Meligy, whom ill-usage has made almost blind. His antecedents are known to many merchants here, and it is stated he once was a rich, prosperous and honorable resident of Obeid, but he is now destitute. Mahmoud attributes all his misfortunes to the Mahdi, and apparently justly so. The merchant first believed in the divine mission of the Black Prophet. He was blessed with a young and lovely wife, whom Mohammed Achmed admired and took. This conduct Mahmoud might have forgiven, for he was very rich and could have purchased another spouse from some of the Arab sheikhs; but the Prophet also cast eyes on his wealth and required him to turn it all into the rebel treasury. Meligy expressed a willingness to contribute a portion, and tendered a sum, at the same time secreting the bulk of his money. Then it was the Mahdi's myrmidons seized him and beat him with sticks, and threatened him with death if he refused longer to disclose the hiding-place where his treasure lay. Meligy remained firm, so they fastened a rope to one of his ankles and lowered him down head first in a very deep stone-built well. As he was let down the rope went spinning round, and his head and body were terribly bruised against the sides. The scars still remain. He then gave way and begged for mercy. On being hauled to the top he told them where he had put all his money, and when they had got it he was allowed to go. As soon as he was able he left Obeid, and, journeying toward Khartoum, eventually reached here. Mahmoud says many of the Arabs are beginning to disbelieve that Mohammed Achmed is the "Mahdi," and that if it were not for a powerful band he has attracted to his person, who themselves know better than to regard him as a true prophet, he would be driven out of the country. The "Mahdi," he continued, is a very able, cunning man in all he does. He has had a building erected into which he retires to pray, and where he sometimes receives and speaks to his followers. It is regarded as a sort of sanctuary, and is a large, hall-shaped apartment, roofed over. Here he tells his devotees he converses with the "El Hadra," or "Holy Presence," from whom he receives instructions, directions and advice on all matters. The credulous Arabs squat around outside this building in hundreds all day long, and when the Mahdi appears beg to be shown the "Presence," that they may die happy. "O, prophet," they cry, "show us the El Hadra." With grave face Mohammed Achmed turns to some one and answers: "Wallah! that is a very serious and difficult task you seek to impose upon me." He is invariably polite, and always calls every one "Ya! Sidi" (sir). If in a complaisant mood the Mahdi pretends to yield to their request, and invites them into his sanctuary, which is bare of furniture, save a few carpets, skins and mats, a brass bowl and brass tray. He then bids them search his apartment, to see if there is any one or anything beyond what meets their eyes concealed therein. Their answer usually is: "What need of search, oh Prophet? There is nothing here." "Then leave me for a little whilst I pray," replies the Mahdi, "and perhaps the Spirit may grant your request." Meligy said, when the "Prophet" was left alone, he (the Mahdi) waited a little, then, lifting the brass tray which had coffee cups standing on it, he poured a vessel of water into the bowl, replacing the tray on the top, but not so as to be resting on the bowl, for the tray was held an inch or two above the bowl either by big pieces of loaf sugar or calcined lime. The water at once began to act upon whichever of these substances he employed, but before it had time to disintegrate them, the people were readmitted into the apartment, where all appeared as they had seen it a minute before. They were soon alarmed and terrified by seeing the tray move, and hearing the cups and saucers rattle.

Sometimes a little smoke or steam accompanied the demonstrations, but on every occasion which the ignorant Arabs and negroes witnessed them, they shouted: "It is 'The Presence,'" and falling down with their foreheads pressed to the ground, remained in pious prayer until the Mahdi bade them leave him. Absurd as this may seem, such is the leading "miracle" with which the Prophet works upon the crass credulity of the ignorant natives. Another plan he has for enlisting adherents is to covertly prepare a pit or hole in the ground, in which he sets matches and gunpowder. Haranguing the wholly savage tribes who flock to hear and see him, he tells them they have nothing to fear from Turk or infidel. If necessary, fire even could be sent to consume all their enemies, so that they would not need to raise their hands against them. Then, to show his power, the Mahdi drives his spear into the ground, selecting the spot prepared, and fire and smoke follow the blow. He tells them the fire will be confined, so as not to then and there burn them. Afterward his confederates come to his aid and remove the traces of the prepared stage effect. The Mahdi is equally, if not more, adroit in his manner or getting contributions. From time to time he appears before his people and says he has been commanded to part with all his goods; everything he possesses, in short, must go to the public treasury, or to the "Bait el Mal"—charity box. Proffers are made on all sides to save him from stripping his household, but all these things he resolutely declines, saying: "The command is for me, not you." By and by their turn comes, when the Mahdi says he has had a communication from "El Hadra" that such a one is to give all he has to the "Bait el Mal." They have seen the Prophet himself complying with these directions of the "Presence," and how dare any one else disobey? Accordingly, making a virtue of necessity, goods and slaves all find their way to the "charity box"—otherwise the Prophet's chest. It was because he scrupled to comply readily with a mandate of the same kind that poor Mahmoud el Meligy was maltreated. All disputes about goods or betrothals the Mahdi quickly settles by appropriating the goods to the public treasury, and the women to his harem. He courts the poor, and gives them free license to plunder, and snubs the sheikhs.—*Cor. London Daily Telegraph.*

