

Recent Legal Decisions.

TRADE-MARK—EXPIRED PATENT.—Sewing machines were manufactured in Germany and sent to London for sale. They were made under the Singer patent after its expiration, and were sold as Singer machines. The Singer Manufacturing Company sued for an infringement of its trade-mark on the ground that it had always designated its machines by a brass plate on the machine having the word "Singer" on it. In this case—Singer Manufacturing Company vs. Loog—it appeared that the machines were made under the Singer patent, and that they had the brass plate with "Singer" on it placed on them. The case was carried to the House of Lords, where the Lord Chancellor gave the following as his judgment: "1. After the expiration of a patent the right to manufacture under it is common to all, and the production may be designated so as to show the former invention, and the owner of the patent cannot complain that his trade-mark is appropriated. 2. But the business name and reputation of a manufacturer in producing work under a patent is his own, and no one can use his name fraudulently to mislead and deceive purchasers."

DEFECTIVE HIGHWAY—SNOW—PATH—CUSTOM.—An action was brought against the town of Litchfield, Connecticut, to recover for injuries suffered by reason of a defective sidewalk. The defect was a snow-drift; but it was shown that, according to the custom, the roads were broken by the neighbors after the storm. There was a drift, but a large part of the road-bed was clear. In this case—Seeley vs. Litchfield—the Supreme Court of Errors of Connecticut decided in favor of the town. Judge Carpenter, in the opinion said: "The duty of towns with reference to snow in the highways is a very limited one. Obstructions or defects from that cause are usually temporary."

"They are caused and would in due time be removed by the elements. But to avoid temporary inconvenience it is customary, especially in the rural districts, for the people to assemble and 'break out' the roads, without expense to the town. In doing so they aim at practical convenience, and frequently, as in this case, depart somewhat from the traveled path. People do not expect the roads to be as commodious and safe in the winter as in the summer. It is only in an exceptional case when the public authorities are called upon to act. The method adopted in this case was reasonable, and sanctioned by long and immemorial usage, by which the plaintiff here must be bound."

ACCIDENT INSURANCE—POLICY—TAKING POISON.—P, who was insured by an accident policy, died from taking a liquid which was poisonous, but which was not considered by him as injurious. In an action on the policy—Pollock vs. the United States Mutual Accident Association—the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania decided in favor of the company. The Chief Justice, Mercer, in the opinion, said: "The certificate of membership expressly declares that the benefits shall not extend to any case of death or personal injury, or less caused by external violence and accidental means; and it is expressly declared that there shall be no liability from death by taking poison. If the poison be innocently taken the effect of it may be said to be accidental, but against such an accident there is an express provision. To hold the association liable would be contrary to the whole purpose of its formation, as expressed in the agreement."

WILL—OF WOMAN—EFFECT OF HER MARRIAGE.—It was contended—Webb vs. Jones—in the New Jersey Court of Chancery, that the marriage of a woman who had made a will was revoked by the marriage. The Chancellor, in sustaining the will, said: "I am of opinion that the marriage did not revoke the will. The common law ground does not prevail in this State. By our law a wife loses no power to make a will by her marriage, except so far as the interest which the law gives her husband in her real property is concerned. That her will cannot affect. But as to her personal property, too (subject to her husband's rights therein), she has as full power to make a will as she had when she was unmarried. In other words, her right to make a will continues as before, notwithstanding her marriage. The reason, therefore (her disability), for holding marriage to be a revocation no longer exists, and therefore the rule should no longer exist."

Home Delights.

JELLY CAKE FRITTERS.—Cut stale sponge or very plain cup cake into rounds with a cake cutter; fry to nice brown in sweet lard; dip each round in boiling milk to soften it and get rid of the grease; lay upon a hot dish and spread with sweet jelly or jam; pile neatly one upon another and send around hot sweetened cream to pour over them.

