

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

If Only Mothers Knew.
If only mothers knew, she said,
How hungry children are for love,
Above each virgin little bed
A mother's lips would prove
How sweet are kisses that are given
Between a rosy mouth and heaven.

Fashion Notes.
Bullet-shaped glass buttons are worn
with colored dresses.
White and gold is the fashionable
combination this winter.

The "Chesterfield," a new coat for
street wear, is shaped like an ulster, but
has a jacket-back.
Plain ruffling set edge to edge with
insertion between, is a pretty trimming
for the neck of a dress.

The Japanese Housewife.
While the mother is busy at needle
and thread, near her may be her daughters
learning to write or read; perhaps
to sew, embroider, make poetry, play on
musical instruments, to dance, sing,
make tea in ceremonial style, tie up
presents, arrange curtains of flowers, or
to perform one of the many duties and
accomplishments laid down in the book
of "Women's Great Study."

The opening of the present college
year, Yale, too, passed a law which
has proved remarkably effective in
crushing the anti-freshman proclivities
of the sophomores. Any student, the
law states, who is guilty of hazing, shall
withdraw from his own class and enter
that immediately below. Already, I am
informed, two or three sophomores, in
consequence of breaking it, have been
compelled to enter the freshman class.

One Woman's Remarkable Career.
The Boston correspondent of the New

Bedford Mercury writes: Until very
recently, there was an old, bent and
wrinkled woman to be seen any day on
one of our principal thoroughfares
"down town," curled up behind a
meager, dyspeptic little handbag, patient-
ly grinding out the most dismal and
doleful sounds that ever this democratic
instrument was made to yield, and look-
ing wistfully at the little tin cup which
was usually very destitute of pennies,
and to which silver was an utter stranger;

Ladies Who Rob Themselves.
On dit, that some of the late jewel
robberies exist only in the imagination
of the fair owners, and that ladies in
want of money first pawn their diamonds
and then account for their loss by theft.

College Hazing.
Charles F. Thwing, has an article in
Scribner, from which we quote: In
order to abolish hazing it is first neces-
sary to create a college sentiment
which opposes it. The means of creat-
ing this sentiment are as numerous as
those by which any change in either
public or college opinion is promoted.

When a mountain-lake is born—
when, like a young eye, it first opens
to the light—it is an irregular, expres-
sionless crescent, inclosed in banks of
rock and ice—bare, glaciated rock on
the lower side, the rugged snout of a glacier
on the upper. In this condition it
remains for man a year, until at
length, toward the end of some auspicious
cluster of seasons, the glacier re-
cedes beyond the upper margin, leaving
it open from shore to shore for the first
time, thousands of years after its con-
ception beneath the glacier that scooped
its basin.

Having fully recovered from the effects
of this little incident, Capt. Boyton's
next long swim of note was taken in
November, 1876, on the river Po. He
entered the water at Turin on the 4th,
and floated along nicely until near the
castle Nuovo Bocca d'Adda, eighty-
three hours later. Here he was obliged
to leave the river in consequence of an
attack of "fire fever," "as crazy as a
loon before I got over it." The fever
staid by the captain for sixteen days,
and then the plucky swimmer went back
to the Po and continued his trip to Ferrara,
which he reached December 3d,
having been in the water ninety-six
hours in all, and traversed a distance of
740 kilometers. On the 20th of Decem-
ber the captain swam from Florence to
Pisa on the Arno, and a month later he
voyaged from Orto to Rome, occupying
thirty-one hours in doing it. This voy-
age down the Tiber is one of the most
memorable trips Capt. Boyton has taken.

There is, however, a milder method
which, properly applied, will usually
prove more effective and is easier of
execution. It is the method that Har-
vard college adopted in the autumn of
1872. At the opening of that college
year the faculty proposed an agreement
for the sophomore and freshmen classes
that they would abstain from indulging
in all those annoyances usually included
in the term hazing. So far as can be
learned, every member of the two
classes, over three hundred in number,
signed it. This simple process ended
hazing at Cambridge. The sophomores
of 1872-73 did not haze, and the sopho-
mores of the next year, bound by the
agreement and not having been hazed,
had no injured honor to vindicate, and
the succeeding freshmen were not
molested.

