

Bachelor Bric-a-brac.

Have you ever looked into a bachelor's room
In the gloaming 'twixt dinner and pipe,
While he lies on the lounge in a poetic gloom,
And the fruit of his fancy is ripe?

The Angelos-bells, with their musical clang,
Are appealing in vain to his ear;
'Tis the summons to prayer, but he don't care
A hang—
The gods that he worships are here.

In his chamber the trophies of battle are stored;
He reckons his scars by the score;
The mamma he enraptured, the daughters he
bored,
The mittens, and heartaches galore.

There are cushions of satin, and filigreed mats,
With monograms, ever his own;
There are mouchoir-cases, embroidered cravats,
And frills for his jars of cologne;

There's a tiny slipper he captured by chance
From the queen of the ballet stars;
Its triumphs are over, a truce to romance—
It is sacred to Club House cigars.

Love-letters are lashed to a broken fan
With a ribbon of faded blue,
From Marie, who married the wrong, wrong
man,
And is now a mother—or two.

Some tresses of hair, from raven to gold;
Handfuls of nameless curls;
He may have forgotten the sweethearts of old,
But they're warranted, all of them, girls!

There's a perfumed glove, a fragment of lace,
And the fringe of a silken sash;
Six photographs of an ad, sweet face—
The spoils of his latest mash;

There's a flowing girdle of cardinal red,
That is coiled like the cunning asp—
Oh sonnet unwritten! Oh poem unsaid!
It is clasped with a golden clasp.

Of such is the bachelor's bric-a-brac;
Need I tell you what it is for?
It's his pride as he lies with his heart on the
rack,
Lazily waiting for war.

From the waters beneath the heavens above,
My bachelor hero has found
In the wide, wide world there is nothing but
love,
And there's more than enough to go round.

A Woman's Energy.

In Elizabeth street, not far from Broome, New York, stands a dingy, old-fashioned house, managed by an English woman upon the stereotyped English lodging-house principle. This house is owned by, and has for years been the residence of, a woman whose career possesses some extraordinary features, who commenced with nothing and amassed a fortune of \$1,000,000 by real estate operations, and at seventy years of age is intending to finish her career in the world by writing a treatise on religion and science. More than fifty years ago a young girl in an interior county in that State walked thirty miles to engage the vacant principalship of a village academy. Although not competent to pass an examination for the vacancy, the trustees were struck by the indomitable pluck of the young rustic, and kindly promised her the situation if she would prepare herself to pass an examination within the two months' vacation between the spring and fall terms. The girl went home, shut herself up in a little garret room, lived on bread and water, quarreled with her mother about the housework, and applied herself night and day to arithmetic, geography and grammar. But when sturdy little Louisiana St. John reported for examination, at the expiration of the two months, she answered every question triumphantly, and entered upon her duties as the principal of a village academy. For more than twenty years Miss St. John pursued the career of a pedagogue, amassing money dollar by dollar, and investing her savings with circumspection, until she thought herself financially strong enough to abandon the schoolma'am's desk and remove to New York. At first her operations in real estate were small and tentative, the Englishwoman, then young and active, acting as her agent. But successful accumulation engenders confidence, and the year 1873, memorable for its financial crisis, found the adventurous schoolma'am operating on a large scale in Western land, St. Louis city lots, etc., and exercising from her little parlor in Elizabeth street a potent influence on the market. Her habits are peculiar and methodical. Rising with the sun, she lays out the business of the day with mathematical precision before breakfast, and issues her instructions to her trusted lieutenants, giving minute directions as to the conduct of each enterprise, and holding each subordinate to a military accountability. Although seventy years old and suffering from dropsy, not six months ago this indomitable old lady journeyed unattended to St. Louis, and there, week after week, while the bridge across the river was in progress, looked after the interests of a large property likely to be affected by that enterprise. Beset with sharpers and interested parties of all sorts, her woman's insight rapidly sifts out the false from the true, and protects her million alike from the speculative enterprises of the visionary and from the bubble companies of the professional financier. She will tell you, nevertheless, with a sigh, in a moment of confidence, that her whole life has been a failure, and her splendid fortune only a trouble to her for these many years; that she would give her million for a toddling little granddaughter, but, in the absence of the granddaughter, means to leave it to found any institution that shall in some way benefit humanity.

A military man, pitching into an opponent, exclaimed: 'Why, his sword was never drawn but once, and that was in a raffle.'

Cotton Fiber.