—Late reports from the Sandwich Islands are that the white inhabitants are thoroughly excited over the increase of leprosy. The natives and fair-haired whites contract the disease most frequently; brunettes escape. Local physicians claim to have discovered leprosy microbes, and will try vaccinating with them as a preventive of the terrible disease.

CONVERSATION.

A Growing Tendency Not to Talk Which Should be Resisted.

The voice of the scientist or of the preacher is not required to emphasize the fact that an intense desire for amusement marks the present age. For the man or woman wearied by the cares of an active life, recreation now and then is not only delightful, but healthful. The writer's purpose is neither to point out the proper kind of amusements nor to indicate the extent to which they should be indulged. On the contrary, he merely wishes to intimate that there seems to be a growing tendency on the part of many people to discard conversation. This is apparent in some homes where a different state of things would naturally be expected. In many places it has become the fashion, when a few friends are invited in "to spend the evening," to ignore the pleasure and profit derivable from an interchange of ideas, and spend the time in playing a trivial game. Unhappily, this practice is not confined to our "young people." It is natural that children should wish for amusements of a trifling character, but adults ought to be able to say with the Apostle: "When I became a man I put away childish things." The hope of the fathers is in the children. What may we expect of our young people if no effort be made to check the excessive indulgence in parlor games that are so popular nowadays? At the same time, something better must be provided. Indeed, one might be pardoned for fearing that in some places conversation is in danger of becoming a lost art. Hence, the question arises: "Whither are we drifting?"

In nine cases out of ten, on the part of those who give themselves up to nonsensical games, there will be no desire for anything of an ennobling nature. If we habitually neglect to cultivate our minds, we can hope for nothing but intellectual inferiority, and inability to converse with ease and elegance. What is there more enjoyable than a brilliant, witty conversation, enlivened by an occasional pun and sparkling repartee? It is true that we all can not excel in this delightful accomplishment, any more than we can all excel in any branch of learning or business; but we can, at least, use the talents that we have, whether they be one, two or five.

"Though conversation, in its better part,
May be esteemed a gift, and not an art,
Yet much depends, as in the tiller's toil,
On culture and the sewing of the soil."

It is said that the celebrated Samuel Johnson for a long time looked upon conversation as the chief amusement. He told Sir Joshua Reynolds that he had always made it a rule to talk upon every occasion as well as he could. "He had thus obtained a master over his weapons which made him one of the most accomplished conversational gladiators." A great responsibility is laid upon us to improve the mind. We should ascertain its various faculties and susceptibilities, and earnestly strive to make as much progress as possible. We have the power of introspection, and should not fail to make good use of it. Of people who are negligent in this respect, it has been well said: "Thus multitudes live and die as truly strangers to themselves as to countries of which they have heard the name, but which human foot has never trodden." A ready talker may not have any better natural ability than one who is "slow of speech," but on account of being able to express his thoughts in an intelligible and forceful style, he is looked upon as belonging to the "aristocracy of intellect," while the other is relegated to the region of intellectual mediocrity.—*Thomas C. B. Fraser, in Chicago Current.*

THE FIXED STARS.

The Distinction Between Them and the Planets, or Wanderers.

