

# THE M'COOK TRIBUNE.

SUPPLEMENT.

McCOOK, - - - - - NEB.

## FACT AND FANCY.

Peanuts grow to perfection in and around Yuma, Cal.

In Nevada the jack rabbits have taken to girdling apple trees.

In some parts of California gold is extracted from the ore by electricity.

Eleven organ-grinders arrived at Jacksonville, Fla., in one day recently.

By strict attention to business Italian chestnut-peddlers make \$1.50 per day.

Prohibition tickets were nominated in thirty Pennsylvania counties this year.

Oculists think another half century will see all Americans wearing spectacles.

An Elmore, Vt., man, 42 year old, is reported to have eloped with a girl 15.

New York is manufacturing canes as big as base-ball bats to keep the dudes from blowing away.

There are over three thousand Knights of Labor in Seattle and Tacoma, Washington territory.

White quail are among the curiosities of the animal kingdom to be found at Pinal, Arizona territory.

Two Mormon missionaries are preaching in the upper part of Pickens county, South Carolina.

An Augusta, Me., lady has become locally noted for possessing a head of hair that is nearly five feet long.

There are said to be more job-printing offices in Atlanta, Ga., than in any other city of its size in the south.

The Connecticut fish commissioners have received applications for 4,531 acres of oyster ground since July 1.

Flour is selling for \$1.75 per one hundred pounds of first-class quality at various interior points in Oregon.

The authorities of Fairmount park, Philadelphia, respectfully but firmly decline the infliction of a Cogswell fountain.

Hawks have congregated by the hundreds to destroy the mice which have been invading the fields near Tulare, Cal.

In grading a new street railroad at Los Angeles, Cal, recently, a blast was fired which loosened five thousand tons of earth.

At Emmettville, Idaho, work has been commenced on a ditch that is to furnish water for irrigating 250,000 acres of land.

The colored people of Mississippi propose to erect at Vicksburg a \$50,000 monument to commemorate their emancipation.

A Germantown Reformed minister of Springfield, Pa., was lately dismissed by his church for "fanaticism and Methodism."

The citizens of Toronto are said to hope that when the next census is taken that city will have more inhabitants than Montreal.

A Rutland, Vt., paper has figured out that it costs \$14,000 per year to keep the beards of the male population of the town in order.

England's highest medical authority on dyspepsia, Dr. Fothergill, recommends milk pudding and stewed fruits for dyspeptic and gouty people.

Nineteen hotels and restaurants in Portland, Oregon, have recently discharged their Chinese help and are now employing none but white hands.

Many kindergarten teachers agree that the first choice among colors of all children under 7 years of age is yellow. This admits of few exceptions.

A Rockland, Me., sportsman was out gunning the other day, and mistaking his dog, a little fellow with a bushy tail, for a fox, filled him with shot.

Ham Toy, a Sacramento Chinaman, who was arraigned on a charge of striking a woman with a hatchet, pleaded as a justification that she was his wife.

Easter of next year falls on St. Mark's day, April 25, its latest possible date. The last time this occurred was in 1736 (old style), and it will not occur again until 1943.

A fashion authority states that "low-necked dresses will be dropped at the opera this season. The time is fast approaching when the opera will be no place for respectable people to frequent.

Some years ago a gentleman stopping in Cohasset, Mass., placed a couple of goldfish in the pond on Cohasset common. Recently the pond has been drained and cleansed, and thousands of goldfish were taken out.

As the holding of the winter carnival at Montreal is an impossibility this season, owing to the prevalence of small-pox, many prominent citizens of Toronto are making a strong effort to have the attraction held there.

A couple of owls have been caught in Churchill county, Nevada, which have hair on their faces like a monkey and eyes and eyebrows like a human being. The body of one is speckled like a trout, and that of the other is yellow.

Mr. Cable, the southern novelist, gives in his adhesion to woman suffrage by saying: "If our mothers are not fit to vote, they ought to stop bearing sons." By this brilliant logic, as our fathers don't bear sons, they will be deprived of the right of voting.

# FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Farm Notes.

The Concord People and Patriot is authority for the suggestive statement that with 125 farmers to one lawyer among our inhabitants, there are 221 lawyers to fourteen farmers in Congress.

The mother of a large family of interesting children at Athens, Ga., is honorably mentioned as having never struck one a blow in anger. Her corrective is simply a dose of castor oil and rhubarb.