The following, from an exhaustive paper on the natural history of cotton, was read before the Boston Society of Natural History by Henry C. Kirtledge, whose able reports on wool at the Centennial exhibition will be remembered: The cotton fiber is a hollow, elongated cylinder, the walls of which are of the purest and thinnest cellulose, filled with a sap or protoplasm, more or less glutinous, which in the state of maturation becomes dense by the dissipation of the volatile parts, causing the filament to assume a spiral convolution. During the process of ripening the fiber collapses, presenting the appearance of a flat ribbon with thickened margins. In proportion to the abundance of the dry glutine and the amount of twist in the fiber, so its strength and pliability, two of the chief values for manufacturing purposes.

The glutinous composition gives what is called the 'body' to the cotton, which is more copious in rich cotton as is grown on rich land, which accounts for the superiority in strength of such cotton over that grown on poor soil. The direction of the twist in the fiber is variable, and not always complete, there being quarter, half, three-quarter, full turns.

The number of sinuations to an inch differs according to the nature of the cotton, but seldom exceeding 150; nor are they uniform throughout the fiber. The largest number of twists to the inch that ever came under my observation was 160, including half turns. I am inclined to the opinion that the fineness and softness of cotton are dependent greatly upon relative humidity of the atmosphere. The fineness of the fibers averages not far from 1,600 diameters to the inch.

The chemical analysis of the seed and fiber demonstrates the existence of potash, lime and magnesia as the principal constituents in various combinations. The most satisfactory analysis which I have seen is this: For the ash of the seed, sixty per cent. phosphate of lime, thirty per cent. phosphate of potash and ten per cent. of other substances. For the ash of the fiber, thirty-three and one-third per cent. phosphate of potash, sixteen and two-thirds per cent. phosphate of lime, twelve and one-half per cent. phosphoric acid, and thirtysseven and one-half per cent. magnesia and other elements. A bale of lint cotton of 400 pounds, thoroughly incinerated, would yield about four pounds of ash, half of which is made up of phosphates of potash and lime.

The seed from which this lint is taken, weighs 800 pounds, reduced to an 'qsu' would yield about fifty pounds, over half of which is composed of phosphates of lime and potash, the lime preponderating. These constituents, as found in the seed, are wholly, or nearly so, from the hull, the kernel furnishing but little.

It is well known that the natural color of cotton is white, reddish or yellow; but the composition of these colors has never been satisfactorily explained, any more than it is thought they are allied with 'some pectine and resinous substances which can be removed by treatment with diluted alkaline solutions.'

For the most favorable results the plant requires a uniform temperature, a singular adjustment of heat and moisture, a peculiar equilibrium in the climatic relations between the mountains and the sea, abundant rains during the planting season, frequent and gentle showers while flowering and fruiting, and a rainless period at maturation and gathering. It is one of the least exhaustive of any known crop plants; that is, if the stalk and the seed are retained to the soil and nothing but the lint taken from it. It is said that an average crop of wheat (ten bushels) takes from an acre of land about thirty-two pounds of vegetable food, such as potash, lime, magnesia and nitrogen; while of these elements the cotton plant removes in lint only two and three-quarter pounds per acre, presuming 450 pounds of seed cotton to the acre.

The Climate of Leadville.

A traveler in Colorado gives this insight into the weather at Leadville, the town which has so marvelously sprung up: This Rocky mountain weather is a puzzle to every one from the East. The days at this season are usually as warm as can be comfortably endured; but every night it freezes hard. Our first morning duty was always to break the ice in our water-bucket with an axe, for no lighter instrument would answer. In the midst of any of these sunny days, which are almost as warm as they are having in New York at this season, a black cloud may suddenly blow up from the mountains and shower down snow for an hour and then pass off as suddenly, leaving the afternoon as hot as ever. With such vicissitudes of weather in twenty-four hours it is not strange that all kinds of colds are prevalent and pneumonia very fatal. I should judge that every third person that one meets on the main street has his throat swathed. A Leadville swell no longer considers himself completely dressed until his attire is set off by a strip of brilliant flannel around his neck. It is the frequency of these severe and often fatal colds together with the numerous cases of lead poisoning among the smelters, which have given to Leadville its reputation for unhealthiness. I cannot discover deaths from other causes are especially common there, unless it may be from overdoses of bad whisky.

There has been discovered near Rowlesburg, West Virginia, belonging to Senator H. G. Davis, on Cheat river, a large body of pure and solid ice, formed last winter. Hundreds of people are daily visiting the spot to view the curiosity. The same thing is remembered to have occurred in 1860, when it was regarded as very curious.

The Art of Bouquet Making.

