

GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Household Hints.

Cochineal dissolved in ammonia makes an excellent red ink, for use with pen or brush.

Be careful how you use washing soda. All above an ounce per gallon of water is wasteful and injurious.

Finger marks may be removed from varnished furniture by the use of a little sweet oil upon a soft rag.

Keep sugar in a dry, clean box. See to it that all your boxes for supplies are clean and sweet-smelling.

To remove old putty from window-frames, pass a red-hot poker slowly over it, and it will come off easily.

A few drops of glycerine in a bottle of mucilage will cause the mucilage to adhere to glass when used upon labels.

To restore the color of black kid boots take a small quantity of black ink, mix it with the white of an egg, and apply with a soft sponge.

A bottle of flaxseed oil, chalk and vinegar mixed to the consistency of cream, should be kept in every house for burns, scalds, etc.

To clean chromes, dampen a linen rag slightly and go over them gently. If the varnish has become defaced, cover with a thin mastic varnish.

Quicksilver beaten up with the white of an egg, and applied with a feather to every crack and crevice of a bedstead, is the very best bug preventative.

To sew carpet rags on a machine, make the stitch short, run it obliquely across the rags where they are to be joined, and sew a good many before cutting the thread.

Silk stockings should be washed in cold water, with soap, rinsed in cold water, laid flat on a fine towel, rolled tightly until dry, and rubbed with a piece of flannel to restore the gloss.

Outlets' cement, for fastening the blades of dinner knives in their ivory handles, consists of resin, four parts; beeswax, one part; brickdust, one part. Fill the hole in the handles with the cement, heat the tang of the blade, and press in.

Slices of a juicy lemon are used with brisk rubbing by the Indian jewelers for cleaning silver. The article is then covered with the slices for a few hours, dissolved in water, stirred in hot soap-suds, and brushed, washed, and dried; no waste of silver results from this treatment.

The practice of pressing on the edge of a razor in stropping soon rounds it, the pressure should be directed to the back which should never be raised from the strop. If you shave from heel to point of the razor, strop it from point to heel, but if you begin with the point in shaving, then strop it from heel to point.

Dingy dresses can be bleached and made into something serviceable and pretty. Let them be washed and boiled in hot suds until all the color possible is extracted, then finish the job by scalding in lye and washing with suds and laying on the first young grass. Good prints and other articles of dress are frequently cast aside because they are faded, but they may be made to render good service by this mode of bleaching.

To clean off the ugly scratches left on paint by lighting matches upon it, cut a sour orange or lemon in half; apply the cut half to the marks, rubbing for a moment quite hard; then wash them off with a clean rag, dipped first in water to moisten it, and then in whiting. Rub well with this rag, dry thoroughly, and nine times out of ten the ugly marks will vanish. Of course, sometimes they are burned in so deeply that they cannot be eradicated.

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

Forty, Less One.

Over by the tangled thicket,
Where the level meets the hill,
Where the mealy alder-bushes
Crowd around the ruined mill,
Where the thrushes whistle early,
Where the midges love to play,
Where the nettles, tall and stinging,
Guard the vine-obscured way,
Where the tired brooklet lingers
In a quiet little pool,
Mistress Salmo Fontinalis
Keeps a very private school.

Forty little speckled beauties
Come to learn of her, each day,
How to climb the foaming rapids,
Where the flashing sunbeams play,
How to navigate the eddies,
How to sink and how to rise,
How to watch for passing boats,
How to leap for passing flies,
When to play upon the surface,
When beneath the stones to hide,
All the secrets of the water,
All brook learning, true and tried.

"That's a good-for-nothing skipper,"
"That's a harmless yellow-bird,"
"That's the flicker of the sunshine,
When the alder-leaves are stirred,"
"That's the shadow of a cloudlet,"
"That's a squirrel come to drink,"
"That—look out for him, my darling!—
He's a fierce and hungry mink,"
"That's the ripple on the water,
When the winds the wavelets stir,"
"That—snap quick, my little hearties!—
That's a luscious grasshopper."

