The Pickens Sentinel.

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Cleopatra.

Death lurked in the velvet of her cheek,
And in the myriad tangles of her hair,
And in her eyes, which drew men to despair,
And on her lips, whose thrill made strong men weak.
Yea, all the honeyed accents she did speak
To men, death-laden were; but unaware,
Enwrapt they listened, heeding not the snare
Which caught their manhood in wild passion's freak.
Brave Antony! whene'er I pause to think
Of all thou wert, and all thou might'st have been,
Thy soul enmeshed and over on the brink
Of careless woe, when bound by Egypt's Queen—
From tears of pity I can scarce refrain
That in her arms did melt such soul and brain!

The Playmate Hours.

Dawn lingers silent in the shade of night,
Till on the gleaming Baby's laughter rings.
Then smiling day awakes, and open flings
Her golden doors, to speed the shining flight
Of restless hours, gay children of the light.
Each eager playfellow to Baby brings
Some separate gift; a fluttering bird that sings
With her; a waving branch of berries bright;
A heap of rustling leaves; each trifle cheers
This joyous little life but just begun.
No weary hour to her brings sighs or tears;
And when the shadows warn the loitering sun,
With blossoms in her hands, untouched by fears,
She softly falls asleep, and day is done.
—St. Nicholas.

A LOST CHANCE.

It was mid-summer, and Lilian Ferguson had never seen a fairer scene than the billows of blue hills that lay stretched out below her, with here and there the flash of a half-hidden lake, or the ribbon-like glitter of a tiny river.

She stood leaning against the rustic post that formed the support of the booking office of the small rural station, while her modest little trunk and traveling bags were piled up at the rear.

"Don't fret, miss," said the station-master, porter, and booking clerk combined, who was bustling in and out. "The omnibus will be here soon."

"Oh, I am in no hurry for the bus!" said Lilian, pleasantly. "I could stand and look at this beautiful landscape all day."

"Ain't that strange now?" reflectively uttered the official. "We never think about it at all."

"Is the omnibus often as late as this?" said Lilian, glancing at her neat little silver watch.

"Not generally," said the station-master; "but to-day they're waiting at the Rectory for the deaf-and-dumb gentleman."

"For whom?" said Lilian, in amazement.

"For the deaf-and-dumb gentleman, miss," explained the station-master. "A cousin of our minister's. He's been down here for treatment; but dear me, there ain't no treatment can ever do him any good. As deaf as a stone, miss, and never spoke an intelligent word since he was born. But they do say he's a very learned man, in spite of all his drawbacks."

"I'm afraid he won't be a very lively traveling companion," said Lilian, smiling.

"No, I suppose not," said the station-master, in a matter-of-fact sort of way.

Just at that moment a wagonette drove up; the driver handed out a valise, and assisted a young lady to alight.

"Has the omnibus gone?" she cried, flinging aside her veil, and revealing a very pretty brunette face, shaded by jetty fringes of hair and flushed with excitement.

"You're just in time, miss," said Mr. Jones, peering down the winding road, which his experienced eye could trace, when no one else's was of any avail. "It's a-comin' now!"

But Lilian Ferguson, who had been gazing at the new comer earnestly, now came forward with an eager smile and an outstretched hand.

"Surely I am not mistaken," said she, "and this is Ellen Morton?"

"Lilian Ferguson!" Oh, you darling, I am so glad to see you!" cried the stranger. "But where on earth did you come from?"

And thus met the two lovely girls who had parted just a year ago at Madame de Tournaire's fashionable boarding-school in Scarborough, and who had not seen each other since.

Just at this moment, however, there was no time for explanations. The ponderous omnibus rolled up, with creak of leathern curtains, tramp of horses, and a general confusion of arrival, to the broad wooden steps of the station.

The sun was already down. In the twilight, Ellen and Lilian could only discover that the vehicle contained but one other occupant, a man, who leaned back in the far corner, with the top of his face partially hidden by a large, wide-brimmed hat, and its lower part wrapped in the folds of a Persian silk pocket-handkerchief.

