THE HUMAN VOICE.

DIFFICULTY IN DESCRIBING THEM ALL SATISFACTORILY.

Compared to the Stops of an Organ—The Glycerine and Sucking Dove Stops and Their Uses—Vocal Peculiarities of Professional Actors and Speakers.

The human voice is one of those tantalizing things which can never be adequately described, and yet which are constantly tempting people to describe them. The poets perspire in vain, and the novelists pant a long way after them, but nothing comes adequate to the subject. Even the musical critics, whose use of language is marked by an audacity which the rest of the world trembles at, do not succeed. Nevertheless, there are a few remarks which may be modestly made on the outskirts of the subject.

COMPARED TO ORGAN STOPS.

The human voice, in the first place, is not a simple instrument, but a very complicated organ, with a great variety of stops. You hear the glycerine stop, for instance, when a man is trying to sell a horse he "doesn't want to part with," or is persuading a friend to invest in the 500 Woe Mary Janes he "happens to have to spare."

Then man has another very useful stop, the sucking dove stop. When a man's wife had to sit up for him he meets her with the sucking dove stop full on; you would think as he comes along the passage, humming a psalm tune in it, that he had just descended from the company of an innocent band of seraphim. This stop is also made some little use of in business, though the majority of men have not sufficient face to play it successfully. Bold cabby very often has a try at it, when he assures the stranger in London, with tears in his eyes, that the proper fare is five and sixpence; and the skilled restaurant waiter turns it on when he assures the doubtful guest that the wine supplied is actually what is named on the list. There are also other varieties of masculine stop; such as the mad bull stop, which comes into play when the button's off again or the meat's undordone.

Ladies' voices possess most of the masculine stops and a few others besides. They, however, make a little different use of some of them. A lady, for instance, talks politics through the glycerine medium, and keeps the sledge hammer for her domestic affairs, and for training mankind in the way they should go. She never uses her sucking dove stop in matters of business, but keeps it exclusively for affairs of a tender nature. At the approach of any eligible man out comes this stop at once, and all she has to say to him has the seductive intonation of innocent candor. An exclusively feminine stop is the woodpecker, specially designed in those crises in the female economy known familiarly as "being out of sorts." This stop gives a shrill, snappy timbre to the music of the lady's voice, which is much admired by the hearers, when they have acquired a taste for it.

Another feminine stop, and a peculiarly beautiful one, is the Minnehaha, or laughing water stop. It is not every lady who has it in her organ, but when she has, and plays upon it, the hearer at once imagines himself under a green canopy by the side of a sparkling rill, and if he is not careful he sits there and forgets his train. The Minnehaha is the queen of all stops, but, unfortunately, has a terrible habit of changing into the woodpecker late in life.

PROFESSIONAL VOICES.

The above remarks are inspired by ordinary private voices. A more extended view of the subject may be obtained from professional voices. The former play on one organ of many stops, but the latter have the run of a great variety of different instruments, natural and artificial. The stage, to which one looks for the ideal of what the spoken voice should be, supplies us with some charming examples. One especially beautiful stage voice is that usually described as "bird like." The bird voice is especially affected by the young and innocent dramatic maiden, whose pride is to remind you of all the sweet songsters of the grove in turn. While she is heart free, she hops in a cheerful manner round the scene, and emits little chirps, something like a healthy sparrow devoid of care.

When the inevitable young man makes his appearance, she puts on the swallow and begins to twitter continuously; and when he arrives at his declaration she sinks into his arms with the true nightingale gurgle and ends a pathetic scene with a cadence of "jug-jug-jug." Then when things get a little mixed and he is thought to be faithless and to have taken money from the till, she comes out strong as a "pee-wit," and shrieks faintly over her blasted hopes, much as that plaintive bird does over a wormless moor. By and by there is a prospect of things coming right, and she drops the pee-wit for the canary.

