

There has been on exhibition at the Alexandra Palace, in London, a steam lifeboat built of steel. It is absolutely unsinkable, is uncapable, worked with twin screws placed in a position where they will not be lifted out of the water, and can be raised instantly on coming to shore. The engines and fires are perfectly protected, and the draught of the vessel with fifteen men on board is only twelve inches.

The Minister of Agriculture, says a Paris letter in the *Pigayre*, has been taking a census of the fowls of France, and he informs us that the country contains 45,000,000 hens, worth on an average 50 cents apiece. One-fifth of these hens and 2,000,000 cocks are killed annually, and they sell for \$5,500,000 in the market. The other 33,000,000 hens lay about 3,000,000,000 eggs every year, worth 1-5 cents apiece; this sums up to not less than \$67,750,000. Therefore the chickens of France produce \$67,750,000 a year. They form no unimportant item of the national debt; and whether fried, roasted, boiled or stewed, they are the most tender specimens of the feathered tribe you ever tasted.

Mrs. Diaz, wife of the President of Mexico, has labored for years, according to the *New York Graphic*, to ameliorate the condition of the poorer class of her sex. She has established various institutions for the employment of poor women and girls, and has popularized work which, until she became its protecting patroness, was looked upon as unbecoming and contrary to established customs. Under her patronage these institutions have become flourishing and afford respectable employment to hundreds of her sex. She is ever studying some new scheme for the advancement of the poorer classes, and her name will be a future household word associated with benevolence and kindness.

A very curious case is reported from Wilkesbarre, Penn. One of the young women employed at the silk mills of that town was taken with an epileptic fit. She fell to the floor, and the other girls gathered around and became most alarmed and excited. Suddenly one of them gave a wild shriek and fell over in violent hysterics. The excitement increased, and in a minute or so another young woman was seized with hysteria. The girls were now almost wild with nervous excitement, and one after another was seized with hysterical convulsions. Their cries and struggles as they lay quivering on the floor combined to make the scene an extraordinary and alarming one. Sixteen of the girls were thus prostrated. Medical aid was summoned, and the girls were revived and sent home.

A distressing incident is reported from the French colony of the Senegal, on the west coast of Africa. Four native warriors of the Nalou tribe had been told off to guard a desert island of the Alcatraz group, at the mouth of the Rio Nuñez, and which the French had taken possession of for the sake of its guano. A little camp was fitted up for them, and it was provided that at regular intervals vessels should touch at the lonely rock with supplies of water and provisions. This was done for a time, until the dispatch boat *Messager*, after sending a launch around the island without discovering any person there, reported that it had been deserted. The guard not reappearing in their country, however, some anxiety was felt, and the coast steamer *Dakar* stopped at Alcatraz to investigate. The scene which presented itself was one of desolation and horror. There, amidst the wind-scattered ruins of the camp, over which still waved the remains of the French flag, lay the dead and mangled bodies of the four natives. They had remained faithful to their trust, only to perish miserably at last through the peridy or the criminal carelessness of the whites.

There are periods observes the *New York Times*, when the weather by its persistent atrocity becomes a national calamity, and England is at present in that fix. Such a summer has not been known in fifty years. There have been only four days of undeniable sunshine since last November. At present the rain is pouring down as calmly and tirelessly as Niagara. Allegorical painters are considering a picture of July as a symmetrical maiden, with a mackintosh and an umbrella sarcastically presenting to Jupiter Pluvius a hot-house bouquet, and recent arrivals at the American Club declare that the true reason why the sun never sets on the British Empire is that it never rises. Shopkeepers in Regent-street, Oxford-street, and less fashionable quarters have suffered seriously. They had neither a spring nor a summer trade. Their stores are filled to bursting with dress goods, bonnets, sunshades, fans, lace, etc., for which there have been no purchasers, every article dependent upon summer and sunshine has lost money. Those Americans who were debarred from crossing the pond this year can congratulate themselves. Along the Rhine, in Paris, and at all the watering places there has been the same persistent downpour, and the complaint of travelers from all the popular resorts of the Continent echoes the same disgusted cry.