He inclined his head courteously as they entered, and moved a handsome traveling case which lay on the middle seat, as if to make room for them.

"Is there another passenger?" said Miss Morton, with a little, nervous start.

"It's only a deaf-and-dumb gentleman," Lilian explained, her eyes full of soft pity. "The station-master told me about him."

"What a nuisance!" cried Ellen. "I had hoped we should have the drive to ourselves. But now, dear," as she settled herself in the most comfortable corner, "tell me what this unexpected encounter mean."

"It means," said Lilian, with a shy smile, "that I am going to be nursery governess at Chessington Hall, that is, if I give satisfaction. I was engaged by a letter a week ago."

"What a very singular coincidence," said Miss Morton, shaking her cherry-colored bonnet-strings. "And I am going to be companion to old Mrs. Grove, of Grove Rookery, the very next place to Chessington Hall. How I do envy you, Lilian."

"Envy me, Ellen?"

"Yes. Haven't you heard about it?" said the brunette. "The Chessington children, your future charge, are motherless, don't you know? They are under the care of an aunt, so Mrs. Grove told me; and there is a handsome widower and an interesting young bachelor at Chessington Hall."

Lilian colored hotly.

"Neither of whom I expect to meet," said she.

"It will be your own fault if you don't" observed Miss Morton. "Why, my dear, here is your career all chalked out for you. Sentimental widower, with lots of money—pretty governess—mutual fascination—growing devotion—finale, a wedding! Hey! presto, your fortune is made!"

"Ellen, how can you talk so?" cried Lilian, flushing and indignant. "I am not on a husband-hunting expedition; I am simply trying to earn my own living."

"The more goose you, to neglect such an opportunity as this," said Ellen, laughing. "If you don't try for the widower, I shall. Grove Rookery is only half a mile from Chessington Hall, after all; and a rich husband would solve the problem of my life at once."

"This is too ridiculous, Ellen!" said Lilian. "I could not respect myself if I were to plot and plan like this. I know it is unjust, but you have made me dislike Mr. Chessington already."

"The more the better," said Miss Morton. "They say he is very handsome; and one could easily send the children away to boarding-school. I can assure you, I'll have no old-maid aunts and interfering uncles about the premises."

"Ellen, let us talk of something else," said Lilian, resolutely. "Tell me all that has happened to you since we saw each other last."

Ellen laughed out a merry, ringing laugh.

"Well, if you must know," said she, "I've been trying my best to get a nice husband, but without any success."

"Is matrimony, then, the end and aim of all the world?" said Lilian, with queenly disdain.

"As far as I am concerned—yes," acknowledged Miss Morton, with charming frankness.

"Pardon me, Ellen," said Lilian, "but it seems to me that you have degenerated frightfully since those dear old days at Madame de Tournaire's.

Miss Morton yawned.

"How tedious all this is!" said she. "Miss Ferguson turned lecturer, eh? How I wish that poor fellow in the corner wasn't deaf and dumb! I'd flirt with him, just to aggravate you, Lily!"

Lilian made no answer. She leaned her head out of the window, and watched the purple dusk creep up the hill sides, counting the stars as one by one they shone out. Anything was better than Ellen's shallow chatter!

Grove Rookery was soon reached, and Miss Morton bade her old schoolmate an effusive farewell.

"I see that the old lady has sent the carriage to meet me," said she. "Good-by, Lily! You must be sure to introduce me to the charming widower when I come over. *Au revoir*, darling—*au revoir!*"

The deaf-and-dumb gentleman left the omnibus very soon. Miss Ferguson watched with some interest, but no carriage of any description seemed to be waiting for him.

He disappeared into the woods like a shadow, and vanished from her sight.

"I suppose, poor fellow, that he lives near here," thought she. "How dreadful it must be, thus to be cut off from all companionship with one's fellow beings!"

But even while these reflections passed through her mind, the omnibus stopped again, before a glittering facade of lights, half-veiled in swaying summer foliage—Chessington Hall!

"Here you are, miss," said the driver.

Through the summer evening dusk, Lilian could see the marble-railed terrace and the broad carriage drive, while two child figures danced up and down, and uttered joyful exclamations of welcome—little Blanche and Alice Chessington!

