## THE FATHERS OF GREAT MEN.

**An Interesting Compilation That is Worth Keeping for Reference.**

Homer was a farmer's son.
Lucian was a sculptor's son.
Neander's father was a carter.
Pope's father was a merchant.
Milton was the son of a copyist.
Mozart's father was a bookbinder.
Charles Lamb was a servant's son.
The father of Cowley was a grocer.
The father of Pius IV. was a peasant.
Schumann's father was a bookseller.
The father of Pius V. was a shepherd.
Talma, the actor, was a dentist's son.
The father of Verdi was a day laborer.
Socrates was the son of a day laborer.
Epictetus was the son of a day laborer.
Giotto, the artist, was a peasant's son.
The father of James Mills was a cobbler.
The father of Samuel Pepys was a tailor.
Shakspeare's father was a wool merchant.
Powers, the sculptor, was a farmer's boy.
The father of Burns was a peasant farmer.
The father of Goethe was the son of a tailor.
Wagner's father was clerk in a police court.
Sir Isaac Newton's father was a poor farmer.
Paganini's father was a laborer in a factory.
The father of Etly, the colorist, was a miller.
The Danish scholar, Rask, was a peasant's son.
Hauy, the mineralogist, was a weaver's son.
Canova, the sculptor, was a stonecutter's son.
The Emperor of Diocletian was the son of a slave.
Coply, the artist, was the son of a day laborer.
The father of Horne Tooke was a poultry dealer.
Opie's father was a carpenter and cabinetmaker.
The father of the historian, Rollin, was a knifemaker.
Vandyke's father was a merchant of limited means.
The composer, Gluck, was the son of a gamekeeper.
Pythagoras is said to have been the son of a soldier.
The father of Marshal Soult was a peasant farmer.
The father of Franz Schubert was a schoolmaster.
Lincoln's father was a poor farmer and laborer.
Hans Christian Andersen's father was a cobbler.
Dickens' father was a poor clerk in the navy pay office.
Napoleon's father was a citizen of very humble means.
Ashmole, the great antiquarian, was a saddler's son.
Murray, the oriental scholar, was a shepherd's son.
Marshal Bernadotte was the son of a provincial notary.
The father of Barry, the historical painter, was a sailor.
Marshal Ney was a cooper's son, and himself a notary.
Saussure, the naturalist was the son of a Swiss farmer.
Virgil's father was a porter, and for many years a slave.
Massillon, the great French Preacher, was a notary's son.
Wyatt, the great architect, was the son of a farm laborer.
The father of Niebuhr, the historian, was a farm laborer.
Tannahill, the Scottish poet, was a weaver's son.
Plautus, the Latin Shakspeare, was the son of a freedman.
The father of Cardinal Wolsey is said to have been a butcher.
The father of George Frederick Handel was a country doctor.
Gaussone, the great physician, was the son of a bricklayer.
Tintoretto, the famous painter, was the son of a dye maker.
Mezzofanti, the Priest of the Church, was a carpenter's son.
Gesner, the German naturalist, was the son of a farm carter.
Perugino, the great Italian painter, was the son of a peasant.
Alvarez, the Spanish sculptor, was the son of a stonemason.
Rembrandt's father is said to have been a miller and a farmer.
The father of Thomas Hood was a dealer in poultry and game.
Marshal St. Cyr was a peddler's son and enlisted as a private.
Murat was an inn-keeper's son, and intended for the priesthood.
Fishbein, the great historical painter, was the son of a baker.
Magliabecchi, the linguist, was the son of a vegetable peddler.
Farinelli, the wonderful male soprano, was the son of a miller.
The father of Edward Irving, the great divine, was a tanner.
Sallust was the son of a slave, or as some say, of a freedman.
Blake, the poet, engraver and painter, was the son of a hosier.
The father of Spontini, the opera composer, was a farm laborer.
The father of Diderot, the encyclopedist, was a knife grinder.
The Roman Emperor Maximian was the son of a common soldier.
The father of Thorwaldsen, the sculptor, was a ship carpenter.
Rosseau, the author of "Emile," was the son of a watchmaker.
Gifford, the poet, was a sailor's son, and himself a shoemaker.
The father of David Livingstone was an operator in a cotton mill.
Franklin was the son of a soap-boiler, and was himself a printer.
Marshal Lannes was a carpenter's son, and himself an apprentice.
Ramus, the divine, was the son of a laborer, and himself a servant.
Demosthenes was the son of a sword-maker and blacksmith.
The father of Sir Robert Peel, the statesman, was a day laborer.
The father of Johann Muller, the German scientist, was a peasant.
The father of Keats kept a livery stable, in which the poet was born.
Cervantes' father was a soldier, and he himself served in many wars.
Mendelssohn, the Jewish philosopher, was the son of a pawnbroker.
Marshal Suchet was a silk-winder's boy, and enlisted in the ranks.
The father of Constable, the painter, was a miller and a flour merchant.
Daniel Webster was the son of a farmer in very humble circumstances.
The father of Alexander Wilson, the ornithologist, was a day laborer.
Southey's father was a linen draper and employed his son in the shop.
Roger Ascham, the author of famous educational works, was the son of a footman.
The Emperor Maximilian was the son of a peasant who had been a slave.
The father of Whewell, the mathematician and philosopher, was a joiner.
Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood, was a farmer's boy.
Defoe was the son of a butcher, and himself was a stocking maker by trade.
Isaac Barrows' father was a shopkeeper, and designed Isaac for the same business, being greatly disappointed when the boy neglected his work to read books.
Jean Beethoven, the father of Ludwig von Beethoven, was a chorus singer.
Marshall Massena was the son of a sailor, and for a time was a cabin boy.
John Stow was a beggar's son, and in his later days was himself a beggar.
