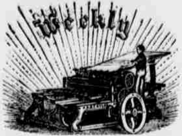
Burlington



County Clerk F

VOL. LVII NEW SERIES, VOL. XXIX. BURLINGTON, VT., FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 4,

HOME TOPICS.

Farewell of the Soul to the Body.

Companion dear! the hour draws nigh,
The sentence speeds—to die, to die!
So long in mystic union held,
So close with strong embrace compelled,
How canst thou bear the dread decree
That strikes thy clasping nerves from me?
To Him who on this mortal shore
The same encircling vestment wore,
To him I look, to him I bend,
To him thy shuddering frame commend,

If I have ever caused thee pain,
The throbbing breast, the burning frame,
With cares and vigils turned thee pale,
And scorned thee when thy strength did fail,—
Forgive!—forgive! Thy task doth cease,
Friend! lover! let us part in peace!

That thou didst sometimes check my force,
Or, trifling, stay mine upward course,
Or lure from Heaven my wavering trust,
Or bow my drooping wing to dust,—
I blame thee not. The strife is done,
I knew thou wert the weaker one,—
The base of earth, the trembling clod
Constrained to hold the breath of God.

Well hast thou in my service wrought;
Thy brow has mirrored forth my thoughts;
To wear my smile thy lip hath glowed;
Thy tear, to speak my sorrows, flowed;
Thine ear hath borne me rich supplies
Of sweetly varied melodies;
Thy hands my prompted deeds have done,
Thy feet upon mine errands run.
Yes, thou hast marked my bidding well.
Faithful and true! Farewell!—farewell!

Go to thy rest! A quiet bed
Meek mother Earth with flowers shall spread,
Where I no more thy sleep may break
With fevered dreams, nor rudely wake
Thy wearied eye. Oh, quit thy hold,
For thou art faint, and chill, and cold,
And long thy gasp and groan of pain
Have bound me, pining, in thy chain,
Though angels urge me hence to soar
Where I shall share thine ills no more.

Yet we shall meet. To soothe thy pain,
Remember—we shall meet again!
Quell with this hope the victor's sting,
And keep it as a signet ring.
When the dire worm shall pierce thy breast,
And nought but ashes mark thy rest,
When stars shall fade, and skies grow dark,
And broad suns quench their glow-worm's spark,
Keep thou that hope to light thy gloom
Till the last trumpet rends the tomb.

Then shalt thou glorious rise and fair,
Nor spot, nor stain, nor wrinkle bear,
And I, with hovering wing elate,
The bursting of thy bonds shall wait,
And breathe the welcome of the sky,
"No more to part, no more to die,
Co-heir of Immortality!"

—*Lydia Huntly Sigourney.*

MIND-TELEGRAPHY.

Two Interesting Incidents.

While the disputes between Mr. Irving Bishop and the proprietor of *Truth*—the singular powers of the one in the matter "thought reading," and the immovable scepticism of the other—have been attracting a certain amount of public interest, it may not be out of place, says *Chambers's Journal*, to mention two instances of "presentments"—or, to use perhaps a better word, mind-telegraphy—the accuracy and bona fides of which can be vouched for.

The wife of the writer had a cousin, a lady of extremely nervous and excitable nature, who many years ago was staying with her husband for the season in apartments near Hyde Park. The landlady was a middle-aged woman, apparently a widow; at any rate, she dressed in black; and no one who could in any way be regarded as a landlord was ever visible. Indeed, except the husband of my wife's cousin and a lad who did odd jobs about the house, there was not one of the male sex upon the premises. For some weeks no untoward incident of any kind happened; the season progressed merrily, and my wife's relatives, whom I may call Mr. and Mrs. W—— (I believe they were upon their honey-moon, or, at all events, in the early and enthusiastic stage of matrimony), enjoyed the round of London gayeties without stint. One evening, however, Mrs. W—— was dressing to go to the opera. She was alone in the chamber—her husband having, with the superior celerity that pertains to the masculine toilet, completed his attire and descended to the drawing-room—when to use her own words, "a strange sensation of terror came over me. For some moments I could not define the feeling; by degrees it appeared to assume shape and concentration. I rushed to the door, and opening it, called loudly down the stairs for my husband. He came up in alarm.

Alfred, I cried, as I re-entered the bedroom upon seeing him approach, 'bolt the door; quick, quick!'

Why my dear? What is the matter? was his very natural question.

'Bolt the door; see that it is fast,' I rejoined, almost fainting with the weight of dread at my heart. 'There is a madman in the house.'

"Of course Alfred ridiculed my fears, ascribing them to hysteria, over-fatigue, and all the other sources from which I am aware a good many feminine whims take their origin—at all events in the estimation of the sterner sex. But although soothed by my husband's presence, I was not to be ridiculed out of the intense and vivid consciousness which seemed to possess me, that there was in very truth a lunatic beneath the same roof as myself.

"We went to the opera, and returned in due course. No tragedy occurred, nor was there any episode of an unusual nature. But the next morning I heard a cab drive to the door, and saw that it was entered by a gentleman whom I had never seen before. I asked one of the domestics who the gentleman was; and then learned that our landlady was not a widow, but that her husband was in an asylum. From time to time, during lucid intervals, he was permitted to return home for a brief visit of a day or so's duration; and he had paid such a visit the previous afternoon.

Years afterward, the same lady, Mrs. W—— (now a widow), was residing in a suburb of Liverpool, my wife happening to be staying at the time I am about to mention under the same roof. It was an autumn morning, and the family and guests were at breakfast, when Mrs. W—— related a dream she had had in the night. Briefly it was that Miss T——, a young lady neighbor, on the eve of being married, had met with a terrible *contretemps*. She had quarrelled with her brother, who, being exasperated beyond control, so far forgot himself as to strike her a blow upon the face, which greatly disfigured her.

Within half an hour the servant came over from the house of the T——s with a message: "Will Mrs. W—— kindly come over to see Miss T—— at once? Miss T—— has had a bad accident."

