Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

B. F. SCHWEIER, THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XXXVI. MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28, 1882. NO. 25.

BE GENTLE WITH THY WIFE.

Be gentle; for you little know
How many trials rise,
Although to thee they may be small,
To her of giant size.

Be gentle! though perchance that lip
May speak a murmuring tone,
The heart may beat with kindness yet,
And joy to be thine own.

Be gentle! weary hours of pain
'Tis woman's lot to bear;
Then yield her what support thou canst,
And all her sorrows share.

Be gentle! for the noblest hearts
At times may have some grief,
And even in a petish word
May seek to find relief.

Be gentle! for unkindness now
May rouse an angry storm,
That all the after years of life
In vain may strive to calm.

Be gentle! none are perfect—
Thou'rt dearer far than life;
Then, husband, bear and still forbear—
Be gentle to thy wife.

MARIAN ROSE.

"Kate Randall, I am really shocked at your absurd affection for that woman. You must confess it is but a sorry compliment to my judgment."

"Pardon me, Aunt Mortimer, if I say that your judgment is really too severe in such matters. It is particularly so in this case. I have seen so much of Mrs. Rose, and am compelled to admit that she is the most perfect lady of my acquaintance, not even excepting your own irreproachable niece."

"But, true," exclaimed the old lady, testily, though casting a sly look of admiration across the breakfast table at the piece in question, whose honest independence of character sometimes gave her aunt's strictly conventional prejudices a terrible shock.

The subject under discussion this morning, as it had been on many another one, chanced to be a young widow who had come to reside in the town a few months previously, and was known to have been divorced from her husband. Therefore she had incurred the unreasoning hostility of Mrs. Mortimer and certain others whom she influenced, before that good lady had even set eyes upon the slight, elegant figure, the golden hair and dark, wistful orbs of Mrs. Rose.

Her niece, Kate Randall, on the contrary, early formed a very just estimate of the young widow's character, and this first good opinion had deepened, more and more until the two were upon terms of the warmest friendship, much to the annoyance of Aunt Mortimer.

Possibly, however, her extreme fastidiousness would not have stood guard so rigorously had Kate not possessed an only brother, a handsome and attractive fellow, who was the idol of Ann Mortimer's heart. To see him sharing his sister's admiration for Mrs. Rose, with many indications that his feelings towards her were not going to stop there had for weeks past filled her with inexpressible uneasiness.

She had so long indulged the hope that Philip who had been more like a favorite son than a nephew to her, would distinguish himself and his family by a grand marriage, that Mrs. Rose with her modest income which barely permitted her to live genteelly, would have been objectionable to her, even without the unfortunate taint of divorce.

"I am sure, auntie," continued Kate, earnestly, "there is no woman in the world whom I would rather have for a sister than Marian Rose. But there seems little chance of my wish being realized, since Phil has already proposed——"

"Proposed!" shrieked Aunt Mortimer, with such a lock of helpless horror that Kate laughed outright.

"Yes, auntie, proposed," she repeated with mischievous emphasis, "and—been rejected."

"Impossible!" ejaculated Philip's aunt incredulously.

"Are you so sorry that she refused him, auntie?" asked Kate, innocently.

"So am I."

"Sorry! You vixen, you know I am not! I am only sorry that he gave her the chance to do so. But I can't believe it. You must be mistaken. I don't believe there is a woman in our set who would refuse Philip Randall's wealth and position, to say nothing of his personal attractions."

"Thanks, dear aunt," said Kate, flushing with pleasure. "I am quite as proud of our Phil as you are, but in this case his superior attractions have proved of no avail. Mrs. Rose has positively refused him, and only because she realizes how bitterly you are prejudiced against her."

"Sensible woman!" exclaimed Aunt Mortimer, nodding her head with great satisfaction, as she sipped her chocolate. "I never gave her credit for such wise penetration."

"The fact has been clear enough, I am sure," returned her niece, somewhat bitterly. "And you would find that she possesses many noble qualities, if you were not willfully blind to them. Marian Rose is not to be judged by the standard of ordinary society women."

But Aunt Mortimer's satisfaction at the widow's decision had its drop of bitterness in the fact that it had sent Philip away upon a prolonged European tour. He had confided everything to Kate, and left her with the hopeless task upon her hands of bringing Aunt Mortimer to their own appreciation of the lovely young widow's charms.

Time passed on, and still Philip did not return. She could have summoned him to her side at any mament by a single word remained inflexible, and Aunt Mortimer was alternately lost in wonder—though she kept it to herself—at the delicate pride which forbade her doing so, and filled with indignation toward her for being the cause of Philip's exile from home.

It was hard to understand, as Kate said, how anybody could be much in the society of Mrs. Rose and not learn to love her. So lovely, so gentle, so ever ready with a kindly word or charitable deed, that it must needs require a stubborn will to resist her sweet influence.

