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Wed.

White-robed she comes, my love, my own,
Yet purer than the robe she wears;
White flowers she holds, the fairest known,
Yet sweeter than the flowers she bears:
So white, so sweet, yet I could seek
And find, beneath that white veil hid,
Love's hue upon that gentle cheek,
Love's light beneath that long-fringed lid.

Clash out, have bells! Ring far and wide,
And laugh to piping birds to scorn.
Fair kinsmen, kiss the bonny bride,
She wanders far with me this morn;
And if her eyes are filled with tears,
I grudge them not their tender rain,
My love can chase the misty fears
And kiss the sunshine back again.

—*Hugh Conway.*

The Spider's Lesson.

A tyrant in my border dwells
In Austian black and gold;
Wrought all in silver are his cells,
Fine-spun, a thousand fold.

His dwelling has no dingy roof,
Nor dismal underground;
The sunlight gilds it slender woof
On fragrant bushes bound.

And at his sweet, every morn,
Such brilliants do appear
As ne'er in many court were worn
By Christian monarch dear.

No prison dungeon has this wretch
Where victims, out of sight,
His cruel jealousy may fetch
And keep in hopeless night.

Yet subtle stratagems he springs
On harmless passers-by,
Winds his soft silk about their wings,
And hang them up to die.

I came to sweep his work away
With swift, impatient hand;
But here the lesson of the day
He teaches me as I stand.

The tyrant luxury doth so
Our winged souls entwine,
And binds us fettered in a show,
To mock the free sunshine.

The subtile web afar I'll leave
Of flattering deceit;
The gorgeous spider shall not weave,
His fetters for my feet.

The eye that views the heavens in faith,
The hand with justice armed;
Can see the snare that binds to death,
And scatter it, unharmed.

—*Julia Ward Howe, in Scribner.*

DELICIA.

She was so exquisitely beautiful, it was actually provoking that there shouldn't be the least romance about her. Waves of pale golden hair rippled away from her pearly forehead, and mounted revolver from a shelf, threw wide the hall-door and fired.

The bridle fell from the man's right hand, and Joan—three steps beyond the gate—stopped.

To Delicia's surprise, the man instantly dismounted, and, turning quickly toward her, lifted his hat.

"I am effectually stopped, young lady; but, believe me, I did not intend to steal your horse, and certainly left an equivalent, though now in sorry condition."

Bewildered still more by the courteous words and cultured tone, Delicia turned in the direction the stranger pointed with his left hand, and saw within the yard a dusty buggy and panting horse.

"I am trying to overtake my young sister, who has eloped with a scoundrel," was the man, who was both young and handsome, "and my horse broke down hopelessly just before I reached your door. Otherwise, in less than an hour I should have probably overtaken my sister before she was married and her life ruined. So near the object of my long and desperate drive, I could not be balked of its object for want of a horse. I knocked three times at your door, intending to beg or hire yours, which I saw, fresh, standing at the gate, but for some reason I could summon no living being. Knowing that my horse was more than equal yours in value, though now almost killed by hard driving, I resolved to take him, and, after overtaking the man who is running away from me, to instantly restore your property to you; but—with a little bitter laugh—"you have effectually prevented that. I think I am bleeding to death."

His voice closed faintly; the blood was spurting from his wrist. He sank upon the step at her feet.

Delicia's cheek grew white, for she knew the danger of that terrible bleeding. Unless it were stopped, the man would in a few moments be dead.

Springing to the side of the now unresponsive stranger, who seemed unable to utter another word, she snatched her handkerchief from her pocket, and tying it about the wounded arm, inserted a stick picked from the ground, thus making an effectual ligature, and, to the abatement of her terror, saw the frightful jets of blood subside.

The stranger's white face, the deluge of red blood, the sudden relief from spurring terror, turned Delicia faint. Then she struggled hard against a terrible reeling sensation, and held her own.

She thought wishfully of the glass of cordial upon the hall table, but her feet refused to stir.

Suddenly steps sounded at the gate. To her inexpressible joy and thankfulness, Aunt Thankful and Bob appeared.

Delicia explained to the former, briefly, though her voice sounded far away to herself.

"Wounded—hurt—bleeding awfully! Bob, ride for a doctor fast as you can go!" cried the old nurse, instantly in her element.

The wounded man was making visible efforts to keep from swooning, but when Aunt Thankful had administered a cordial and bathed his temples in cold water, he rose and walked weakly into the house, where, at her solicitations, he stretched himself upon a sofa, and then unexpectedly fainted.

"I don't in the least understand who this man is," remarked Aunt Thankful, steadily applying restoratives, "but such a ragged coat and fine shirt I never saw together before. Wanted to hire a horse, did he? What did you shoot him for? Of all strange actions—"

The driving of the doctor's buggy into the yard stopped her remarks, when Delicia returned to Alta Vannevar to find her in a wandering delirium.

Three strange days were devoted to nursing the invalids. A burning fever made the young girl unconscious.