The reason for a rotation of crops is that no two plants of different kinds require the same substances in the same proportion for their nourishment. The grasses may soon exhaust the supply of silica. These should, therefore, not immediately succeed each other in rotation. They ought to be followed by a crop which needs less of silica but more of potash or some other mineral salts.

Abscesses which have discharged and formed running sores should be poulticed with linseed meal until they cease to discharge. The wounds are then dressed twice a day in a solution of sugar of lead 4 drams and water one pint. If there is danger of the traces chafing the sores they should be protected by bandages and pads and the traces bound with sheepskin.

The average yield of wheat in the United States is 11.9 bushels per acre. Too much slip-shod farming; less acreage and better culture would make a larger average yield. American farmers will yet learn that more yield and less acres is the true basis for success in their business. Put the same labor and manure on one acre which is ordinarily given to two, and the yield will be doubled. Whatever is obtained from the other acre in the way of hay or pasture may be considered clear gain, and the acre applied to wheat will be doubly better for a second crop.

Many find difficulty in keeping celery during the winter, while others succeed well with very little care. It is not a difficult matter where the conditions are all favorable. Celery needs to be kept cool, but must not be allowed to freeze. It requires plenty of moisture at the roots but the stems should be kept dry; and lastly, that intended for late keeping must not be much blanched when it is packed.

Close Farming Pays Better Than Scratching the Soil.

From the American Agriculturist.

Our own notion is that small farms, well cultivated, are most invariably the most profitable; and hence, firmly believe (what has often been asserted) that if many a farmer would sell half or two-thirds of the acres he now occupies and poorly tills and manages, and devote his entire time and energies to the care and cultivation of the remainder, he would derive far more profit from his labor and investment, with much less vexation of spirit. The fact is, as somebody truly asserts, we have too many farmers who are "land poor"—who have so much land they cannot make a living. Paradoxical as this may appear, it applies truthfully to many a naturally fertile and productive locality. When such farmers have learned that it is not economy to own more land than they can till in the most profitable manner, so that it will pay for the money expended in keeping it free from taxes, weed and other incumbrances, they will have solved the problem of ease in practical rural life. The happiest and thriftiest farmers we have ever known lived on farms of only ten to 100 acres, every foot of which was made to count. On the other hand, the farmer who has so many broad acres that he can not walk over them daily—where rods of fence corners are never cultivated or otherwise utilized—lives a life of anxiety and worry. Instead of working like slaves and living in a miserly manner, in order to "run a big farm," or purchase "all the land that joins them," it would be well for hosts of farmers to sell some of their broad acres, concentrate their efforts upon limited areas, and look more to the comfort and happiness of their households and the proper education of their children. Even if large farms were the most profitable, which we deny, small ones are to be preferred, for many and cogent reasons, not the least of which are the comfort, peace and general welfare of the owners and their families.

## What Produces Typhoid Fever.

At this season of the year typhoid fever prevails in many localities. But it is never found unless in connection with some violation of sanitary laws. On some premises the cesspool is so constructed that when it is full and overflows the overflow will be in the cellar of the house. We know many such instances. This overflow is most dangerous and should be anticipated and prevented; but if not, disinfectants and ample ventilation should be freely used until the cellar is perfectly innocuous. And here we would throw out a hint to those who are building to avoid this contingency.

On some premises the sewage is so disposed of that it filters through the soil into the well and pollutes the drinking water. On some the barnyard is so near the well that it cannot fail to pollute it. Cemented easterns and easterns above ground, such as are seen in New Orleans, San Francisco and other places insure clean and wholesome drinking water with only moderate care. Life and health can be maintained only by obedience to established laws, and those who violate these laws, whether through ignorance or carelessness, must pay the penalty.

## Acclimation of Seed.

An experienced and successful potato grower of Franklin Co., Mass., recently

made these statements: His custom has been to change his seed potatoes every third or fourth year. After many trials he is convinced that seed grown from 15 to 30 miles north of his farm yields better than that from other localities. He formerly bought seed from Maine and Canada, but the yield the first year of planting was no greater than from home-grown stock. The second and third years the yield was better than from his own seed, the potatoes seeming to get acclimated, but in no instance has it done as well as seed procured a few miles north of his farm. Possibly the nature of the soil on which the seed was grown may have influenced the result more than location, but our informant was very positive that the causes were climatic ones. He had also noted much the same result in wheat, New York State and western-grown seed yielding the best the second year, but never equaling the first year's product from southern Vermont seed.

