Interesting to the Ladies—The Trousseau of a Princess.

Lucy Hooper writes to the Philadelphia *Telegraph:* Within the last few days I have had the pleasure of inspecting the trousseau of a Princess—a real Princess—that is to say, one of undoubted royal blood, the damsel in question being the Princess Marie Alexandrina of Saxe-Weimar, niece to the King of Holland. She is shortly to be married to the Prince of Reuss, and the firm of Godcherand & Co., on the Rue Neuve des Capucines, has had the honor of preparing the bridal outfit of her Royal Highness. And surely her ladyship will have something of a wardrobe when she gets it all home. She has twelve dozen each of all the smaller articles of lingerie, and six dozen of the larger pieces, all of the finest cambric only varying in the styles of their puffs and tucks, their laces or embroidery. These undergarments alone cost $12,000. Then she has eighty dresses and twenty-five bonnets, and Providence only knows how many gloves, fans, etoaks, shawls and other pretty trifles of that nature. Of course only a portion of this immense wardrobe was shown, but that portion was remarkably well worth seeing. The laces in particular were exquisite in fineness and design. One dinner dress of palest green crepe de Chine was decorated with three hood flounces of the finest and costliest Valenciennes, which crossed the front transversely; the back of the dress was drawn in two immense puffs and the cuirass corsage, open en cœur, was trimmed with narrow lace to match the flounces. Another dress of pale lilac crepe de Chine was trimmed with equally fine and beautiful point Duchesse. A garnet velvet dress was decorated with narrow point d'Alencon of the greatest beauty and fineness. The wedding dress was in white satin. The front of the skirt was covered with three wide flounces of magnificent point aguille (sometimes erroneously called point de Venise) the second richest of modern laces, the richest being, of course, the point d'Alencon. These flounces were put on, straight round the skirt, in the old-fashioned way. An immense court-train, fully three yards long, was attached to the waistband of the skirt. It was bordered all round with the rows of lace, separated by a narrow quilling of satin. The corsage was, as usual, open *en cœur*, with half long sleeves, and was trimmed with lace; its dress of pale, rose-colored silk was decorated with flounces and trimming of point applique, which looked very ordinary in comparison with the splendors of the richer laces. There were, also, dresses trimmed with antique laces, which had descended to the bride from some one of her royal ancestors, curious, cobweb-like fabrics, but lacking the dainty beauty of artistic design which marks the laces of the present day. The costliest and most superb article in the trousseau was displayed on a table in the center of the room. It was a tunic or overskirt of the royal point d'Alencon, of incomparable fineness and beauty of design. This splendid and regal fabric had employed ten workmen for eight years, and had cost $10,000. The pattern was dahlias, forget-me-nots, and ferns, grouped with marvelous grace, and encircled by a dainty tracery of branching endrils, delicate as fresh work upon the window-pane. The bride's traveling dress was of stamped black velvet, trimmed with bands of Russian sable, and surmounted by a black velvet toque, also trimmed with fur, and with a single bird with dove-colored and golden-green plumage. The cost of the whole trousseau had amounted to $100,000. For the bride's mother, the Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, a ruby velvet dress had been prepared, covered almost entirely with the real point de Venise, that antique lace of cardinals and conversts, the secret of whose manufacture is lost. What these broad flounces, delicate as carvings in ivory, might be worth, I did not attempt to surmise. I only know that in the palmy days before the war, in Philadelphia, a collar and sleeves in such lace were sold by Levy for $120, and are now in my possession. A court dress made for the Grand Duchess was shown; the train was of pale green satin, bordered with a broad band of embroidery in silver, the threads of which, being of pure metal, had resisted the action of time, for this train had been a gift to the lady from her imperial godmother, one of the late Empresses of Russia. It was lined throughout with ermine, and must have been no small weight to carry. The dress it was to be worn over was of white satin, covered with flounces in white net, embroidered with silver flowers to match those on the train, these flounces being of modern manufacture.

A Wonderful Boy.

James Martin Williams, a beautiful little boy residing with his parents in this city, has lately given evidence of powers of memory that astonish everyone. He is not yet four years old, and only learned his letters a few months since. Unlike most persons who possess one faculty far in excess of others, he is perfect in all. His eye bespeaks intelligence, his mind is well matured in everything for his age, and in his demeanor he is childlike and winning. Recently a reporter of the *Advertiser* visited him at his home, and with others witnessed his most wonderful answers to questions given him by his father. Sitting on his father's knee he gave prompt replies to his parent, telling the names of all the planets, their characteristics, their distance from the sun and positions in the heavens. In history he proved to be a very encyclopedia of knowledge. The ancient Kings, their wars, the rise and fall of the Roman Empire, the career of Bonaparte, the times of the death and the ages of the rulers of England; the settlement of this country, and similar facts were as familiar to him as the alphabet to an older person. He named the capital of every state in the Union and of every foreign country, and evinced a knowledge of the scriptures, the only parallel of which was Christ in the Temple. He repeated whole chapters in the Bible, and spoke in a childlike manner, just as though rattling off the veriest common-place remarks of other children of his age.

