

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

VERMONT is one of the few States in which it has been held that the jurors were judges of the law as well as of the facts in criminal cases.

THE construction of a military road between Washington and Baltimore is being agitated by the business men of both cities.

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STRAWBERRY culture was an industry almost unknown among the farmers of Arkansas ten years ago.

WORK for the unemployed on road-building has been tried with success in some cities of Germany.

PEOPLE reared in an environment of Anglo-Saxon custom and tradition have always found Chinese the most difficult of all languages to acquire.

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A KANSAS city is that of the Summer Camp for orphan-house children in Piass Valley near St. Louis.

For cleaning silver the best thing is plaster of paris moistened with water and rubbed on the metal with a cloth.

A STUDY IN POETRY.

In Which it is Shown That Opinions May Honestly Differ.

The Lover of True Poetry had dropped into the office to talk with the literary editor, but that gentleman was busy pinching off the buds of inspired genius and the visitor sat down with the horse editor, who had a few moments just then to waste.

"By the way," remarked the horse editor, "I was thinking about you today."

"Oh, thanks," lisped the visitor; "I hope it was good."

"Fairly, yes," assented the horse editor; "but it was rather about your taste for poetry than about you, per se. I was looking over some of the eastern magazines, ready here and there the poetry they publish."

"Yes!" and the Lover of True Poetry looked soulful. "They do print such lofty verse," he said; "each beautiful thought in such artistic garniture."

"Now, don't you know, it didn't quite strike me that way," said the horse editor. "I presume my soul isn't altogether this from the May Century, by Harriet Prescott Spofford, and entitled 'A Knight of Pentecost?'"

"All sacrosanct, a Knight of Pentecost! Then rode he forth, his trump of onset sounded, By all the forces of the day surrounded, White with the whiteness of the Holy Ghost, Full of the strength that holds the stars together, Full of the word that made the sunlit weather."

"The Lover's eyes were radiant. 'It is full of the divine on earth,'" he said, "strong as a giant and tender as a woman's touch."

"Everybody to his liking, as the old lady said when she kissed her cow," remarked the practical wretch; "but how does this from the Cosmopolitan for February, by an unknown writer, seem to occur to you?"

"Art these thyself, or art thou all of these— The doves, the palaces, the soft sea breeze, White statues, fountains in the cypress bloom, Familiar roses and strange olive trees—I cannot part thee from one garden's bloom."

"The very breathing of the soul that loves; the music of a heart-strung touched by a master hand," exclaimed the Lover rapturously.

"It wouldn't work well into a horse race, that's very true," admitted the horse editor; "but here's another. Madison Carver wrote it and Harper's for February gave it to the world. It is called 'The Red Bird.'"

"And now the red bird sings! Red wings among the flowers, Swim through the very hours; And now two redder wings, Red clouds and redder flowers."

"That is nature idealized in perfect rhythm," murmured the Lover of True Poetry.

"I've got a lot more that I picked out from other magazines and other numbers of these I quote from," said the horse editor softly, "but I won't read them now."

"Yes, read them," pleaded the Lover of True Poetry.

"No, I won't; they make me tired," said the horse editor.

"Oh, don't say that," said the visitor. "It shows such a dreadful lack of taste; such a waste of appreciation of that which is so truly beautiful."

"Fudge!" exclaimed the horse editor. "Do you mean to tell me these verses mean anything and say things as they could be said?"

"Indeed I do; and only poems of that kind are admitted to those magazines. That is the true and highest standard."

"Well, now, suppose you come off the perch," suggested the horse editor. "You can't find one of those poems as I have quoted from."

"But I know I can. I read them myself and remember the sentiment and the wording quite distinctly."

