The Canton Advocate.

CANTON, DAKOTA.

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FASHION NOTES.

New ruches for the throat imitate Medici fraise.

Fichus, jabots and large collarettes grow in popularity.

Tinted mulls will not be so fashionable as cream and white.

Dotted and plain mulls are again brought out this season.

Kilt pleatings and tucks in clusters, shirrings, and puffs all appear on spring costumes.

The large poke Dunstable and Directoire bonnets will be worn tip tilted far forward on the head.

Furry felt, plain felt, and plush bonnets will be worn until the spring millinery is opened.

Manufacturers are making purer silks of better and softer texture and finish this season than for years.

All fashionable coiffures are arranged low in the back. In front they are waved or crimped, but close to the head.

In spring costumes there is a tendency to use length-wise tucks in clusters in the place of kilt pleatings and shirrings.

The sacque chemise, embroidered front and V-shaped back and front, remains the favorite with those who wear French lingerie.

Satin brocaded flowers of large size on moire grounds, and large watered flowers on satin grounds, are the newest features in silks.

Bridal veils are of the tulle and must be three and a half yards long, covering the face in front and hanging almost to the bottom of the train.

Monsquetaire gloves are the most popular, but ladies of good taste wear buttoned or laced gloves, if more becoming to their hands and arms.

Petticoats are profusely trimmed with needlework flowers, resembling the needle-wrought bands that border the new nun's veilings, ginghams and batistes.

At a recent fashionable ball given in New York, the majority of the young ladies wore black dresses with very short sleeves and very long black gloves.

The shapes of the best English round hats are imitations from old portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Peter Lely, Vandyke, Rubens and other famous painters.

No printed lawns and organdies have as yet made their appearance on dry goods counters. The inference is that they will not be worn. But they may be held in reserve by the importers.

It is permissible for young girls to wear very small diamonds, ear-rings and a small diamond cross around the neck suspended from a double strand of small pearls. Similar bracelets may be worn on the arms.

Lace pins are wrought in the most delicate and fantastic diapered work, in which the shimmer of gems and gold are brought into exquisite harmony, in one of these is set as a center stone an intense pink tourmaline of dazzling luster between two large diamonds, and a pearl at each end; these superb stones seems to be suspended in the air from being set in the invisible knife-blade setting.

Bee Notes for April.

Feed your bees late of pleasant evenings and you will usually avoid all danger of robbing, as they will usually have all the syrup taken care of and stored in the brood combs before morning.

As soon as fruit blossoms are fairly out, then we should have all hives ready and transfer our bees into the new, movable-frame hives with all their combs and broods, of which we will give you all the details in our next week's lessons.

Look well to the bees that they do not commence robbing each other. It frequently happens late swarm go through the winter all right, but in early spring are weak, and with a little feed, care and attention at the right time, they will make a good record the coming season.

God made man, and man made money; God made bees, and bees gather honey. We change the above into matter of fact, as we understand, from a practical standpoint and assert that bees do not make honey. Hence the old poet was badly mistaken when he said that bees m ade honey. as they are only the little (though numerous) workers or harvesters, that gather in and store the millions of pounds of the sweet nectar which otherwise would be lost.

The science of Apiculture is one of the most beautiful thas God, in His infinite wisdom has prepared for the study of man or woman, and should be better understood by us all, which is so well calculated, in the very nature of things, to lead us as His children to love and respect His laws, which are immutable and fixed, not to be reversed by man, but should be more closely studied and revered, living in accordance therewith and loving the good as well as all that is great and noble. We would be happier, better men and women, doing more good to our associates as well as enjoy better health ourselves.—*J. M. Hicks, in Grange Bulletin.*

Vennor, on April.

Vennor, the alleged Canadian weather prophet, issues the following forecast for April:

April is the key to the whole summer season, and particularly so with regard to the mid-summer. A natural warm and showery month generally brings about a good harvest; while either an exceptionally dry or cold month are indicative of an unfavorable harvest season.

Scattered snow falls about the 1st.

On the 3d and 4th generally fine weather, with frosty nights, in portions of Canada and northern New York. Snow and frosts, Michigan.

Unusual warmth in western sections during the early portion of the month.

Snow flurries probable about the 6th and 7th. Cool and unsettled weather may occur again, with cool nights and frosts in some sections.

General signs of an advanced season about the 8th of April.

On the 9th, Easter Sunday, 10th and 11th, fine warm and dry weather, with every prospect of speedy opening of navigation in northern sections.

A colder wind may set in for a day or two about the 12th.

River ice breaking up.

First steamboat at Montreal probable between the 15th and 20th.

The 16th, Low Sunday, change to cloudy and possibly cooler weather, with showers or indication of rain.

High winds, Middle and Atlantic states—Gales, Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Latter portion of week colder, with rain, sleet, and probably snow, in northern sections, and particularly in lower St. Lawrence and New York state, about the 20th or 21st.

Fine warm to hot and dry weather on and after the 22d.

Rain-falls in April not up to the average—dry easterly winds.