The first indication of this marvelous faculty came to his parents in this way. They are religious people and each morning read from the Scriptures before prayer. Shortly after the exercises one morning—several months ago—his mother was astonished to hear him repeating, word for word, the lines from the Bible which he had heard read an hour or so before. She called him to her and found that he could recite other portions of the holy book. She commenced teaching him his letters, and in an hour and a half he had learned the whole. He progressed with wonderful rapidity and soon could spell. A physician was consulted, and they were advised to keep the boy away from books and not allow him to study, as his health would not allow it. Since that time he has been read to by his father, and now remembers everything he has heard.—*Boonville (Mo.) Advertiser.*

CAPT. PRZEWALSKI, of the Russian General staff, who has seen more of the interior of Asia probably than any traveler since Marco Polo, gives in his latest book of travels a very unfavorable account of the Chinese soldiers. Officers and privates, he says, are alike morally degraded; all, without exception, are addicted to the use of opium, and even in the face of the enemy they are too weak to abstain from the use of the noxious drug. As a result, the soldiers are mentally and physically worthless, and on account of their stealing propensities are a terror to their own countrymen.

A STATE Archæological Association has been founded in Ohio, to promote an interest in the investigation of the mounds, earthworks and other evidences of prehistoric races, in which the State abounds, and to call attention to the general subject of archæology. Its meetings will be held annually, and a yearly bulletin will be published.

A CHILD a year and a half old died in Vergennes, Vt., recently, which weighed at its birth eight pounds, and never weighed more than that. For the last year it weighed only six pounds.

THE Commander-in-Chief of the Abyssinian army is an ex-Sergeant of the English army named Kirkam, who has introduced mitrailleuses, Remington rifles and Colt's revolvers.

Charlotte Cushman's First Appearance as Meg Merrilies.

THE history of Miss Cushman's first appearance in the *role* of Meg Merrilies is strikingly interesting. She first assumed the part as the result of mere accident, while she was in a subordinate position at the Park Theater, New York, in the season of 1837-8. John Braham, the celebrated English tenor, was performing an engagement at the time, and a series of light English operas had been put upon the boards. "Guy Mannering," which was originally produced as a musical drama, was one of these. The part of Henry Bertram was assumed by Mr. Braham, while Miss Cushman was cast for the humble part of Gypsy Marie. As the business of the play was then arranged it fell to the lot of Marie to sing the cradle song in the scene where Meg recalls herself to the recollection of Bertram by means of the ballad with which she had soothed his sleep in childhood. One day, after rehearsal, the leading lady of the theater was suddenly seized with indisposition, and a change of some kind was necessary. The manager begged Miss Cushman to go on and read the part of Meg Merriles that evening. Miss Cushman obligingly consented, but with no intention of reading the part. She took the lines to her room and studied them carefully. At night she was perfect, but still she was in doubt as to the manner in which the character should be played. She was accustomed to play her own part, and had paid but little attention to the others, except so far as they might relate to her own. Just before the curtain was raised the manager approached her and said he had forgotten to provide a singer for the part of the young Gypsy. "What shall we do?" said he. She was at a loss at first, but concluded on second thought that she would contrive to introduce the song and sing it herself. Thus the manager's mind was set at rest. While listening at the wings, trying to catch some inspiration from the progress of the play, the allusions to Meg by Hatteraick and the Gypsy—just preceding Meg's appearance on the scene—fell upon her ear. "Oh, she dotes," says one, to which the other replies. "But she rules the tribe." Taking these words as the key to the character she sprang upon the stage in the attitude she ever after took. The *pose* was so novel and striking that the audience manifested a good deal of emotion, and when Braham turned and discovered her he gave an unaffected start of astonishment. This assured her somewhat and she went on with the part, giving it in all important particulars the interpretation and action which she afterward retained. She observed that Mr. Braham was puzzled, and whether the constantly occurring surprises were regarded pleasantly or not she could not tell. When she came to the cradle song, which she succeeded in bringing in successfully, Bertram fairly glared at her. Her nerves were sorely tried, but she poured out her whole heart in the song. As she gradually bent over Bertram, slowly dropping her hand on his head, she saw tears running down his cheeks. Then she knew she had made a hit, and felt encouraged to go through the piece. After the play was over and she had gone to her dressing-room, quivering with excitement, Mr. Braham sent for her. She rose in affright, feeling sure he meant to reprove her. She framed an excuse, that as she had not enjoyed the advantage of a rehearsal it could not be expected that she should be able to satisfy the demands of the part, but her words of apology were not spoken. Mr. Braham met her with outstretched hands, saying, "Miss Cushman, I have come to thank you for a genuine gratification. If you had played Meg Merrilies in London as you have played it here to-night your fortune would be made." Some one to whom Miss Cushman related these circumstances ventured to remark, "And were you not immediately promoted?" "Oh, no, certainly not," replied Miss C.; "I had but done my duty in the place where I was put, and I continued two years longer as walking lady at the Park Theater, with a salary of twenty dollars a week, and only two-thirds of that when business was poor.—*Boston Journal.*

An Impotent Thunderbolt.

