

One of the properties conducive to durability in timber is its odoriferousness, which repels insect foes as a rule.

The process of curling feathers consists in heating them slightly before the fire, then stroking them with the back of a knife, when they will curl.

The increase in strength due to seasoning of different woods is given as follows—White pine, 9 per cent; elm, 12 3/4 per cent; oak, 26 1/2 per cent; ash, 44 7/8 per cent; beech 61 9/10 per cent.

Dr. Sydney Thompson suggests the following formula in erysipelas—Fluid extract of jaborandi, twenty-four parts; lanthanum and glycerine, each four parts.

A good substitute for ground glass is made as follows: Work together equal parts of white lead and common putty until quite soft, then form it into a ball, and roll it over the surface of the glass, and a ground-glass appearance is the result.

Persons who use brass letters on glass windows or doors are often troubled by their dropping off, from unequal expansion, or from too violent efforts on the part of the window-cleaner.

The following mouth-washes are recommended for sick persons, whose teeth and gums often become unhealthy through insufficient nourishment, medicines, or want of cleansing.

A Heartless Case. A gentleman in the west of England, who was possessed of large estates, married a lady who was supposed to be a widow, her husband having left her many years before, and died—it was thought—abroad.

The White Feather. It is well known that the phrase, "To hit the white feather," is a synonym for cowardice, and it is said that no gamecock has a white feather.

Teeth in His Nose. A small colored boy in Bameterre, West Indies, has two large teeth in his nose. A portion of his nose having been destroyed by ulceration, he was put under medical treatment for that disease, which soon healed with application of iodine of potassium.

The Size of Noah's Ark. The exact size of Noah's ark has not been determined definitely, but according to Sir Isaac Newton's calculations, based on his estimate of the length of a cubit in feet and inches, the biblical barge must have been 414.62 feet long, 85.94 wide, and 51.56 deep.

Old age is a tyrant that forbids the pleasure of youth on pain of death.

The Fenelon Falls Gazette.

The bible is the best book in the world.—John Adams. There is a book worth all other books which were ever printed.—Patrick Henry.

All human discoveries seem to be made only for the purpose of confirming more and more strongly the truths contained in the sacred scriptures.—Sir John Herschel.

It is impossible to govern the world without God. He must be worse than a thief that lacks faith, and more than a wicked that has not gratitude enough to acknowledge his obligation.—George Washington.

A good-sized whale will produce two tons of whalebone if treated like a gentleman. A machine has been invented which wraps up oranges in tissue paper more neatly and rapidly than it can be done by hand.

An ordinary looking cane of very peculiar construction has been invented by a Madrid man. It contains a complete set of topographical and telegraphic instruments, a heliograph and a lantern.

A vegetable leather, said to be fully equal to the animal product, is made in Paris from gutta percha, sulphur, raw cotton, zinc white, kolkothar, and oxide of antimony.

An English paper suggests that "if a man wants a carriage or implement photographed so as to make a working copy to scale, all that is necessary is, when the photo is being taken, that a clear and distinct three foot rule be placed on the carriage; this is photographed along with the carriage, and no matter what the size of the print or negative, will always be a true scale.

In certain French steel works a workman in cutting fifteen-inch files uses a hammer weighing seven and seven-tenths pounds and wears out a handle of holly wood in about one year, after having struck about 11,250, 000 blows with the hammer.

An iron ore boulder that had been on exhibition for some time in the Louisiana Department of the Exposition at New Orleans, was melted the other day at a foundry in that city after being broken up. The lump, which weighed about 350 lbs., was picked up on the surface of the ground in Clairborne Parish in the northwest section of the State, and in a county that appears to have been upheaved by volcanic action.

Religion and Files. "I would give nothing for that man's religion who dog and cat are not the better for it," said Rowland Hill. Unity adds: "Why not add one's files? Shall we kill them—or take a moment longer, open the window, and banish them into the great outside summer? The difference is no trifle either to the files or us. To the files it is the difference between life and death. To us it is the difference of our religion and irreligion.

John B. Gough is said to have been quite broken up by the reception lately given him in Boston. Though he did not talk temperance exactly, there was water in his eye.