Howard's father was a grocer and the future philanthropist acted as his clerk.
Cherubini, the great Italian opera writer, was the son of a theatre violinist.
Sachs, the German poet, was a tailor's son, and himself followed that calling.
The great Latin writer of comedy, Terence, was a slave as was also his father.
The father of Kepler, the mathematician and astronomer, was a private soldier.
The Emperor Galerius was the son of a herdsman and himself a shepherd.
The father of Thackeray was a clerk in the service of the East India Company.
Beranger, the French poet, was the son of a tailor, and himself a tavern waiter.
Marshall Victor was a hostler's son, enlisted as a private and rose from the ranks.
The father of Spohr, the great violinist, was a country doctor with small practice.
The father of Northcote, the portrait painter, was a mechanic and watchmaker.
Marshall Oudinot was a brewer's son, and entered the French army as a private.
Gainsborough, the English portrait and historical painter, was the son of a tailor.
Jeremy Taylor was the son of a barber, and spent his youthful hours honing razors.
Ben Johnson was the son of a bricklayer, and for a time himself worked at that trade.
Christopher Columbus was the son of a weaver, and himself learned that trade.
The father of Henry Wilson, Vice-President of the United States, was a poor farmer.
Sophocles, the Greek poet, was the son of a blacksmith, whose wife had been a slave.
The father of Thomas Payne was a corset maker and taught his son the same trade.
The father of West, the painter of "Death on the Pale Horse," was a humble farmer.
Hogarth's father was a small tenant farmer, who disapproved of his son's taste for art.
The father of Ampere, the mathematician, was a dry goods merchant of small means.
Justinian, the Roman emperor and maker of the Justinian code, was a peasant's son.
The father of Turner, the painter of the "Slave Ship," was a barber and hair dresser.
Gray's father was a scrivener or copyist, and designed the poet for the same occupation.
Faraday's father was a blacksmith, and disapproved of his son's experiments with chemicals.
Marshal Bessieres was a farmer's boy, and after enlisting as a private, rose from the ranks.
The father of Spohr, the great violinist, was a country doctor with small practice.
The father of Palestrina, the composer of sacred music, was a cook, or, some say, a waiter.
The father of Rabelais, the French satirist, was a servant in an inn, or, some say, an inn-keeper.
Marshal Augereau was the son of a grocer, and left that business to enlist as a private soldier.
The father of Collins was a hatter, who used often reprove his son for the lack of attention to his business.
The father of Sir Humphrey Davy was a wood-carver, and intended his son for that business.
Winkleman, the German philosopher, was the son of a shoemaker, and himself worked at the bench.
The father of Michael Romanoff, the founder of the present Roman dynasty, was a Russian priest.
Marshal Lefebvre was the son of a wagon driver, and began his military career as a private soldier.
Moliere was the son of an upholsterer, who tried in vain to teach him the rudiments of the business.
The father of Sextus V. was a tenant farmer, who economized at every point to give his son an education.
Aesop's father was a slave, and the writer of fables is believed to have been in servitude most of his days.
Claude Lorraine, the great landscape painter, was the son of a cook, and himself learned the art of pastry.
The father of John Hunter, the great anatomist, was a carpenter, and apprenticed his son to that trade.
Kirke White, the English poet, was a butcher's son and carried steaks to his father's customers.
The father of Kant, the great German thinker, was a saddler and taught his son the elements of the trade.
The father of Chaucer was a vintner, and the future poet spent his youth washing bottles.
Thiers, the historian of the French Revolution, and afterward president of France, was the son of a lockmender.
Hans Bach, the father of the Bach family, was a baker. Over 200 of his descendants have been famous as musicians.
Ferguson, the astronomer, was a shepherd's son and taught himself astronomy while keeping night guard over the sheep.
The father of Horace was a slave, afterward a freedman, who devoted his time and means to the education of his gifted son.
The father of Haydn, the composer of "The Creation," was a wheelwright and often scolded his son for neglecting business.
George Whitefield's father was an innkeeper, and in his boyhood George held horses at the inn door and ran errands for the guests.
President Johnson was the son of parents in very poor circumstances, and was himself a tailor and unable to read until nearly 30 years of age.
Porson, the great Latinist, was the son of a weaver. His taste for learning was kindled by the accidental discovery of a book of Latin proverbs.
The father of Count Werner, the founder of the reigning house of Austria, was a robber, and Werner himself followed that business for most of his life.
Inigo Jones, the famous English architect, was the son of a weaver, and angered his father by sketching houses on the walls of the cottage with a bit of charcoal.
The father of Rossini, the Italian maestro, was a baker, and also the town trumpeter, and on his instrument the young musician took his first lessons in the divine art.
Prior was the son of a cabinet-maker, and himself was fond of mechanical employments. He once said: "A good carpenter was spoiled when I turned my attention to poetry."
Akenside's father was a butcher, but the poet himself in boyhood could rarely be pursuaded to enter the slaughter house. During his whole life he was lame from a wound in the foot occasioned in boyhood by the fall of a cleaver.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## POPULAR SCIENCE NOTES.

