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"Since Mother Died."

The sun shines just as bright to-day
As it e'er did before,
The world is busy, glad and gay,
And jogs on as of yore;
But yet to us, the girls and boys
Who were her hope and pride,
It seems bereft of half the joys
It had since mother died.

We wander through the lonely halls,
We linger in her room—
The pictures hang upon the walls,
The roses are in bloom;
And yet their hues seem faint and dim,
As if they tried to hide—
And deepening shadows fitful seem
On all since mother died.

Go'n' Home To-day.

My business on the jury's done—the quibblin' all is through—
I've watched the lawyers right and left, and given my verdict true;
I stuck so long unto my chair, I thought I would grow in;
And if I do not know myself, they'll get me there ag'in;
But now the court's adjourned for good, and I have got my pay,
I'm loose at last, and, thank the Lord, I'm going home to-day.

I've somehow felt uneasy like, since the first day I came down;
It is an awkward game to play the gentleman in town;
And this 'ere Sunday suit of mine on Sunday rightly sets;
But when I wear the stuff a week, it somehow galls and frets.
I'd rather wear my homespun rig of pepper, salt, and gray—
I'll have it off in half a jiff when I get home to-day.

The mornin' that I came away we had a little bout;
I coolly took my hat and left before the show was out.
For what I said was naught whereat she ought to take offense,
And she was always quick at words and ready to commence;
But then she's first one to give up when she has had her say;
And she will meet me with a kiss when I go home to-day.

I have no doubt my wife looked out, as well as any one—
As well as any woman could—to see that things was done;
For though Melinda, when I'm there, won't set her foot outdoors,
She's very careful, when I'm gone, to tend to all the chores;
But nothing prospers half so well when I go off to stay,
And I will put things into snape when I get home to-day.

My little boy—I'll give 'em leave to match him, if they can;
'Tis fun to see him strut about, and try to be a man;
The gamest, cheeriest little chap you'll ever want to see!
And then they laugh, because I think the child resembles me.
The little rogue! he goes for me like robbers for their prey;
He'll turn my pockets inside out when I get home to-day.

My little girl—I can't contrive how it should happen thus—
That God should pick that sweet bouquet and fling it down to us!
My wife, she says that han'some face will some day make a stir;
And then I laugh, because she thinks the child resembles her.
She'll meet me half way down the hill, and kiss me any way;
And light my heart up with her smiles when I go home to-day.

If there's a heaven upon the earth, a fellow knows it when
He's been away from home a week, and then gets home again;
If there's a heaven above the earth, there often, I'll be bound,
Some homesick fellow meets his folks, and hugs 'em all around.
But let my creed be right or wrong, or be it as it may,
My heaven is just ahead of me—I'm going home to-day.

—*Will Carleton, in "Farm Ballads."*

DOLLY'S PARACHUTE.

"P-a-r par—a-c-h-u-t-e. Uncle Harry, what's that? a parachute?"

"A big word for a little girl's tongue, Dollie. Come, let me see if it has twisted it crooked?"

My six-year-old niece gravely put forth the desired organ, and I as gravely pronounced it sound and straight.

"But I want to know, Uncle Harry," she persisted.

So I took the young lady on my lap, and explained, as well as I could, the mysteries of the parachute; and the beautiful brown eyes grew bright with wonder at the new ideas thus presented to her inquiring mind.

My story finished, Miss Dollie sat awhile on my knee in deep thought; and then she got down, and trotted off with a preoccupied, business-like air.

I loved a good cigar in those days—I do now for the matter of that—and sitting smoking on the portico, with the sweet summer breezes dancing around me, and the woodland songsters filling the air with music, I forgot Dollie—though I had promised to keep an eye on her—until suddenly startled by a series of screams and outcries proceeding from the garden, a sure indication that the mischievous little monkey had got into some sort of trouble, as usually happened on an average twice a day, at least.

I threw away my beloved cigar, and rushed out to the scene of the turmoil, my sister closely following; but neither of us, I must confess, were prepared for the sight that met our view.

There was a tall grape-arbor in the garden, composed of several upright posts connected by long slats, nailed longitudinally, and projecting a foot or more beyond the uprights at either end. There were fifteen of these slats, a foot apart, and on the end of one of the uppermost ones hung Miss Dollie.

She was suspended somewhat in the manner of a penknife with the blade partly open and the point turned downward; and as she swung to and fro, filling the air with lamentations, her poor little nose received many a blow from the frantic plunges of her knees and feet.

"Keep still, Dollie!" I cried out, my voice full of laughter.

And then I clambered rapidly up the arbor, and plucked the terrified child from her elevated, impromptu swing, landing her safely on the ground.

"Dollie," said her mother, severely, "haven't I forbidden—"

"It's all Uncle Harry's fault, so it is!" sobbed Dollie, in doleful accents. "He said a person could jump off a high place, and come down easy, if they had a parachute, so I thought I'd try, and I got his—"

"Mine!" I cried out; "I have none, you little goose!"

"You has, Uncle Harry; you take it out to keep the sun off when you go to draw pictures and to paint."

"Oh," said I, "I see; you mean my artist's umbrella, little lady! That is not a parachute at all."

"It's not an umbrella!" cried Dollie, indignantly. "It's big, and strong, and heavy, and you put it in a pipe, and stick it in the ground. I got it, and first I got on the fence and jumped down, and I bumped so hard it most took the breff out of me. Then I 'membered Uncle Harry said the air must get under it; and so I climbed up the arbor and jumped off, and—and I didn't go at all. Just look at my hoopskirt, mamma—it's all Uncle Harry's fault—just look!"

Mamma did look, so did the much-abused uncle, and both fell into fresh convulsions of laughter.

It was the fashion in those days for the little feminines, as well as the big ones, to wear stiff, rattan hoopskirts. Dollie had been very proud of hers—the first of its kind to her—and now, alas, having served as a hook to suspend its owner in mid-air, it presented a woe-begone appearance—rattans twisted and broken, and trailing behind in a decided peak.

Altogether, it was too much for my gravity, and I lay down on the grass to laugh at my ease, while my sister carried off the much-offended Dollie to restore order to her dilapidated clothing.

It was some time before I recovered sufficiently to go to the rescue of my impromptu parachute, which, meanwhile, was reposing quietly in a blackberry bush.