But Mrs. Motrimer's worthly heart had long been a stranger to the power of tender sentiment. She looked at everything from a terribly practical standpoint, and society's way of pronouncing judgment upon her own sex was her way. She saw quite as clearly as Kate did that Marian Rose was beautiful in person, cultivated in intellect, refined and ladylike in manner but to her those very charms seemed but the wiles of an adventuress, to ensnare a rich husband—her Philip, for instance, —and at last her suspicious mind began to look upon Marian's delicate regard for her own scruples in the matter as but another artful stratagem to lure him on.

"I can scarcely wonder at your aunt's aversion to such a marriage for Philip," said Mrs. Rose to Kate one day when the latter was vainly trying to persuade her to recall her absent lover. "There was some scandal attached to my divorce, though Heaven knows how blameless my life has been. She is but following the fashion of the world."

"It's an abominable fashion," said Kate, gloomily.

"Of course it is," replied the young widow, smiling; "but you and I cannot change it Kate. There is but one person in the world, perhaps," she added, thoughtfully, "who could thoroughly convince your aunt of her injustice toward me. But to expect that he would ever do so would be asking too much of human nature."

"But why not demand it of him, Marian?" asked Kate, eagerly, for she knew that Mrs. Rose was referring to her former husband. "If I knew where he was I would appeal to him myself."

Mrs. Rose regarded the noble, earnest countenance of her friend in silence for a moment, with a peculiar smile hovering about her own sweet, sad lips. Kate remembered that look afterward, and it set her thinking.

"We are drifting into impossibilites, Kate. I should never dream of doing such a thing under any circumstances; and I fear that Philip has no alternative but to forget this unfortunate love."

"Which he will never do," said Kate decidedly. "I know my brother too well, Marian, to believe that possible."

Aunt Mortimer was growing disconsolate at the long absence of her idolized nephew, while Kate finally vowed that it he did not come she would be forced to do something desperate.

"Why don't you get married then?" queried her aunt crossly. "I'm sure you're old enough. Twenty-three next birthday, remember."

"O, I'm not likely to forget it," answered Kate, lightly; "but that don't trouble me half so much as does the eligibility of all my suitors. I've plenty of them, heaven knows; but you don't suppose I'd marry one among them all, do you, Auntie?"

"No I don't snapped Mrs. Mortimer; I suppose you are going to die an old maid."

Kate broke into a ringing laugh.

"Let us hope not, auntie; though it does look possible just now. But, you see, there is only one of all my admirers —Colonel Milford—who possesses any attraction for me at all. And—of course," regretfully, "I could not think of accepting him."

"Why couldn't you?"

"For the same reason that Phil cannot marry Mrs. Rose. You would never allow me to become the wife of a man whose name has been dragged through the mire of a divorce court——"

"Fiddlesticks!" cried her aunt, biting her lips, as she recognized a phrase which she was very fond of using in connection with Mrs. Rose. "I should think you had been in society long enough, Kate Randall, to know how the world judges between men and women. Colonel Milford is the finest 'catch' of the season, and I shall feel proud of you if you are sensible enough to secure him."

"Thanks, dear auntie; but don't waste your breath in pleading Colonel Milford's cause. I have not the slightest intention of securing him. So far from believing him entitled to more consideration than Mrs. Rose is from society, I am thoroughly convinced that he is an unprincipled man, whose wife, doubtless, had excellent reasons for leaving him."

"Kate Randall, you shock me!" Mrs. Mortimer's invariable refuge whenever her niece led where she did not wish to follow.

But one lovely autumn afternoon that worthy lady's household was thrown into a state of violent commoion by an event which settled the pretty ripples of her ambitious vanity, and called out, for a time at least, all that was best in her too superficial nature.

Colonel Milford and Kate were returning from a horseback ride, when just as they neared the gate the colonel's horse shied and threw him with fearful force against one of the iron posts. Bleeding and insensible, he was tenderly carried into the hospitable mansion, which he was never to leave again until he joined the "innumerable throng" of travelers of the "silent city of the dead."

"Marian! Marian! Marian!"

This was the continual cry of the stricken man as he lay wildly tossing in delirium.

"He has forgotten your very existence, Kate," said Mrs. Mortimer, wonderingly, as she listened to his ravings.

"Yes," replied Kate, quietly; "he is thinking of his wife," and, as though understanding instinctively the drift of his incoherent mutterings, she despatched a hasty note to Mrs. Rose.

Aunt Mortimer was too busy caring for the comfort of her wounded guest to find time just then to be "shocked" at her niece's action. But her worldly eyes filled up with real womanly tears as she saw Marian Rose bend gently over his couch and soothe his sufferings with the touch of a pitying angel.

Colonel Milford died, but not before Mrs. Mortimer had heard from his own lips the story of two lives—his own and Marian's—which made her vow within herself never again to set up her worldly judgment between man and woman:

Kate, suspecting the truth, had, that fatal afternoon, told the story of Philip's love, and made the appeal to him which Marian was too proud to make for herself. Whether, had his life been spared, he would have been generous enough to yield to it, and permit his former wife to enjoy that happiness which she deserved, she could not tell.