Life's Journey.
As we speed out of youth's sunny station,
The track seems to shine in the light;
But it suddenly shows over chasms,
And sinks into tunnels of night;
And the hearts that were brave in the morning
Are filled with repinings and tears,
As they pause at the City of Sorrow,
Or pass through the Valley of Tears.

STORM AND SUNSHINE.
CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)
And this would be no small sacrifice on my part; the future holds great possibilities for little fair-haired Lisle Warburton.

"Do you remember Judith Irving, Mr. Rutherford?"
"Oh, yes—quite well," he smiles, glancing round at me.

"I don't know how much interest she takes in you," I answer, laughing; "but I know you ought to feel flattered by her taking the trouble to speak about you at all."

"I feel much more flattered by your remembering what she said."
"Do not you like her?" I ask, looking up into the handsome smiling face.

"I am not going to tell you. I don't know what they are saying. But stupid people who can't understand her talk a great deal of nonsense—the fact is she is too bright and clever for them, and sees too clearly through their miserable make-beliefs and hypocrisies. She is like a flash of electric light turned suddenly on a ball-room, showing up all the wretched shams and pretenses which had passed muster in the deceptive rose-coloured glow of the oil-lamps."

"I must renew my acquaintance with this friend of yours," Erroll laughs, knocking the ash off his cigar. "She must be something out of the common to have won such a warm little partisan."

"I wish Mrs. Rutherford would ask her to Velfry!" I exclaim impetuously. "If she took her up a little, my aunts—and other people—could soon follow her example."
"Miss Irving used to come here occasionally before I went to China. Does she never come now?"

"I have never been here since I came to Osterbrook, at all events."
"You might persuade my mother to ask her perhaps. She would do a great deal to please you."

"I have never even fancied that I cared for any one yet except Judith Irving; but it sends a little thrill of something more than pleasure through my heart already to think of Erroll Rutherford, to recollect how he had looked at me, how he had spoken to me—not as to a child, but as to a woman, gently, reverently, chivalrously—I had never been so spoken to before in all my short existence—to be treated like a princess by this man who himself seems like a prince. It is as novel as it is delightful, and has already gone a good way towards turning my little head."

"The next day we spend the delightful first hour after breakfast in the sunny old garden—Erroll and I; he smoking, I walking beside him down the long green alleys, and by the high wall where the cherries are ripening, in my pretty morning-dress of pale dowered chints with pink bows, in which he says I look more like a china shepherdess than ever, while the bees hum round us and the warm wind sighs by, laden with those "riffling blasts of balm that make the air of life delicious"—or so the Laureate says.

"Do you remember Judith Irving, Mr. Rutherford?"
"Oh, yes—quite well," he smiles, glancing round at me.

"I don't know how much interest she takes in you," I answer, laughing; "but I know you ought to feel flattered by her taking the trouble to speak about you at all."

"I feel much more flattered by your remembering what she said."
"Do not you like her?" I ask, looking up into the handsome smiling face.

"I am not going to tell you. I don't know what they are saying. But stupid people who can't understand her talk a great deal of nonsense—the fact is she is too bright and clever for them, and sees too clearly through their miserable make-beliefs and hypocrisies. She is like a flash of electric light turned suddenly on a ball-room, showing up all the wretched shams and pretenses which had passed muster in the deceptive rose-coloured glow of the oil-lamps."

"I must renew my acquaintance with this friend of yours," Erroll laughs, knocking the ash off his cigar. "She must be something out of the common to have won such a warm little partisan."

"I wish Mrs. Rutherford would ask her to Velfry!" I exclaim impetuously. "If she took her up a little, my aunts—and other people—could soon follow her example."
"Miss Irving used to come here occasionally before I went to China. Does she never come now?"

"I have never been here since I came to Osterbrook, at all events."
"You might persuade my mother to ask her perhaps. She would do a great deal to please you."

CHAPTER IV.
The next few days at Velfry are the happiest I have ever known. Even now—"My heart is like a prelate to my heart, And tells me I shall love."
Erroll Rutherford is always with me—ride, row, play tennis, walk together; the long June days are all too short for us—the June days with their glorious mornings, their long delicious afternoons, their dreamy evenings.

