Sheep in Winter.

We have frequently urged upon flockmasters the need of good shelters for their sheep, and even in those Western sections where it has been the custom to pasture the sheep through the winter months, with no shelter whatever, the aggregate losses have taught the lesson that shelter pays. But the mistake must not be made of supposing that shelter will take the place of food. Shelter is not for the purpose of keeping sheep protected from the cold, unless it is bitterly cold, but is more for the purpose of keeping them from the storms. Sheep care little for cold weather, but of course that cannot be said of them with reference to food. If either is to be left out of the care given to a flock, it should be the shelter. Sheep have passed the winter upon good food, without shelter, and come out in the spring in fine condition, but they never come out in good condition, without a plentiful supply of good food, however good the shelter may be. Thousands of sheep have no other shelter than an open shed, and they will prefer to be outdoors in good, clear, dry weather rather than being shut up in a warm stable. The fleece of the animal is intended to keep it warm, and it performs its office. If to the warmth thus furnished is added that of a warm stable, the animal will be uncomfortable, and hence the only excuse for shutting sheep up to keep them out of the storms. It is a great deal better to have their shelter of such a character that they can use it or not as suits them, than it is to confine them. If they can have a tight roof above them, and a clean dry floor on which to lie, and a sufficient protection from beating storms, they will want nothing more in the way of a house or shed. When it is convenient such a shelter may be constructed, and yet be so built that when necessity shall require it can be entirely closed up. When that is done, however, the ventilation should be perfect.

But the feeding should be full and judicious from the time the sheep are taken from the pasture until spring comes. The flockmaster understands that it is a delicate operation to change from green to dry foods. It is a radical change in management, and must be made as easily as possible. Roots at such times play an important part, and they are important as food all through the winter months. Of these the sugar beet, with its 81.5 per cent. of water, 1.00 per cent. of flesh formers, 15.40 per cent. of fat formers and 1.3 per cent. of woody fiber, comes first in value; mangolds, composed of 87.78 per cent. of water, 1.54 per cent. of flesh formers, 8.60 per cent. of fat formers and 1.12 of woody fiber, come next; rutabagas, with 89.40 per cent. of water, 1.44 per cent. of flesh formers, 5.93 per cent. of fat formers and 2.54 per cent. of woody fiber, stand third; yellow turnips, with 90.57 per cent. of water, 1.80 per cent. of flesh formers, 4.64 per cent. of fat formers and 2.34 of woody fiber, are fourth, and white round turnips, composed of 90.43 per cent. of water, 1.14 per cent. of flesh formers, 2.96 per cent. of fat formers and 2.00 per cent. of woody fiber, come last.

As to the quantity of roots to feed, experience must determine. As a general rule it has been stated by sheep raisers that one-tenth of a bushel of roots per day, together with one and a half pounds of hay and a half pound of meal or bran is sufficient for a sheep weighing a hundred and fifty pounds. It will be found by beginners in sheep husbandry, as all experienced flockmasters have found, that sheep like a change of food, and besides pleasing the sheep, change of feed aids us in getting rid of some of our foods which are less valuable. What we need particularly in feeding fattening sheep in winter are fat forming foods, of course, and the more oil or fat the food contains the better it is. Sugar and starch are turned by the processes of digestion into fat, but it requires a much larger proportion of either of these to produce a given weight of fat than it does oil or fat. It is estimated that it requires two and a half times more of sugar or starch to produce a certain amount of fat or to maintain respiration than it would require of oil or fat. We see a practical illustration of this by comparing corn and cotton seed meal. Corn contains over sixty-eight per cent. of fat formers, while cotton seed meal contains only about thirty-three per cent. But the cotton seed meal contains sixteen per cent. of fat, while corn contains but five per cent. Take flax seed. It contains fifty per cent. of fat forming elements, a lesser proportion than corn contains. But thirty-seven per cent. of these elements is oil. Flax seed and cotton seed are really the most valuable fat producers that we have.

For the growing animals we want flesh forming foods. And in this connection we give a formula which Randall recommends as a capital substitute for oil cake, and as furnishing a very fine food for a growing animal. He also recommends it for a ewe giving milk. Ground linseed forty pounds, wheat bran sixty pounds, flour of bone four pounds. Eleven per cent. of this is fat formers and the balance flesh formers, saline matter and water.—*Western Rural.*

Bill Arp and the Young Folks.