"Possibly you do, old man; possibly you do, but everyone of them I read to you from finish to start; that is, the last line first, and so on, and they make just as good sense one way as they do the other, and you can try them both ways and see. And not only they, but most of this modern high class poetry is cut off the same piece. Now, what I want to know is, is the true merit of poetry to be found in that true comprehensiveness of diction and sentiment which will permit it to be read backwards and forwards with equal sense, or shall we apply the ordinary rules of prose reading to it? Don't answer now," said the horse editor, staying the reply of his visitor, "but think it over and come in with your answer day after tomorrow. I must now go out and lay a few sentences on a horse race in the eastern circuit," and the horse editor left the Lover of True Poetry carefully examining the poems in the various magazines.—[Detroit Free Press.

ONE of the largest forests in the world stands on ice. It is between Ural and the Okhotsk Sea, and while digging a well in the vicinity the earth was found to be frozen to a depth of 340 feet.

RELIABLE RECIPES.

MUTTON BROTH.—Remove every particle of fat and skin, leaving two pounds of lean mutton, when done pour over it a quart of cold water and add a pinch of salt. After it comes to a boil let it simmer for two hours. Barley can be boiled in it, or small pieces of macaroni added, about twenty minutes before it is done.

FRIED EGG PLANT.—Pare and slice one large egg plant, let it soak in salt water for half an hour, then steam until soft enough to mash. Stir the egg plant into batter made of one egg, one cup of milk and flour enough to make it thin. Fry like fritters in boiling lard. Drain the grease off by placing the pieces on brown paper. When served spread well with butter.

BROILED KIDNEYS.—Broiled kidney are delicious if cooked thoroughly with a little bacon for seasoning. Cut them through lengthwise and lay on the broiler with alternate slices of the bacon. Lay on a hot dish, sprinkle half of each with minced parsley, pepper and celery salt, and press the other half on it.

NOODLES FOR SOUP.—Beat three eggs well without separating, and add three table-spoonfuls of milk, and as much flour as the eggs and milk will mix; roll out as thin as possible, cut into strips, and dry half an hour. Boil for twenty minutes in plenty of boiling salted water; drain dry. Brown delicately in a frying pan, with one tablespoonful of butter.

JULIENNE SOUP.—A nice summer soup for a family is the "Julienne," which is made as follows: Put a piece of butter the size of an egg into the soup kettle; stir until melted; cut three young onions small, and fry them a nice brown; add three quarts of good clear beef stock, a little mace, pepper and salt; let boil one hour; add three young carrots and three turnips cut small, a stalk of celery cut fine, a pint of string beans, and a pint of green peas; boil two hours; if the soup be not of a light, clear color add a spoonful of soy.

BONED ROAST CHICKEN.—For this purpose you must have a fine, tender chicken. After it is drawn, washed and wiped dry, lay it on a clean table and take a very sharp knife with a narrow blade and point. Split down the back, and let the knife follow the bones, scraping loose the flesh rather than cutting it. It requires care and pains to do it nicely, and to avoid tearing or breaking the skin. As you set the bones free, remove them carefully. Place bones and carcass in hot water, fold the chicken in cheese and lay across the bones in such a manner that it will not touch the water; let steam for two hours, then brush with butter and bake in oven until brown. Serve with mushroom sauce.

UTILIZING COLD POULTRY.—Cut the fowl into joints, removing all skin and sinew; melt together with a teaspoonful of flour and a bare half ounce of butter, stirring it well till thoroughly amalgamated; then add to it about three-quarters of a pint of white stock (made from the trimmings of the fowl if none other is handy), and let it boil for five minutes with a strip or two of lemon peel and a morsel of mace, then strain it, pour it on the fowl, and let it all heat gently together; when hot, arrange the fowl neatly on a dish, thicken the gravy with the yoke of an egg beaten up in a wineglassful of cream, but do not let the sauce boil after this is added, and pour it over the fowl, garnishing the latter with toy rolls of fried bacon and sliced lemon. This, of course, makes a fricassee, but by using any stock and letting the flour and butter brown, you can have the sauce brown.

What is Celluloid?