**CALM AFTER STORM.**  
Life is the long and difficult campaign. The gladiator's struggle on the sand. The ship's contention with the furious main: While ceaselessly the silver trumpets strain Is calling us in confidence to stand! With pain and incoherence 'mid the peacotul band! Blow, trumpets, blow, and bring again the dream That thrilled the ecstatic onlooker on his isle; Though we may never lose our grasp the while. On blades still bare, and long the waiting seem. Till gates of pearl turn on their hinge again. And storm and battle vanish in the gleam That forth from streets untrod by guilt or pain. Where heaven's own hosts their wished-for welcome smile! —The Churchman.

### A SPY'S EXPERIENCE.

BY EWING GIBSON.

I was at a small town in the West on business some time ago, and, missing my train, was detained several hours with nothing to do. While sitting around the little hotel my eye was caught by the striking appearance of an old man sitting on a bench outside. He was tall and powerfully built, but his long gray hair proved him to be no longer young. I asked the clerk of the hotel who he was. This individual was busy, but managed to answer me as well as he could. "That old man, why, that's Jack I sawton. He was a brave soldier in the last war and played the spy two or three times. Get him to tell you some of his experiences. They are right good, and those who know say they are true."

I escaped and made my way to the old veteran. He was smoking a short clay pipe and refused my offer of a cigar in its place. After a few well directed questions I got him talking and I asked him to give me an account of what he considered the toughest scrape he was ever in. The old fellow looked at me calmly as he refilled and lit his pipe, while I made myself comfortable and waited for him to begin. He had a short, strong way of talking, and I will try to tell his story in as nearly his own words as possible. Picture to yourself a strong old man of sixty or thereabouts, with a rough face full of character and determination, and you have a fair idea of him.

"Well, stranger, about the worst fix I was ever in, and I've been in a good many, was somewhat in this way. I was with my company in Kentucky in '61 and the enemy were not far off getting ready, we knew, to make an attack on us at any time. We were encamped in a small town and the time passed slowly with nothing to do but to be on the lookout for a surprise. But the enemy seemed to be in no hurry and I got tired of waiting. I had been thinking over a scheme for some time and at last I suggested to my Captain that I should go as a spy into the enemy's camp. He jumped at the idea and I proceeded to get ready. There were several prisoners in camp and I took my choice of their uniforms. In the town there lived an old chap who kept fancy pigeons, and among them he had some trained carriers. The captain suggested that I should carry a couple of these with me and hide them in the woods near the enemy's line. Then if I found out anything that needed immediate action I should send a message by one of these birds, which would carry it far quicker than I could. I didn't take much to the idea of the pigeons, but the captain was set on it and got two for me in a small basket. The next morning I hid my birds and boldly walked into the enemy's line. I was carried to headquarters at once. My story was a straight one and no suspicion was aroused. We had taken a prisoner not long before who had belonged to a regiment in Missouri, and I passed myself off for him, giving his name and company and a few other points I had taken care to obtain. As soon as I could I went around picking up information. I would not do for me to seem too inquisitive, and I was in doubt what to do next when I noticed an old building with the door partly open. I looked in. The place seemed empty at first sight. Looking nearer, however, I saw the figure of a man lying on some straw in a corner. I thought he was sleeping, but he seemed strangely quiet. I went in and looked close; and I saw that he was dead. A glance around showed me a coffin with the lid resting on it in another corner of the room. I did not much like to have a dead body for a companion, but I wanted to rest awhile, and under the circumstance I thought a dead soldier would be less likely to give me trouble than a live one, who might ask troublesome questions, so I made up my mind to stay here awhile. Lying down on some straw in the furthest corner I was soon asleep. How long I slept I am not sure, but I was aroused by a noise outside of shouting and of galling of officers given in loud, hasty tones. What could it all mean? I was not long in doubt. I soon heard passing steps and a voice asking what was the matter. Matter enough, colonel," was the reply; "there was a fellow come here to-day reporting to be one of our men from Missouri. He had hardly disappeared before the real man turns up and—!" Their voices faded away as they walked past, but I had heard enough to convince me of the scrape I was in. What hard luck should have escaped on this day of all others. I had no time for idle regrets, however, for by the noise outside I knew an active search was being made for me. I heard a voice shout: "Look inside the dead house!" Quick as thought I ran to the coffin and got inside. As well as I could I pulled the lid over and waited. In a second the door was pulled open and a half dozen men ran in. They paused a moment till their eyes got accustomed to the darkness. Hay in silence, expecting instant discovery, but the idea of looking in the coffin never seemed to occur to them. I heard one say: "He isn't in here," and they left as quickly as they had entered. I tell you a dead house is a good place for a man to hide when he is in a fix like mine. The bravest men have some superstition about the presence of the dead and like to get away as quick as they can. I was in a regular trap now and did not know what to do. Any attempt at escape in the present excited state of the camp would mean death sure and certain. My only chance