My wife's cousin at once went over to the house, and found things in terrible confusion. It was the morning of the wedding, and the party was timed to leave the house almost immediately. But the whole family was in a state of excitement, none were attired for the ceremony; the bride herself was sitting in a chair sobbing hysterically; while a severe bruise upon her face served at once to bring to Mrs. W——'s mind the episode of which she had dreamed. It soon transpired that a quarrel had taken place between the brother and sister—who were foreigners, and perhaps lacked the power of restraint which the coolor-blooded Briton is supposed to possess—in which the young lady had sustained the injury to her face. Her allegation was that her brother had struck her, but his version was that she had fallen against the chimney-piece.

At all events Mrs. W——'s dream was strangely fulfilled. To complete the story, however, I should mention that the bride's face was judiciously "made up," and a double veil manœuvred with such dexterity that the wedding ceremony, although delayed, was completed, and the loving pair joined in one without any outsider becoming one whit the wiser as to the *contretemps* of the morning.

I am no believer in every casual instance of visions and presentments recorded from time to time; but it has always seemed to me that the two authentic cases I have given above indicate that there may be often a communication between minds more subtle and mysterious than is ordinarily supposed.

A VISIT TO JERICHO.

The Biblical Jericho, You Know.

A correspondent of the Lewiston, Maine, *Journal*, writing about things seen in the Valley of the Jordan, says:

It takes fourteen horses and mules to take us two Americans through Palestine in comfort. We have good beds, good tents, kitchen and cooking utensils, quite an amount of baggage—all to be carried on the backs of mules. Eight or ten Arabian Moslems, partly from Damascus and partly from Jerusalem, are in our train. Our cook is a Latin Christian, formerly cook in a hotel in Jerusalem—and an excellent cook he is. Our dragoman Ward is captain of our caravan. He buys vegetables, chickens and bread of the Arabs, en route. He takes English canned goods and other supplies. Here is an Arab from modern Jericho, with cucumbers from his garden. They are a peculiar looking crooked vegetable, green and nice—tasting much like the Yankee cucumber. We pay twenty 'dollars a day for our special caravan, which includes tributes to the sheiks, buckskeesh, special guards of the Bedouin tribes through whose territory we pass, good food, beds and every comfort possible on the journey. By roughing it a little more, one could travel for half the cost; but the best in this land, is not too luxurious even for plain people.

The heat to-day is excessive. But we must not stay for that. It is always an oven, this Jordan valley, and we must use sun umbrellas and gird ourselves in light marching order for the trip.

We are up at 5.30 o'clock, and breakfast at six—a good breakfast of omelette, mutton chop, coffee, bread and butter and fruit and sweets.

We mount our horses, feeling a little lame from yesterday's rough journey. Sheik Joseph guards the rear, and Ward with his pistols in his belt and his silk kerc'hief on his head, 'gives a brigandish appearance to our vanguard. Hassan rides at our side, a jar of water hitched to his gaily decorated Arabian saddle, his embroidered Damascene suit and turban of Turkish fashion giving him a decidedly biblical appearance. The dog C.lesh is attached to the mules and will not accompany us. Our camp remains at Joshua's fountain, and we return to it to-night.

We cross the brook Cherith, going south over the arid plain.

What are these thorn bushes?

They are dense and prick us, tearing madam's gown and otherwise taxing patience and attention. It is said from bushes like these Christ's crown of thorns was plaited.

Along the brook flowing from Elisha's fountain the Bedouins divert bits of streams to irrigate their crops. The howling of a jackal in the distance is the only sound that breaks the quiet. The baying of an innumerable number of dogs soon advises us that we are near a Bedouin encampment. Sheik Joseph advances to make our advent peaceable. There is a straggling encampment of black goat's hair tents, looking more like a debilitated rag fair than anything else—miserable and filthy, dog and flea and vermin infested haunts. A few donkeys, goats and sheep wander among the stubble. Clouds of pigeons fly overhead, and I hear the crowing of a cock and the cackle of hens. This valley well irrigated and cultivated, would be a paradise. The culture of sugar cane in this valley used to pay Cleopatra an annual revenue of $25,000.

Modern Jericho is fortified by these bushes or thorns. They are impenetrable, and surround these forlorn huts and black tents. No horse or man could get through this matted mass of natural barbed wire fence.

The Bedouin wear a coarse cotton shirt and a robe, often of silk. They are generally bare-footed. They wear a kerchief head gear. The young women wear a simple gown and a gay silk headdress. The women are fond of silver rings in their noses and ears, and they indulge in silver chains and bracelets. The women are barefooted but closely veiled.

They live mainly on bread, baked in round cakes on an iron plate or on hot stones covered with ashes. Porridge made of coarse flour and camel's milk is also much used, as well as rice flour. Melted butter is used to garnish the truffle which grows in the deserts. Come up to a Bedouin tent, and you are at once invited to drink coffee and smoke, and if great honor is to be shown, as was shown the prodigal son, a lamb or kid is killed. Sometimes, on great occasions, a camel is killed and eaten. Lamb and other meat is boiled with wheat and camel's milk and the melted grease is served in another dish. The women eat apart and get the odds and ends—the liver and legs of the animal.

The Bedouin can shoes a horse and make a saddle, and tan, and weave on rude looms. Every family has a camel, and some rich men have sixty camels. Horses are less plenty than camels.

The Bedouin generally can neither read nor write. They have herb doctors and their rude star-gazers—wise men of the East. They are fond of poetry and music, and songs and dances.

The Bedouin do not have many wives, but they do have many divorced wives. When an Arab gets tired of his wife, he boosts her on to a she-camel and sends her back to her father, saying: "Thou art divorced." So that any Arab who owns a she-camel may be divorced. There are no old maids among the Bedouin.