BAKED CODFISH.—Pick up the fish and freshen a little as for cooking, then into a dish put a layer of cracker

crumbs, then one of fish, over each layer sprinkle pepper and butter, continue until you have two layers of fish and three of crackers; lastly, boat two eggs with milk enough to cover the whole and bake about three-quarters of an hour.

POTATO STRIPS.—Pare, cut in long strips, lay in cold water for an hour, dry by spreading them on a towel and pressing another upon them; fry to a light brown in salted lard; shake off the fat in a hot colander; line a deep dish with a napkin and put in the strips. They should not be crowded in frying, but each should be distinct and free from the rest.

MACARONI WITH EGGS.—Break half a pound of macaroni into short bits, cook tender in boiling salted water, drain well, put into a deep dish and pour over it a cupful of drawn butter in which have been stirred two beaten eggs and two table-spoonfuls of grated cheese, with salt and pepper; loosen the macaroni to allow the sauce to penetrate the mass, and pass more grated cheese with it.

COLD SLAW.—Beat the yolks of four eggs to a very light cream; then stir gradually into them five table-spoonfuls of cider vinegar, add two or three table-spoonfuls of sugar and stir the mixture over the fire until it begins to thicken like boiled custard; then move and add a table-spoonful of butter and nearly a table-spoonful of anchovy mustard. Set the sauce upon ice to become cold, and pour it over the sliced cabbage just before serving. Celery is often mixed with the cabbage for this salad.

A VERY APPETIZING SAUCE to serve with broiled mackerel is made by melting a little butter adding the juice of one lemon, and a table-spoonful of chopped parsley. This may be poured over the fish, or served in a bowl and added by each one at the table to his or her portion of fish. An authority on cooking recommends letting mackerel lie in enough milk to cover it for an hour before broiling; this to be done, of course, after the fish has been freshened over night in cold water.

COOKING OYSTERS.—A dish of oysters prepared in this way is very nice for tea. Toast some slices of bread until they are well browned on both sides; butter them on both sides; put the slices around the sides of a pudding dish; then put a layer of oysters, well seasoned with butter, pepper and salt, in the bottom and cover it with bread crumbs, and so on until the dish is full; pour over all a coffee-cupful of hot water, or enough to moisten the bread and toast. Bake for three-quarters of an hour in a hot oven.

CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM.—Chocolate ice cream, which is perfectly delicious, is made by taking two quarts of sweet cream (not milk), half pint of milk, sugar enough to sweeten this, four eggs, and about one-third of a cake of chocolate grated; flavor the cream with vanilla before stirring in the chocolate; beat the cream until it is stiff, and then add the other ingredients. Freeze, stirring until it is so hard you can do so no longer; the more rapidly you stir it the finer grained the cream will be.

RAISEN PIE.—Raisin pie, which is preferred by many people to grape pie, is made of one cup of crackers, rolled very fine; one cup of cold water, the juice and rind of one lemon, one cup of raisins, stoned and chopped very fine, and one heaping table-spoonful of sugar. Beat these thoroughly together and add one egg the last thing. Bake with a thin upper and under crust; rub the top crust with the white of an egg or with a little milk with sugar dissolved in it; bake in a moderate oven, but brown the pie by setting it on the shelf in the oven.

A Lovely Legend.

A century since in the North of Europe stood an old cathedral, upon one of the arches of which was a sculptured face of wondrous beauty. It was long hidden, until one day the sun's light striking through a slanting window revealed its matchless features. And ever after, year by year, upon the days when for a brief hour it was thus illuminated, crowds came and waited eagerly to catch but a glimpse of that face. It had a strange history. When the cathedra was being built an old man, broken with the weight of years and care, came and besought the architect to let him work upon it. Out of pity for his age, but fearful lest his failing sight and trembling touch might mar some fair design, the master set him to work in the shadows of the vaulted roof. One day they found the old man asleep in death, the tools of his craft laid in order beside him, the cunning of his right hand gone, his face upturned to this other marvellous face, which he had wrought there—the face of one whom he had loved and lost in early manhood. And when the artists and sculptors and workmen from all parts of the cathedral came and looked upon this face they said, "This is the grandest work of all; love wrought this."