was to stay quiet and try to make my way out in the night. When was that dead soldier to be buried? That was a question that pressed through my mind several times as I lay confined in the rough coffin. Everything depended on that. I hoped for the best and lay quiet. I was badly cramped in my strange resting place, but I fell asleep in spite of it all. I was aroused by hearing some one enter and close the door after him. I opened my eyes. Whoever it was had brought a lantern. As quietly as I could I slipped my hand to my back and unloosened my pistol. If I had to die I determined to make a fight for it. Scarcely daring to breathe I waited. The steps approached closer. The next moment I heard hands fumbling on the lid and it was lifted up. At the same instant I sprang up and leveled my pistol at the intruder. This was an old gray-headed darkey. In lifting the lid he held it between himself and me and did not see me. He leaped it against the wall and turned to come back. As he did so he caught a glimpse of me. His lower jaw fell and his eyes rolled wildly in his head as he stared. I said, in a word, but pointed the pistol at his head. He seemed struck with paralysis. His legs shook and he tottered and at last gave way and he fell on his knees. His hands went up in a supplicating manner and his lips moved as if he was trying to say something. Evidently he took me for a ghost. As I wasn't one yet, and didn't intend to be if I could help it, I said: "Old man, you see this pistol?"

"He could only nod.

"Well, I went on, 'it is loaded to the muzzle, and every bullet in it will go into you if you make a noise above a whisper."

"This was a practical sort of talk that he understood and convinced him that I was real flesh and blood.

"'Beto' God, Boss! I ain't gwine to breathe hard!"

"As he spoke I noticed a spade and other tools he had brought with him. A sudden idea flashed through my brain. It was a desperate one, but I was in a desperate fix and could not pick and choose. I took out of my pocketbook a ten-dollar bill. I held this in my left hand and my pistol in my right.

"You see these?" I asked, as I held them before the terrified negro.

"'Yes, boss."

"If you do just as I tell you the money is yours; if you don't, the pistol is, and I put it an inch nearer his head as I spoke.

"The cockle his head quickly to one side and swore he would obey me. I told him to get up and answer my questions.

"When is this man to be buried?" I asked.

"'Dis chenin', boss. I've made his grave and was gwine to put him in his coffin when I see you."

"After a few more questions I found the grave was a little ways out of the lines at a well known burying-place, and burial was to take place at 6 p. m. It was now near 3. I had very little time to lose.

"Take your spade and dig a grave in that corner as fast as you can."