By the aid of nineteen observatories scattered over the globe, the late Admiral Monchez of France prepared a map that brought nearly 50,000 new stars within human ken.

A discovery of great importance to South Africa is a stone capable of being burned into a natural cement of good quality. The deposit coveres 1,000 acres, and varies in thickness from ten to twenty feet.

Waterproofed sheets of paper, stuck together by a special process, and compressed by hydraulic power, have been found in Germany to make a material sufficiently hard not only for the soles of boots, but for horse-shoes.

THE FUEL OF THE FUTURE.—"I see that the experts are again figuring up how long the world's supply of coal will last," said Professor H. C. Dunmore. "These figure jugglers appear to think that when the timber above and the coal below ground are burned up we will have to steep our tea in the sun and wear our greatcoats in the parlor during the winter months in order to avoid freezing. Now, the coal and timber supply will probably last until man discovers a substitute. My opinion is that a century hence very little wood or coal will be used for fuel. We may learn to store up the sun's heat so that it can be utilized at will, but the successor of wood and coal for heating purposes will probably be chemically generated gases. This is a progressive world and it will manage to keep warm regardless of the supply of old-fashioned fuel."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

WONDERS OF A KALEIDOSCOPE.—The following curious and interesting calculation has been made on the number of changes that can be made in the picture presented in that remarkable instrument, the kaleidoscope.