The fixed stars were at first so called to distinguish them from the planets, or wanderers. For while the latter orbs are continually changing their positions with reference to the other heavenly bodies, the fixed stars seem to the unaided eyes to keep the same relative positions in the celestial sphere generation after generation. But by the aid of the telescope it has been learned that this unchangeability is not real; that these stars really move, some of them with great rapidity; but their distance from us is so great that the rate of change is imperceptible during any brief period of time. It may not be perceived in a single century or two, but in the duration of thousands of years it becomes visible. That these fixed stars are all suns of other systems is no longer doubted by astronomers. We can not see the planets that revolve around them, because at their great distance reflected light would not be visible to us, but we believe such planets to be there, for reasoning from our knowledge of the works of the Creator, he would not create these magnificent sources of light and heat without putting them to some use. The distances of these suns from our system and from each other are so great that they may be said to be actually beyond the measurement not merely of all human means of computing distances, but even of finite comprehension. The distance of a few of them from us have been measured, but the most are so far away that by no known means can we even approximate their immense distances. The nearest fixed star to our system is Alpha Centauri, one of the stars in the constellation of the Centaur, and is 21,850,000,000,000 miles distant from us, or 230,000 times as far as from the earth to the sun. If our sun were moved so far away it would give us less than one-third as much light as now comes to us from the star. So we may believe that Alpha Centauri to be a sun with a surface three times as great as that of our "orb of day," and a volume over five times as great. Many of the fixed stars are probably many thousand times as large as our sun. We may write in figures the distances that can reduce such mighty orbs to mere twinkling points of light; we may speak of them as so many billions of billions of miles, but they convey no real idea to us. Our minds cannot conceive of such immensity; it belongs to the unthinkable knowledge of the infinite. If we needed further evidence than that given by reasoning on the revelations of the telescope to prove to us that the fixed stars are suns resembling our sun in general constitution and condition, we have found it in spectroscopic analysis, which shows us that the light from them is essentially similar to that which emanates from our sun, being formed by the consumption of similar gases, oxygen, hydrogen, etc.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—Last year Massachusetts enjoyed almost a total immunity from smallpox, but nine cases with one death having been known to occur, which is less than for any year since 1844.

WINTER IN THE FORESTS.

Hard Work by Day and Jolly Times at Night.

Despite the unprofitable year just past in the lumber business, the woodsmen have gone in swarms from Bangor, as usual, this winter, to cut spruce and pine on the upper Penobscot. One inducement to the lumbermen to operate is the low cost of provisions, it being possible to board a crew of men twenty to twenty-five per cent. cheaper than a year ago. Labor also is low, as the Prince Edward Island boys have poured into Bangor by the hundred this season looking for employment, and they have put wages down and kept them there. Think of a stout young man swinging an ax all winter for ten to fifteen dollars a month and his board. These are the wages accepted by many of the Prince Edward Island loggers. There was a time in the days of big pines, near by, when a woodsman was looked upon as a man who had learned a trade.

Many people have queer ideas of how loggers live in the woods. They build a camp immediately, if there is not one already near the scene of their work, and are seldom more than a day about it. The camp is simply a log house, with low sides and steeped-pitched roof. The chinks of the walls are filled in with mud, moss and leaves, and a high banking of earth or snow reaches almost to the eaves outside. The entrance is in one end, and the only window is in the opposite end. The cook and his assistant have a sort of pantry partitioned off at the window end, and there are wood and provision store-rooms on either side of the entrance. The remainder of the building forms one room. One side is a long couch made of boughs, hay or straw, covered with heavy quilts and blankets, on which the men sleep in a row. On the opposite side is a long table, made of small logs, hewn smooth on top, on which the food is served. In front of it is a big log hewn out for a settee, and called the deacon seat. The men when done eating have only to turn around in their seat to toast their shins at a big fire of logs, which glows like a small volcano in the midst of all, and sends its smoke and sparks through a hole in the roof, six feet square, the draft being aided by a roof-tree.

The fare is plain and monotonous, but wholesome and substantial. Pork and beans, bread and molasses, and pork fat, the latter used for batter, make up a breakfast at sunrise. Then the crew go to work, and, if near by the camp, they come back at twelve o'clock for dinner, which is beans and pork, with pork scraps and doughnuts. The men work until it is too dark to tell a hemlock from a spruce and then come back to eat a supper of the same viands, varied with dried-apple sauce. Fish is served once or twice a week. The beverage is cheap tea.