"Are you the new governess?" said they. "Are you Miss Ferguson? Welcome—welcome! We are so glad that you have come!"

And in an instant their arms were twined around Lilian's neck.

At the end of a month Lilian Ferguson felt completely and thoroughly home with her new pupils.

They had ranged the woods, a ited all the grottoes and cascad had surrounded her with a phere of the sweetest affection

Mrs. Hartleigh, their a equally kind; and Alfred Har intere ing young uncle, h taken her into his confide beautiful bride he was f home soon.

But it certainly w that she never had see ington himself, the fa little pupils.

Until one pleasan just as she had con Miss Morton, who ha the Grove Rookery ca tall, handsome gentle room, with Mrs. Hartl

"The deaf-and-dum Lilian involuntarily ex

"Poor fellow, so it Morton, who advanced out the light muslin dress. "How he does sure!"

"Ladies," said th gentleman, "you are hear and speak, to anybody. I should you a month ago in had not been for the cumstance of my to the dentist and ha broken in the extra tooth. I perceived t taking me for my Mr. Denton, a deaf near here; but he h until the next day, and w and-aged face it was impossib me to speak and explain matters."

Ellen Morton's face glowed scarlet. She literally knew not what to say. But Lilian Ferguson stood calm and unmoved.

"Then," she said smiling, "all our sympathy was thrown away upon you."

He inclined his head.

"Exactly," he said. "I found the next day that it was necessary to put myself under the care of a surgeon, so that I have been a sort of exile for a few weeks. Pardon my being so late to welcome you to Chessington Hall! But the welcome is none the less warm because it is tardy!"

Ellen Morton never came to Chessington Hall again, nor could she so much as think of her conversation in the omnibus that night, without hot indignation at herself.

"What a fool I was!" she cried.

Mr. Chessington, however, much as he liked and admired Lilian Ferguson, never asked her to marry him.

"When I was widowed once it was forever," he said.

And Lilian never coveted the prize of his heart; perhaps because she was engaged to a rising young clergyman.

"If only I had Lily's opportunities!" said Miss Morton. "But I wrecked my chances when I spoke out my mind so freely before the deaf-and-dumb gentleman!"

Morning-Glory Girls.

In the pages of a novel the girl who has a morning call always comes tripping into the parlor, dressed in a soft, fleecy gown of white, or a rose-colored cashmere with a girdle of bright ribbons, or a neat house dress of some shimmering gray fabric. She puts away her soft brown hair from her untroubled face, and her eyes have the rested brightness of immortal youth, and much more of the same sort ad infinitum. This is in a book. Now take the young lady of real life. She has breakfasted and is amusing herself with a book when a caller is announced. If it is a young gentleman, and she does not expect him, she sends word that she will be "down immediately." Then she tears a bandage from her queenly brow, which looks as if it had been cemented together, and picks out the bandoline bangs. Then hurried toilet ablutions, a white Mother Hubbard with a pink satin bow and shoulder knot, takes the place of the waist and skirt which were "good enough for home." The old slip-shod slippers are replaced by pink hose and opera ties. There is a hasty skirmish with the powder puff, a christening dash of cologne, and with an embroidered mouchoir in her hand the young lady descends to the parlor and finds her younger brother on intimate terms with the caller, who is no other than her escort of the previous evening when she was arrayed in purple and fine lace. He does not realize that she is en masquerade just now as much as she was then; that he is the hero of a scene in real life, and that if he had met her in the hall as she appears in the bosom of her family he would probably have mistaken her for her own maid. He could scarcely, with this vision before him, be brought to understand that her young ladyhood is so completely a matter of personal adornment.

It would be almost a safe thing to assert that out of fifteen young ladies of leisure only five could be seen at a morning call without the required wait of half an hour. In many families where the daughter is a social belle there is as much preliminary hurrying and scurrying to get her into presentable shape for an unexpected call as if it were an emergency of fire. And this is not due to any poverty of wearing apparel. The young lady can have anything she desires to wear—has, indeed, quantities of beautiful clothing—but what is the use of making an elaborate toilet if there isn't anybody to see it? In this case father and mother, sisters and brothers are all nobodies.

