

TIMELY TOPICS.

The Cincinnati Enquirer essays to define the word "boom," so frequently met with in the newspapers of the United States. As used politically, it signifies a Westernism. In the spring and fall, Western rivers are subject to frequent freshets, and rise with a swelling and boiling motion that is called "booming" by steamboat men. Hence, when a man's or a party's chances are thought to be improving, they are said to be "booming," and anything that enhances the chances is called a "boom."

A United States postage stamp manufactory has been established in France. It was ascertained by the Postoffice Department some time ago that one A. L. Alexandria, Jr., in Paris, was engaged in the manufacture of counterfeit United States postage stamps. An investigation resulted in showing that, although the party named manufactured facsimiles of United States stamps, he sold them only to persons who were making collections of postage stamps, and that the object was not to defraud the government. The practice, however, was immediately discontinued. It was found that a similar business is carried on in England and Germany.

If a person swallows any poison whatever, or falls into convulsions from having overloaded the stomach, an instantaneous remedy, most efficient and applicable in a large number of cases, is a heaping teaspoonful of common salt, and as much ground mustard, stirred rapidly in a teacupful of water, warm or cold, and swallowed instantly. It is scarcely down before it begins to come up, bringing with it the remaining contents of the stomach; and lest there be any remnant of the poison, however small, let the white of an egg or a teaspoonful of strong coffee be swallowed soon as the stomach is quiet, because these very common articles nullify a large number of virulent poisons.

Wild beasts make awful havoc among the cattle of some of the Russian provinces. In the province of Novgorod, for example, the horses and cows of the peasants daily fall victims. The authorities of that province have, during the past ten years, tried every possible way of rooting out the wolves and bears, but without any noticeable success. In the year 1878 the loss then ran as high as 1,500 head of cattle. At its last session the Zemstvo decided to offer a reward of five roubles to every person who shall kill a wolf, old or young, and ten roubles for each bear killed during the summer, the money to be paid from the provincial fund. Strychnine pills are recommended for the destruction of the wild beasts.

The barometer of the national prosperity of England is, according to the London Sanitary Record, at a very low ebb, as the depression in the marriage rate, that uncaring test of the material conditions and prospects of the people, was still more and more marked during the first quarter of this year than it had been in any of the four quarters of 1878. The annual marriage rate in the three months ending March last did not exceed 11.6 per 1,000, and was 2.1 below the average rate of the corresponding period of the previous forty years—1838-77. So low a marriage rate has not prevailed in the first quarter of any year since 1837, when the act for civil registration of marriages, births and deaths first rendered these statistics possible. The nearest approach to a low marriage rate, in the first quarter of the year, was 12.5 in the first three months of 1841.

Four million three hundred thousand dollars is a good deal to pay for a tavern, yet that sum was paid the other day for the Grand Hotel, in Paris. This includes, of course, the shops and everything appertaining to the vast building (the hotel contains seventy handsome salons, some 600 chambers, with private dining-rooms, etc.) which is one of the most valuable bits of property in that city. The hotel was built by a company, and has had a large patronage from the start, mainly from Americans, who are, as Europeans know, very apt to be liberal patrons. Nevertheless, the house, or, rather, the company, has not made money, much money, as has been taken in. Up to two or three years ago it was currently reported that not a single dividend had been declared, and, as may be inferred, the stockholders have not liked it. During the exhibition year of 1867, and for some years after, the hotel got so wide a name for exorbitant charges as to deter many people from going there. The new proprietor will continue the establishment as a hotel, but if it pays him no better than it did its former owners he will regret his purchase.

