

The Connecticut Legislature passed at its late session a law requiring the use of such inks only on public records as are approved by the Secretary of State. The law went into effect on July 1, and a penalty of \$100 is provided for violation of the act.

Counterfeiting has got to such a pitch in the City of Mexico that the government has determined to institute reforms in the coinage of silver. The work on the new coins is to be finer, and other devices will be adopted in order to make counterfeiting a "hard proposition."

Paris is a law unto itself in fads as well as in other directions. For instance, the fashionable ink there, at present, is violet color. Some men use a golden ink. It is a favorite plan to use several inks of varied hues in writing a letter. This is thought to be particularly fetching.

The Epworth League of the North ern Methodist Church is a little more than seven years old, but in that short time it has grown from a feeble organization into a mighty army. It now has 17,534 chapters, containing an aggregate of nearly two millions of members, and the Epworth Herald, the organ of the League, has 105,000 subscribers.

The idea that a country has only one National flag is almost universal, but generally wrong. For example, Great Britain, her colonies and dependencies, have 118. Russia comes next with thirty-two and the German Empire follows with twenty-five. The United States is content with seventeen, Spain with five, Turkey with three and Uruguay with two.

Mr. John Usher, of Norton, who has given \$40,000 toward the foundation of a Chair of Public Health in Edinburgh University, once provoked Mr. Gladstone into exclaiming: "I am responsible for the understanding that the Almighty has been pleased to lodge in this skull of mine, but I am not responsible for the understanding that the Almighty has been pleased to lodge in that skull of yours."

The State of Alabama lacks a picture of Governor Israel Pickens to complete its collection of portraits of those who have filled the executive chair. But there is a report current that an oil painting of Governor Pickens used to ornament the cabin of an old-time river packet that bore his name, and an effort is being made to discover its present whereabouts if still extant. Governor Pickens was elected in 1826.

London Invention says that President Wilde, of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, has offered to the French Academy of Science a sum of \$27,500, with a view of founding an annual prize to be awarded to the author of a discovery or of a deserving book on astronomy, physics, chemistry, mineralogy, geology or mechanics. He makes his handsome gift in consideration of the numerous advantages reaped by him from French science, pure as well as applied.

According to an act of the House of Lords some six years ago, a man has a right to bring his old family pew into the newly built church of his parish, that he may sit in the seat of his fathers. In consequence of this law a handsome English church finds itself in great distress. The graceful building has recently been restored in the most approved style at the cost of about \$50,000, and one of the members of the congregation has insisted in thrusting his unsightly family pew in the midst of all this beauty. As the pew is huge, rude, box-like affair, the vicar is in great distress and has labored in vain to argue the troublesome layman into a more reasonable state of mind.

Harvard College raised money by a lottery as late as 1806. In that year it offered for sale 20,000 tickets at \$5 each, the prizes ranging from \$15,000 down to \$7. The prospectus issued stated that "in the above scheme the just expectations of the public, and the interest of the University, have been consulted. It is worthy the attention of adventurers, that the highest prize is nearly double in value to any that has been drawn in this Commonwealth for many years past, though the usual price of tickets is preserved. The Managers solicit the patronage of the public in general, and of the friends of Literature and the University in particular; and, considering the object of the Lottery, they will combine the prospect of gain with the certainty of benefitting the University, and by lending their aid to the means of education, will promote the best interests of their country."

HOUSTON AS SENATOR.

ONE OF THE MOST ECCENTRIC PERSONS EVER IN WASHINGTON.

He Held Receptions Every Sunday for the Crowds That Had Gathered to See Him—Change Wrought in His Life by the Woman He Married.

When Sam Houston began his life in Washington in 1846, as Senator from Texas, there was hardly a citizen of the United States who had lived a more exciting and romantic life, or who filled a larger place in the popular imagination.

There was just enough savagery in his dress when he entered the Senate to suggest a wild origin and career. In his earlier years he had affected much more startling eccentricities of garb than in 1846. He even came to Washington once in full Indian dress, and when he was President of Texas he habitually wore fancy velvet waistcoats, broad gold lace on his trousers, and instead of a great coat, a gray Mexican blanket. When he became a Senator this theatrical taste showed itself in a waistcoat of leopard skin, a broad sombrero and a Mexican blanket.