Aunt Thankful's charge was conscious, but very weak and silent. Indeed, he seemed to himself to be in a dream half full of delights, but pervaded by a great trouble which he could scarcely name.

The radiantly lovely face of Delicia, the rustle of her dress, the sound of her footsteps pervaded his consciousness like a blessing, while his desperate quest and misfortune were only half-realized by him in the bodily weakness and inaction of brain caused by excessive loss of blood.

"How long have I been here?"

Delicia sat by him, having taken Aunt Thankful's place for a few moments, and started from a momentary absence of thought to find Guy Vannevar's eyes fixed piercingly upon her.

"This is the fourth day. Are you better?"

"I am not sick, only in a sort of dream which I cannot wake myself from."

"You are very weak."

"It was you I saw when I came here, wasn't it?"

"It was I who shot you," replied Delicia, blushing.

"I—I remember. Oh, my sister Alta!"—trying to rise upon his elbow.

"Lie down, please. You must not exert yourself. I have something to tell you," said Delicia.

"I have been here four days, you say. Good God! what will become of her?"

"Drink this coffee and try to be quiet. Alta is safe."

"How can you know?"

"I have her in my care. Wallace Munroe is dead—accidently killed."

"And they were not married?"

"No."

"Thank God!"

And then he asked:

"Are you sure of this?"

"Entirely sure."

Green and his son, the keepers of the village hotel.

Summoned to view the scene, they disentangled the senseless body, placed it in the carriage, and turned to Delicia for further directions.

"Get a doctor immediately that you reach the village, Mr. Green. I will take this young lady home with me, and bring her back to the hotel as soon as I can put Joan to the phaeton. Come with me, my poor child—I will take care of you," to the petite, white-faced girl; and throwing her riding-skirt more closely over her arm, she led Joan by a short-cut through the fields, back to Wheatlands.

By the way she tried to question her companion; but the girl, almost transported with grief, made such incoherent replies that she could only learn that she had been riding since the middle of the previous night, that they were on their way to Conway, that they intended to be married there

"Were you—were you," said Delicia, gently, in involuntary amaze, "running away from your friends?"

Alta nodded.

"From my brother, Guy Vannevar. He did not like Mr. Munroe. Yes, we were to be married against his will, and now—oh, Wallace, Wallace!"

Throwing Joan's bridle over the gate-post, Delicia led the trembling girl to the door. It was locked.

The key hung in the secret place known only to the family, for Aunt Thankful had at last executed a promise to visit a sick neighbor some quarter of a mile distant. Bob had not yet returned, for it wanted still an hour till noon.

To Delicia's consternation, the unhappy girl no sooner entered the warm parlor than she fainted.

With the strength of excitement, she lifted her in her arms and bore her into an inner room, where, placing her upon a bed, she unfastened her dress, bathed her temples and chafed her hands.

At length Alta Vennevar again drew her breath.

Passing through the hall to procure a restorative, Delicia saw a man just in the act of vaulting upon Joan. It was not Bob, though the saddle had been removed and lay upon the ground; it was a man in a ragged coat, evidently a tramp.

With a flash in her blue eyes, Delicia stepped back, and, snatching a silver-

He could talk no longer, but was visibly better in a few hours.

The next day, pale, wasted, but strong, in a simple earnestness, he said, quietly, to Delicia:

"How wonderfully beautiful you are!"

Something in his eyes kindled hers, and for the first time in her life Delicia felt within her pure breast the warmth and sweetness of love.

Half alarmed by her emotions and the growing power of the beautiful eyes bent upon her, she rose from her place beside him.

"You can see Alta to-day, you know, if she is better. I will go and see."

Alta Vannevar was better in body, but suffering in mind.

She looked like a living wraith in one of Delicia's long white wrappers, and turned from her brother's kiss and sat down in Delicia's lap like a tired child.

"Oh, if I could die! I know you love me, Guy; but you did not love Wallace. And he is dead. Oh, Delicia, you understand—you are a woman. I loved him!"

Guy Vannevar looked down at the two figures, buried in the great easy-chair, the serene woman folding the suffering child to her bosom, and a look inexpressible filled his soft dark eyes. And Delicia, glancing up, saw it and knew it was for her.

I cannot tell you how in a few days these two grew together; but when Guy Vannevar had told her of his position as a gentleman and the son of a gentleman, and discarded his disguise, which had facilitated his pursuit of Wallace Monroe, the atmosphere of mystery and suspicion was entirely dispelled, and as weeks and months brought their developments and occurrences, Delicia realized that the prayer of her secret heart was granted—one great and good loved her, and had asked her to be his dearly beloved wife.

All had come to her—love, romance, marriage and happiness; but to-day scarcely less beautiful than of yore, she will tell you that few women add to their history the experience of having shot their husbands, which is hers.

Spanish Beauties.