But now, with the touching eloquence of a dying man, he told how Marian's pure, brave life had been wrecked by his base conduct, and how she had clung to him with wifely fidelity until his unprinciple course had made marriage but a mockery. Then, only, she renounced him, refusing longer to bear his dishonored name; and proudly refusing, too, to claim any portion of the wealth which might so easily been hers. He had followed her to her new home with the base intention of persecuting her still further, but had been partially diverted from his purpose by the brilliant prospects which he thought he had of winning an heiress in the person of Kate Randall.

"Marian is as worthy of your confidence as I am unworthy of it," he said, with plessing earnestness. "If I had not cruelly driven her from me, she would have been the good angel of my life.

When all was over, Mrs. Mortimer took the pale, sweet young widow—now doubly sure—warmly to her heart, and was the first to send to Philip the summons which his heart was thirsting for.

A year later Marina Milford's sorrows were all forgotten in such a perfect love as falls to the lot of but few of earth's happiest women.

Mrs Mortimer is never weary of declaring that her "niece Marian" is the crowning blessing of Philip Randall's life; and no one who has the entree of their happy household ever doubts it. But one of her sayings is destined to prove an ignominous failure; for, notwithstanding the prediction of her fond aunt, Kate is not going to die an old maid.

Artificial Butter.

Herr Lanzendorfer, en eminent Belgian chemist says the idea of finding a cheap substitute for butter without reducing its value as an article of food was started by Napoleon III., who intended in the first plan to help the working classes of Paris, for even then the price of butter had advanced 2 to 4 francs a pound. He invited Mege-Mouries, a chemist, to make a trial in that direction, who succeeded so well that in 1869 the first artificial butter factory was started at Poissy. The Franco-German war stopped operations for awhile, but in 1872 the Societe Anonyme d'Alimentation was started, with a capital of 800,000 francs, to take hold of Mr. Mege-Mouries' discoveries This concern started factories in Paris and Nancy, the former producing to-day 120,000 pounds of artificial butter daily. Other factories started in Munich, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Dresden, Berlin, Vienna. The United States have been particularly successful in this branch of industry. The factories here not alone supply the domestic wants, but also govern prices to a great extent of the European, particularly the English, markets. Favored by a cheap and excellent raw material the American manufacturers are enabled to produce an article in the way of artificial butter which excels all other in quality, taste, etc. As a general rule any fat and oil will produce butter that is, all fats may be, by different manipulations and chemical agencies so prepared that they will appear like butter in taste and in flavor and be suitable for food.

Naturally and in the first line beef tallow, coming from the same animal as butter, will be used. Of the beef tallow that which is found near the kidneys and lungs is the most desirable, which, after being carefully freed from all fleshy particles (of course, only fresh tallow is used), is washed in clean water until the water drains off perfectly clear. Hereafter the fat is chopped fine and afterwards melted and crystallized. This is done to separate the stearine from the fat, as otherwise the butter would be too hard. We now have a beautiful, clear oil, which is churned with milk. In the whole process cleanliness is to be strictly observed, for otherwise the butter, when ready, would not keep. The painstaking cleanliness with which this artificial butter has to be prepared, apart from that it contains nothing injurious, recommends it for an article of food. All particles of milk must be carefully removed from the finished butter by washing and kneading, and to save this labor manufacturers prefer to use milk already freed from casein. After the butter is ready thus far it is colored with annato, to which are added certain chemicals to give it the flavor and taste of butter. The fat of an ox of average size will produce forty-five to fifty pounds of butter. There are many articles of our daily food, such as conserves, mustard, catsup, fruit butter, mince meat, etc., which certainly are not prepared in a cleaner, if in as clean a way. Yet they are in daily use without any scruple. As I remarked above, any oil or fat will produce artificial butter, provided it is free from strong smell and taste. Besides tallow, lard, olive oil, poppyseed oil, etc., may be used, but as these oils are dearer than tallow they have not taken its place, particularly as the operations to make the oils into a consistence of fat is very troublesome and expensive. Some months ago, however, I made trials with cottonseed oil, in which I succeeded very well, so that I hope to see it used extensively very soon in the artificial butter manufacture. Last year I analyzed several lots of dairy butter which contained so much foreign fats as to convince me that they were artificial butter. I must admit, however, that the taste as well as the odor were excellent and not to be distinguished from genuine butter; and although it was midsummer and very hot, the butter was compact and firm and well made. The manufacturing, therefore, must have been done very carefully and cleanly.

Flies That Get Drunk.

"Them ar' flies is old topers, every one of 'em," said a beer drawer, as he handed over a glass of the foaming beverage to a thirsty reporter.

"Yes, they are topers," he spoke up as he drew the reporter's attention to a swarm of flies that were regaling themselves in a trough from the drippings of a spigot.

