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"FROM CANNES."

Whence do the lovely strangers come
To dazzle in the northern home?
O'er leagues of fair foreign lands
And tossing waves and rocky strands;
Gathered where sister blossoms shine
And roses blend with jessamine,
And lemon groves perfume the breeze—
The brilliant red anemones!

Without, the clouds stoop gray and low,
Where, over drifts of sullied snow,
The north wind sweeps on bitter wing
Where violets crouch shuddering;
And the pale primrose scarce dare peep,
Though wearied of her winter sleep.
What should they do in scenes like these,
The glorious red anemones?

Within, by warmth and tendance wooed,
To their sweet fearless charm renewed,
Like scarlet flames the leaves unclose.
And from our spring of wind and snows,
Their magic bears the fancy back
O'er memory's fair unbroken track,
To sunny plains and whispering seas,
And wealth of red anemones.

Where in the glowing southern light,
The tideless waves lie blue and bright,
And the warm winds all scented sweep,
And in the shade the fountains leap,
And the gray green of olives shows
And like wrought gold the orange glows!
While from dim mountain steals the breeze
That rustles the anemones.

Oh! dream of holiday and rest,
When life, by love and calm caressed,
'Mid beauty, charm and novelty,
Laughed through a golden month for me!
Though it and all it gave is o'er,
I live its happiness once more.
Drain memory's nectar to its lees,
And—thank my red anemones.
—All the Year Round.

AN AUSTRIAN COURT ROMANCE.

The archduchess was charming. Her beauty was not of classical style, but was very modest, most beaming, most captivating. In her favorite dresses, made of dark cloth, with her low, round hat on her golden hair, a thin gauze veiling her large eyes, she wore the arch expression of a school girl playing truant; but at state balls she became dignified as a court portrait painted by an official painter. Nobody dressed as well as she did. Her friends and cousins asked her to let them copy her clothes. No fool was hidden under the brocade of her court trains. No empty head was encircled by her diamond diadem. The broad ribbon of woman's noblest order in her empire did not rest on a heartless heart.

Brimming with life, devoted to art, full of enthusiasm for literature, eager in all charitable works, she was the woman most thoroughly womanish in all her empire. Full of passion, tender of heart, very delicate, and at the same time, most ingenious, fond of laughing, averse to wounding any human being, her greatest fault was—she could not cure herself of it—she idolized her husband. She idolized him not in crowned heads' usual way, not in fine ladies' usual way; but she idolized him as a novel's heroine idolizes her lover. He, his love was everything to her; crown, title, palaces, were as nothing to her compared with that man and that man's love. Were she to lose it, she would lose everything on earth dear to her; it lost "rien ne m'est plus, plus ne m'est vien," had been her soul's only thought. The world, which never lacks sharp eyes, in "the fierce light that beats on a throne," confessed that the husband was worthy of the wife; he had no love but her; in most unguarded moments, in hours of greatest temptation, heart never quickened pulse save at thought of her. "Thee! Thee! only Thee!"

Romantic particulars of their marriage were told. The families had arranged for his marriage with her eldest sister. The latter for years had looked on him as her future husband. He went to claim her hand. He then for the first time saw her sister and at once fell over head and ears in love with her; still she said nothing, but drank in through eyes and ears all her witchery. The next day after his arrival was Sunday. Time to go to church came. He went up to the second sister and offered his arm. She blushed cherry red, her eyes shone like diamonds—that offer discovered love and crowned her empress of Austria. Happy hours followed that lock-arms. A memento sealed and gave permanence to each of those hours, all fleeting as they were; this faded flower was given there, a bit of ribbon, order of honor, plucked from imperial button-hole nearest heart, all her own; half of a plain gold ring given in exchange for half of another ring which she had worn, and other tokens of love still tender and true with jealous care kept in golden casket adorned with rarest opals—gems which in orient are thought to keep love true and by changing color to reveal changing heart. This casket never quitted her.

One June morning Aigues Vives knew that emperor and empress were come there to stay for some time. Aigues-Vives is a small town at the foot of the Savoy Alps, and sheltered from rude winds on all sides by those mountains. Aigues-Vives put on its best holiday appearance. The train came; band played; a slight, tall lady leaped on the station's platform. The empress was immediately recognized, not by her elegance (she wore plain green cloth), but by her delicate beauty. The emperor walked by her side. A better assorted imperial couple were never seen. His martial face, his tall stature, his knightly manners readily explained the ardent love borne him by his wife.