It seems an easy thing to make a bouquet as one looks over the garden and sees the beautiful flowers. But after all it is a difficult matter and one sometimes forgets that flowers have their affinities and preferences, as well as the human race. Above all give them room and not crowd them. When flowers are massed together they all lose their beauty. I saw an arrangement of flowers yesterday where two lovely day lilies that would have been beautiful if grouped alone in a slender vase with a few ferns or green spires, but whose effect was ruined by being put in the center of a mass of larkspurs and common garden flowers. The common flowers only looked the more common in contrast with the lilies, and the lilies looked as though caught in very coarse company.

For vases and bouquets of any sort there should be plenty of white for the foundation. When stemless flowers are used, like a tuberose or a single geranium, stems can be made by putting the ends inside of straws and then wiring it in; when arranged in the bouquet the straw cannot be seen, but the flowers can be kept fresh by absorbing the water. A pretty arrangement is to take a spike of scarlet gladiolus, with its brilliant coloring, arrange it with feathery grasses and gleams of white feverfew here and there, and you will have a lovely spot of coloring for some dark corner. Again, petunias and morning glories are difficult to combine with any flower, but give them a wide-mouthed vase and a few leaves and they are positively graceful. All lilies I think are prettiest if no other flowers are mixed with them.

For small vases a very good way is to clip them off and put them in carelessly as they come, then they will look natural; too much arrangement often spoils the looks of a vase of flowers. For either hand or vase bouquets do not put too many colors together.

Tom Jackson's Queer Pet.

Tom Jackson, of this city, says the Virginia (Nev.) *Enterprise*, has a trained horned toad which is quite a curiosity. It is as tame as a kitten and in a quiet way is full of fun. Mrs. Jackson has trained the little fellow to stand erect upon his hind feet, to stand on his head, steady himself with his forepaws; to turn over on his back and sham dead and to do quite a number of similar tricks. Tom says he thinks she will soon have the toad trained to play the jew-harp quite as well as the average Piute musician. The toad is fed on flies and similar insects, but is also very fond of milk, which it drinks from a spoon. Although always called the horned-toad or horned-frog in this country, the little beast is a lizard. Naturalists called it an iguanian lizard of the genus *Phrynosoma*. Our mountaineers, who are often quite as close observers of every living thing met with in the wilds as any naturalist, speak of a thing characteristic of the horned-toad that we have never seen mentioned by any of the scientists. It is that when the female is teased by a dog it ejects two small streams or slender threads of blood—at least a red liquid resembling blood. The liquid is spurted to the distance of nearly two feet and with considerable force. The liquid is evidently provided the little animal as a means of defense against foxes, wolves and such animals, and whatever may be its nature it renders a dog very uncomfortable in the region of the stomach. One dose of it satisfies his curiosity.

A Woman's Advice.

Make home a home, and make it one in every sense of the word. My husband is a great smoker; he loves to play cards, dominoes and chess; he is at perfect liberty to smoke in any room in the house, and I am always ready and willing to join him in the different games. I endeavor in every way to be not only a helpmate, but a companion to him, and the result has been that I have and enjoy his society; he prefers spending his evenings at home with me to seeking other society. I cannot understand why women will run the risk of losing their husbands' society and love merely for the sake of gratifying an over-fastidious taste. If they do not like tobacco, did they object to his using it during the days of courtship? And if they objected then and failed, why did they marry? If men will not give up such habits at the solicitation of their sweethearts, it is not likely they will be persuaded out of them by their wives; therefore I think it unwise for a woman to risk her happiness by quarreling with her husband over a venial fault, the existence and extent of which she knew and perfectly understood before she took upon herself the duties of a wife.

A Nevada Story.

At Omaha a disgusting exhibition is in progress in the shape of a rooster, which although having his head cut off, still lives. His head was cut off in Kansas four months ago, and the rooster ran under a house, whence in a day or two he was taken out alive, having refused to die. The present proprietor hearing of it bought it for \$50, and he says he has refused \$7,000 for it. He claims he is making a mint of money out of it. The bird is fed in the throat and takes nourishment rapidly; is in fat condition, and stands up and walks around at leisure. Surgeons explain it by saying that the head was cut off at the base of the brain near the end of the spinal column, which was not broken. The head is prepared in alcohol.

Owing to the numerous checks which the British government has put upon the importation of live cattle from this country, as it conflicts with the business of their butchers, New York marketmen have revived the trade of sending dressed beef, new inventions having obviated the difficulty of keeping the meat fresh.

Cause of the Coolness Between Russia and Germany.