## The Old Story.

Well! how many cows will be kept over this Winter at a dead loss for their keeping? One or more on every farm, where the owner does not test the value of each one. If he does, very likely the brag cow will prove to be the poorest. A farmer told us the other day that he once bought a lot of poor and puny ones in a drove with others, and because they were so small as compared with the most of the cows he sold them at a low price to a sharp neighbor who thought he could see butter in them. They did not give more than half as much milk as the other cows and so they were rated at about half their value. Sad mistake! The first owner after a while grew wiser and sadder when he found out he had sold his butter tubs and kept his milk cows. Butter was what he wanted. Repenting of his folly he offered double the price he sold for, but no use; treble was demanded. While the pasture lasts the cows should be tested for their value, if kept for butter, and the cow which will not make a pound of butter in a day should be turned into beef. It takes a good cow to do this, and it will not pay to winter any but good cows. If a farmer wants to keep cows for the fun of it, that is another thing, but as a business matter, he should know what each cow can do at pail and butter tub.—Our Country Home.

## Dipped in Angel Instincts.

A writer in the Pittsburg Commercial Gazette says: Recently I met one of those sweet women so aptly described by somebody as having come into the world with both hands outstretched like any distributing angel's—one of the kind who clasps tightly only one thing and that is a cornucopia of goodness, gentleness, sympathy and charity, which is at the command of every one in sorrow, need, sickness or any other adversity. Does any one weep? Hers is the heart to touch in response. Is any one in need? Hers is the purse to be opened and emptied. Is any one sick unto death? She is prompt to don nurse's cap and apron and share the night watches until the final hour comes. She is not an angel; no, far from it. She is only dipped in "angel instincts," which keep heart open to every cry for help and her ear alert for every tale of sorrow. A great grief had suddenly come upon her, and those who had been ever welcome to pour their troubles into her listening ear came from far and near to render sweet condolence and gracious sympathy. Her self-sacrifice, her zeal in all good works, her intelligent activity and practical faculty had won for her the sincere love of a very wide circle, and when her own time of deep affliction came she was abundantly sustained by evidences of devotion which can only be the lot of characters like her own. Would that there were more such women in the world carrying benedictions by their very presence.

## How to Make Oyster Pie.

Philadelphia Ledger: If the oyster cook as long as the crust does they are overdone! If the pie is baked first and richness of the oyster and under crust is lost. To get the true flavor of the pie the thickened liquor should be put inside of the pie before it is baked. No amount of cooking will hurt the oyster juice. If the oysters have been simply scalded in the liquor before it is put into the pie, and then set away in a covered bowl, the upper crust may be lifted when the pie is done, and they can be put in at the last minute, before serving, getting their sufficient heating in the boiling liquor on their way to the table. Even better than lifting the crust is to lift "the rose," the large ornament of pastry which fills the center of the upper crust, and put it in the aperture. If the ornament is carefully put into the center of the upper crust before baking there will be no difficulty in raising it from the pie. Make a few peppers and the same thickening of flour and butter that you may make drawn butter of, is put into the liquor when it first goes into the pie. By this means you avoid the tough and almost tasteless filling of the dish usually served by that name.

## Wives and Wives.

Considerable light is being thrown from Chicago upon the wives of that city and their capacities. One reporter pays a tribute to "good" wives, and shows that there is at least one sphere of woman's usefulness that is not overdone. The reporter started out with the commendable purpose of finding out on what wages an artisan could live and lay up something for a rainy day. He had not gone far before he found that it was not a question of wages but of wives. A stained-glass workman who earns \$35 a week and has a wife and four children saves nothing. "It costs me \$30 a month

for rent and \$20 a week to set our table. We live well but save nothing," he said. It needs no reporter to tell us that man is an American. "We live well but save nothing" is as trustworthy for identification as his family tree would be. A German came chair-maker on \$12 a week also had four children. His family "have lots to eat and my children have never been sick a day." In the five years since his marriage this man has almost paid for a \$1,500 house and lot, and now that he pays no house rent he lays aside \$5 every Saturday night.