Parents and teachers ought to be mighty patient with children. Some have more capacity and some more memory. Some are slow and some are quick. It is not the smartest child that makes the smartest man or woman. It is a powerful strain on some of 'em to keep up, and the dull ones oughtn't to be crowded until they hate books and dread the time of going to school. Some folks send their children to school to get rid of 'em, but my opinion is the parents ought to help the teacher every night. It shows the children how much interest they feel in their education. It is a sign of a good teacher when the children get ambitious to keep up and get head marks, and bring their books home at night and want to go to school if it is raining a little. Wrap 'em up and let 'em go. There is nothing that demoralizes a school boy like staying at home every few days and getting behind the class. We used to walk three miles to school, and we never minded it at all. It was a frolic all the way there and all the way back, and we did have the best dinners in the world. Delmonico never had as good things as our mothers used to fix up for us. It seems to me so now.

A child's life is full of romance and fun—the best sort of fun. A child's dreams are splendid, but we don't dream now, hardly ever. I used to read Robinson Crusoe and dream it all over again. How I did long to be shipwrecked on an island and raise monkeys and goats and parrots. Slow children are generally sure children, but they don't show off much. Daniel Webster was most always foot in his class, but when he learned anything he never forgot it. Some boys are wild and restless and have no love for books, but they oughtn't to be given up or hacked or abused continually. If they have good parents they will come to themselves afterwhile. They will sow their wild oats and gather the crop and get tired of that sort of farming. I was reading the other day about Oliver Goldsmith, who I reckon was the worst vagabond in all England, and was kicked about and abused by everybody, and got in jail, and sometimes slept in the corner of the fence and liked to have perished to death, but he came to himself at last and made one of England's best and greatest men. The three worst boys that ever lived in Rome are now good men, splendid men, and are honored and respected. They had good parents. Give a dog a bad name and everybody wants to kick him.

Good men ought to notice the bad boys specially, and speak kindly to 'em and offer to help 'em and make 'em feel that they are not Ishmaelites. Some boys get so much abuse at home and abroad that they are astonished when a decent man speaks to 'em. Some folks give 'em no consideration but want to see 'em go to jail or to the calaboose, which is the worst thing that can be done for a boy, for he never gets over it and grows desperate. It is astonishing how long a little sin or a little humiliation will follow a boy. One time a boy stole a quarter of a dollar from another boy at school, and that followed him to his grave. He got to be a great man and was thirty years in Congress and was a Senator, and one day, when he made a bitter speech against the corruption of the opposite party and denounced their stealing and plundering by wholesale, one of his opponents replied by saying he would remind the gentleman that preachers of morality should come into the pulpit with clean hands—that Ben Franklin said, 'He that would steal a pin would steal a bigger thing,' and he asked no quarters from the gentleman on that score."

So, boys, remember and keep your hands clean. Folks will forgive mischief and a heap of other things, but they won't forgive meanness.—*Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.*

Fashion Notes.

Ellen Terry bonnets and slippers are already displayed.

White kid bonnets are imported, trimmed with a flat garniture of pearl and crystal bead-work or hand painted around the edges in small, delicately-colered flowers and buds.

Opera pelerines made of white Ziblinette, with hat and fan of white ostrich tips, are the height of fashion just now. These are mostly worn with toilets of dark blue, ruby or dove-gray velvet.

Though less universally worn, the reign of large-plaided materials is not over; but few costumes are made of them solely, combinations of plain woolens or velveteens being considered better taste. The newest have the tunic blouse front draped on the cross, the diagonal lines not then having the effect of increasing size.

The style of a certain waist worn over half a century ago is now copied and admired by ultra-fashionable young ladies. The waist is sharply pointed front and back, while over the front is laid a shirred piece which reaches from the throat to the extreme point, where it ends in a bow and ends of satin ribbon. The sleeves are puffed and shirred, and are exceedingly high on the shoulder.

Tailor-made costumes of dark blue, green, or brown velveteen, with toque and muff to match, will be in great fashion this winter. The furore for velveteen is greater than ever, but it is positively necessary that it be of the best quality only. Some very attractive costumes are being sent over by leading modistes of London, Paris and Vienna, of a combination of soft woolen plaids and velveteen, and also of velveteen and ottoman cloths in monochrome.

