

**A Walk in the Winter Greenwood.**  
The warm fire wood is dark and low  
Within a sheltered valley deep;  
When o'er the hills the night winds blow,  
They rock its happy tribes to sleep.

A thousand tiny tracks are made  
Upon its carpet-soft and white,  
And through its thick and fragrant shade  
Brisk bird wings glance in sudden flight.

Here fawns are spread and mouths are fed  
Where seeds and buds are scattered wide,  
And many a warm and cozy bed  
Is heaped where dreaming sleepers hide.

Sometimes a golden sunbeam strays  
Within to light the green and white;  
Sometimes at night the full moon's rays  
Fill these dim aisles with silver light.

But we are interlopers here!  
Our steps are strange, our voices new,  
The dwellers shy look forth in fear  
And vanish with a swift adieu.

—Portland Transcript.

**Electrical Reporting.**  
Electric Power describes a new system of reporting baseball and other games by means of an ingenious, electrical apparatus. The special object of the apparatus is to enable a full report of games to be made in sight of a large number of people and at the same time to dispense with one or more of the assistants now required in reporting such games. This device is intended not only to indicate the progress of distant games, but actually to be used at the opposite end of the ball field from the grand stand, in order to enlighten the spectators on many points on which they are liable to be momentarily in doubt. Spectators coming in late are often unable to ascertain the number of innings played, the striker at the bat, the number of balls and strikes called, etc., and even those already on the ground sometimes find it difficult to determine whether the umpire has called a strike or a ball. All these weighty issues, upon which the baseball enthusiast expends such intense solicitude, can now be clearly and reliably recorded, and all anxiety and uncertainty can be removed by a glance at the exhibition board placed in sight of the spectators, the indicators on which are electrically controlled and operated by an experienced person located close to the diamond.

**Eclipses in 1891.**  
This year's eclipses will be somewhat beyond the average. On the evening of May 23 the moon will rise in eclipse at five minutes to 8, but the shadow will for the greater part have already passed away, and it is only in eastern countries and at the antipodes that her face that evening will be seen wholly obscured. It will be otherwise with the total eclipse of our satellite, which will begin at thirty-five minutes past 10 on Nov. 15 next. This, as the almanac tells us, will be "entirely visible at Greenwich," whither, no doubt, the legendary cockney will once more betake himself in time to witness the phenomenon.

There will be two solar eclipses—one annular, and visible in this country as a partial eclipse on the upper limb, beginning at two minutes past 5 on June 8; the other a partial eclipse on Dec. 1, which will be visible chiefly in the South Pacific. Besides these there will be, on May 10, a transit of Mercury over the sun's disk, which will be only partially visible in this part of the globe.—Science Notes.

**Odd Journey of a Tree.**  
A stately elm tree is being moved several miles to Graceland cemetery, and since it began its travels, which are about half over, it has killed one man and slightly injured several others. The tree grew about three miles from Grosse Pointe, and is destined to adorn a lot where a Mr. Lathrop is buried. It was dug up about a month ago, the earth around its roots boxed up, and it was placed in a standing position upon a platform moving upon rollers. The platform is pulled along by horses. During the process of changing the supports the other day a laborer was crushed to death under a falling beam. It is estimated that when placed in the cemetery the tree will have cost not less than \$2,500.—Chicago Tribune.

**To Protect Lamp Chimneys.**  
The season is just on us when lamp chimneys break in spite of all precautions, and cause people to use bad language who are usually above such weakness. The usual remedy or preventive recommended is to chip a fragment out of the glass to allow for expansion. Nine times out of ten the glass is cracked by the process and destruction expedited. If the chimney is washed in coal oil and never even wiped with a damp cloth it will be practically indestructible, and will smoke jet black before it will crack. I have recommended this remedy to customers for years, and have never heard of its failing.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**Outrage Reported at Lewiston.**  
A man who signed himself "Citizen," and who is a way off on spelling, writes the Lewiston city marshal that he has been hit by two snowballs thus far this season, which he thinks were maliciously aimed at him by some bad boys. He notifies the city marshal that this throwing of snowballs at him must cease at once, or there will be trouble in the Androscoggin valley in the very near future.—Lewiston Journal.

**Will Pay His Respects.**  
Napoleon McDaniel, a noted train robber, recently convicted at Texarkana, Tex., and sentenced to life imprisonment in the penitentiary, has escaped from jail. Two eminent criminal lawyers who unsuccessfully defended him are now living in daily dread, having received a message from McDaniel that he intends to kill them "because they did not do their best in his defense."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Paw's Innocence.**  
Old Gentleman—There goes young Broxhall. His father was a very eminent man, but I see no hope for the son. He appears to have inherited none of the elements of greatness.