A Western paper confidently asserts
that a healthy bridegroom, an army mus-
ket and an ounce of bird-shot all work-
ing harmoniously together, will discour-
age a serenade quicker than a thunder
shower.

CAPTAIN PAUL BOYTON.

His Adventures All Over Europe—A Nar-
row Escape on the Danube—Wonderful
Stories of Hard Swims.

Capt. Paul Boyton, whose name is
familiar the world over as "the Ameri-
can swimmer and life savor," has re-
turned to New York.
Capt. Boyton left his native Ameri-
ca between four and five years ago for
the purpose of introducing his well-
known life-saving costume to the notice
of foreign governments, and showing to
them its efficiency by exhibiting it in
person. His first feat abroad was per-
formed on the night of October 21, 1874,
when he donned his suit and sprang over
the side of the steamship Queen, off
Cape Clear, on the coast of Ireland. The
sea was running furiously, but after
struggling with the waves for nine
hours Capt. Boyton finally reached shore
"as sound as a dollar." He landed among
the most dangerous cliffs
on the southern coast of Ireland, and
in the midst of a storm so severe that,
while it lasted, fifty-six vessels were
wrecked upon the coasts of the United
Kingdom. Afterward the captain swam
across Dublin bay, and after astonishing
the Irish with many similar feats he
went over to England and prepared for
the most difficult task he had yet under-
taken. This was to swim across the
English channel from England to France.
Capt. Boyton left Dover on the 10th of
April, but wind and tide conspired
against him, and after being in the water
fifteen hours and swimming fifty miles
to and fro, he was obliged to give up,
and was taken into one of the boats
which had accompanied him, when with-
in four miles of Cape Griznez. The
captain was not the man to give up on
a single trial, however, and on the 28th
of the next month he was again in the
water, this time determined to win in an
attempt to cross the channel from
France to England. Starting from Cape
Griznez Capt. Boyton fought the waves
continually for twenty-four hours, and
finally landed upon English soil at
South Foreland, having accomplished a
feat which no one has yet undertaken
to rival. Capt. Boyton's next long swim
was in October, 1875, when he traversed
the Rhine from Basle to Cologne, a dis-
tance of 400 miles.

Soon after this the captain returned
to America, and on January 9, 1875, he
put on his suit and jumped into the
Mississippi river at Alton, Ill., bound
for St. Louis. The latter city was
reached in safety after paddling among
floating cakes of ice for twelve hours.
The captain next traversed the same
river from Bayou-Goula to New Orleans,
the distance being 100 miles, which he
made in twenty-four hours, on Febru-
ary 24. Captain Boyton turned his at-
tention to the Ohio river, and on March
16 descended the falls of Louisville.

The Birth of a Lake.
John Muir writes in Scribner, of
"The Mountain Lakes of California."
We quote: The Merced river, as a
whole, is remarkably like an elm-tree,
and it requires but little effort on the
part of the imagination to picture it
standing upright, with all its lakes
hanging upon its spreading branches,
the topmost eighty miles in height.
Now add all the other lake-bearing
rivers of the Sierra, each in its place,
and you will have a truly glorious spec-
tacle—an avenue the length and width
of the range; the long, slender, gray
shafts, the milkway of arching branches,
and the moon-like lakes all clearly de-
fined and shining on the blue sky. How
excitedly such an addition to astronomy
would be gazed at! Yet these lakeful
rivers are still more excitingly beauti-
ful and impressive in their natural
positions to those who have the eyes to
see them as they lie imbedded in their
meadows and forests and glacier-
sculptured rocks.

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There is no good reason why it should
be so, but doll babies are always girls.

CHASED BY WOLF-DOGS.

How Charles Warren Stoddard Broke His
Arm on the Roman Campaigns.

We debated over black coffee until
the last number of the concert in the
piazza had ended in a flourish of trum-
pets, and then, without further hesita-
tion, we ordered steeds and swore we
would cross the campaigns at midnight,
through fever and damp, spite of the
brigands and the sheep-dogs and the
black holes that line the solitary road to
Rome.

It was twelve midnight when we
mounted. The bell of some convent
in the hills was calling the monks from
sleep to prayer; the piazza was des-
erted; a few friends who had supped
with us stood by us to the last, and we
turned from them as they stood in the
warm light of the cafe—the only light
visible at that hour—and departed under
a thick shower of benedictions.