Evenings and Sundays are passed in telling wonderful yarns, singing ear-splitting songs and smoking. In some camps the men play cards and gamble for tobacco, clothing, and even wages.

The woods beans are the best of all baked beans, and put Boston in the shade. They are cooked in an iron pot placed in a pit surrounded by live coals and covered tightly with earth over night. In the morning they are done to a turn. No range can compete with the bean hole of the woods.

The woodsmen range in age from sixteen to sixty-five, dress in heavy woolen or knit underwear, cheap ready-made clothes, cloth or knitted caps, moccasins, and many socks and mittens. They work on an average four months, come out as fat as bears, and with from $50 to $150 due them. They spend the money, and then are ready for work on the river or go driving.—*Bangor (Me.) Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

DISEASE.

One's Health Substantially Placed in His Own Keeping.

Many persons are predisposed to some particular ailment. This predisposition may have come down from remote ancestors, leaping, perhaps, a generation now and then; or it may have originated in the immediate parents. On the other hand, it may have begun within the life or the individual. In either case, however late in life the attack of the actual disease, the person may show no sign of the tendency in that direction, though frequently such tendencies are clearly indicated. But to bring about the attack, there must also be an exciting cause—a condition of things favoring its development. This fact is of great practical worth. It puts one's health, after all, in his own keeping. A bad inheritance does not necessarily doom one to premature death. He may, notwithstanding, die of old age. He may, too, through carelessness or recklessness, precipitate a fatal attack. It is desirable, therefore, that each person should know his particular predisposition.

Suppose one has inherited consumptive tendencies. He need not necessarily die of the disease. His life should be as far as possible an outdoor one. His sleep should be in well-ventilated, sun-disinfected rooms. His food should include a good proportion of fat, and be specially nourishing. His life should be active rather than sedentary. He should avoid occupations that involve much dust. Neither his home nor his place of business should be in a low, damp locality.

If the person tends to gout and apoplexy, his safety will lie in avoiding a luxurious life. If to acute rheumatism, in guarding against violent atmospheric changes and all chills after prolonged exertion. If to asthma, in rendering the system as far as possible unsusceptible to "colds" (bronchitis,) since, in a large majority of cases, these start the attacks.

The predisposing cause of many infectious diseases is a lowered vitality, or a temporarily exhausted condition. The general health must be looked after.—*Youth's Companion.*

Misunderstandings Corrected.

The *Hour* undertakes to correct some popular misunderstandings regarding journalists, and it is well that it does so. Among other things, it says: "In fact, a good newspaper man is very free from prying curiosity. He can tell at a glance whether there is a point of news in any relation or happening, and he hears, perforce, so much trash that he learns to despise mere gossip, and to forget it sooner than the average man. Hundreds of newspaper men carry with them every day knowledge of certain things, to reveal which would make a great sensation, such as the public love and cries for, but they do not divulge their knowledge or think of doing so."

—Such a thing as a fashionable young man making evening calls nowadays is said to be unheard of, and it is asked whither are we socially drifting.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

THE FESTIVE COWBOY.

One of the Latest Exploits of this Interesting Class of Citizens.

The capture of a railway train by a gang of cowboys the other day in Arizona or New Mexico is the latest exploit of that interesting class of our fellow-citizens. No one was killed, which is a wonder. Perhaps it was a bad day for killing. For shooting it was evidently good, for we are told that the cowboys were careful to fire through every window and at regular intervals through the roof of the coach, which must have been very entertaining for the lady passengers. The question arises, can not the troops whom we maintain in Arizona manage to keep these turbulent spirits in a little better order? Is it inevitable that a man who herds cattle shall be a savage of the lowest type, and if it be, can not these savages be taught by severe lessons to curb their savage instincts? It is evidently a great injury to Arizona and New Mexico that such a class should go rampaging round with impunity.