"The negro seized his spade and worked like lightning. In a few minutes he had hollowed out a hole large enough for my purpose. Then together we laid the dead soldier in his shallow grave, the negro doing all I had told him in terrified amazement. After he had thrown back the earth and flattened it I scattered straw around the spot, so that no signs of the digging would be observable. The first part of my task was done. The last and worst was yet to come. I took the lid and put it on the coffin. It fitted flush, with no overlapping edge. This is what I wanted. I took a granite from among the tools, and in the head of the lid as nearly as I could judge also where a man's mouth would be. I bored half a dozen small holes. In the large pine box they were not noticeable. Then I took some nails and broke them in half—all except two. These two I nailed in the lid about one-third the length from the top. I worked fast, for every moment was of value. The negro watched me meanwhile with open eyes, and I am sure thought me a lunatic. My next remark convinced him of it. "I am going to get in that coffin," I said, "and I want you to nail me down." "Yes, sah, with pleasure," he grinned and looked happy for the first time. This was a way of getting rid of me which he highly approved of. I wrote a few lines on a piece of tissue paper to my Captain, telling him of the fix I was in. I added that I had important news to tell him. I put this in because I knew it would make him take more trouble to save me. I made a copy of this and took out some silk thread. Both of these things I had brought to use with the carrier pigeons. I gave them to the colored man and described to him how to fasten the paper around each bird's leg and then to let them loose. I had to tell him three times before he showed any sign of understanding me, and even then it was doubtful, but I could lose no more time. I drew my pistol once more, and pointing it at his head, told him that if he failed to obey me or said a word about me I would kill him. "If I am killed," I added, "I will haunt you till you die." This threat I believe had as much terror in it as my pistol. Then I got in the coffin and told him to nail down the lid. The half nails I had broken he had used all around the lid. They were too short to catch any hold, and merely made a show. The two real nails caught but a slight hold, for I had made holes for them to fit in with a gimlet. My idea was, if not rescued, to force the lid, and in a terror which would accompany my sudden resurrection to escape. I was never a nervous man, but I tell you when I heard that negro hammering on the coffin lid my heart almost failed me. But it was this or death in some other form. In a few moments he had gone and I was alone. The holes I had made in the lid enabled me to breathe with comparative ease. As I thought over my chances of life I felt they were slim, indeed. Granted the negro proved faithful to me, he might not find the pigeons. If he did find them he might not fasten the paper properly, or the birds might not return in time, or—in fact, there were so many chances against me that I knew my life hung on a very slender thread. A nervous fear seized me that the negro might not have used the half nails I had provided, but had substituted others. He certainly had hammered in a way that seemed harder than was necessary to drive in half nails. If that was the case

I might be buried alive! This thought so filled me with horror that it was with difficulty that I could refrain from trying the lid. Only the knowledge that this would mean discovery if the lid yielded restrained me. It was a hot day, and the heat was intense in my narrow prison. I was fearfully cramped from my strained position, and this and the heat added to my misery. After waiting what seemed an age I heard at last the sound of steps. A party of men had entered and came up to me. The next moment the coffin was lifted. A sudden giddiness and a rush of blood to the head followed, and I knew they must have held the head lower than the foot. I felt the bottom grating something hard. I was being put into a wagon. Then I was moving. I could not hear very distinctly, but I could make out the regular tramp of soldiers following. The road was rough and I was fearfully jolted. My one thought now was: Has that negro done as he promised and does my captain know of my fix? What I feared most was fainting and being buried alive. To prevent this was my aim. At last the wagon stopped and I was taken out. A grating sound and the next moment I was swinging in the air. Then I rested quiet. I followed the movements in my mind and I knew now I was in my grave. There was a pulling at my feet one of the ropes must have caught, and the next moment a heavy body sprang on the coffin. Then a voice, hoarse and husky, but which I knew well, whispered through the gimlet holes: "I tell dem birds loose just as you told me. For God's sake, don't har'at me, boss!" The next moment he was out. Now was the time for my help to come, if it was coming at all, but I resolved to wait to the last minute. A dead silence followed, and then I dimly heard a voice. Reaching the funeral service, I thought. How I kept myself calm at that time is more than I can say, but the knowledge that in a moment I could break out and be in the fresh air must have had much to do with it. The voice stopped, and a dull thud followed that made my heart beat like a sledge hammer. They were throwing in the dirt, and my grave was being filled up. I had no time to spare. With head and brain reeling I doubled myself up to force open the lid. Oh, horror! I could not move it. I made one last desperate effort, but in vain; I could not lift it an inch. I had never in my life before fainted, but this was too much for me and I fell back in a dead swoon.

When I recovered I found myself on horseback in front of a comrade who was holding me in his place. We were riding at a furious rate, and the fresh air quickly revived me. My friend handed me a flask. I took a good pull and looked around. I was surrounded by my friends. We soon reached our camp, and I got an explanation of what had happened. It was my Captain who gave it to me. He shook my hand warmly. "I got your message by those pigeons," he said, "and I got up this party for your rescue at once. We had very little trouble with the half dozen soldiers who were at your funeral, but the old negro—here he burst out laughing—"had jumped in your grave at the first sight of us, and we had a hard time to make him come out. We got you out of your hole as fast as we could, and the rest you know." This explained all, and it was the negro's weight that prevented me from getting out. I was a hero for some time, and the information I had picked up was of great value, but it did not pay me for the agony I suffered in that grave. You see this, sir," he added, running his fingers through his silvery locks. "It was as black as yours when I entered that coffin. When they took me out it was as you see it now."