When she gets a letter from him you hear sounds as though a canary were fondling a fresh root of groundsel, and when all is explained and he arrives with the marriage license by the 5 p. m. train, there is no more nightingale, and the curtain comes down on a final "jug." The well trained jeune premiere runs the gamut of the whole ornithological tribe, and the experienced playgoer can tell what the "situation" is from the bird she is representing, even though he is too poor to pay for a place where he can see anything.

In the public meeting you hear the turkey gobbling in explanation of the object of the gathering, the bray of the ass in moving the first resolution, and the duck quacking in support, while there follow the calf bleating an amendment, the cow lowing to "order," and the clucking of a multitude of hens carrying something simultaneously. It is, of course, for the evolutionist to say why assemblages of speakers imitate so closely the voices of animals, but he should not overlook the fact.—London Standard.

Rub the teakettle with kerosene and polish with a dry flannel cloth.

HOW VANILLA GROWS.

Two Methods of Preparing the Pods for for Market—The Plant.

Vanilla belongs to the orchid family and is a sarmentose plant furnished with thick, oblong, glaucous green leaves. The vine sometimes attains a height of forty-five feet. It begins to bear the third year after planting and continues bearing thirty years. Each vine annually produces from forty to fifty-five capsules or seed pods, which are gathered before reaching complete maturity between April and June.

For one method of preparation they are gathered after they have lost their green tint, and are then exposed to the sun in woolen sheets which have previously been thoroughly heated. They are then put into boxes covered with a cloth, and are again heated in the sun, twelve or fifteen hours, after which they should assume a coffee color. If this is not obtained they must be covered and again exposed, the whole process lasting about two months, after which they are packed securely, fifty each, in tin boxes.

By the second method about a thousand pods are tied together and plunged into boiling water to bleach them, after which they are exposed to the sun, and then coated with oil or wrapped in oiled cotton to prevent them from bursting. During the drying process the pods exude a sticky liquid, which is expedited by gentle pressure two or three times a day. By this process the pod loses about a quarter of its original size. The best quality pods are seven to nine inches in length, and large in proportion, and possess in greater abundance the characteristic and agreeable perfume which gives vanilla its value.

The vine is sometimes covered with a silvery efflorescence producing an essential salt similar to that found in the pod, and this is diffused on the outside of the capsule. It is called vanilla rime, and is in great demand in the Bordeaux market. Vanilla is used in perfumery and in flavoring confectionery and cordials. It is supposed to possess powers similar to valerian, while it is much more grateful. Its production in Reunion has increased in the past forty years from a few pounds to nearly half a million, and that colony is now the principal rival and competitor of Mexico. The total import into France rose from about 200,000 pounds in 1880 to about 260,000 in 1886, but the annual import fluctuates considerably.—London Times.

Insulting Proprieties.

Since I was 10 years old there are a few things that have always made me mad, and one was to ask me, the minute I mentioned approvingly a man's name, whether he was married or not. What earthly difference did it make? And another was to have a man change his tone and manner to me when he got married. Mr. Brownell talks about the man finding the woman treating him differently when he marries. I assure him that is not half as asinine as when the man who has known me since I was as high as the table and called me Mollie all my life begins to address me as "Miss Bawn" the minute he gets a wife. What did he mean by calling me Mollie at all ever, if it was something that controverses the rights of his wife? I was not engaged to him; he was not my lover. I thought we were the simplest, matter-of-course old friends. But, lo! it seems there was something else in it according to his view, and now I have a right to be insulted over the past, it seems to me. I'd get a divorce from a man I married that acted like that.—New York Graphic.

She Made It Binding.

"Darling Bessie," said Mr. Hoover to his lady typewriter, "will you marry me? Since you have come, like a gleam of sunshine, to gladden my existence I have lived in the radiant light of your ethereal presence, and passionately"——

"Please speak a little slower, Mr. Hoover," said the fair typewriter, interrupting him, while her fingers continued to fly over the keys of her machine. "'Ethereal — presence — passionately.' Now I am ready to proceed."