The New York World explains the methods by which the Egyptian obelisk is to be removed from Alexandria to New York city, under the direction of Lieutenant-Commander Gorringe, who has left New York to commence the undertaking. The machinery to be employed in handling the great monolith has already been constructed at the works of the late Mr. Roebling, at Trenton, and aggregates about eighty tons in weight. For the rest, the obelisk having been brought to the pier, a steam collier having a water-ballast compartment will be secured alongside and the necessary preparations made for having her down to careening lighters placed alongside on the side opposite the pier. The water-ballast compartment will be filled. A port having been opened to admit the obelisk into the forehold, it will be launched in. The lifting of the steamer from taking its weight will be overcome by heaving down on the careening lighters, and the sinking due to both operations will be counteracted by pumping out the water-ballast compartment, thus removing a weight of water corresponding to that of the obelisk. Tidal and wind-drift differences of level will be overcome by means of a float secured at the shore end, after the fashion of a ferry-slip.

The Emperor of China is allowed three wives, the chief of whom is the empress, while the other two are consorts. He has the right, under certain restrictions, of choosing his own successor. When the Emperor Hsin Fung died, in 1861, he left the throne to his son Tong-che, who was only five years old. The empress and the boys, mother, one of the two Queens, were made co-regents. They reigned very successfully until 1873, when Tong-che took the government into his own hands and removed them from power. In 1875 he died of small-pox, without naming a successor. His wife was a feeble girl, with a young baby, for whose rights she had not the strength of character to fight. She soon died, and the old empress and queen seized the opportunity to get back upon the throne. They

chose a three-year-old nephew of Hien Fung, and appointed themselves to reign, until he became a man. The scheme was carried out, and the two women are now seemingly firmly re-established. Among the first statesman of the empire was Wo Ko-tu, at the head of the Civil Service Department. He brooded over the wrong done to the infant son of Tong-che, and at last resolved to speak out against it. This was a serious matter, for ancient usage in China decrees that whoever utters treason shall at once commit suicide. Wo Ko-tu wrote and published, in the most respectful language, a demand that the empress and queen should abdicate. Then he killed himself with a knife.

An Old Hermit's Story.

There is an interesting hermit named Austin Sheldon in the wilds of Pike county, Pa. He is seventy-three years of age, deaf, and lives in a cave, which he has rudely fitted up for a habitation. His only companion is a tame rat. His personal appearance is startling. He is about five feet in height, and his hair and beard are as white as snow. His clothes are worn and patched and he wears a waistband made of a hickory withe to support his garments. For his defence against wild beasts he carries a long knife, as sharp as a razor, which he manufactured by grinding down an old file. He says that his parents were Connecticut farmers. In early manhood he fell in love with a young, plished girl and they were engaged to be married. Her parents broke off the match by secretly sending her away to boarding school. This so preyed upon Austin's mind that he gave up business and started out to find her. He traveled from State to State, but in vain, and finally, when his money was nearly spent, he resolved to settle down in Pennsylvania. He fell into the hands of land speculators, who soon got what cash he had, and dived him the barren tract of land upon which he now lives. His astonishment when he saw the "farm" that had been dived him may be imagined. He found nothing but a forest, and as a storm came up he was obliged to take refuge in a cave in a ledge of rocks. This cave he has ever since inhabited. For nearly twenty years he subsisted upon wild fruit and nuts, and in the winter he trapped game and fish. For three years the hermit never saw a human being. Previous to beginning life as a hermit he was proud of his personal appearance, but he grew negligent, and a thick, shaggy beard covered his face, and his hair grew long, far down below his shoulders. From the time he began his hermit life he has never drawn a razor across his face. But he has grown tired of that kind of life, and lately told a Philadelphia Times correspondent that he intended to return to civilization to die.

An Iron War Shirt.

An iron shirt was recently left at the office of the Alexandria (Va.) Gazette by some one who found it in a house that had been occupied by Union troops during the closing months of the war. This iron-clad chemise resembles somewhat the armor of a crusader, and is made of ten pieces of heavy boiler iron, or it may be plates of thin steel, all jointed by movable rivets, which allow the shirt to be disjoined and packed up. A portion of it is hinged so as to allow motion to the limbs. This mobile encasement or personal fortress was fitted on in front like a dicky, but extended down far enough to cover the thighs. The Gazette says: "Its inventor evidently deemed the shirt a useful invention, for the sample on our desk is marked on one shoulder in brass, like an epaulette, 'patent applied for,' and on the other, 'Made by Atwater Armory Co., New Haven, Conn.' The marks, 'I. A. A.' which, we suppose, indicate that 'I must Avoid Accidents,' are the only other inscriptions found upon this work of art." A similar iron-clad shirt, now imported at Belfast, Ireland, and the trade promises to grow as large, proportionately, as that with England.