A waist of one dress and a skirt of another, both shabby and soiled, a dilapidated fichu, hair *en papillote*, last night's powder still visible in streaks, and a general yaw-aw-yaw-aw yaw-aw of weariness. What is this a description of—a farmer's scarecrow? No! A modern belle, who begins life at the wrong end of the day.

A judicious mother who brought up alone and unaided a family of daughters, all of whom fill honored places in society, never allowed her girls to appear at the breakfast table in a social undress. They must be fresh, clean and with a finish of collar and coiffure, or back they went to their rooms. There was no running away when the door bell of that house rung. The young ladies were always fit to be seen in their nicely laundried ruffled ging-

The air of a room lighted by gas is heated twenty times as much as if it were lighted to an equal extent by incandescent electric lamps. When arc-lamps are used, the comparison is still more in favor of electricity. You will be surprised to know that our old friend, the tallow candle, and even the wax candle, is far worse than gas in the proportion of air vitiated and the heat produced; and you will be disposed to believe it. But the fact is, that so long as candles were used, light was so expensive that we were obliged to be content with little of it; in fact, we lived in a state of semi-darkness, and in this way we evaded the trouble. It is only since the general introduction of gas and petroleum that we have found what an evil it is.—*The Sanitary Engineer.*

FARM TOPICS.

Spontaneous Combustion the Cause of Burning Barns—How to Save Corn Fodder.

How Best to Increase the Growth of Meadows—How to Italianize Bees.

THE BURNING OF BARNS.

It is noticeable, says the *Scientific American*, that a larger number of burnings of barns are mentioned by the periodical press in the summer that at any other time. Some of the fires are undoubtedly caused by lightning, the moist vapor from the uncured hay making a favorable conductor for the electric fluid. But there are barn fires which cannot be attributed to lightning, to lighting of matches, to light from lanterns, nor to the invasions of careless tramps. It may be that the spontaneous combustion of hay is as possible as the spontaneous firing of cotton waste. All fibrous material, when moist, and compressed, and defended from the cooling influences of the outward air, is subjected to a heating similar to that of fermentation; and in some instances the degree of heat is sufficient to cause actual, visible combustion. In the case of recently "cured" hay this danger is as great as, in similar circumstances, other materials may be. Frequently the grass is cut in the early morning, while wet with dew; it is turned twice, and gathered and packed in the "mow" or "bay" before nightfall, with perhaps a sparse sprinkling of salt. Such a compressed mass of moist, fibrous matter will heat. How far the heat will go towards generating combustion may be inferred from a foolish trick which the writer witnessed several years ago.

A large meadow of hay had been cut, cured, and cocked, previous to removal. A shower threatening, the cocks were covered with caps of canvas and left for the night. While engaged in getting the hay in the next day, one of the workmen dropped an unlighted match from his pocket into a cock of hay, and in a few minutes it was ablaze. It afterwards was ascertained that he had spoken of the warmth of the hay as he lifted it on his fork, when a companion remarked that it might be hot enough to light a match, on which he put a match into the rick, and before they had passed on five minutes the rick was on fire.

Everybody conversant with farm life where hay is a permanent and important crop, knows that for weeks after getting in the hay the barn is warm when opened in the morning. There is an amount of heat that is absolutely unpleasant when the thermometer outside reaches 50 degrees, but which is quite welcome with the outside temperature at 40 degrees. The barn heat is undoubtedly from the moist hay, compacted and enclosed. The cure for the possible danger of possible spontaneous barn burning would seem to be the thorough curing—drying—of the hay before it is housed. We dry all of our herbs and some of our vegetables without injuring their peculiar and individual qualities. There is no reason why hay or other fodder material stored in large masses should not be rendered equally innoxious to the influences of heat by thorough drying.

HOW TO SAVE CORN FODDER.