Aigues-Vives reminded her of her native home in Bavaria, and her spirits were most buoyant, not only because landscape seemed long familiar, but because in that quiet village he and she were going to live again that life free of court etiquette and pageantry, such as he and she led in days after betrothal. So when a girl presented a nosegay, her majesty accepted the floral offering with one of her most bewitching smiles, a smile which took all hearts captive. Among the girls of the deputation stood one wearing a charming dress of dark blue linen trimmed with thread lace; other attractions were added by her auburn hair, which fell in torrents, so thick were its tresses of fretted gold all round under the sailor's hat which served as bonnet. She was so lovely the empress could not help saying to her: "The girls of this neighborhood are beautiful indeed!" The girl deeply blushed and courtesied with embarrassment. One of the emperor's aides-de-camp bent over to the lady in waiting and whispered. "She does not belong here. She is Rosine Lux." As this name was introduced at the breakfast table, her majesty asked, "Pray who is Rosine Lux?" "She is not one of the deputation. She does not live here. She is an operatta songstress from a minor Paris theater, better known off than on the stage; one of the favorities of the fast men. She appeared here last night as la Grande Duchesse." The empress laughed and said: "I do not regret having spoken of her. Is she not a crowned head?"

When night came Aigues-Vives Casino appeared to great advantage with its profuse gilding and lights innumerable. It was filled with people, the women in red, white, blue, purple, trimmed with lace, heads crowned with flowers were ranged in a semi circle around the door by which the emperor and empress were to enter. Her majesty appeared wearing a dress of white gauze with a broad belt of watered silk and skirt trimmed with large clusters of jassamine; she wore no jewels save a necklace of one row of pearls round her neck and a golden arrow in her luxuriant blonde tresses. Quadrilles were instantly formed. Emperor took Princess de San Jannario, a beautiful brunette. The manager of the Casino was very particular in letting people enter the Casino. Nobody, especially no women, who was out of Mrs. Grundy's favor, could cross that threshold. Nevertheless Marquis de Beauval, lieutenant in an infantry company garrisoned in Aigues-Vives, had given Rosine Lux his arm, and had forced their way in. The empress' favor had increased the malignant eyes on Rosine Lux. When the second quadrille was formed Marquis de Beauval, with Rosine Lux on his arm, could find no vis-a-vis. He in vain sought his brother officers to come to his help. A secret understanding had leagued all the ladies together against the songstress; their partners were obliged to obey them. The marquis, with flushed face, burning eyes and yet a smile on his lips, went from partners to partners. All refused on some curious pretext. Rosine Lux was almost crazy. Seeing all eyes staring at her with cruel raillery, the insolence made her bow down her head to hide the tears which stood in her lids. She gasped: "Let us leave the ball-room!" Marquis de Beauval was furious and replied: "Never!" "I insist on going If you will not go with me I shall go alone." She made toward the door; but she had not taken a step when a musical voice stopped her, saying: "We will be your vis-a vis." The speaker was the empress, who, pitying the poor mortified girl, lifted her for the dance up to the throne. Tears trickled down Rosine Lux' cheeks. The latter nevertheless were dimpled with smiles which avouched gratitude, respect, admiration and radiant emotion. The next day the empress received a nosegay of edelweiss.

White idyll!
Soft bloom of Matterhorn!
Love's kiss on breast of snow!
Spirit of Alpine snow!

This note came with the poetical nosegay: "I beseech her imperial majesty to accept these flowers. Kneeling on my knees in dew I gathered, and as I plucked them, I felt that I ought, kneeling on my knees, to express my gratitude to the empress. The humble, obscure, poor little songstress will probably never again meet her imperial majesty, but as long as heart beats the empress' peerless kindness will not be forgotten by her majesty's humble servant, Rosine Lux."

Three years flew away "with wings as swift as meditation." The curtain rose on the first appearance in Vienna of the famous songstress from the Paris Grand Opera. The house was crowded. All aristocratic Vienna was there. The famous songstress was Rosine Lux. Labor and experience had made the pretty operetta songstress a great artist. She appeared in Gounod's "Romeo and Juliette," Her impassioned accents thrilled the house. The empress was in the imperial box. She warmly applauded the songstress. She took interest in her, and, as the curtain fell, she threw her nosegay to Rosine Lux. None of us ever forget a good deed done. The emperor was more reserved; he applauded, but it evidently was for mere form's sake. He escorted the empress to her carriage, kissed her hand and said: "Go home, love. I will soon rejoin you; but I need air and prefer walking back."