"Now, what I tell you is the truth: them ar' flies drink a pint of beer every day, and then they go and sober up. See that netting over those pictures! Well, the flies come down and fill up; then they shut one eye like a drunken fellow going for a lamppost, and start for that netting. Sometimes they don't make it, and fall to the floor, where they lie until they sober up. You're laughing," put in the bar chemist.

"I am not," replied the reporter, "I am taking it all in."

"Well, they stick their feet in the holes in that mosquito netting, and sort o' tangle their legs around it. You see they feel pretty limber, so 'taint no trouble, and they hang on there until the bulge passes out of their heads. That's so. Do you know, I've got an idea some of the pesky flies go out and bring in their friends?. Them flies drink a pint of beer a day; that's over a gallon a week. Now there's pretty near a million flies on that netting—how much does it take to make each one tight? Here's a slate," and the beer slinger handed one over to the reporter to figure it out.

Just then the clock struck four, and about 10,000 of the topers started for the beer trough with a whirl, to take a nip before supper. Some of them drank long and deep, and then lay upon their backs and kicked their legs vigorously.

—Fully half of Boston proper is built on piles.

Riding With a Crazy Man.

Vivian Fagin had quite a remarkable experience recently which might have cost him his life. While returning from the races in Cincinnti in a buggy he met a man whom he has known for some time by the name of McCauley. He invited McCauley to ride home with him and the invitation was accepted. All went well until they got down on State avenue, Vivian designing to meet a friend in that locality, when his companion suddenly caught hold of the lines and wildly demanded that he be allowed to drive. Fagin said he couldn't think of it and held on to the ribbons. But McCauley wouldn't give up and snatching the lines he whipped the horse and stood up in the buggy, shouting at a fearful rate. Fagin for a minute or two was dumbfounded, but the thought that he was riding with a crazy man flashed over his mind. The horse dashed on and Fagin struck the man a powerful blow in the face, bringing the blood, but he refused to yield and fought Fagin off like a tiger.

Finally, seeing that an accident could not be averted, Fagin resolved to have it come first as last. He shut his eyes with both hands grabbed one line and pulled it with all his might. The furious horse suddenly turned, the buggy tipped and Fagin was thrown out. But on the animal went, the mad man remaining unhurt in the buggy. Fagin was somewat bruised, but able to get up and run on after the rig. In a few minutes the horse dashed to one side and down a fifty-foot embankment, carrying the buggy and driver and landing all in a heap. A crowd of several hundred people had witnessed the affair and many ran up, expecting to find both horse and driver dead. The police also arrived by this time. McCauley was pulled from under the buggy, and, strange to say, he was not hurt beyond a few scratches. The horse also, for a wonder, escaped serious injury, but the buggy was badly demolished, both springs being broken. Fagin was so excited that he tried to whip his strange friend, who was, however, hustled off to the Sedamsville police station and locked up.

A Desperado's Death.

Moses Silk has been killed at Fort Spunky, in the Indian Territory. Silk was drunk, and was firing a revolver indiscriminately, when Sheriff Taylor attempted to take the weapon, but Silk threw him down and threatened to kill him. Taylor rose and walked away, but returned presently and shot Silk in the back, and as the latter turned shot him again in the breast. Silk staggered and seemed blinded, as he fired at a Choctaw Indian who was seated on a stump eating a lunch and taking no part in the affray. The Indian was shot through the hat. He leveled his shotgun at Silk and fired both barrels, loaded with bird shot, into his stomach.

Silk now walked up to Taylor and said: "Taylor, you have killed me, but I want to make friends before I die." As he spoke he seized the Sheriff and attempted to kill him as he held him in his arms. He drew one of the Sheriff's pistols from his belt and shot the officer once, when two of Taylor's friends came to his aid and lodged two balls in the side of his assailant. Silk loosened his hold, walked backward a few steps, and exclaiming, "You have killed me this time, sure," fell on the ground and died without a struggle. He had been shot six times and was literally riddled with lead. Silk was one of the most noted desperadoes in the Indian Nation, and had long been a terror to the people of Fort Spunky, a little village on the line of the new railroad. He is credited with having killed five men and with having been accessory to numberless murders.

Physiology of Walking.

In walking, the body goes through a double series of undulations, which are somewhat similar to the curves in the flight of a bird. There is a vertical movement which reaches its highest point when the body is vertically over the supporting or active leg. The other movement is lateral, and results from the necessity of keeping the center of gravity over the supporting leg, and this changing of the center of gravity from side to side is aided by the arms. In a "step" one leg gives a slight propulsion to the body, which then swings forward little muscular effort being necessary. In the "O'Leary style of walking the swinging is done by the trunk muscles, which are made to move the whole pelvis, and thus the leg and thigh muscles are saved. It is termed walking with the hips. The foot is not brought sharply down upon the heel, but carried nearly parallel to the ground. In a slow walk there is always one period when both feet are on the ground and another when only one foot supports the body. As the walk quickens, the time in which both feet are down together diminishes, and in very rapid walking practically disappears. In very rapid walking there is also a kind of pulling by the forefoot as it comes down. The caloric developed by long walking is something quite enormous, since a pedestrian who walks 100 miles in a day will produce the equivalent of enough heat to boil 120 pounds of ice cold water.