To-day, writes a Madrid correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, I was asked by one of the dark-eyed, fascinating, graceful and stately dear ones of Madrid if I would ride out to see her friends, who were arranging costumes for the coming fetes, I readily assented. How far do you think was the ride or drive? Merely round the corner. This round the corner represents a distance equal to the nearest part of Baltimore street to Barnum's hotel. But to walk it with that flowery robe, graceful mantillas and tiny feet all the time, and yet avoid beauty worst a painful piece of pedestrianism. What she lacks in walking she makes up in talking. Whew! Steam and electric conversation is nothing to a Madrid belle's tongue, on topics of costume, at least. The brilliant way in which she criticised Senor Americano and Senor Juan Ingles, as she styled her previous John Bull guest, was, in the unmodified language of Walt Whitman, "a caution to snakes."

"Does Senor Americano live on the Pilgrims' Rock when at home?"

I reply, in all simplicity, that I do not, and ask why she puts such a puritanical question.

"Oh, senor is so cold and rigid in saying but one yes and one no, when at least we want a dozen."

Has any one ever seen a Spanish belle sêw? I never have; even so-so. Of the half-dozen beauties in this group not one of them could put a thread through the eye of a needle half as easy as the Biblical camel could proceed through it. Not one of them ever stitched in all their lives. Two only knew how crochet, one was a dancer, but never did it. I know a man in the legal profession not a hundred miles from Monument square that could beat them all at needle and thread and herring-boning and back-stitching, etc. Their entire lives have been spent in reading French novels, unraveling French *modiste* riddles of dress—and she bills. They do not neither do they spin, and yet Solomon in all his glory is not—I trust never will be—equal to one or a dozen of them. What lilies of the valley! What daffy downdillies! Yet, not one would refuse to be a housewife! Young man, don't come here for a helpmate. You can do better at home. They can sing after a fashion; they can play the piano fairly well, and strum the guitar like angels, but to patch your pantaloons they would struggle and "die in the breach," absolutely defeated failures. They can paint in water colors all the "still-life" your imagination may desire, but to boil a dish of sweet potatoes would be a case of "hot water and no food," as was the event with Breitman's belle. A Madrid beauty is not a joy forever, and if she keeps on as she is she never will be.

The Hyde Estate.

The heirs of the Hyde estate met in Baltimore a short time ago and organized a union known as the "Hyde Association of the United States of America." The Rev. John P. Hyde, of Martensburg, W. Va., occupied the chair. Mr. George A. Hyde, of New York, attorney for the heirs of Thomas Hyde, was elected secretary, and Thomas Hyde, of Washington, treasurer. The questions discussed were: "Do the estates exist?" "Are they attainable by the American heirs?" and "Is the nature of the claims such as to warrant legal steps being taken with a view to obtain the property?" A great deal of documentary evidence was read, dating back as far as 1730. From the proofs at hand it was decided to take steps to enforce the claim. A fund is to be created to pay expenses, and George A. Hyde, of New York, who has made himself familiar with the law on the subject and the facts will probably be appointed attorney, and will visit England to prosecute the suit.

The heirs claim that there will be from fifteen to twenty-six estates, variously estimated in value from $60,000,000 to $600,000,000. The Hydes of Maryland are the descendants of Thomas Hyde, who came to America from England and landed at Annapolis in the year 1752. The association resolved to make Baltimore its headquarters.

Do Animals Resist Temptation.

Temptation frequently begets in the dog, cat and other animals the same kind of mental or moral agitation, and the same sort of result, as in man. Sometimes we can see—in the dog, for instance—the whole play of the animal's mind—the battle between its virtuous and vicious propensities, its promptings to the right and its endeavors to stick by the right, its longing for the wrong—for the tidbit, which it knows would be improper to steal—and the final triumph either of virtue or temptation. The poor animal, knowing or feeling the weakness of the flesh, sometimes has the strength, the force of character, the good sense, to avoid temptation altogether. But dogs, like men, are apt to have the most trying temptations thrust unexpectedly upon them, and then comes the tug of war of the appetites and passions—the moral turmoil that may make shipwreck of or that may strengthen virtue. Sometimes, then, by the dog, as by the man, temptation is successfully resisted after perhaps a series of protracted and painful moral struggles that have been very apparent to the onlooker. Unfortunately, however, equally in dog and man, the resistance of temptation is less common by far than non-resistance or non-success in resistance, the result of which is various forms or degrees of wrong doing.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

There are five daily papers published at or in the immediate vicinity of Deadwood, the Black Hills business center.

The Black Bean of Death.

The following story is told of the late George Jones, "the Count Joannes," whose eccentric ways and inordinate vanity made him the leading butt of ridicule in New York for many years: It seems that George Jones, the Count's father, was an English chemist, who about the year 1818 emigrated with his wife and two children, of whom George was the oldest, to this country. His brother was but four years old, he only six, and his sister a baby in her mother's arms. The vessel, an old sailing ship, fitted out after the ordinary method of emigrant vessels in those days, was a bad sea boat, and, meeting with terrible storms on the Atlantic, was driven far out of her course, and with difficulty kept above water. When at last the weather moderated it was found that the provisions, of which there had been an insufficient quantity at the start, were running short. Everybody was put on short allowance, but when at last the ship was on her direct course for Boston, whither she was bound, a further reduction had to be made. This was soon again reduced, and at last there was no food left on board, and starvation stared the crew and passengers in the face.