The next day was like many of its predecessors—warm and beautiful—almost too beautiful, in fact, for we were getting tired of the hot sun and cloudless sky, and felt that we could heartily join in the cry of the drooping plants for clouds and rain.

We had had three weeks of oppressively hot, dry weather, but to-day was considerably cooler; there was a brisk breeze, and a few floating, fleecy clouds gave some hope that a change of weather was at last approaching.

"Lou," said I, to my sister, as we stood on the porch together after breakfast, "it really looks as if it might rain some time, and perhaps I had better not postpone my sketch any longer. I'll go now; and while I saddle Fleet, and get my portfolio and Dollie's parachute ready, do you put me up some lunch, like the dear, good sister you are. I shall not be back before night."

And thus it happened that an hour later found me riding over the broad prairie that lay on one side of the beautiful lake near which my sister dwelt.

There was a little town there, the beginning of one of those Western transformation scenes where the wilderness becomes a city as by the stroke of a wand.

The lake, as I have said, was a beautiful thing to look upon; its shores were bold and abrupt, in some places rocky, and more like a precipice than the banks of a peaceful sheet of water; on the side opposite the town, from which point I desired to make my sketch, a rank, dense growth of virgin forest extended to the very verge of the lake, forming a sharp contrast to the scantily-wooded prairie that stretched far away behind it, and in fact, on every side, leaving the lake and the narrow belt of forest encircling it like an oasis in the desert.

It was a long ride around to the point I had in view, but finally I arrived there, and with a gentle sigh of satisfaction, I tied Fleet to a tree, and settled myself to the pleasant task of transferring to paper, as best I might, some faint likeness of the beautiful scenery.

I was an artist, not only by nature but by profession, and I had come from my far-away home not only to visit my sister and her husband, but to carry back with me materials for an ambitious landscape painting that was to appear on the walls of the Academy of Fine Arts.

In a fit of laziness, induced by the oppressive heat, I had put off my work until now, and found myself nearing the end of my visit without having taken one step toward the chief object of my journey.

Now, therefore, finding myself at last on the spot I had selected for my grand sketch, I fell to work in all eagerness, absorbed utterly, as was my wont, so that I soon became oblivious of everything, save my task.

I forgot poor, patient Fleet, waiting for his dinner; I forgot my own lunch; I forgot that the hours were creeping on—until at last I returned to earth sufficiently to rail at the heavy fog, which had latterly been settling down over the lake, obscuring my view.

Next, I became alive to the fact that Fleet, my favorite horse and my pet, was snorting loudly and pawing the ground in a way that plainly indicated something amiss with him.

"Well, it is time to start for home," thought I, as I rose and stretched my cramped limbs. "The fog is shutting out the view. Whew! some one is burning brushwood hereabouts; my nose sniffs it, my eyes weep at it."

I turned my face away from the lake, and, good heavens! fog, brushwood—neither of these harmless things was it that had gradually darkened the atmosphere, and was causing my eyes and nose to sting and smart. No wonder that poor Fleet snorted and pawed the ground, wild with impatience and fear.

The forest was on fire—on fire in the most alarming sense of the word!

It was not a slow, languishing fire, creeping along the ground at a moderate rate, but a fierce roaring army of fiery demons, leaping and dancing, and rushing onward with almost lightning speed.

I shall never forget the feeling of horror and despair that overwhelmed me, as the imminent danger of my position was thus suddenly revealed to me. I actually believe the hairs on my head rose up and stood on end; certainly they felt as if they did, in the first shock of surprise.

But that was over in a moment, and collecting my scattered senses I took in the whole situation at one rapid glance.

In front of me a bold, precipitous bank, totally impassable on account of dense undergrowth, even if it had not been so steep; the glistening waters on the lake far below; to the right, to the left, behind me, one unbroken semi-circle of flame—fierce, crackling, roaring—leaping over the dry, parched underbrush, with a speed that even my fleet-footed Arabian could not hope to equal. And if he could, what would it matter, since the fierce flames imprisoned me on three sides, and a precipice on the fourth?

With a sinking heart I strained my eyes to discover some loophole of escape, some break in the advancing wall of fire; and an ejaculation of thanksgiving burst from my parched lips, as, far away on the left, I saw a little, dark spot in the line of flame, and remembered that just there a beautiful spring bubbled up in the middle of the forest, making a pool small and shallow, yet all-sufficient to preserve my life, could I reach it before the army of fiery demons should flank it, and stretch an impassable barrier between me and this, my one hope of safety.

In one second I was on my horse's back, and fleeing at a break-neck pace toward that blessed spot of refuge—an oasis, verily, in that desert of fire. It was fully half a mile distant, and though my fleet-footed animal, seemingly imbued with a full knowledge of all that depended on his speed, flew over the ground as even he had never done before, I soon saw that the race was a desperate one, well-nigh hopeless.

The hungry outcry and roar of the flames, as they leaped and danced and waltzed among the dry brush and trees—yet ever dashed forward on their irresistable course—maddened my poor horse with fear, and drowned my voice as I strove to soothe him.

On and on he rushed, his eyes almost starting from their sockets, the foam flying from his mouth, and flecking his sides with great white patches; seldom horse spurned the earth as did my poor, frightened Fleet, during that awful race with the demons of fire!

But it was all in vain!

Before we could reach that one little rift in the great, red wall, it was closed up; and then the unbroken tide of fire seemed to dash onward with even greater speed then before.

There was only one thing left for me to do—to gain a few moments' respite, in which to make my peace, as best I might, with my God; and I thanked Him then that His hand had always been my guide and support, so that I had not that overpowering horror of death that otherwise must have oppressed me.

There was one little spot as yet untouched by the flames, though they were momentarily closing in upon it; and thither I fled, riding to its uttermost limits ere I dismounted.

Then I looked about me once more, in a last dying effort of hope, it was so hard to resign myself to meet so horrible a death. Behind me, to the right, to the left, that terrible wall of fire, in front, the lake, calm, beautiful, clear as a mirror, glistening in the sunlight, two hundred feet below me; and then looking down, close at my feet, I saw that I stood on a projecting point of the cliff, overlooking a tangled mass of underbrush at least one hundred feet below me.

The fire would be checked on its rocky shelf—I saw that at a glance; but, alas! there was plenty of fuel to feed it up to the very utmost edge, and its mad career would be stopped too late to save me; for there was no spot of refuge to which I could flee until its fury should have passed.