The carriage was no sooner off homewards than the emperor went to a French friend, Duke D'Avray, who waited at some distance, and together they went up the actors' staircase of the opera. In the very largest capital can no more be kept than in the smallest village. The reason is evident. No matter how populous a capital may be, everybody goes round with all his acquaintances in the same circle, meeting the same people in the same drawing rooms and exchanging the same talk every day from one year's end to another's. Four weeks had not come and gone before everybody in Vienna knew that the emperor attended the opera every night Rosine Lux sang; that he had made Dowager Countess Von Apranoff invite Rosine Lux to supper, that she had sung there bewitchingly and that to thank her he had given her a costly bracelet, which bore the double-headed eagle of Austrian diamonds. The empress alone was ignorant of all this tittle-tattle. She had resolved to give a concert and especially in honor of Rosine Lux. Tickets of invitation were sent out. There was but one exclamation among the good souls in petticoats in Vienna: "Good gracious! to invite her husband's mistress to sing in her drawing room; that did really exceed all bounds of decency." A countess raised her voice to heaven and whined: "Ah! had your majesty seen Rosine Lux's dress t'other night at Countess Von Apranoff's concert. 'Twas an attire splendid enough to damn a saint; velvet, the color of crushed strawberries, trimmed with knots and ruches of old lace transfixed by diamond arrows. It made that old ninny de St. Jasmin exclaim: 'Now-a-days 'tis Venus who bears Cupid's quiver!'"

That night the empress found this following in the emperor's writing in his secretary:

"To-night, Rosine, I will call at your lodgings after the performance. Say what you may, I will not quit you. Do not refuse entrance to your paradise to one who lives only for you, for you."

Unused to anguish, the empress bore its agony with the lofty energy of noble spirits. After the opera, when her husband told her he would walk home, she made no objection. As the curtain fell she ordered a chamberlain to carry to Rosine Lux the letter he had previously written by her majesty's command, and which was as follows:

"The empress commands Mlle. Rosine Lux's attendance up at the imperial palace at once and without seeing or speaking to anybody.

Fast as horses could go her majesty hastened home. She had taken off diamond diadem, but nothing else, and waited in full evening dress the visit of the songstress. She awaited feverishly; a blonde curl had fallen as she took off the diadem, and the curl as it rose and fell with heaving breast revealed the storm which raged. Carpet was covered with petals of flowers she had in nervous impatience and excitement plucked from her nosegay and unconsciously scattered at her feet. She had no tears, but the black semi-circle under her eyes told something of her heart's anguish. Rosine Lux was announced. She had instantly obeyed the royal command. She had not stayed even to change her dress. She still wore the gray costume of the last act of "Les Huguenots" She paused on the drawing-room's threshhold. She had seen that lovely face only radiant with happiness. It was now dark with grief, so clouded the songstress paused thunderstruck. What meant that sorrow? Neither spoke. One was dumb with grief, the other with astonishment.

At last the terrible silence was broken by her majesty, who said: "I have sent for you (her heart had risen to her throat and choked her) I have sent for you to—to—ask the amount of penalty stipulated in your engagement with our opera, if you failed to carry it out. I have something else to say—a matter of confidence between ourselves. I will take care it goes no further. I have always been adverse from inflicting pain, but I must tell you that I did once believe that one of our sex might be on the stage and none the less have a heart under her footlight finery. I must confess I made sure that you would never forget a night in a ball room where I showed that one of our sex might wear a crown and still have heart in breast. My trust was built on a letter addressed to me. But all these things you have forgotten, I dare say. You songstresses have so many things to remember, words, scores, flattering speeches. I can excuse you if you sometimes orget things, not in the way of business. So let that pass. Nevertheless, I feel I have a right to ask you to quit Vienna, especially after I tell you that refusal will lead to my departure. If you stay, I go."

Rosine was most embarrassed and faintly stammered: "Her majesty is mistaken; has been deceived by false reports." "By false reports! Is that diamond double headed eagle on that bracelet a false report?" "Her majesty knows that nothing is more common than for sovereigns to give trinkets to sonstress. And I pledge my word of honor, his majesty has never gone even so far as mere caprice, mere whim, mere handkerchief thrown."

"Enough! Do not play false to truth as well as to protestations of gratitude! You know his majesty's hand-writing? Here is his signature. Is not this your name on this envelope?" The empress held wide open before songstress note and envelope found in drawer. Songstress turned ashy white. She gravely answered: "I sought to spare her majesty's pangs which are causeless. Yes, that note is for me. Would you know what my answer had been? 'No, your majesty, those wishes can never, never be gratified.' Does her majesty doubt me? Here is guarantee that I speak truly." Songstress held stamped paper to empress. Her majesty read it. It was songstress' release from her engagement with the Vienna Opera in consideration of payment of the penaly stipulated in the contract and receipt of this money paid. Songstress added: "To-night I shall quit Vienna. Have I not done everything her majesty wishes, even before receiving the empress' commands?"