In the great cathedral of the ages—the temple being builded for an habitation of God—we shall all learn sometime that love's work is the grandest of all.—J. L. Russell.

A RUSSIAN POEM.

admire the view before us; that sorry row of huts. Behind them a long level descent of black earth. And above them one thick layer of grayish clouds. Where are the gay fields? where are the shady woods? Where the river? In the court there by the fence. Shoot up two beggarly trees to glad the eye, Just two, and no more; and one of them Has long been shorn by Autumn rains of every beauty. While the sparse leaves on the other are withered and yellow. Awaiting the first breeze to fall and foul the sluggish pond below. No other sign of life: not even a stray dog to be seen; But stay, there's Ivan, and behind him two old women. With head uncovered he is carrying the coffin of his child. And from afar shouts to the drowsy sexton, And bids him summon the priest and open the church door. Quick! I have no time to lose; the brat should have been buried an hour ago!

Agricultural.

One school district in Maine, containing eighteen farms, received over \$10,000 for apples sold in a single year.

Experiments in draining roads with tile, it is said, will solve the problem of securing good wagon roads for the Western prairies.

California is becoming a cotton-growing State. One plantation in Sonoma county yielded last season 40,000 pounds from 200 acres.

Seeds buried too deeply receive a deficient supply of air. As a rule, seeds require to be sown more deeply in proportion to their size and the lightness of the soil.

It is said that the saving of half a cent a bushel in gathering the corn crop of Kansas would be an aggregate economy of nearly three-quarters of a million dollars.

"Ten acres properly cultivated are worth fifty half done," was wisely said by the retiring President of the New York State Agricultural Society at the last annual meeting.

The woody fibres which go to make up the bulk of a timber tree are nothing but cells of a particular form thickened by the deposit of woody matter in their interior and aggregated in a special way.

Many Connecticut farmers have been successful in raising early amber cane, and getting a good quality of both sirup and sugar from it. The yield has ranged from 100 to 300 gallons of sirup per acre, at a cost of about 26 cents per gallon.

An excellent vegetable is salsify or "vegetable oyster." It is not grown as generally as it ought to be, and is often hard to obtain. It should be sown early in the spring, in deep, rich, mellow soil, and not a weed should be suffered to dispute the ground with it.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* gives it as his opinion that in regard to scalding, boiling, or steaming, an experience of five years with steamed food for a dairy of from thirty to fifty cows led him to the conviction that if compelled to take his choice and pay for it he would pay more for the exemption than the adoption. He is convinced that cutting the long forage pays better than any other preparation in a well-managed dairy.

In applying fertilizers of a soluble character it is economical to manure the plant rather than the soil. The practice is especially applied to crops sown in drills, where the plants are a considerable distance apart in the rows. The manure is deposited by the drill along the line of each plant row and immediately covered in. Manures which are not so readily soluble produce the best effect when intimately mixed with the soil.

Tomatoes raised in poorish light soil will ripen ten days earlier than those raised in rich soil. We know this from the actual test during the present season. If large, showy tomatoes are wanted, regardless of flavor or time of ripening, then the rich soil and the rank growth are needed. Cutting off all but one or two fruits of the clusters while they are small and green will also cause those remaining to grow to a larger size. So says the *Rural New Yorker*.

It is marvelous how sheep and wool growing have increased in this country within the last fifteen or twenty years. In 1860 there were only about 23,000,000 sheep in the United States. We now have nearly 50,000,000. In 1860 the wool clip amounted to only 60,000,000 pounds; to-day it is nearly 300,000,000 pounds—an increase within this period of over two-fold of sheep and five-fold in the production of wool, giving unmistakable evidence of our advance in this industry.

The commonly received advice to orchardists to scrape the rough bark from old apple trees has been contradicted, some having tried it and concluded that the practice did more harm than good. The rough bark is a protection to the trees from sudden changes of temperature. The benefit often claimed from scraping the trees comes from the greater attention paid to them

in other respects by men who take this trouble. Whitewashing apple trees is equally ineffectual for good.