Already I felt its scorching breath on my cheeks as I stood waiting, with my hand resting on my poor, trembling horse; and suddenly, as he whinnied piteously, the thought came to me that he, at least, need not suffer so painful a death as stared his master in the face.

I always carried a pistol, and now I drew it out, and nerving my shaking hand, raised it to his beautiful quivering ear, but I lowered it again as for the first time, I noticed that my clumsy artist's umbrella still swung from its accustomed place from a ring in the saddle. It had so happened that the spot in which I had been sketching, when hemmed in by my fiery foe, was so cool and shady that the umbrella was not needed; so I did not remove it from the saddle.

When I drew the trigger, Fleet would fall, it might be, upon it; he might not live a moment or two, yet even for that short time I did not choose that the strong, heavy, steel ribs should have the chance of adding to his pain.

I detached it from the saddle; and even as I did so the sudden memory of little Dollie's experiment that morning—ah, how far away it seemed!—forced a smile to my dry lips; and then followed a thought, swift and startling as a lightning flash.

A parachute, Dollie called it; and why not use it as such now in my dire extremity? It was very strong and stout. I had some twine in my pocket, with which to secure the ends of the ribs to the handle, so that it could not turn wrong side out.

With the resistance it would offer to my descent, I felt sure that it was quite possible to land in the middle of the brushwood—a hundred feet below—with no more serious hurt than bruises and scratches, or perhaps a broken limb; and surely these were light evils in comparison with being burned to death.

With eager fingers I knotted the twine to the steel ribs, and secured the former to the base of the handle.

The flames were almost upon me by this time; so, with one long-drawn breath, I raised my pistol once more, and, with one quick, nervous jerk, sent a bullet into the brain of my petted steed.

Then, as he gave one wild shriek, and fell lifeless at my feet, I seized the umbrella—Dollie's parachute—and leaped off the rock.

At the outset I fell so rapidly that I almost lost my breath, but in a second I could feel that my descent was checked, and then began a swaying, jerking motion, that made my head spin.

Doubtless there was not more than one or two moments' interval between my leap from the ledge and my landing amidst the branches of a small tree, but it seemed as many hours.

When I climbed down to the ground, scarcely believing yet in my wonderful escape, I found myself with sound limbs. My hands and face were scratched and bleeding, my clothes torn to rags; but what cared I?

The fiery fiends were leaping in disappointed anger, far above me, and now I could listen to their roar without a tremor, save of grief at the loss of my favorite steed.

Keeping along the shore of the lake, I reached my sister's house just as serious alarm was beginning to be felt at my prolonged absence, and a party about to set forth in search of me.

"Dollie," said I, that night, as I took up the dear little niece I had so nearly parted from forever—"Dollie, you were right, after all. 'Uncle Harry's big umbrella is a parachute,' and if you had not told him so he would never have known it, and so he would have been devoured by the hungry flames. We will make a beautiful glass-case, and put the parachute away in it, and label it 'Dollie's Parachute.'"

Another African Hunter.

One of the most remarkable African hunters who ever lived to return from the wilds of that continent has just published an account of his travels. The ordinary African traveler of literature kills lions, tigers and elephants without number; his trusty rifle never misses fire at the critical moment, and the cowardly natives always run off, leaving him in a plight from which he rescues himself only by the greatest address and skill. But this exceptional man, Dr. Holub, was no such fellow. He couldn't even hit a baboon at short range. His second shot at a monkey went into his own hand, grazed his temple and tumbled him out of the wagon. A herd of horned horses came near running over him. In chasing some antelope he got in a thorn bush and nearly tore himself to pieces; he came near shooting his own dog while in ambush for hyenas on a moonlight night; thought he hit a gnu plump in the head as it was drinking by night, but could never find a trace of the beast; wandered off with his gun, got lost and sunstruck and was saved by a savage; tumbled into a stream trying to land a three-pound fish, and a panic seizing him while on a watch for lions he and his servant scrambled quickly into a tree, where they roosted till sunrise. He was about three years learning the use of the rifle, and seven years' practice did not make him a dead shot. But he evidently learned to tell the truth, which is more than African hunting ever did for a sportsman before.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mayor Grace, of New York, was once employed as a waiter in one of the city restaurants. He did his work gracefully.

FOR THE LADIES.

The Prettiest Bride in England.

Frances Evelyn Maynard, the young heiress who has just been married to Lord Brooke, eldest son of the Earl of Warwick is one of the most beautiful women in England, and as generous as she is beautiful. The wedding was the grandest that London has seen for many seasons, and was honored by the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and several other members of the royal family, Prince Leopold acting as best man. The bride's dress was an improvement on the usual livery white satin and orange blossoms, the front being covered with old point and drooping fringes of orange blossoms. The veil was also of old point. Her only jewels consisted of a single row of exquisite pearls. The bridemaids were twelve in number. Their Gainsborough dresses were of white moire, the India muslin fichus being fastened on the bosom with large bunches of Marshal Niel roses, the bouquets also consisting of the same flowers. The Gainsborough hats were made of similar material to that in the fichus. The favors were particularly pretty, consisting of daisies, orange blossoms and maidenhair. The bride's traveling dress was of velvet, of a perfect shade of brown, the bonnet and cape being of the same tint in brocaded gauze. The queen's present was a cashmere shawl. The Prince and Princess of Wales gave a gold bracelet with a clasp of magnificent sapphires and diamonds. It was purchased at St. Petersburg. There were several hundred presents, including some splendid jewelry and valuable plate. Lady Brooke's pet name is "Daisy," and her husband gave her a wedding present of a diamond collar with pendant daisies.

Gay Summer Dresses.