The orientals are frugal in diet, and that helps neutralize their narcotics. Our carniverous Indians are shortest lived of all our outdoor dwellers, by reason of their diet. Cold is an antiseptic, but the hottest climate is far to be preferred to the Arctic circle. The Arab lives on an average longer than the Esquimaux.

We cross the brook Cherith several times; its course is very serpentine.

Modern Jericho on the site of the Jericho of Jesus's time, we drive through and find it a miserable village of stone huts on the plain in the midst of orchards of pomegranites and vineyards. Here is a girl driving a flock of jet black goats. Yonder is a Russian convent, a building of modern architecture—sadly out of place in this desolation—but it is an almoner of mercy to thousands of Greek pilgrims who annually come down to the Jordan for baptism.

Somebody says that Matthew Arnold's visit to this country was not altogether without profit to himself, for before he went he found the philospher's tone. We think it was another kind of rocks he was after.

LOST ON THE PLAINS.

The Horrible Torture of Dying from Thirst on the Prairies.

[From the Denver News.]

A vast and interminable stretch of sand. The sun, although his daily course was nearly run, cast but few shadows over the vast expanse of plain, a few sage brushes and cactus being the only objects in sight to relieve the dreary monotony of the scene. Occasionally in the distance could be seen low ridges or sand dunes, like waves on the ocean of space. No trees, no water, nothing to indicate that life was possible on this terrible plain. But look! What is that object standing out in bold relief, apparently on the very horizon? It is moving, and presently resumes shape and form as it approaches. A man on horseback! What can be his purpose, riding alone over this horrible desert!

As he comes nearer it is apparent that both horse and rider are exhausted. He stops, stands up in his stirrups, shades his eyes with his hands, and gazes wistfully over the vast expanse of alkali plain. Nothing greets his vision, however, and his haggard features already reflect the despair that is upon him. "No sign of water," he moans, in a husky voice. His brain reels, he sways uneasily on his horse, but recovers himself almost as with superhuman effort. For three days he has been wandering over the dreary waste with no trail to guide him, and with not a tree or shrub large enough to shelter him from the schorching rays of the sun by day, and the howling of coyotes making sleep to fearful a thing to be indulged in at night. Lost, as the shipwrecked mariner in mid ocean on his frail raft. Lost, and with no succor possible.

He starts; there before him he sees a river and trees. Water and life! He stirs up his exhausted animal, his blood flows more rapidly through his veins, and several miles more are traveled. Alas! the beautiful vision was a trick of his imagination—a mirage of the desert. His head dropped. He was consuming with a horrible, burning thirst. His horse, nearly as weak as the rider, stumbles and halts—with difficulty he regains his feet, but the man lies on the ground still. Is he dead? No, but his limbs have lost their strength, his scorching, parched tongue whispers huskily, "Water." He becomes crazed; he raves and tosses over the hard sand, suffering the very tortures of hell. After a short time he becomes calmer and dreams of his beautiful home in the east. He is at the curb of the well at his father's homestead. He has just drawn with the old bucket cool, life-giving water; eagerly he puts it to his mouth and quaffs—fire. Again he raves and rolls in his agony.

* * * * *

The sun had gone down beyond the horizon in a blaze of crimson glory, lighting the heavens for an hour afterward with a lurid reflection as of some great conflagration. Suddenly the light pales, and darkness at once takes its place. The evening wind bears on its wings a horrible sound. Nearer and nearer it comes—the dread howl of the coyote, the coward of the plains. A legion of them would not dare to attack that man in his strength, but now——. The snapping, snarling fiends attack their victim. He makes no resistance; but a short time elapses ere the dread meal is finished. Smacking their bloody chops, the horrible crew slink off and all is still. The bright moon, with her mild, pitying face, shines far over the illimitable waste, but there is nothing to arrest her shadows save the cactus and sage-brush and some bones.

SOMETHING ABOUT GUNPOWDER.

Much More Burned in Times of Peace than in Wars—Some Figures.

"There is a popular delusion regarding the amount of powder used in warfare," said a man to a New York Sun reporter. "As a matter of fact much more powder is burned in times of peace than in times of war. The average daily consumption of powder in the United States is 100 tons. In a battle in which 50,000 men fired forty rounds each, less than one-quarter of an ordinary day's quota of powder would be used. In the construction of the Hoosac tunnel more powder was exploded than in the war of the rebellion, and a single large coal mine will use almost as much. The coal trde consumes more powder than any other single interest. A quantity is exported and the rest is used in civil engineering, in the manufacture of pyrotechnics, for sporting and military purposes, and by the government in firing signals and salutes.

"The manufacture of powder is a fine art. I have been identified with the powder interest for twenty-five years, and I have observed that it is associated with only the best and highest types of civilization. Second-rate nations cannot manufacture it successfully.

"The Chinese formerly used powder in warfare in those villainous missiles called stinkpots. A stinkpot has the general appearance of a cocoanut. The shell is of paper, and is filled wit pitch and gunpowder. A fuse is inserted at one end and lighted. In a few seconds the missile explodes, and the burning pitch is scattered in all directions. They float, fuse end up, and, as it is almost impossible to extinguish the fuse, you can form some idea of the destruction they were capable of causing when tossed among the flimsy bamboo shipping of the Chinese.

"Gunpowder and the finest quality of blasting powder are made of three parts of saltpetre and one part of charcoal and brimstone in equal quantities. In the cheaper grades of blasting powder, nitrate of soda is substituted for saltpetre. The largest beds of saltpetre are in Hindustan, and for a long time the English had complete control over the saltpetre market. The principal deposits of nitrate of soda are in Chili, near the boundaries of Peru. Some years ago an experimenting American discovered that when nitrate of soda, which is obtained for less than a cent a pound in Chili, is mixed with muriate of potash, which is procured at a nominal expense in Germany, the result is a complete change of their bases, and the products are nitrate of potash, or saltpetre, and muriate of soda, or common salt. Through this happy discovery two products each many times more valuable than the original materials, were secured, and the British monopoly with its exhorbitant prices was broken. The essential ingredient of gunpowder, as of nitro glycerine and several other explosives, is nitric acid.