Probably a great majority of the people who have used celluloid these many years have no knowledge of its composition, and never have suspected that it was simply paper, chemically treated, reduced again to pulp, and then moulded into its final form of beauty and utility. The process is not a complicated one. A roll of paper is slowly unwound, being saturated with a mixture of five parts of sulphuric acid and two parts of nitric acid, which falls upon it in a fine spray. This changes the cellulose of the paper into propylene gun-cotton.

The excess of the acid having been expelled by pressure, the paper is washed with plenty of water till all traces of the acid have been removed. It is then reduced to a pulp and bleached. Most of the water having been got rid of by means of a strainer, the pulp is mixed with twenty to forty per cent of camphor, and the mixture is thoroughly triturated under mill-stones. The necessary coloring powder having been added, a second mixing and grinding follows. The pulp is then spread out in thin layers on slabs, and from twenty to twenty-five of these layers are placed in a hydraulic press, separated by blotting paper, and subjected to a pressure of 150 atmospheres until all traces of moisture have disappeared. The French article differs somewhat from the American, being made from paroxylated paper, treated with alcohol, then mixed with alcohol and subjected to pressure. It is in the other case. But the French article has the disadvantage that it is susceptible to ignition, and that of a very energetic sort. This usually takes place at about 480 degrees F., but may occur spontaneously at a considerably lower figure. It produces a thick, black smoke, but no flame. [Paper World.

What is the Safest Place During a Thunderstorm?

In answer to this question the editor of the Electrical Age says: "The question is rather broad and indefinite. Generally speaking, however, the safest place during a thunderstorm is amid dry and non-metallic surroundings. In a room, for instance, get as far away as possible from open windows and metal pipes or machinery. The interior of a room is about as safe a place as any. The old idea of getting into a feather bed is a very good one. It is a good protective expedient because feathers are insulators. Any substance that is dry, but of a non-metallic nature, is a good insulator, as compared with the substance wet; therefore, keep in dry surroundings. All metals are good conductors of electricity, and lightning always seeks such substances in its path to the ground. Therefore get as far away as possible from metals."

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

Queer Facts and Thrilling Adventures Which Show That Truth is Stranger Than Fiction.

ABOUT a year ago a great meteor fell at or near Table Mountain, says the Oroville (Cal.) Mercury. The fall of the visitor from unknown spheres and the consternation it caused among those who were witnesses was told in a graphic manner to a reporter of this paper by Professor George H. Stout, Superintendent of Schools, and created wide interest. Searching parties were organized and several scientific gentlemen came here to get if possible a piece of the meteor. Mr. Stout received letters from all over the United States and even from Europe. But despite strenuous efforts, no trace of the mysterious mass could be found. The other day, however, Charles E. Bloomfield, who resides some miles to the west of where this meteor was supposed to have struck, discovered what is undoubtedly a fragment of the same. He was ploughing his field when the implement turned up a mineral mass which Mr. Bloomfield immediately recognized as not being of the ordinary character. He brought the same to Oroville and it was put on exhibition at Norton & Ekman's drug store. The fragment weighs fifty pounds, is of a flint or brownish color on the surface, and for its size is remarkably heavy. Assayer Ekman says that the mass is mostly composed of iron, although he has as yet made no regular assay. He says that there is no doubt of its being of meteoric origin, and will at once test it and find what its component parts are. He will also send samples of the meteor to different scientists.

DOCTOR JOHN ASH of Macoupin County, Illinois, has received from Pennsylvania, as a keepsake and memento of early history in the Ash family, a terrapin or land turtle now in the neighborhood of a century old. Almost a hundred years ago, when Joseph Ash, Dr. Ash's grandfather, was a young man, himself and girl, afterwards his wife, were out walking near their home in the Keystone State, when they espied a turtle at the roadside. Picking it up, Mr. Ash took out his knife and cut the initials of his lady friend and his own upon the back of the turtle, then turning it loose. For years it disappeared, and until two weeks since was only once seen, so far as goes the recollection of any member of the family. A few days ago there was a big reunion of the Ash family at the old homestead, at which the Doctor was present, and, strange to say, only a week before the date of the meeting the old turtle, with the initials plainly visible upon his back, was found wandering around on a portion of the homestead grounds. Just below the letters is the date, "1814." Doctor Ash will keep and care for his turtleship.