There is a tendency in a certain class of cheap literature to make a popular hero out of the cowboy. Much mischief is done by misdirecting the minds of the young. Boys can be found who think it grand to carry a knife in their boot and a revolver in their belt, to swear and swagger and drink and frighten quiet people. It doesn't occur to them that these are traits of the savage, not the gentleman; that they covet a distinction in which the Apache will be their superior. Brutality is never admirable; even pirates have claimed to be the mildest mannered men who ever scuttled ship or cut a throat. There is no earthly reason why a man who herds cattle should lower himself in his habits and manners below the level of the beasts he tends. If the fashion has set in this direction, it is time it were changed and if the change costs the lives of some cowboys, so much the worse for the cowboys.

People would be glad to hear of a smart correction being administered to these scoundrels who are so free with their revolvers. An officer who turned loose on them and taught them a lesson that would be remembered for years, would earn the gratitude of the country. This nation is strong enough and its arm ought to be long enough to reach disturbers of the peace in Arizona and New Mexico as well as in Ohio or New York. Even in so semi-barbarous a country as Russia such outrages as the cowboys are fond of committing would be followed by thorough investigation and punishment. A company of mounted infantry started on the trail of the criminals ought to be able to run them to earth and no one would complain of any extra severity displayed by the troops when they caught them. We must stop savagery at any cost.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

DEALING IN DEAD HORSES.

Shoes, Fertilizers, Buttons, Glue and Ladies' Switches Made Out of Defunct Equines.

A crowd had gathered on a South-side street corner where a horse with a broken leg had been shot. As the owner stood ruefully surveying his loss, a fat, dark-complexioned man elbowed his way up and said, as he smiled grimly:

"Say, mister, I'll cart that horse away if you will give it to me. Is it a bargain?"

The owner pondered a moment, looked around at the crowd and remarked:

"The animal is no use to me, and I guess you can have it, but I'm blessed if I know what you want with it. You can have it if you will tell me."

"All right. You see a dead horse represents considerable money to me, and when I can get one, I am going to drop onto it every time. I'll haul the animal out to my place, where I will skin it and tan the hide, or else sell it raw to one of the tanneries. It will then go to some boot and shoe firm, who will proceed to make it up into shoes. The leather, being soft and waterproof, makes up nicely and commands a fancy price.

"Shoes made of cordovan, as the leather is called, are considered the proper thing by swells and sell well. The tail, when it is long and bushy, can be made into a nice horse-brush or switch for ladies. To make a nice switch, I take out the bone from the tail and tack the skin onto a handle, and there we have it, all ready for use as soon as it gets dry."

"But, what do you do with the remainder of the body—the bones and flesh?"

"O, they come in handy. I raise lots of hunting dogs. Of course, if I were to buy beef for them it would cost me a small fortune. When I get or buy dead horses I save some of the meat, feeding the dogs on that. They thrive on it, and it don't cost me much.

"The hoofs I sell to some glue factory, where they are boiled down and made into glue. Do I make use of the bones? Of course I do. Sometimes I grind them up and sell them as fertilizers. Ground bone is the stuff to spread on your garden if you want to raise good crops. When I am busy and want to dispose of them I sell them to some button-factory. They make buttons, large and small, out of bones. I have seen some knife handles made from bone, but it cracks easily and is not used much. Buttons are more generally made from horse-bones than anything else in that line.

"Now, if you want any meat for your cats let me know, and I will supply you," but the former possessor of the horse did not seem to relish the idea of his cats being fed on horseflesh, and declined the honor with thanks.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

—The preparations for the cold weather in the Northwest are a surprise to visitors. Fur coats and caps are the rule for everybody; the houses have duplicate sets of windows, with a few inches of air between; the stoves are of enormous size, often reaching nearly to the ceiling; and such a diversion as sleighing is scarcely known, as nobody thinks of spending time out of doors for fun in winter.—*Chicago Times.*

—Clay Belmont, the infant son of Fred W. Clarke, of San Francisco, is curiously blessed with seven grandmothers, or being the grandson of seven women. Two of them are great-great grandmothers, three great-grandmothers, and two plain, simple grandmothers. Six of these singularly fortunate grandparents live in San Francisco, and the seventh lives in Cambridge, Mass.

—What the country needs are shorter trains and more freight to a train-load. Work in the freight yards would be reduced one half, coal would be saved, crews reduced, and freight-gluts made less frequent. Steel cars would secure these improvements.—*Current.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—The *Breeders' Gazette* advocates the superiority of warm-cooked food for stock in winter.