Red abounds in summer toilets, and is shown in all materials. A French costume, just imported for Newport, is of cross-barred batiste, in two or three shades of red, trimmed with deep plaitings and draperies edged with black Breton lace. Another dress for yachting, or the mountains, or seashore, is a dark garnet wool as heavy as flannel, yet as fine as camel's hair; this is made with a hunting jacket and overskirt and has many rows of soutache braid of the same shade for trimming. Large bows and sashes of dark red satin ribbon are used with white costumes of various fabrics, such as nun's veiling, dotted muslin and cream-white batiste. Very pretty toilets of white wool have Spanish lace plaitings and draperies of satin surah in stripes of most brilliant hues, or else in pale fade colors. Mauve, or pink, or lemon-colored Surah dresses have two deep flounces of white open embroidery around the skirt; above this is a draped short overskirt and a shirred round waist. A polka-dotted surah of dull red shades has pink satin ribbon bows and facings of pink on the great ruche that heads the gathered flounce which is scalloped on the edges. The loveliest white nun's veiling dress, with pale blue embroidered dots on it, has border stripes of blue, and is edged with Russian lace. A pale blue satin surah has large balls of darker blue, with a shading of golden brown on the edge of each ball; this has loops of golden brown surah covering the front breadth, with alternate blue and brown plaitings at the foot.

Fashion Fancies.

Parasols covered with Japanese crape are worn with gowns of Japanese crape.

The parasols with knots on the top and at the end of the handle have been revived.

Cut silk flowers with bead hearts are substituted for muslin and cambric blossoms.

Little girls' kilt-plaited gowns have rows of buttons down every sixth or seventh plait.

The red shaded feathers seem to find favor more rapidly than those of any other color.

Cheap Japanese hats are again worn this summer, but they are extravagantly trimmed.

Olive and tea rose is one of the most exquisite of color combinations for evening wear.

Arrasene is knitted into pretty hoods for evening wear. It is as soft and becoming as chenille.

Pink linen undergarments trimmed with black lace are fresh enormities in Parisian underwear.

White Spanish lace scarfs, or muslin scarfs with borders of Aurillac lace, are worn in full dress.

The lily of the valley effect in chenille fringe is produced by pressing the strands at regular intervals.

The most fashionable size in Japanese panels is four and a half feet long and five and a half inches wide.

Batiste printed with bouquets of small flowers is new and exceedingly pretty for summer gowns.

Instead of a border some parasols have a band of bright plaid or bright color about half way up the gores.

Printed cambric dresses for morning and sateen for afternoon is laid down as the rule for summer dressing.

The silk mull used for kerchiefs and collarettes this season is striped, and is even more becoming than the plain.

Ties for traveling dress are about four and one-half inches wide, and are made of mixed silk resembling the granite ribbons.

A wreath of flowers worn around the crown of a bonnet, and then carried down to the front of the dress, is exceedingly pretty.

The mantles bordered with stiff deep plaitings, like those on the lower edges of skirts, are uglier than any other outside wrap.

The handkerchiefs to be carried with brown suits have their edges button-hole-stitched in brown, with inner borders in colors.

Brides' mothers now wear white-plumed bonnets when they attend their daughters to the altar, and look as gay as the bridemaids.

The little silver-headed scarf-pins are replaced by those headed with stone when worn with the little linen collars in English shapes.

The Granny bonnet, worn by children in the summer, is of foulard instead of velvet or beaver. Its trimming is only a bow and strings.

Some of the shaded ribbons have lace-like borders on their lighter edges. When made up into bows white lace is sewed on the dark edge.

The States of the Union which have more women then men are Alabama, Connecticut, Georgia, Louisiana, Maryland, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Tennessee and Virginia. The greatest excess of females is in New York where it is 71,000, and the least in Louisiana where it is 3,000. The total excess of women in these fifteen States is 300,000—they are minus 300,000 husbands. Think what the women may save who, if married, might have been compelled to support those husbands!

A Liberal Reward Will be Given

To the woman who, upon trying on a new bonnet, never mentioned that her hair wasn't fixed.

To the writer for the press who never said that his contribution was dashed off.

To the person, age or sex immaterial, who, when relating an accident of which he or she was a witness, did not lay particular stress upon what "I did" or "I said."

To the young man who doesn't think the girls are all dying after him.

To the young woman who wouldn't choose an ice cream to a substantial meal.

To the same young woman who never retired to the cupboard, upon reaching home, for "just a bite."

To the woman over thirty who never had an offer.

To the storekeeper who never said, "As it is you, I will call it so and so," and then charged double price.

To the schoolboy who does not at all times look upon the schoolmaster as his mortal foe.

To the young lady graduate who would not rather have a white satin dress than high class honors at the graduation exercises.

To the married man who never considered the possibilities of a second marriage.

To the married woman who does not sometimes wonder how she ever came to say "Yes."

To the clergyman who doesn't feel just a little proud of the tears he calls up at a funeral.

To the man who never inquired "Is this hot enough for you?" or "Is this cold enough for you?"

To the butcher who weighs his meat without the bones.

To the man who ever exchanged umbrellas and went off with a worse one than he left behind.

To the man who never said it rained just because he didn't take his umbrella with him.

To the small boy who never whistled.

To the small boy who never sighed to be a hunter, an Indian fighter or a pirate.

To the doctor who has the hardihood to tell a wealthy patient that nothing ails him.

To the undertaker who hears of death with feelings of unmingled grief.

To the boy of eighteen who doesn't know more than his parents.

To the Sunday-school that has not experienced a spasmodic growth just before Christmas or the picnic season.

To the housekeeper who hasn't said there was plenty more in the cupboard when pressing the last slice of cake on her company.

To the amateur farmer who never drew the long bow when dilating upon his agricultural achievements.

To the widow who does not like to have her mourning becoming.

To the druggist who does not make a profit of one hundred per cent. on everything he sells.

To the drug clerk who has grown rich enough to retire.

To the man, woman or child who isn't tired and sick of the dull weather of this present year of grace 1881.—*Boston Transcript.*

Hair.

Not less than ninety per cent. of the women and five per cent. of the men in this country wear more or less false hair. This enormous consumption of the artificial and natural product suggests the fact, fearful but true, that nine women out of every ten about the street, in the church, or on the cars, charming or ugly to a line, have on a wig or a weft, a bandeau or a prepared net, bangs or waves, arranged at the hairdresser's.

Some people think that blondes never grow gray-headed. The fact is, one-third of white shreds may be mingled with such hair, and few will notice it. The same proportion of blonde-headed people turn gray as those with any other colored hair.

The proportion of people who dye their hair is also surprising. Some twenty per cent. are said to do this. Of course, the greater proportion of this class are often, though not always, a sign of a life of trouble.

The dresser is more than often amused by requests from the country for "cold water frizzes." These, of course, comprise an article which will curl easily by application of water and are easily supplied. Curly hair has been the fashion for a year or more.