The Bite of the Skunk.

In the Forest and Stream, of recent date, is a contribution to the question whether the bite of the skunk is poisonous and will produce rabies. In the west and southwest of the Mississippi valley this seems generally believed. A writer from Colorado quotes several instances.

Dr. Cushing, of Trinidad, Colorado, who has no doubt, seen several cases, gives his opinion that the natural bite of the skunk produces hydrophobia—that it does not tend to be infectious from rabies itself. He says its bite will kill the victim sooner or later, without fail. Dr. W. L. South, who has had great experience in Texas and New Mexico, says "the bite will fetch the victim some time," meaning that it will sooner or later result in death.

We do not believe this is the case in the Eastern States. The skunk is very common in Pennsylvania. We have seen dogs bitten by it, and have known those who hunted it constantly for its valuable skin, but have never heard of any such ill result from its bite either in man or dog.—Medical and Surgical Reporter.

A Strange Breach of Promise Suit.

Of all the accusations brought against the City of Glasgow Bank, that of being the cause of an action for breach of promise of marriage is certainly the strangest, but nevertheless it is a fact. The names of the parties are well known, but there is no necessity for mentioning them; suffice it to say that the lady belongs to Glasgow and the gentleman to Greenock, both of them being people of some wealth. The lady unfortunately held some of the stock of the bank, and when the crash came, although the marriage invitation had actually been issued, the gentleman cried out until it was ascertained how far he would be affected as her husband. After the decision of the House of Lords, that no liability would extend to him, it was, of course, expected that he would at once complete his engagement, but for some reason or other he had changed his mind and positively refused to do so. After all persuasion had failed, an action claiming \$15,000 was raised, which he has now compromised by paying \$5,000.—Liverpool Gazette.

Cure for Sleeplessness.

Put half a towel, apply it to the back of the neck, pressing it upward toward the base of the brain, and fasten the dry half of the towel over so as to prevent prompt evaporation. The effect is inducing calmer, sweeter sleep than any narcotic. Warm water may be used, though most persons will prefer it cold. To those suffering from over-excitement of the brain, whether the result of brain work or pressing anxiety, this simple remedy is an especial boon.

Jokes from "Harper's Drawer."

Here are a couple of yarns from Connecticut:

Old Mr. E—B— was a very wealthy farmer. Hard-working, penurious and worldly, he had reached his ninety-sixth year, but still persisted in working hard every day. One of his neighbors, an excellent man, himself over ninety years old, met him one day and said: "Well, Mr. B—, we are getting to be pretty old men," "Not so very old—not so very old," said the farmer, gruffly. "But don't you think," persisted the other, "that we ought to be considering about the next world, and what our life will be there? We must very soon die, you know."

"Don't know about that—don't know about that," retorted the farmer. "Very few men die at my age."

Old Squire C— was postmaster, store-keeper and autocrat of his village. He was the wealthiest man in it, but had the reputation of being also the sharpest and hardest man in his dealings with the poor, yet a drunken loafer in the village once outwitted him. This loafer—an old sot, generally known as "Sam"—came one day to the store trundling a wheelbarrow. The squire was seated on the front stoop of his store, and seeing him approach, called out: "Well, Sam, what are you after now?" "Why, Squire C—," drawled the old rascal, most obsequiously, "I want a barrel of your best wheat flour, and I want to pay cash for it, too."