Driven desperate by hunger the crew mutinied, and the captain could only recall them to their duty by agreeing that beans should be drawn from a box, and the one upon whom the black bean fell should be killed for food for the others. Officers, crew and passengers, women and children, everybody on board was included in this horrible lottery, and with heavy hearts the famished emigrants came on deck to participate. The beans were all wrapped in pieces of paper, and it was agreed that none of them should be opened until noon on the day of the drawing, so that if, during the two hours that intervened a ship or land were sighted, the doom of the drawer of the fatal black bean might be averted at the eleventh hour.

The captain was the first man to put his hand into the death box. He drew it out, and unable to master his anxiety to know his fate at once, he tore off the covering, and discovered a white bean. He was saved, and as the officers, one by one, drew the beans from the box they followed the captain's example, pulled off the papers, and showed white beans. The first man among the crew who drew was the lookout, who came down from his perch in the masthead, secured a white bean, and resumed his lofty post. After the crew had all drawn, the black bean still remained in the box, and it seemed clear that the victim was to be found among the passengers! They drew by families, and comparatively few beans remained in the box when Mr. Jones with his wife and children advanced to take their chances. The father and mother drew white beans, and then the little boy, George, was led to the box. He scarcely comprehended the full nature of the terrible ordeal he was undergoing, but he plunged his little hand in and drew out a bean. His father hastily snatched it from him and was about to tear off the paper, when he shouted out: "I and thread" in time from the masthead. Amid the tears, laughter and feeble cheers of all on board, Mr. Jones cast the bean into the sea, and the future Count never knew whether it was a white or a black one.

A Splendid Charity Festival Directed By Parisian Journalists.

The *fete* given on the night of December 17 for the benefit of the sufferers by the inundation in Spain is said to have been the most brilliant event of the sort since the great Exhibition. It is gratifying to record that the affair was got up and directed by Parisian journalists. It was given in the Hippodrome and was attended by a great number of celebrated persons. The ex-Queen of Spain, the chief members of the French government, and, according to one report, "all that is most notable in Paris, whether in poetry or statesmanship, in journalism or oratory, was represented in the assembly" which, moreover, was "a serried mass of the beauty, wealth, genius and valor of France." The flags of all nations were lit up by electric lights, the city of Murcia was represented in pasteboard with amazing accuracy, and all the principal actresses of Paris sold flowers and sweetmeats and gloves. There were fountains and grottoes and bazaars. Mlle. Sara Bernhardt wrote autographs, Mlle. Judic told fortunes, Mlle Theo cried violets, Mme. Carvalho sold music and Mme. Croisette sold the journal of the *fete*. The cover of this sheet was designed by Gustave Dore, and Grevin was the caricaturist; and the contents were from such pens as those of Dumas, Sandeau and Feuillet. The pictures inside were drawn by Meissonier, Detaille, Vibert and others, and the money article was written by M. de Rothschild. The advertisements netted six thousand dollars, and there was an *edition de luxe* of the journal printed on vellum. There were eight hundred musical performers, a processional bull-fighters, a lottery, a concert of twenty-pianos for one unison and another of thirty harps. The orchestra for dancing included two hundred instruments. All the chief artists of the Theater Francaise and of the opera assisted. The festivities were kept up until morning, and were perhaps of unprecedented splendor and variety.

It is pleasant to hear this for several excellent reasons. The substantial results that have been gained for the poor peasants of the Murican plain supply the first ground for felicitation. We are charmed, in the next place, that a celebration devised and carried out entirely by journalists should have done honor to the craft by its immense success; and, finally, it is refreshing and grateful, amid the continual jars and jealousies and ominous clanking of swords so constantly resounding from most of the great European nations to hear sounds of peace, and charity and good will, which testify that among some at least of the peoples there still exists a sympathetic recognition of the great bond of human brotherhood.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

The Men Who Were Not Hanged.

The following story is told in Waite's "Life of Wellington:" "I got favorably taken in on that occasion," said the duke. "The troops had taken to plundering a good deal. It was necessary to stop it, and I issued an order announcing that the first man taken in the act should be hanged upon the spot. One day just as we were sitting down to dinner three men were brought to the door of the tent by the *provost*. The case against them was clear, and I had nothing for it but to desire that they should be taken away and hanged in some place where they might be seen by the whole column in its march next day. I had a good many guests with me on that occasion, and among the rest, I think, Lord Nugent. They seemed dreadfully shocked, and could not eat their dinner. I didn't like it much myself, but, as I told them, I had no time to indulge my feelings; I must do my duty. Well, the dinner went off rather gravely; and next morning, sure enough, three men in uniform were seen hanging from the branches of a tree close to the high road. It was a terrible example, and produced the desired effect; there was no more plundering; when, some months afterward, I learned that one of my staff took counsel with Dr. Hume, and as three men had just died in the hospital they hung them up, and let the three culprits return to their regiments." "Weren't you very angry, duke?" "Well, I suppose I was at first, but as I had no wish to take the poor fellows' lives, and as the example had the desired effect my anger soon died out, and I confess to you that I am very glad now that the three lives were spared."