Houston's habits in Washington were such a contrast to his romantic story and his eccentric appearance that public curiosity was doubly excited. To begin with, he was temperate, thus contradicting all the traditions of Indian fighters and filibusters, as well as all the popular legends about himself. This sobriety was not, however, of long standing. Three months after his marriage Houston had left his first wife, because, it is supposed, she told him she did not love him, and had fled to the Indians and the bottle for forgetfulness. So common was it for him to be dead with liquor that the red men called him "Big Drunk." Long after he became the greatest man in Texas he kept up these debauches. In 1840 he had married again. The young woman, an Alabama girl of twenty-one, had been captured, Desdemona-like, by the romantic life and deeds of this reckless, carousing Othello, and had married him "to save him," as she afterward confessed. Her experiment was successful, for Houston never was drunk after his marriage.

More conspicuous than his temperance were his religious habits. His wife was an earnest Christian, and she labored zealously to bring about her husband's conversion. The idea of converting Sam Houston was preposterous to most of his friends, but Houston took his wife's desire seriously, and in his conduct complied with many of her wishes. He read the Bible, said grace, went to church. When he went to Washington in 1846 he did not take his family, but lived alone at Willard's Hotel. He perhaps had promised his wife to go to church, for at once he appeared at a Baptist Church in E street, near the City Hall, and from that time until he closed his term in the Senate, twelve years afterward, he never missed a Sunday morning service when he was in the city. He became one of the "Sunday sights" of Washington, and the church was known as "Houston's Church," as the place where the President goes is called the "President's Church."

Houston always wore his Mexican blanket to church, if it was cold, and frequently he whittled from the beginning to the end of the service. Whittling, indeed, seemed to be his way of escaping bores and keeping his nerves steady. He always carried a pocket full of Texas cedar and a sharp knife, and thus equipped defied dullness and care.

The crowds which went to the Washington Baptist Church to see Houston usually waited after the sermon to shake hands with him. He was fond of these attentions from strangers, and never failed to be cordial. In the vestibule as he went out he held a second reception for the colored people from the galleries, who delighted to boast that they had shaken his hand.

The most dramatic event of Houston's life as a Senator was his refusal in 1854 to obey the will of Texas and vote for the Kansas-Nebraska bill. This led to a bitter quarrel with his colleague, Rusk, who had been elected with him as one of the first two Senators of the State. Rusk upbraided Houston violently for betraying Texas. The two men parted in anger, Houston threatening to challenge Rusk. If friends had not interfered a duel would undoubtedly have resulted. Finally the angry Texan gave up his desire for blood, but turning on his friends he said: "The Kansas-Nebraska bill may pass, but let me tell you what will be the result. The North will never consent to see slavery in the free Territories—the Abolitionists will secede, other States will follow her, and we shall have the bloodiest war in the history of the world. The North has the army, the navy, the money. She will blockade our ports, occupy our territory, abolish slavery, put the South under military rule, and finally we shall have a dictator. There is no hope for us unless it is in the common sense of the masses."

Returning to his State he was elected its Governor. Finally the secession party deposed him, and Texas joined the Southern Confederacy. Houston died before the contest was over—in July, 1863.—New York Sun.

Napoleon's Waterloo Hat.
The battle of Waterloo, was fought on Sunday, June 18, 1815, eighty-two years ago. The hat that Napoleon Bonaparte wore on that fateful day is said to be now owned by A. Pasquier, of Lyons, France, who has it elegantly mounted on a marble pedestal. The hat is represented to have been presented to the grandfather of Pasquier, who was aid-de-camp of Napoleon, before being banished to St. Helena.

WISE WORDS.

Others see our faults as plainly as we see theirs.

Only the man who looks away from himself has ideas.

Some are active, because they fear to be thought idle.

We excuse our selfishness by assuming our greater need.

Those who touch each other are sometimes farthest apart.