"Oh!" said the squire, "that's it, is it? Well, George—turning to his clerk—"Roll out a barrel of that Genesee flour, and help Sam to put it on his wheelbarrow." This was soon done, and Sam very quietly began to wheel it away. The squire had not received his money, and he sprang up at once, and called: "Sam! Sam! you said you wanted to pay cash for that flour. Where's your money?"

"Well, Squire C—," drawled Sam, "so I do want to pay cash for it, but, you see, I can't—trundling the wheelbarrow off more and more rapidly with every word."

Dyspepsia.

Abstain from drinking immediately before and during meals, and for an hour afterward; also, use no milk in either tea or coffee. Burn alum until the moisture in it is evaporated; then take as much as you can put on a dime about half an hour before eating. Three or four times a day, probably, will answer; but take it until cured. The kernel of the peach pit has been in my case a perfect remedy for what is termed heart-burn. I suffered from it hourly for years; more at some times than others. When the suffering manifests itself eat one or two of the kernels, and after a few days the symptoms will disappear. Change your diet and manner of living; drink neither coffee nor tea; never drink at meal times; after every meal, or during the meal, dissolve half a teaspoonful of more of cayenne pepper in half a glassful of milk and drink it; eat plain food; never take pastry of any kind. If you are troubled with sleepless nights, do not try to promote sleep by taking stimulants or opiates—they do more harm than good; take a sponge bath before retiring, and if you are unable to do it yourself, get some one to rub you with a coarse towel; if you wake in the night and cannot get to sleep again, get up at once—do not lie until you "get nervous thinking about it;" take a foot bath; rub your limbs well to get up a circulation; drink a glass of cold water. Do not expect to cure yourself in one week's time; have patience and try one month. In bathing use your hands to apply the water; they are much better than a sponge; soften the water with borax; it is more invigorating than salt water.—Exchange.

A Trooper's Story of the Cabul Massacre.

One of the troopers of Major Cavagnari's escort in Afghanistan, who escaped being massacred, says that the roof of the British residence at Cabul was commanded by other houses, and was consequently untenable by the besieged, who made a trench outside. At about one o'clock in the afternoon on the day of the massacre Major Cavagnari received a wound from a ricocheting bullet on his forehead. Mr. Jenkins, Major Cavagnari's assistant, who arrived at the residence during the attack, wrote to the Amer for help, and the Amer's reply was, "God will. I am making arrangements." A previous request for aid from Major Cavagnari had been met with the same reply. Mr. Jenkins wrote again when Major Cavagnari was wounded, but the bearer of the letter was cut to pieces by the mutineers. The trooper then started. He succeeded in escaping at daybreak and visited the residence, where he saw the corpse of Lieutenant Hamilton, commanding the escort of the British Mission, lying across a mountain gun. A comrade who was confined in Cabul informed him that Lieutenant Hamilton shot three of the mutineers with his revolver and killed two with his sabre. Dr. Koley, who was connected with the mission, was lying dead inside the residence. Major Cavagnari was in a room which was burnt and which had fallen in. His body had not been found. Three native officers of the Guides were burned to death near the residence.

A Ram's Head in a Strange Place.

Quite a curiosity was found a few days ago near the camp of the workmen on the new toll-road, near Yankee Fork, Nev. It is a mountain ram's head deeply imbedded in a pine tree and about six feet from the ground. The right horn is outside and curls partly round the tree, while the front of the skull and most of the left horn is covered with the growth of wood. The tree is a thrifty pine, fifteen inches through. How that ram's head came there will always remain a mystery to scientists, but men of the mountains, who are familiar with the fighting propensities of the wild buck, can easily explain it. The ram whose head is now a part of the tree stood on the upper side of the hill, while his enemy stood near what was then a pine sapling. When the present relic made a rush at ram No. 2 the latter stepped to one side, and the old warrior's head coming in contact with the young tree split it wide enough for one horn to enter, and he was left dangling at the mercy of his foe. The rest is easily guessed. The survivor of the fight deliberately butted his unfortunate adversary until there was nothing left of him but the skull and horns fast in the wood. Fred Myers, one of the proprietors of the toll-road, will have the part of the tree containing the ram's head sent to the Smithsonian Institute.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

The Ruling Fashions.