Young Gent—Why, Paw? It isn't a week since he was acknowledged the champion football kicker of the claws.—Good News.

**About Opening Safes.**  
As a matter of fact you can't open a safe lock by listening to the click of the tumbler. They do not click. They are immovable in their places and do not drop. Consequently, when I read of an inexperienced plumber boy who opens combinations at will it fatigues me. Now I have the reputation of being able to open almost any safe, but if the safe is locked I can't do it. I can go to the safe, as it stands unlocked, and can gently turn the combination until the resistance warns me that I have reacted a tumbler. I note the number and proceed in like manner with all the tumblers. Then the owner can lock his safe, and I being in possession of this combination can unlock it without difficulty.

Had I been placed before the same safe while locked, I might turn until doomsday without success. Now the various makers invariably send out their safes set on certain numbers. I, knowing these numbers, can unlock any one of them before the owner has adopted his own peculiar combination. My safes go out each with a separate number, of which I keep a careful record, so that I can open them in case I am called upon to do so. I have a safe now which is locked, and the combination lost.

I am just as unable to open that safe as you, although I know every detail in the lock's construction. There it stands until I see fit to drill it open. A safe with two tumblers is susceptible of 10,000 changes; with three tumblers, 1,000,000 changes; with four, 100,000,000, and so on in regular permutation. But give me as a clew one number of the combination employing two tumblers, and I will have to make but 100 combinations from 1 to 100 in order to open the safe in from two to five minutes' time. The only absolutely burglar proof safe is the one employing a screw door with a time lock attachment on the inside.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**Facts and Fancies.**  
When we attempt to show how far matter can be divided the brain refuses to grasp the infinity. A pin's head is a small object, but it is gigantic compared to some animals of which millions would occupy a space no larger than the head of a pin. These tiny animals must contain organs and veins, etc., and those veins are full of blood globules. Professor Tyndall informs us that a drop of blood contains 3,000,000 red globules. So these infinitesimally small animals must have millions of globules in their blood also. Thus we see to what an extent, far beyond our senses' power to grasp, matter can be divided.

But there is something even more astonishing than this. It is stated that there are more animals in the milt of a single codfish than there are men in the world, and that one grain of sand is larger than 4,000,000 of these animals, each of which must be possessed of life germs of an equal amount, which would grow up as it grew to maturity. This carries us back again, and

Imagination's utmost stretch  
In wonder dies away.

Or take other interesting facts: One hundred threads of the silkworm must be placed side by side to make up the thickness of a line about one twenty-fifth of an inch, and metals can be drawn out to such exceeding fineness that 1,200 of the fine wires will occupy only the space of 100 silk worms' threads.—Montreal Star.

**A Chinaman in an Art Gallery.**  
You can tell the new Chinaman in New York by his headgear. He wears a little black skull cap of silk, whereas his fellow Chinaman of long residence in the country invariably wears a low crowned, black felt hat, with a medium brim, which is manufactured somewhere in Connecticut especially for the Chinese American trade and sold at a dollar apiece. It is curious to notice the bewildered air of the newly arrived Chinaman as he goes about the city under the escort of two or three of his countrymen. I saw a group of four Chinamen in an art gallery the other day, and immediately discerned that one was a newcomer. The other three were showing him the sights.

The pictures in the gallery were all imported, and I noticed that the new Chinaman was constantly looking at the figures in the pictures and then looking around at the people in the gallery, seemingly trying to compare the details of garments. Of course they were totally different, and his companions went through a vast amount of talk to explain to him that we do not make many pictures in this country compared with what we buy abroad. One of them with whom I struck up a conversation said to me, "Him not belly well understand why Melican man no make himself on painting." It was something of a poser.—New York Press.

**Hours for Eating in England.**  
In England, down to the days of "Good Queen Bess," it was the custom to hospitably entertain all strangers and visitors at any hour of the day with free fare—bread, beef and beer. This was observed at every table in the land, from that of the freholder to the baron's and abbot's. At a later day the upper classes became more luxurious in their tastes and habits. As a consequence the hours for meals were very much modified and have remained so until this day.

Breakfast is now usually taken between 9 and 10 a. m., and the present usage for dinner among the wealthier classes is from 6 to 8 p. m. A luncheon—a rather substantial meal, by the way, consisting of cold game, roast beef and the like—is often indulged in between breakfast and dinner. The meal denominated supper in this country is a comparatively unknown quantity in England, that known as tea forming in reality a part of dinner.—Louis T. Peale in Detroit Free Press.

**Foolish Extravagance.**  
Mr. De Style—My dear, I have engaged a box at the opera to-night.

Mrs. De Style—The ideal! You know I'm so hoarse that I can't speak above a whisper.—New York Weekly.