"I wish we could," I answer, sighing. "I have not seen Judith for six days, and, notwithstanding my new delicious sense of happiness, I pine for a glimpse of my friend."
"Next time you come, we must manage it," Erroll says good-naturedly.

"I must renew my acquaintance with this friend of yours," Erroll laughs, knocking the ash off his cigar. "She must be something out of the common to have won such a warm little partisan."

"I wish Mrs. Rutherford would ask her to Velfry!" I exclaim impetuously. "If she took her up a little, my aunts—and other people—could soon follow her example."
"Miss Irving used to come here occasionally before I went to China. Does she never come now?"

"I have never been here since I came to Osterbrook, at all events."
"You might persuade my mother to ask her perhaps. She would do a great deal to please you."

"I don't know how much interest she takes in you," I answer, laughing; "but I know you ought to feel flattered by her taking the trouble to speak about you at all."

"I feel much more flattered by your remembering what she said."
"Do not you like her?" I ask, looking up into the handsome smiling face.

"I am not going to tell you. I don't know what they are saying. But stupid people who can't understand her talk a great deal of nonsense—the fact is she is too bright and clever for them, and sees too clearly through their miserable make-beliefs and hypocrisies. She is like a flash of electric light turned suddenly on a ball-room, showing up all the wretched shams and pretenses which had passed muster in the deceptive rose-coloured glow of the oil-lamps."

"I must renew my acquaintance with this friend of yours," Erroll laughs, knocking the ash off his cigar. "She must be something out of the common to have won such a warm little partisan."

"I wish Mrs. Rutherford would ask her to Velfry!" I exclaim impetuously. "If she took her up a little, my aunts—and other people—could soon follow her example."
"Miss Irving used to come here occasionally before I went to China. Does she never come now?"

"I have never been here since I came to Osterbrook, at all events."
"You might persuade my mother to ask her perhaps. She would do a great deal to please you."

"I don't know how much interest she takes in you," I answer, laughing; "but I know you ought to feel flattered by her taking the trouble to speak about you at all."

"I feel much more flattered by your remembering what she said."
"Do not you like her?" I ask, looking up into the handsome smiling face.

"I am not going to tell you. I don't know what they are saying. But stupid people who can't understand her talk a great deal of nonsense—the fact is she is too bright and clever for them, and sees too clearly through their miserable make-beliefs and hypocrisies. She is like a flash of electric light turned suddenly on a ball-room, showing up all the wretched shams and pretenses which had passed muster in the deceptive rose-coloured glow of the oil-lamps."

"I must renew my acquaintance with this friend of yours," Erroll laughs, knocking the ash off his cigar. "She must be something out of the common to have won such a warm little partisan."

"I wish Mrs. Rutherford would ask her to Velfry!" I exclaim impetuously. "If she took her up a little, my aunts—and other people—could soon follow her example."
"Miss Irving used to come here occasionally before I went to China. Does she never come now?"

"I have never been here since I came to Osterbrook, at all events."
"You might persuade my mother to ask her perhaps. She would do a great deal to please you."

"I don't know how much interest she takes in you," I answer, laughing; "but I know you ought to feel flattered by her taking the trouble to speak about you at all."