"Great Scott, Miss Caramel!" exclaimed her employer, "you are not taking down my offer of marriage on that infernal typewriter, are you?"

"A proposal!" shrieked Miss Caramel. "Why, so it is. I didn't notice. I thought you were dictating. Forgive me, dear William; I am yours. And now, since I have made this foolish blunder, please sign this paper, and I will keep it as a memento."

The marriage took place according to contract.—Chicago News.

Abolishing a Nuisance.

The railroads of Germany are under the control of the government, and it seems that the practice of giving and accepting gratuities has led to so many abuses that it has been determined to put a stop to it. The royal railway administration has accordingly notified all employes that they will not be allowed to accept the smallest gratuity or favor of any description upon penalty of summary dismissal. Prosecution is also threatened against those who may offer gratuities to railway employes. A long suffering traveling public will rise up and call the government blessed for this putting an end to one of the most unpleasant features of continental travel. The example would seem a good one to follow elsewhere.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Woes of a Country Editor.

When a man is trying to run a country paper with an army press and a hatful of type and seventeen paid-up subscriptions; when he is compelled to skirmish around on the outside of his business to make a living by begging, borrowing or stealing; when he is out of heart, hope, friends and money, in debt, in love and in the middle of a railroad rumpus that will not come to a focus; when he has nothing in the past but remembrance of failure, and nothing in the future but visions of the poorhouse—well, under such circumstances, he is in confounded poor shape to assume a virtue that he hasn't got, or a joy that he doesn't feel. —Benton (Ky.) Tribune.

A Detective's Dilemma.

Cornelius Price, the Tacoma detective, whose work among the opium smugglers of Puget sound is well known, can stand on Market street in the rain longer, and tell longer, more probable and more interesting stories than any man in San Francisco.

"Did you ever hear that I had served my time in the chain gang?" he inquired of Detective Handley one day last week. "No? Well, I'll give it to you so that you will get it straight. It was when these men were running in so much of their opium all around the sound that I finally located some of the workers at a little landing about twenty miles from Tacoma, where there are about a dozen houses. My wife was there at the time visiting friends, but I did not have time to apprise her of my coming. I made myself up as the seediest kind of a tramp, and footed it into this little place just at dusk, and nearly the first person I met was my wife. I forgot about my disguise and the effect it might have upon her; so I braced up, and, taking her by the arm, said, 'Hello, my dear!'

"When she gave a jump and screamed I thought I had simply startled her by speaking suddenly when she wasn't expecting it, so I started to take her arm again, and bless me if she didn't go up the street screaming at every step. About that time the constable grabbed me for insulting ladies on the street, but when my wife declined to appear and prosecute they put an additional charge of vagrancy against me and locked me up in a little 'calaboose.' Next day I was found guilty and sentenced to eight days in the chain gang with no alternative, and I didn't dare let the officials know who I was, because I had reason to believe they were concerned in the smuggling operations. I sweated it out breaking rock on the road. But I got even. The justice of the peace and constable are pegging shoes in the territorial prison now for smuggling."—San Francisco Examiner.

"A Man" in Capsule.

The problem of being able to "see a man" during the play without being obliged to walk on the toes of half a dozen gentlemen, and, perchance, on the dresses of several ladies, has been solved. Those to whom the drink in the entr'act is an essential part of their enjoyment of a performance can now, without leaving their seats, indulge in their libations. A clever Boston chemist has struck on the idea of having whisky handy and other strong liquors put up in gelatine capsules like those used in administering nauseous medicines, only considerably larger. The capsules are colored so as to resemble large hot house grapes. They are easily broken in the mouth and the contents swallowed without attracting attention. The capsules are sold in boxes containing a dozen each. The box is of convenient size for the pocket, and the quantity of liquor contained in the capsules sufficient to make the ordinary man feel comfortably happy by the time the curtain falls on the last act.