Fashion has undergone a complete revolution during the year. The panier has triumphed, and graceful, bouffant and airy is the order. It is visible on all dresses and even on outdoor garments. The styles in walking dresses are numerous and charming, and will command much admiration. "The Hortensia," an exceedingly simple yet attractive costume, consists of a plain skirt and short polonaise with very bouffant paniers and back drapery. There are several other novel and lovely designs in trains, demi-trains, jackets and styles for misses and children, which must be seen to be appreciated.

An exceedingly novel design, combining a short walking skirt with an overskirt, having a panier at the sides and bouffant drapery at the back, is the Clelia walking skirt. This pattern, made of two materials, plain and striped, forms a most graceful, plain and striped, and stylish, and so simple in design that the plainest seamstress cannot fail to put it together correctly. "Anabelle" is another new model greatly admired. The plain skirt is of American brocade, in the gendarme blue color, and the overskirt is formed of plain silk of the same color. It is composed of a deep apron front, two paniers and a very bouffant, gracefully arranged back drapery. Bands of the brocade border the paniers and form revers at the front and back. It is a masterpiece in effect and is novel in design. Six yards and three-quarters of material, twenty-four inches wide, will be required for the overskirt and paniers, and six yards and a half of the brocade will be sufficient for the underskirt, bands and revers.

Black, dark blue, invisible green, deep wine color, almond and all the beige shades are used in the medium qualities of cloth for extra garments to be worn with ordinary street costumes. Half fitting jackets have the preference for ordinary street wear. The newest design in the line of mantlets—which are the accepted garments to be worn with visiting toilets—is the "Felicie." The singularly graceful, cut in a novel and convenient manner, form paniers at the sides and impart an exceedingly distinctive air, and render it equally well suited for dress wear as for general requirements, the disposal of the trimmings being sufficient to make it appropriate for the most stylish occasions. Another new design is the "Loretta," which has long pointed tabs in front, pointed shoulder pieces inserted in dolman style, and arranged so as to produce the inevitable panier effect by being looped into a shorter back piece.

The India shawl holds a place of honor among wraps. It drapes gracefully, is harmonious with almost every toilet, and the rich coloring gives an air of distinction to the whole. All kinds are worn, long and square, the striped or Boston and the figured styles, some novel designs and combinations having been introduced this season.

We have the Renaissance cravats, Henri III. ruffs, Empire collars, Francis I. toilets and Marie Antoinette costumes, the long-pointed Medicee basque and the short full corages of the first empire, Pompadour silks, antique laces, Oriental stuffs, Scotch plaids, Grecian coiffures, the flaring Directoire and merveilleuse bonnets, the close Empire capotes, the modest Derby and the dashing Gainsborough hats, and a host of other seemingly incongruous styles. Both the flat and bouffant styles are fashionable for street wear this season and enjoy about equal popularity, and frequently the two elements are combined, the skirt being narrow and plain and the drapery bouffant. Plain heavy woolen goods of dark rich colors are usually selected for the first-mentioned type, and are made up in the severest style, without trimming of any kind excepting rows of machine stitching near the edges. The skirt is plain, the overskirt very slightly draped, and often not at all; the light or half-light jacket is usually slightly double-breasted, with perhaps the collar and cuffs of velvet or plush to break the severity; the hat and its irreproachable, the sailor finish imparting a sort of masculine air to the jaunty garment. Equally fashionable, and perhaps more popular than this somewhat exclusive type, are the costumes in which brighter colors and contrasting goods are used, made up in the bouffant styles which characterize in-door toilets. The gayest colors and most striking contrasts are admissible for street wear this season, and even when the main material is a simple one of quiet color the trimmings are most usually of some bright contrasting goods, or more often of a combination of several colors.