These are extreme cases from a column of brief interviews. A tinner earning \$16.50 a week, with two children, saves \$5 of it; a man on \$21 a week, with nine children and a brother-in-law to support, has paid for a house since his marriage and a carpenter earning \$3 a day supports three children and saves \$6 a week. But every one of these prosperous men chanted the praises of "a good wife." Most of them knew little about their expenses, except that they carry home their money on Saturday night and cannot tell where the savings come from. The man who lives well but saves nothing naturally said nothing about his wife.

## Growing Strawberries.

The Fruit Recorder.

The successful cultivator uses his brains as well as his hands. First, he takes into consideration locality. If he has high and low ground and he must use both, varieties that blossom early and show their blossoms largely above the leaves, should go on the high, dry ground, while other sorts that have dense foliage and blossoms, are well hidden by such, and that blossom late, can go on the lower soil.

One of the most important points is to extend the season from the earliest to the latest time, and he that advocates the growing of one or two sorts only, like the Wilson or Charles Downing, ignores this important point. Set the earliest sorts on a southerly spot, and the later sorts on a northerly decline, and to have very early berries keep off all mulch, and what is still better, keep old plantations running for years, simply giving them a little compost yearly to keep up vitality of plants, and further, to have earlier berries grow on rather poor soil. We have picked fruit from an old plantation of Triumph de Gands (which is a latish berry) that was growing in grass, as soon as from new beds of the earliest sorts.

We grow acres of old beds purposely to get earliest fruit, and this fruit sells for double the price with us of later fruit.

Sorts like the Green Prolifer, Downer and Kentucky, will run largely to foliage the first season if on too rich soil, if mulched, but if not mulched will yield splendid crops for two or three seasons after the first year, while on the other hand, sorts like Wilson, Crescent, etc., will stand heavy manuring and mulching. For cold climates, they should be grown in matted rows.

Too late cultivation and working in the fall in some sections is not beneficial.

So we say, use your eyes and brains, watch closely all these things and the habits and peculiarities of all different sorts, and a little care and observation and practice will soon post you.

## The Smaller Social Obligations.

Ellen Bliss Hooker, a writer in Good Housekeeping, has said a good many sensible and practical things relating to the smaller social obligations. Here is one of her latest givings-out: "The demands of social etiquette are such that much time is necessarily spent in receiving and returning calls. When once this round is accomplished and your pleasant circle of friends is established, it would be well to let those friends know that there will always be a home and ready to welcome them—not that they will be unwelcome at other times, but by this method more freedom is gained for other things. We all need diversion and recreation at times, and it is a mistake to suppose that you are always to be sufficient of yourselves for amusement, but the young woman who considers it her duty to provide some entertainment for each evening of her life will, sooner or later, find her mistake. Soon, what began as a pleasant performance, becomes to be considered by him as a right, and when by reason of other cares and duties the wife cannot always be at leisure, she finds that by her own act she has laid on herself unnecessary burdens. This custom grows largely out of the fear that the monotony of home life may become irksome to one who has had the freedom of male companionship. Let these companions find themselves welcome in the little home circle, if they are suitable ones, if not, then the sooner the connection is broken the better. The social duties you owe to your friends are important and should be kept up. If you would preserve your friends you must not neglect to observe the claims of society upon you—not for dinners or balls, but the ordinary courtesies of life."

## High Life at Newport.

Margery Deane tells a story of high life in Newport that can hardly be credited. She says that the "latest craze" is to make pets of white rats. Kate Claxton played at the opera house in Newport the other evening to a large audience, in which were a large number of the fashionable New Yorkers left over from the season. A few seats in front of Margery Deane sat a well-known society lady with two white rats in her lap. Occasionally they leaped to her shoulder, took a turn around her neck or were lovingly held against her cheek. Some very unfashionable ladies near by shivered, one left the house, and the boys in the gallery cried "Rats, rats!" whenever there was a chance for applause. A young girl arrived at a boarding-school at Newport with two white rats among the rest of her luggage, not caged, but treated as kittens.

## ABD-UL-HAMID.

The Miserable Existence of the Sultan of Turkey.

