

New and Curious Inventions.  
The United States Patent Office issued 476 patents last week, the most numerous and curious of which embraced a scrubbing machine patented to a Kansas woman, operated like a carpet sweeper and embracing a set of revolving mops and brushes. A New York inventor received a patent for an apparatus for dispensing fogs with which he hopes to realize a fortune in London alone. A Providence inventor got a patent for a pin and a New York inventor one for a needle having a thread opening in the shape of the figure 8. Then follows a method of producing photographs in colors patented to a Washington inventor, a device for utilizing the power of waves, a removable armor for pneumatic tires, a curious fly catcher comprising a reservoir hung to the ceiling having a depending string, upon which strings of flies alight and are held and poisoned and a German invention comprising an electric plug. Free information relating to patents may be had of New & Co., Patent Lawyers, Bee Building, Omaha, Neb.

### ODD BRIDAL TRIPS.

WEDDED BY LONG-DISTANCE TELEPHONE—  
One Couple Swam the Bride Away—An Engineer Took His Bride Away in a Locomotive.

IN THE HONEYMOON, as in every other time, the times have greatly changed, says the New York Recorder.

Two young persons who are to be married this month have planned to spend their honeymoon in Siberia. They expect to stay at least a year, and the bridegroom, who is something of a writer, contemplates gathering materials for a book upon the social and political conditions of the country before they return.

Another couple will journey slowly around the world, spending a season at Nice, a winter in Egypt, a summer among the Norway fjords, several months in the orient and Australasia and a leisurely return homeward across our own continent.

Last spring one happy pair took a trip through Alaska and returned home with innumerable souvenirs and native trinkets.

Another bride and groom spent six months upon a yacht cruising about the Pacific ocean, and still another pair took their introductory journey into the realms of matrimony by means of a carriage drive throughout their native state.

An athletic newly-wedded couple of New Haven, Conn., are reported as having "biked" it through three states, and one notoriety-seeking pair even rode to church and back on their wheels instead of using the conventional coach and white horse.

Many men and women have been united in the bonds of matrimony while at a considerable altitude from the ground in balloons, but it remained for two natives of the Wolverine state to plan a honeymoon in one of these balloons. Alaska and Hawaii, however, the extreme nervousness of the bride, an early descent was made and the distance actually traversed was but trifling.

Down in Alabama, quite near the city, where the songster "dreamt he saw a pretty rafter gal," an unimpeachable pair decided to wed on a trip. They traversed a considerable distance, the groom trundling an old wheelbarrow, which contained their luggage, and, upon occasion, even the bride herself.

Another enterprising couple of our own city, who for purposes of economy, combined with honeymoonal hilarity, engaged, respectively, as steward and stewardess on a West Indian passenger steamer, enjoyed their trip so much that they have retained their positions indefinitely.

Along our northern frontier and across the line of Canada, homecoming trips on skates, snow-shoes and in sleighs, ice-boats and toboggans have become of common occurrence, and numerous couples have occupied a hunter's log cabin in the backwoods during the joyous season.

It is interesting to note that a couple swam the whole distance of Long Island Sound as their wedding journey. When, however, it is further explained they were accompanied by a naphtha launch and were both professional swimmers, the mystery is not so mysterious.

Another experience that might almost seem to rival the foregoing in originality was the case of the Baltimore & Ohio engineer who received orders to take his locomotive out with in a few minutes after the ceremony was performed, and with the aid of his fireman, smuggled his bride in Paris for the study and improvement of the various breeds of sleep dog.

The Brooklyn Heights Elevated Railroad Company has furnished a rearing and recreation-room for its employees.

Within a quarter of an hour on Tuesday, March 3, Londoners experienced a thunder storm, a gale, snow, hail, rain and sunshine.

The late Mrs. Charles Tilton of Boston bequeathed to the Bostonian society a map of Boston harbor in 1799, with the shore and islands worked in silk.

During the coming summer the school grounds of Cincinnati will be used as playgrounds for children. It is proposed to provide sand piles for the children to roll in.

The sea is infinitely more productive than the land. It is estimated that an acre of good fishing will yield more food in a week than an acre of the best land will yield in a year.

Several British theaters are now warmed by electric radiators, to the great delight of their patrons. It is said that all draughts have been done away with by this method of heating.

The vital statistics of Steuben, Me., for the twelve months just closed show a curious coincidence. During the year there were in the town, sixteen births, sixteen deaths, and sixteen marriages.

FADS OF FAMOUS WOMEN.

Helen Gould has a fad for charities. They are her recreation.

Mary Anderson (Mrs. De Navarro) has an especial fad for housekeeping.

Celia Thaxter had a taste for gardening and made a "fad" of raising poppies.

The incomparable Sarah Bernhardt prides herself on her wonderful youth. "I am as young as Mrs. Tarnham's fad is her kitchen, over which she is queen."

Louise M. Alcott used to pride herself upon her skill in getting up evening entertainments.

Miss Kathryn Kidder delights in the regulation French doll, and has one all ways near at hand to fondle in her leisure moments.

Miss Lilian Whiting has a liking for photographs. Especial favorites are seen in her apartments in a dozen different poses.