BUFFALO OR BEAR.
A Remarkable Hunt and Its More Remarkable Ending.
"Speaking of buffalo," said Mr. B. Gilpin, jr., a well-known Colorado cattle man, "the last herd I ever saw was a small one, consisting of less than twenty head, which my brother Frank and I encountered near Powder River, W. T., in the Fall of 1883. We were out prospecting for a good cattle range, and came upon the bisons near a wooded bluff, close to river. Leaving our buckboard and four horses tied to a tree, we started after the noble game, quickly selecting a fine-looking bull, which we cut out of the herd and chased on foot as well as we could. Owing to the rough character of the ground, my brother and I soon became separated. Frank going on one side of a hill and I on the other, losing sight of each other for a few minutes. When I emerged on the other side I witnessed a strange transformation. The pursued had become the pursuer. My brother was unning like a quarter horse, while the bull, with lowered horns, was rapidly closing up the gap between them. The situation looked critical, and I made the most haste possible to render what assistance could to my fleeing brother. Before I could approach near enough to get a shot at the shaggy pursuer, Frank suddenly disappeared in the mouth of a large cave, the buffalo following a good second. Their disappearance lasted but for a few minutes. Just as I got opposite the cave the frightened beast emerged, and with a loud bellow plunged for the creek beyond, and, what was the most wonderful, Frank was seated on the back of the buffalo, with both hands enmeshed in his shaggy hair, holding on as for dear life, with blanched face and eyes starting from their sockets. The mad pines of the beast, accompanied by its terrific roars, were perfectly frightful. Passing down the bank, it plunged into the stream, partly waded and partly swam across, then, rushing up the bank on the opposite side, through a clump of scrub oaks and willows, succeeded in dislodging and landing him, bruised and bleeding, in the underbrush. Making my way to him as soon as possible, I relieved him of his awkward predicament and assisted him to rise. "As soon as he recovered himself sufficiently to speak he asked me for some brandy. Having a flask with me, I gave him some, and he revived considerably. "That was a close shave," he gasped as he renewed his attentions to the flask. "What was it?" I asked. "Well, you see after I got separated from you at the hill I took a short cut through a ravine, thinking to head off the buffalo and get a good shot. I succeeded in heading him off, but instead of getting a shot at him he turned upon me suddenly, and, fearing his horns, I ran along the edge of the bank, and seeing the mouth of the cave, dashed in, with the bull close behind me. I had proceeded but a few yards, however, before I saw before me what seemed to be two balls of fire, and was greeted with a horrible sound, which was a cross between a growl and a roar. I became suddenly aware that I was facing a huge cinnamon bear, which, to my excited imagination was a thousand times more terrible than the pursuing buffalo. Turning to go back, I found my recent enemy blocking my way of egress, and in the agony of the moment I chose the desperate alternative of mounting upon his back, my only thought being to escape from the bear. No sooner had I alighted on the bear than he turned swiftly and rushed out of the cave frightened, if any thing, more than I was myself. You know the rest. I don't want another such experience, I can tell you."

"We went back to our wagon and camped for the night, returning next morning to the cave, where we concealed ourselves and waited some hours, until finally the bear came out of his hiding place. Seeing us, he made a desperate plunge toward the spot where we stood. I fired at him from my Winchester, wounding him in the breast. The shot seemed to anger him more, and it was not until I had nearly emptied the magazine of my rifle that he finally fell. Several shots from my brother's rifle soon finished him. We drove the wagon as close to the carcass as possible, loaded it on the vehicle with some difficulty, and took it to the nearest town. The bear weighed 275 pounds and was one of the largest that has been killed in that portion of the country."

The Decay of Profanity.
From having been the loudest and coarsest of swearers, English gentlemen have become the most intolerant of profane expressions, and even the mildest expletives are accounted by them as bad taste. Soldiers and sailors formerly looked upon swearing as a professional necessity, and perhaps still do so; but probably a man like Wolseley shares the feeling of other English gentlemen with respect to profanity, and we know that Grant went through all the excitement of the civil war without an oath, though on both sides the air was often blue with cursing. But as we have said, most men swear habitually or occasionally. It seems to give them relief, or they imagine that it does, and they know no other way of strengthening an assertion than by using an oath. In general, this swearing is in good nature, or, at most, expresses only momentary vexation, and often the profanity is only indulged in as a banter, for instance, by the drivers in the streets, who will curse each other up and down, and still have no hard feelings. They simply swear for fun and to vary the monotony of existence. This applies only to this country though. In England one can mount upon a bus at the Kensington Museum, and drive through the great and crowded thoroughfares of London, all the way to the Bank of England, and not an oath nor an expletive will be heard.

Don't throw away the paper bags in which goods come from the store. Remember the uses to which they can be applied. They make handy covers for the lamp chimney, keeping off flies and dust; they are just the one thing needed to lay on the top of the bread or cake in the oven when baking too fast; they are useful to cover glass jars of canned fruit standing on the closet shelves and keep the fruit from turning dark. In fact, the ingenious housewife can find use for all of the paper bags that come to the house, and still wish she had more of them.