So the clever Mistress Salmo
Gives her counsel, day by day,
Teaching all the troutly virtues,
All life's lessons, grave and gay.
Well she knows the flashing terror
Of King Fisher's sudden fall!
Well she knows the lurking danger
Of the barb'd hook, keen and small!
Well she tries to ward her puppis
Of all evils, low and high!
But, alas! the vain young trifiers
Sometimes disobey—and die!

What was that which passed so quickly,
With a slender shade behind,
What is that which stirs the alders
When no ripple tells of wind?
What sends Mistress Salmo darting
Underneath the stones in fear?
Crying, "Hide yourselves, my darlings!
Our worst enemy is near!"
"I am bound to understand it,"
Says one self-proud speckle-side;
"When I see the danger's real,
Then, if need be, I am hid."

So he waits alone and watches,
Sees the shadow pass again,
Sees a fly drop on the water,
Dashes at it, might and main.
"Missed it!" Well, he says, "I never!
That's the worst jump made to-day!
Here another comes—now for it!"
Splash! He's in the air—to stay!

When the alders cease to tremble,
Silence comes and sun-gleams shine,
Mistress Salmo Fontinalis
Calls the roll,—just thirty-nine.
—James Richardson, in *St. Nicholas*.

The Old Emperor Mongolie.

The old emperor Mongolie lived on the top of a high mountain. I may even say, he lived on the top of a very high mountain. It was precisely forty-five thousand miles high, and it ended almost in a sharp point; and on the top, as I said before, lived the old emperor Mongolie. There he had been sitting for ages and ages, and very uncomfortable he found it, I can assure you, for he never could change his position in the least, for fear of losing his balance. Indeed, he was so very uncomfortable that he screamed and roared day and night, without ever stopping save occasionally to take breath or to eat his dinner; he screamed so loud that nobody could sleep for a thousand miles around; and so that country was known far and wide as "the country of the sleepless people."

As you may imagine, there was nothing to eat on the top of the mountain, and the old emperor had an excellent appetite; so every day he used to get his dinner in the following way:

He had a fishing-rod, and a line forty-five thousand miles long; and every day, when he began to feel hungry, he would let the line down into the forest on the earth below and catch an elephant; and as soon as he had caught one he would give the line a tremendous pull, jerking the elephant up in the air above his head, and catching it in his mouth as it came down.

But alas! one day a very, very sad thing happened.

It was dinner-time, and the old emperor, who was very hungry, having been screaming rather louder than usual for the last four-and-twenty hours, let down his fishing-line, and waited for a bite. Pretty soon there came a twitch at the rope, and he knew that the elephant had taken hold. So he waited a moment, and then gave a powerful jerk—but—

The elephant was a young and lively one, and struggled furiously when he found the hook fixed firmly in his throat; in his struggles he became entangled in the long hanging branches of a huge Banyan tree, and there he stayed, wedged absolutely tight.

The emperor twisted, and the emperor pulled, but it was all of no use, the elephant would not come. At last, gathering up all his strength, and uttering a fearful yell, he gave one tremendous jerk—the rope broke—he lost his balance, and toppling off his seat the old emperor fell!

Down!
Down!
Whizz!
Smash!
Crash!
Rattley!
Rattley!
Rattley!

That was the way he fell. And when at last he struck the earth he went directly through, and came out on the other side; and so nobody ever knew what became of the old emperor Mongolie.—*Wide Awake*.

Dizzy Distances.
The other day, one of the school-children said to a chum: "The Little Schoolmarm told us this morning that some parts of the ocean are more than four miles deep!"

That's easy to say, thought I, but try to think it, my dear! Fix on a place four miles away from you, and then imagine every bit of that distance stretching down under you, instead of straight before you. Perhaps in this way you may gain an idea of the depth of the ocean; but just consider the height of the air—which, I'm told, is a sort of envelope about the earth—more than nine times the depth of the ocean! Yet, what a wee bit of a way toward the

moon would those thirty-six miles take us! And from the earth to the moon is only a very little step on the long way to the sun.—*St. Nicholas*.

Kid Gloves and Their Production.

Very few persons who are daily wearing kid gloves ever stop to think how many hands are required before a glove can be put on the counter, ready for the customer.