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD

Saving Fodder.

A large stock and a short supply of fodder have compelled us to study economy in feeding. Our system, as now fairly inaugurated, results in saving everything, that is, every sort of fodder is made and food is eaten up. The breeding sheep are fed straw in the morning, and a gill of buckwheat each, at noon they get another feeding of straw, and at night hay. In the morning the racks are cleared, and the pens raked out down to the solid manure, and the entire quantity taken to the stable and fed to the young cattle. They eat this readily, as they get no other, and do just as well as if fed fresh forage from the barn. Nothing is wasted by the sheep. The horses are made to eat the contents of their racks clean, and they do just as well and better than to have a lot of hay left in the racks after each feeding. By this manner of feeding they are not allowed to gorge themselves, which is a good foundation for heaves, and a common one, and their appetites are kept keen, which improves digestion. An empty manger is always a good appetizer, and when stuffed is a poor one. An animal can be fed too much as well as too little. The manure from the horse stable is kept separate from that of the cow stable, and carefully thrown into a pile by itself. When the cattle are turned into the yard in the middle of the day they eat all of the litter on this heap, so there is no waste from the horse stable. The cows are all fed in the stable, all they will eat up clean, so that there is but little refuse, and what there is, is used for bedding the horses. Every animal is fed in a stable, and never in the yard This is the daily round, and the way we make fodder go as far as possible.—*F. D. Curtis, in Land and Home.*

Household Hints.

Good mutton is bright red, with plenty of hard, white fat.

Never use skewers, as they cause the meat juices to escape.

Lamb of the best kind has delicate, rosy meat, and white, almost transparent fat.

All green vegetables should be very crisp, fresh and juicy, and are best just before flowering.

Veal and pork should be of a bright flesh-color, with an abundance of hard, white, semi-transparent fat.

Beef should be of a bright red color well streaked with yeliowish fat, and surrounded with a thick outside layer of fat.

Fresh poultry may be known by its full, bright eyes, pliable feet and moist skin; the best is plump, fat and nearly white.

Roots and tubers must be plump, evensized, with fresh, unshriveled skins, and are good from ripening time until they begin to sprout.

Never touch lettuce with a knife, as it impairs the flavor and destroys the crispness of the leaf; always tear it apart with the fingers.—*Miss Corson.*

Fish, when fresh, have firm flesh, bright, clear eyes, rigid fins and ruddy gills. Lobsters and crabs must be bright in color and lively in movement.

The feet and neck of a chicken suitable for broiling are large in proportion to its size; the tip of the breastbone is soft and easily bent between the fingers.

Winter Layers.

Winter layers are proverbially scarce, which fact is fully attested by the high price which eggs command readily during that time. There are some varieties which have long been lauded by interested parties as "winter layers," yet they would refuse to shell out the eggs if not attended to properly. We, of course, believe that there is much in the breed, for pure-bred specimens are the living result of years of labor, care and experience, and have resulted from a selection of the best, for special purposes, for years; but under ordinary management these self same birds will be found far less profitable than birds used to such treatment for years, for they have had the best of care and the reason is too great. To secure winter layers, get a number of birds of a breed noted for being good layers; give them a warm, comfortable and roomy house; feed them liberally, principally on wheat and occasionally on corn—which should be warmed before being fed—and meat scraps; pay strict attention to cleanliness and to giving them fresh water—milk is better—regularly, and we do not think you will have any cause to complain of results.—*Poultry Monthly.*

Fattening Fowls.

To fatten fowls, put them in coops or in a small enclosure which can be covered and made dark. Have some peas or barley ground; or procure some oatmeal and mix the meal with mashed boiled potatoes, giving it warm, and as much as the fowls will eat, four times a day. When they are fed, use a clean trough and remove the fouled one. For drink, give them peas or barley gruel sweetened reasonably. The fowls will be as fat as they can be made in two weeks. Carrots are largely used in England, Germany and France, at fattening time, when they are boiled and mashed up with the meal and ground oats.

Edison Outdone.

"I am willin' to admit," said Grandfather Lickshingle, "that Mr. Edison has invented a wonderful invention."

Several members of the family arose and started toward the door.

"I was well aware," continued grandfather, without changing his tone, "that some persons resists any attempts at enlightenment on scientific topics, an' I therefore locked the door and put the key in my pocket. When I was a young man I was a great hand for experimentin' at one thing an' another, an' spent all my surplus wages in workin' on a new light. I didn't fool aroun' with electricity, but went right for the planets. The sun, moon and stars, the real source of all light and heat, was what your grandfather tackled. I will give you the results themselves, an' then you will see that Mr. Edison is a tolerably small specimen."