Of the two, human hair is the most called for. "Hair-raising" is a sort of industry in Europe. The peasant girls, who are much in the open air, get their heads cropped once a year, and thus furnish a portion of the supply. They are satisfied with a stipend so small that an American women would scorn to touch six times its value. Of the material imported France supplies half the trade and England and Germany divide the rest. The raw material finds its way here in great quantities, and is made up on this side of the water. The business is young yet in this country.—*New York Graphic.*

A Sub-Treasury Gold Wagon.

The New York *Scientific American* says: The little, dingy-looking "gold wagon," which has been used for twelve years past to carry the money received for duties from the custom house to the sub-treasury, has been retired from service. Sometimes it made as many as a dozen trips daily, carrying as much as $80,000 glittering gold coin each time. The money was usually put up in bags of $20,000 each, which were placed in heavy oaken boxes with massive rod-iron handles. These boxes were then put into the wagon-box and a lid with clamps of iron was locked down over it. The wagon was pushed like a hand-cart by two custom-house porters, accompanied by an armed watchman, whose duty it was to see that the load of treasure was not interfered with by thieves. The little used-up wagon has carried in its time probably not less than $500,000,000, or about 4,500 tons weight in gold, and the dead weight and strain of the precious freight had rendered it rather rickety and unsafe. In its place a new wagon has been purchased, with solid wheels girt with iron tires half an inch thick, painted a deep blue color, and marked with the sovereign letters "U. S." in front.

Elephants in a New Role.

The Detroit *Free Press* says: An eminent chemist has been making an analysis of elephant's milk supplied by the female elephant Hebe, who had a calf several months since. The globules of cream are wonderful in size and very transparent. In flavor and odor it is superior to goat's milk and fully equal to cow's. The elephant's calf, weighing 223 pounds at its birth, March 10, 1880, gained 700 pounds in one year on this milk diet. Now that it has been demonstrated that elephants are productive in captivity, it would be something of an addition to American wealth in live stock to include the elephant. A good-sized herd would supply an ordinary city with milk and do all the heavy pulling, loading and unloading in business. The Parisians, too, learned to eat elephant steaks when they were obliged, while the African hunters all declare that elephant meat is very palatable.

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Poultry Notes.

The number of eggs consumed in this country is enormous, and has rapidly increased for a quarter of a century. As many as 10,000,000 have been shipped to New York annually from Montreal alone, and it is computed that more than thrice that number come east from Ohio and the interior states. Eggs are reported also as very scarce and dear this winter in Great Britain, where some 400,000,000, valued at near $8,000,000, are annually imported, mainly from the Continent. It has been estimated that the consumption in the United States reaches more than 1,000,000,000 every year.

Farm and Garden Notes.

In reply to an inquiry as to how to prevent a sow from eating her young, a correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* recommends giving them "say half a pound of pork or scraps from the packing-houses or blood and waste from the butchers two or three times before and on the day they farrow. Since I have adopted this plan I never lose any. Last spring my man neglected one of the sows and she ate up twelve pigs. This spring she has ten, and is one of the quietest and kindest of all the mothers."

Posey county, Indiana, claims to have raised the largest cow in the world. Her name is Lady Posey, breed mixed Durham and Big English. Her measurements are: Greatest height, five feet ten inches; girth, eight feet nine inches; length, ten feet six inches, or including tail, seventeen feet; her form is good, and, though not fat, she weighs 3,000 pounds. Her color is red and white, red predominating. Age, six years. Her present owner lives in Stark county, Illinois.

Dr. Lyon Playfair, perhaps the greatest living English authority on food, said in the debate in the house of commons on oleomargarine, that, as it contained the same fats as those obtained from the cow—minus the aromatic fats which curiously enough produced rancidity in bad butter—he thought the sooner it supplanted bad butter the better. He believed that it would do that, but he did not think that it would supplant good butter.

Sassafras bushes may be eradicated by plowing deep and harrowing. This will bring the roots to the surface. Plant corn or potatoes, and keep the crop well hoed to kill any sprouts that may appear. Two years of this treatment will thoroughly destroy them.

Fertilizing Orchards.

Professor Beal, who has been experimenting with an orchard situated on rolling land of a black, loamy nature since 1873, reports these results: Around some trees small circles were kept cultivated; but these trees do no better than those which grow in sod. A circle of grass extending nearly out to the ends of the overshadowing lines is of little or no damage to the tree after it has grown fifteen or more years and has become well established.

Trees of this age left in grass without manure, in our orchards, grow more slowly, produce less fruit, of a smaller size and poorer quality than trees which have been well cultivated; the fruit is generally in our experiments of a brighter color when grown on trees left in grass. When spread broadcast about a tree, barnyard manure produces a good effect about two years sooner than when the manure is placed close to the tree. Some trees were kept heavily mulched, to others ashes were applied at the rate of one wagon-load of leached, or two or three bushels of unleached per tree, others were given a wagon load of barnyard manure; these applications were made four years ago, and perhaps it is too soon to arrive at conclusions, but as yet the trees appear about the same, no difference being visible in favor of either of the above modes of manuring. Where clear cultivation has been practiced without fertilizers or mulch, the fruit seemed to be just as abundant and of as good quality as in the three last cases enumerated. Thorough tiling of of the land has been one of the best experiments, and has apparently produced the best results. I have experimented in thinning apples while they are small and find it very profitable.

The Flower Garden.

Aside from the pleasure derived in cultivating flowers, there is no doubt that floriculture is a profitable occupation. Towns and villages spring into existence where a decade before was only an unpeopled waste, and the shopkeeper, mechanic, or artisan is glad to buy the surplus the farmer may have from his overflowing garden. This I know to be the fact in scores of instances where the business of nurseryman, market gardener, or florist was, as it were, forced upon the farmer by his village neighbors desiring to buy the products of his garden. Here is a case somewhat in point. The original proprietor of one of the largest seed houses in New York, a shrewd Scotchman with an eye to the main chance, emigrated from Scotland sometime about the beginning of the present century. He was a nailer by trade, and was entirely ignorant of anything pertaining to seeds or gardening; but one day coming through the Bowery, then half farm, half city, he saw a rosebush in a cottage window, It was a rose in a wilderness, for probably there were not a score more in the city then. He went in and bought it for fifty cents, took it home, painted the pot green, and placing it in the window of his nail shop, quickly sold it for a dollar. This was easier work and better pay than nail-making. So he started out daily, buying plants of all kinds, always painting the pots green—(a practice by the way that modern science would frown at)—doubling his money rapidly. From plants the transition to dealing in seeds was natural and easy; so that in less than twenty years from the time this humble Scotch nail-maker had purchased his first rosebush in the Bowery his seed house had become the largest on this continent and he was a wealthy man.