Many ladies are now wearing half capes and mouchoir muffs made of dark velvet bordered with brilliant feather trimming. Muffs and collars made wholly of fine feathers are conspicuously fashionable, and usually match the bonnet or turban. As a rule, golden brown feathers are in great quest. Brown is undoubtedly one of the colors par excellence, and it is wonderful how innumerable are the tones discoverable in a color that would seem to admit of so few variations.

Some of the new French polonaises of velvet are shaped in front to form a waistcoat. The sides lengthen into long panels, which reach nearly to the foot of the dress skirt. The trimming borders these panels, and is carried up each side of the bodice portion framing the waistcoat. Handsome medallions and pendants of passementerie are placed in the centre of the panels, and on the richer models these are very often nearly covered with a magnificent silk embroidery tufted with raised chenille work.—*N. Y. Post.*

—The will of Kate Townsend, the woman who was killed in New Orleans recently, has been admitted to probate. Curiously enough, the fortune of over two hundred thousand dollars, which she had accumulated, is left in bulk to the ruffian who murdered her, and who is now in jail to stand trial for the crime. Another incident worthy of note in this terrible tragedy is the name of the murderer—Sykes—for, taken in connection with the history of the lives of the unhappy woman and her brutal lover, it recalls to every reader of Dickens the curious story of Nancy and Bill Sykes.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—According to the decision of a Baltimore Justice, a husband is liable and can be sued for whatever slander his wife utters.

—Georgia charges circuses two hundred dollars for each exhibition.

Diamonds for Drills.

"Diamonds are comparatively cheap nowadays," a rock drill manufacturer said, "and the diamond bit sets used in the diamond drills do not cost as much as they did."

"Are genuine diamonds used in these drills, or are they chaffed diamond drills because the steel has an extremely hard temper?" the reporter asked.

"Diamonds are used in the drills. They are chiefly one and two caret stones. At present they cost about twenty dollars a caret. They are in the rough. The diamond-set bit is hollow. It is a steel thimble, having three rows of diamonds embedded in it, so that the edges of those in one row project from its face, while the edges of those in the other two rows project from the inner periphery respectively. The diamonds of the first mentioned row cut the path of the drill in its forward progress, while those of the outer and inner periphery of the tool enlarge the cavity."

"How are the diamonds set in the bit?"

"The bit is of soft steel, in which holes are drilled. After the diamonds are fitted the metal is hammered against them so that they remain firm."

"Do the diamonds wear out,"

"Their edges which come in contact with the rock get a little smooth, and they are taken out and reset, so that a fresh edge is presented."

"Have all the hollow drills three rows of diamonds?"

"No. Some have only one row, but these are not very large. The diamonds stand out from the steel setting, so that the steel does not come in contact with the rock."

"How are the diamond drills worked?"

"By a rapid rotation varying anywhere from four hundred to one thousand revolutions a minute. There are different machines used for different kinds of drilling. For deep boring a a machine with a double oscillating cylinder engine is used, mounted on an upright or horizontal tubular boiler The machine has a screw shaft made of heavy hydraulic tubing from five to seven feet in length, with a deep screw cut in the outside. The shaft also carries a spline, by which it is feathered to the lower sleeve gear. This gear is double, and connects by its upper teeth with a beveled driving gear, and by its lower teeth with a release gear, which is a friction gear, and is fitted to the lower end of the shaft, to the top of which a gear is feathered, fitting to the upper gear on the screw shaft, which has one or more teeth less than the upper gear on the feed shaft, whereby a differential feed is produced. This friction gear is attached to the bottom of the feed shaft by a friction nut, producing a combined differential and frictional feed, which renders the drill perfectly sensitive to the character of the work through which it is passing, and maintaining a uniform pressure. The drill rod, made of heavy lap-weld tubing, passes through the screw shaft and is held firm by a chuck at the bottom of the screw shaft. To the lower end of this tubular boring rod the bit is screwed, and to the upper end is a watch swivel, to which connection is made with a steam pump. You can see by this that the machine is very simple and not likely to get out of order."