Big Fans.

All in fans is in keeping with the weather. When an eighty-dollar fan sells for twenty dollars every family can put by a full stock. That is a reduction of sixty dollars, and hence a sixty-dollar fan ought to be given away. Most seriously be it said, nevertheless, that elegant fans are offered in the market in mother-of-pearl, in ivory, in elegant woods and with lace, embroidery and other beautiying things. The size of fans to be used on the seashore draws exclamations of surprise from prosaic men. The circumference of some fans is not less than three feet or more. The better fans, and the finer ones, are made in Paris. The American manufacturers must be content with the making and selling of the less expensive kinds.

"Aiding Him Through Life."

"Never whip children just before they retire to rest. Let the father's caress, the mother's kiss be the last link between the day's pain or pleasure and the night's sleep. Send the children to bed happy. It there is sorrow, punishment or disgrace, let them meet it in the daytime, and have hours of play and thought in which to recover happiness. Let the weary feet the busy brain, rest in bed happy."

That's all right, of course, to some extent. We used to talk that way before we were a parent. We knew a good deal more about children anyhow before we had to grapple with them than we do now. We used to be a greater stickler for moral suasion and love and parental gush than we are now.

Our theory now in relation to children is changed from what it was formerly. We maintain now, after several year's study of the primary biped, that there is a style of child that cannot go to sleep at night unless spanked.

We have in our mind a little child of the masculine style of architecture, who will lie and sob, and kick the clothes off and be mean and restless for two hours if you forget about him, but if you go and turn down the coverlid, and fan his person with an overshoe he will quiet down and be asleep in five minutes.

He is not to blame for being the victim to this habit, but he is that way, and he can't help it. He is tied to his spank just as you, gentle reader, are tied to your maturer habits.

Strange freaks do often grow into confirmed habits that are almost impossible to shake off. Children are often the victims of strange and unnatural customs like older people.

This child, for instance did not at first apparently care whether he had his spanking at 8 P. M. or earlier, but later he was so regular in his demand for corporal punishment that you could set your watch by him. He was also so attached to a certain style of arctic overshoe that you couldn't accomplish anything by paddling him with any other style of chastisement. Love is a good thing, and we often wish that more of it had been lavished upon us during our past life, but after all there are children who do not yearn for affection half as much as they do for armed aggression. Of course your conscience smites you at intervals when you go past the little bed after the conflict is over and peace and slumber are the victors. Something may come up in your throat when you see the little rebel lying with his feet on the pillow and his head down at the foot of the cot, and a little tear on his eye-lashes. You feel, perhaps, as though it looked like taking an undue advantage for a two hundred-pound man to catch a six-year-old boy when he is unprepared and paddle him with an overshoe, and yet sometimes it has to be done.

We know that in our own case corporal punishment was resorted to while all the other boys in the family escaped with moral suasion. The result is just what might have been expected. We are the only one of all that promising collection of boys whose prom ssory notes have gained a world-wide circulation to-day. While the other boys were contented to plod along and run up little petty accounts at the stores, we struck out boldly toward fame and insolvency.

You can encourage a child with press board sometimes and thus give him an impetus which will aid him all through his life.

Rich Bachelors in New York.

James Gordon Bennett is one of the richest bachelors of New York. He is now 42 and owns a house in Fifth avenue, also another at Fort Washington, with extensive grounds. To these are to be added the Bennett building in Fulton street and the *Herald* establishment, which alone is estimated at $2,000,000. His Newport property is worth $250,000, and there is to be added his hunting lodge in England and other properties, which will bring his aggregate wealth up to $3,000,000. He has been "engaged," but is now free, though at the expense of a knock-down and an imaginary duel. Another eligible bachelor is Wm. H. Hurlbut, editor of the *World*, who, though not as rich as Bennett, is still in good circumstances, and is well adapted to make any woman happy. John Bridge is also on the list of celibrates. He is rather advanced in years, but has a million to recomend his case, and hence may be included in the term "marriageable." Among young men may be mentioned Frederick Paulding, the play-actor, who is the richest actor of his age (in expectation at least) in the drama. Other eligible names may be found among the Belmonts, Roosevelts and similar opluent families, and if any of our readers will improve the above suggestion the prize will be readily won. The really best strike, however, is Samuel J. Tilden, who is now the richest bachelor of his age in the world. He is now 68, and is worth a half dozen millions.

Mistaken Kindness.