Mrs. Bernhardt Beere, called "England's Tosca," has a curious fancy for dancing dolls, music boxes and other mechanical toys.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton's fad, in her old age, is playing upon the piano. Her favorite music is the quaint tunes learned in her girlhood.

Miss Kate Sanborn, the breezy lecturer and authoress, has a decided talent for farming. She has given us some delightful books on the subject.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton indulges in a rather costly fad of collecting autograph paintings by celebrated artists abroad. She has a large and interesting collection.

### A MALAY GIRL'S LIFE.

Engaged to be Married when She is Only Ten Old.

At evening, when the fierce sun went down behind the green banian tree that nearly hid Mount Pual, the khateeb would sound the call to prayer on a hollow log that hung up before the palm-thatched mosque, says the Overland Monthly. Then Basmak and her playmates would fall on their faces, while the holy man sang in a soft, monotonous voice the promises of the koran, the men of the company answering, "Allah! Allah," he would sing, and "Mohammed is his prophet," they would answer.

Every night Basmak would lie down on a mat on the floor of the house with a little wooden pillow under her neck and when she dared she would peep down through the open spaces in the bamboo floor into the darkness beneath. Once she heard a low growl and the dark form stood right below her. She could see its tail lashing its sides with short, whiplike movements. Then all the dogs in the compound began to bark and the men rushed down their ladders screaming "Harimau! Harimau!" (A tiger! A tiger!)

The next morning she found that her pet dog Fatima, named after herself, had been killed by one stroke of the great beast's paw. Once a monster python swung from a cocoon tree through the window of her home and ate itself round and round the neck of her mother's loom. It took a dozen men to tie a rope to the serpent's tail and pull it out. So the days were passed in the little compound under the gentry-swaying cocoanuts and the little Malay girl grew up like her companions, free and wild, with little thought beyond the morrow. That some day she was to be married she knew, for since her first birthday she had been engaged to Mamat, the son of her father's friend, the penguin of Bander Bahr.

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### DAIRY AND POULTRY.

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Farm—A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.

Y poultry experience covers about eight years. I have kept the single Comb Brown Leghorns and Buff Leghorns. My house is just an ordinary one, with windows on the south side. In the morning I usually feed soft feed of some kind, and feed it dry. Then I feed oats, wheat or some similar grain, hord in the sand, and so they will have to dig for it. Corn if fed at night, and meat scraps once or twice a week. We have never grown fowls for market till last year, when I was able to dispose of our last of June hatch at 15 cents per pound. We have had good success in raising chicks. We feed boiled eggs once a day till the little ones are two weeks old with bread crumbs at the other meals, with corn and oatmeal. We have had little loss



A FLEMISH MILKMAID.

from diseases. We keep our coops clean, with plenty of lime around them. We have found the Buff Leghorns very good layers, and last year we had four cockerels, the dressed ones at eleven weeks old. Having seen the experiences of many, in their success and failures in crossing, we tried two crosses last year. The first was a Buff Leghorn cock on Golden Wyandotte hen, and the second was a Buff Leghorn cock on Light Brahma hen. The result was not so favorable as in the first case. The chicks matured very slowly, and were driven completely through the floor. With a shriek his aunt fell on her knees. "O, Dicky, poor Dicky!" she cried.

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But men may learn how to milk. If when you go home you will induce the young men to weigh the milk right along, you will find that it will make a great difference in the interest they take in the milking. Buy good milkers, make friends with your cows and take them.

Mr. Morse—I have an old German woman in my employ who does this. She has made friends with the cows and they like her and yield a good supply of milk when she milks them. Recently she took a vacation, and I tried doing the milking. I treated them right, but the amount of milk they gave shrank at once and did not greatly increase. But when she came back they at once yielded their accustomed amount of milk. I think that women are better around cow stables than men, if the stables are kept clean, as all stables should be.

Q.—Why will some cows keep clean, while other cows standing beside them and under like conditions will get dirty?

Mr. Helm.—Nearly every cow stable in this state is fixed not to keep the cows clean, but to keep them dirty—at least, that is the natural inference of the conditions under which they are kept. The great difficulty is that the mangers are too low and the cow has to back off to lie down that compels her to lie down in the dirt. I build mine so that the cow can put her head under it when she lies down, and she

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"Oh, no, auntie," he smiled slyly, "he's not Dicky, he's Dick."

"I can tell," she said with conviction.

"But how?" said Dick, skeptically.

"I can," she repeated; "and since you won't promise, you naughty boy, I shall empty the bottle."

And she did so, to the young rascal's consternation.

In the middle of the night the gable of the house was blown down, and crashed like thunder through the ceiling of master Dick's room. As his aunt and the servants rushed in a terrible sight met their gaze. The bed was almost hidden by masses of bricks and masonry, two iron feet at the head of the bed, driven completely through the floor. With a shriek his aunt fell on her knees. "O, Dicky, poor Dicky!" she cried.

"He's been killed!"

The words had hardly left her lips when there came a light, faltering step from the bathroom and as they looked back the dread Dicky, his teeth chattering with cold, a candle in one hand, and a full water bottle in the other. For a full moment he surveyed the bed with its iron feet or two of debris, and then shook his head with sorrowful admission.

"Yeth, aeth," he declared; "you bed you could tell if I did."—Boston Globe.

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