The conveyance of pollen from one flower to another in cross-fertilization is effected naturally by the wind or by the agency of insects and other creatures. Flowers that require the aid of insects usually offer some attraction to their visitors in the shape of bright color, fragrance or sweet juices. The color and markings of a flower often serve to guide the insects to the honey, in the obtaining of which they are compelled either to remove or to deposit pollen.—*American Cultivator*.

The Old Man was Not Esthetic

"Why, you superlative pa!" she exclaimed, "I am utterly glad to see you." The old gentleman was somewhat unnerved by the greeting, but he recognized the seal-skin cloak in his grip as the identical piece of property he had paid for with his bay mare, and he sort of squat it up in his arms and planted a kiss where it would do the most good, with a report that sounded above the noise of the depot. In a brief space of time the trunk and its attendant baggage were loaded into the wagon, which was soon bumping over the huddles toward home.

"Pa, dear," said the young miss, surveying the team with a critical eye, "do you consider this quite excessively beyond you?"

"Hey?" returned the old man with a puzzled air. "Quite excessively beyond what? Beyond Warren? I consider it about ten miles beyond Warren, countin' from the Bath way, if that's what you mean."

"Oh, no, papa, you don't understand me," the daughter explained. "I mean this horse and wagon. Do you think they are soulful? Do you think they could be studied apart in the light of a symphony, or even a simple poem, and appear as intensely utter to one on returning home as one could express?"

The old man twisted uneasily in his seat, and muttered something about he believe it used to be used for an express-wagon before he bought it to deliver pork in, but the conversation appeared to be traveling in such a lonesome direction that he fetched the horse a resounding crack on the rotunda, and the severe jolting over the frozen ground prevented further remarks.

"Oh, there is that lovely and consummate ma!" screamed the returned collegiate, as they drove up to the door, and presently she was lost in the embrace of a motherly woman in spectacles.

"Well, Maria," said the old man at the supper-table, as he nipped a piece of butter off the lump with his own knife, "an' how'd you like your school?"

"Well, there, pa, now you are showin'—I mean I consider it far too beyond," replied the daughter. "It is unquenchably ineffable. The girls are so sumptuously stunning—I mean grand, so exquisite, so intense. And then the parties, the balls, the rides—Oh, the past weeks have been one sublime harmony."

"I s'pose so, I s'pose so," nervously assented the old man as he reached for his third cup half full. "But how about your books—readin', writtin', grammar, rule o' three—how about them?"

"Pa, don't," exclaimed the daughter reproachfully; "the rule of three! grammar! It is French, and music, and painting, and the divine in art that has made my school life the bos—I mean that has rendered it one unbroken flow of rhythmic bliss—the incomparably and exquisitely all but."

The grocery man and his wife looked hopefully at each other across the table. After a lonesome pause the old lady said: "How do you like the biscuit, Mary?"

"They are too utter for anything," gushed the accomplished young lady, "and this plum preserve is simply a poem in itself."

The old man abruptly rose from the table and went out of the room, rubbing his head in a dazed and benumbed manner, and the mass-convention was dissolved. That night he and his wife sat alone by the stove until a late hour, and at the breakfast table the next morning he rapped smartly on the table with the handle of his knife, and remarked: "Maria, me an' your mother have been talking the thing over, an' we've come to the conclusion that this boardin' school business is too utterly all but too much nonsense. Me an' her consider that we haven't lived sixty odd consummate years for the purpose of raising a curiosity, an' there's going to be a stop put to this unquenchable foolishness. Now after you've finished eating that poem of fried sausage an' that symphony of twisted doughnut, you take and dust up-stairs in less than two seconds and peel off that fancy gown an' put on a caliker, an' then come down here and help your mother wash dishes. I want distinctly understood that there ain't going to be no more rhythmic foolishness in this house so long's your superlative pa an' your lovely an' consummate ma's running the ranch. You hear me, Maria?" Maria was listening.—Ez.