Supposing the instrument to contain but twenty small pieces of colored glass and that you make ten changes each minute, at that rate it would take the inconceivable number of 462,880,888,576 years and 360 days to go through the immense number of changes that can be produced! Verily, the human mind shrinks from the contemplation of such immense numbers. We have no more of an idea of what such a length of time means than we have of the meaning of the word "eternity."

According to another eminent mathematician, if only twelve pieces of glass are put into the slide, it will take 33,264 days or something over 91 years to exhaust its variations.

### Many Captured British Flags.

It is asserted there are in the Naval Institute Hall at the Annapolis (Md.), Academy, more British flags captured in war than at any one place in the world. The collection was first moved to the navy school by order of President Polk on February 9, 1849. They are well preserved, being closed up in cases made for the purpose. Among the many might be mentioned the following: Ensign of the Reindeer, captured June 28, 1814, by Captain Johnson Blakeley, of the Wasp; ensigns of the Cyane and Levant, captured February 20, 1815, by Captain Charles Stewart, of the Constitution; ensign of the Java, captured December 29, 1812, by Captain William Bainbridge, of the Constellation, now at Annapolis; ensign of the Boxer, captured during the war of 1812, by Captain William Burrows, of the brig Enterprise, now at the academy, besides a large number of other English flags, and several others taken from the Chinese, Coreans, Mexicans, French and Confederates.—[The Collector.

### The Vegetable Fly.

One of the most curious natural productions of the West Indies is the famed vegetable fly, and insect about the size and color of a drone bee, but without wings. In the month of May it buries itself in the earth and begins to vegetate. By the beginning of June a sprout has issued from the creature's back and made its appearance above the surface of the ground. By the end of July the tiny tree (known on the island as the fly tree) has attained its full size, being then about three inches high, but a perfect tree in every particular, much resembling a delicate branch. Pods appear on its branches as soon as it arrives at its full growth; these ripen and drop off in August. Instead of containing seeds, as one would naturally suppose, these pods have from three to six small hard worms upon the interior.—[Rural Collaborator.

## THE BODY AND ITS HEALTH.

SALT WATER BATHS.—Not many people nowadays deny the wholesome effect of mineral water baths, and M. Albert Robbin, of France, who has made a special study of the effect of mineral salts on the human system, when applied by the bath, has announced some of his conclusions as follows: "A bath containing six per cent of chloride of sodium diminishes the amount of organic matter, uric acid and extractive substances, but increases the inorganic compounds, the amount of nitrogen, urea, chlorides and phosphoric acid. If the bath has twelve per cent of common salt, it gives a brisk stimulation to the nitrogenous interchanges. A bath of twenty-five per cent of salt influences mainly the process of oxidation, while it affects the nitrogen interchanges but slightly.

"This last strong salt bath is therefore indicated for patients of sluggish digestion and oxidation, who suffer mostly from diseases of the skeleton, with rachitis or necrosis, or with anæmia.

"It is also good for all persons in whom the nervous system needs to be built up by economizing the nitrogenous interchanges."

In following up this discussion of the biological action of salt baths, the European edition of the New York Herald contains a proposition advanced by some enterprising scientists "to utilize the waters of the Dead sea for antiseptic purposes."

So far as known, no bacteria can abide in this sea, which is densely charged with chlorides of magnesium and sodium, and also contains in large quantities the bromide of potassium and lime.

Whether this will be attempted or not, and whether in case it should be done there will be found any advantage for antiseptic dressing over the ordinary remedies now in use, remains to be seen.

Meanwhile, for certain classes of invalids, especially people of bilious habits and sluggish circulation, says the American Druggist, there is fresh encouragement to plunge when convenient in the ocean surf, and when not so convenient to make use of the waters derived from the sea salt as may be most easily procured.—[Scientific American.

SANITARY THOUGHTS AMONG THE TREES.—Trees, says the Independent, have a great relation to climate; the cooling of the atmosphere is largely dependent upon the evaporation of water from their leaves. This water, too, is largely drawn from the subsoil and thus helps to dry the earth around it; although this is somewhat counteracted by trees which have density of foliage. We have known a wide-spreading variety of the willow to dry a small piece of swampy ground which in no other way could be so easily drained. From one-third to one-half of the rainfall in a forest does not reach the ground, but passes back to the air by evaporation. Very much depends, however, upon the character of the trees. Up to a certain point we secure dryness of air from forests; on the other hand, by their density they often cause moisture. "A lovely spot embowered in trees and embraced by hills is usually characterized by a damp, misty, cold and stagnant atmosphere, a condition of climate which is obviously unfavorable to good health, and especially favorable to the development of consumption and rheumatism, our two most prevalent diseases."