Second Sunday after Easter—Probable change to warmer and generally dry weather. Indications of storms, probably with high winds.

Third Sunday after Easter—Colder weather, with rain and snow falls, in me northern portions, probably ushing in a cold and wet May.

A Poor Town for Business.

He was a red-nosed, wild-eyed man from the head waters of Sage Run, and looked as if he hadn't been in town since oil was discovered. His rusty pants were several inches too short at one end, and he carried half a dezen coon skins in his hand.

At the postoffice corner he met a lady, and stopping her by holding the bunch of hides before her face, said:

"Can't I sell you something for to make a set of furs?"

The lady screamed and shot over to the other side of the street.

"Does any of your neighbors want to buy anything of the kind?" he yelled.

The lady screamed again.

"Now, what's the matter with Hanner?" remarked the red-nosed man as the lady disappeared in the door opposite.

A moment later the man veered into a bank and threw the hides down at the cashier's window.

"Got some A No. 1 coon skins here that I'll sell cheap. Not a scratch of a tooth on any of them. Ketched every one of 'em in a box trap."

"We have no use for them," said the president politely, as he cast an oblique glance at the goods.

"They will make you a nice vest," said the red-nosed man. "Two hides will make you a vest and one'll make you a sap that'll wear you as long as you live."

"My dear sir," replied the president, somewhat confused, "we don't want hides here. Take them somewhere else, please."

"Mebbe your wife would like a set of furs, and these is—"

"No, no, no," replied the banker impatiently, "take the things away; they are offensive."

"What's that?" said the red-nosed man, sharply.

"Take the blame things out of this," exclaimed the exasperated banker; "they smell like a slaughter house."

"I'll take a dollar for the lot."

"The people next door buy coon skins," put in the cashier; "take them in there, take them up town, take them down town, take them over the river, take"—

"Gimme fifty cents for the lot," he persisted.

"If you don't get out of this I'll kick your head off," yelled the president.

"I'll take thirty cents for six," said the red-nosed man. "D'ye say the word?" and he dangled the bunch by the tails.

The president started for the outside. The man with the skins started for the sidewalk, and, after having reached it, he paused and said:

"Grea-s-at Godfrey! If sealskin and sable were selling for a cent a car load, the hull town can't buy the sand-papered end of a rat's tail.—*Oil City Derrick.*

The Queen of Italy.

As her majesty entered, says a letter from Rome, she made a little bow to the company, then advanced forward with the Marchesa Montereno. The two ladies of honor remained standing near the door. One of these ladies wore a very handsome blue, the other a pink toilet; the Princess Triggiano had on very fine pearls. The Queen was dressed in a light *cuir* (leather) color silk, with long train. There was no lace or embroidery on the skirt, but a satin brocade trimming of the same color went down the silks and around the train. The pointed bodice had three large diamond bows on the front. Around the throat and falling down on the breast was a magnificent pearl necklace of fourteen rows, all large pearls, fastened at the back of the neck by a superb clasp—a sapphire set in large diamonds. Her hair was dressed low and very simple; there were no jewels nor feathers in it. Three very open, large artificial tea-roses were fastened across the back and left side of her head, lying very close and flat.

The queen of Italy is not a handsome woman, but she has an interesting face—what the Italians call *simpatica*; it is however, a sad, weary, pathetic face. Margherita of Savoy, notwithstanding her grand old name and blood, is not royal in appearance; she has no majesty of presence, no dignified bearing or movement. Her walk is most ungraceful; she takes short, nibbling steps, hesitating, as if she dreaded trips and falls. Her majesty is, however, most affable and gracious in her manners, and has at command any amount of agreeable remarks—what is called "small talk." She puts the shyest stranger at ease instantly, and gives the impression of being a kindly-hearted woman, who would rather be agreeable than huffy to anyone, especially strangers; but there is a stong shadow and tone of boredom in her look and voice. The queen addressed a few words to every one of the hundred and thirty-odd strangers present that evening; thus it took her at least two hours to receive them. When she left the first room she turned as she reached the door and made the same little bow that she did on entering. As soon as she left, servants entered with refreshments, ices, cakes, etc. On the 4th of February was the first grand court ball; it is usually called the "strangers' ball." To it were invited all who were presented on the 30th of January.

The Amber Cane Industry.

That cane growing in Wisconsin will become a profitable industry of the state appears to be a foregone conclusion. Not only from the fact that it can be successfully grown as a crop, but that there is and will be a greater demand for the sugar and syrups manufactured from it. The foreign syrups and sugars have evidently become so adulterated that their use have reasonably become objectionable to a very large portion of the people who will no longer suffer the imposition and who are ready to believe that they can produce home sweets at a less cost and make sure of a pure and better article.

That this is so, we readily believe and have believed for years and we are pleased to know that there are many believers who mean to show their faith by their works. The most of farmers in Wisconsin may grow their sweets, especially syrups, and by the way, there can be no better sweet for family use as a whole, than that produced from the Amber cane.