The reporter fell into a chair. When he came to, the drill man was saying:

"The screw shaft, being rotated and fed forward, rotates the drill rod and bit, cutting an annular channel—"

"Where do you get the diamonds for the bits?" the reporter asked in desperation.

"They come principally from Brazil. Some come from Siberia and some from the South of Africa; the latter, however, are more glassy and are not so tough as the Brazilian diamonds, and are much more likely to crush under pressure."—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Evolution of the English Post-office.

James I established the first post-office in England, but only for foreign mails. His son, Charles, however, extended the system and started the first domestic line, but his object was not so much to accommodate his subjects as to inaugurate a profitable monopoly, against which, by the way, the House of Commons, fought most lustily. They were, however, a few years subsequently the foremost in putting down an attempted opposition post started by the municipal authorities of London.

In the latter part of this century (about 1690) a district post was established in London as a separate department, and put under the control of one Dockwra, who seems to have had an eye to the main chance, for we find in a few years a memorial presented against him, which charges that he willfully "doth what in him lies to lessen the revenue of the district post-office that he may farm it or get it into his own hands," for which purpose it was alleged that he had removed the post-office to an inconvient place. Fancy the postmaster of Chicago, which is about the size London was then, removing the post-office to some out of the way corner, and, as the memorial goes on to say, "forbidding the taking in of any band boxes (except very small) and all parcels above a pound, and stopping under specious pretences most parcels that are taken in, which is great damage to tradesmen by losing their customers or spoiling their goods, and many times hazard the life of the patient when physic is sent by the doctor or apothecary." It is gratifying to know that further danger to the unhappy patients whose physic was thus delayed was removed by the summary dismissal of the ambitious postmaster.

At the time of Mr. Dockwra's escapades the Post-office Department was in the hands of two Postmasters General, Sir Robert Cotton and Sir Tomas Frankland, whose practical wisdom and energy is manifest in all their doings. We find them at one moment petitioning the lords of the treasury to reduce the postage, on the ground that "where we have made the correspondence more easier and cheape, the number of letters has thereby been much increased;" at another we see them ordering their packets to beware of the numerous privateers, and urging them to run while they can, fight when they can no longer run, and throw the mails overboard when they can no longer fight. The capture by a French privateer of a mailboat in the very bay of Dublin induced our Postmaster General to build "boats of force to withstand the enemy," after which they were more at ease, one of them feeling sufficiently at ease to indulge in an occasional fit of the gout, as appears from frequent notices in the Agent's Letter Book to this effect: "Your business cannot be settled until Sir Thomas Frankland, who hath a fitte of the gout, shall be somewhat recovered."

Their surveyor or special agent made a yearly visit to each postmaster in the Kingdom. At Petersfield he "found the postmaster so unhappy in his circumstances that he cannot appear but on Sundays," by which he means that the worthy officer was liable to arrest for debt if he came out of doors on a week day. At Chester he "found the deputy very uneasy in his mind. He charged the clarke with being frequently out and keeping company thought to be more expensive than the wages allowed him." He complains that the gentry "doe give much money to the riders, whereby they be very subject to get in liquor; which stopes the males." All the surveyor's letters prove him to have been as zealous for the service as his two principals, whose deputies, especially in the foreign packet service, had sometimes very curious consignmments to test their fidelity and ingenuity. It is not to be supposed, for instance, that they were able to put into the mail bag fifteen couple of hounds going to the King of the Romans" especially as that same mail took "two servant maids going as laundresses to my Lord Ambassador Methnen;" nor is it likely that "Doctor Crichton, carrying with him a cow and divers other necessaries" (even though he and his cow were post-office consignment), was compelled to go along with "a deal case containing four flitches of bacon."

But the most mysterious item of all contained in these old post-office records is "two bales of stockings for the use of the Ambassador of the Crown of Portugal." What mystery is here? For, suppose the worthy diplomate, with all his family, to have changed their hose thrice daily, the two bales would have still lasted a half a generation. It is not to be supposed that he had imbibed Eastern habits and customs, and had inaugurated a seraglio in London. What then is the solution? I fear it is destined to be an historical mystery, compared to which the identity of Junius or of the man in the iron mask are clear as translucent crystal.