"Your light wasn't superior to the electric light?"

"Wasn't eh? My light was as much ahead of Edison's as a house afire is ahead of a lightnin' bug. Young ladies could take my light and see their future husbands as plain as day."

"That was certainly very remarkable."

"Alongside of my light a streak of lightnin' had no more color to it than a rail fence, while a couple of small boys smokin' cigar stubs lit from my illuminator looked like a torchlight procession."

"It must have created a sensation in the scientific world?"

"Yes, an' in the literary world, too. It knocked light readin' forty ways for Sunday. By attachin' a ten-cent dufunny to your burner, it 'ud generate a power that could be applied in any direction under the shinin' sun. It 'ud run a washin'-machine, iron the clothes, answer the door-bell, carry in the coal, run errands—"

"Grandfather, ain't you mistaken?"

"—blacken your boots, cut your corns, drive home the cows an' haul a freight train."

"What has become of your wonderful light, grandfather?"

"Right there you will have to excuse me. Suffice it to say I have it stored away in a safe place, an' at the proper moment I will spring it upon the country again. I will give you a pointer in time to sell Edison stock short, an' if you don't retire worth more than the king of the Cannibal islands, don't blame it on your grandfather."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

TIMELY TOPICS.

The aggregate steam power in use in the world is at present 3,500,000 horse-power employed in stationary engines, and 10,000,000 horse-power in locomotive engines. The force is maintained without the consumption of animal food, except by miners, who dig the coals, and the force maintained in their muscles is to the force generated by the product of their labor about one to 1,080. This steam power is equal to the working force of 25,000,000 horses, and one horse consumes three times as much food as one man. The steam power, therefore, is equal to the saving of 75,000,000 human beings.

The taking of the next United States census will begin June 1, 1880. On that day about 20,000 enumerators will commence their labors—those in the cities being required to complete their work in two weeks, while others will be allowed the whole month of June. Persons alive on the first of June, but dying before the enumerator reaches them, will be counted in the census; births subsequent to the first of June will not be counted. Special agents will be employed to collect statistics relating to education, mining, manufacturing, agricultural and various other departments of trade and industry.

The islands at the western end of Lake Erie and the neighboring shores of Sandusky bay are largely devoted to the production of grapes and wine. The Sandusky *Register's* annual report, just published, for 1879, shows that there are in this district 4,000 acres planted with vines, the yield for the year being in round numbers 16,000,000 pounds of grapes. The wine houses report a production of 1,526,400 gallons. The *Register* estimates that not more than 1,000,000 gallons of pure juice has gone with the 1,500,000 gallons of wine. Some of the dealers, it says, make no secret of the fact that they use spirits, sugar and water largely, and claim that this doctored stuff is more acceptable to their customers than pure wine.

The taxing district of Memphis is cursed with a large number of decayed and broken wooden pavements. The *Avalanche* of that city, in speaking of the effect of these pavements on the health of residents, says: Until the era of wooden pavements Memphis was a healthy city. The enormous filth accumulation of years in the vaults has, however, become the popularly placed breeding factor. While the vaults are going through the process of extinguishment, the wooden pavements, the next nuisance in rank, must not be forgotten. The wooden pavement is doomed to destruction. Another summer's sun will never shine down on that mass of death dealing, rotten wood. There must be no "ifs" or "buts." Better to be without any pavements than longer to tolerate it. It was a pardonable mistake to construct a wooden pavement in this southern climate, and now, like doctors' mistakes, it should be put out of sight as soon as possible.

The Danes are beginning to manifest uneasiness as to the fate which awaits their country. They anticipate being sliced up at no distant date for the immediate benefit of Prussia and Sweden. As Denmark can no longer defend the communications between Jutland and the islands by the superiority of her fleet, as was the case during the former wars with Germany, it has been decided on principle not to defend Jutland and the island of Fuhen, but to concentrate the whole defense of the country on the island of Sealand, where the greater part of the resources of the nation are centered. The population of Copenhagen are said to be profoundly impressed with the conviction that at the first given opportunity Prussia intends to occupy Denmark, keeping as her share of the spoil the provinces of Jutland and the island of Fuhnen, while Sealand and the surrounding islands are to revert to Sweden. This would be tantamount to the final division of Denmark, begun in 1815 by uniting Norway to Sweden, and followed up in 1864 by the occupation of the duchies of Schleswig, Holstein and Lauenberg by Prussia.

Nerve.

About a year ago a prisoner was brought from one of the Territories in irons, and handed over to the Detroit House of Correction, with the warning that he was a desperate character, and had boasted that he would "run" the institution. He had a malignant look and a surly answer for all questions, and when ordered down into the bath room he boldly declined to go.

"Step down!" repeated the deputy.