His Majesty the Sultan of the Ottoman Empire is a most high and puissant monarch. His will is law and his nod is death. He has many palaces; he rules despotically over a vast empire; he makes quarrels of Pashas cross their fawning heads whenever he looks at them; he has the power to do anything to anyone of his faithful subjects—except recall him to life after he has killed him. But social power he has none. His life is passed in an endless round of official drudgery, nay, positive servitude. Each minutest detail of business, from the highest visions of diplomacy down to the opening of a new coffee house on the shores of the Bosphorus, passes through his august hands; and each incident of every transaction forms a focus of intrigues which, in their conglomerate mass, it would take twenty Sultans with a hundred times Abd-ul-Hamid's power to disarm and defeat. What time, therefore, can he have to spare for society?

The Commander of the Faithful may be seen any week as he goes to his Friday's prayer. Then, before the gaze of an adoring populace, through lines of splendid troops, crowds of brilliant aides-de-camp and pashas, fair veiled ladies, braying brass bands, and screaming dogs there passes a thin-faced, long-nosed grizzled-bearded pale man in a half-closed carriage, nervously fluttering his hands before his face by way of salute, and receiving the low salaams of all in return. He hurries into the mosque, scarce giving himself time to throw a half-frightened glance round, and so is lost to view before he can well be seen. When one considers why that face is so worn and pale, why those hands are so nervous, how the heart behind that blue military coat, must be beating like a roll of drums, one feels grateful that one is but a private individual, and not his Imperial Majesty, the Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid II., living as he does, in perpetual fear of assassination. The head of the state neither caring nor daring to assume his position in society, no other Turk essays the role of social leadership. Not only might such an attempt cause him to be unfavorably regarded by his sovereign, but the Turk has neither by temperament nor custom any inclination to mix in European society. It is too gay, too animated for him. He is a quiet, sober, reflective creature, who, after his day's work is like to return to his house, put on his old shippers and his old coat, and after his evening meal, devote himself to contemplative smoking among his women folk and children. Or, if he is in a more social mood, he will perhaps invite some of his intimates to smoke, and chuckle over childish stories with them in the outer chamber. Again, he cannot return hospitality; the harem system puts that out of the question. Finally, he likes to go to bed and to rise early—habits incompatible with social duties.—The Fortnightly Review.

## A Sudden Rise in Fortune.

So many stories are told about the rise of men in Wall street that they seldom attract as much attention now as they did years ago, when speculation was carried on with caution. One of the most amusing specimens of Wallstreet men is to be seen every day on his way to the "street" in a brougham of his own, with a magnificent team of bays and an English coachman on the box. Within the brougham sits the speculator leaning on his cane and looking thoughtfully at his well-gloved hands. He has a pale and almost effeminate face, and his manner is reserved and austere. He is very much more exclusive and elegant in the manner of his personal enjoyment, 24 years old, and in deportment more dignified than Mr. Gould, Mr. Connor, or Henry Clews—most of whom go up and down in the elevated, or in yellow cabs. This young man had charge of a certain department of velvets in a firm on Worth street, and made all the way from \$15 to \$25 a week. He lived in a boarding house on Twenty-second street, on terms of special friendship with the landlady. His father had performed the marriage ceremony for the landlady in earlier years, and she kept her eye on the clergyman's son and fed him dutifully for \$8 a week. He had often "played" the bucket shops and often made very tidy little winnings. The landlady had raised \$4,000 during her many years of keeping boarders and was about to devote it to paying off a mortgage on her house when the solemn little clergyman's son succeeded in persuading her to invest some of it in Wall street. She was a cautious woman and agreed to let him have \$200 every Monday morning for five successive weeks. This is not a great amount of money, but he happened to catch the market as it rose, and he is with it yet. His profits the first two weeks were enormous and the landlady threw all of her money into the pool. Now he is living in bachelor's chambers in the Cumberland, dines regularly at Delmonico's and lives in a state of magnificence suitable to a millionaire. The older Wall street men are immensely amused at the spectacle, for they say that a single slither of the market will wipe him out of existence as completely as though he had never lived.—Brooklyn Eagle.

M. K. Like, of the United States Hotel, Saratoga, says that his experience at that resort last summer gave no indication of hard times. It was noticeable that a large number of Northern people visited Saratoga this year. Before the war that used to be a favorite resort with them and now they are beginning to return in large numbers.

## The Passing of the Hotel Clerk.

Charles Dudley Warner in the November Harper's.