Mormon wagons took sunflowers alongwith them on their way to Utah, and Iowa farmers have had a hard time fighting the pest. A single Scotch thistle planted in Victoria, the Scotchmen there had a congratulatory dinner over it twenty years ago—has covered tens of thousands of acres and been the destruction of farms. The scattered grain emptied from the bags of German troopships in the Revolution knocked millions off the value of our grain crop for all time to come by bringing the Hessian fly. A careless man set out a French grapecutting a few years ago with phylloxera on it, and the pest is now sprinkled along the Pacific coast creeping inland. Its ravages in France has cost $400,000,000. A man with a taste for peppery greens planted water-cress in New Zealand and the little plant has spread so that the local legislature has to appropriate a round sum yearly to improve the water-cress out of existence and the water courses. A kindly misguided man brought over to New Yerk a basketful of sparrows not 20 years ago and the little wretches have already driven half our song birds into the woods. In South America the same thing was done and the birds are cleaning out the fruit crop. They will be here some day. Natural selection is occasionally wiser in finding a place for men and animals than men.

—Vermont has 36,000 farms of which only 97 contain as many as 1000 acres.

—Flower bonnets and parasols painted with flowers are the fashion.

The Eddystone Light.

The dedication of the new Eddystone Lighthouse recalls the romantic history of its famous predecessors. The rock on which it is built is the highest of a reef about fourteen miles south west of Plymouth harbor. It is barely visible at high tide. This reef was especially dangerous because ships in trying to avoid it were apt to sail too far away and meet destruction on the opposite coast. The erection of the first tower was undertaken in 1696 by Henry Winstanley, a country gentleman of Essex and a very eccentric genius. Four years passed before it was completed, as the work could only be carried on in summer. The building was similar in form to a Chinese pagoda, with so many ornaments and projections that it was generally deemed unsafe. But the architect had full faith in its stability, and hoped that he might be sheltered by its walls in the fiercest storm that could ever blow. One November night in 1703, when he was there with some workmen to make repairs, a terrible tempest arose and swept the lighthouse away with all its inmates. On the same night in Mr. Winstanley's house far away the model of the lighthouse fell to the floor and was shattered to fragments.

The second lighthouse was planned by John Rudyerd, a silk mercer. The material was granite and wood. All projections were avoided, so that the least resistance might be offered to wind and wave. This structure was finished in 1709, and stood until 1755, when it was destroyed by fire. The cause of the conflagration always remained a mystery. The three keepers in charge were all rescued and taken on shore, but one of them immediately fled, and some persons believed that he was the incendiary, while others held the theory that he was the victim of unreasoning terror, believing that he might be suspected of the crime. Another one of the keepers died from injuries received in trying to extinguish the flames. He insisted that he had swallowed a quantity of melted lead, but this statement was not credited till after his death, when a post-mortem proved that it was true.

John Smeaton, the architect of the third building, was a mathematical instrument maker. He took for his model the trunk of an oak, and the structure was so perfect that it served as a model for all other lighthouse towers that are particularly exposed to the fury of the sea. The whole height of the edifice was seventy feet. It stood for more than a century, and proved to be firmer than the foundation upon which it was built, for that gradually crumbled so as to endanger the safety of the tower.

The Eddystone Lighthouse just finished, was designed by Mr. J. N. Douglass, engineer to Trinity House, the corporation which controls the coast illumination of Great Britain. This building is 150 feet in height above the sea level, with a light visible at a distance of nineteen geographical miles.

It is difficult to imagine what inducements could tempt anyone to endure the solitude of lighthouse life; but there is considerable competition for the situation of keeper. The places are usually awarded to sea-faring men who have done some service worthy of recognition. The wages would seem small in the estimation of workingmen in this country.

The first article of the keeper's instructions is this: "You are to light the lamps every evening at sunset, and keep them burning clear and bright till sunrising." This is the aim of the keeper's existence, whether he lives on an isolated rock in the open sea where he sees no sail for days at a time, and has only the company of wind and wave, or whether he lives where stately ships are continually passing and taking advantage of his beneficent warning

The number of keepers at one tower varies with its situation. In some places threee are employed where there were only two formerly, on account of an awful occurrence at the Eddystone before the destruction of Rudyerd's lighthouse. At the end of one keeper's watch he went to call his comrade and found him dead. He hoisted a signal of distress, but the sea was raging furiously, and it was one month before anyone could reach the man, who was living in such appalling solitude with only the companionship of the dead. He was afraid to throw the body into the sea, thinking he might be accused of murder, so through the long days and dreary nights he lived in ghastly company.

One keeper at the Eddystone voluntarily gave up his turn of relief for two years, and refused to take his recreation on shore. When the third year came he was persuaded to go, but liberty proved dangerous He drank to excess and was carried back to the lighthouse, where he died in three days from the effects of his dissipation, though he had previously been noted as a sober, steady man.