"The oldest American firm manufacturing gunpowder has been in existence nearly ninety years, during which time its name has not changed. Its founders were Frenchmen. It is not a partnership nor a corporation—simply a family. It is worth probably $30,000,000. The sons are educated to various occupations or professions in which they will be of use to the company. At the age of 21 they are taken into the business, but must sign agreements binding them to never ask for a division of the proceeds or estate. During their lives they are given all the money they require, and at their deaths the widows are pensioned until they remarry. Some of the young men become civil engineers, some chemists, some lawyers. A famous American admiral was o the family. An employe is rarely dis charged, except for flagrant incompetence, and at his death his widow is pensioned and his children, if intelligent and capable, brought up to follow their father's foot steps. A New York company now makes more powder than this company, but the latter is still the wealthiest in America. Its mills are in Delaware. In the manufacture of powder Pennsylvania stands first, New York second and Ohio third."

Portraits Cut on Thumb Nails.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]

"Finger Nails Cameoed. Price, $25 and Upward." A *Record* reporter, curious to know what this sign meant, was usered into the small parlor of a small house near Walnut street. In a few moments the folding doors of the rear parlor epened and a modest-looking young woman came out.

"I was attracted by the sign in your window. May I ask what it means?" asked the reporter.

"Certainly, sir," was the smiling reply; "it means just what it says—finger nails cameoed; that is to say, I will cut a cameo on either of your thumb nails, portraits, initials or a crest, just as you choose to have it."

"Is that not something new?"

"It is the very latest idea from Paris, and I am the only manicure in this country who can do it. I studied it for two months there, and only came home about six months ago; but I don't think Philadelphia is up to the cameo idea yet. I have only had three customers for that sort of work. I think I shall take an office in New York. I should, no doubt, do much better over there."

"It seems to be an expensive luxury."

"Well, yes, it is so. To cut a good portrait head on your thumb nail and then finish it properly I should have to charge $50; but I could do a crest or a monogram for $40 or $30, or even $25, as I say on the sign."

"What sort of designs have your customers here chosen?"

"All portraits. Two were young men who were engaged and wanted their financee's portraits done, and the other was a young married lady who had her husband's picture cut. She said it was for his birthday present."

A TRICK UPON A TRAVELLER.

Lack of Presence of Mind in Some Men Aptly Illustrated.

[From the Boston Globe.]

"Well," said Conductor Jones to a *Globe* representative, "one of the funniest things that ever happened on my train occurred one day at Bethlehem. An old man whom I had noticed in the drawing-room car as a very lively and takable traveller got off that station. I was standing at an open window of the car just as the train was starting off, when who should I see but the jolly old man rushing toward me from the outside. He pointed frantically to a window just back of me, exclaiming as well as he could while trying to catch his breath.

"'My valise—left it—there—throw it out.'

"Turning quickly I saw a large black valise in the seat indicated and, seizing it rushed to the rear platform of the car, where there were quite a number of gentlemen. Tossing it to one of the men, as they blocked the way so that I couldn't get through, I shouted:

"Throw it to the old man there."

"Without a moment's hesitation the man did as directed. As the valise left his hand he made an ineffectual effort to regain possession of it; then, with a muttered exclamation which I couldn't comprehend, leaped from the train, seized the ill-fated baggage and was just in time to board one of the rear cars. It was all done in an instant, although it takes time to tell the story. In a minute he made his way forward and angrily asked:

"'What did you tell me to throw this valise off for?'

"'Because the old man wanted it.'

"'Well, then, he's a thief. That valise is mine.'

"'Then,' said I, laughing, for the whole situation seemed so perfectly ridiculous, 'why under the sun did you throw it off at all? Didn't you know your own property?'

"Yes, but then it was so sudden, and you told me to throw it, and——"

"But the roar of laughter that greeted his explanation broke short his sentence and he was voted a leather medal by the passengers. The jolly old man, as I afterward learned, had been joking all through."

Seven Men Killed in an Explosion.

CHESTER, Pa., March 30.—The nitroglycerine house of the Repauno chemical works at Thompson Point, N. J., across the river, has exploded. Seven men were killed among whom were Lamot Dupont, vice-president of the company, W. N. Hill, Superintendent Norcross, compounder of dynamite. The report was distinctly heard in this city, many houses being badly shaken. The Repauno works are among the largest dynamite manufacturing houses in the country and are operated largely by the Duponts of Delaware.

Coquelicot, mushroom, pigeon gray and mandarin are all the rage in color for millinery design. The bright gay coquelicot velvet, folded in a pretty drapery, and combined with black passementerie, beiges or contrasting surahs, look charming.

Lent.

Welcome, deare Feast of Lent; who loves not thee
He loves not Temperance or Authoritie,
But is composed of passion.
The Scriptures bid us *fast*; the Church says *now*;
Give to thy Mother what thou wouldst allow
To every corporation.

The humble soul composed of love and fear
Begins at home, and lays the burden there.
When doctrines disagree;
He sayes, in things which use hath justly got,
I am a scandall to the Church, and not
The Church is so to me.

True Christians should be glad of an occasion
To use their temperance, using no evasion,
When good is seasonable;
Unless Authoritie, which should increase
The obligation in us, make it lesse,
And Power itself disable.

Besides the cleannesse of sweet abstinence,
Quick thoughts and motions at a small expense,
A face not fearing light;
Whereas in fulnesse there are sluttish fumes,
Soure exhalations and dishonest rheumes,
Revenging the delight.

Then those same pendant profits, which the spring
And Easter intimate, enlarge the thing,
And goodnesse of the deed.
Neither ought other men's abuse of Lent
Spoil the good use, lest by that argument
We forfeit all our Creed.