After keeping the whole diplomatic world of Europe in one continuous flutter for more than a month, the origin of the cold wave which suddenly struck the Russo-German alliance, blighted its cordiality, and prevented the Russian emperor from being present at his uncle's golden wedding, has at last been found out. A certain Major Von Liegnitz, attached to the German legation at St. Petersburg as its military member, had some time ago the great misfortune to have, not only his money, but also his papers stolen from him. The thief was caught and the money was promptly restored by the police, but the papers were sent on a trip through the secret bureaus of the Russian administration, and here some disagreeable discoveries were made. The major's criticism was very free and not so very kind in its tone. This, however, could properly be considered and treated as merely a personal affair. But the papers also showed that the German government kept itself posted about everything military in Russia with a minuteness which looked very much like an actual preparation, and which in a striking manner reminded the Russian government of the startling familiarity which the Prussian staff developed in 1870-71 with all French matters. The result was that Major Von Liegnitz immediately returned to Berlin, though without his papers, and a few weeks afterward the French ambassador, Gen. Chaney, was invited to inspect one of the new seaports at Kronstadt, while the German ambassador was left out in the cold.

Some Interesting Facts.

The air we breathe contains five grains of water to each cubic foot of its bulk. The potatoes and turnips which are boiled for our dinner, have, in their raw state, the one 75 per cent., the other 90 per cent. of water. If a man weighing ten stone were squeezed flat in a hydraulic press, seven and a half stone of water would run out, and only two and a half of dry residue remain. A man is, chemically speaking, forty-five pounds of carbon and nitrogen diffused through five and a half pailsful of water. In plants we find water thus mingling no less wonderfully. A sunflower evaporates one and a quarter pints of water a day, and a cabbage about the same quantity. A wheat plant exhales, in 172 days, about 100,000 grains of water. An acre of growing wheat, on this calculation, draws and passes out about ten tons of water per day. The sap of plants is the medium through which this mass of fluid is conveyed. It forms a delicate pump, up through which the watery particles run with the rapidity of a swift stream. By the action of the sap, various properties may be communicated to the growing plant—timber in France, for instance, dyed by various colors being mixed with water, and poured over the roots of the tree. Dahlias are also colored by a similar process.

A Needed Improvement.

Some of the Western cities, notably Pittsburg, Cincinnati and Chicago, which have been for years hopelessly begrimed by the burning of soft coal, are delighted with the proposed plan of washing the smoke, so that when passing from the chimney it will not, it is said, soil a white handkerchief. They fear that this is almost too good to be true, but they are encouraged to believe that the present nuisance of thick, black, perpetual smoke can at least be greatly abated. Cincinnati has long been nearly as bad as Pittsburg, and Chicago has been steadily growing from bad to worse. St. Louis, Louisville and other cities where manufactures are increasing are suffering from continually falling soot, and the method of getting rid of it will, if successfully adopted, be a material blessing. No one who has not lived in Pittsburg or Cincinnati can have any idea of the detestableness of the smoke, which shuts out the sky, destroys the purity of the air, soils buildings, clothes, people, and renders life burdensome. When those towns are purified their best friends will hardly know them. The advantage will be incalculable.

Poor Girls.

The poorest girls in the world are those who have never been taught to work. There are thousands of them.—Rich parents have petted them; they have been taught to despise labor, and depend upon others for living, and are perfectly helpless. If misfortune comes upon their friends, as it often does, their case is hopeless.

The most forlorn and miserable women upon earth belong to this class. It belongs to parents to protect their daughters from this deplorable condition.—They do them a great wrong if they neglect it. Every daughter ought to be taught to earn her own living. The rich as well as the poor require training.—The wheel of fortune rolls swiftly round; the rich are very likely to become poor, and the poor rich. Skilled to labor is no disadvantage to the rich, and is indispensable to the poor. Well-to-do parents must educate their children to work. No reform is more imperative than this.

A pair of sparrow-hawks entered the barn of R. W. Garritt, a farmer of the town of Ballston, Md., last spring, and usurped the nesting place of a pair of doves in which they incubated and reared their young till near maturity, when the farmer seized the young hawks, three in number, which he is raising as mousers. They are as tame as young chickens, and their voracious appetites make them as efficient as a cat in destroying mice.

It is easier to forget a favor than an injury.

FOR THE FARMER'S HOUSEHOLD.

Green Peas and Oats for Cows.