It is hard for a man who has planted his own lawn and watched the growth of each and every tree, after a few years to apply the fatal ax, cutting out here and there some favorite friend. But the human is grander than the vegetable life, and there must be room for air, evaporation and sunshine.

We have known cases in which great advantage has come from a belt of trees or a woods by which the severity of cold winds is tempered; but these should not be too near the house. We know of a case in which the cutting down of a large woods, between a malarious swamp and a beautiful town on the hills, two or three miles distant, seemed to let in malaria upon the town, and for two or three years it suffered severely.

The relation of special trees in other respects to health has been recognized. Thus the eucalyptus has a known sanitary influence. The odor from most of the fragrant trees acts as a tonic and antiseptic, and makes more delicious the inbreathed air. Sometimes the odor of leaves gives flavor to the whole atmosphere for quite a distance. We think that there is strong evidence of the value of pine forests in pulmonary diseases. This is almost proved by the common use of resins or turpentine in the treatment of these diseases.

"The presence of the vapor of turpentine in the pine forests," Dr. A. L. Loomis, of New Yorks, remarks, "cannot be doubted, and its local and constitutional effects are those of a powerful germicide as well as stimulant." Dr. Loomis quotes the opinion of Mr. Kingsett, that turpentine, during its oxidation, evolves the peroxide of hydrogen, and therefore, by the "oxidation of the terebinthinates, there is produced in extensive pine forests an almost illimitable amount of peroxide of hydrogen, which renders the atmospheres of such forests antiseptic." He believes that the peroxide of hydrogen so abundantly produced in pine forests successfully arrests putrefactive processes and septic poisoning, and therefore, he recommends residence in the pine forests as one of the most efficient means of relieving the symptoms of tuberculosis and retarding the progress of this fatal malady. At high altitudes, the coniferous or evergreen trees usually predominate, and if the views of Professor Loomis be substantiated by future investigations, it may be that the benefit believed to be obtained by consumptives at high elevations is partly due to the exhalations of these trees.

Many of those who have changed residence to pine districts because of pulmonary disease, accord with these views. The same advantage, to a smaller degree, is claimed for the birches; but large forests of these do not abound in many localities in the United States. It is true that in all these cases the condition of the soil has something to do with the conditions of health; but even this is somewhat dependent upon the trees. The dry bed, made, for instance, by the needles of a pine forest, forms a dry covering to the ground, which has much to do with the safety and pleasure of quiet walks amid these groves, while the wind rustling amid the tree tops favors meditation and repose.

Some years since, Sir James Paget of London wrote a very interesting article upon the suggestions and informations to be derived from trees as to the various abnormal growths that may appear in the human framework. He showed how the misplacement of a cell might give rise to a knot, that well illustrates the beginning of a tumor; how the sting of an insect, or the invasion of some vegetable parasite might disturb the life of a great tree or lead to unsightly excrescences; a wounding of the tree upon its side could be the slow beginning of decay, not shown at first, but after a time declairing itself by a too early budding out in the spring, or by an unusual gayety of the leaves in the fall—quite a parallel to the precociousness of delicate youth, or to the hectic flush of the consumptive.

The medicinal uses of trees are various. It is not only that cinchona in all its forms, from the crude bark to the delicate and tasty quinine, or the quassia made into a cup of bitterness, meet the terrors of the dread malaria, or help to give tone to impaired digestive organs. Through all the range of spices and bitters, of resins and gums, of leaves, of wood, of bark and root, there is a variety with which we could not easily part; while the buds and leaves and flowers are often salutary.

Most of these are antiseptic, and the air probably owes much of its ozone and of its exhilarating quality to these substances. Thus it is that particles are wafted to and fro for our lungs and tonics are provided for our bodies. We therefore have reason to rejoice in the sanitary and medicinal properties and healthful influence of the trees and hope this utilitarian view of them will not shock those who only associate with them ideas of the poetic and the sublime.