It's true, we cannot reach Christ's fortieth day;
Yet to go part of that religious way
Is better than to rest;
We cannot reach our Saviour's puritie;
Yet are we bid, "Be holy even as He."
In both let's do our best.

Who goeth in the way which Christ hath gone
Is much more sure to meet with Him than one
That traveleth by-wayes.
Perhaps my God, though He be farre before,
May turn and take me by the hand, and more,
May strengthen my decayes.

Yet, Lord, instruct us to improve our fast
By starving sinne, and taking such repast
As may our faults controll;
That every man may revell at his doore,
Not in his parlour; banquetting the poore,
And among those his soul.

—*George Herbert.*

Odds and Ends Turned to Good Account in Fancy Patchwork.

"Crazy patchwork" has become a mania with many women, just as "rick-rack" was a year ago and "feather-edged braid" some time before that. Every one seems asking her neighbor for "a few odds and ends of silk and velvet for my crazy patchwork, you know," and the neighbor replies, "Why, I'm making it myself, and I was just going to ask you for some."

This crazy patchwork can really be made very pretty and artistic, and a handsome sofa cushion cover, a table-cover or a spread can easily be made. Those made out of bits of velvet and plush are far more beautiful than those made of silk and velvet combined.

To make the patchwork it is best to collect about as much material as you will need, and a great deal can be found in your own home. Old neckties, hair ribbons, velveteen, plush from worn-out boxes, bits of brocade from old furniture coverings are all available, even if in bits only an inch long, for the beauty of the work is, that a piece of goods may be long or short, narrow or wide. Dressmakers and milliners will sell a quantity of pretty fresh pieces for 50 cents or $1. Then all the bits of silk floss of various shades and qualities should be collected, and if quite a quantity of yellow floss is not be found, about six skeins should be purchased. Some of the stores are selling odds and ends of floss silks in various shades at low prices.

Having gotten the material together the next step is to plan the work. The patchwork is sewn on squares of muslin of eighteen or twenty inches, and these are then joined together. But if a soft pillow is to be made take one large square of muslin, the size wanted, and stretch it nicely. A piece of black cashmere or any soft, firm material will do as well. First trim off neatly the edges of the pieces and then sew them to the muslin with white or black cotton, taking care to match the colors well and to fit the various sized pieces nicely. Of course many pieces will have to be cut to fit, but if one piece is not large enough another will be. After the square is covered, then stitch the joinings with floss silk in both herring-bone, buttonhole and other fancy stitches. A star or a dot of the floss in the middle of a piece is sometimes very effective. The square is then lined with black silk or muslin and sewed to a piece of velvet or silk, which is to form the back of the cover. The seam is covered by a band of chenille or velvet. Crazy patchwork quilts made out of pieces of woollen goods are also very effective.

Another fancy patchwork which is very popular is known as "Job's troubles." Silk forms the basis of the material. The work is done in hexagons, nineteen small hexagons being used to make one large one. The small hexagons are first cut in stiff white paper, each side being an inch long, and are then covered with the silk. The pieces are joined by fine backstitching. The large hexagons are joined by small ones of a black or white or crimson tint, and form a pretty coverlet or table-cover. Contrasting two shades of the silk make the smaller hexagons verry pretty.

Seasonable Recipes.

Sweet potatoes which are almost without taste are much improved if the tough outside skin is removed, and they are put under a roast of beef to cook. They will brown over nicely and receive an agreeable flavor.

Here is a good way to cook canned lobster: Spread the meat on a platter and pick out the coral; rub the coral smooth and mix with it the grated yolks of three hard-boiled eggs; mince the lobster meat fine; make a batter of milk and flour and one or two eggs, beat all the lumps out of the flour, and add the lobster and coral to this. You need flour enough to make a batter stiff enough to hold the meat in shape, so that you can form it in round cakes and fry. Use either salad oil or clarified butter; the butter is less expensive, and answers just as well.

A spice cake which costs but little, and which if eaten while fresh is excellent, is made after this rule: Rub half a cup of butter and one cup of sugar together until they are light as cream. Beat the white and yolk of one egg separately; add this, and also half a cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful each of nutmeg, cinnamon, and cloves; mix one teaspoonful of baking powder with one cup and a half of flour. Bake in a loaf, and frost, using the white of one egg, and frost the top only. After spreading the frosting over it, set it in the oven and brown it slightly. If you choose you can vary this receipt by adding half a cup of raisins or currants.

If onions which are to be boiled are put in salted water after they are peeled, and are allowed to remain in it for an hour before they are cooked, they will lose so much of their distinctive flavor that they will rarely remind one hours after of what he had for dinner. Onions that are to be eaten raw may be treated in the same way.

Potato croquettes are nice for supper, and are preferred by some people to the much-praised Saratoga potatoes. Take two cups of cold mashed potatoes, two eggs, a lump of butter half the size of an egg, salt and pepper to taste, and half a cup of fine cracker-crumbs. Mix well; roll with your hands on a kneading-board in round cakes, or long ones; scatter a little flour on the board; drop the cakes in hot lard and fry until they are brown.

Candied orange is a delicacy which is easily made: Peel and quarter the oranges; make a syrup in the proportion of one pound of sugar to one pint of water; let it boil until it will harden in water; then take it from the fire and dip the quarters of orange in the syrup; let them drain on a fine sieve, placed over a platter, so that the sprup will not be wasted; let them drain thus until cool, when the sugar will crystallize. These are nice served with last course of dinner.

Scotch buns help to give variety at the tea table: To one pint of yeast add one quart of lukewarm water, one teacupful of lard and butter mixed, two cups of brown sugar, one pound of English currants, one pound of raisins; do not chop the raisins, but cut them in two pieces. Beat six eggs very light; mix the butter and sugar together, then put in the eggs and fruit, put in allspice, cloves, and nutmeg according to your taste, then stir in the yeast and water, and flour enough to make a dough that can be moulded in loaves. This quantity will make three loaves. Put in long, narrow tins to rise. When very light—which will be in from four to five hours—pierce with a silver fork, and bake in a moderate oven for an hour.