**A Prize for a Model Husband's Wife.**  
The \$100 prize has been awarded to Mrs. C. K. Hood, of Brooklyn.

The thousands of letters which were received in the contest were carefully read, and the judges, consisting of Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew and Mrs. William C. Whitney, after careful examination, unanimously decided in favor of the following:

"Free from all manly (?) vices, personally clean and orderly, into our utmost privacy he brings the tender courtesies of a gentleman. Our home making is a delightful partnership, one supplementing the other with every assistance, he always considerate of the woman's responsibilities, but leaving at his office the annoyances of a business man. In sickness or health there is always the responsive throb of a single interest. Perfect love casteth out fear, and our freedom of speech and action leaves no occasion for any petty tricks of deception; alas! so common.

"Above this is his high ideal of woman that helps me produce something better than before recognized in myself. Responsive to my aspirations, no new thought or culture is attempted but meets his approval and encouragement, while a noble spiritual atmosphere lifts my daily life from a common routine into a loving pleasure. Taking my face in his hands he has lovingly said, 'Would I had wealth that I could place you a queen among women!' With such a king for a husband, am I not walking in a queen's garden?"

Neither of the judges knew the name of the writer of either letter, and the prize was awarded wholly upon merit.—New York World.

**Mrs. Palmer, President.**  
In electing Mrs. Potter Palmer president of the lady managers of the Chicago World's fair the right person was put in the right place.

As is well known, Mrs. Palmer was a Miss Honore, a member of a distinguished southern family and a sister of the beautiful wife of Col. Fred Grant, the eldest son of Gen. Grant, and our present minister to Austria. Mrs. Palmer's husband, who is a millionaire, built the Palmer house, of Chicago. The Palmers live in one of the north side palaces of Chicago, facing the lake. Their house is a copy of an English castle, and is considered one of the finest residences in America. Mrs. Palmer makes annual trips to Europe, and has purchased some of the finest and rarest tapestries, statuary and bric-a-brac, to say nothing of valuable paintings.

Mrs. Palmer is even more beautiful than her sister, Mrs. Grant. She has dark hair and eyes, is tall and slight, with an air of elegance that is most attractive. She talks with remarkable grace and ease. She seems to understand parliamentary rules thoroughly, for she presides with great ability and dignity.—Epoch.

**A Most Remarkable Woman.**  
One of the most remarkable women that America has produced was the late Miss Emma Willard. For many years at the head of the Willard Female seminary in Troy, N. Y., she was a noted writer, the author of several popular histories, and enjoyed the warm friendship of a number of eminent men and women, including several presidents, from the time of Monroe up to the beginning of the War of the Rebellion. She died in 1870, and a number of her former pupils and friends have set about the work of collecting \$15,000 for the purpose of erecting a monument to her memory. It will be the first public statue erected in America for the honor of woman's work in the elevation of her sex. The president of the association having the matter in charge is Mrs. C. L. MacArthur, wife of the well known editor of The Troy Northern Budget, and the corresponding secretary is Mrs. William S. Kennedy. These, as well as the treasurer, Mr. Francis M. Mann, Jr., reside in Troy.—Frank Leslie's Newspaper.

**The Gas Company Pays Damages.**  
In the case of Gertrude M. McNeal against the Boston Gas Light company, which has been on trial in the second session of the superior court, and in which the plaintiff claimed \$30,000 for personal injuries, a jury awarded her damages in the sum of \$9,000. Miss McNeal was employed in a store, and an employe of the company, in testing a meter, left a trap door open, through which Miss McNeal fell. Her injuries are of a permanent nature, as testified by several well known physicians, and the defense, while not attempting to contradict that evidence, claimed that the surroundings of the plaintiff were not of that quiet nature which a person in her condition ought to have. Before the trial began an offer of \$7,000 was made by the defendant in settlement.—Boston Journal.

**Equal to the Occasion.**  
A woman who was passing up Gratiot avenue the other day lost a fur collar off her neck without seeming to notice the fact, and a boy ran after her and shouted:

"Hey, lady, you have dropped your muskrat collar!"

He held it out to her, and three or four pedestrians came to a halt. She was equal to the occasion. Drawing herself up, and assuming all the dignity of a queen, she waved the boy aside and said:

"Thank you, little boy, but some poor woman probably dropped it. My seal-skin collar is safe at home!"—Detroit Free Press.

**Women Take Up Timber Claims.**  
No less than 150 young women, it is said, have taken up timber claims in western Washington during the past six months, and in eastern Washington probably 100 others have located lands. The lands that can now be had are mainly in outlying sections somewhat remote from railways, and can be reached only with some difficulty. As new wagon roads and railroads are being pushed all the time, however, the opportunities are still good.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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