A CURIOSITY in the line of a snake is to be seen at the New England newspaper, says the Minneapolis Tribune. It is a box constrictor, and came from South America with a cargo of bananas. The snake is three feet long and about four inches in greatest circumference. On its long journey it was kept comatose in a refrigerator, but hardly had it been unloaded when Minnesota's sun began to thaw it out. A fruit vender of this city was marching out of the store with the bunch of bananas hung over his shoulder, when a bystander called out to him. The man turned about and saw the snake on a level with his eyes, looking at him as though wondering what next was to be expected. The bananas were dropped, and the vender's optics fairly bulged out of his head. He might possibly have heard of finding tarantulas in a bunch of bananas, but a box constrictor was too much. The snake was fed the other day for the first time after his five weeks' fast. A mouse was dropped into his box. He wound himself about his victim and squeezed the life out of it, and then swallowed it whole.

An employe of the Western of France Railway Company has hit upon a highly original plan for preventing his wife from gadding about in a way of which he disapproves. Before going to his daily duty Mr. Lehuby, for such is his name, has been in the habit of locking his wife up in a large trunk. By an ingenious contrivance the lid was made so that it could be raised a few inches, for the admission of air. The most remarkable thing perhaps in a remarkable case is the fact that the wife, who acknowledged that her husband had the strongest grounds for being dissatisfied with her conduct, seems to have been a consenting party to her enforced seclusion. Nevertheless, the facts becoming known, proceedings were instituted by the police authorities, and the correctional tribunal of Louviers has condemned M. Lehuby to pay a fine of ten dollars.

It is a common belief in India that if a cobra is killed and the remains are left in a bungalow, others of the species will be attracted to the spot. About nine months ago Colonel Iderton killed a very large cobra in the compound of the bungalow at Dinapore, and had it skin stuffed and set up by a native moche. Since then the compound has been infested with these snakes, and no less than eight full-grown cobras, measuring from four feet eight inches to five feet four inches, have been killed there, one of which was sitting up, with the house extended, contemplating the house where the remains of its preserver friend were found was making in the direction of the bungalow, and most of them showed fight when tackled. No cobras have been seen in other parts of the station.

THE curious statement is published in the organ of the Palestine Exploration Fund, on the authority of Doctor Lortier, that the Dead Sea loses every day by evaporation several million tons of water. Doctor Lortier says this enormous mass is fast valley wherein the sea lies being one of the hottest points on the globe. This vast basin is remarkable as being the deepest depression upon the surface of the earth. It is 1,200 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, and rocky walls rising 2,600 feet in height surround it on all sides. It is nourished only by the river Jordan, and there being no outlet, its entire tribute of water must be absorbed by evaporation only. Doctor Lortier says that the waters of the lake are concentrated more and more, and so great has its density become that the human body floats on the surface without the slightest exertion of hands or feet.

DAVID PITMAN, an eccentric character living in Zanesville, Penn., since his retirement from the river with a comfortable fortune, has a horse forty-four years old. Captain Pitman has made a practice of celebrating the birthday anniversary of the animal with a pretentious banquet, during which the horse is brought into the best room in the house and fed on all the dainties that are spread before the other guests. The annual event has just been celebrated with more than usual magnificence, the guests and the horse being served with one of the finest dinners ever laid in this city, an entire day being given up to the festivities. The animal is Kentucky bred, and in its younger days was a racer of more than local celebrity.