"I won't," replied the prisoner, backing off a little and glancing around for a weapon.

The deputy was the man for the occasion. Walking close up to the prisoner, he said, in a quiet but far reaching voice:

"Every prisoner under this roof must obey me or die. If you are not down stairs in thirty seconds I will shoot you through the head!"

No weapons were in sight. The men faced each other barehanded. The prisoner was a robber and a murderer. The deputy was an officer of nerve. For ten seconds they looked into each other's eyes and read each other's thoughts. Then the prisoner turned and went down stairs, and from that day to this he has been as submissive and obedient as any man in the prison.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Aged 127 Years.

C. L. Hunter, of Lincoln county, begin in the *Observer* office yesterday, reg marked upon the recent article in this paper in reference to Che-Squish-Yah the Graham county Indian, 141 year of age, and said that he supposed the next oldest man in the State to be Cross Woodis, a mulatto of his county, whose age is given at and generally believed to be 127 years. Woodis is a native of Chatham county, and was born on the Haw. In early life he moved to Canada, where he lived for several years, and returning to North Carolina he settled in Cabarrus county, whence he moved, many years ago, to Lincoln. When capable of such active work he was a well digger and a blacksmith, and claims to have dug 199 wells in his life up to the breaking out of the late war. He still does a good deal of work, and retains with marked vigor many of his natural powers; frequently in picking cotton he stops to pick out the seeds. This old man is put down in the census report of 1860 as 108 years old, and if this record is correct the figures upon his present age are. Dr. Hunter is of the opinion that his age is not overstated, a number of facts leading him to this conclusion.—*Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.*

Character in Voices.

The author of "Sporting Adventures in the Far West" says: I have noticed as a fact that struck me as being peculiar, that the bravest and largest wild animals always had deep voices, and that they were generally melodious, full of music as it were; while the small fry, which would run from a common cur, had high, sharp voices. I have hunted with some of the bravest men, the best scouts and the most famous hunters in the West, and I found that they also had heavy tones as a rule; and deduced from this that the highest order of animals, these that were brave and daring, were also deep in voice, and their intonations never jarred on the ear. When I saw that the heroes in an opera were tenors, it struck me as an odd idea that thin-voiced animals were seldom so courageous in actual life as their deeper-toned congeners, and this has caused me to express it here, to see if it is in any way founded on fact, or whether it is a mere artificial system of display.

Struck by Lightning.

The New York *Herald* has been getting the opinions of various prominent persons as to the best means of inflicting capital punishment. Some one proposes electricity, and Dr. Hammond opposes that method on the ground that electricity is not always an effective death-dealing agent. In support of his assumption Dr. Hammond gives this instance of a man's being struck by lightning and recovering:

Dr. G. Wilks contributed this case to the Clinical Society of London. On June 8 last four men at work in Romney Marsh were compelled by the violence of the rain to seek shelter. Three of them retired into a lodge, the fourth (J. Orman) remaining under a willow tree by the window of the lodge. Almost instantaneously the building was enveloped in a blaze of lightning. The three occupants, having recovered from their terror, ran to seek their companion. They saw that the tree had been struck, that Orman's boots lay at the foot of the tree and his clothes scattered in a line for several yards along the field, while he himself was stretched upon his back six feet away, stark naked, calling to them for aid. The man himself said that he felt himself violently struck across the chest and shoulders, hurled through the air and dashed upon the ground, and was sure that he never lost consciousness. His clothes were blown off him except one sleeve of his flannel undervest; the leather straps which fastened his trousers were rent like tinder and his new strong boots torn like paper, while his watch and chain were partly fused. Upon admission to the Ashford Cottage hospital the man was found to be burnt all over, more or less. His eyebrows and whiskers were gone; the burns on the back and chest were superficial, those on the abdomen and phibes more deep; down each leg ran a broad three-inch ribbon-like scar, terminating at the left heel in a small roundish hole; at the right, in a large lacerated wound, through which the oscalcis might be felt fractured in several pieces. There was also a compound comminuted fracture of the right tibia and fibula, which bones were protruding through the skin in the course of a ribbon-like burn. The deepest burns were about where the buckles of the waist belt and garters and the watch must have been, but from the knee to the heel on the right leg the whole thickness of the skin in the ribbon-like track was destroyed by the burning. The man was dead, but singularly placid and cheerful, showing no signs of shock. He made an excellent recovery (though the bones about the fractures and the sloughy state of heel were complications of some moment), walking across the room ten weeks after the accident. He was now (October) earning his living, with a leg shortened from a half to three-quarters of an inch. The following facts were noted: First, the course of electrical action was from above downward; second, the clothes being very wet, their conductivity had been probably heightened; third, where the flannel was next the skin the burns were more superficial; fourth, where the cotton shirt and trousers touched him the burns were uniformly deeper; fifth, wherever there had been a piece of metal—*e. g.*, waist belt, jacket buckles, watch, shoes—there had been an explosion, or at least a development of great heat; sixth the man was aware that he usually raised his right heel from the ground during micturition, which might have caused the fierce explosion on that side; seventh, the nervous system had an almost complete immunity from injury; this was attributed to the wet clothes being good conductors.