—Apples that are too tart to make agreeable sauce can be deliciously toned down by adding about a third of the quantity of dates. Sweeten well and serve cold.—*Boston Globe.*

—If plenty of skim milk or buttermilk be placed where the hens can get it there will be no necessity for allowing water, and it will assist materially in increasing the number of eggs.—*Detroit Post.*

—Apply a heavy coat of paint on kitchen or pantry floors; this saves the housekeeper a great deal of hard scrubbing. Renew woodwork frequently with fresh paint and varnish; these are great beautifiers, and will save in labor and time fully as much as they cost.

—Rolled Tongue: While a boiled tongue is still warm roll it with the tip inside and place it in a round tin or vessel just large enough to hold it in place; let it remain over night, when it will remain rolled after being removed from the pan. Serve it whole on a bed of salad, water-cresses or parsley.—*Toledo Blade.*

—An orchard which is so large that manure cannot be had with which to fertilize it is seldom a profitable part of the farm. It pays to raise only so many trees as one can raise well. We occasionally hear of good farmers cutting down part of the orchard so that they can put more manure and more attention on the remainder.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—It is sometimes very convenient to fence off a portion of a lot for keeping cows when no permanent fence is desired. The farmer who has fifty to a hundred rods of portable fence that can be moved and set in half a day is more nearly independent about fences than one whose farm is criss-crossed every way by fences that in four years out of five are only a nuisance.—*Troy Times.*

—Rich Coffee Cake: Two cups of butter, three of sugar, one of molasses, one of very strong coffee, one of cream or rich milk, the yelk of eight eggs, one pound each of raisins and currants, one-half pound of citron, the same of figs and five cups of brown flour after it is stirred. Put the flour in the oven until a rich brown, being careful not to burn it. When cold sift it with three tablespoonfuls of good baking powder and a little salt. Cut the figs in long strips, dredge all the fruit with flour, beat the cake well up and bake in moderate oven from four to five hours.—*Cleveland Leader.*

WINTER QUARTERS FOR STOCK.

Necessity of Proper Stabling Accommodations to Secure the Best Results.

The use and value of farm horses are often greatly reduced by a want of proper arrangements for stabling them. Any kind of a place to crowd the poor beasts in is often thought to be good enough, and the air in some stables is so bad from filthy floors that the harness is often rotted by it. A horse's lungs and eyes can not fail to suffer in such an atmosphere, when tanned leather and varnish are spoilt. No doubt a good deal of disease among horses is due to this cause. A horse sees on one side only with each eye, and a side light from a window strains the eyes unequally. The light should come into a stable directly in front of the horse, and it should not be too bright. If the window can not be on the north side it should be covered with lime-wash to mellow the light; but the stable should never be wholly dark. A stable should be airy and well ventilated, but not subject to drafts; a draft upon a horse yet warm with work will surely injure him, and if it does nothing worse, it will stiffen him in a few days. A few such mistakes will ruin any horse.

The *American Agriculturalist*, speaking on the same general subject, says an abundance of light in the shelters provided for stock in winter is a point which should not be overlooked, for darkness is as injurious to animals as it is to plants. Human beings spending much of their time in dark tenements are pale, sickly, and dwarfed. Confining the lower animals in dark quarters has a similar effect—retarding growth and reducing vigor. Much of the blindness among horses is caused by their being brought suddenly from a dark stable into the strong sunlight, which is especially trying when reflected from snow. The openings in shelters are closed with boards or straw, "to keep out the cold;" unfortunately this keeps out the light also, so that a majority of the stables in this country are dark for three-fourths of the time during which animals are confined there. This is all right at night, but during the daytime the stable should be as light as the dwelling, and made so in the same way—by glass windows. A few panes of glass and sash will not cost much, and a more profitable investment can not be made. Shutting up shelters so closely, also shuts out the pure air. Leave a wide crevice under the eaves. The inside impure air becomes heated and lighter, as it becomes foul, and will rise and pass out at this crevice, and the outside, pure air, being colder and heavier, will enter. The animals will have pure air, and no blasts will strike directly upon their bodies. Leaving openings in the roof, and building small houses (often improperly called cupolas), with lattice-work sides over them, is a splendid way to ventilate barns and stables, and improve the looks of the buildings.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Importance of Bulk in Food.