Breeding Farm Horses.

We have encouraged the use of the large imported horses of the better class, because we have thought that one of the greatest defects in our farm horses was want of size; and this, it seemed to us, could better be supplied by an infusion of the blood of the draft horse than from any other source. But we are certain that in many localities quite as large an infusion of this blood has been made as will be profitable; and that, for the uses of the farmer, better horses can be produced from these grade draft mares by the use of a stout, large, compactly-built thoroughbred horse, or a highly-bred, well-formed and good-sized trotting stallion than by a further infusion of the blood of the draft horse. Returning again to the Percheron blood, we have no hesitation in affirming our belief in its excellence, and that it is to this blood, which at a very early day was largely introduced into Canada, that the horses of that section owe much of the excellence that distinguished them fifty years ago. Very many of the very best sires of general purpose or farm horses that we have ever had in the United States have been brought from Canada, and evidently partook largely of this blood. From that country we have had the Pilots, the Corbeaus, the Columbuses, the St. Lawrences, the Royal Georges, the Napoleons, the Normans and many other recognized families of superior excellence, which we believe derived their merit mainly from the old Percheron blood, brought over by the French settlers, rather than from an imaginary scion of imported Messenger, spirited in some mysterious manner across the border as a certain self-styled "horse authority" in this country has told us over and over again. And while, as we have said, we think in many sections we have had quite as much of the coarse, draught-horse blood introduced as will prove valuable, yet we are clearly of opinion that we can never get too much of the genuine Percheron blood in any part of our country, where the production of hardy, useful horses is the object in view.

Recipes.

Roll Jelly Cake.—One cup sugar, three eggs and beat them well; one cup flour, one even teaspoonful soda, one even teaspoonful cream tartar.

Sour Milk Biscuit.—One pint of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda; add to your flour a half cup of lard and spoonful of salt; then mix the flour with the milk. Make stiff enough to roll out as pie crust; cut them and put them to bake in a moderately hot oven.

Washing Fluid.—One bar of good potash, two ounces of ammonia, one ounce of salts of tartar; put the potash into four quarts of rain water (use porcelain kettles if possible) and soak slowly, not boil; when dissolved remove from the stove; when cool add the ammonia and salts and put up in jugs or bottles corked tightly. Soak the fine and coarse articles to be washed separately over night. The following morning rinse out and use a half cake of soap, cut fine, one cup of fluid and two pails of soft water; put fine pieces into this cold suds and boil a few moments; take out, add a pail of cold water and put in the coarse clothes to boil; suds, rinse, blue and starch as usual, and your clothes will be beautifully clear and white without rubbing. Wash colored clothes in the water the clothes are taken into from the boiler.

A Gigantic Corn Sugar Factory.

The Chicago Sugar Refining company are building a factory to convert 25,000 bushels of corn into sugar a day, or something like 8,000,000 bushels a year. The buildings cover 320,000 square feet, and are expected to cost $1,500,000. The sugar-house is 160 feet square, with eleven stories and basement, or 140 feet high. It is to be of wood and brick, containing 4,000,000 bricks. It will be supported by ninety piers of masonry, resting on piles, each pier carrying about 400 tons. There will be required 42,000 forty-foot piles, or 318 miles of piling.

Adjoining the sugar-house is a building for corn, sixty by 160 feet, and three stories high. It contains five large steam engines, two pumping engines, one flowing engine and several small steam pumps. The pumps have a capacity of 10,000,000 gallons per day. The steam engines will be equal to 2,000 horse power, and the blowing engine blower furnishes a blast for 7,000 horse power boilers.

Next to the corn-house is the filler house, 120 by 100 feet, and eleven stories high. This building is a fire-proof one, built of brick, iron columns, wrought iron floor beams, with brick arch floors. Its twenty-four piers carry 500 tons each, or 12,000 tons. There are 2,500 forty-foot piles driven fifty feet below the surface.

The next building is a corn-house, sixty feet square and three stories high, with machinery in it to empty the cars automatically.

The next is a boiler-house, seventy-five by 150 feet in size, three stories and basement, with a coal bin suspended above the boilers to feed them automatically with coal. The boilers have a capacity of 7,000 horse-power. There are twenty of these known as the Babcock & Wilson section boilers.

The chimney for the house is 240 feet high, with a twelve-foot inside flue. The base is forty feet square.

Between the boiler-house and the chimney is an economizer, that the waste gases of the boilers pass through on the way to the chimney. By this means the heat is utilized by pumping the feed waters of the boiler through this economizer.

The works will commence with 12,000 bushels of corn per day, which will soon increase to 25,000 per day. The corn can be received by car or vessel, and the goods likewise shipped.

The company will manufacture all kinds of starch for laundry and culinary purposes, syrup and grape sugar.

Peanut Statistics.

The crop of peanuts which supplies the entire country comes, for the most part, from Virginia. In a few of the other Southern States the peanut has been planted, but the yield in quantity or quality is scarcely worth counting in comparison with that of Virginia. Many years ago the Spanish seed was sown in Virginia and it fructified wonderfully, the nut as it grows now being double the size of the original seed. It is still supposed by many that the esculent is still a foreign importation, but this is not so nor has it been for the past three years. The receipts of the peanut in this city from Virginia for the past three years, from October 15 to June 1 each year, here is as follows: 1878-79, 84,605 bags; 1879-80, 99,017 bags; 1880-81, 76,443 bags. The total receipts in 1879 were 104,344 bags, and in 1880 127,402 bags. The average current price, as given by a large importer, was: Hand-picked, 4 1-2c. to 4 3-4c. per pound; choice, 4c. to 4 1-4c. per pound; lower grades, 3c. to 3 1-2c. per pound. A large quantity of shelled peanuts is sold annually in this city for confectionery purposes. To give an idea of the consumption throughout the entire country the following figures are quoted:

Stock of bags on hand June 1:

	1879.	1880.	1881.
Virginia	28,374	59,885	130,256
New York city	24,000	35,000	20,000
Boston	8,000	8,000	17,000
Philadelphia	14,000	17,000	20,000
Totals	84,374	119,885	187,256

The available surplus stock on hand in Virginia, New York, Boston and Philadelphia, June 1, 1881, i.. excess of the stock at the same time in 1879, was 102,882 bags, and in 1880, 67,371 bags. The past winter was so cold that the consumption of peanuts was much below the average. At the opening of spring dealers found their stock nearly all on hand; nor is there any likelihood, in the opinion of prominent merchants in the trade, that for the balance of the year the market will be otherwise than dull and weak.—*New York Herald.*

Captain Bogardus' feat of breaking 500 glass balls in twenty-five minutes and fifteen seconds has been excelled by a Philadelphia man, who was carrying a basket of glass balls to a shooting range and stepped on a banana peel.—*Philadelphia News.*

A STRANGE VISITOR.