The debate in Congress on Tuesday touching the summons of the House Committee to appear before the Grand Jury in the Belknap matter was so partisan in character as to make it difficult to get at the real merits of the question at issue. Upon the one side the Republican members were seeking to press the matter to the bottom. Upon the other side the Democrats were determined that it should not be, and the result of this antagonism was a great deal of passion, buncombe, demagogism and partisan bitterness.

In trying to get at the merits of this debate, it is necessary to keep in view all the time the fact that Mr. Clymer, Democratic Chairman of the Investigating Committee, allowed the witness Marsh to abscond to Canada, and take with him all the original papers, contracts, and documents which had been before the Committee, in the face of the protestations of Republican members of the Committee, and that Clymer declined to detain him before any announcement was made that Marsh was to be prosecuted. In view of this and other facts, the allegation of the Democrats that it was the intention of the Executive to intimidate witnesses, throttle investigation and afford immunity to criminals is very lame and thin, and it suggests some important questions which seem to have been studiously avoided by the Democrats in the debate. Why was not Marsh detained? Being allowed to escape, why was he allowed to carry off the original contracts and the checks proving the payments to Belknap? Having let this witness escape and carry off the documents with him—the only witness who can prove the charges contained in the articles of impeachment—now come these members of the House Committee, and, hiding behind their privilege, refuse to testify before the Grand Jury. Why are they opposed to going before the Grand Jury? If they refuse to appear before that body, then why do they not go on with their impeachment? If they intend to proceed with their impeachment, why have they let their witness go, and allowed him to take their documents and proofs with him? Why are they now setting up their "privilege?" The Grand Jury is a body sworn to secrecy. The testimony before them is not made public. But, even admit that the whole of the testimony should leak out, Mr. Blaine asked Mr. Clymer if the Committee had withheld any of the evidence against Belknap in its report to the House, and Mr. Clymer emphatically replied that *it had not.* Why, then, was this Committee, after it had placed the House in possession of every item of evidence, and after that evidence had been spread abroad in the *Congressional Record* and in every newspaper in the country, afraid to go before the Grand Jury and testify? What witnesses are to be intimidated who have not already been intimidated? If they have already told all their testimony, why are they afraid to repeat it before the Grand Jury? As Mr. Blaine says: "Does not the whole country see that having possession of the evidence on which an indictment can be found, and having in its possession every paper in the case (except those they allowed Marsh to take to Canada), the House puts itself behind its technical privilege and throws itself across the indictment of Belknap, and that to-day it stands as an obstacle and sole obstacle to the indictment of the late Secretary of War?" Why do they not impeach him? If they are not going to impeach him, why not indict him? The animus of the Democrats is apparent enough. Having done what mischief they can in besmirching Republicans, they seem afraid to go farther. If they do, other exposures might follow very damaging to their crowd. They are getting alarmed. They have suddenly found themselves in deep water. Investigation is a two-edged tool. "Sitting upon the rocks and bobbing for whales," with their "tiger-tail bait," they have found Democratic leviathans in close and dangerous proximity to the bait, and in order not to hook them they must stop fishing. Hence the failure to go on with the impeachment. Hence this attempt to stifle the Grand Jury investigation. Although his indictment could not affect his impeachment, nor his impeachment affect his indictment, the Democrats have thwarted the one by sending away their witness and allowing him to carry off the papers, and now seek to stifle the indictment by screening themselves behind their privilege. It is all well enough to impeach Belknap, so long as it does not expose some prominent Democrat to impeachment. It is all well enough to indict Belknap, if it does not involve the indictment of Democrats. As this consequence, however, is apparent, the Democrats are doing the next best thing by carrying this business as far as it will serve the purposes of political claptrap and then stopping. Let no guilty man escape—unless he be a Democrat.—*Chicago Tribune, March 9.*

A Disgraceful Act.