While the greatest liberality is allowed in the selection of the style of the walking costume, on one point fashion is inexorable—the skirt must be short. Young ladies with pretty feet, and who are fastidious about their chausserie, have their walking skirts made at least three inches above the ground, but the majority adhere to a length which escapes the pavement all around and does not conspicuously display the feet.

Plain skirts, without a vestige of trimming, are considered most stylish; but they must be cut and mounted with the greatest care, as any defect, either in the fit or "hang," is more easily detected than when the skirt is trimmed. Materials of medium weight have usually some style of garniture, either broad bands of velvet, plush, satin or some of the varieties of brocade silk. Flounces on walking skirts are usually from five to ten inches deep, seldom deeper, as it is fashionable to have a portion of the plain skirt show between the flounce and the short upper drapery. Skirts plaited all the way up are also worn, the skirts being laid in regular kilt or bag plaits or in sections. One favorite style has the front and sides laid in perpendicular plaits from top to bottom and a drapery at the back; another favorite arrangement very becoming to tall figures has side plaited flounces across the front and a drapery at the back.

Tight fitting basques are used to complete costumes for autumn wear, the design always being selected with reference to the arrangement of the skirt. When the drapery is very high and bouffant a basque, short on the hips and pointed back and front, like the Corneils, is the most appropriate; or, if becoming, a round waist, completed by a very broad belt, is chosen.

Novel in design and exceedingly becoming to slender figures is the Sybilla basque. It is tight fitting, the front having the usual number of aarts in each side and ornamented with wide pieces of the material joined in the shoulder seams and shirred both top and bottom, giving the effect of full fronts. The back is fitted with a seam down the middle and side folds rounded to the armbolts. The skirt portion is of medium length,

forming two points in front, and is arranged in a moderately bouffant manner in the back.—New York Herald.

Fashion Notes.

Red bonnets will continue to be worn this winter.

Bonnets are twilled this year instead of being of satin.

Both hats and cottage bonnets will continue in fashion.

Dotted net ruches will be substituted for lace this winter.

Silk beaver will be worn for elegant walking-hats this winter.

Baby bolts of ribbon will continue in fashion throughout the winter.

Bronze beads will take the place of the rainbow beads of last year.

An immense variety of new tints in silk and velvet has been imported.

Frog green, copper green and North Pole blue are among the new tints.

Crackle velvet, looking like bits of porcelain, is to be used for trimmings.

A new kind of plush has alternate stripes of repped satin and uncut loops.

Velvet, with the ground of one color and the pile of another, is to be revived.

Sulphur is mixed with pink in some French costumes prepared for the autumn.

Faceted balls of jet, hollowed out until they are as light as down, are used for bordering bonnets.

The case of Worth against the Prince Murat for a bill of \$1,300 will soon come up in the French courts.

Overdresses of colored muslin in scrolls and flowers are worn over dress of aulard for evening dress.

Long mantles are announced as the coming winter wrap for ladies who do not adopt the cloth street suits.

Stephanotis is mixed with orange flowers in some bridal wreaths. The fragrance is rather overpowering.

Long-napped plush in all the new shades is likely to be used for both the outer and inner trimmings of bonnets next season.

The crowns of bonnets will be either folded or laid smooth or puffed this winter, and one style will be as fashionable as the other.

Striped ribbons, and those of changeable tints, will replace those of satin next season. They will be wider than those worn last year.

Painted satin, to be used for trimming light dress-bonnets, has a ground of ivory, cream, auflin-gray or old-gold, and figures of Indian design.

The silks called glace are old-fashioned changeable silks, no more, no less. This year some of them are plain, and some have satin stripes of solid color.

How Two Foolish Girls Were Served.

We have heard lately of two young girls of good character but thoughtlessly foolish who came into town one afternoon from their suburban home. On the street they were accosted by two young men. Instead of repelling them, the girls entered into conversation with them, and soon accepted their invitation to take tea at a prominent restaurant.