For every farmer to supply himself with machinery and apparatus for manufacture who grows only from one-half to an acre of cane each year, might not be deemed economy, as an outfit to do successful work would be somewhat expensive. But that each neighborhood in our state should have a syrup manufactory for the convenience of such neighborhood, is a fact and we think a matter of sound economy and profit.

Cane in this state can be as readily and as easily grown as corn and very many in our state are satisfed as to its becoming a largely paying industry. A comfortable and convenient establishment for the manufacture of say 5000 gallons a year may be erected at a cost not to exceed from four to five hundred dollars.

It is a good time for neighborhoods to consider and resolve to plan for the growing of cane the coming seasen and for the manufacture into syrup at least enough for home consumption. There will be a number of quite extensive manufactuies erected in Wisconsin the present season besides numerous smaller ones. Cane growing and its manufacture into syrup and sugar is to be a growing and profitable industry of this state and the sooner it is largely developed the better.—*Palmyra Enterprise.*

The Aquatic Bicyle.

Baltimore Gazette.

Quite a novel aquatic contrivance, in the shape of a marine bicycle, was placed on exibition in the harbor at the foot of South street yesterday, by Mr. S. T. Clark, in charge of the bicycle school. It consists of two long narrow flatboats connected by iron braces, and having an elevated seat in the center. The pedals are the same as those on a road bicycle, and by a cam wheel and proper gearing actuate a propeller which imparts the impetus to the machine, while the rudder is manipulated by an ordinary handle and rod. The marine bicycle rides smoothly and swiftly on the water, and, on account of its raft-like shape, cannot easily be upset. The position of the occupant is less cramped than that of an oarsman, and the propelling power is greater, because there is more muscular power in the legs than in the arms. For the use of ladies it can be converted into a tricycle, and as it is divided into a tight compartments, its safety would seem to be assured.

SQUIBS.

LETTER LANGUAGE.

The farmer feeds the bleeting u u,
The sailor sails the c c,
The gardener plants the p p, he does,
The printer takes his e e.
The owl looks very y y
At everything he z z,
The schoolboy dots his
And crosses all his t t.

It was just the lunk-headed stupidity of the farmer's boy to put the cow in the boxstall and tie that ugly old mule where the cow belonged. And the farmer never knew anything about it till he went out before daylight to milk and got kicked clear across the barn and stopped against a hay-tedder. He did not raise the boy's wages, but he raised the boy about foor feet into the air, and told him to pack his duds and start.

Entertaining dialogue between a Danbury man and a New Haven man at the Bridgeport railway station: New Haven Man—Any shooting up your way? Danbury man—Lots of it. New Haven Man (eagerly)—What do they shoot? Danbury Man (looking up at the clock)—Guns, mostly.

"You must not smoke in this car," said an Austin avenue car driver to Gilhooly, who was the only occupant of the car. "Why can't I smoke?" I am the only person in the car." "It don't make any difference. Even when there is nobody in the car, smoking is not allowed."—*Texas Siftings.*

A man in Paris advertised for a domestic who was neat. There came to him a man with blue spectacles. "Your eyesight is bad," suggested the gentleman. "No," replied the applicant, "not at all; but I clean silverware till it shines so brightly that I am obliged to wear glasses to protect my eyes."

"I know," said the little girl to her elder sister's young man at the supper table, "that you will join our society for the protection of little birds, because mamma says you are so fond of larks." Then there was a silence, and the Limberger cheese might have been heard scrambling around in its tin box on the cupboard shelf.

Edna May Bradley eloped with Pearson, a married man, of Dallas, Texas. Her father followed them to Dennison and talked of using a pistol, but was pacified by $1,050 and a promise of $600 more, for which he let his daughter go. But the final payment was not made, a piano was seized to satisfy the claim, and the whole matter became public.

They are a terrible sensitive lot over in San Rafael. The other day the editor of a paper in that rural locality poked fun at a certain convict in San Quentin for having a red nose. The brother of the prisoner, who is in for ten years for arson, called around the next day and the editor and foreman had to throw him down stairs three hand running before he concluded that he didn't want a retraction, after all.—*San Francisco Post.*

Poets often ask nonsensical questions. In the last number of *Our Century*, Edith Fitzgerald expresses a desire to know "why experience did not come to her as soon as she was born instead of waiting for a number of years before putting in an appearance." Well, you see, Edith, if you had been born old your mother would have been your daughter, and so on, which would have been rather confusing to your grandmother and the old folks generally. It is far better as it is.

A Rare Old Man.

A correspondent writing to the Louisville *Courier-Journal* from Pensacola, Fla., says:

About three months ago I made the acquaintance of Robert A. Wright, an employe of the Bay Point Mill Company of Santa Rosa County, since which time my acquaintance and business intercourse with him has been of such a character as to inspire genuine respect as an honest, veracious and sensible man, one "not given to much talking;" hence I give you some statements he made me yesterday, and which I believe to be true, more especially as he made them with a full knowledge that they were to be forwarded you for publication.