Why, let us see about this! Was it so in the old days? Who has been sprinkling the ointment of sanctity over the bodies of Sammy Cox, Heister Clymer, Daniel Tucker and other Confederate chieftains? By the soul of Napoleon—as Capt. Bobadil would say—the person of a Democratic Congressman at this rate will soon become more sacred than that of his Invisible and Unmatchable Mightiness the Tycoon himself! The Grand Jury of the District of Columbia, sworn to take cognizance of crime and present offenders against the law, proposed to investigate the case of Gen. Belknap and find an indictment against him. In order to do this the court summoned members of the House Committee to appear and testify, and produce such documentary evidence as they might have in their possession. Who would have thought this course was anything save commendable? But the Democratic members *did* think so! The idea of a Washington Judge and a Washington jury presuming to summon them like ordinary mortals to testify was "shocking, positively shocking!" At first they were absolutely dumb with astonishment. Then they flew to their seats in the House, and our beloved Heister proceeded to inform his colleagues of the base outrage to which they had been subjected in being served with a subpœna. He asked the House if their liberties and dignities were thus to be assailed with impunity, and the gentleman from Muskrat Bend, Miss., and the honorable representative from Calico Knob, Ark., responded with fiery negatives. They looked upon this subpœna as another attempt by the Administration to stifle investigation, and it was, in their opinion, high time to rally and defy the insulting foe! Mr. Blaine modestly suggested that if the members of the committee had information upon which Mr. Belknap could be indicted, it might be well enough to kindly ignore their own greatness for a few moments, and humiliate themselves in the cause of justice sufficiently to give evidence before the Grand Jury. The evidence which that body wanted had all been made public, and there was no secret to be exposed in their testimony. Mr. Blaine continued very aptly:

> Does not the gentleman from Mississippi see, and does not the whole country see, that having possession of evidence on which an indictment can be found, and having in its possession every paper in the case, the House puts itself behind its technical privilege and throws itself across the indictment of Belknap, and to-day it stands as the obstacle, and as the sole obstacle, to the indictment of the late Secretary of War.

Mr. Lamar's reply was an unfortunate one, and puts him and his colleagues in a most unfortunate light. He said:

> The question is simply whether this House will permit its records to be at the beck and call of a District Court.

To this Mr. Blaine responded that the question was whether the House would permit testimony and papers in the hands of its committee to be sent to the court. The House could refuse it or could send it. "And now," said he, impetuously, "I dare—I dare that side of the House to refuse it!"

But the bold Confederates were not to be dared, and so they *did* refuse the evidence demanded. They went even further than this. Mr. Hoar having submitted a resolution declaring that members subpœnaed were at liberty to attend the Criminal Court and give such evidence and produce such documents as relate to the charges against Belknap, the Democratic House voted the resolution down and adopted one of Lamar's declaring the mandate of the court to be a breach of the privileges of the House, and directing members of the committee to disregard such mandate. Thus was a plain refusal given to the application of a court of law for aid in punishing crime which Democratic members profess themselves so anxious to expose and condemn! A member of Congress is at liberty to refuse to give testimony which he deems it improper to reveal, and of course no court would ask him to do this; but in the case of Belknap the evidence has been published, all the world knows of it, and yet the committee are forbidden to put it in such a shape as to lead to the criminal prosecution of the offender! The country will take notice of this gross behavior and place the blame where it belongs.—*Inter-Ocean.*

Treasure-Trove in a Tree.

About a month ago Jacob Klinck, a farmer, near Fox Chase, was sawing down a large chestnut tree, when the teeth of the saw came in contact with some metallic substance. Fearing the presence of something explosive, he directed the workmen to saw on the other side. After the tree had been felled, a gold watch, two gold pencil cases and a gold chain were found imbedded in the wood, eighteen inches from the surface. They were wrapped in a soiled sock. The tree was sawed off close to the ground, and they had evidently been hidden at the junction of two roots, and the wood had grown over and enclosed them.

The watch was old-fashioned, having a case which could be detached, and was inscribed with the date 1740. One of the pencil cases was provided with a pen. The other had only a pencil and no seal. The chain was long and intended to pass around the neck of the wearer. There was also a gold key, which, however, did not fit the watch. The tree had attained a great age, being about six feet in diameter. An old mansion once stood near by, and it is supposed that the articles in question were buried during the war of the Revolution. The watch was uninjured, except that the hands were rusted off. The finder has had it repaired, and will exhibit it to any who are curious to see such a relic.—*Philadelphia Telegram.*

☞ It is perhaps nothing more than might be expected to see the *World* and similar merely partisan papers seizing on the fall of Belknap to make party capital out of it, and seeing in it no other significance; but it is not an edifying spectacle. The venality of one of the chief officers of the Government is a public and national calamity, and it is pitiful to see any narrow-minded spectator using it to grind his private axe. The partisan papers will waste their breath if they try to convince the people of this country that Gen. Belknap was corrupt because he was a Republican. When he went into office he was poor and comparatively obscure; he found himself with a small salary, large expenses, a dashing, extravagant wife, and unusual temptations, and he yielded, not because he had fought bravely in the war, or was from Iowa, or was a Republican, but because he was weak and chose easy venality instead of difficult economy. The quality of his politics had no more to do with his moral integrity than had the color of his hair, and to try to make his party associates responsible for his crime is a piece of paltry demagogism.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—M. Boillot has been studying the action of ozone in retarding putrefaction. A piece of meat was put into a vessel containing air, and a similar piece into another vessel containing ozonized air. At the end of five days the meat in the ordinary air was in a high state of putrefaction, while that in the ozonized air remained quite fresh. At the end of ten days the conditions remained unchanged; but after that period the ozone appeared to lose its powers.