After passing some time here the young men invited the girls to the theater with them, and this invitation, too, was accepted. The young men went out, promising to buy the theater tickets and return at once. The girls waited until weary and then started to go home. But the proprietor demanded payment for the suppers which he had furnished. They replied that the young men had invited them to tea. He responded that the young men had told him that they had left the money with the girls, and as the latter had none he required them to go down into the kitchen and wash dishes during the whole evening. This was a bitter thing to do, but if the story be true, as we fear, it served them rightly. Of course the young men were wretched sneaks, for whom a whipping would be too good. But such indelicacy as that of these girls deserves to be punished as theirs was. We suspect that there is a great deal of this "picking up acquaintances" in our streets, and it leads swiftly to the ruin of young men and women alike. Parents cannot be too careful how they train and watch over their boys and girls.—Boston Transcript.

News and Notes for Women.

The Santa Fe (New Mexico) industrial school is about to graduate an Apache Indian girl as a teacher.

Richard Yent worked at blacksmithing in Baltimore until her death, a short time ago. She was robustly handsome, but habitually smoked a clay pipe.

Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, the novelist, says that she has written constantly ever since she was fifteen years old. She is now at work on her sixtieth novel.

Mrs. Estelle Johnson, the wife of ex-Governor Charles P. Johnson, of Missouri, recently committed suicide at the family residence by taking arsenic. Grief over the death of a child had brought on mental derangement.

Julia Clarke, a San Francisco factory girl, was caught in a machine by her long hair. She seized a pair of shears and cut off her tresses so quickly that she was not drawn between the wheels and killed, as she otherwise would have been.

The painter Ingres says: "To give a true pose to the figure necessitates an upright carriage of the head and a smooth, firm step." To give this he recommends a long walk daily with a pitcher of water on the head. The hint is being acted upon by the lady pupils of an eminent French actor.

Gardening for Ladies.

It is quite refreshing to read such a dainty little story as this, told by Julia Coleman:

"I know a lady whose sensible doctor told her twenty years ago that she was half gone with consumption and that her only chance for life was to be in the open air as much as possible. A perfect bore of paradise was her little yard. Was the soil poor? She enriched it. Were her varieties indifferent? She procured better. Nearly all the flowers were fragrant. Fifteen kinds of roses bloomed under her hands and a succession of flowers filled out the summer. One side of the yard was covered with grapes. Peaches, plums and raspberries were trained en espalier, and choice squashes ripened on the roofs of the out-houses.

"Tomatoes were trained to single poles and yielded luxuriantly, and ruby strawberries peeped out even from the bleaching grass. She herself was as fresh and vigorous as you could expect one to be whose half-decayed lungs had left her with insufficient vitality. But her life was saved and it has been a happiness to herself and a blessing to others."

She is right, too, when she says that more than half the credit for the ornamentation of our doorways and homes is due to the ladies who push the men up to their duty.—Woman's Work.

Bearing Fruit.

Twenty-five years ago we went to the wedding reception of a charming and brilliant young woman from a New England State, just married to a young physician in a Western city. She had come from the best schools, and was the woman, of all others, who was looked at as a leader in the higher literary and artistic life of a prominent circle in the town. Seven years ago we again met that woman, now a matron of forty-five, in a Western university town, where her husband had finally landed as a professor of science in the college. We saw that the family were living in quiet and happy regard on the small, sunny of a Western professor, with a household full of fine children, and no servant that we could discover.

At tea we ventured the question, "What has been the result of your studies and experience in the last twenty years? I have seen no book, or magazine article, or poem, or your name, as we expected." "I will show you my one book," she replied, leading the way to her kitchen. There she exhibited a most ingenious machine for washing the dishes of her table, which abolished the drudgery of this disagreeable end of housekeeping, and enabled a child, with the help of two "lifts" from mother, to make a play of what would be the work of a servant.