Humors of Plagiarism.

As a rule, says the Cincinnati *Commercial*, it is not safe to plagiarize; but in this we, as in other things, there are exceptions. A minister of Western New York had been accused of preaching heresy, and was brought before the Presbytery to account for his offenses. He asked permission to deliver before the Presbytery a carefully-prepared discourse, in which he would set forth the doctrines he held. As it is close the members were called upon to pass judgment upon it. Some denounced it, several said it contained the rankest heresy, others considered it orthodox, and a few wisely declined to express an opinion. Before the final vote was taken the accused was permitted to make a statement. He told them that the sermon he had just preached was one of Dr. Chalmer's, and directed where it could be found. He remarked further that if they declared him a heretic on the strength of it they must declare the great Scotch divine to be one too. Some of the brethren then got mad at the trick played upon them, but all concluded that the proceedings against the accused had better be dropped.

Another case of justifiable plagiarism was that of an eminent minister who outwitted a brother minister equally eminent. No. 1 entered the church of No. 2 just as he was about to announce his text. No. 1 tried to sit near the door, but No. 2 spied him, and invited him to a seat in the pulpit. No. 1 once in the pulpit No. 2 whispered to him, "You must preach for me this morning." "No," I said, "I came to hear you, and I am going to." No. 2 insisted, and No. 1 finally consented. So No. 2 removed his sermon from between the leaves of the Bible, placed it on a little shelf under the pulpit, and took a seat in the congregation to enjoy his friend's sermon. No. 1, as he rose to preach, took the sermon from the shelf, and went through it word for word, no doubt to the edification of No. 2, who wrote it.

No Royal Road.

The humorous paragrapher of the time often bears hard on existing evils. For instance, the man who wrote that a son, once declared to his father that he would never learn a trade, but that he quickly changed his mind, for in six months afterward he was making shoes in the penitentiary, with all his grim humor struck the keynote of much of the crime and evil that afflicts the community. There is no royal road to learning, neither is there any to wealth and position. If the days of a man's life when the faculties are ripening and when the impulses for good or evil are strongest, are allowed to slip past without an effort being made to work and exercise self-denial, ruin and disgrace will be the inevitable result. The young should be taught habits of industry, whether rich or poor. But unfortunately we do not hear of young men who will yet be heirs to fortune taking a position with the common sailor before the mast, toiling in the factory, sweating at the forge or following the plow, so that by experience and knowledge of all the details necessary to make up the perfect workman they may be fitted to follow out some honorable vocation in life. Nor do we find women throwing aside their frivolities, settling down to the performance of household duties, and by a thorough course of practical training preparing themselves to rule in the kingdom of home. And that is not the worst side of the question. Unfortunately, this neglect of practical education is not confined to the rich. Even those in humble circumstances have become imbued with the same false ideas as to what constitutes true dignity, and disdain labor. These false notions are doing serious mischief.

A monument to Samuel Nelson, the eminent jurist, being proposed by the people of Cooperstown, the *Freeman's Journal* of that place, says: "He alone, in the time of Samuel, the first circuit judge among the Jews, till the present era, sat upon the bench for a term of fifty years."

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Fashions in Jewelry.

Very simple jewelry is now worn. The diamond earrings and gold necklaces seen in street cars and with walking dresses during the shoddy period are fast disappearing with the return to simple dressing. The absence of all jewelry in the daytime is the rule with many ladies of taste, while others have abandoned all merely ornamental pieces with street costumes, reserving their gems for evening and full-dress toilettes, where display is more appropriate. The useful articles that are almost necessary to complete a lady's dress are the brooch, sleeve-buttons, and a very modest watch chain, and when any fanciful piece is now added to these, it is not the locket or pendant lately in favor, but some curious bracelet, not a bangle, but a slender band, or else a serpentine gold braid that is twined around the wrist to keep the long glove smooth, or perhaps it is thrust higher up the arm out of sight, and worn as a token or a talisman.

The favorite brooch is the useful shape, long and slender, with a strong pin, and is known as the lace pin, because of the prevailing fashion of wearing lace on the throat and bust. This style is used for diamonds and pearls, as well as for the simple gold or silver brooches worn in the morning. For diamonds there is an Etruscan gold band, or, better still, a frame in which the pendent diamonds swing. This is the popular design for a diamond brooch, but more rare ones represent a long spray of flowers with the foliage of incrusted diamonds, and a ruby in the center of a wild rose, or else rose-buds of pearls of different colors, such as the pink pearl, the yellow, like a tea-rose, or the pear-shaped white pearl. Rich colored stones, such as the ruby, sapphire, or emerald, are now combined with diamonds. Sometimes there is a massive bar of gold with a single diamond sunk in the center; this makes an elegant and durable brooch. St