### Funerals in Paris.

"Funerals in Continental Europe differ as widely from those in this country as one can imagine," said D. D. Cuney, of Philadelphia, at the Southern. "More outward manifestations of respect are paid to the dead in Paris than in any other city that has come under my observation. When a funeral procession passes through the streets of Paris every man takes off his hat and bows his head until the rear of the cortege get past him. The women stop and express their conventional sorrow by courtesying. In Germany the hearses are peculiar. A common style, such as I have often seen in Hospital strasse in Leipsic, is a sort of combination hearse and hack. A place in the forward part is constructed to contain the casket, while in the rear are seats for the near relatives. Another style which I have seen there consists of a low long wagon, with squatty little wheels, and the body of the contrivance is like a flat car, with no covering. There is no rush or hurry about getting to the cemetery, and I have seen large processions blockade all business for hours, so slowly did they move.

"The biggest corteges I have ever seen were at St. Petersburg. There a funeral is quite a jolly affair, and the city is full of professional mourners. The richer the man the bigger the funeral, because the more mourners his family can hire. The employment of these professionals is a recognized custom, and many men and women at the Czar's gay capital make a good living out of their curious business. The stipend of a St. Petersburg mourner varies according to the length of time their services are required and the character of costumes they are required to wear. They are also expected to make the church hideous with their moans and wails, and at the grave they engage to scream and yell as if in wild paroxysms of grief. If they discharge their duties with proper unction they are treated to a banquet after the funeral."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### How to Fly Kites.

The actual height of kites above the earth is difficult to measure, because an object floating in the air looks further away than it really is. When a kite is flying at a height of 1,800 feet it has reached about as high a point as is possible without the assistance of other kites. Such a kite will seem to have an altitude of half a mile, yet a careful measurement of the string and its steepness will show that the kite is not over one-third of a mile above the ground.

Ordinarily the kite will go no higher, even if more string is let out, because the wind presses against the great length of string with increasing force as the kite recedes and rises.

If more than one kite be used remarkable heights are attainable.

The kites can be fastened along a single string, but this method requires quickness in attaching the right amount of tail to each kite, otherwise so much time may be wasted in preparing the successive kites for flight that the daylight will wane before the experiment can be concluded.

However, when one kite is up and the amount of tail for it is determined, it becomes possible, after long experience, to at once estimate the amount of tail necessary for each additional kite, according to its size.—[Pittsburg Dispatch.

### A Man of Nerve.

W. B. Barber of California, with a camera, has photographed a man named Jacob Myers, as he stood upon one foot on the top of a limbless tree 178 feet high and fourteen inches in diameter at the top. Mr. Myers, it is claimed, performed the wonderful feat of dancing a jig on the top of the tree. "Few people," says Mr. Myers, "like to go up so high, but I have never yet seen a place too high for me. It is no trick at all for me in these great red woods to climb a tree, cut off the top and stand on it. I have stood on the extreme end of an electric tower in Tipton, Iowa. The tower was 159 feet high and I stood on a one-inch rod with one foot. Of this you can get proof from Tipton. I was a stranger there, but you can find that I did so by asking the people of Tipton."—[New York Dispatch.

The bronze cents, such as are in circulation now, were first coined in 1854.

## THE OLD BRICK OVEN.

**How Cooking Was Done in the Early Days—Home Experiences.**

Every Saturday, long years ago, my mother used to bake in a brick oven, says a writer in the Troy Times. We had a stove in the kitchen, but its oven was imperfect, so she clung to the brick one. The boys brought in the long oven wood. It was heated to perfection. When the wood was reduced to coals and the coals were mostly taken out, the temperature was tried, not with a thermometer, for these instruments were scarcely known, but with the hand. If the hand could be held therein while the owner counted thirty, the oven was just right for the proper baking of pies. If the hand was scorched the oven was left open for a few minutes to cool off. After the pies and cake came the bread, and then (for we were Connecticut Yankees) the pot of beans and the loaf of rye and Indian bread were put in to bake for the Saturday night's supper and the Sunday dinner. Many beans have I eaten elsewhere in many parts of our land, but never did beans have the same flavor, never did pork have the same crispness or brown bread the same richness as used to be produced in the old family brick oven.