### Gossip With an Optician.

You wish to know whether all my customers are ready nearsighted?" said an optician to a *New York Tribune* reporter. "Of course they are! With the exception of dudes, who consider an eye-glass as essential to their general appearance as a coat, few wear glasses who are not absolutely in need of them."

"Yet more men and women wear glasses now than in former years?"

"Quite true, for Americans have learned to use their eyes with discretion. Taking into consideration our increase of population, the proportion of nearsighted persons is not greater than twenty or thirty years ago. Formerly, when children complained that it hurt their eyes to read and study, well-meaning but inexperienced mothers either believed that they were trying to avoid going to school, or supposed that they had caught cold, and immediately administered a medicine or gave them medicine. They go, no doubt, that myopia is hereditary."

"Near-sighted eyes are elongated; as they grow older the eye flattens and the sight becomes stronger, if proper care has been taken in the use of suitable glasses. It is singular that the majority of near-sighted persons have light blue or grayish blue eyes. Possibly the lighter colors indicate greater visual weakness. The Germans are a blue-eyed race. You would be surprised to see the number of German students in the universities who wear spectacles. Pondering over their books at night the constant strain of their eyes must have prematurely weakened them sooner than the dark ones. Sewing also strains the eyes as much as reading. In fact, it is the case with any fine work. Look at my clerks, for instance. Most of them, who have been in my employ a number of years, are compelled to wear glasses."

### A Curious Case.

Mr. E. G. Osgood, of Maine, has a curious walking cane. The stick is octagon in shape, and is of white maple with cherry head, the entire body being made hollow, with the displaced wood made into different designs and left in the hollow space. In the carved head is set a compass; in the first joint or hollow space are three loose balls; in the second, three dice; in the third, a mounted cannon; in the fourth, a rolling pin; in the fifth, a chain; in the sixth, a sailor's log, and in the seventh, a dumb-bell and nondescript somewhat resembling an hour-glass. The whole is tipped off with an octagonal ferrule of brass. In circles around the cane is the following inscription: "Made by E. G. Osgood, Portland, Me., in 1884. Total abstinence from all that intoxicates—E. G. O." Mr. Osgood has been offered a large sum of money for the stick to place in the Boston museum.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### A Persian Fable.

A rat, says a Persian fable, seeing a cat approaching, and finding no avenue of escape, went boldly up to her and said: "Madam, I have just swallowed a large dose of bane, and in accordance with the instructions upon the label have come out of my hole to die. Will you kindly direct me to a spot where my corpse will prove peculiarly offensive?" "Since you are so ill," replied the cat, "I will myself transport you to a spot which I think will suit." So saying she stuck her teeth through the nose of the rat and trotted away with him. This was more than he had bargained for, and he squeaked shrilly with the pain. "Ah," said the cat, "a rat who knows he has but a few minutes to live never makes a fuss about a little agony. I don't think, my fine fellow, you have taken poison enough to hurt either you or me." So she made a meal of him. If this fable does not teach that rats get no profit by lying I should be pleased to know what in the name of common sense or uncommon sense it does teach.