The Immense Self-Possession He Displayed in an Encounter with a Big Snake in the Central Park, New York.

"This is the third one that has been found in the park this spring," said a man at the arsenal, holding out a curious spiny-looking object for a *Sun* reporter to look at. "No, it's not a toad, though they call them horned toads. It's a lizard, and the people in the museum call it the phrynosoma."

The animal was about four inches long, and unpleasant to look at. Its body was flat, the upper surface covered with short dark spines, and the under surface with small plates. The back of its head was armed with several recurving sharp spines, with shorter spines here and there. A fly lit on the keeper's hand, and the lizard, that a moment before was to all appearance dead, raised itself on its short spiny legs, and turned its curious head; the black eyes gleamed and the throat puffed out convulsively; a quick spring and the fly was gone. Then the fly catcher relapsed into listlessness.

"I've had this one a week," continued the fly-catcher's captor, "and carry him in my vest pocket; in fact, he's quite a pet; will eat flies from my hand as you have seen, and is warranted not to bite, though he could pinch a piece out of a nail if he felt inclined. Run? Well, I should say so;" and giving the lizard a few wild passes through the air as a sort of eye-opener, he explained, he put it down, and off it ran, head in the air, using the feet on one side together, which gave it the peculiar rolling gait of a Narragansett pony, but one that sent it along so that a man must run to keep up. The heat was a short one, however, for the lizard stopped suddenly, settling itself so closely against the concrete pavement that it would not have been noticed by the casual observer. In fact, the lizard was an interesting example of that class of animals endowed with what are called "protective resemblances," its general color being exactly like the desert sun-dried tracts upon which it is found in Texas, Mexico and Southwest California. How this stranger got to Central Park is a mystery, but such as he are frequently sent North through the mail as curiosities, and it is probable that some one has disposed of an objectionable souvenir from a distant friend by turning it out to pasture in the park. At any rate its timely capture saved it from certain death next winter.

"You wouldn't think such a creature would know anything," continued the owner of the lizard, "but a snake has to wake up early in the season to get the best of it. I call him Samson, because the first day I had him he pushed under the leg of a heavy chair that was tipped against the wall and fairly knocked it over. If a man were as strong in proportion to his size he could lift the obelisk. No, that didn't show any cunning, but I'll show you where cunning came in. I caught a big striped snake about two weeks ago. I was standing in my yard when along came a big toad, putting in its best hops, and right behind it the snake, so intent on the chase that it came right up to me. I caught it and kept it for some time in a box with a glass top, and one day it struck me that the spines on the lizard must have been intended as a preventer against snakes. I thought I would test it, and I put Samson into the box. Then I discovered that he was as wise as Solomon. You see, this revised Testament business makes a man familiar with Bible names. The snake evidently had not tasted food since last summer—you know they sleep all winter—and quick as a flash he darted at the lizard, but, as the boys say, he got left. The little fellow went round the box like a shot, but finally the snake cornered him, and caught him by the hind claw. Now, a frog or toad will squirm around and face a snake and get demoralized generally and give it a chance to catch hold of the head; but my lizard knew a game worth two of that. When the snake touched him he turned his head directly away. The snake tried every way he could to edge up and get the little fellow by the head, but it was no use, so he went to work to swallow him tail first. He stretched out his jaws and planted his long teeth into his legs and gradually worked the body into his mouth with the smaller teeth. When he had taken in as much as he could this way, the long fangs were loosened and thrown ahead and a fresh hold taken, each side of the mouth edging ahead in turn. Nothing could stand this pressure long, and in ten minutes half of the patient lizard was out of sight. He was only waiting for his turn, and it soon came; the snake's lips had reached his neck, when operations ceased. There were four or five spines as sharp as needles pointing out every which way that put an end to the swallowing business. I didn't see the lizard laugh, but he must have felt like it, for he wasn't hurt in the least. It took the snake half an hour to get rid of him, but it tried two or three times again to swallow him. At every jump the lizard turned his back so that the spines faced the snake, and at last I separated them. Yes, it was rather cruel; but I looked at it as a scientific investigation.

"The behavior of a common toad that I gave the snake afterward might be construed into something more than accident. Do you remember the story of a frog that when he saw a snake took a stick in his mouth and held it crosswise, so that the snake could not swallow him? Well, that's a little too much, I think; but as soon as this toad was caught he began to inflate himself with wind, so that by the time the snake, which had both hind legs down, had reached his body, he was twice his original size, and you wouldn't have believed he could have been swallowed, but the snake in half an hour had finished him. It ate three more good-sized toads that day, too, making four, one of which was twice as large around as itself.

"Speaking of lizards, probably the finest collection in the country is in the arsenal here. Most of them are in alcohol, but the larger ones are stuffed. They were all collected and named by Prince Maximilian, the great naturalist, of Neid, Germany. He died some years ago, and the trustees of the museum bought most all his collection of birds, mammals and reptiles. The anolis is represented in this collection by a small specimen in alcohol, which is far from showing the true characteristics of the lizard. When alive it is a very beautiful animal, having a large throat pouch with peculiar markings. It seems to be without fear. I once owned one that would crawl into my lap and over my shoulder, examining every crevice in my clothes with the greatest care. When it was set before a mirror its entire appearance changed; the chest became erect, the pouch puffed out, and the black eyes flashed viciously, and if care was not taken it would dash at the glass. In the Martinique islands the anolis is kept for fighting purposes, and serves the purpose of the game cock, possessing all the pugnacity of that bird. Large sums are often staked upon the combats, in which the vanquished lizard is usually eaten by the victor, an ending hardly admissible under the present pit rules."—*New York Sun.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Wagons are born tired.