One day in 1862 two black flags were seen floating from Longship's lighthouse near Landsend. Though they were understood as a signal of distress, no relief could be sent for three days, owing to the heavy sea. When a boat reached the place the occupant found that one of the three keepers had stabbed himself. He was still alive, but died three days after being removed to the shore. From the evidence before the jury which investigated the case it seemed that he must have gone mad from the awful monotomy of his life.

—The wheat yield in Tennessee will be 50 per cent above the average.

—A million of pounds of buffalo meat were shipped from the plains last year.

Fraud in Spices.

"What do you do with your cocoanut shells?" asked a reporter of a prominen candy manufacturer. "Sell them to be made into pepper," said he, and the aroused curiosity of the reporter was not quieted by his further statement that the shells were really ground and used by spice men to adulterate pepper and other of their wares. Further investigation showed that the factory where the shells are ground up is situated at the corner of Line street, and the railroad in Camden, N. J., and is a one-story brick building, the capacity of the mill being about two tons of ground shells per day. The shells are brought to the factory in bags and deposited in the roasting department. Here they are carefully scraped and put in great revolving ovens, which are constantly turned over beds of blazing coal. Some of the shells are roasted a light brown, while others come out crisp and black. After being carefully sorted, the dark shells are put in hoppers in the grinding department and reduced to a fine powder like pepper. The brown shells are not ground so fine, and come from the mill looking exactly like ground coffee. This Camden factory is said to have been in operation about a month. The shells cost very little, and the milling is done at an expense of about 2 or 2½ cents per pound. A representative of a leading spice house, in speaking of this novel preparation, said that, while his house had not used it, he supposed that it was a harmles adulterant for spices. "We have our own method of adulteration," said he, "and sell to the trade probably more adulterated goods than pure. We can't help it. There is no pretense on our part that the lower grades of spices are pure. We simply sell the retailer what he wants. We sell them spices at almost any figure. Pepper, for instance, as low as 8 and 9 cents, but it is about as much something else as it is pepper. It would ruin the trade to prohibit adulteration, and, besides, there are not enough spices grown to supply the demand of the United States alone, if nothing but pure spices were sold. We are constantly making experiments to discover the cheapest harmless foreign matter with which we can mix our goods in order to supply the demand for low grades." The powder made from ground cocoanut shells has a finer color, and on account of its weight and appearance is considered by spice manufacturers to be choice adulterating material.

Windows in Hot Weather.

Tamboured embroideries on muslin or on net is a novelty for summer curtains. For simple sash curtains the sprigged or dotted patterns or those with large rings or daisies wrought in them are used without borders, while for the flowing curtains there is a vine or striped border and scalloped edges down the inner sides and across the bottom. The square meshed canvas or grenadine curtains are seen in many of the handsomest residences for both curtains—those fixed in shape next the sash and for flowing curtains behind it. The trimming for these is insertion and lace either Cluny or antique lace is preferred, and sometimes the showy Russian lace is used. The scrim curtains have very much the same effect as grenadine curtains and are as much less expensive. Colored embroidery in artistic designs has been added to these white curtains, forming sometimes a dado or else a border on two sides, and occasionally they are small figures wrought all over the curtain. For those who like more color the Madras muslins are commended, with their gold, olive, or robin's egg blue grounds strewn with flowers of gay colors. These come in beautifully blended colors that give almost the effect of stained glass. Momie cloth, made of cotton, has taken the place of cretonne for cottage parlors and chambers, because it is found to be more durable.

Cornices and lambrequins are abandoned. Poles of wood or gilt, with rings to which the curtains are attached are used for curtains of all kinds, whether thin or thick, muslin or lace, cotton or damask. The rings are sewed directly to the hem at the top of the curtain, or else they are attached by little clamps that have been made for the purpose. In the place of lambrequins, there are sometimes valances, or the Queen Anne cap, made of a straight width of plush, felt or other stuff, simply edged with gimp or fringe, placed smoothly across the top of the window, and from beneath this falls the muslin or lace curtains.

Headies.

In the southern part of Dutchess county, New York, among the mountains, stands a strange and lonely habitation, in which a curious race of people has dwelt for many generations. Their progenitor was an Irishman named Heady. They are called the "Headies," and they claim to be partly of Indian origin. Their ancient home has been called the "Woodbine" ever since the day of the log cabin from which the present structure grew. The vine which covers the front of the house would sufficiently account for this appellation, but it was also the name of the Indian girl from whose union with the Irish Heady the race has sprung. The story is, that the father and founder of the colony lived to see his descendants of the fifth generation, and that before he died, he called them all about him, and giving to each a sprig of the vine, bade him plant it before his new home, for they had become so numerous that they must separate. Some built near the old house and some far away, and only a few are now left; but the luxuriant growth of woodbine covers all he mountain side.

NEWS IN BRIEF

—1,500,000 bushels of salt are used in Chicago annually for preserving meats.

—A sale of 2 200 tons of ice has been made at Bangor to parties in Liverpool.