Happy the man who finds and removes the particular cause of his misfortune.

It is always safe to depend on this: What God gives us to do, he will help us to do.

We get out of temper and wonder why we were ever born; then we get into good temper and wonder why we have to die.

Our wisdom is often handicapped by our cumbersome knowledge, like a medieval knight scarcely able to move in his heavy armor.

People never plot mischief when they are merry. Laughter is an enemy to malice, a foe to scandal, and a friend to every virtue.

Go forth with a smile on your face, and you will return believing that most people are good natured. Wear a frown and you will find plenty of quarrelsome people.

A generous friendship no cold man knows, but with one love, with one resentment glows, one should our interests and our passions be, my friend must hate the man that injures me.

Surprised the President.

They are telling a story here on a well-known Kentuckian, an applicant for office, who had arranged with his Congressman to be presented to the President.

"Give me a pointer or two about the etiquette," he said.

"Oh, it's simple," replied the Congressman. "You address him as 'Mr. President' and then add anything pleasant and timely that may occur to you. He won't be able to give us but a few minutes, you know."

"I see he has taken to horseback riding. How would it do to mention that, and then refer to our own stock and express the hope that he may have a good mount?"

"For God's sake, no!" exclaimed the Congressman. "Whatever you do, don't talk horses; and of course, steer clear of those kindred topics with us—our pretty women and our fine climate. Be easy and natural, but not conventional."

The man was presented to the President, when, to his great surprise, the President himself began to talk horse. But the Kentuckian, obeying his Congressman's tip, said next to nothing in reply on that subject.

A few days afterward the Congressman called alone at the White House, and the President said to him:

"What sort of a Kentuckian was that you brought here the other day?"

"A tip-top one, sir, why?"

"Why, I tried to talk horse to him, and he didn't seem to know anything about horses."

The Congressman was strongly tempted to tell the whole story, but as the joke was really on himself he kept his peace. But he is trying extra hard to get the man a place as a salve for his own conscience.—New York Tribune.

Woman's Soprano Voice.

The scientist who discovered in the human larynx the anatomical reason why woman has a soprano voice and man a bass one was a woman—Mrs. Emma Seiler. She was a German, born in Wurtzburg. Left a widow with two children to support, she resolved to become a teacher of singing, but suddenly lost her voice. Then she determined to find out why; also to discover, if possible, the correct method of singing, so that others might not lose their voices. For this purpose she studied anatomy. She dissected larynx after larynx and spent years in her search, trying to find, for one thing, why women's head tones could reach high C, while men had no soprano tones. At length her search was rewarded, says the Philadelphia Times. She discovered under the microscope one day two small wedge-shaped cartilages whose action produces the highest tones in the human voice. She made her discovery public. It excited great attention among scientists. Her own brother, a physician, praised the treatise in the highest terms till he found his own sister had written it. Then he dashed it down, saying in a rage that she would be better attending to her housework. Mrs. Seiler's portrait, a marble relief, is in the possession of the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, of which she was a member. She wrote, among other books, "The Voice in Singing" and "The Voice in Speaking."

A California Boy Giant.

John Bardin, a fifteen-year-old schoolboy of Salinas, Cal., is, perhaps, the largest boy in the world. He is a baby-faced, modest lad, and plays with other boys who wear knickerbockers. Yet John is 6 feet 5 1/2 inches high and weighs 220 pounds. He has grown fully an inch during the past year and will probably be 7 feet tall before he is full grown. His father was 5 feet 8 inches high and weighed only 140 pounds.

Siberian Exiles.

Siberian exiles are now to proceed by a new railway from Tomsk to Krasnojarsk, a distance of 500 versts, instead of, as formerly, on foot. The journey will thus occupy only forty hours instead of a whole month. The frightful outrages perpetrated among the convicts at the various roadside "lock-ups" will become a thing of the past, and these lock-ups are to be used as elementary schools.



FEEDING SHEEP AT PASTURE.