### CURIOUS FACTS.

A silver penny was thirteen cents. A hog will not eat a watermelon. Collegiate decrees are coeval with universities. An ephah, or bath, contains seven gallons and five pints. Photographs have been taken by the light from a fire-place. Calming the sea with oil is now regularly and systematically done. A Biblical day's journey was about twenty-three and one-fifth miles. A French laundryman cleans linen without soap by rubbing it with boiled potatoes. Mr. Bullington, of Georgia, has just baptized his own wife—a case never heard of before. Transplanting teeth has been revived. It was done twenty-five or thirty years ago in very rare cases. It is proposed to build a three foot-wide cinder path between New York and New Haven for bicycles. Masters and doctors existed A. D. 826. Those in law are traced up to 1149, in medicine to 1384, in music to 1463. A vulture, measuring nine feet from tip to tip, was lately shot near Julien, Cal., as it was sailing away with a full grown sheep in its claws. A Scotch paper has this singular advertisement: "To be let, a beggar's stand, in a good, charitable neighborhood, bringing in about thirty shillings per week. Some good will be required." Gov. Crittenden's favorite daughter, upon her death bed, asked a pardon for Stevenson, a convict who had used his leisure to make toys for the child, and so won her heart. The Missouri Governor granted the request. Parchment was invented for writing books by Eumenes, of Pergamus, the founder of the celebrated library of Pergamus, formed on the model of Alexandria, about 190 B. C. Parchment books from this time became most used. A campaign torch is being made in large quantities with an air tube up the handle. By blowing in the tube the flame can be made to leap up about two feet for an instant. The effect of a thousand such spurts of fire at once will be striking. Edison is perfecting a device consisting of a female face, which he proposes to set in the face of a clock. The lips of this figure will move at the hour, the head will bow and the fictitious lady will say: "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, it is bedtime." In the rolls of the British Parliament, 1445, is a petition from two counties setting forth that the number of attorneys had lately increased from six to twenty-four, whereby the peace of those counties had been interrupted by lawsuits. They asked that the number be reduced to fourteen. Captain George Murphy, of Philadelphia, possesses among other relics, the barrel of John Brown's rifle. It is an octagonal smooth-bore Springfield, weighing about twenty pounds, and has a telescopic attachment. Near the butt is a little silver plate set in steel, bearing the name of John Brown.

### HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

**Newspapers in the Kitchen.**  
Any properly conducted household has an abundance of old newspapers. Many uses can be found for them, but none more important than in the kitchen. Nothing is better for cleaning lamp chimneys. Instead of blacking the stove every day, take a newspaper and rub off the covers and top of the stove while still warm. If grease is spilled on a cover, turn it over and let it burn off before attempting to clean. Brighten up the tea kettle and coffee pot by the same means. If you have a greasy skillet or pan, wipe out with a piece of newspaper before washing. The paper will absorb most of the grease, and hot water with a little sal soda or washing soda will complete the cleaning with less detriment to the hands than usually experienced.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

### Gloss for Collars.

To starch and iron collars so as to have a good gloss requires the skill that comes from practice. Add a little cold water to two tablespoonfuls of good starch and rub to a smooth paste with a spoon. Pour boiling water slowly upon the starch, stirring briskly to prevent lumping. When mixed smooth add a little lard and a piece of mutton tallow of white wax the size of a hazel nut. Mangle good laundresses add also, tablespoonful gum arabic solution (made by pouring water upon white gum arabic and letting it stand till clear). Boil the starch twenty minutes and strain through three minutes. Use starch scalding hot, and rub it thoroughly through the linen so that no lumps are left on the surface. After drying the collars, dip them, an hour or so before ironing, into cold starch made by dissolving a tablespoonful of starch in a pint of water, warm, but not hot enough to scald the starch. Roll them up in a clean towel and then ironing rub over with a fine damp cloth. Iron quickly and polish with a polishing iron on a boson board.—*New York World.*

### Why Uncooked Meat Spoils.

For some hours after an animal is killed the muscular fibers are soft, and consequently tender; it is only after a certain heat has passed away that the fibers become hard from the gradual stiffening of its muscular portions. One of the most curious conditions of the tissue is established which remains until the relaxation in which precedes decomposition; and this relaxation the flesh softens; and becomes tender as it progresses until the meat is upon the verge of putrefaction. Until the meat taints it is unfit for food. When meat is upon the verge of putrefaction the color becomes dark, the odor gradually offensive, and the fibers moist and soft; as putrefaction advances a peculiar greenish, damp, morbid form upon the exposed surfaces, and the odor grows intolerable. Heat and moisture favor this destruction of animal tissue, which is commonly called tainting. In dry summer weather meat which has been preserved by the agency of ice spoils quickly after it is exposed to normal summer temperature, probably because this generally combines heat and moisture. When freshly killed meat is subjected to a dry summer heat it is rapidly converted into the well-known "tainted beef" of the plains; this method of preservation is as widely known as a primitive. Meat dried by the action of sun and air, after being cut in strips, subsequently powdered and mixed with fat in the form of pemmican. Hunters and explorers prefer this preservation of meat to any other because it is the greatest amount of nourishment relation to bulk. The preparation of pemmican is quite within possibility for householders who are removed from trade centers, when they do not wish to eat meat.—*Housewife.*