He is 71 years of age, but in appearance, speech and action he would pass anywhere for a well-preserved man of less than 50. He is able to, and does more and better work than at any period of his life. He has not lost a day from labor for thirteen months. He is the father of five children, of whom his sons, Burrell, Amos, and Akbab, are triplets, all now living and 52 years of age. He is the son of John Wright, who is now living in Canada, and is 116 years of age; is the nephew of the late Davis Eaton who lived and died in Giles County, Va., at the advanced age of (as near as it could be computed) 138 years, and who was 102 years a member of the Masonic order. Differing from the conventional young old man, he eats heartily at all times and is not a teetotaler; formerly he was an inveterate consumer of coffee and tobacco, but has eschewed both for the past five years. Verily Mr. Wright, from his own statements (corroborated by others), is a most remarkable man of a remarkable family.

A Hen Swallows Diamonds.

A young man in Providence, R. I., wears a handsome cluster diamond pin, valued somewhere about $700. A few nights since, he arrived at his home late, and hurriedly undressing, threw his shirt carelessly on the floor, with the valuable pin in the bosom, and retired. The next morning when he came to don his shirt the pin was gone, and the strictest search for it was unrewarded with success. It happened that there was about the house a hen—a setting hen, kept in the house on account of her occupation and because of the cold weather—and the thought occured to the father that the pin had become detached from the garment when it was thrown down, and the hen, in her wanderings, might have been attracted by this shining valuable and gobbled it down. He had a great mind to kill the hen then and there to investigate, but he really did'nt want to, as, if he did, the eggs would be no good; so for a couple of days the hen was kept close, not allowed to go out of the house, and closely watched in the hope of finding the missing diamonds. But no pin was found. Finally, on or about the third day it was decided to kill the hen, when, sure enough in the gizzard was found the missing pin. The gold setting was bent and scratched, and one of the small diamonds was missing, but four of the diamonds were all right.

The Sphinx.

In times almost pre-historic, this creature was born of Egypt's sad and solemn mythology. Yes, that ancient nation is the home of the Sphinx. Lest irreverence should dare enter to the worship of deity, there was need of a mysterious being to keep guard at the doors of the temple, and intimate the mightier mysteries within. In this fabled Sphinx were united the human face and the body of the lion—symbol of intellect and strength in the divine attributes. Both religion and death had mysteries. The Sphinx at the porch of the temple and at the portal of the tomb, intimated that there were mysteries in both; but what they were she told to none. Her face wore an eternal calm.

The Greeks borrowed the idea from Egypt; but in the hands of her artists it lost in grandeur, and in grace. The Grecian idea was only that of mystery. And so to the Sphinx were given not only a human face and a leonine body, but the tail of a serpent and the wings of a bird, and the voice of a man.

All the world knows the Grecian fable. This monster infested the neighborhood of Thebes, proposing an enigma, and devouring any who could not guess it, but offering to destroy herself, if any one would give the true answer. She asked, "What animal walks on four legs in the morning, on two at noon, and on three at night?" Œdipus guessed the riddle, by declaring that man was the animal, who, in the morning of life creeps on all four, at middle age stands erect on his feet, and in advanced life uses a staff on which to lean.

But though the Greeks cut the form of the creature on their temples, as did the Romans after them—an indication of the mystery that attaches always to religion—the place for the study of the Sphinx is in Egypt. Everything about the temple or tomb in that land is colossal. Egyptian architecture strove to impress not by beauty or grace, as did the Grecian, but by vastness of proportion, by massive grandeur, by heaping object upon object, by repetition and accumulation, by a gigantic exibition of gigantic objects—it strove to express the infinite and the eternal. What the Gothic architecture declares by the pointed arch and the ribbed-stone, meeting far up overheard in dim indistinctness, that the Egyptian would say by the accumulation of masses, by heap upon heap, by colossal labors, by a multiplied monopoly; hence gigantic pyramids temples, approached between rows of gigantic Sphinxes.

At Karnac, where is found the largest and most costly temple ever reared on earth, the avenue connecting it Luxor is a mile in length; and this was crowded with these gigantic figures, placed, as those still standing near the temple attest, and only twenty feet apart. But not one face of them all is uninjured. As the Turk at Athens multitated nearly every head of the statues, so in Egypt, in his zeal against idols, he left not one perfect. He acted on the Irishman's theory, and whenever he saw a head, hit it. Some of the more nearly perfect ones were removed to the British Museum and the French collections.

One of the wonders of the world is the great Sphinx that stands on the edge of the Lybian desert, seven miles from Cairo. An eminence of solid rock was hewn away, leaving this gigantic form. The fissures were supplied by vast masses of stone; and these jointed pieces, some of them larger than a millstone, have fallen away from the nose and chin. The face is about 70 feet in height; the whole length of the creature was about 190 feet, and the paws buried in the sand are said to extend 50 feet in front. Directly beneath the nose stood a vast altar, and in front of the whole figure was a broad roadway, leading up to the great pyramid itself.