Making Ice by Machinery.

We have visited the establishment of the Georgia Ice Company, where the manufacture of ice was certainly as interesting as anything we have seen. On the ground floor is a boiler fifty feet long and four and a half feet in diameter, containing one hundred and fifty feet of three and a half-inch pipe. The boiler is kept filled with aqua ammonia, which is separated by the steam into aqua ammonia gas and water. The gas leaving the water in the boiler forces its way through a six-inch pipe outside the building to the roof, four stories up, where it passes into 15,000 feet of coiled pipes, in which it is converted into liquid by cold water thrown over it in fountain jets. The liquid passes into fifteen thousand feet of two-inch pipe arranged in vertical sections thirty feet high and three feet apart, and its sudden liberation into these pipes turns the liquid pure ammonia into vapor, and the sudden expansion makes the pipes intensely cold. Now, above these hundreds of vertical pipes are innumerable little fountain jets throwing spray all over the pipes, the spray freezing gradually, forming an icicle of pure ice around each pipe. The gas next goes into ten thousand feet of absorbing pipe, and, being cooled by water running on the pipes, it is met by water forced into the pipes, and thus converted back into aqua ammonia, which goes into a big boiler and is used over again—there is no waste, the same ammonia being used and reabsorbed any number of times. The water used for the spray is drawn from a well seventy-five feet deep on the premises, and the large blocks of ice (which are loosened from the pipes by a little hot steam, and chopped off by negroes who stand upon a pulley staging with their feet wrapped up in thick swabs of cotton sacking for warmth) came out pure and clear, and entirely free from any odor or objectionable taste.

After the pipes have been stripped, about five weeks are required for a new lot of the requisite thickness to form. But of course the pipes are never all stripped at the same time, the ice being in all stages of formation. The factory has a capacity of thirty-five tons per day, but twenty tons keep pace with the demand, and it isn't stored, but cut every day as it is delivered, and sells at from ten to twelve dollars per ton. As we picked our way among the gleaming and uneven pillars, with the water dripping and splashing down upon us, and the only light coming in through the smallest of windows at the top, it seemed as if we were in some underground ice cave. The whole building and its apparatus would cause strangers to wonder what in the world it was designed for.—*Atlanta (Ga.) Letter*.

Odd Stories About Animals.

A Toronto man while out hunting in Esquimaux, near Milton Canada, shot a pure white squirrel.

A colley pup belonging to a shepherd of San Antonio, Texas, will put between 1600 and 1700 sheep in a pen without chasing or crowding any of them. When penning the sheep he has to work them down a long hill that slopes to a flat upon which the pen is built.

A Saginaw horse fell sick one night recently, and, breaking out of its stable, made its way to the stable of a veterinary surgeon who had before treated him for sickness. The surgeon's stable was closed and the sick horse, after standing at the door for hours, died there.

A rooster recently deserted his native baronyard near Warrenton, Va., and went to live in the woods with a flock of wild turkeys. He crows as usual every morning, and thus his master learns where the wild turkeys are, and so is able to have roast turkey as often as he wants it.

A dog owned in Portland, Me., has quite a fancy for traveling. When the freak takes him he goes aboard the Boston boat and makes a quiet trip of 150 miles by sea. When the boat reaches Boston he disappears in the crowd, but never fails to return and make the homeward trip at night. No one knows where he spends the day after leaving the boat, nor how he manages to keep posted on the boat's departure, which is two hours earlier in winter than in summer, but he never gets left.

Drowning a bear was the feat accomplished by James Humphrey, of Cohoes. While rowing on Long Lake he saw a bear on a small island in the middle of the lake. He thus describes what followed: "I jumped ashore and loaded up with a lot of stones. I had just got back to the boat, when Fred shouted 'here he comes.' I gave the bear a fusillade of rocks, but he paid no attention to them, but started for the shore. We followed, and I peppered him pretty lively with the rocks, and finally drove him back again to the island. He again started for the other side. We headed him back with stones, and went for him. I gave him one that luckily stunned him. Before he recovered I grabbed him by the ears and held his head under

water until he was dead. The bear weighed 200 pound.