The materials used in making a kid glove are either the skins of kids from six weeks to three months old—or these furnish the best article—or the skins of lambs of about the same age; there are also the skins of sheep, but these make but a poor and inferior article. The first process of making a glove is the tawing. To facilitate the removal of the hair or wool, the skins are placed in a solution of lime, where they remain for some time, after which they are placed in running water to remove the lime, and after being taken out of this the hair easily comes out with the aid of a blunt scraper. This process is repeated two or three times, until every hair and small particle of flesh adhering to the skin are entirely removed, and the skins then are ready for the tawing operation. For this purpose they apply an ingredient of the yolks of eggs, alum, salt, etc., a pointed preparation, in which solution the skins remain for several weeks, so that they may become thoroughly saturated, which gives them the necessary whiteness, after which they undergo the various coloring processes. The dyeing requires considerable skill and a fine eye, for the composition of the various shades. The color is applied to each skin separately with a brush, each requiring from one to four applications of the color according to the shade desired. The only exceptions to this are the very light shades, the so-called evening colors, which are produced by immersing 200 or 300 skins at one time in a vat containing the coloring matter, which will soak through every particle of the skin. After being thoroughly dried in a room heated up to 180 deg. Fahr., the skins reach the cutter to be cut in square pieces; this is a most delicate operation, and not only requires skill, but good judgment. The gloves have to be cut with the grain of the skin, running from the head down, and great waste of material would result from the employment of any but the most skillful hands. One skin will cut on the average from three to four gloves, according to sizes required; though when large sheep skins are used, one skin will give from nine to ten inferior gloves. The squares thus cut are put up in packages of from six to twelve pairs of gloves, and by means of a punch and a powerful press, are cut out in pieces ready to be sewed.

The sewing on fine gloves is all done by hand, and requires the best seamstresses. Over 6,000 stitches are required to sew a pair of ladies' gloves, and the best hands cannot finish more than four pairs in a day of twelve hours. For the sewing of lower grades of gloves there is now a machine in use, but, even with this help, the best hands cannot sew more than twelve to fourteen pairs per day. The making of button holes, putting on buttons, packing, etc., all require extra hands, each trained in their special vocation, and thus a glove, before being ready for sale, passes through no less than 200 different hands.

The largest glove producing countries are France, Germany, Belgium, Austria and Italy. England also makes some few gloves, but mostly heavier goods, such as driving gloves, etc. France and Belgium make the finest goods, using only kid skins, while Germany makes all kinds of lamb and sheep skin gloves, and Italy produces nothing but a very low priced article. The consumption of gloves in this country, in proportion to its population, is still very small. Last year there was a total importation of 700,000 dozen only, while France alone manufactured 2,000,000 dozen, of which one-half were exported. The production of Germany and Austria can be safely calculated at 5,000,000 dozen per annum.

The production of gloves in this country is still in its infancy, and limited to heavy goods, such as driving and lined gloves for winter wear; but the time is not far distant when we will be able to produce the greater part of the gloves needed for our home consumption.

Idiosyncracies of Men of Genius.

Most geniuses and men of great talent have been known for some peculiar habit or striking idiosyncrasy. Napoleon would tremble with fear at the sight of a cat. General Elliott, of Gibraltar fame, was always accompanied by a score of them. Johnson liked to imbibe floods of tea or wine. Porson drank everything that came in his way. Visiting once a friend's house, when evening came they desired to feed the lamp, but the bottle was empty. Porson had drunk the spirits on the way, not knowing it was intended for the lamp. Douglas Jerrold could not bear the smell of apples. Cavendish hated women. If he met one of his own female servants by accident in any part of the house, she was instantly dismissed. Garrick was vain almost to the degree of insanity. Rousseau was vain and could not write except when dressed as a fop. Bulwer Lytton, it is said, would write best when dressed in a court suit. Marlborough was a miser, mended his own stockings to save paying for it, and would walk home ever so late at night rather than pay for a "chair." Napoleon did his "thinking" and formed his plans for conquest while pacing in a garden, shrugging his shoulders now and then as if to help and "compress" thought. When Thiers was engaged in his long and oratorical displays he always had beside him a supply of rum and coffee. The coffee he got direct from Mecca. Gibson dictated while walking in his room, like Scott and many others. Moliere wrote with his knees near the fire, and Bacon liked to study in a small room, which, he said, helped him to condense his thoughts. George Stephenson used to lie in bed for two or three days, the better to "think out" his plan. It would be better if many people do this who have much thinking to do, as rest favors abstraction and thought, and those who have not a vigorous circulation find the supply of blood in the brain assisted by a recumbent position.—*London World*.