As a Sphinx never stood alone the world is puzzled over the absence of its mate. It could not have been carried away, nor have any traces of it ever been found. Some think the design was too vast, even for the Egyptian builders; some that one such Sphinx exhausted all effort. Be it as it may, this Sphinx has no companion.

The face of this wonderful creature is calm, grand, almost beautiful. Even though the features are somewhat broken, the defacement has not destroyed the expression of sublime patience. It stands looking toward the east—looking over the visitor, rather than at him its; great, steady eyes intent on the future, as if in confident expectation of a better time to come.—*Philadelphia Saturday Night.*

Farming in Dakota.

"Yes, sir," resumed the Dakota man as the crowd of agriculturists drew back from the bar and seated themselves around a little table, "Yes sir; we do things on a rather sizable scale. I've seen a man on one of our big farms start out in the spring and plow a straight furrow until fall. Then he turned round and harvested back."

"Carry his grub with him?" asked a Brooklyn farmer, who raises cabbages on the outskirts.

"No sir. They follow him up with a steam hotel and have always relays of men to change plows for him. We have seen big farms up there, gentlemen. A friend of mine owned one on which he had to give a mortgage, and I pledge you on my word, the mortgage was due on one end before they could get it recorded at the other. You see it was laid off in counties."

There was a murmur of astonishment, and the Dakota man continued:

"I got a letter from a man who lives in my orchard, just before I left home, and it had been three weeks getting to the dwelling-house, thought it traveled day and night."

"Distances are pretty wide up there, ain't they?" inquired a New Utretcht agriculturist.

"Reasonably, reasonably," replied the Dakota man. "And the worst, of it is, it breaks up families so. Two years ago I saw whole families prostrated with grief. Women yelling, children howling and dogs barking. One of my men had his camp truck packed on seven four-mule teams and he was around bidding everybody good-bye."

"Where was he going?" asked a Gravesend man.

"He was going half-way across the farm to feed the pigs," replied the Dakota man.

"Did he ever get back to his family?"

"It isn't time for him yet," returned the Dakota gentleman. "Up there we send young married couples to milk the cows, and their children bring home the milk."

"I understand you have mines up that way," ventured a Jamacia turnip planter.

"Yes, but we only use the quartz for fencing," said the Dakota man, testing the blades of his knife with his thumb, preparatory to whetting it on his boot.

"It wouldn't pay to crush it, because we can make more money on wheat. I put in eighty-nine hundred townships of wheat last spring."

"How many acres would that be?"

"We don't count by acres. We count by townships and counties. My yield was $68,000,000 on wheat alone, and I'm thinking of breaking up from eighty to a hundred more counties next season."

"How do you get the help for such extensive operations?" asked the New Utretcht man.

"Oh, labor is cheap," replied the Dakota man. "You can get all you want for from $29 to $47 a day. In fact, I never paid over $48."

"Is land cheap?"

"No, land is high. Not that it costs anything, for it don't; but under the laws of the Territory you have got to take so much or none. I was in luck. I had a friend in Yankton who got a bill through the Legislature, allowing me 420,000 square miles, which is the smallest farm there, though it is—"

"Look here," said the bar-keeper, as the Eastern husbandmen strolled out in a bunch to consider the statement, "is all this thing you've been telling true?"

"Certainly," responded the Western man; "at least it is a modification of what I saw in a Dakota paper that was wrapped around a pair of shoes last night. I don't dare to put it as strong as the paper did, for no one would believe it. You can slate that last round of drinks and I'll pay in the morning. I live right here on Myrtle avenue."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Born to Trouble.

We can never escape trouble; we are born to affliction, and we may depend upon it, while we live in this world we shall have it, though with intermissions—that is, in whatever state we are, we shall find a mixture of good and evil; and, therefore, the true way to contentment is to know how to receive those certain vicissitudes of life—the returns of good and evil—so as to be neither exalted by the one, nor overthrown by the other, but to bear ourselves toward everything that happens with such ease and indifference of mind as to hazard as little as may be. Every pleasure has its offsets; once believe that fully, and we are on the right track of thought.

Some surgeons demand almost as much to remove a cataract as Niagara hackmen charge to show you one.—*News.* Well, if the cataract removed by the surgeon is as large as the one shown you by the Niagara hackmen, his charge is not to steep. And besides, you might not be able to see the one if the other was not removed.—*Norristown Herald.*

Popular Science.

The light which falls upon the earth from the satellites of Mars is about equivalent to what a man's hand on which the sun shone at Washington would reflect to Boston.

Flourens, the French physiologist, fixing the complete development of man at twenty years, teaches that he should live five times as long as it takes him to become an adult.

It is predicted by M. Duponchel that the next sun-spot maximum period will be before 1890. It may, perhaps, occur in 1888, but the great probability is that it will present itself in 1892.

A locomotive provided with an electric head-light has been placed on the French Northern railroad. The electricity is furnished by the application of the surplus power of the engine.