—The seventeenth year locusts have made their appearance in Cayuga county, N. Y.

—The cost of a recent foggy day in London was $60,000 for 75,000,000 feet of extra gas.

—New Jersey has appropriated $70,000 to replenish her oyster beds with Maryland oysters.

—Seven thousand horses were eaten in Paris last year, the meat being served in a variety of ways.

—Among the 275,000 Indians in the United States there are 219 churches and 30,000 members.

—Land is cheap in South Australia. For a tract of nearly 5000 square miles, only $4,75 a mile was offered.

—The Iowa State University is this year giving instructions in stenography to seventy young men and women.

—Paris spends in education about $2 per capita of her population, while London expends about $1.30 per capita.

—Last year 27,073 books were taken out of the library of the Toronto Mechanics' Institute, and 21,462 of them were novels.

—It is estimated that there are 6,000,000 miles of fence in the United States.

—Chief Justice Chase's remains are to be moved from Washington to Cincinnati where a monument to his memory will be raised.

—It is estimated that the number of horses in the United States is 12,000,000. Illinois is said to contain one-tenth of that number.

—The year 1881 will be long remembered for its earthquakes. Not since 1812 has there been such a wide circle of terrestial disturbances.

—The steamship Persian recently landed at Montreal one thousand young English farmers, who brought drafts amounting to $750,000.

—They have been trying in Honolulu to induce Japanese to settle on the islands, but the Japanese Government prohibits their leaving.

—The Ohio State Board of Agriculture estimates the coming wheat crop of that state at 35,612,100 bushels, as against 37,581,094 for last year.

—The Australian colonies are the richest in the world. Among their possessions are 80,000,000 sheep, and the total population is only 3,000,000 souls.

—During the month of April the British imports increased over $4,000,000 and the exports over $1,000,000, as compared with the same month last year.

—Two young colored men trained in St. Augustine's Normal School at Raleigh, were recently ordained deacons of Episcopal church, for work in the South.

—One hundred and fifty thousand cords of bark are to be peeled in Tioga county, Pa., this year. This will be the product of about 18,000 acres of timber.

—A million of dollars in our gold coin weighs 3,685,71 pounds avoirdupois, and a million standard dollars in our silver coin weighs 58,022,57 pounds.

—The bronze statue of the elder Dumas, by Dore, soon to be erected in Paris, represents the great story-teller at the age of forty five, in the prime of life and genius

—Chain cables were first used on ship board in 1811. The first vessel to use them was a West India ship. They were invented and patented in 1808 by a surgeon of the navy.

—The Freedman's Bank property in Washington has been sold to the Government for $250,000, and the depositors will soon get their final dividend of fifteen per cent.

—Cincinnati, in the year ending March 1, produced $186,329,687 in her various manufacturing enterprises, of which $32,847,100 went into liquor and $23,831,346 into food products.

—Frankfort on the Main, with a population of 100,000, is the richest city in the world, where the wealth, if equally distributed, would give $4,000 to every man, woman and child in the place.

—The imports of France for the first three months of the present year show an increase over the corresponding period in 1881 of $36,273,600 and the exports an increase of $21,883,800.

—Mr. William H. Vanderbilt of New York, recently gave his check for $1000 to pay off the debt of Grace Church, Lexington, Va., which was erected in memory of Gen. Robert E. Lee.

—The imports this year at New York have been $208,334,749, an increase of $31,000,000 over the corresponding period last year, leaving a heavy balance to be paid with produce, gold, or bonds.

—Berlin last year had beggars enough and to spare. The police alone arrested 32,931 of whom 30,046 or nearly all, were men. The women numbered 1882 and the children under 12 years of age 1063.

—Dr. Haygood, of Georgia, is, it is said, the second man who was elected Bishop and who declined the office in the whole history of Methodism. Wilbur Fisk, President of Wesleyan University, Middleton, Conn., was the first.

—Switzerland has 1,594 miles of railroad, representing over $200,000,000 of capital. These railroads do not pay well; some have paid no interest for years, even to debenture holders. Over 13,000 persons are employed. Accidents are few.

—Ancient bric-a-brac is being manufactured and planted at the South. A bowl or dish was recently unearthed near Chattahoochee, Fla. In quality and color it resembles hard-burned brick, and on its bottom is inscribed "Desoto, 1540."

—The deaths in France in 1880 were 857,337, and the marriages 279,035. Compared with 1879 this shows a decreased 3,471 in marriages, with an increase of 18,455 in deaths. The years augmentation of population was 61,840 as compared with 96,647 in 1879.

—The Prince of Wales has been elected, unanimously and by acclamation, Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, in place of the late Earl of Wilton. The position, the most distinguished in the yachting world, is one long coveted by his Royal Highness.

—The South does not grow enough provisions for home use, despite the advance made in that direction. So far this season she has drawn on the North for wheat to the value of $55,000,000; corn, $50,000,000, and provisions, $72,000,000. Total $177,000,000.