

SOME DAY.

Last night, my darling, as you slept, I thought I heard you sigh, and to your little crib I crept, and watched a space thereby; and then I stooped and kissed your brow, for, oh! I love you so!

FROM BOHEMIA.

Van Rensselaer sat through many an embassy dinner, eating messily dishes out of ribbons and filled papers and offering his rhyton remarks to many a foreign celebrity, but he glanced toward his left hand with some apprehension as he finished his soup making a hasty study of the princess with her blue black hair and her swarthy side face.

The Earth's Age.

Some Interesting Experiments in Regard to the Temperature.

In the geological laboratory of Harvard university an interesting series of experiments is being carried out to determine the age of the earth. The question is an old one, and many guesses of more or less scientific exactness have in the past endeavored to solve it.

The investigations are being carried on under the auspices of the Rumford fund, and the professors who are conducting them are being supplied with material for the research by Prof. Alexander Agassiz.

It was at the bidding of a scented note with a coronet on it that Van Rensselaer found himself a few days later entering the apartments of the Russian.

It was Schubert, and she played with such mastery of the instrument, such sympathy and love of the work, that Van Rensselaer was moved out of his reserve.

Now, all this is directly in contradiction to what has been found to exist in the Caucasus and in the Himalayas. At a depth of a mile the laborers work all day at a temperature of 70 degrees, which condition, it must be added, is not brought about by any elaborate system of ventilation.

Tempest in a Desert.

A Traveler's Description of a Sandstorm on the Arid Plains.

Our camp consists of nine tents, scattered among dry and stunted acacias, on which the camels feed with evident relish, while our men correspond to the scene of the British operations on the Nile.

At first one sighs for a breath of wind to cool the burning air. When it comes the effect is disastrous. A blinding, suffocating cloud of dust springs from the earth, sweeps over the camp and searches out every nook and cranny in hut and tent.

The moon was hidden behind a cloud of sand. Sand filled the air—a whirling, rushing, billowing mass. As it whirled around and above the tents, straining ropes, dashing against canvas, tearing tent pegs out of the ground, one began to realize how fragile was the roof overhead and to be even thankful that it was not more substantial.

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—Jennie O. Miller has received a verdict of \$200 for injuries she sustained on a defective sidewalk in Bradford, Pa. Judge Morrison has ordered the city council to levy a special one mill tax or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the claim.

Vienna's Victims of the Bubonic Plague.

A Terrible Sacrifice to Science.

Dr. A. S. Sappington, of Philadelphia, has just returned from Vienna, the seat of the recent outbreak of the bubonic plague. He knew Dr. Mueller and Herr Barisch, the two victims of the plague, and his account of the manner in which the plague started is interesting.

According to Dr. Sappington's statement, it is very possible that the plague originated in the laboratories of the General Hospital of Vienna, a hospital of 7,000 beds, larger than all our city hospitals rolled into one.

After almost a year of tireless work the doctor came back to Vienna. Dr. Mueller made the study of the plague his specialty, and large classes of young men, mostly strange to say, American doctors, who were abroad completing their education, came to study under him.

The German doctor had brought with him numerous specimens of the germs taken from his patients in Bombay. These he carefully preserved in glass cases and actually began to breed them by means of a bullion or beef tea, in which he floated them.

As far as is known, there is no cure yet discovered for the plague. All that can be done is to prevent its spread by isolation and by fire. When it has killed within its scope it returns to the earth and lives there.

—The manner in which the disease spreads is wonderful on account of its virulence. Flies and fleas in a house where a plague victim is lying die of the disease as they fly in the air. The germs seem to be everywhere. Not only do they permeate every organ of the unfortunate one, but they lodge in the dust of the house and creep back into the earth and the foundations.

Bread According to Rorer.

Brown Bread, Buns and German Horns.

Bread, that staff of life with which many a young wife has fairly wrecked her budding family, was the theme of Mrs. Rorer's lecture at the Food Exposition. First a word or two as to brown bread.

For Boston brown bread mix together one cup of Yankee rye, one of cornmeal and one whole wheat flour. Add a level teaspoonful of baking soda to a pint of thick sour milk; when foaming add a half cup of molasses. Turn this into the dry ingredients, add a level teaspoonful of salt; turn the mixture into a greased brown-bread mould, and steam continuously for five hours.

Scald a half pint of milk; add two ounces of butter and two eggs, well beaten; add one yeast cake dissolved in about two tablespoonfuls of warm water and sufficient flour to make a soft dough. Knead lightly and stand away until it doubles its bulk.

For German horns scald one pint of milk; add to it two tablespoonfuls of butter; when lukewarm add one yeast cake and sufficient flour to make a soft dough. When very light roll out, cut into crescents; stand them in a greased pan, and when very light run into a quick oven for 15 minutes. When they're half done you've to draw them to the oven door, brush with a glaze made from white of egg, sugar and milk; dust thickly with chopped almonds and return them to the oven to brown.

Beside this, Mrs. Rorer made a recipe of whole wheat bread. Select whole wheat flour, free from outside bran. Pour one pint of boiling water into one pint of sweet milk. When lukewarm add one compressed yeast cake (a half ounce), dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of warm water, and one teaspoonful of salt. Mix and stir in sufficient whole wheat flour to make a batter that will drop from a spoon.