Sponges obtained from great depths are often affected by an organism whose cells are much larger and canals wider. Their effect is to give a coarse and worm-eaten appearance to the sponge.

To test the sensitiveness of tendrils of the cobœa scandens a human hair was placed on an expanded tendril. In twelve hours the tendril had clasped itself around the hair and coiled into a hard knot.

If one ear the left, for example, be fatigued by listening to a long, pure note, and the hearer then try to estimate the direction of the sound, he will imagine it to be further to the left than it is, and vice versa.

Moths have been immersed in sulphuric either will recover after the evaporation of the other; beetles will recover from the effects of chloroform, and flies after having spent a whole day in a bottle of wine.

Balloonist have a unique method of taking "soundings" to learn their distance from the earth when traveling in the air at night. A loud shout is given and the seconds are counted until the echoe from the ground is heard. From the time required for the return of the sound it is easy to compute the height of the balloon.

At a meeting of the Academy of Science, Paris, on December 5, M. Faye criticised the proposal to establish meteorological stations in high latitudes. He does not think that much is to be learned at these places in the cause of science. It is simply a matter of conjecture whether the ice of the polar regions is the regulator of climates of the temperate zones. Modern science shows the regulator to be rather in the vast equatorial zone, whence storms travel over the two hemispheres. Instead of organizing a metereological station as Cape Horn the French government would do better to found one in the Azores. The *Nature* attempts to ridicule M. Faye.

The Young Queen of Spain.

The present queen, says a correspondent of *The Philadelphia Telegraph*, seems likely to live and do well. Notwithstanding all reports to the contrary, there is no prospect for the advent of the son for whom both she and her husband long so passionately. She is very happy in her summer retirement at La Granja, driving her four and sometimes six spirited ponies about the grounds, and giving a smile and a pleasant word to every one she meets, for even that stiffest and most formal of courts lays aside etiquette and royal observations in the free, pleasant atmosphere of that summer residence. Donna Christina is said to look very pretty in her fresh, white muslin dresses, trimmed with delicately-tinted ribbons, and in the shady hats wreathed with silk gauze; which are her usual wear at La Granja. Such attire suits her far better than do the cumbrous robes and rich satins and velvets which she must assume on state occasions. She has an extremely pretty figure straight, trim, and finely molded, its only defect being that it is too straight, the queen carrying herself so erect that her waist has a backward curve. She is a devoted mother, and may often be seen driving out with the little princess and holding the baby's soft hand in her own. But they say that neither as mother nor as queen will Donna Christiana be content until she is the mother of a son. The young king, I am told, makes a most exemplarly husband, his brief passion for a beautiful foreign lady during his widower-hood having been replaced by a very genuine attachment to his sprightly and sensible wife.

Feeding Fowls by Machinery.

The process of feeding fowls by machinery in France is thus described: Imagine the top of a round tea table divided off into sections, with a partition between each section and a board in front with a half moon shaped aperture in it. In each of these sections is an unhappy duck or chicken confined by a chain to each leg, and under each is a tray which receives the dirt and is emptied each day. Through the center of this structure goes a round post, and there is a series of such tea-table tops to the roof of the building, each with its divisions and imprisoned fowls. At stated intervals a man comes around with a complicated machine, filled with a kind of thin gruel, and filled with a pipe at the end of a long India rubber tube. He introduces this pipe down the throat of a duck, and presses down a pedal with his foot, and a certain quantity of food is forced into the creature's crop, a disk above showing exactly what amount of force he is to use and how much food passes. This process is gone through with each fowl till all are fed, and it is repeated four times a day for ducks and three for chickens. Two weeks suffice to fatten a duck, but three are necessary for a chicken. Apart from the necessary confinement of the birds, the process does not seem to be at all a cruel one, as the amount of food forced down their throats is not excessive.

Old Ex-Senator Gywn.

A gentleman was telling me, yesterday, that on a recent occasion ex-Senator Gywn, of California, met President Arthur, who wanted him to come to the White House and make a social call, and Arthur showing him around, he came to a certain room, and said: "Yes, this must be the room—this is the room I am sure—where I slept when I was one of the clerks or secretaries of President Jackson, forty-five years ago." "Well," said the President, "you are in the room where President Garfield lay."

One of Gwyn's friends says that he first saw his wife, a celebrated woman in her day, at a wash-tub, as he was a young congressman from Mississippi driving through a Kentucky town. A fine pair of arms and good shape so struck Gwyn, that after he had gone a day's journey frrther, he turned around and drove back to the place and asked to marry her; and on his assurance that he was a member of congress, the family looked favorably on the suit, and they were married.—*Washington Letter.*

Dangers of Sleeping Together.