The old proverb that the foot of the sheep is golden is scarcely true if the sheep have only the grass that grows in pasture as feed. But if fed grain or oil meal to fatten them while they are at pasture their excrement will be very rich, and will increase fertility rapidly. Sheep do best on the natural grasses. They will soon ruin clover if allowed to eat it down, for they gnaw closer to the soil than any other domestic animal can do.—Boston Cultivator.

FUEL FOR SMOKERS.

Much has been written regarding the fuel for smokers. With a smoker that will burn anything, the question of ease of preparing it will be the main feature with the inexperienced. There is a difference, however, in the condition and kind of fuel. The largest tree keepers use and have found sound and best for the smoker. The air passes directly up through the split wood, and very little steam condenses on the smoker, while shavings and rotten wood, steam and rust the smoker. A little perfectly dry rotten wood, fired with a match and dropped into the smoker before putting in the pieces of hard wood will, with a little puffing, start a good fire. Some fine rotten wood should always be kept where it can be had quickly in case of sudden emergency, as it can be used instantly when time is of great value.—The Silver Knight.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

A good grindstone is one of the most useful tools on the farm.

The strawberry plants will be throwing out runners, and if the soil is loosened and the young runners placed in the rows the work of cultivating will be easier next season and fewer plants destroyed.

Cutworms prefer to work during cool nights, and they cause a heavy loss of early transplanted plants. When a plant has been cut off search for the worm in that hill and it will usually be found. It is difficult to use remedies to destroy them in a large field. By wrapping each plant with thick paper an inch below and an inch above the ground the plant will be protected.

The large, coarse varieties of carrots most used for stock feeding are not so nutritious as is the shorthorn, which grows most of its bulk near the surface or slightly above it. As the shorthorn carrot can grow more thickly in the row, it is nearly as productive as the deeper setting varieties, and it is also more easily harvested. Five to six hundred bushels of the shorthorn carrot may be grown per acre. This is a paying crop at the usual price of this root.

Farmers who rely upon the fertility of their soil for success may be disappointed if they do not give good preparation and thorough cultivation to the crops. While the soil may possess a large amount of plant food, yet it must be presented in the most available form. Much of the matter of the soil is inert and is reduced by the roots of the plants, but this can be done most effectively only when the soil is in fine condition and every portion of it within reach of the plant.

A GOOD REPLY.

During the Apache war in Arizona in 1866 a Maricopa Indian—the Maricopas are an agricultural tribe living on the banks of the Gila—rode a hundred miles between sun and sun to warn a party of well-to-do emigrants that the Apaches had planned to ambuscade them at a certain place.

The young Indian volunteered to guide the wagons by another route, and when he had done this he mounted his horse to go home.

"See here," said the leader of the train, to the young Maricopa, "you have done us a good service. What is your price?"

"My price?" repeated the astonished Indian.

"That is what I asked."

"I have no price. Had gain been my object I would have joined the Apaches and met you in the pass," and so saying the brave wheeled his horse and rode proudly away.

FARMING THROUGH FAITH.

"I have expected the Lord to supply our needs, and have never wanted for anything," is the explanation given by Theodore Williams, a farmer of Hampton Township, Pennsylvania, for his present ill health. He has not touched his farm this year.

He firmly believes that "the Lord will help them that serve and trust Him," and it is certainly a fact that Williams' crops are quite as good as those of his neighbors who have worked as usual. Williams and his household are very devout, and go through a religious service every day.—New York Telegram.

A SILVERITE'S CATTLE BRAND.

Ex-Senator Fred T. Dubois, of Idaho, has gone into cattle raising on a ranch in Idaho. All his cattle bear this brand:

18—1.

Mr. Dubois's four-footed possessions, therefore, are walking advertisements of his devotion to the cause of silver coinage, and it is said that when any of his stock wander off the Idaho people will walk a hundred miles to drive them back on the ranch.—Washington Post.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Odor From New Iron Vessels.

The odor from the heating of a new iron vessel is very unpleasant, and it may be avoided in this manner: Place the kettle in the yard at a safe distance from anything inflammable and put into it a cloth saturated with kerosene; drop a lighted match upon the cloth and let the oil burn out. When the kettle is again cold wash it in a hot solution of strong soda water. After this treatment the vessel may be used in the house without any disagreeable odors.