Up to the year 1784 the privilege of franking was allowed to all members of Parliament and to official departments, and it had by that time grown to be a great abuse. Members were in the habit of distributing vast quantities of franks among their friends, and of providing their servants with them in such numbers that these latter drove a flourishing trade in them. But in this year severe restrictions were imposed and continued till the abolition of franking in 1840.

Up to the year 1784 the mails were carried on horseback. They were now transferred to the much faster passenger coaches, whose time continued to improve with the improvement of roads and appliances till the maximim of about ten miles an hour, including stoppages, was reached early in the present century. But even this would not do, so in 1830 the first mail was carried on the railway from Liverpool to Manchester.

In 1792 the first money order business was done, but the business never attained great proportions till 1840, when the Governmental charges were very much diminished. The savings bank was established in 1861. The telegraph system of the country was taken over by the Government in 1870, while the "parcels post," strange to say, did not come into being until August 1 of the present year.—*Cor. National Republican.*

Trimming an Elephant's Feet.

Yesterday Prof. George Arstingstall and four assistants were occupied all day in trimming the feet of two elephants. The operation is performed three times a year—once on the road, once in the fall and again in the spring. The sole of an elephant's foot is heavily covered with a thick horny substance of material similar to the three toe-nails upon each foot. and as it grows thicker and thicker it tends to contract and crack, often laming the animal. When the work of trimming is undertaken, the elephant stands upon three legs and places the foot to be operated upon across a big tub. Two men hold the leg down and one stands at the animal's head to prevent him from turning. Then Prof. Arstingstall, with a two-foot drawing knife, proceeds to shave off great pieces of bone from the sole of the foot. Shavings of bone six inches by four and a quarter of an inch thick are rapidly cut, the edges of the foot being carefully trimmed. Often pieces of glass, wire, nails, etc., are found imbedded in the foot, which have been picked up during street parades. Sometimes these irritating morsels work into the leg and produce a festering sore. A large nail was found yesterday in Pallas' foot imbedded over three inches from the bottom. Prof. Arstingstall extracted it with a small pair of pincers, then syringed the wound with warm water, and subsequently covered it with tar. The Professor, when hurried on the road, sometimes draws out such nails with his teeth. Pallas apparently suffered great pain, but seemed to know that the operation would give relief. He held the foot high and quietly of his own accord until all was finished, then flourished his trunk, trumpeted, and expressed almost in words his sincere thanks.

After paring the foot, each toe-nail is cut between and then filed down, giving each foot a white, clean look with its settings of polished nails. It takes about six hours to finish dressing an elephant's feet, and it is said to be one of the hardest bits of work that the men have to do. While busy making the chips fly, Prof. Arstingstall said: "Did you know that three times around an elephant's front hoof is his exact height?" "No. Is that so?" "Yes, and to prove it, look here." Then he proceeded to measure the front foot of the brute, and three times its circumference was found, by mounting a ladder, to be the exact height of the animal.—*Bridgeport (Conn.) Cor. New Haven Register.*

Pate Le Foie Gras.

Ducks and geese have to undergo a very cruel treatment in order to provide us "monsters" with those excellent *foies gras* that are found nowhere so good as in Paris. The unfortunate amphibious bird is fastened down to the floor of a dark cellar where a high degree of temperature is kept up and is fed to repletion on a preparation of oatmeal, barley and corn. In a few weeks its liver attains an extraordinary size and then the bird is killed. It is with this liver that is prepared one of the greatest gastronomic delicacies. These livers sometimes weigh four pounds apiece. Such livers readily command from thirty to forty cents apiece for ducks, and from forty-to-sixty cents per pound for geese. These gigantic livers for the most part come either from the south of France or from Strasburg, those from the last named place being the most highly esteemed. Some also from Austria, but those do not command such high prices.

The difference in the price between the livers of ducks and geese is that the former lose very much in volume when placed over the fire and not on account of any difference in the delicacy or flavor of the dish when made.