The long road wound down the hill
between high walls and terraced gar-
dens. From time to time we passed
the way-side shrines so common in
Catholic countries; broad bars of light
fell across our path, for there was ever
a lamp lit by some faithful hand and
burning brightly at the feet of the Ma-
donna. The way grew lonely. We set
forth with songs, but our voices were
lost in the immense, the eternal silence
of the vast and vacant land.

It came at last—a low growl, a way
off in the blackness of darkness; a long,
low, wolfish growl that ended in a sharp
and vicious yelp, which was followed by
a chorus of howls and barks that chilled
the very marrow in our bones.

We plunged into the darkness, relying
upon the instinct of our horses to keep
the road. Once off it we must fall into
one of the ditches that follow it at in-
tervals, or have driven full speed
against the low walls that border some
of the meadow lands, and in either case
our destruction was inevitable. I was
following the party, bringing up the
rear of the procession—Indian file—
when suddenly everything went from
under me, and in the next moment I
was groveling among loose stones, with
my horse vainly striving to regain his
feet at my side. The whole earth sank
at that moment, and out of the chaos
that followed came fearful voices asking
if I was hurt. I thought not, but before
I could render this verdict a two-
edged agony went corkscrew-fashion
through my arm, from the shoulder to
the wrist, and then returned to the
elbow, where it threw out a thousand
red-hot tendrils and struck root forever
and ever.

Meanwhile a pack of dogs, awakened
by the clamor, bore down upon our
quarter, and we were in danger of being
intercepted, but with desperate haste
we passed them just as they leaped the
wayside wall and struck into the road,
gnashing their teeth with rage at the
very feet of our horses. It was a nar-
row escape; our poor devil was struck
by the flying heels of my horse and
knocked edwise, and then we saw dimly
the gray shadow forms slackening
their pace. Gradually the whole tribe
retreated, the noise subsided, and there
came the gratefullest season of silence
that ever crept into my life.—Letter in
San Francisco Chronicle.

Needle-Making.
Needles are made from soft steel wire,
which is received from the manufactory
in coils. The wire is cut by fixed shears
into lengths sufficient to make two
needles. These blanks, being bent, re-
quire straightening, which is done by
placing several thousands of them be-
tween two broad, heavy rings, and heat-
ing them to redness in a furnace. They
are then removed and placed, still in
position within the rings, on a flat iron
plate, and by means of a curved bar,
termed a smooth file, rolled back and
forth until perfectly straight. Each
piece is then sharpened at both ends.
The workman takes up a number at a
time and holds the ends against a grind-
stone, forming the points. By means
of a die and counterdie, two grooves are
stamped by a press on each side of the
wire, which is next pierced under a
press with two holes, forming the eyes.
A number of pieces are then strung
on two fine wires and broken each in
two by filing and bending. The rough-
ness about the head is removed by fil-
ings, several at a time being placed in a
small vice. During these processes the
needles, having become somewhat bent,
are straightened by rolling on a flat
plate, as before. They are now brought
to a red heat, and tempered by plunging
them into oil. Fifty thousand at a
time are then put in a canvas bag with
emery, oil, putty-powder and soft soap,
and rolled to and fro under pressure
until they become bright. The better
class of needles have their eyes drilled.
The final process is polishing the points,
which is effected first by a rotating hone,
and afterward by a buff-wheel. Of late
years machines have been introduced by
which needles are formed from the roll
of wire without the intervention of hard
labor.

Widow Marie Janette Bell is still liv-
ing at Kankakee, Ill. She is 109 years
of age. She was born in 1769, the year
of Napoleon's birth. She saw Napoleon
as "The Little Corporal," knew Robes-
pierre, was surged in the crowd that
witnessed the execution of the Sixteenth
Louis, and remembers when Marie An-
toinette's blood was split. Old Mother
Bell measures five inches less in height
than she did twenty years ago, but her
tongue hasn't shriveled in the least.—
New York News.

Items of Interest.

The man who kicks football throws
his whole sole into his boot.
A man's character is like a fence—You
cannot strengthen it by whitewash.

Relston, the great California banker,
according to a rumor on the Pacific coast,
is still alive and living in the south of
Europe, the drowned body which was
found having been the corpse of a man
so closely resembling Relston that
every one was deceived, as it was
planned that they should be.