The hotel clerk has disappeared, or is disappearing. The faithful chronicler must note this significant change in American life, for it means the passing away of a whole order of things. And he notes it with a certain sadness; for, though his clerk was feared by the general public, he was the admiration of the humorist. There was never anything in the world before answering to this resplendent autocrat of sleeping accommodations, this darling of the flashing pin, perfumed locks, impudent eyes, and lofty condescension. He was the one being in existence before whom the free-born American quailed. We have so little real aristocracy in this country that this dominating person stood out in relief; he had power to abuse the proud, and to make the humble crawl into a hole. But his hour has struck and he is passing away, not absolutely, for the clerk can still find him here and there, generally only in those gorgeous places where civilization is new and has the appearance of a laquer, and is not of the substance of the life.

In fact, the kind of civilization that produced the hotel clerk is gone, or is going also. He belonged to an era of smartness and pretension which the foreign traveler did not recognize as a growing development of character, but mistook for vulgarity. He belonged to what might be called the steamboat period, when the steamboat was as gorgeous and as a barber's saloon, and its clerk had the fine manners and the striking attire of the gambler. He belonged to the era of the table in the hotel dining room, a quarter of a mile long, where the waiters were all drilled to move like clock-work at a signal from the first officer, who stood at the head of the table. We can see them now facing the table in a shining line, half wheeling the signal stretching out simultaneously over the head of the submissive guests a hundred arms, seizing the tops of the vegetable dishes, and then, tramp, tramp, with the step of the soldier going down the cheering floor, disappearing through swinging doors, and anon returning with the same military precision to deposit a plate that weighed two pounds, with a bang, before each awed occupant of a seat. As a military evolution it was nearly perfect, and the American people were rather proud of it. It was a magnificence which somewhat crushed them, but they felt they were somehow a part of it, and it is doubtful if any foreign potentate was ever served exactly in that way. It was very cheap at five dollars a day, and if there had been any dinner to match the evolutions, we might still be in that showy period of our national development. The hotel clerk had so subdued the spirit of the traveler that he had not perhaps much appetite, and rather preferred magnificence to comfort. But in time, with other standards of taste, this pageantry vanished, and the traveler began to assert his manhood.

Of course there are still traces left of the old civilization, and when the traveler finds them they awake a train of reflections upon the singular development of democratic life in America.

## Singular Marriage Ceremony.

A singular marriage ceremony occurred at Churchill during the cruise of the Arctic steamer Alert (which has just arrived at Halifax) along the shores of Hudson's Bay. The missionary, Rev. Joseph Lofteshouse, is the only minister there. A Miss Falding of Sheffield, England, arrived out on the Hudson bay barque Cann Owen, to become Lofteshouse's wife. But when she arrived there was nobody to marry them, there being no minister or magistrate within many hundred miles, and Lofteshouse was, of course, unable to marry himself. Capt. Gordon of the Alert was called upon to act in the emergency, and, although having no legal authorization to tie the gordian knot, thought that being captain of a Government steamer he would be justified in performing the ceremonies, and that an entry to that effect in the ship's log would sufficiently legalize the marriage. Thereupon the contracting parties and other inhabitants of the post assembled on board the Alert, and the sacred rite was performed by Cap. Gordon reading the ceremonial of the Church of England amid a gale of wind. The marriage contract and certificates were entered in the log and duly signed.

## Drunkenness in Switzerland.

The people of Switzerland have become alarmed at the great increase of drunkenness among them, and are moving to secure a more stringent legal regulation of the traffic in intoxicating drinks, with a strong feeling in favor of a high license system. The excessive use of alcoholic beverages has caused a great increase in the number of insane patients in the asylums maintained at the public charge, the ratio to the whole borne by those due to alcoholism being 37.6 per cent. Of the deaths in the country one in every sixteen is said to be chargeable to overstimulation. Thirty years ago the population consumed scarcely anything in the way of beverages but light wines; now the middle and lower classes are great users of whisky, brandy and gin. The reports of the reform schools show that from 45 to 50 per cent. of all the boys and girls were the children of dissipated parents. It will require the adoption of a constitutional amendment to bring to a high license system into use.

The property of France, stored in the Garde-Meuble in Paris, is said to have a value of round 30,000,000 francs. It consists chiefly of furniture, glass, and china and contains among other pieces of historical interest the bed and writing desk of Louis XVI.