At Toulouse, which is famous in France for this, duck livers are preferred to those of geese, but at Strasburg, whose reputation for *foies gras* is world-wide, none but geese livers are used. Delicious as *foies gras* is, when properly prepared, it is an exceedingly indigestible dish, and few, even of those favored with the strongest stomachs, can venture to make on it a square meal. Still, as some of my young lady readers may like to try their fair fingers at compounding a *terrine de foie gras* with which to astonish their friends, I will give the following recipe, which is according to the formula in French families: Place the livers, five or six of them, according to their size, in cold water for several hours in order that whatever coagulated blood they may contain may be soaked out. Then place them over the fire in a saucepan filled with cold water and bring the water slowly to the boiling point, after which again place them in cold water for a few minutes and remove all fibrous portions, and especially all portions that may have touched the gall-bladder. Hash up about one-sixth of the livers with a pound of the best bacon, some twigs of parsley and a small quantity of mushrooms and truffles; add a little salt and pepper and place over the fire for fifteen or twenty minutes until it is thoroughly melted, and then spread it out on a flat plate to cool. When it is cold add the yelks of two perfectly fresh eggs, which have first been well beaten up. The *terrine* is an earthen dish, with a close-fitting cover, several inches deep and able to stand the fire. Spread a layer of the mixture over the bottom of such a dish and place on this one or two of the remaining livers, cut in halves; add a little salt and peper and cover them with slices of truffles and then add other layers of the mixture. More livers, salt, pepper and truffles according to the depth of the *terrine* in a moderately hot oven and let it remain there for two hours. When you take it from the oven pour a small glass of old sherry over it, and as soon as it is cold it is ready for the table; but it gains a great deal by being kept over for a few days, so that the flavor of the truffles may permeate the whole dish equally. If the dish is not intended for immediate use it may be preserved for several months by not filling the *terrine* to the brim and by filling it up with a layer of fine melted lard, which will hermetically seal it.—*Paris Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

Had the Proofs.

A hopping mad man at the Union depot wanted to see the President, Secretary, Superintendent and Treasurer all at once, and it would have done him a heap of good could he have got within striking distance of even a twenty thousand dollar stockholder in any of the railroads entering Detroit. To the several queries as to what was on his mind, he finally replied:

"I was coming in from Dearborn this morning, a walking on the track. My dog Bombo was with me. I've had that dog five years, and have been offered fifty dollars for him. He was a little green about railroads, but on everything else he was as sharp as a razor. We had got down about a mile this side of the village when I saw a train coming."

"And stepped aside?"

"Of course I did. I own one hundred and sixty acres of land and am a Highway Commissioner, but I ain't fool 'nuff to think I'm bigger'n a railroad train."

"But the dog?"

"He stopped, too. I reckon it was the fust time he ever saw a train, but he'd have bin all right if the engineer hadn't begun to toot. The minit he heard that tootin' Bombo begun to bristle, and while the train was five hundred feet away he started down the track to meet it."

"Then——?"

"Wall," said the man as he mopped his forehead, "it was a leetle too much fur him. An engine and five cars ought to git away with a dog any day in the year. He riz about twenty feet high, I reckon, took a slant to the left, and when he came down he broke the top off a small tree."

"Well?"

"I motioned for the engineer to stop the train as soon as the dog started. He could have done it, but wouldn't. Indeed, when the train went past me he leaned out and laffed—yes, sir, laffed in my face."

"And you want damages?"

"I do! I want the worth of that dog and five hundred dollars for the shock to my nervous system."

"Have you proofs?"

"I should smile! Even when I'm all broke up I don't try to put the right boot on the left foot; see that!"

And he drew from his pocket a hind leg, two paws, an ear and a piece of the lost canine's tail and spread them on the bench. There was an expressive silence in the crowd, and then the Highway Commissioner called out:

"P-roofs! P-roofs! If them ain't p-roofs who be they? Gentlement, I never had a lawsuit nor struck a man in my life, but if I don't take home a wad of greenbacks to settle this case the Michigan Central Road will want a hull new board of officers to-morrer!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—A Boston oculist protests against dotted veils.

—Samuel Hoffman, of Ohio, went crazy because the Prohibition Amendment was not adopted.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—The Denver *Medical Times* says that there are more physicians in that city, in proportion to the population, than in any other in the United States.

—Two brothers named Lynch died in the same hospital in New Orleans recently without either knowing of the presence of the other.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—The most important and valuable stamp collection in the world belongs to a son of the Duchess of Galliera. Though it is yet incomplete, the stamps alone have cost $300,000.

