

Walter Satterlee, artist, bewails the scarcity of really black-haired women in this country.

When Mr. Cleveland becomes president again, he will find that there are 24,132 more officeholders than there were when he left the White House in 1885.

Edgar Wakeman and other experts in gypsy lore believe that gypsies were the original fire worshippers, and cite many facts to prove the correctness of their conclusions.

Emperor Francis Joseph's feelings have been so stirred up by the political upheaval in Hungary that he has decided to give up hunting in that country, and has given orders that his hounds be sold.

According to the Federal Bluebook, there are 180,000 Federal officers—one to every 333 persons in the country. The salaries range from \$17,500 down to very insignificant amounts, not worth considering.

The women of Zurich, Switzerland, have secured the suppression of the Thierbuch, a publication revealing their ages, occupation, descendants, etc. It was issued annually and was more frequently consulted at cafes and other public resorts than the city directory.

The Prime Minister of China adopts a curious method of paying off old scores against the noblemen of the Empire. If any one of them has incurred his displeasure he advises the Chinese Emperor to pay him a visit. As the Emperor usually travels with a retinue of 10,000 persons, a week's stay will almost ruin even the richest of his subjects.

There are over one hundred hotels in New York City of the first and second class, and a number of them are of great size and of the richest appointments. Yet they are nearly all full and there is a demand for further accommodations. It is not strange therefore, that a three million-dollar hotel is projected, to stand on the corner of Madison avenue and Forty-second street. So says the New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger.

Girls are queer creatures, exclaims the Boston Transcript. Here at Vassar the other day one of the classes found itself without a teacher. The required ten minutes of waiting passed, and the girls were entitled to a cut. Did they, following masculine precedent, rush out rejoicing? Not they. The programme for the day was a class discussion of a topic in the course, so they appointed one of their number chairman, and when the professor walked in some half an hour later she found the recitation going on as quietly and seriously as if she had been there.

The high regard in which the scholar is held in China is shown, thinks the San Francisco Chronicle, by the honors granted to the two American bicyclists who recently reached Shanghai safely after a perilous trip across the plains of Central Asia. The best passport these men had was a placard fastened to their wheels stating that they were "traveling scholars." This gave them right of way as no other recommendation would have done, and when they reached Peking it furnished them an audience with the great Viceroy Li, who showed them marked attention, complacently remarking that "a scholar should be courteous to scholars."

Says the Atlanta Constitution: "The census bulletins make a fine showing for Southern manufacturing. In ten years seventeen Southern cities have increased their manufacturing output 90.9 per cent. The value of Atlanta's products in 1880 was \$4,361,727. In 1890 it was \$11,239,591. In 1880 the South had only 162 manufacturing branches of industry; now she has 254, showing the establishment of 92 new lines of manufacturing. Another point. Our native labor has met every demand. It maintains friendly relations with capital, and is increasing its efficiency. The number of hands was increased 71 per cent. in ten years. A comparison of the wages of 1880 and 1890 shows that average wages have increased nearly 36 per cent., over one-third. During this period the average hours of labor were reduced, and there was little increase in the cost of living. According to these reports Southern industries are in a flourishing condition and are steadily advancing. The fact that average wages have gone up one-third proves that our manufacturers have found their business profitable."

The Water Mill.
"The mill will never grind again with water that is past."
Why mourn the sun that has sunk in the west,
Why mourn the mirth that is part of the past,
Why mourn the music whose notes are now still,
Why mourn the water that's gone past the mill?
The sun of tomorrow will rise in the east,
The mirth of tomorrow will grace a new feast,
New music tomorrow will bring a new thrill,
New water tomorrow will run through the mill.
The cool winds of Autumn may scatter the leaves,
The reaper will gather the bright shining sheaves,
The grist that is ground will its purpose fulfill,
It needs not the water that's gone past the mill.
What matter if Winter must come with its frost,
There are joys which without it would surely be lost;
The ice and the snow cannot throttle the will,
Nor freeze up the water, that runs through the mill.
A new year will open with heaven's new Spring,
New hopes will be borne on the zephyr's soft wing,
New music will come with the robin's gay trill,
New water will grind a new grist at the mill.
—(B. C. Potts, in the Christian Inquirer)

STOLEN DIAMONDS.