More quarrels arise between brothers, between sisters, between hired girls, between school girls, between clerks in stores, between hired men, between husbands and wives, owing to electrical changes through their systems by lodging together night after night under the same bed-clothes than by any other disturbing causes. There is nothing that will so derange the nervous system of a person who is eliminative in nervous forces as to lie all night in bed with another person who is absorbant in nervous force. The absorber will go to sleep and rest all night, while the eliminator will lie tumbling and tossing, restless and nervous, and wake up in the morning fretful, peevish, fault-finding and discouraged. No two persons, no matter who they are, should habitually sleep together. One will thrive, the other will lose.—*Laws of Health.*

A French officer said to a Swiss colonel: "How is it that your countrymen always fight for money, while we French always fight for honor?" The Swiss shrugged his shoulders and replied: "I suppose it is because people are apt to fight for that which they need most."

HOUSEHOLD HELP.

STUFFED VEAL.—Take about four pounds of the loin of veal. Wash, and dry it with a clean towel, and with a sharp knife make incisions or pockets in it. Make a dressing of bread crumbs, seasoned with butter, pepper, and salt, and stuff the pockets as full as it is possible to do so. Draw them together with needle and thread or tie a strong string around the meat to keep it together. Place the meat in a baking-pan and sprinkle with pepper and salt, and add two or three spoonfuls of water to the pan. Bake slowly two hours, or until the veal is thoroughly done, and baste it while cooking. Serve with gravy.

CHICKEN CORN PIE.—Green corn must be used as it is much sweeter than the canned corn. Disjoint spring chicken and put it in a stew-pan, with just enough water to cover it. Add pepper and salt, and when it is nearly done a cup of milk or cream. Rub a spoonful of butter, with the same quantity of flour, and stir it in the gravy. Cut from the cob one dozen ears of corn, if they are small, and place a layer of corn and one of the chicken in a baking dish until it is full, taking care to have the corn on top. Pour the gravy over all and bake about one hour in a moderate oven, or until the corn is nicely browned.

BEEFSTEAK AND ONIONS.—This may be considered a plebeian dish, but it is extremely savory and appetizing one. Select a thick, tender steak, and either broil it over the coals or cook until it is done in a skillet heated almost to redness over the fire, which will impart almost the same flavor as broiling does. Slice and fry a quarter of a peck of onions until they are brown and crisp. Serve the steak on a hot dish, with the onions arranged around it.

MEAT PIE.—Wash, dry upon a cloth, and cut in small pieces one and a half pounds of lean beef. Put a tablespoonful of butter into a stew-pan over the fire, and when it browns put in the beef and let it brown slightly. Season with pepper and salt and stir in two tablespoonfuls of flour. Then pour in sufficient boiling water to make a nice gravy. Let it cook slowly on the back of the stove until the meat is tender. Line the sides of a pudding dish with paste and pour in the prepared meat. Cover with a crust and ornament the top. Bake about three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven. An inverted tea-cup in the centre will collect the gravy and prevent the crust from falling in.

POTATOES A LA MAITRE D'HOTEL.—Pare six large potatoes and boil them in water until they are tender, adding a small quantity of salt to the water. When they are done, do not allow them to cool, but cut them into slices at once, and put them in a stew-pan with a tablespoonful of butter, ditto of broth or of water, same salt, pepper and chopped parsley. When the butter is melted and all is very hot add some lemon-juice and serve them immediately.

TO COOK SHAD.—The fish must be broiled to have it in perfection. Frying, boiling, and baking may do for other varieties of fish, but they render the shad inspid. Select a fresh, fat-roe shad, have it properly cleaned and slit down the back, or if your gridiron is small divide it in two parts. Dry it upon a clean towel, and boil it upon a wire grid-iron over a clear fire, taking care to cook it slowly, so that every part may be thoroughly done. Have a flat dish made very hot, place the shad upon it, add pepper and salt, and baste well with melted butter. Serve immediately.

TO COOK ASPARAGUS cut off the tough near the root and boil it in clear water until it is tender. This will require from one to two hours. Add some salt to the water in which it is boiled. When it is done arrange it neatly upon some slices of toast, taking care to have the heads all turned in one direction, and to preserve it in order a string may be tied around it before cooking. Pour a white sauce or melted butter over all and serve very hot.

MERINGUES.—Beat the whites of six eggs until they stand alone, then add, little by little, half a pound of powdered sugar. Beat very hard until the mixture is smooth and can be worked with a spoon. Take some sheets of paper and arrange the mixture on it in heaps about as large as an egg. Sift sugar over them and let them stand in a cool oven to harden, and until they are a delicate brown color. When they are cool with a thin knife slip them from the paper, and fill the hollow part with whipped cream. Place the two halves together and arrange them in a dish. The cream should not be added until they are ready for the table, or the moisture would make them soft if added too long beforehand.

POTATO PUDDING.—Pare and boil four large potatoes. When they are done mash them through a colander and beat them smooth with a heaping tablespoonful of butter, one cup of sugar, four eggs, and the grated rind of a lemon, with a very small part of the juice. Stir in sufficient sweet milk to make the mixture like a thick custard. Pour it into an open crust and bake in a quick oven. Serve cold with sugar sifted over the top of it.