On extraordinary occasions, such as quilting parties, training days, weddings, and funerals, old Nance was called in to bake for us. She was the neighborhood caterer; an African of Africans. How the oven glowed as the fire shone on her yellow turban and was reflected from her honest black face! What wonderful wedding cakes she would make! What palatable funeral meats she would bake! Her midmorning dram was always set upon the mantel-piece, and how limber her tongue would become after she had tossed it off.

Bake kettles were used to supplement the brick ovens. To this day they are used on Southern plantations. These were kettles, or ovens, placed upon the coals in huge fireplaces, on the covers of which were put coals, so that both top and bottom would bake alike.

Johnnycake and shortcake were often baked upon a board tilted in front of the fire upon the hearth. The turning of these cakes required a sleight-of-hand trick incomprehensible to my youth, but my mother always did it deftly enough. Small tin bakers, closed on three sides, were afterward substituted for the johnnycake board.

The second stove in my father's kitchen was a rotary, and we had a large circular tin baker, narrowed toward the top so as to admit of a small cover. This baker was set over the lids of the stove, in which all things could be baked. My mother always clung, however, to the brick oven. The oven wood had to be brought in from the shed on Friday. My youngest brother, 10 years of age, on Friday afternoon of a slippery winter's day, engaged my sister Lib, two years his junior, to aid him in carrying it in. She slipped upon the ice, a sliver from the wood caught in her eyelid and tore open the skin. I was much younger than she, but can well remember how we all screamed and ran into the room where my mother had a quilting party. She was a woman of nerve and of quick perceptions, and as she saw the blood and heard the screams she broke her thread from the quilt and in a second sewed up the torn eyelid. My frightened brother ran for the surgeon. When he came he said: "Woman, you have saved that child's eye."

The modern stove, with its improved oven, found its way into our house and the brick oven gradually fell into disuse.

Cookery in these later days has become a science. Cook books leave no room for guess work. We no longer mix our ingredients as the woman said she made her brown bread: "First I put in what meal I think I will need; then what rye the meal will bear; next a good-sized pinch of salt; next a little flour, a trifle of molasses and as much water or milk as I think it wants, and then bake it till I see it is done."

Some women have such an aptitude for cooking that dishes will turn out well even though put together like stray pieces of silk in a crazy patchwork. But the most of us want an exact rule. We want to be sure we can count the thirty before we place our pies in the oven. Hence the value of cooking schools and of excellent cook books, though pupils at cooking schools are apt to be like Miss Jennie, who last year wished to learn the mysteries of the art. She took a course, but when asked how long she baked her bread she replied: "I do not know, for Susan baked it." When questioned about the quantity of butter in her cake she answered: "Susan got the butter for me." So it was Susan's bread and cake after all.

### An Electric Frying Pan.

It is now possible to cook with electricity. The bottom of an ordinary frying pan is coated with an insulating enamel, in which is embodied a zig-zag wire conveying the current. To prevent radiation from the insulating enamel the plate on its under surface is protected with asbestos. The wire is made of an alloy which can stand great heat, and becoming very hot it makes the iron pan hot—about 480 degrees to 506 degrees. The pan does not become incandescent. Meats, etc., can be cooked quickly, and coffee made in a jiffy, while the expense is almost nothing, as the electric current can be switched from an ordinary sixteen-power incandescent lamp. There are no unpleasant fumes and no danger from fire. With an electric frying pan and an electric teakettle a bachelor could prepare his own meals and live well for comparatively nothing.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### Extracting Poison from Bees.

There are two farmers of Milltown, Penn., who have gone into the business of extracting the poison from bees. They catch the bees, and either immerse them for eight days in a bottle of alcohol, having previously enraged them, so as to cause the poison to exude from the poison sacs, or else they kill them and squeeze the virus into a glass tube. The virus has a local repute as a cure for dropsy, chills and fever and all kinds of insect stings.—[New Orleans Picayune.