Fodder-corn is almost universally raised to feed cows while on short pasture in the fall, and is so valuable an addition to their food that every dairyman should raise about one-eighth of an acre of it for each cow kept; but it should also be remembered that cows require a variety. It is not good economy to depend on one kind of green food, and especially one containing so little albuminoid matter as fodder-corn. Clover and a mixture of meadow grasses may be relied upon alone, but corn should always be fed with some more nitrogenous food. It does very well with half pasture, for the grasses will supply the albuminoid matter.

There are other green crops that should be raised to be fed with corn; and we know of none better than peas and oats, sown together—one third oats and two-thirds peas—three bushels of the mixed seed per acre, with drill. On land in good condition a large crop may be raised, having a value second to no other. Peas and oats are equal to clover, and may be raised on a great variety of soils—a most important consideration. We have raised twelve tons of this green food to the acre, and this would feed twenty-four cows ten days without any other food. The peas are rich in cassine—just what is required to make milk—and the oats is also rich in the elements of milk. These two crops grow well together, for the oats hold the peas up and prevent them from lying too flat on the ground. They mature so near together that they are both ready to cut at the same time. But the crop should always be cut when the pea pod is full and the grain in the milk. It is then very succulent and palatable, and will produce as much milk as any food we know of, aside from a large variety of pasture grasses in their most succulent state. If the dairyman has green fodder-corn also let him feed the corn, peas and oats together. He need never fear giving too much variety at once. In an old pasture cows find from twenty to fifty varieties of grass, to be eaten at the same time. This is what gives such fine flavor to the milkers on old pastures; it gathers and concentrates the aroma of all these plants, and it must have a more delicious flavor than that made from one kind of food, such as corn or rye, or even red clover, alone.

Italian Bees.

All who have tried them agree to the superiority of the Italian bee over the common blacks. To say that they are not is like saying that a short-horn is no better than the lean, long Texas scrub; or that Essex or Berkshire swine are no better than the long, lank hazel-splitter, with infinite noses. I have only space in this article to mention some of their superior qualities. They possess longer tongues, hence can gather honey from flowers which are useless to the black bee; they are more active and will collect more honey; they work earlier and later, both in the day and season; they are far better to protect their hives against robbers; they are almost proof against the bee moth; the queens are more prolific; the queen is more readily found. I would rather undertake to find three Italian queens than one black. It is frequently necessary to find the queen in a hive, and this advantage alone is of vast importance. The bees are more disposed to adhere to the comb. Another sufficient ground alone, is that the bees are far more amiable; if they are treated kindly they can be handled nearly any time without smoke.

Domestic Notes.

TO PREVENT PIE PASTE from soaking the liquid contained in the filling of the pie, glaze the under crust with a beaten egg.

FRUIT CANNING.—Put a pint of warm water in a basin, and lay in a flannel folded several thicknesses, being careful that the flannel is larger than the bottom of the dish. Place your empty jar on the flannel, and pour in your fruit boiling hot. A large number of cans can be filled without changing the water, with no danger of breaking. This simple method saves much time and trouble.

BAKED EGG PLANT.—Cut it into slices three-fourths of an inch thick and lay in salt water for an hour or more. Wipe the pieces dry and dip into beaten egg, then into bread crumbs or cracker dust; have the fat hot in your pan, just enough to prevent sticking—and put them into the oven until done. This will be found a better way than frying, and they are very light and delicious. Season to the taste before cooking.

ICE CREAM WITHOUT A FREEZER.—Beat the yolks of eight eggs very light, and add thereto four cups sugar and stir well. Add to this, little by little, one quart rich milk that has been heated almost to boiling, beating all the while, then put in the whites of eight eggs, beaten to a stiff froth. Then boil the mixture in a pail set inside another containing hot water. Boil about fifteen minutes, or until it is as thick as a boiled custard, stirring steadily meanwhile. Pour into a bowl to cool. When quite cold, beat into it three pints of rich sweet cream and five teaspoonfuls of vanilla, or such other flavoring as you prefer. Put it into a pail having a close-fitting cover and pack in pounded ice and salt—rock salt, not the common kind. When packed, before putting the ice on top of the cover, beat the custard as you would batter, for five minutes steady; then put on the cover, put the ice and salt over it and cover the whole with a thick mat, blanket or carpet, and let it stand for an hour. Do not let the salt get inside, or it will spoil the cream. Carefully uncover and scrape from the bottom and sides of the pail the thick coating of frozen custard, making every particle clear, beat again hard until the custard is a smooth, half-congealed paste. Do this thoroughly. Put on the cover, ice, salt and blanket, and leave it for five or six hours, replenish the ice and salt if necessary.