BY MARLTON DOWNING.

"Ah, Damon, old boy! Glad you've dropped in. I've got something that I think will interest you, seeing you are a newspaper man. What do you think of this?" and Mr. Wardsworth, of the firm of Wardsworth & Blank, manufacturing jewelers of Boston, placed a paper in the hand of the young journalist.

"Ah! a goodly find for some one," replied the reporter as he read: "**£5,000 REWARD.**

For the apprehension of the criminals or the recovery of the diamonds taken from the safe of Jaspur, Sturgis & Jaspur, London, on or about December 1st. It is thought that the gems have been smuggled to America, as no attempts have been made to dispose of them either in Great Britain or upon the Continent. Dealers and officers of the law are cautioned to be on the alert. The jewels stolen are of the first water, large stones, and the whole amount valued at £30,000.
(Signed) JASPUR, STURGIS & JASPUR, London."

"It would be like looking for a needle in the hay-mow, I should say," commented Damon, as he finished the perusal of the notification.

"Very much," replied Mr. Wardsworth as he folded the paper and replaced it in his pocket. "Yet it would be a difficult matter for any one to dispose of such a quantity of diamonds even though they succeed in getting them into the country. Nevertheless, it behooves us in the business to keep a sharp lookout, and to inquire closely where a stone comes from, that is brought us to mount. If the rogues attempt to place their plunder on the market within six months or a year, they will stand a very good chance of being apprehended; but if they can afford to wait, and have nerve enough to retain the diamonds in their possession until the excitement has died away, the thieves may be enabled to get rid of the gems in small lots without causing suspicion."

"Well, I hope it may be your good fortune to run across some of the sparklers, for I would like to see you capture the reward," replied the reporter, with a smile.

"Who knows but what it may come your way?" returned the jeweler, laughingly. "You board most of the incoming vessels, and I should think might stand a pretty fair chance to hear of any smuggling game, and by working up your information be able to claim some of the Englishman's five thousand pounds."

"Not so much of a chance as you might imagine, my friend," replied Damon. "True, I might have to report the arrival of vessels, and of course visit many of them, but if there was any smuggling detected, it would only be my duty to write the story for the paper, and I could not expect to receive any credit from the authorities for the apprehension of the guilty parties. But it was not to 'talk shop' with you that brought me in. Do you see this?" and Damon held up a package, neatly wrapped in paper, yet not so disguised but what anyone could see that it was a quart bottle. "That is some rare, old Burgundy. At least the steward of a British steamer affirms that it is. Now I want you to come to my apartments tonight and take a hand at a game of whist, and you will have an opportunity to sample the wine. What say you?"

"I would be only too pleased to

make one of the party, not wholly on account of the contents of the bottle, for you know I am somewhat abstemious, but to enjoy a quiet game of whist."

"Very well, I will look for you at eight o'clock, sharp. Good-by," and with little ceremony the bustling journalist turned on his heel and left his friend's place of business to complete the arduous labors of the day.

At the hour of eight two reporters and two jewelers, all old acquaintances, were seated about a table in Damon's room, enjoying themselves hugely as they laughed and chatted over the topics of the day.

At length the host arose and said:—

"Now, boys, supposing we try the quality of the steward's present. I don't suppose that any of us are connoisseurs of wines, although we might be able to know what would make a good newspaper story when we ran against it, or tell the quality of a piece of gold when taking it in hand. However, we all have tastes, and in this free country, are at liberty to express our opinions. So, Mr. Wardsworth, yours, first," and the reporter essayed to fill the glass of his friend.

Although Mr. Damon had carefully removed the cork, yet to his surprise only a feeble stream of liquid issued forth.

"Ah," he remarked, "something has fouled up the neck of the bottle. Never mind, we'll soon fix it," and taking a long lead pencil from the breast pocket of his vest, he wiped it and thrust it into the aperture. With a gurgle the wine bubbled forth, then a hard substance struck the bottom of the goblet.

"Why, if the villains who put up this Burgundy have not left broken glass in the bottle," exclaimed Damon, with ill-concealed disgust. "They must want to murder their customers."