Now, of course, not every cultivated schoolgirl has the inventive faculty to do what this woman had accomplished. But think what she has done! She has made it possible for every mother in America to save an hour a day for study, or work, in the upper side of life. She has made it not only respectable, but an artistic employment to wash the dishes. She has made home duties and housekeeping more attractive to all her daughters, and taken one more step toward the abolition of the drudgery that has so crushed out the lives of a thousand generations of women since the days of mother Eve. We doubt if any book, even a new novel by George Eliot, or a new picture, a new voice like the warble of Gerster, or any splendid thing that may be done by a woman in America, would go so deep, touch on higher realms of life, or more justly entitle that cultivated citizen, has a ground of ivory, cream, auflin-gray or old-gold, and figures of Indian design. The silks called glace are old-fashioned changeable silks, no more, no less. This year some of them are plain, and some have satin stripes of solid color.

One of John Phoenix's Stories.

Out in a certain Western fort, some time ago, the major conceived that artillery must be used effectively in fighting the Indians by dispensing with gun-carriages and fastening the cannon upon the backs of mules. So he explained his views to the commandant, and it was determined to try the experiment. A howitzer was selected and strapped upon an ambulance mule, with the muzzle pointing toward the tail. When they had secured the gun and loaded it with ball cartridge, they led the calm and steadfast mule out on the bluff and set up a target in the middle of the river to practice at. The rear of the mule was turned toward the target, and he was backed gently up to the edge of the bluff. The officers stood round in a semicircle, while the major went up and inserted a time fuse in the vent of the howitzer. When the fuse was ready, the major lit it and retired. In a minute or two the hitherto unruffled mule heard the fizzing back on his neck, and it made him uneasy. He reached his head round to ascertain what was going on, and as he did so his body turned, and the howitzer began to sweep around the horizon. The mule at last became excited, and his curiosity became more and more intense. In a second or two he was standing with his four legs in a bunch, making six revolutions per minute, and the howitzer threatening sudden death to every man within half a mile. The commandant was hurried to climb suddenly up a tree; officers were seen sliding over the bluff into the river, as if they didn't care at all about the high price of uniforms; the adjutant made good time toward the fort; a sergeant began to throw up breastworks with his bayonet; the major rolled over and groaned. In a moment or two there was a puff of smoke, and a dull thud, and the mule—oh, where was he! A solitary brute might have been seen turning successful back somersaults over the bluff, only to rest at anchor finally with his howitzer at the bottom of the river, while the ball went off toward the fort, hit the chimney in the major's quarters, rattling the adobe bricks down into the parlor, and frightening the major's wife into convulsions. They do not allude to it now, and no report of the result of the experiment was ever sent to the War Department.

Fishing in a Man's Stomach.

"I've swallowed my teeth," said Thomas Prout to the house surgeon of the New York Hospital. The surgeon looked inquiringly at Mr. Prout's mouth. To all appearances he was but one tooth short, and that was an upper front tooth. Mr. Prout explained. He said that nine days before, while asleep in his home in Chelsea, Mass., he was awakened by a sense of choking and violent straining, as if plainly felt that there was something unpleasantly hard and large making a way to his stomach. But he didn't know what it was until the next morning he discovered that his "plate" was missing. Then he came to the conclusion that he had swallowed the rubber plate to which was attached a single tooth. It was his custom to remove the false tooth and plate each night on going to bed, but that time he forgot to do so. The result of swallowing this large and irregularly-shaped article was that he became ill, could not retain anything he ate, and was in great pain. He consulted the physicians, who dosed him with emetics and poked down his throat. All this only aggravated his suffering. He rapidly grew thin and in nine days lost thirty-five pounds.

The house surgeon at the hospital sent Mr. Prout to a ward and had him put to bed. Then he hunted up a long strip of whalebone, to which was attached a little hook. The doctor carefully introduced this instrument down Mr. Prout's throat and into his stomach. Then he began fishing for the lost tooth. It was slow work, but after a time he felt that he had hooked on to something. He pulled slowly and steadily, and, to Mr. Prout's bodily pain and mental pleasure, brought to light the missing plate and its attachments. The surgeon was Dr. W. T. Bull, son of Major Bull, of Newport.