The coin for soldiers—Quarters.

Everybody should take a newspaper—but not from other folks' doorsteps.

To be short in his accounts is, in a cashier, a crime; in a reporter it is virtue.

Will the coming man eat dried apples?—*Central City Item.* If he wishes to be classed as a swell he probably will.

The man who has invented a flying machine should make his trial trip now. There have never been more flies out than at this present time.—*Picayune.*

The Brooklyn *Eagle* gives the following as a Boston lad's definition of his stomach: "Something that goes across the teacher's knee when I get licked."

Ground for objection: "Me buy the property, sor? Me be a landlord and be shot in the back! Shure, there's to be no more landlords!—we're all goin' to be tinnants?"—*Punch.*

We warn newspaper men against a counterfeit $100 bill now in circulation. Probably no professional men handle so many bills of that denomination as the pencil pushers, and we hope our timely warning will prevent any from getting caught.—*Rochester Express.*

An elderly gentleman says to a little miss of seven: "Say, sissy, will you marry me!" The child, taking the proposition gravely, curls up her mouth as if considering the subject. "Come, sissy," says her mother, "will you marry the gentleman?" "Yes, 'm, but—(aside)—ma, I'd like a newer husband.'

FINANCIALLY EMBARRASSED.

A man in business often is,
You'll find, perplexed and harrassed;
But when he's walking down the street,
With his best girl so trim and neat,
And ice cream signs his eyes do meet,
With not a cent to stand the treat,
The girl may look him in the phiz;
And at such times he surely is
Financially embarrassed.
—*Yonkers Statesman.*

There was only one passenger on board the ship, and the captain and mate contrived to get the most and best of what was on the table. One day there was rollypolly pudding with the sweet-meats in the middle. "Do you like puddin' ends, sir?" asked the captain. "No, I don't like pudding ends, sir," said the passenger. "Well, me and my mate does," said the captain, cutting the pudding in two and putting one-half on the mate's plate and the other on his own. And the two soon made an end of both.—*Free Press.*

Some one has formed 1,051 English words of not less than four letters from the letters in the word "regulations." The above item is having an extensive circulation through the newspapers. A glance at the word "regulations" shows that it contains all the vowels and six of the most frequently used consonants, so there isn't anything wonderful in the feat mentioned. The person who accomplished it could have done more for humanity by sitting at the forks of a road and acting as an automatic guideboard.—*New Haven Register.*

Testimonial to Mrs. Hayes.

A letter from Chicago says: The autograph testimonial album to Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes by the women of Illinois has been finished. The work consists of six large volumes, of 650 pages each, elegantly bound in full Turkey morocco. All through the book are scattered India ink drawings. The inscription reads: "From the ladies of Illinois, who have admired the courage Mrs. Hayes has displayed in the administration of the hospitalities of the executive mansion. God grant that the influence of this signal and benign example may be felt more and more as age follows age in the life of the great republic!" The dedicatory poem is by Mr. Benjamin, of Chicago. It is entitled, "Greetings from God's Own Clearing, Illinois." The first signature is that of Mrs. James K. Polk, of Nashville, Tenn.; the second that of R. B. Hayes. Among the autographs in volume one, are those of the members of the late "Hayes Cabinet." Chief-Justice Waite and the justices of the supreme court, and the governors of nearly all the States and Territories, under the official seal of each, followed by congressmen and prominent professional and business men. Volume two begins with the representatives of the State of Illinois, including the city and county officers, and a large space is filled by the postmasters, followed by railroad officers and bankers. Volume three is devoted to authors and poets. Prominent among these are Oliver Wendell Holmes, Thomas Bailey Aldrich and Harriet Beecher Stowe. H. W. Longfellow subscribes his name with the lines:

"Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.

"Her presence lends its warmth and health
To all who come before it;
If women lost us Eden, such
As she above restore it."

Mark Twain says: "Total abstinence is so excellent a thing that it cannot be carried to too great an extent. In my passion for it I even carry it so far as to totally abstain from total abstinence itself." Then follow departments devoted to music, actors, painters, sculptors, science and education. Volume four contains autographs of scientific and professional men; volume five, prominent business men and journalists; volume six is devoted to the representatives of temperance and religion, both State and national.

A Mexican Wake.

A recent issue of the San Antonio (Texas) *Express* says: There was a wake in this city last evening at the residence of Francisco Ramos, a Mexican, on Losoyo street, adjoining the San Antonio ice factory. A child eight months of age died yesterday morning, and the parents did not weep but rejoiced over the loss. They loved their little one, yet rejoiced because it was taken away in its purity of infancy to join the angel hosts up yonder. They were glad that they had been thus made instrumental in adding another chorister to the host singing hosannahs on high. So they determined to demonstrate their rejoicing to the world by inviting friends and relatives about them and having a dance—a wake, as the world regards such demonstrations. An *Express* representative chanced around to the place about 9 o'clock P. M., found the house brilliantly lighted, and quite a number of persons present. A harper, seated in front of the entrance door, was playing a familiar waltz, and three or four couples within were dancing to the music. Under the gallery shed, and just behind the harper, lay the dead infant, a pretty little girl. She was dressed in black, and had been placed upon a box that had been covered with a white cloth trimmed with red about the borders. The hands of the infant were nicely folded, and within them was placed a bouquet of artificial flowers of crimson hue. Resting loosely about the head of the deceased one was a coronet of white artificial flowers, and a similar wreath encircled the lifeless frame, while roses, pinks, and several kinds of wild flowers were strewn promiscuously about the remains. The little departed one was nestled in a bed of natural and artificial flowers and wreaths of vines.

Doing a Favor.

They met on the stairs.

"Hello!"

"Hello!"

"Say, old boy, you are growing mighty careless."

"How?"

"Why, just now I found the door of your room wide open."

"That's all right. I haven't been gone a minute."

"Well, I knew you'd do the same by me, so I shut it."

"Thanks. The first time I find your door open, the spring-lock set to catch and the keys on your desk, I'll return the favor. Please send me up a burglar and a crowbar as you go down."—*Free Press.*