RHUBARB PIE.—Skin the stalks and cut them into pieces about half an inch long. Wash it and put it in a stewpan with just enough water to keep it from burning. Stew until it is quite soft, and turn it out into a bowl and smash it with a silver spoon. When it is quite cold add sugar to suit the taste, also some cinnamon. Bake in an open crust with strips of paste laid over the top. Serve cold.

PUDDING SAUCE.—Beat to a cream half a cup of butter and one cup of granulated sugar. Pour the mixture into a small sauce-pan and stand it in a vessel of boiling water over the fire. Stir it constantly until it is melted and foaming. Add one egg, well beaten, and remove it immediately from the fire. Flavor with wine.

DELICATE CAKE.—Beat together one cup of sweet butter and three cups of sugar until they are light and creamy. Add the yolks of two eggs and one cup of milk. Flavor with almond or vanilla. Then add the whites of five eggs which have been whisked until they stand alone. Stir all very lightly and add four scant cups of flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in a moderate oven.

COOKIES.—Sift one pound and a half of flour and rub through it with the hands half a pound of butter. Add half a pound of sugar, a pinch of salt, one ounce of caraway seeds, or, if these are not liked, some spice and mix all into a dough with half a pint of boiling milk. Roll out thin, cut into round cakes, and bake in a quick oven.

GERMAN CHRISTMAS CAKES.—Beat six eggs very light, yolks and whites together. Add one pound of pulverized sugar and beat it a long time. Then add three-quarters of a pound of almonds which have been blanched and chopped, a quarter of a pound of sliced citron, quarter of an ounce of cinnamon, same of cloves, grated rind of one lemon, and one pound of flour, the latter to be stirred in gradually. Drop the mixture from a spoon on buttered tins and bake them slowly. When they are done coat them with egg and sugar beaten together, and harden them in the oven.

A Frightful Ride.

A sensational runaway occurred at Leadville, Colorado, the other day, in which the principals were John Flarharity and a locomotive.

Flarharity was switching with a new locomotive in the yards of the Denver & Rio Grande railway. He was ordered to go down the road to Eiler's Station, a few miles, and meet the incoming passenger train. Just as he started from the yards down grade, the strap connected with the lever broke, and he lost control of the engine.

The flight down through the mountain gorges is thus described by Flarharity in an interview with a Denver *Tribune* reporter:

"It was an awful moment," said Flarharity, "when I found that the engine was beyond my control. The cylinder heads blew out, the smoke and steam blinded me, and everything seemed to conspire to hurl us to instant destruction."

"How heavy was the grade?"

"One hundred and eighty-five feet to the mile. Down this steep incline the engine dashed like a demented thing. I tugged at the lever and brakes, but it was as if I had been tugging at the solid parts of the engine itself. Then I suddenly remembered that I was to meet the passenger train at Eiler's. My fireman jumped off early in the race, and I was left alone, thinking that I had left him dead on the track. We were making more than a mile a minute, the engine and I—for at that moment I looked on it as a demon which had taken possession of me and mine, determined to be released for once from its thraldom and to become master where it had before been slave.

"Little pieces of sand and dirt flew against my face and stung like coals of fire. In the distance I could see the approaching passenger. I yelled and screamed; for I knew that our only hope was to flag that train and get her on the side track. I saw the operator, Woodward, running for the train as he saw me coming, completely enveloped in a cloud of smoke and steam and dust.

"With one last effort I opened wide the throttle, hoping that the engine would throw herself from the track on the curve and save the train from destruction. Then I jumped, and unconsciousness overcame me.

"When I recovered I saw the engine lying on her side within forty feet of the passenger train, and people were crowding around me and carefully bathing my head and hoping I was not killed."

The Denver paper adds that Flarharity escaped with only a few slight bruises.

The accident was one of the strangest on record. He says he can never describe the horrors of the trip, the awful feeling that came over him when he found that the engine had him in its power, or the deathly sickness when he found that he was running into the passenger.

Houses and rocks flew by him like birds on the wing, and the track seemed one continuous stream of fire. Then he was thrown through space, and oblivion and respite came, and afterward the beautiful assurance that no one was hurt. But he says he would not experience it again for all the treasures of the earth.

Miner's Superstitions.

According to the Detroit *Free Press* the miners of the West represent the strange conglomeration of men. The English, Welch and German brought all of the old world superstitions among a class of men in the Mexican camps who could equal and in some cases surpass theirs. The Mexicans drew their tales from two sources, their own Spanish forefathers and the Aztecs and Toltecs, found in the country when their forefathers conquered it. Strange are the beliefs and stories that have grown out of the union of these superstitious elements. Things are lucky or unlucky because possibly some worker in the Hartz said so 500 years ago, or some old Toltec had a fit of nightmare at an equally remote period. One of the most commonly believed tales is that of the "Step Devil." The men tell you that some of the oldest mines there is an evil spirit which takes the form of a deformed dwarf. A peculiarity about him is that he has immensely long arms—arms so long that he can take off his sandals without stooping. This dwarf when there is any danger in the mine such as a cave