RUSSIA printed no less than 3,141 books in 1875.

Spring Bonnets.

SPRING bonnets trimmed ready for wear have arrived, and are a creamy white mass of chip, ribbons, lace and flowers, all of the one shade that is already becoming monotonous. The chips are very fine, and the preference for yellowish white is marked, for although colored chips—brown, gray or black—are imported untrimmed, not one colored bonnet is found among the large importations of trimmed bonnets for models. The new rough-finished yet glossy straw bonnets are very handsome, and are brought out in the best shapes. These are not the coarse rough-and-ready straws formerly used, but are fine satin-faced rice straws of ecru tint, yet with raised braids that give them a stylish rough surface. The new shapes are close at the sides, project above the forehead, are short behind, and those most in favor with the best milliners have square crowns; yet there are many round crowns, and many poke-bonnets of more or less pronounced shapes; the latter are rejected by leading dealers, but young ladies have found out that they are becoming and are easily trimmed, hence those who do their millinery at home will select the pokes for another season. A few bonnets have the front slightly rolled in coronet shape, but the flaring brims that now encircle the face like a halo are passe.

The trimming that is most conspicuously used is the creamy lace of fainter tint than the ecru cashmere laces introduced last fall. Many of these laces are all silk, with frosted figures, while others are of the finest wool, such as Angora fleece or camel's hair, and are called—we know not why—Archangel laces. Cream-colored Valenciennes lace is also used by fashionable French milliners. This is the ordinary Italian woven Valenciennes, to which an unnatural creamy tint is given. Instead of Lyons tulle for strings there is now Brussels net in large round meshes of strong texture, and the inevitable cream-color. Very handsome barbes or scarfs of camel's-hair lace in Brussels thread designs are imported for trimming bonnets, or for wearing around the neck with street wraps. These are nearly two yards long, and cost from $10 to $20 each. Scarcely any black lace is used.

All white flowers re-appear in wreaths for the crown, with one or two trailing sprays behind, or else in touffes for the top, and mixed bouquets for the face trimming. Syringas, wall-flowers, oxeyed daisies, white roses and buds, hawthorn, laurel and fruit blossoms are shown in abundance. With these there is usually some dark foliage, as of the ivy or rose, and above all else the poppies so long in favor are again used in contrast with the creamy flowers. Sometimes there are rose touffes, with six or seven different shades of roses and no foliage; while near these are branches of rose vines with unblown buds showing as many different shades peeping out from their green calyxes. A new pink coral shade lately seen in camellias is shown also in roses and many other flowers. There is very little blue shown this season, though some very pretty bonnets for very young ladies are trimmed with pale blue garden pinks, amidst which are touffes of scarlet poppies.

Soft silks either twilled, repped, armure, or damask, or else ribbons two or three inches wide, complete the elaborate garniture. These silks or ribbons are twined around the crown, sometimes in combination with lace, or more often are tied in the odd new bows, and clustered down the left side or across the top, while that part below the crown is very slightly trimmed, or perhaps has two long streamers of ribbon hanging far below the waist. The new bows are very soft full fluted loops, strapped tightly in the middle, and flaring out like a fan; some have two loops on each side, some have but one; none have ends to the bows. Many bonnets have long strings, but these will be tied behind in the summer. Face trimmings are very full soft puffs, or else clusters of the new bows crossing the top of the head, while the side of the bonnet is too close to the head to allow any trimming. Sometimes touffes of flowers form the face trimming, while some of the Paris bonnets still retain a double frill of lace inside; and this lace is now the creamy Valenciennes. Very few feathers, birds or wings are seen—the result, it is said, of the general outcry against the slaughter of the innocent birds.

Rough straw bonnets for early spring have a wreath of mosses and of grasses-gone-to-seed passing around the crown, with scarlet poppies on the top. Loops of creamy ribbon pass down the middle of the crown, and long streamers hang behind. The front is faced with scarlet. Dark myrtle green is also much associated with cream-colored lace and silk in the hats for the intermediate season. Strings are made of ecru Brussels net hemmed on one side, while the other is edged with Archangel lace.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Somewhat Remarkable Story.