The idea is not altogether an original one. About two years ago similar capsules were sold in all the leading drug stores in this city, but instead of being gelatine the capsule was of very thin rubber. It was soon found that the rubber conveyed the reverse of a pleasant taste to the liquors, and they rapidly went out of fashion. The new gelatine capsule imparts no flavor whatever to the liquor, and it promises soon to become a boon to the gentleman seated in the middle of a row of orchestra chairs, and to earn for its inventor the gratitude of the ladies, whose plaints over their ruined dresses and crushed hats lately filled so many columns in the papers.—New York Graphic.

An Old Young Man.

One of the pleasantest old young men of Washington is Harvey M. Watterson, the father of Henry Watterson. Imagine to yourself a tall and slightly built man, with a large head of gray hair, a white beard falling over his chest, and a pair of the brighest and kindest blue eyes you will find anywhere. Imagine this man to be 75 years old, but at the same time to move about with as firm a step as though he was but 35. Listen to his voice, and it comes forth in strong chest tones. Talk to him and he will tell you that he feels younger as the years grow older, and that he hopes to last for many years yet.

Said Mr. Watterson once in response to a question:

"The first sign of a man's failing faculties is seen in his voice. I can go on the street and speak in such tones as can be heard 300 yards away. I spend my winters in Washington and my summers at Louisville, and while there I look over the exchanges in the newspaper office and scan about fifty papers a day. I am glad that I am alive, and I feel that my good health at this age is due to temperance and in not allowing myself to be worried about anything. I am very careful of my eating, and I have not had three unhappy hours from worry in my whole life. When I have stubbed my toe I have not cursed the universe because of my carelessness, but thanked the Lord that I did not break my neck."—Chicago Herald.

And He Still Has Hope.

"I have been shipwrecked, been baked in a railroad accident and fired out of a foundry window by a boiler explosion. I was shot in the neck at Gettysburg, suffered starvation in Libby prison, fell overboard from a transport off Charleston, and left four of my fingers in the mouth of a shark. I had my right arm broken in two places in a New York riot, and stood on a barrel with a halter round my neck in a southern town at the outbreak of the great rebellion from sunrise to sunset. I was buried under the ruins of a building in San Francisco during an earthquake and dug out after fifty hours of imprisonment. I have been shot at three times, twice by lunatics and once by a highwayman. I was buried two days by a gas explosion in a mine, and narrowly escaped lynching last year in Arizona, through mistaken identity. And though I am over 50, and have nearly lost the use of my right leg, have just had, as I understand, all my property, on which there was no insurance, destroyed by fire in a western town; and the doctor in New York to whom I went last week for an examination assures me that I will soon be ridden from rheumatism; nevertheless," he added cheerfully, "while I undoubtedly have met some obstacles in the past, I still refuse to believe that luck is against me."—Daylight Land.

One of Milan Obrenoviteh's latest indecencies was to appoint M. Christian minister to Berlin. He is the shameless husband of that particular one of King Milan's concubines whom that monarch attempted to force Queen Natalie to kiss in public and treat with honor. "Kiss your paramour yourself," replied the queen, and divorce followed.

THE CHARMS OF NEW YORK.

A Graphic Description of Metropolitan Life, with Illustrations.

"You see, it is this way," said the New York man as he was walking along the street talking to a friend from out of town. "New Yorkers won't have anything but the best of everything. This being the metropolis of the western continent, we are put in a position where we can have our pick of everything, and you can well believe that we take the best every time. You will notice this," he went on as they just managed to get out of the way of a truck team on a crossing, got punched in the backs with the pole of a furniture van, heard the driver of an ice wagon swearing at them and were well spattered with the six inches of mud on the pavement by a hack team being driven twelve miles an hour: "you will notice this the longer you stay here. Little annoyances that you have been accustomed to having to submit to you will see regulated in New York. We reason like this," he went on as he dodged around a couple of garbage barrels and a brick fell from the sixth story of a new building and cut a notch out of his hat brim; "our idea is this: that if we demand the best and stick to it, we will get it. Of course, now in your town, a country village, you have some rural advantages that we can't have, but then we have numberless other advantages that you can know nothing of. New York," he ran on, as his foot slipped on a banana peeling and a policeman threatened to arrest him for being drunk, and a grocery wagon horse took a bite out of his coat sleeve, "New York leads in everything in this country. It is not, of course, London or Paris, but we manage things better here.