The novelties for hats and bonnets are simply superb. Field flowers and natural grasses bunched together form a cluster on the top of bonnets or hats. Mosses, lichens, acrons, thistles, sea shells and seaweed are among the great variety of odd novelties for hat garniture. Mushrooms of two or three shades, from cream to dark brown, are seen on French bonnets, and blended with the self-colored velvet or some contrasting color, look very natural.

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AGRICULTURAL.

Breeding and Raising Colts.

[From the New England Homestead.]

In choosing the brood mare, four things must be observed: First, blood; second, frame; third, health; and fourth, temper. The breeding of horses in this country has been carried on in a very careless, hap-hazard way year after year, to such an extent that any old broken-down, spavined, heavy old mare that ought to be knocked in the head, and certainly isn't worth her keeping for general use, is usually considered good enough to raise a colt. This accounts for our supply of inferior horses. There are many imperfections mares are subject to that do not interfere with the production of good sound colts, such as the accidental loss of an eye and many kinds of lameness. As a rule, the mare best suited to general farm work is the mare best suited for the farmer to breed from. The same rule that should guide him in the purchase of a mare to work should guide him in the matter of breeding. Horse breeding has so long been almost a science that several things have been determined with a good deal of accuracy, and one of these is that the sire should be thoroughbred.

Now as to what constitutes value and excellence in all horses: It is quickness of motion, power to move or draw a load, and endurance. The horse that can plow an acre while another is plowing half an acre, or the horse that can carry a load ten miles while another is going five, is absolutely worth twice as much to his owner as the other. This result is to be obtained by getting the most possible pure blood into the animal bred. The work of horse raising has just begun, and I think, by being careful with our mares, our imported Norman horses will breed us a class that will in time rank with the best in the world for all general uses.—[Edwin R. Morse, Berkshire county, Mass.

Graft Before It is Too Late.

I prefer cleft grafting. Some graft trees when small, so that the future growth shall be all new stock. But if the tree is left until there are half a dozen branches upon it to graft, the increased number of roots will drive the new grafts rapidly and insure a large crop. I have taken two barrels of nice apples from native seedlings six or seven years after grafting, although the trees were never transplanted or received any manure or culture. Graft only those branches that point upward and tend to give good form to the tree. Cut them off high enough so that in case the graft should fail there the branch could be re-grafted. After cutting off the stock, pass the knife over it, smoothing it, and then split it crosswise. If it is two inches or more through it is well to split both ways, and insert four cions. The cions should be whittled, so as to give the thickest edge outside. This will help hold them in place as well as to further the union of stock and cion. It is generally considered better to slant the cion a little, so as to effect a cross and thus unite the sap of each with the other. A wedge should be inserted in the stock if the pressure is great enough to injure the cion by jamming it.

A good wax is made from six pounds of resin, one of beeswax, and one pint of linseed oil. Put the resin in an old iron kettle, cut up the wax in small pieces, and stir it in while the resin is heating over a slow fire. Afterwards put in the oil and stir it. Then turn the whole into a tub of cold water, having previously secured the aid of three or four with well-greased hands to work it, as you would candy. This wax will stand all kinds of weather and will not harden so as to crack or fall off easily. It should be well pressed into the stock and left flat or a little rising in the center, when the stock is waxed. [S. H. Warren, Windsor county, Vt.

Jottings and Gleanings.

A dressing of nitrate of soda in spring acts wonderfully on young wheat.

Ventilation in the dairy should be done at night or early in the morning, when the air is the coolest.

In experiments made at the Wisconsin experiment station with sorghum for fodder, the Honey variety yielded best, White Mammoth next, and Early Orange third.

The American Dairyman says: "A hay seed in a cow's eye will turn it white. It will come all right in a day or two if left alone. If doctored we don't know when it will get well."

A correspondent of *The Country Gentleman* advises farmers not to kill the harmless black and garter snakes on their premises, for they are the best field-mouse, chipmunk and mole catchers in the world.

For 8-months lambs and young, growing sheep, says the *National Live Stock Journal*, a half pound of bran, with one or two gills of corn or half pound of oat meal, will keep them thriving. For fattening sheep to be sold in a late fall or an early winter give one pound of corn and a half pound of oat meal; this, with part pasture, will push them forward favorably.

A New York daily paper is responsible for the statement that a Mr. Jenks of Cheshire, Mass., who commenced making whole milk cheese in his factory in 1865, about six years ago decided to try what he could do making skim cheese. He found that he was able to make as good cheese as before the change, and that it actually brought a higher price, while the farmers received a much better price for their milk.

Don't forget the dust bath. This is made by nailing together four boards in the form of a square. No bottom is needed. Place in a sunny corner and fill with fine dry loam or road dust, with an extra barrel full to use when needed. There is nothing equal to a good dust bath to keep the hens free from lice. If they are very lousy a bushel of wood ashes may be added to the bath.

It is a certainty that raising poultry for egg production pays the farmer. As a general thing the fowls that the farmer keeps in his barnyard, and on which he expends but little, pay best of all his live stock; but when attention is specially paid to fowls, properly fed, housed and attended, after deducting the cost of keeping, care, interest per cent. from the amount for which their eggs sell, there is, in nine cases out of ten, a larger balance on the credit side of the ledger than is found in connection with any single department of farm industry.—*Rural Home.*

The Coming Man.

During Hon. E. J. Phelps's lecture before the Yale Law school the other day, on "Independence in Politics," just as he was saying "Now the coming man in this country—and he is coming—is the independent voter," the door opened and a middle-aged, intelligent looking gentleman entered and quietly seated himself. He evidently did not understand the ripple of laughter that ran over the audience when Professor Phelps, equally unconscious of its cause, continued: "He is the man whose feet are beautiful upon the mountains, for he brings glad tidings."