How to Overcome the Clothes Moth.

Everything about the house that might conceal a moth should be thoroughly shaken and aired, and when possible the clothes and furs should be left in the sun for some hours. If the house is badly infested, or any particular article is supposed to be so, a free use of benzine will be advisable. All the floor cracks and dark closets should be sprayed with this substance. Benzine spray will kill the insects at every stage, and is one of the few substances which will destroy the eggs. No light should be brought into the room while the benzine is being applied, as it is highly inflammable. The room and clothes should be thoroughly aired afterwards before any light is introduced. Camphor, tobacco, naphthaline and other strong odorants are only partial repellents, and without the May and June treatments are of little avail.—New York World.

Use Color Judiciously.

There are colors that are refreshing and broadening, others that absorb light and give a boxed-up appearance to a room, others that make a room with a bleak, northern exposure, or with no exposure at all, appear bright and cheerful; some that make room appear warm, some that make it cold. The thermometer seems to fall six degrees when you walk into a blue room. Yellow is an advancing color; therefore a room fitted up in yellow will appear smaller than it is.

On the other hand, blue of a certain shade introduced generously into a room will give an idea of space. Red makes no difference in regard to size. Green makes very little.

If a bright, sunny room gets its light from a space obscured upon by russet-colored or yellow-painted houses, or else looks out upon a stretch of green grass, it should be decorated in a color very different from the shade chosen if the light comes from only an unbroken expanse of sky.

Red brings out in a room whatever hint of green lurks in the composition of the other colors employed.

Green needs sunlight to develop the yellow in it and make it seem cheerful.

If olive or red brown be used in conjunction with mahogany furniture, the effect is very different from what it would be if blue were used. Blue would develop the tawny orange lurking in the mahogany.

If a ceiling is to be made higher, leave it light, that it may appear to recede. Deepening the color used on the ceiling would make it lower—an effect desirable if the room is small and the ceiling very high. Various tones of yellow are substitutes for sunlight.—The Upholsterer.

Recipes.

Apple Custard—One pint of stewed mashed apples, one pint of sweet cream, four eggs, one cup of sugar and little nutmeg. Bake slowly.

Turnip Salad—A pretty and unusual salad is made of French peas and Bermuda turnips, with mayonnaise dressing. The insides of the turnips are taken out, so that the vegetables form shallow cups. These cups are placed upon lettuce leaves, filled with the peas, which cover with dressing.

Eggs and Potatoes Scrambled—Slice six medium-sized potatoes very thin. Heat two tablespoonsful of butter in a skillet, put in the potatoes and let them brown; separate the yolks from the whites of ten eggs (the whites to be used in making the cake), stir the yolks into the potatoes, season with half a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of minced parsley and half a teaspoonful of white pepper. Stir well until the egg is cooked; serve on a hot dish.

Rhubarb Blanc Mangle—Cut the rhubarb into half-inch pieces, leaving the skin on. Put in a stewpan and cover thickly with granulated sugar. Do not add any water; the juice from the rhubarb will soon flow, making its own liquid. Thicken with cornstarch dissolved in cold water. The amount of cornstarch depends upon the juiciness of the rhubarb. Pour into molds while hot. Serve with cold with sweetened cream or whipped cream. This is delicious.

Lettuce Soup—Chop up two heads of lettuce and stew it with a large tablespoonful of sugar and sixty drops of vinegar. Keep stirring and do not let it burn. Add a tablespoonful of flour, a teaspoonful of pepper and a small teaspoonful of salt; break in two eggs and stir well; then pour on some weak broth, allowing two gills for each person. Lay dice of stale bread in the tureen; add half a pint of cream or milk to the soup just before you pour the boiling soup over the bread.