The complaint that stock will not eat corn fodder well, or over one-third or one-fourth of it, arises from our method, or lack of method, in securing it. Most of our corn is allowed to stand as it grew, and to have its nutrition washed out of it, and then it is fed where it grew to cattle roving through the field. The bleached stuff is little liked and little eaten. A few cut it and put it into large shocks but not until after the corn is dead ripe. It should be cut while the stalks are yet quite green, the corn being in the latter stages of the dough state, or before the kernel is too hard to crush easily in the fingers, and before it is dry throughout. It should be put into shocks made from four hills square in place of the old sixteen hills square, and bound around the top by rye straw, twine or a green corn stalk. It is well to bend the tassels down, binding the tops under, thus turning the rain. In the course of two to four weeks, depending upon the weather, the small shocks may easily be husked out and the corn cribbed. The band will not have to be removed nor the shock taken down in husking. After husking the hills of corn around which the shock is made, as fast as the shock is wanted, may be cut, and the fodder of the shock may be quickly and easily, by one man, passed to the wagon for stacking, the band around the shock always remaining on. Thus treated it will be tender, more palatable and more nutritious, and, when fed with clover, cotton-seed meal, or middlings, will be nearly all eaten. It will also be handled from the start at less expense than by the system of sixteen hills square shocks.

CATTLE IN MEADOWS.

Old meadows from which crops have been gathered will soon have considerable aftergrowth under the influence of favorable rains. While grass on pasture fields is shortened there is a strong temptation to graze meadows. If no injury would follow of course advantage might be had by pasturing them, but injury does follow. The best way to increase the yield of meadows that do not come up to the standard is to permit the aftergrowth to remain as a winter protection to the roots of the grasses. It is true, growth may be so heavy as to defeat the purpose in view. In such case the grass, falling closely upon the roots in a thick mat, may smother them in winter to such a degree as to reduce vitality and interfere with full production the following season. When this aftergrowth is too large moderate pasturing is beneficial, but close grazing is always injurious to meadows, especially when the grass is in a large proportion timothy. As a substitute for grazing, when the aftergrowth is large mowing can be done, the knives set to run three or four inches from the ground, and the crop can be raked up as rowen for feeding calves and sheep. But if not raked it will wither and droop down without ill effects. In any case care should be taken to keep the cattle off from the meadows in late autumn, because not enough profit can be derived from grazing to compensate for the injury sure to follow. As a rule too little care is given to grass lands, not only to those in pasturage but for meadows. Farmers get off all growth that they can, and the natural tendency is to weaken roots of the grasses, especially when this is done late in autumn. If grazing must be done let it be early so that the season may bring farther growth to shield the roots from the severities of winter.

HOW TO ITALIANIZE BEES.

First, secure a good queen from a reliable breeder. When the queen arrives, if your bees are in a movable frame hive, commence on one side and take out one or two frames and shake off the bees so as to be sure the black queen is not on them. Now put the frames into a new hive and set it in place of the old hive, which, with the remaining bees, is put six or eight rods away. Then examine each frame carefully, find and kill the black queen, or make a new colony by giving her half of the frames in the old hive.

Queens are mostly sent in a cage one inch thick and four inches square. Lay the cage on a frame of brood, near the top bar, and with a sharp knife cut a piece of comb just the size of the cage. Remove the two tacks holding the tin gate, but do not let the gate slip out of place. Slip the cage into the hole cut in the comb, with the gate down; be sure the gate is in the right place, so the queen cannot possibly get out. Place the frames in the hive just as they were, and then leave them from thirty to forty hours. Then remove the tin gate, but leave the cage in position, and with a sharp, thin knife, give two or three cuts just below the opening, but do not remove any comb.

Now close the hive and the bees will know their way out; but before closing be careful to destroy all queen cells. In about five days open the hive and see if all is right, and remove the cage. The above plan is intended for those who have had but little experience and not for the practical apiarian.—*Our Country Home.*

The Telephone Used at Sea.

If there were but one wire on the surface of the earth, says Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, in an interview with the Philadelphia *Press*, a man might talk all the way around the globe. The multitude of disturbing influences — telegraph wires, atmospheric disturbances, magnetic influences—overcome the telephonic action. I have already overcome as much resistance as would be necessary to send a message around the world. I have talked through the bodies of thirty persons standing with their hands joined.