AN extraordinary story comes from Silver Station, this State, wherein a young man is reported to have married his stepmother, under the belief that his father was dead. Twelve years ago the wife of James Swingle, a wealthy farmer of the locality named, died, and a year and a half afterward the widower, being sixty years of age, married a young woman who had lived in his family. She was twenty-two. He had six children by his first wife, and three of them married. Old Mr. Swingle was one of the most prominent men in the township, a devout member of the church, and a man generally respected. In 1865 Mr. Swingle disappeared, and was supposed to have been robbed, murdered and mysteriously buried. Eighteen months afterward a skeleton was found in a deep forest near his house, and believing them to be his bones they were buried in the churchyard by the side of his first wife. A stone setting forth the circumstances connected with Swingle's death was placed at the head of the grave. An administrator of the estate of the deceased was appointed, and his estate equally divided among the children. The homestead fell to the lot of the old farmer's widow, and the youngest son, also named James, continued to live there and superintend operations on the farm. In 1869 he married the widow of his father, and the couple were living in unruffled ease with three children that had been born to them, when in the early part of last month the young farmer was given a letter at the village postoffice, addressed "To any living member of the Swingle family." The letter was postmarked at Cleveland, Ohio. Opening the letter the farmer was astounded to find that it purported to be written by his father, long believed to be dead. It was as follows:

> CLEVELAND, Dec. 20.
>
> I am very sick and penniless among strangers. I was on my way home when taken sick. Some of you come to me at once and I will explain all. I am at a sailors' lodging house by the lake.
>
> JAMES SWINGLE.

The letter was written in a cramped and trembling hand, but it resembled specimens of the old farmer's writing of years ago. He was visited and found in Cleveland. He was very ill with fever, and became delirious soon after the arrival of his son, and it was some days before he could be removed to better quarters. Three weeks passed before he was in condition to be taken home, and during that time he could be induced to say but little about his strange disappearance. He said that he left while under the influence of an impulse which he could not control, and after traveling about for a few days he was ashamed to return, and resolved to go West with about $3,000 he had with him and invest it in some way, and after he had increased it sufficiently to return home and surprise his family. He went to California and from there to Australia, where he made $115,000 in five years, and came back to California, where he lost it all. Thinking he was drawing near his death he determined to return home, and was taken sick with the fever at Cleveland. He refused to enter into any details of his ten years' absence till he recovered from his illness. He was brought home, but he died a few days after his arrival. The son and step-mother were remarried after the funeral. The skeleton was that of a murdered drover.—*Pittsburgh (Pa.) Leader.*

The higher a man roosts, the more fun it gives the devil to tumble him off.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

TO CLEAN CARPETS.—To take grease out of carpets, if ingrain, spread buckwheat batter on it. Will scrape off when dry and grease is absorbed. May do on Brussels.

BITING THE NAILS.—A simple remedy for biting the nails is quassia. Wet the fingers and allow them to dry; if tasted it will be a bitter reminder. I gave it a trial and it was effectual.—*Cor. N. Y. Times.*

FOR colds, coughs, croup, or lung fever, take lard or sweet oil, two parts; coal oil, two parts; spirits camphor, one part; spirits turpentine, one part; saturate flannel and apply to the throat and chest warm.

OLD-FASHIONED BOILED INDIAN-MEAL PUDDING.—To one quart of boiling milk stir in a pint and a half of Indian-meal, well sifted, a teaspoonful of salt, a cup of molasses, tie it up tight in a cloth, not allowing room for it to swell, and boil four hours.

POP-CORN BALLS.—To six quarts of popped corn, boil one pint of molasses about fifteen minutes; then put the corn into a large pan, pour the boiled molasses over it, stirring briskly until thoroughly mixed. Then, with clean hands, make into balls of the desired size.

APPLE TAPIOCA PUDDING.—One teacup tapioca, salt, one and a half pints of water, let them soak two hours; six apples—pare and take out the cores; put them in a pudding dish, add one teacup of water and bake on the outside of the stove until the apples are tender, then fill the holes with sugar, in which grate nutmeg and lemon peel. Pour over the tapioca and bake in the oven one hour. To be eaten with butter and sugar sauce.

THE majority of the country people I have observed eat fruit, eat the skin of it also. The children eat it in the same manner, and seem never to have been taught that the skin of fruit—be it apple, peach, pear, plum or grape—should never be eaten, especially if uncooked. Fruit skins are so difficult of digestion that there is probably not more than one stomach in a hundred capable of performing the difficult task. The skin is to fruit what shells are to nuts, hides to animals, and husks to grain. To oblige or allow a child to eat his apple or pear unpeeled, is unkind and wrong, for it is no question of daintiness, but of health.—*Cor. Rural New Yorker.*

TWO RECIPES are given for removing spots of mold on fabrics—one, by first rubbing them over with butter, and afterward applying potassa moistened with a little water, and then rubbing the spot, when all traces of it will disappear. The other method directs that the mark be first wet with yellow sulphide of ammonia, by which it will be immediately blackened. After allowing it a minute or two to penetrate, the excess of sulphide is to be washed out, and the black spot treated with cold diluted chlorohydric acid, by which it is at once removed. Finally, wash well with water. This method is said to avoid the serious objection of weakening and rotting the fiber.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

THE apple tree takes the rawness and wildness off any scene. On the top of a mountain or in remote pastures it sheds the sentiment of home. It never loses its usefulness, and yet does not own a state. And in planting a homestead or in choosing a building site for the new home, what a help it is to have a few old, maternal apple trees near by; regular old grandmothers who have seen trouble, who have been sad and glad through so many winters and summers, who have blossomed until the air is sweeter about them than elsewhere, and borne fruit till the grass beneath them has become thick and soft from human contact, and who have nourished robbins and finches in their branches till they have a tender, brooding look. The ground, the turf, the atmosphere of an old orchard seem several stages nearer home than those of the adjoining field, as if the trees had taken back from the soil more than they had taken from it; as if they had tempered the elements and attracted all the genial and beneficent influences in the landscape around.—*John Burroughs; "Winter Sunshine."*

Cooking Food for Stock.