"I can stand it well enough," remark-
ed old man Jacobs, "to sit and listen to
a barber's opinions on finance while he
playfully flourishes the razor over my
jugular vein, but when he becomes so
much absorbed in conversation that he
absent-mindedly wipes the lather off on
my coat sleeve, it sort 'er riles me."—
Reynolds Herald.

Japan cultivates about 9,000,000 acres,
one-tenth of her entire area, though
about one-fourth of her fertile area.
She supports a population of three and
one-half persons to every cultivated
acre. Most of her people live on fish
and vegetables; her great lack is live
stock. Milk is not used as an article of
food, and what few cows they possess
are employed for plowing.

AN EPITAPH.
The following is taken from the
churchyard of Sterling, and is the
epitaph of Alexander E. Miffin, chief
constable of Stirlingshire:
"Ours life but a winter's day;
Some only breakfast and away;
Others to dinner stay and are full fed;
The oldest man but snags and goes to bed.
Large is his debt that lingers out the day;
He that goes soonest has the least to pay."
Method is essential, and enables a
larger amount of work to be got through
with satisfaction. "Method," said
Cecil (afterward Lord Burleigh), "is
like packing things in a box; a good
packer will get in half as much again as
a bad one." Cecil's despatch of business
was extraordinary, his maxim being,
"The shortest way to do many things
is to do only one thing at once."

The drunkenness of Edgar Allan Poe
was recently under discussion by a
Richmond temperance society. A speak-
er dwelt on the poet's disgraceful death.
Dr. Mason, who attended him in his
last illness, replied: "He died like a
gentleman. For days before his death
he utterly refused stimulants of all
kinds to allay his nervous excitement,
and died a sober man, truly penitent for
his past career."

Just about this time of year our ex-
changes with one another in trotting
out the venerable Joe Miller in various
stages of mutilation about a woman
who went to market and told the dealer
that she kept boarders and wanted
him (the market man) to pick out half
a dozen of the oldest and toughest
hens
ducks
geese
turkeys
he had. Which being done,
she
he (the purchaser replied with a
sardonic grin, "I'll take the other lot."
These are all the versions we know; our
readers can take their choice.—St.
Albans Advertiser.

Butter and Cheese.

The production of butter and cheese
in the United States as a specialty has
a history of only thirty years. It began
in the eastern part of New York State,
then extended westward until it became
the leading industry in the State. In
Pennsylvania the best counties are de-
voted to dairy farming. The northern
part of Ohio makes it a specialty. In a
large part of Michigan, northern Illi-
nois, Wisconsin and Iowa, cheese and
butter-making is the chief industry.
Colorado has several cheese factories;
and within the last ten years California
has changed from an importer to an ex-
porter of butter and cheese. Fifteen
years ago Chicago merchants obtained
their supplies of cheese from the East;
now, 100,000,000 pounds pass through
that city annually for New York. The
value of the land and stock employed in
furnishing milk, butter and cheese in
the United States is estimated at \$1,300,-
000,000. Over 3,000 factories are en-
gaged in the manufacture of these
articles, besides the tens of thousands
of private dairies. One manufacturer in
western New York has over forty fact-
ories. Others in different parts of the
country have from five to thirty each.
There are several firms in New York
city who handle from two to three mil-
lion dollars' worth of butter and cheese
each annually.

The annual production of cheese in
the United States is estimated at 350,-
000,000 pounds, and of butter 1,500,-
000,000 pounds. The value of the two
is about \$350,000,000, one-seventh more
than the hay crop, and one-third more
than the cotton crop, and only one-fifth
less than the corn crop. There are more
than 13,000,000 cows in the United
States, which is over six times the num-
ber in Great Britain, and more than
twice the number in France. The pro-
duction of butter and cheese in this
country has increased thirty-three per
cent. during the present year, and the
exports are said to have increased in the
same proportion. The cheese and butter
exported this year have paid freight to
ocean transportation companies amount-
ing to \$1,000,000, or almost enough to
support a line of ocean steamers. They
pay to railroad companies annually over
\$5,000,000, and milk pays nearly as
much besides.

Table showing Butter and Cheese production in the United States from 1858 to 1877. Columns include Year, Butter (lbs), and Cheese (lbs).