PHENOMENA OF VISIONS.

Graphic and Interesting Sketches by A. Man Who Had a Concert in His Brain.

A Boston correspondent writes: At the time of his death Dr. Edward H. Clarke of this city, whose essays entitled "Sex in Education" and "The Building of a Brain" provoked more or less sharp antagonism, left unfinished an essay entitled "Visions: A Study of False Sight (pseudopia)." His nearest friend, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, to whom Dr. Clarke left the manuscript and its disposition, had no hesitation in deciding that, imperfect as it was, it should be given to the public. Ingenious and interesting as are the speculative portions of the essay, the numerous hitherto unrecorded cases will be found its most permanently valuable contribution to science; and herein may possibly be found an explanation of the visions of the enthusiasts and seers of all nations and ages, as well as those of modern spiritualism, whenever the latter are not the result of sleight-of-hand or other deception.

The sixth case cited by Dr. Clarke is an extraordinary account of visions, being an instance of the abnormal action of two senses—pseudopia and pseudotia—simultaneously, which finally proved fatal: "The subject was Mr. A., over eighty years of age. He was a retired merchant. Possessing an ample fortune, he devoted more time to intellectual and aesthetic pursuits than to business. He was passionately fond of music, was familiar with the works of the great composers, and in Europe listened to artists who interpreted them. He was also endowed with the rare gift of good common sense. Few persons could be found less likely than he to be led astray by their imagination or superstition. Armed with an active temperament, good habits and a strong physical organization, he had good health until a year or two after he became an octogenarian. Towards the close of life he was troubled with severe cerebral disease. Its precise character, however, was not ascertained by a post-mortem examination. The account, as given below, is in his own language, with the exception of changing the first to the third person: "He had retired, on the night referred to, at his usual hour and in his usual health. Nothing had occurred for the day previous or for several days previous, to disturb him in any way so far as he could recollect. He had partaken of his usual diet, and followed his customary mode of life. Soon after retiring he fell asleep, and slept well until about two A. M., when he was awakened by the sound of music, which seemed to come from the street near his house. Thinking a serenade was going on, he got up to ascertain where it was, but discovered nothing. The sound ceased when he arose. On returning to bed, he heard the sound of music again, and was at the same time surprised by the appearance of three persons standing near each other in his chamber, opposite the foot of his bed. It was his habit to sleep with the gas-light burning feebly near the head of his bed. He turned the gas on to its full power and inspected the intruders. They appeared to be musicians, who were humming and singing, as if in preparation for a musical performance. He rang a bell which summoned his man servant. John soon arrived and was ordered to put the strangers out. 'There is nobody here, sir,' was John's reply to the order. For a moment Mr. A. was not only amazed, but alarmed. 'What!' he exclaimed, 'do you see no one there?' 'No one,' said John. 'Go where those chairs are, and move them,' was Mr. A.'s next direction. John did so. The strangers stepped aside, but did not go out. By this time Mr. A. had gathered his wits about him, and was satisfied that he was the victim of a hallucination; and he determined to observe its phenomena carefully. Accordingly, he bade his servant depart, and prepared to watch his visitors. But they were so life-like and human that he was again staggered, and recalling John told him to go to the housekeeper. She soon came, and on being interrogated, confirmed John's statement, that there were no strangers in the chamber, and no sound to be heard. Convinced by the testimony of two witnesses, Mr. A. yielded to the decision of his reason, and again resolved to go on with the investigation of the strange phenomena. The musicians had now resumed their position near the window and opposite the foot of the bed. Mr. A. turned the light of the gas full upon them. He looked at his watch, which marked the hour of half-past-two. He then arranged his pillows, so as to sit almost upright in bed, and waited for the next scene of the play. He was able to note the size, form, dress, and faces of the performers. One was a large man, who bore some resemblance to Brignoli. The two others were of less size and shorter stature than their companion. All were habited in dress-coats, and white waistcoats, and wore white cravats and white gloves. After a little time spent in coughing and clearing their throats, they began to sing. They sang at first a few simple airs, 'Sweet Home' among others. They then attempted more difficult music, and gave selections from Beethoven and Mozart. Between the pieces they chatted with each other in a foreign language, which Mr. A. took to be Italian, but they did not address him. Occasionally they changed their position, turned in various directions, and part of the time sat down. Mr. A. said the singing was excellent; he had rarely heard better. After the first feeling of surprise and amazement had passed away, he enjoyed the music exceedingly. The performance continued in this way for some time, when it suddenly came to an end. The singing ceased and the singers vanished. He looked at his watch and found that the time was four o'clock. The concert in his brain had lasted nearly an hour and a half, almost the length of an ordinary concert. He reflected for a while upon this strange occurrence, but not being able to arrive at any satisfactory explanation of it, he turned his gas down and went to sleep. The next morning he called at my office, as previously stated, to ascertain, if possible, what pranks his brain had been playing, and if he should regard them as a warning of his approaching departure."