Stepping to his bachelor cupboard the reporter took therefrom a silver spoon, with which he fished out the foreign substance and dropped it upon the table, exclaiming,—

"There's the thing which might have been the cause of some one's untimely death, and the subject of a good article for the morning journals."

A cry of surprise escaped the lips of the jeweler-guests as each simultaneously stretched forth a hand to grasp the small object which had been the means of so disturbing the equanimity of their host.

"Why, Damon! It's a diamond!" cried Mr. Wardsworth, excitedly.

"A diamond!" reiterated the reporters aghast with astonishment.

"If it is not a valuable gem, I never saw one," continued Wardsworth. "What say you, Richardson?" turning to his companion in the trade.

"It is a stone of the first water," conclusively replied the experienced dealer in precious metals. "How came it in the bottle, do you suppose?"

"Can it be one of the stolen jewels, think you?" asked Damon, his newspaper instinct leading him with lightning rapidity to trace their "find" to the steward who had given him the wine, back across the Atlantic, even to the vaults of its original owner.

"Perhaps," answered Wardsworth, his voice husky with excitement. "But, quick, Damon, bring us a basin and we will examine the contents of the flask."

If the throats of the quartette had been parched with thirst, they would not for an instant have thought to moisten their lips with a drop of the liquid.

His hands trembling, Mr. Wardsworth struck off the neck of the bottle by a single blow of a fruit knife which he took from the table, then allowed the Burgundy to flow freely out into the China bowl. With bated breaths, the men watched the glittering spray as it fell from the jagged edge of the shattered glass.

Diamond after diamond mingled with the ruddy wine, and sparkled with scintillations which dazzled the eyes of the beholders!

For a moment the occupants of the room stood about the table, speechless; then the jeweler grasped the hand of his host, and exclaimed:

"Damon, your fortune is made! These are undoubtedly the jewels which were taken from the safe of Jaspur, Sturgis & Jaspur, London, and the reward of twenty-five thousand dollars is yours. A small fortune, my boy, a small fortune!"

"Then if the Englishmen's gold comes this way, it shall be divided into four parts, and you, my friends, shall share with me," returned the reporter, promptly. "But what is to be done? I know a column exclusive for the morning paper," and the young man sprang towards his desk, with the intention of writing out a

startling story of the wonderful recovery of the stolen diamonds, valued at \$150,000.

He was restrained, however, by his friends, who assured him that to publish the matter now would be to serve as a warning to the thieves and thwart the ends of justice.

"We will take the diamonds down to my store and lock them up," said Mr. Wardsworth. "Then notify the police, who will probably arrest the steward, and then cable across the news."

"I am sorry that I have been the means of causing trouble to the man, for we are old friends," observed Mr. Damon.

"The steward may be innocent," urged Damon's companion. "Do you think if he knew the contents of the bottle he would be likely to give it away? No, sir," added Mr. Wardsworth, "you may rest assured that some of the principals in the affair have blundered, and blundered badly. Nevertheless, it was a brilliant scheme to smuggle the diamonds into America by this means."

The jeweler's argument proved correct. The arrest and trial of the steward of the ocean steamer elicited the fact that he had been intrusted with a bottle of wine by an acquaintance in England, which he was asked to deliver to a gentleman who would call for it in Boston.

There was no name attached to the package, and he supposed it was of no more value than others of a similar brand which he had in his charge, belonging to the ship's stores. He put it in his room, and never gave it a second thought, until on reaching port he was presented with an order for the delivery of the wine. Being in a hurry at the time, he handed the caller what he thought was the right bottle. Then, a little later, when Damon came on board, he made the reporter a present of the one containing the gems.

The steward was subsequently acquitted by the authorities, but received his discharge from the steamship company for his indiscretion.

Damon, the reporter, was given the reward, but could not prevail upon his friends to share it with him, they urging that it belonged to him and him only.

Once a year, however, up the present time, the quartette sit down to a little dinner together, and as may be supposed, the principal topic of conversation is that wonderful bottle of Burgundy, whose contents were never drunk, though a portion of them serves to enhance much of the feminine beauty both in America and England, although few of the wearers realize that their glittering gems were once eagerly sought for when they were "Stolen Diamonds."—[Yankee Blade]

Why Mountain Tops Are Cold.