Among the papers that I will read before the Association for the Advancement of Science is one on a new method of signalling between vessels at sea. It is done by means of the telephone, and I cannot at present foretell what practical results it may lead to. Signals were successfully exchanged between two boats in deep water a mile and a quarter apart. In one boat was a telephone, with one of its two terminals hanging over the bow, and the other trailing in the water over the stern. The arrangement was the same in the other boat, except that, instead of a telephone, it contains an electric battery, with an apparatus for interrupting the current very rapidly, as often as 100 times in a second. Every time the battery was connected with the water the latter became charged, and when the current was interrupted ceased to be so, and a musical note was produced in the telephone of the distant boat. These results were obtained with a very imperfect apparatus. The musical note could be produced at will, at different intervals, and we arranged an alphabet. A skillful operator could read a message communicated in this way with the greatest ease. In connection with this discovery I may say that the credit of the discovery is not altogether mine. If Prof. Trowbridge, of Harvard College, had not had the idea of a galvanometer, instead of a telephone, and of charging the water with a dynamo-electric machine in a similar way, the idea of applying the telephone for that purpose might not have occurred to me. The Professor thought that in this way vessels might discover their proximity to each other in a fog. Nearly all vessels have dynamo-electric machines to produce the electric light. This machine could be used to charge the water when the steamer runs into a fog, such as one always finds off the coast of Newfoundland, and would give an electric signal to any vessel dangerously near to it.

"I Wanted That Badly."

A citizen of Hamilton, Harris county, whose name is Teel, has written a long letter to Governor McDaniel asking him to please send him a divorce at once. Teel says he is in deep distress. He and his wife have parted and will never live together again. He has applied to the justice courts down there, but can get no relief. He says the lawyers want him to pay them $25 to write him a divorce, and he is unable to do that. He asks the governor to send him two divorces, one for himself and one for his wife. If the governor can't do anything, he wants his case laid before President Arthur. He says Arthur signs his name "Chester Arthur," and he understands his postoffice is New York. Teel closes his letter as follows: "Pleas sea about this rite off and doant wate until after I am ded befoor you let me hear from you."—*Savannah News.*

The *Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal* gives the increase of California physicians at 240 per annum, a number which the State cannot support. It appears that Los Angeles has a hundred regular physicians. The editor says that the doctors are ambitious to flourish in the large cities, and will endure "philosophical starvation" rather than settle in some thriving town where they might ultimately do well.

The following are some of the euphonious names of the sleeping cars on the Canadian Pacific railroad: Kaministiquia, Qu Appelle, Wauapitae, Nasbonaing, Wabigoon, Kananiskis, Nipissing, Madawaska.

OUR CRAZY QUILT.

A Paris Novelist who Charges His Hosts.—Are We a Nation of Horse-Men and Women.

How to Make a Stocking-Bag.—Ornamentation of Table Cloths.

DINING OUT ON TERMS.

The following story was quoted by the author of the Paris letters in *l'Assemblee Nationale* as an episode that actually occurred shortly before. Some days since a manufacturer happened to be dining with a magistrate. All the guests were greatly enjoying the lively talk of a novelist, who also works for the theater, and, by the way, works exceedingly well. That evening he was full of fun; his wit sparkled like a discharge of fireworks. The dinner went off like a flash of lightning. (This, you perceive, is a French way of writing briskly for the country newspaper.) When they had left the table the manufacturer took the novelist aside and with a low bow said:

"Ah, monsieur, how much you have gratified me!"

"Monsieur!"

"Yes, really; you have a great reputation for talent, but I did not expect to find you so very amusing."

"But, monsieur!"

"Monsieur," continued the manufacturer, "my wife is indisposed."

"Ah!"

"For some time past she has been ill and out of spirits. Would you have the goodness to come and dine with me one of these days? You will amuse her."

"You believe that I will amuse your wife?"

"I do, indeed. Do come."

"Very well, monsieur; but of course you know the terms?"

The manufacturer stared at the novelist.