For white bread pour one pint of boiling water into one of milk; when lukewarm add one teaspoonful of salt and one-half ounce of compressed yeast cake, dissolved in a quarter cup of warm water. Mix and stir in sufficient flour to make a dough. Turn this on a board and knead thoroughly, till soft and elastic. Put it back in the bowl, cover and stand for three hours, in 75 degrees Fahrenheit. Then form into loaves, put into greased pans, cover and stand in a warm place for an hour.

Fudge.

This delightful confection which is known variously as "fudge," "chocolate fudge," and "Vassar fudge" is made in the following simple manner: Put in a porcelain-lined saucepan 2 cups of granulated sugar, 4 sections of unsweetened chocolate (break in bits), 2 heaping tablespoonfuls of butter, and one cup of milk. Cook all together, stirring constantly to prevent burning, for twenty minutes. At the end of that time drop on a little of the mixture and try it by putting it on a cold plate. If it is done it will form a soft yet pliable paste.

Many persons eat this popular delicacy while still hot, at which time it is particularly delicious; but before venturing upon this daring act one must be very certain as to the enduring powers of his digestive apparatus.—Harper's Bazar.

—When properly made, rice and mushroom croquettes form a delicious luncheon entrée. Open a can of mushrooms (the French champignons) several hours before you make the croquettes, and drain off the liquor. Stew them for ten minutes in water or chicken stock, drain again, and chop. Save the sauce, and add a half dozen tablespoonfuls of rice. The rice will soak up all the broth, unless there is more than is necessary. Add to the soft rice the mushrooms, 2 teaspoonfuls of melted butter, the beaten yolks of 2 eggs, and season with pepper and salt.

—The simplest form of casserole of rice may be prepared by boiling a cup of rice in a pint of well seasoned chicken bouillon until tender, and until each grain stands separate. When the rice is quite dry make a firm mound of it on a platter, wash with the yolk of an egg, sprinkle with Parmesan cheese, and brown in a very hot oven. This dish may be served with tomato sauce.

Composition on Breathing.

A boy 13 years old, was told to tell all he knew about breathing in a composition, wrote the following: "Breathing is made of air. We breathe with our lungs, our liver and kidneys. If it wasn't for our breathe we would die when we slept. Our breath keeps the life going through the nose when we are asleep. Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait till they get out doors. Boys in a room make bad unwholesome air. They make carbonic, it's poisonous than black dogs. A heap of soldiers was in a black hole in India and a carbonic got in that hole and killed nearly everyone, afore morning. Girls kill the breath with corsets that squeeze the diaphragm. Girls can't holler or run like boys because their diaphragm is squeezed too much. If I was a girl I had rather be a boy, so I could run and holler and have a great big diaphragm.

Gold Filled Teeth.

More of the Metal Goes Into Them Than can be Got Out.

An example of some of the queer experiences people have when they are called upon to buy a thing which they are not familiar with and which they have only on rare and unusual occasions is thus set forth by the Milwaukee Sentinel:

A young woman who worked as a domestic went to a dentist to get her teeth repaired. He repaired them and sent a bill of \$85. He justified himself for the charges by explaining how much the fillings cost.

The Old Bucktail Flag.

Members of the Bucktails in this neighborhood will be interested in the following, which is taken from the Wellsboro Argonaut: Recently Captain J. V. Morgan, of this borough, received from Alonzo Howland, of Edgewood, Georgia, the old flag which was made by the ladies of this borough and presented to Company E, of the First Rifles, or Bucktails, and carried all through 1861 as the regimental flag.

Train Robber Killed.

Four Amateurs Met a Hot Reception on an Overland Train in California.

The westbound overland passenger train was held up by four robbers about 1 o'clock Sunday morning between Daggett and Barstow south of San Bernardino. Express messenger Hutchinson drove them off with a buckshot and the train pulled out for Los Angeles. At Barstow the train men sent a posse back to the scene of the holdup, where the body of one of the robbers was found perforated with shot.

A Stu's Sign.

"Elen, has George come home from school yet?" called Mrs. Snuggs to her servant. "Yes, ma'am," came back the answer. "Where is he?" "He hasn't seen him."

A Choir Angel.

The small son of the people and his little sister were inside the great West Philadelphia church for the first time. "Um—m—my! but it's a beaut place," he whispered. "I bet people wot belong here comes every time dey can." Her breath came to her in little gasps. Her soiled little fingers pressed on his with thrilled intensity. Her eyes fastened on the splendid chancel. "Heaven nus' be nex' door," she said. They hardly moved throughout the service, and never once let go each other's hands, for it was a strange land. At last the sweet choired procession of choir boys came down the aisle. At its head was a slim young sereph, with a face as fair and pure as the lichen he wore. Faint, dark circles beneath his eyes completed the ethereal effect. "Is dem angels?" the little girl began, but stopped short, surprised at the look on her brother's face. "Dat kid in front's Bill Griggs, wot I licked last week fer swipin' tings from ole Mrs. Maguire's apple stand. He ain't got over dem black eyes I gev 'im yet. Come on let's git out." His face was stern and set as they went. She furtively wiped a tear. —Philadelphia Record.