HENRY IRVING.

What the Famous English Actor Thinks of the United States.

[From a New York Herald interview.]

When asked if his good opinion of America had been changed by his experiences since he left this city Mr. Irving said that he was more delighted with the country now than ever.

"The country is so vast and has such a fiery energy that we are amazed," he said. "Chicago, for instance, is one of the wonders of the world. It is marvellous to one who has simply known its history, to look upon such an evidence of sudden development."

"Speaking about Chicago," said the reporter, "how does it compare with New York?"

"I will answer that by saying that I was told in Chicago that if New York kept on progressing it would in time become the Chicago of the East."

"What struck you most with regard to the audiences you appeared before in the West?"

"They always liked the best. Shakespearean plays they appreciated more than the melodrama. It is certainly a strong characteristic and a good one for the Western people."

"How did you find the people prepared to receive you?"

"Well, there was almost invariably an evident absence of curiosity, and a kind of surprise at what they saw."

"What do you mean by surprise?"

"Their intense silence at first, which developed into enthusiasm. People did not rush to the theatre so much on first nights as they would if it had been merely curiosity which led them there. They seemed to pick out what they considered to be the best plays. It was a revelation to find upon appearing before the footlights at the beginning a stillness which looked almost like conservatism, and then to find the audience thoroughly just and generous in its applause at the proper time."

"Which were the most enthusiastic audiences?"

"It would be invidious to go too finely into that question. I should say that my most enthusiastic audiences, present company excepted, of course, were in Boston and Chicago, one of the oldest and one of the newest communities."

"Of course you saw a great many American theatres; how do they compare with those in England?"

"In the front of the house they are ahead of ours, but in the rear they are behind very much. I will explain what I mean. The size and shape of your theatres, their arrangements for the comfort of your audiences and for easy entrance and exit pleased me very much. We can learn very much in this regard. But behind the scenes it is very different, and there seems to be very little thought bestowed upon this part of the building."

"Tell him about Indianapolis, the one-horsey town," suggested Manager Stoker.

"Well," said Mr. Irving, getting up and walking slowly to and fro, "all I have to say is that the Indianapolis theatre may yet become a very good place of amusement, but the town has too many fat ladies——"

"And dog shows," said manager Stoker.

"Yes; and there are too many people who will pay ten cents for an afternoon in a side show. No, Indianapolis is not at present a congenial home for the high forms of art. The press is far ahead of the people."

"Tell him about the orchestra in the other town that could only play two or three tunes, like a barrel organ," said Mr. Hatton.

Mr. Irving smiled and shook his head. He evidently intended to visit that place again.

"Tell about the violoncello with three strings," said Manager Stoker.

"Tell it yourself," responded the actor.

"Well," said Mr. Stoker, "in one of the orchestras we had there was a violoncello which had only three strings, and the man who played it went on just as though it did not make the slightest difference. The next evening our musical director spoke to him and said that he supposed there would be only two strings used that night. 'Oh, no,' responded the musician gravely, 'I am a man of method, and having begun on three strings, I shall finish on three strings.'"

"Can you see any reason why there should not be good American plays?" asked the reporter.

"Indeed I do not," answered Mr. Irving. "On the contrary, I think that a great and growing country like this should afford abundant material for good plays. I have received a large number of native blank verse plays since I have been here. One or two of them were very good indeed. The other blank verse plays would probably succeed in Indianapolis."

"They were blank, blank worse plays," exclaimed Mr. Hatton.

"Did the American critics treat you fairly?"

"Yes, I have been generously dealt with. I do not think it is quite the thing for an actor to criticise his critics. He should patiently accept everything that is said about him and trust to the final jury, the public, to right any injustice that has been done him. Many of the American critics have displayed great acumen and impartiality in dealing with me. In fact, the newspapers here are, as a rule, very just."

"With the exception of Mr. Terriss the whole company return to America with you next September, do they not?"

"Yes; when, next fall, Miss Terry and I return, I shall bring back all the company who choose to come, and I hope there are many who will come."

"What new plays will you appear in next year?"

"I have two additional ones in mind, which I will announce bye and bye. It is my intention to stay six months here on my next visit, beginning the season in Canada."

"As an actor has to be quite a traveller, Mr. Irving, what do you think of our railway accommodations?"

"The arrangements for personal comfort are very good indeed, there are none better; but the baggage smashing is disgraceful."

Manager Stoker said that the season was a wonderful success financially. In Boston the receipts on the return visit exceeded any former experience in that city. The following is a list of the receipts for only twelve weeks of the tour, including the largest cities:

New York, four weeks	$73,681
Philadelphia, two weeks	32,908
Boston, two weeks	35,329
Chicago, two weeks	36,165
Return visit to Chicago, one week	18,309
Return visit to Boston, one week	24,189
Total	$224,367

It is expected that the total receipts, including the present season in New York, will foot up over $400,000.

Blower Brown, the famous pedestrian who won the long distance English championship twice, died Sunday evening, March 9, in London. He was born in London in 1843. He won second prize in a six day's go-as-you-please race for the championship of England October 28 to November 2, 1878, covering 505 miles 754 yards. Rowell was third. Won first prize in the second competition for the championship, London, April 21 to 26, 1879, covering 542 miles 449 yards, and beating G. Hazael, Corkey and Weston. Won the same belt again, February 16 to 21, 1880, scoring 553 miles 165 yards, and defeating Hazael, Sam Day, and others. He came to America at the height of his popularity and engaged in the international race for the O'Leary belt which was won by young Murphy of Haverstraw. Fitzgerald, who was fresh at the business at that time ran Brown down and destroyed his chances of winning on the first day. Blower Brown was not in condition for a good race. He did nothing to add to his reputation as a pedestrian in this country. —*N. Y. Sun.*

FOR THE LADIES.

Spring Fashions in Millinery.