"I wish Mrs. Rutherford would ask her to Velfry!" I exclaim impetuously. "If she took her up a little, my aunts—and other people—could soon follow her example."
"Miss Irving used to come here occasionally before I went to China. Does she never come now?"

"I have never been here since I came to Osterbrook, at all events."
"You might persuade my mother to ask her perhaps. She would do a great deal to please you."

"I don't know how much interest she takes in you," I answer, laughing; "but I know you ought to feel flattered by her taking the trouble to speak about you at all."

"I feel much more flattered by your remembering what she said."
"Do not you like her?" I ask, looking up into the handsome smiling face.

"I am not going to tell you. I don't know what they are saying. But stupid people who can't understand her talk a great deal of nonsense—the fact is she is too bright and clever for them, and sees too clearly through their miserable make-beliefs and hypocrisies. She is like a flash of electric light turned suddenly on a ball-room, showing up all the wretched shams and pretenses which had passed muster in the deceptive rose-coloured glow of the oil-lamps."

"I wish Mrs. Rutherford would ask her to Velfry!" I exclaim impetuously. "If she took her up a little, my aunts—and other people—could soon follow her example."
"Miss Irving used to come here occasionally before I went to China. Does she never come now?"

"I have never been here since I came to Osterbrook, at all events."
"You might persuade my mother to ask her perhaps. She would do a great deal to please you."

"I don't know how much interest she takes in you," I answer, laughing; "but I know you ought to feel flattered by her taking the trouble to speak about you at all."

"I feel much more flattered by your remembering what she said."
"Do not you like her?" I ask, looking up into the handsome smiling face.

"I am not going to tell you. I don't know what they are saying. But stupid people who can't understand her talk a great deal of nonsense—the fact is she is too bright and clever for them, and sees too clearly through their miserable make-beliefs and hypocrisies. She is like a flash of electric light turned suddenly on a ball-room, showing up all the wretched shams and pretenses which had passed muster in the deceptive rose-coloured glow of the oil-lamps."

"I must renew my acquaintance with this friend of yours," Erroll laughs, knocking the ash off his cigar. "She must be something out of the common to have won such a warm little partisan."

"I wish Mrs. Rutherford would ask her to Velfry!" I exclaim impetuously. "If she took her up a little, my aunts—and other people—could soon follow her example."
"Miss Irving used to come here occasionally before I went to China. Does she never come now?"

"I have never been here since I came to Osterbrook, at all events."
"You might persuade my mother to ask her perhaps. She would do a great deal to please you."

"I don't know how much interest she takes in you," I answer, laughing; "but I know you ought to feel flattered by her taking the trouble to speak about you at all."

"I wish Mrs. Rutherford would ask her to Velfry!" I exclaim impetuously. "If she took her up a little, my aunts—and other people—could soon follow her example."
"Miss Irving used to come here occasionally before I went to China. Does she never come now?"

"I have never been here since I came to Osterbrook, at all events."
"You might persuade my mother to ask her perhaps. She would do a great deal to please you."

"I don't know how much interest she takes in you," I answer, laughing; "but I know you ought to feel flattered by her taking the trouble to speak about you at all."

"I feel much more flattered by your remembering what she said."
"Do not you like her?" I ask, looking up into the handsome smiling face.

"I am not going to tell you. I don't know what they are saying. But stupid people who can't understand her talk a great deal of nonsense—the fact is she is too bright and clever for them, and sees too clearly through their miserable make-beliefs and hypocrisies. She is like a flash of electric light turned suddenly on a ball-room, showing up all the wretched shams and pretenses which had passed muster in the deceptive rose-coloured glow of the oil-lamps."

"I must renew my acquaintance with this friend of yours," Erroll laughs, knocking the ash off his cigar. "She must be something out of the common to have won such a warm little partisan."

"I wish Mrs. Rutherford would ask her to Velfry!" I exclaim impetuously. "If she took her up a little, my aunts—and other people—could soon follow her example."
"Miss Irving used to come here occasionally before I went to China. Does she never come now?"

"I have never been here since I came to Osterbrook, at all events."
"You might persuade my mother to ask her perhaps. She would do a great deal to please you."

"I don't know how much interest she takes in you," I answer, laughing; "but I know you ought to feel flattered by her taking the trouble to speak about you at all."