Cigar Ships.

The Baltimore *Sun* says: It is doubtless the popular impression, both in Baltimore and elsewhere, that the cigar-shaped steamers which Mr. Winans, the celebrated inventor who died recently, invented were abandoned as impracticable soon after their first trial; but such is not the case. For the past thirteen or fourteen years experiments with these steamers have been actively carried on in England, and voyages have been made in them to various parts of the world, most notably to the North and Mediterranean seas, where they have been especially on trial. They are perfect as far as speed and exemption from rolling and pitching are concerned, and it is probable that when they are sufficiently satisfactory in other respects they will be brought into practical use. Mr. Winans' idea was to have a big steam ferry and cross the Atlantic without regard to weather, fog or ice, with the regularity of railroad trains, making the trip in summer or winter in less than six days. An immense steamer was to be constructed one-half larger than the Great Eastern—1,200 feet long—the pioneer in this new advancement in navigation. Mr. Winans had perfect confidence in the storm-defying qualities of his steamers, and, in replying to questions concerning those qualifications, used to say that they could stand any weather that had ever been made yet, without regard to hurricanes and cyclones, though he supposed such could be made especially for their destruction. On account of the immense size of these intended steamers, there was to be a special port of entry in each country.

A Bonanza in the Missouri.

In the Missouri below this point, writes a Bismarck (Dakota) correspondent, is a bonanza amounting to \$110,000 in gold. In 1854, opposite Bismarck, there was massed a boat-load of miners returning from Montana. They had in the bottom of their flat or mackinaw \$110,000. There were eighteen miners, a woman, and two girls. They stopped a short time at Fort Berthold, and were there warned by F. F. Girard against going on at that time. Girard was the trader at Berthold. The Indians down the river were bad, and the prospect of trouble good. The miners, however, declined the advice, and thought they would push out for the next landing. They had with them a little cannon and plenty of arms. An Indian afterwards related to Girard the story of their fate. When they were nearly opposite the present site of Bismarck they ran into an Indian trap. On the east bank of the river the Indians appeared and fired a volley into the boat. The miners steered over to the west side to escape the range. Up rose from behind a sandbank near the water's edge another and more numerous band. The first volley killed the whole crew except one man wounded and the woman and girls. The cannon was fired once and over went the boat, drowning the survivors. The Indians pulled the boat ashore, found little or nothing, and then pushed her into the stream to float on to her wreck. Girard says he never sees anything in the Missouri that looks like a lost boat without thinking of the Montana mackinaw and her gold. He has always been on the lookout for the wreck, as he believes the gold was so securely boxed up that it is still intact, and it would be a treasure could be rescued. It is somewhere between Bismarck and the Gulf, imbedded in the sand and mud. Some dredging boat or lucky fisherman may drop on it. Girard still looks for it, and he's a sensible man. The probability is that the hidden bonanza is not far from Bismarck.

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