Now that spring is believed to be near at hand, and with it a more favorable and certainly desirable change in the weather is reasonably expected, a natural question among the ladies is, "What kind of a new hat or bonnet shall I get?" Hats and bonnets in almost every conceivable shape and design are displayed in endless variety to suit the most ample purses and fastidious tastes.

Conspicuous among the hats are the high crown and slightly curved [illegible], resembling the English walking hat. It will doubtless be exceedingly popular, owing to its simplicity and adaptability for street wear.

The high stiff flat crowns, with wide slightly curved brim in front, and especially narrow brim in the back, are greatly admired, showing the coiffures, which are to be worn high, to great advantage.

Satin straw, Milan, chip, Tuscan, in the most delicate shades and tints, to suit any costume, are greatly in favor.

The bonnets imported for the spring and summer are marvels of richness and elegance. The trimmings are massed on top instead of being placed on the left side, as formerly. The fronts are fuller and brims narrower and trimmed more.

Fine feathery-like golden tissues, drawn, folded or bunched on wire foundations, mingled with delicate golden fabrics of exquisite design, are very lovely.

Black net, embroidered in golden thread, combined with a bright contrasting color, has a fine effect.

Capotes are *a la mode* for dressy occasions and can be made up to look very stylish with very little expense. Silk of some light shade, joined with the material of costume, as camel's hair, beige, etc., constitute the principal trimming.

Children's hats for boys and girls are very picturesque in effect. A special style is a very pronounced sugar-loaf crown with large flowing brim. Sometimes a bend can be made in the brim which suffices to change the style of hat with good effect. White satin and white ostrich tips and feathers, with facing of some dark shade of velvet, will be almost solely used for such hats.

Ostrich tips and feathers are as popular as ever. The marabout, with the pretty aigrette, has, perhaps, the preference, and when mixed with birds' wings, clusters of humming-birds and butterflies, are very handsome [illegible], arranged with puffs of velvets, satin loops, or [illegible] make a fine effect. Ribbons put on in a rather severe style do not [illegible] the size of the bonnet except in placing the rosettes on top.

Velvet, ottoman and satin, two inches wide, is most used for strings, and the effect is very pleasing. Later in the season the strings will be of tulle, crepe and embroidered net, and will be much broader.

Sporting Notes.

A six days horse vs. bicycle match is to be held in San Francisco during the latter part of April. It will be twelve hours daily, relay of horses to change every hour, and bicycle riders to change every hour.

The new tricycle recently invented by Mr. Terry of England, is capable of being very easily converted into a boat. When used on the road the machine is an ordinary rear steerer. The operation of converting it into a boat takes but half an hour, and when completed forms a decked canoe, combining all the necessary requirements for proper buoyancy even in a heavy sea.

W. H. Pomeroy offers to back Captain Stubbs, the Arkansas wingshot, for $5000 a side against Dr. Carver or any other marksman, who may aspire to the championship. Captain Stubbs, accompanied by his assistant, Arkansas Jack, will shortly make a tour of the world under the management of Mr. W. L. [illegible], when it is predicted he will perform feats [illegible] beyond anything yet accomplished.

The grand international cyclists camp and race meeting will be held at [illegible] May 29 to June 3, and promises to be the most extensive affair of the kind ever held in England. The following is the programme: May 30—Assemble and [illegible] races; social in evening. May 31—Bicycle and tricycle handicap races; social in the evening. June 1—Church parade; service in the mess tent at 3 o'clock. June 2—Bicycle and tricycle, including sociable, handicaps, torchlight procession, entertainment and presentation of prizes. June 3—Camp will break up at mid-day. The charges for individual wheelmen will be about $2, which will include tent accommodations and meals.

The well-known jockey of the Dwyer Brothers, James McLaughlin, has been awarded the two prizes offered by the New York sportsman to the jockey or jockeys with the largest average of winning mounts and winning the largest amount of money in 1883. One of the prizes is a handsome scarf pin, of gold, with diamonds and other jewels, the design being a jockey cap, the crown of which is a star sapphire, and the body, rim and peak gold, studded with diamonds. The cap is set in a gold horse shoe with crossed gold whips at the back, and the pendant is a diamond weighing nearly a karat. The second trophy is another scarf pin of black onyx, in the design of a horse's head, the eyes small diamonds, and set in a gold horse shoe, the nails of which are represented by diamonds.—*New York Times.*

SENSATIONAL STORIES FOR BOYS.

The Demand for Such Literature on the Increase—Stories for Girls.

[New York Mail and Express.]

"The demand for papers of a sensational character," said the manager of a big news company, "has been on the increase for several years. There are now a half dozen boys' papers published weekly in this city that have a circulation of over 500,000. They are sold throughout the United States and Canada. Then we have the half-dime libraries. Several publishers make these a speciality and work on nothing else. A new number appears either weekly or semi-weekly. Their circulation depends altogether on stories which they contain. One week something very thrilling appears and perhaps 60,000 or 70,000 copies are sold; the next week a novel of every day life appears, no blood is shed, no assassinations take place, and the circulation drops down to 10,000 or 15,000 copies. But the greatest circulations are not attained by papers that are intended for boys' perusal. Another class of sensational literature caters to the taste of the working girls of America. Millions of copies of sheets of this description are sold weekly. The boys' papers are trashy and sensational enough, I will admit, but they are eclipsed by the journals for young woman. The plots of the stories are sometimes extremely offensive, the dialogue is sentimental to an idiotic degree, and the description of the personal appearance of the hero and heroine often occupy half the serial. There is not a working girl in New York City who does not purchase two or three of these papers every week. Of late years the illustrated police weeklies have begun to be read by boys of a tender age. Of all evils this is the greatest. A good many newsdealers, however, refuse to sell a copy to minors."

A well-known publisher was found in his office when the reporter called. "Yes," said he, "the field of sensational literature is spreading. There is great profit in the business. We have two or three writers who are each paid about $5000 per year. They furnish us with a stated amount of copy per week."