### A Penny-Wise, Pound-Foolish King.

King Ludwig I. of Bavaria, whose name is being recalled at the present time in various ways, was much noted for his lavish expenditure of money in beautifying his capital as for his economy in minor matters. It is said he wore the same old coat to be shaved in for forty years, and whenever it rained sent a lackey for his old umbrella, saying it was too bad to use the new one, for it had not seven golden. The following anecdote is quite characteristic of the King: Among the many privileges enjoyed by all persons in the slightest way connected with the court, during the reign of his easy-going predecessor, King Max, from the chief marshal down to the oven-bearer, was that of having their soiled linen washed in the royal laundry. Shortly after King Ludwig's accession, as he was standing one morning looking out of the palace window, his wonder and curiosity were aroused by seeing numerous wagons drive up, one after the other, in front of the royal residence, all laden with mysterious looking bundles, which disappeared within the palace walls. Sending for his castellan, the King inquired the meaning of this strange procession. "May I please your Majesty," replied the astonished castellan, "it was ever the custom of our late king of blessed memory to allow a few needy and deserving persons to send their washing to the royal laundry." "A few persons?" exclaimed Ludwig; "nearly an hour have I been standing at this window, and still there is no end to the procession. This is an imposition, and it shall go no longer." And he gave strict orders to have the bundles remain unopened, to keep them till Easter Tuesday, when they were to be returned unwashed, with a strict injunction never to be sent again. The result was, adds our chronicler, that half of Munich had no clean shirt for Easter.—*New York Post.*

### A Chameleon Fish.

A Maine fishing schooner caught on the Georges Bank halibut, a queer fish. It is seventy-five pound, and is described "about as large as a brook hogs-head and almost as broad." When first taken from the water, the fish was a color of red and marked with silver spots, varying in size from a three-cent piece to that of a dollar. After the fish had been in the water a while the red became except on the fins, which retained vivid hue. The fins, three in all, were small in proportion to the body and the tail was short and broad.—*York Sun.*

### RECIPES.

**FRIED TURKEY.**—Boil till tender in beaten egg, sprinkle with butter, cracker crumbs, season and fry a brown.

**STEWED CARROTS.**—Wash or boil two or twelve carrots and put in water with salt to boil till soft. Drain and put in a pan with pepper, chopped parsley, or with the juice of one lemon and sprinkle with sugar.

**LEMON PUDDING.**—Half pound bread crumbs, six ounces of sugar, one ounce of butter, half pint of milk, a lemon, the pulp and juice, mix with the crumbs, add the flour and the butter together, and sugar. Mix with water to a soft paste. Boil two hours and half.

**LADY FINGERS.**—Take the whites of nine eggs in powdered sugar, the weight of eight eggs in flour, the yolks of the eggs and add the whites in a half pint of water. Beat the beaten whites and then the yolks; flavor with lemon. Dip the buttered tins, sift sugar over them when baked, stick together while hot.

**CANNED VEGETABLES.**—Peas, beans, corn can be put up in any way. Put the raw vegetable in water and cover well with water. The cans air tight, cover with water and let boil about an hour. Prick a hole in the top of the can, the gas escape, after which solder the top again, and set aside to cool.

**BROWN BETTY.**—Cut several slices into thin slices; have ready a red dish; into this put a layer of bread crumbs, then a layer of slices, and so on alternately, bread, apples, sugar, until the dish is full, let it stand a few minutes, then pour the top layer be of bread crumbs, three large lumps of butter on the top, and bake brown. Serve with butter and sugar sauce.

**A Chameleon Fish.**  
A Maine fishing schooner caught on the Georges Bank halibut, a queer fish. It is seventy-five pound, and is described "about as large as a brook hogs-head and almost as broad." When first taken from the water, the fish was a color of red and marked with silver spots, varying in size from a three-cent piece to that of a dollar. After the fish had been in the water a while the red became except on the fins, which retained vivid hue. The fins, three in all, were small in proportion to the body and the tail was short and broad.—*York Sun.*