The Cologne journals tell a curious story of canine sagacity. Two dogs were caught stealing rabbits. One was a large dog of the neighborhood, a cross between a St. Bernard and a large woolly colley, feared by all other dogs; the second was a stranger, a small terrier, just slender enough to get through the hole into the rabbit house. The big dog, who on other occasions never noticed his smaller comrades, had evidently come to an understanding with his little friend about the nocturnal rendezvous. The big dog scratched away all the grass and stones, dragged up the board covering the entrance to the rabbit house, and let the terrier jump through the hole. The latter returned in a few minutes with a rabbit in his mouth, which he presented to his great friend, and both proceeded to devour their supper undisturbed.

While looking for cattle in the timber hills at the head of the Matilija, Ventura county, Cal., Senor Ramon Ortega and his little son were attacked by three large bears. Ortega jumped from his horse which ran off about a hundred yards and stopped. Ortega killed the biggest bear at the first shot and quickly silenced another, while the third took to the woods. Ortega's boy then went on foot to bring back the horse, but before he reached the animal a bear overtook him. As soon as the bear saw the boy he rushed at him, and the boy was too frightened to do anything but stand still and call to his father to save him. Ortega seized his rifle and fired just as the bear had risen on his hunches to strike the boy; the bullet knocked the bear down, but he rose again and rushed at the boy, the blood streaming from a bullet hole in his side, and this time he rushed at the fear-paralyzed boy with bloodshot eyes and foaming, open mouth. With a despairing cry, "He's got me father!" the frightened boy sank to the ground, and the desperate father sent a second bullet from his repeating rifle crashing into the bear. With an almost human cry of agony the savage brute fell backward and rolled down the hill.

Stories of Flowers.

Napoleon, Princess Marie of Baden, and a Spray of Forget-me-nots.

The "soft cerulean hue" of the Mouse-ear Scorpion Grass would never have won poetic recognition if some one had not christened it forget-me-not. Who stood godfather history has not recorded, but tradition has it that a knight and his lady-love were interchanging sweet nothings on the bank of the Danube, when the fair one caught sight of some flowers on the other side of the river, so brightly blue, that she coveted their possession. A hint sufficed to send her lover plunging into the stream. He secured the flowers easily enough, but swimming back with them proved a more difficult matter. The current was too strong for him, and as it bore him past his despairing mistress, he flung the fatal flowers on the bank, exclaiming as he was swept to his doom, "Forget-me-not!"

And the lady fair of the knight so true, Aye remember his hopeless lot; And she cherished the flower of brilliant hue; And braided her hair with the blossoms blue. And she called it Forget-me-not.

The story of the origin of the forget-me-not's sentimental designation may have been in the mind of the Princess Marie of Baden that winter day, when, strolling along the banks of the Rhine with her cousin, Louis Napoleon, she inveighed against the degeneracy of modern gallants, vowing they were incapable of emulating the devotion to beauty that characterized the cavaliers of older time. As they lingered on the cause-way dykes, where the Necker joins the Rhine, a sudden gust of wind-carried away a flower from the hair of the princess and cast it into the rushing waters.

"There!" she exclaimed, "that would be an opportunity for a cavalier of the old days to show his devotion." "That's a challenge, cousin," retorted Louis Napoleon, and in a second he was battling with the rough water. He disappeared and reappeared, to disappear again and again, but at length reached the shore safe and sound, with his cousin's flower in his hand. "Take it, Marie," said he, as he shook himself, "but never again talk to me of your cavalier of the olden time."

"JUDGE," said a lawyer to "his honor," during a lull in a case on trial, "what do you consider the best illustrated paper?" "A thousand pound bank note," growled the Judge.

The want of the present is an iron window shutter that will open itself for firemen and have sense enough to keep shut when burglars are about. Such a thing has not been discovered yet.