Although the presence of a sufficient quantity of nutritive matters in the food is naturally the most fundamental matter for consideration, its bulk is scarcely less important. The function of digestion requires that the food shall properly fill the stomach; and however large the supply of nutritive matters may be, their effect is imperfectly brought out if the food be too small in bulk, and it actually becomes more valuable if diluted with woody fibre or some other inert substance. On the other hand, if a food be too bulky, the sense of repletion causes the animal to cease eating long before it has obtained a sufficient supply of nutritive matter. It is most necessary, therefore, to study the bulk of the food, and to consider how to mix different substances in such a manner as to adjust the proportion of nutritive matter to their bulk. If we examine the nature of the mixed foods most in vogue among feeders, it will be most generally found that a very bulky food is combined with another of opposite properties. Hence roots, the most bulky of all kinds of food, are used along with oil-cake or bean-meal; and if, from any circumstances, it becomes necessary to replace a large amount of roots by the latter substance, the deficient bulk must be replaced by hay or straw.—*Boston Herald.*

Paper Making in China.

Eighteen hundred years ago the Chinese made paper from fibrous matter reduced to pulp. Now each province makes its own peculiar variety. The young bamboo is whitened, reduced to pulp in a mortar, and sized with alum. From this pulp sheets of paper are made in a mold by hand. The celebrated Chinese rice paper, that so resembles woolen and silk fabrics, and on which are painted quaint birds and flowers, is manufactured from compressed pith, which is first cut spirally by a keen knife into thin slices six inches wide and twice as long. Funeral papers, or paper imitations of earthly things which they desire to bestow on departed friends, are burned over their graves. They use paper window-frames, paper sliding-doors, and paper visiting-cards a yard long. It is related that when a distinguished representative of the British Government visited Pekin, several servants brought him a huge roll, which, when spread out on the floor, proved to be the visiting cards of the Emperor.—*Philadelphia Press.*

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, January 31, 1885.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle—Common	$2 00	@ 2 75
Choice Butchers	4 25	@ 5 00
HOGS—Common	3 75	@ 4 35
Good packers	4 45	@ 4 75
SHEEP—Good to choice	3 50	@ 4 25
FLOUR—Family	3 65	@ 4 00
GRAIN—Wheat—Longberry red	88	@ 90
No. 2 red	87	@ 88
Corn—No. 2 mixed		@ 45½
Oats—No. 2 mixed		@ [illegible]
Rye—No. 2		@ 70
HAY—Timothy No. 1	12 50	@ 13 00
HEMP—Double dressed	9 00	@ 9 25
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	12 00	@ 12 25
Lard—Prime steam	6 85	@ 7 00
BUTTER—Fancy Dairy	16	@ 18
Prime Creamery	24	@ 26
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES		
Potatoes, per barrel	1 60	@ 1 70
Apples, prime, per barrel	1 75	@ 2 00

NEW YORK.

FLOUR—State and Western	$3 00	@ 5 50
Good to Choice	3 45	@ 5 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 Chicago	88	@ 94
No. 2 red	89	@ 92
Corn—No. 2 mixed	50	@ 51½
Oats—mixed	36	@ 38
PORK—Mess	13 25	@ 13 50
LARD—Western steam		@ 7 17½

CHICAGO.

FLOUR—State and Western	$3 75	@ 4 50
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	78	@ 79½
No. 2 Chicago Spring	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
Corn—No. 2	36	@ 36½
Oats—No. 2		@ 27¼
Rye	61½	@ 64
PORK—Mess	12 05	@ 12 10
LARD—Steam	6 80	@ 6 82½

BALTIMORE

FLOUR—Family	$4 00	@ 5 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2	88	@ 89
Corn—mixed	50	@ 50½
Oats—mixed	34	@ 36
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	12 50	@ 13 [illegible]
Lard—Refined		@ [illegible]

INDIANAPOLIS.

Wheat—No. 2 red	[illegible]	@ 84
Corn—mixed	[illegible]	@ 39
Oats—mixed	[illegible]	@ 30¼

LOUISVILLE.

Flour—A No. 1	$3 15	@ 4 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	80	@ 85
Corn—mixed		@ 43
Oats—mixed		@ 33½
PORK—mess		@ 13 00
LARD—steam		@ [illegible]

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