The decrease of temperature experienced on ascending to the tops of the highest peaks of mountain results from various causes; to say that it is "because of the lofty altitude" is not sufficient. To begin with, the greater rarification of the air, which is always encountered in upward travel, necessarily diminishes the absorbing power of the air. The temperature of the atmosphere is greater near natural sea level because such air transmits the rays of the sun without decomposing them, and cannot, therefore, be heated by them before reaching the surface of the earth, where decomposition sets in and frees the heat contained in the sunbeam.

It is a well-known philosophic fact that the air receives the principal portion of its heat by what is known as "radiation" from the earth, and the greater the distance from average sea level the less must be the power of such heat as a warmth-giving quality. Another, and perhaps the chief, reason is that the vapor screens, which so effectually temper the climate of this country and prevents the rapid dispersion of the heat from the warm earth, diminishes as we ascend a mountain and allows the heat to be freely radiated, leaving only its opposite behind.—[St. Louis Republic]

A Dog That Fares Sumptuously.

The late Duke of Marlborough, so the story goes, did not like dogs, and when he married Mrs. Hammersley, who had a pet pug, it was decided that the animal, who was getting old, should be left behind in the States and "boarded out." Some fifteen hundred dollars were spent annually on the dog, whose home is in Philadelphia. It is, according to a local paper, bathed every other day in hot milk and fed with chopped steak. It wears a blanket out-of-doors. Its kennel has divisions for sleeping, eating and bathing, the sides being glass.—[Argonaut]

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

TO TAN A COW'S SKIN.

To tan a skin it is necessary to use bark, either of oak or hemlock, or some bark extract, and a long time is needed to change the albumen of the skin into leather. It is hardly worth while for any inexperienced person to try this kind of work, but if it is thought right to try it the following process may be used: The skin is first soaked in water and cleansed of all filth and flesh attached to it. It is then put in a strong solution of bark extract or a decoction of bark finely broken and steeped in hot water. No lime is used if the hair is to be kept on the skin. As the tan is absorbed more is used, and the steeping must be kept up for three months. Then the hide is shaved smooth and worked by hand and rubbed until it is soft.—[New York Times]

TIRE-SETTING SAVED.

Oiling wheels with hot linseed oil when the tire and spokes are loose I have practised a number of years, writes a Pennsylvania farmer, and found that the wheels kept in much better condition than when I went to the blacksmith and had the tire reset. By repeating the oiling once in two years they will remain so until they are entirely worn off. Resetting cost me \$2; the oil cost about fifteen cents. A wheelbarrow wheel had become so dry and shrunken that the tire would fall from the felloe. By giving it three good oilings, the tire became so tight and firm, and has been so for the last five years, that it could not be driven off with a hammer. A number of neighbors have found by practical experience that oiling the felloes, spokes and hubs of their wheels is preferable to taking them to the blacksmith.—[Germanstown Telegraph]

TO TRAP VERMIN.

The most destructive vermin to a farmer's poultry, says the New York Times, are mink and foxes, and the best way to protect the fowls is to trap these animals. They are both wary, and are most suspicious when pains are taken to conceal the traps. Minks are most easily caught in the common steel spring traps, set either without bait in places where they are likely to pass unguardedly, or with bait hung on a short slender pole just above their reach, or in a box into which they must pass to get it, and the trap is set in a door cut in the box so that they will step on it. The trap should be covered with sifted sand to hide it, and no touch of the hand should be left on anything used.

The hand should be gloved and the glove buried in the earth to go an earthy smell before it is used. This answers for either minks or foxes. Either animal will come back to the place where it has killed fowls either the next or the following night. Opossums may be caught in the same way, and these are often the worst of all noxious animals that destroy poultry. Otters rarely attack birds, but are destructive of fish and water fowl. They are trapped by setting the trap in the water ten or twelve inches deep in a runway used when the animals come from the water, which they do always in the same place, making a worn trail. Or the trap may be set in shallow water near the bank, and a fish, as a fresh trout or perch, fastened to a small rod as for a fox or mink, suspended over it for bait.

UNRELIABLE THERMOMETERS.