THIS subject is very properly attracting more attention from farmers than it ever did before. They are beginning to inquire whether it will pay or not, and, going further, they are beginning to experiment for themselves, and it will not be long before we shall have the popular verdict, which is generally correct in matters of this kind, when sufficient opportunity and facility have been given for testing.

Common sense teaches every one that, on the average, food is more palatable and nutritious when cooked than it is in the raw state. The difference is not so considerable when fodder or food is of the best quality, though even then it is conceded to improve it materially. But in the case of poor, coarse, inferior foods, the improvement which cooking makes is beyond computation, almost. Take corn fodder, for instance: In Ohio and other Western States it is a universal feed. As commonly handled, from one-half to two-thirds of it is of no account at all, being thrown into the manure pile, where it is a source of annoyance rather than a benefit. Now, these cornstalks which litter the barnyard, and are trampled under foot all winter, contain almost as much nutriment as the best of hay; but it is locked up, so to speak, in tough, woody fiber, so that stock will not eat it, and if they did it would not benefit them much. When these stalks are stripped fine and steamed this woody fiber is softened, the nutriment is unlocked, and the whole is rendered palatable to any kind of stock. The same is true of inferior hay, made of coarse, unpalatable grasses, or when cut too ripe. The advantage in the case of roots, pumpkins and other vegetables is well known to all who have investigated the matter. Hogs will eat cooked potatoes, hot, with avidity and grow fat on them, when they will utterly refuse the raw ones.

"A penny saved is a penny earned." If it will pay to cook food, it should be done. It is certainly easier to save food than to raise it. The decision of all who have thoroughly tried cooking or steaming are that it saves, on the average, one-third of the food. From this it follows that one-third more stock could be kept on the same land if the practice was adopted, and there is no doubt that the stock would be better kept than now. The principal difficulty seems to be the fear of the extra labor involved. Much of this extra labor is imaginary, and much of this fear has been created by the reports of those who have tried it without proper facilities, or knowledge, or judgment, and who have abandoned it before acquiring the experience necessary to make it successful. One who has cooked food for stock, for several years, tells us it has paid him better than any other investment he has made, and that he believes it will pay any man who has half a dozen cattle and horses to feed. Let farmers test the matter for themselves, and then they can reach proper conclusions as to profits in their own particular cases.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Hot-Beds for Farmers.

THE value and importance of a hot-bed for starting early vegetable and flower plants on the farm are not appreciated as they should be. Indeed, the most of farmers would regard the idea as not only impracticable, but absurd as well. This grows out of the fact that they do not understand how profitable and convenient they can be made, and also from the erroneous impression that to make and manage a hot-bed successfully requires a knowledge and skill belonging exclusively to the professional gardener. Every farmer who has kept his eyes open knows that a very considerable part of the living of the family during the summer comes from the kitchen garden. Any means by which its products may be placed on the table a month earlier than in the ordinary mode of out-door planting, becomes a matter of importance, as contributing to both the economy and enjoyment of the family. This may be accomplished by the use of a small hot-bed. Cabbage, lettuce, tomato, beet, celery, cauliflower, pepper, cucumber, sweet potato and other plants can be thus started, and be large enough to be transplanted by the time the weather and soft mold admit of the seeds being planted in the open ground. Those plants that do not transplant readily may be easily managed with success by taking a piece of sod about two and one-half or three inches square and two inches thick, then invert it and plant a few seeds in the center of it and place in the hot-bed; when the time comes for transplanting to the open ground these pieces may be lifted and planted, with the growing plants, in the place where they are to grow. In this way cucumbers, beans, corn and other such tender plants may be given an early start in the hot-bed. Sliced cucumbers, roasting ears and snap beans a month in advance of all the neighbors would be quite acceptable on the table of almost any farmer in the country. The making of a bed large enough to supply a farmer's family with plants is a much less difficult and expensive job than is generally supposed by those who have not tried it. A bed about nine feet by six will be sufficient to produce plants to supply an ordinary family. The materials needed are a good supply of horse manure with leaves from the forest if they can be obtained, oak being best. If these cannot be had, straw may be used as a substitute. The manure should be thrown in a pile and allowed to lie till it has become thoroughly heated. The bed may be prepared in various ways. When the manure is heated as above stated, if it is plenty it should be thoroughly forked over and mixed with the leaves or straw. When thoroughly mixed this should be laid in a neat, close-packed layer of twenty or twenty-four inches in depth, and two feet each way larger than the bed is to be. It should be evenly and closely tramped. A box frame nine inches in front and fifteen at the back should be made and set on the bed. A layer of good, rich garden soil about six inches in depth should be spread evenly over the top of the manure. It is well to thoroughly wet the manure before placing the dirt on it. The bed should stand till it has attained its greatest heat before planting in it. Sash made on purpose, or old window sash, may be used. Another method is to dig out a pit in the ground the size the bed is to be, and fill it up with manure and otherwise treat it as above recommended. Still another method is to drive down some stout stakes in a square the bed is to be, and nail plank on these and fill it with manure, allowing the plank to extend above the bed high enough to serve for a frame. If the bed should become too cold, or if the weather should be very cold, it will be well to bank up on the outside of the frame with fresh manure. It will be well to select a mild, still day to make the bed, so that the heat may not be driven off from the manure. The bed should be made and seeds planted about six weeks before time for planting in the open air.—*Cor. Ohio Farmer.*