ONE of the strangest superstitions of Chinamen is the awe with which they regard the cockroach. John holds the ugly black pest as something sacred, claiming that it is specially favored by the gods and a particular favorite of the great Joss. The most unfortunate mishap that can befall a Chinaman is to step on a cockroach. Instantly visions of terrible disasters and calamities arise before him. In some instances the superstition has been known to prey on the minds of the Celestials as to drive them insane. As a result of this state of affairs Chinatown, Philadelphia, is overrun with cockroaches, and a Chinaman would as soon think of killing himself as of killing one of them.

PLAINFIELD has been all agog over a wee bit of newly arrived humanity. Mrs. Wallace Corriell, of North avenue, gave birth to a baby girl who was so tiny that it seemed almost incredible that the child at birth was about fourteen inches long and weighed about four pounds. It had the tiniest little hands and feet. The blue eyes seemed almost too large for the tiny face, which was only about four inches long, and it seemed almost impossible that such a wee bit of humanity could cry so loudly for its dinner.

A QUEEN story comes from Montgomery County, Ga. Henry Randolph caught a mus-turtle, took it home, cut its head off, had it dressed, cooked and served for dinner. On the fourth day, in the evening, after the head was cut off, a noise under the house caused an investigation, when it was found that the turtle's head had caught a chicken. The head held the chicken by the bill, and held it so tight that its mouth had to be forced open to get it loose. The chicken's bill was broken so that it could not eat, and it died.

THE Rev. A. M. Cockerell, of Sweet Springs, Mo., has been the subject of a remarkable surgical operation. The elbow joint was taken out with about two or three inches of the humerus, as much of the radius. The joint has not only reossified, but is articulate, and it is said to be the only case of the kind on record. He now has the use of his arm, and in due time it will have its original strength.

AT Rock Hill, N. C., live a tiny hero and heroine. A little eight-year-old son of J. W. Thompson fell into a well about thirty-six feet deep. There was no one near except a ten-year-old sister, but he climbed out of the water by the aid of the rocks in the well, and was rescued by his little sister, who lowered the well chain and drew him out.

No woman fears a mouse more than Lord Roberts, whom Queen Victoria recently decorated. He dislikes a cat. His nervous sensibilities are such that he can detect a cat's presence when unable to see it, and he is ill at ease until the animal is removed. Such, at least, is the story Dr. Mackenzie's daughter, writing from London, tells in a Philadelphia paper.

T. J. EDWARDS, of Worth County, Georgia, lost a fine milk cow under strange circumstances. Her horns were very crooked, and from the position in which she was found afterward it is supposed that she was pawing at the flies, which are troublesome, she hung her foot to her horns, and died before she was discovered.

THE old cemetery of Barcelona, Spain, is in truth a "city of the dead." Streets upon streets of walls, with five or six stories of niches, into which the coffins are to be placed, give one indeed the idea of a deserted city. This fashion obtains all over Spain and in some parts of Italy.

How to Seal a Letter.

The ability to "seal" a letter correctly is said to be one of the lost arts. In the good old days of goose quills, loose sand for blotting, and fine sealing wax for adhesive purposes, delicacy and dexterity in putting the wax in the right place without burning one's fingers was a necessary part of a liberal education. Nowadays the art has almost passed out of remembrance. Here is the correct method of sealing a letter: When the letter is ready lay the seal on the table, at your right hand, and in such a position that when used the impression may be square and right side up. Then hold the wax above the flame of the gas or candle, but not near enough to burn. When the wax has been gradually softened apply it with a circular movement upon the place to be sealed; rub it well around and down until you have the circle of proper size and thickness. The wax, still soft, has cooled sufficiently to take a clear impression. Hold the envelope a little distance from the flame until the wax has again become soft, then moisten the seal and apply it. The result will be a clear impression. There will be no adhesion of wax to seal, no breaking and no irregular wax strings hanging about the paper. The letter cannot be opened without destruction of the seal itself, which in old conventional style will serve as the security of the contents of the letter.

The Vandyke sleeve caps which taper to a point above the elbow are now quite as often added to the short open jacket as the square-shaped Russian model.