Prof. Cheesman has started anew the war on the unreliability of thermometers. Every one who has to rely upon thermometers should by this time have learned not only that all of these instruments vary more or less between themselves, and that no one of them remains correct for any great length of time. For this reason like the mariner's compass, it should be "adjusted" at frequent intervals. When ever a ship comes into port, and before setting sail again the captain sends for a man skilled in the work called an "adjuster" to come to the ship, and put all of the compasses in good order, so that he may be able to depend upon his reckoning when at sea.

Now, there is no man more at sea than the dairyman whose thermometers—his compasses—are out of order. How can he correct them? The only present plan is to send them to some one of the few public institutions and pay to have them put on what is called a standard footing, which we believe there really is no established standard by law or custom as there is of a pound weight. When will a new industry come about in the shape of thermometer adjusters, who will either travel about the country or establish themselves in easy reach of the dairy

districts? This is a new idea but it will have to come into vogue.—[National Dairyman]

DEMAND FOR MUTTON.

The relative price of mutton to cost of production is much higher than other meat, unless it is poultry. This clearly indicates, says a Minneapolis daily, that the demand for good mutton really exceeds the supply, and there is still room for the profitable breeding and feeding of good mutton sheep. Mutton breeds are growing in favor in the Northwest, and with the advent of good meat in the markets the taste for mutton is growing. No flesh is more nutritious and no animal is cleaner or lives on more wholesome food than the sheep. In the city markets the demand for high quality of mutton is constantly on the increase, and commands an advance of two to four cents a pound over the poorly fed old mutton that was formerly dealt out to everybody who called for mutton at the butchers' stalls. Good mutton can, no doubt, be as cheaply produced as beef, and with mutton breeds it will hold its place against the best of beef.

These mutton breeds, like the Oxford, Shropshire and Southdowns, have been brought to perfection by high feeding, just as the shorthorn has been made a superb animal by generations of stall feeding, and to keep up the high quality they must be fed liberally. They have good appetites and large bodies and cannot live and grow fat and tender on what would keep a wool producing merino in good condition. Fortunately, in the Northwest, there is no lack of feed, especially rough feed, and appetite in live stock is no objection. The machine which will consume and convert the most food into caloric flesh is the best. Dainty stock is not wanted, but there is a call for rustlers with good appetites. These mutton breeds when liberally fed, give good returns and buyers are always at hand.—[Rural World]

A PICK-UP FOR JADED ANIMALS.

The discussion of the question of the speed and endurance of horses which arose out of the recent long distance ride between Berlin and Vienna, has brought forth a large crop of devices and nostrums for "picking up" jaded horses and cattle. One correspondent writes that the Orientals are particularly well versed in medications that have special virtue in such cases. He mentions especially the "gunjah," the dried cannabis plant which has flowered, and from which the resin has been removed. It is sold in bundles, about two feet long and three inches in diameter. It is used by smokers, who derive intense enjoyment from its narcotic fumes. He first learned its value when administered to overworked cattle, by witnessing its effects long before the railway period. A very arduous and difficult march was being performed by an unfinished road through a mountainous country.

The oxen had had a long spell of continuous work and the road was precipitous, and foothold was so difficult to get that the cattle became exhausted and tottered about helplessly, unable to proceed. There could be no halt, for tigers and bears were all around. In this emergency the ever-ready and resourceful drivers, producing their stock of "gunjah," pounded up a handful for each bullock, mixed with sugar. The effect was almost instantaneous. The cattle picked up fresh heart and energy, and trotting on cheerfully soon reached the encampment. Tincture of cannabis, diluted with water, is a valuable hypodermic injection for inflammatory diseases in horses. The native ferrriers of Western India are much given to the use of the croton bean, which is a drastic purgative, for horses. When it acts too violently a handful of gunjah is at once administered, and the cathartic is immediately stopped.—[Courier-Journal]

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

The best capons are never allowed to roost.

It costs too much to feed late fall-hatched chickens to make them profitable.

One of the best ways of feeding bones to fowls is to pound them into little bits.

In getting a rooster to improve the flock care should be taken to see that he is pure bred.

The health of the whole flock depends upon the health of each individual member.

When feeding poultry to fatten rapidly, a cooked mess fed warm as soon as they fly down from the roosts in the morning will be found very acceptable.