"In the old countries," he continued, as he dodged a bobtail car that already had blood on its wheels, jumped ten feet to one side as the cap on an electric subway blew off with a loud report, and stood and waited for a procession of ten trucks to pass, each one of which spattered two quarts of mud as it went over a loose place in the pavement; "over there the people haven't got the energy they have here and they don't demand the best like we do, and so they don't get it. Now with us," he went on, as he rubbed an elevated railroad cinder deeper into his eye and felt hot water running down his back from the same source, and went up the dirty and crowded steps, and the ticket seller refused to take a good quarter because it was a little worn, and the ticket chopper accused him of only dropping in one ticket, and the guard slammed the gate in their faces and swore at them a couple of times; "with us we pride ourselves on leading in everything in this country, and have that reputation and so have to keep it up.

"This elevated road," he continued, as the next guard yelled "step lively there!" and they crowded into a car and hung on to each other because there were already two men and one woman suspended from each strap; "this road is something you won't find anywhere else. Instead of crawling along in street cars or paying exorbitant hack fares we have this to carry us back and forth at a rapid rate. As I said, New Yorkers demand and get the best. We"— here the train ran into another one, and the car ahead fell into the street and the one behind stood on end. "Sit still right where you are on the window," shouted the New Yorker from where he lay on the roof with four men on him; "keep perfectly still; the coroner will be here inside of ten minutes. We have the best system of coroner service in the world—nothing but the best satisfies us, you know. Breathe easy and hang on—you'll never want to live anywhere else after trying New York for two weeks!"—New York Tribune.

Treating Consumption.

A new method of treating tuberculosis, or consumption of the lungs, has been proposed by M. Haller. It consists in inhaling dry air heated to the temperature of from 250 degs. to 275 degs. Fahrenheit, the theory being that at this temperature the bacillæ which are supposed to produce the disease are destroyed. Old experiments have shown that there is no difficulty in inhaling air at these temperatures, but it seems more than doubtful whether the effect will be in the least degree advantageous. Another and more rational novelty in the treatment is that described by Dettweiler as in use at the Folkenstein sanatorium. The essence of this method is that the patients are required to live permanently in the open air, to sleep there, even if the temperature fall as low as 14 degs. Fahrenheit. Thus perfectly pure air is secured without the break in the conditions which occurs when patients live out of doors in the day time, but are housed at night. The patients are said to become fond of the treatment, and the recoveries are placed at 25 per cent. of the cases treated.—New York Sun.

Edison Explains Friction.

A gentleman who thought he knew a thing or two about electricity, and was doing his best to convince Edison that he did, advanced a theory about how electricity was produced. "Oh, fudge," said Edison. "Do you want to know how electricity is produced? Why, by friction of course. It flies off a wheel as it goes round. What makes it fly off! Why, the resistance of the air. All the electricity in the air is caused by friction produced by the atmosphere as the earth turns round. When you get higher up there is no electricity, because there is no friction."—Pittsburg Times.

To Cool Journals.

Quite an ingenious way of cooling a journal that cannot be stopped, says a mechanical paper, is to hang a short endless belt on the shaft next the box, and let the lower part of it run in cold water. The turning of the shaft carries the belt slowly around, bringing fresh cold water continually in contact with the heated shaft, and without spilling or spattering a drop of the water.—Leslie's Newspaper.