Baked Chicken—Wash, scrape and quarter four parsnips; parboil twenty minutes; prepare a fine chicken and split open at back; place in a dripping-pan, the skin side up; lay parsnips around the chicken, sprinkle with salt and pepper; add an egg-sized lump of butter and two slices of salt pork; put enough water in the pan to prevent burning; place in oven and bake, basting frequently, until chicken and parsnips are done a delicate brown. Serve the chicken separately on a platter; place the parsnips in a dish and pour the strained gravy in the pan over them.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

A Puzzling Problem—Lapsus Linguum—In Flagranti—Lop-Sided—Equivalent—Changed Feminine Ways—Thorough Test—Pretty Good Guessing, Etc., Etc.

Here is a problem hard to prove, Of that there is no doubt, Which takes less time to fall in love; Or, when in love, fall out? —Judge.

Lapsus Linguum.

Physician—"Put out your tongue." Patient—"Oh, doctor, no tongue can do justice to the torments I am suffering."—Enquire Within.

In Flagranti.

Mrs. Church—"Did you ever catch your husband flirting?" Mrs. Gotham—"That's the way I did catch him."—Yonkers Statesman.

Reminiscences.

"What was the longest engagement you ever took part in, colonel?" "It lasted two years, and then the girl married another fellow."—Detroit Free Press.

Lop-Sided.

He—"Do you think women are the equals of men?" She—"Yes; but I don't think men are the equals of women."—Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.

Destroying the Evidence.

"Why do you suppose people get married on their bicycles?" "They probably are trying to create the impression that they are well-balanced."—Detroit Free Press.

Equivalent.

Mr. Dunkane—"They say that he is as honest as the day is long." Mr. Shingies—"So is the burglar who works only after nightfall."—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

Thorough Test.

"Can you tell me, Professor, if this amber jewelry is genuine?" "Oh, that's easily determined. Soak it in alcohol twenty-four hours. If it's genuine it will then have disappeared."—Fliegende Blaetter.

A Disappointment.

Bride (who has eloped)—"Here is a telegram from papa." Bridegroom (anxiously)—"What does he say?" Bride—"All is forgiven, but don't come back."—Collier's Weekly.

To Walk Away.

Slowly—"I heard Billings say today that he was the 'only pebble on the beach.'" Down-to—"I suppose that is why he let Johnston walk over him on the shore yesterday."—New York Journal.

Unfounded Criticism.

Briggs—"I was riding a wheel in Chicago the other day." The Purist—"You mean bicycle, don't you?" Briggs—"No, I don't. It was the Ferris wheel."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Pretty Good Guessing.

"Well, there is one thing to be proud of; we have no class prejudice in this country." "I guess you were never around when three or four sophomores got hold of a freshman."—Washington Star.

A Rose.

"Why do you have a plush chair on your piazza in such hot weather, Miss Julia?" "We have to have it. We always offer it to men whom we don't care to have stay all evening."—Chicago Record.

Changed Feminine Ways.

"I don't believe women sit around and say mean things about one another's dress as much as they used to." "They don't. They ride around and abuse one another's wheeis."—Indianapolis Journal.

Soft Answer Turneth Away Wrath.

Mr. Benham—"I wish I were single again." Mrs. Benham—"You horrid thing. What would you do if you were?" Mr. Benham—"Marry again." Mrs. Benham—"Oh, you darling thing."—Modern Society.

Classified.

"Who are your leading citizens here?" asked the man who was soliciting for country histories. "Which," asked the farmer. "Your men of standing." "Oh, there's Bill Bright, Abner Bruntwistle and—oh, and a lot more of 'em. They don't do nothin' but stand around the deepo all day."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Sordid Reason.

"Old man, there is money in buying your wife a wheel," said the man whose face showed some traces of sordid greed. "Oh, there is?" asked the man of no particular character. "You bet there is. She may eat a little more, but she doesn't have time to stop and look at the window bargains."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Racehorses Go Mad.

Racehorses go mad, just like human beings, and an attack of insanity, when a horse is inclined to madness, always succeeds a very exciting race or other strain on its nervous system.

The great English thoroughbred, Orme, the celebrated son of Ormonde, has shown symptoms of madness ever since running an exciting race, in which he exerted himself in the most extraordinary manner to win. At present Orme is raving mad, and probably will have to be shot.