—It was a pet monkey that struck a match and fired the British bark Marqurite at Bayonne, N. J., laden with 1,375 barrels of naphtha and 2,000 of petroleum.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A Castleton (Vt.) man has lived within four miles of Lake Bomoseen twenty-five years and never set eyes upon it. His brother has crossed the ocean five times since 1860.—*Rutland Herald.*

—Mrs. Fred Fisk, of Canestota, N. Y., has a set of embroidered curtains, the work of her own hands, and which has occupied her four years. She has refused an offer of four thousand dollars for them.

—General Grant has had made at Hartford, for presentation to the Viceroy of China and the Mikado of Japan, two guns modeled after the Gardiner patent, which have been fired at the rate of seven hundred shots per minute.

—David Hawthorne, of Philadelphia, beat his wife. She dealt him a mortal blow with a tumbler. He lived a week, and went around all right, when the artery burst, causing death. His wife was exonerated by his own statement.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—A civil engineer who recently surveyed one hundred and seventy miles of railway in Arkansas reports that the citizens strenuously opposed the construction of the road on the ground that it would scare all the game out of the country.—*St. Louis Globe.*

—Pearl street, New York, is the crookedest street in the world. It is a mile and a half in extent, and yet its curves are so incessant that you cannot in any place see more than two squares ahead. It intersects Broadway twice, forming a half circle whose arc is nearly one mile in length.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—A New York Judge says there is no law to prevent a woman dressing in men's clothes if she wants to, and dismissed one in that garb brought before him by a valiant policeman. The Judge's head is level. Any woman so lost to the sense of the beautiful as to be willing to make herself hideous in the masculine costume of the day ought to be allowed the privilege.—*N. Y. Times.*

—On a railroad train from Macon, Ga., the other day was a remarkable couple. The gentleman was Mr. Thomas G. Smith and the lady was his sister. They were born in Sandersville, but at the age of eight years Mr. Smith went to Texas, where he lived and prospered up to a few weeks ago, when he returned to Georgia and met his sister after seventy years of separation.—*Chicago Herald.*

—The great Napoleon married a widow. Scarron's widow became a court favorite. Rousseau went crazy after a widow, and Gibbon, the historian, made himself ridiculous over one. Disraeli married a widow, and three of the most distinguished widows in Europe to-day are the Empress Eugenie, of the French; Queen Isabella, of the Spanish, and Queen Victoria, of the English.

—"Eyes of vair," the old phrase used by English poets, is a curious result of phonetic spelling. Vair is the spotted fur made by the skin of the gray squirrel; verre is the French word for glass. The poets evidently meant what Chaucer wrote: "Eyes as grey as glass," but they wrote vair, and hence the counterpart of the mistake about Cinderella's slipper, which was of "vair," not "verre."

—Long shelves in one of the offices at the White House contain cases, each of which bears the label "eccentric." These cases are crammed with written communications—bushels of them in all—which have been received by the President in the last two years, and which are so "eccentric" that no man can tell what their writers were trying to express. Such letters of course remain unanswered.—*Washington Star.*

—"Our own tobacco exports," says the Boston *Advertiser*, "are at least ten times larger than are those of Turkey; but probably few people know that in the production, consumption and export of tobacco America exceeds every other country, and that, as a producer of quantities, it is followed immediately by Russia, Hungary, Germany, France—not by Cuba, which has but about 4,500 tobacco farms, and exports less than does Turkey."

—A Philadelphia young man has gone into court in order to find out "a woman's reason." He was engaged to marry one of the elusive creatures, and not only engaged, but ready and willing to fulfill his promise, when she suddenly and without explanation, refused to see or have anything further to do with him. He now sues for breach of promise, not to recover pecuniary damages, but to find just why she treated him so. At the end of the trial the inquisitive young man will, probably, have learned that she jilted him because she wanted to.—*Philadelphia Record.*

—Mrs. Charles Dunlap, living a few miles from Circleville, O., a poor woman, depending on daily labor for support, went to town one day recently and unexpectedly came across a man whom she had worked for several years, and received of him over $200. This she had earned by hard labor. After shopping in town she set out for home, and on the way encountered two men on foot, one of whom asked permission to ride in her spring wagon. She refused, but offered to carry the man's valise, whereupon both men climbed into the wagon. One of them seized the reins, and the other seized Mrs. Dunlap by the neck and took her money, amounting to $235. The robbers then fled.—*Chicago Times.*