Plant More Fruit Trees.

Old fruit trees, which do not yield a remunerative crop, and which cannot be rendered productive by renovating the soil where they stand, should be dug up, removed, and their places supplied with young trees. There is no danger of raising too much fruit. A great variety of fruit is an evidence of high civilization. None but enlightened nations have the necessary skill, talent and perseverance to transform the ill-tasted wild fruits into rich, delicious, cultivated varieties. Every man who owns a piece of land should at least plant a few fruit trees along the lanes. It is due to his children who are to come after him. It is a beautiful custom in Germany to set out one fruit tree for every child born. This is the special property of the child for whom it is transplanted. He protects and cultivates it, and as he grows up, he looks upon his tree as a twin brother. A feeling of affection and veneration is thus engendered, and a love for agriculture and pomology is fostered and promoted among the whole population. Besides this, there is a great profit in the production of pears and apples. If all fence nooks were set out in fruit trees there would be an immense supply fruit all over the State. All such nooks are usually given up to briars and bushes, whereas they might be made as productive of profit and pleasure as any other portions of the farm. A great many intelligent persons believe in the antiquated adage that, "he who plants pears plants for his heirs," rather than for himself, as the assumption is that no man can expect to survive a sufficient number of years to see his trees in full bearing. If thrifty fruit trees having good roots are planted in a fertile soil, and properly protected and cultivated, they will yield generous crops of fruit in five or six seasons.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Boston's favorite forger, the Rev. Mr. Winslow, has no small vices. One of his last remarks before embarking for foreign parts reveals the genius of his character "I was never born," he said, "for a retail business."

Dr. Schenck's Standard Remedies.

THE standard remedies for all diseases of the lungs are SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP, SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS, and, if taken before the lungs are destroyed, a speedy cure is effected.

To these three medicines Dr. J. H. Schenck, of Philadelphia, owes his unrivaled success in the treatment of pulmonary diseases.

The Pulmonic Syrup ripens the morbid matter in the lungs; raises it easily and free of pain by expectoration, for when the phlegm or matter is ripe a slight cough will throw it off, the patient has rest and the lungs begin to heal.

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All who wish to consult Dr. Schenck, either personally or by letter, can do so at his principal office, corner of SIXTH and ARCH STS., Philadelphia, every Monday.

Schenck's medicines are sold by all druggists throughout the country.

IF you have a discharge from the nose, offensive or otherwise, partial loss of the sense of smell, taste, or hearing, eyes watery or weak, feel dull and stupid or debilitated, pain or pressure in the head, take cold easily, you may rest assured that you have the Catarrh. Thousands annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, terminate in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive, or less understood by physicians. R. V. Pierce, M. D., of Buffalo, N. Y., is the proprietor of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy—a perfect Specific for Catarrh, "Cold in the Head," or Catarrhal Headache.

PERSONAL.—*Jno. J. Allen.*—"I have used SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR not only once, but often, and can confidently assert that it has done me more good than any medicine I ever used. I think it is the greatest medicine for diseases of the Liver made in the world. Many of my neighbors have used it, and all testify to its virtues."

PRESSING'S White Wine Vinegar, purest and cheapest, warranted to preserve pickles.

—Microscopic slides are about the last things that one would expect to be fraudulent, but a correspondent of the London *Academy* says that some of the European manufacturers, who have had a good reputation hitherto, are cheating their customers. It appears that many polariscope objects are offered for sale, purporting to be plates of minerals, which are nothing more than ingenious manipulations of colored glass and cheap minerals. Thus, spartalite, for instance, is imitated by means of a piece of dark red glass, on which is placed a thin section of calcite. The combination is then moun