"The terms!" he repeated, like a man who tries to understand what is meant.

"Certainly," replied the other without hesitation; "when I dine out—with a manufacturer—that's 500 francs."

"Ah!"

"To be sure! You manufacture chemicals, or cotton goods, or beet sugar, or heaven knows what; you sell those things and get your living by them, don't you?"

"Yes, but—"

"I," continued the author, "work my brains and I live by what I can spin out of them; that's my merchandise, you understand. When a gentleman invites me to dinner to amuse his wife, who is dull, that's 600 francs."

"What a capital joke!"

"No joke at all. Madame—your wife—is a little low. Eh bien! send me the cash and I will come and divert her."

The dinner has not yet been reported.

BREAKFAST AND LUNCHEON.

The ornamentation of table-cloths for breakfast and luncheon is more elaborate than ever in worked flowers and fruit of colored thread with fringes to match, which display the service of colored Bohemian and Venetian glass or the Japanese and Chinese porcelain used for informal meals to the best advantage. The plain white damask table-cloth is always used for dinner, although innovations have been attempted to substitute napkins laid at each plate instead of one large cloth, as they can be more easily removed for dessert without disturbing the service of the silver, crystal, and Sevres porcelain which is used. For liqueur flacons, as well as for oil and vinegar cruets, the bird kingdom has been extensively invaded to furnish models. Birds of crystal, mounted with gold or silver, are used as well for toilet sets. The smallest specimens, like canaries and minute parroquets, are pretty for this purpose, while swans and pigeons are more in vogue for table service.—*American Queen.*

FIRE SCREENS.

A very handsome fire screen can be made of peacock's feathers by the following process: Have a frame of wire bent into a half circular or fan shape, and covered with coarse muslin. The wire should be twisted into a handle and made to fit tightly into a small wooden stand weighted with lead. The eye feathers are first glued on around the edge, standing out a good deal beyond it; then a second and third row, and so on, afterward filling up as the center is approached with the smaller feathers. Procure, if possible, a peacock's head, and glue or tack it with a coarse needle and thread to the center. If you can not get the head, fill up with tiny feathers. Cover the back with fancy paper, red or gold.—*Boston Herald.*

FASHIONABLE HORSEBACK RIDING.

The fashionable riding-masters say that we are becoming as great a nation of horsemen and women as the English. The amount of riding done here this summer would seem to bear them out. The drive in the afternoon is dotted throughout its length by graceful figures on horseback. Dr. Pancoast, of Philadelphia, has four splendid saddle horses. He and the Misses Pancoast ride with great daring and skill. Miss Baker, the daughter of Alfred G. Baker, the Academy's aggressive President, rides with her brother, and so speedily that her long, old-fashioned curls are sent flying out on the wind. Miss Seligman, the New York banker's daughter; Miss Merritt, Miss Stiels, Mrs. Colonel Worth, of New York; Miss Field, of Brooklyn, and Miss Andrews, of New York, are all dashing and graceful riders. Grooms are rarely seen cantering after the young ladies on the drive nowadays. It is said that love affairs between my lady and the groom became so common that prudent papas took fright. It is the fashion now to have a riding master accompany ladies who have no escort from their own set. Blassen, the fashionable teacher, often spends fourteen hours a day in the saddle in his office of companion. He begins sometimes as early as 5 o'clock in the morning, for many hardy young horsewomen amuse themselves with a canter of ten miles before breakfast. The master does not ride behind, but immediately at the right of his charge. He wears no livery. He dresses elegantly, and is quite as handsome a figure as any on the drive. He is not expected to say anything. The charge for his service is about $5 an outing. It must be granted that a handsome and fashionably dressed riding-master would be more likely to inspire a passion in the bosom of a susceptible young woman than a plain and liveried groom. The gain to papa's peace of mind, however, comes from the fact that one master may serve three dozen young women, so that the risk of a mesalliance is immensely diminished.—*Long Branch Letter.*

STOCKING BAG.

Take a yard of blue silesia, two yards of blue satin ribbon an inch wide, a small piece of white flannel, some stiff pasteboard, and a spool of blue silk. Of the pasteboard cut four circular pieces, each one measuring seven inches across. Cover these four pieces smoothly with blue silesia, and overhang the edges of the two together with blue silk, the remaining two to be done in the same way for the opposite side. The puffs should be a straight piece measuring sixty inches long and twelve inches wide. This is to be gathered each side to fit round the edge of the circular pieces, leaving a space at the top of the circle three inches for the opening. The puff is now to be sewed all round the edges of each circular piece, except the place left for the opening, thus forming the bag. Make for the outside of one of the circles a piece of the same size and shape, and embroider or applique some little design upon it. Then cut from the flannel several leaves the same shape, but smaller, button-hole stitch or pink the edges and fasten them to the top of the circle on the bag, as the leaves in any needle-book are fastened, then sew the embroidered cover outside of this at the top. Where it is fastened place a bow of ribbon. This is for holding the darning needles. On the circle the opposite side a piece of silesia is gathered top and bottom to cover a little more than half the circle, for a pocket. In the casing at the top run an elastic, and in this pocket is kept the yarn for darning. The satin ribbon is used to draw the puff together at the top, and the interior is the receptacle for the stockings.—*American Queen.*

Wedding Blunders and Eccentricities.

The most common mistake of the bride is to take off only one of her gloves, whereas both hands are brought into requisition in the service. As for the men, they commit all kinds of blunders and bunglings. I have known a man, at that very nervous and trying moment, follow a clergyman within the communion rails, and prepare to take a place opposite him. I have known a man, when a minister stretched out his hand to unite those of the couple, take it vigorously in his own and give it a hearty shake.

Sometimes more serious difficulties occur. Some ladies have had an almost unconquerable reluctance to use the word "obey;" one or two, if their own statements are to be accepted, have ingeniously constructed the word "nobey." The word, however, has still to be formally admitted into the language. There was one girl, who was being married by a very kindly old clergyman, who absolutely refused to utter the word "obey." The minister suggested that, if she were unwilling to utter the word aloud, she should whisper it to him; but the young lady refused to accept even this kind of a compromise. Further, however, than this, the clergyman refused to accommodate her; but when he was forced to dismiss them all without proceeding any further, the recalcitrant young person consented to "obey."

The difficulty, however, is not always made on the side of the ladies. On one occasion the bridegroom wished to deliver a little oration qualifying his vow, and in describing in what sense and to what extent he was using the words of the formula. He was, of course, given to understand that nothing of this kind could be permitted. There was one man who accompanied the formula with sotto voice remarks, which must have been exceedingly disagreeable to the officiating minister. He interpolated remarks after the fashion of Burchell's "Fudge!" "With this ring I thee wed; that's superstition." "With my body I thee worship; that's idolatry." "With all my worldly goods I thee endow; that's a lie." It is a wonder that such a being was not conducted out of church by the beadle.

This puts one in mind of an anecdote that is told of a man, who, in his time, was a member of the British Cabinet. There was a great discussion on the question whether a man can marry on three hundred a year. "All I can say," said the great man, "is that when I said, 'with all my worldly goods I thee endow,' when all my debts were paid, I had 300 pence." "Yes, my love," said his wife; "but then you had your splended intellect." "I didn't endow you with that, ma'am," sharply retorted the right honorable husband.

M. Deligny, who has under him 40,000 operatives in the copper mines of the province of Huelva, Spain, of which he has been chief engineer since 1848, states that he has never been able to ascertain that any one engaged in the mining industry with which he has been so long connected had died of cholera. The health of the mining population is excellent, and deaths from zymotic diseases are rare among them. N. Deligny also mentions that people of rank and wealth at Madrid and other parts of Spain have engaged every available lodging about the copper mines. He stated that the immunity from cholera in the Swedish copper mines is so notorious that in 1864 and 1865 the royal family and court went to live in the Phalun mines, where there was not a single death from the epidemic.

Deadly weapons are taken from men who carry them into the Galveston gambling and drinking houses; an employe gives checks for them, and they are returned on their owner's departure.

During the last five years New Yorkers in Paris purchased $7,882,000 worth of paintings.