The empress was pale, spoke abruptly, by jerks, her eyes flashed fire; gradually her voice softened, and when songstress had ceased speaking, imperial eyes quenched fire in tears. Her majesty made no effort to keep them from streaming down her cheek. They were delicious tears. Suddenly with that enthusiasm from a warm heart which made her so wildly beloved, she in almost an affectionate tone said to the songstress: "I beg your pardon. Forgive me." And as she spoke she held out both hands, took songstress' in them, pressed them warmly, then added: "You are a noble woman, a trustworthy heart. I was wrong—but if you knew how I love him—do forgive me." Songstress fell on her knees and kissed the empress' hands, still trembling with emotion. The emperor stood in the door. Empress said to her: "Get up!" Emperor was stupefied by what he saw. Empress at once recovered wonted calmness, and said to her husband: "M'lle Rosine Lux has come to pay me a farewell visit. She quits Vienna. She cannot sing at my concert." "Farewell, Mademoiselle!" the emperor said: "Adieu, Sire." Empress went toward door with her, and, as she went, whispered: "Bear in mind you have a friend here ever ready to do you service. "Her majesty koows my gratitude is eternal." So saying, she went away.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

When traveling on a railroad it is said that lying with the head toward the engine will sometimes remove a headache.

Perhaps the most popular department of science in Spain at the present day is geology, and the Mining exhibition at Madrid is considered to be a grand success.

It appears that alum is sometimes added to wines to give astringency and to raise the color. For its detection, evaporate to dryness, and then set fire to the organic matter.

Edison says: "Electricity is a ten-acre lot, with a very high, close fence around it. All we know about it, so far, we have gained by peeping through the cracks in the boards."

Drs. Mitchell and Reichert find that the full grown lizard will bite and cause a wound that may prove fatal. Unlike that of other reptiles, its saliva is alkaline, not acide. A little injected into a pigeon cause the death of the bird (which was long, sat and plump) in less than three minutes.

Ocean Voyages.

A gray-headed and grey bearded old salt, who has been in the employ of the Pacific Mail Steamship company for years, spun a rather interesting yarn to a number of visitors at the dock who were inspecting one of the elegantly fitted steamers yesterday. Said he: "The horror of an ocean voyage, of which all fresh travelers by sea seem to be possessed, has always been a matter of great surprise to me. From the time the steamer leaves the dock until she reaches her destination it is one grand excursion of jovial, light-hearted, interesting people from all parts of the world. Take, for instance, the voyage to Sydney, Australia. The sister steamer City of New York and City of Sydney make the trip in about four weeks, touching at Honolulu and Auckland, New Zealand, sailing nearly all the time in bright, pleasant weather. The timid passengers as a rule thoroughly enjoy the trip after the disagreeable effects of the first few days have disappeared, and are the last to leave the decks at night and the first to appear in the morning.

The passenger who is making his first voyage, but who at the same time desires to appear perfectly at home among his strange surroundings, usually comes aboard with a superabundance of baggage and useless traps, which he will throw overboard or give to the steerage passengers before he is two weeks out. He drinks with his friends, and after getting out of sight of the dock he appears upon the upper deck, his overcoat buttoned up, his hat crushed down upon his head, and with the blackest, strongest cigar between his teeth, he puffs away to impress his fellow passengers with his complete contempt of the little annoyances of ocean voyages. He has his day, but his time comes and he gets to the rail and becomes absorbed in the sea. He loosens his clothing, throws away his cigar, holds himself up with one hand and his hat on with the other, or ties it upon his head with his handkerchief, and is the most perfect picture of misery ever seen, while he waits and groans aloud. The modest, diffident, good-natured passengers, who are traveling with their eyes open to see the world and profit by their experiences, as a rule keep their staterooms for the first day or two. The first meal served aboard the steamer is generally dinner, and a generous provider is the caterer of an ocean steamer, though he sometimes seems to take a grim delight in watching the uneasy, doubtful expression pass over the faces of his guests when they first feel the heavy hand of old Neptune and hastily leave the dinner table.

"In less than three days the passengers had become acquainted with each other and with the officers, and they move about, chat and indulge in all sorts of whims and fancies, more like members of one large family than persons in any other imaginable relationship. Then the regular amusements of the voyage commence. Good eating is to many the greatest pleasure in life, and no man who lives to eat can say he does not enjoy a trip on one of these steamers. At 6 o'clock and until 7, coffee is served. A walk on the deck, during which the night's run is noted and commented upon, is the next appetizer, or the steward or one of his boys places before abundant quantities of the fruits of the season, and soon you are called to breakfast. An unsurpassed bill of fare is presented—fish, fresh eggs, steaks, cutlets, home-made sausages and innumerable little side dishes tempt the appetite, and what an appetite! Nothing you can call for will be denied you. The steward smiles acknowledgment of the compliment to his work and you leave the table reluctantly, yet more than satisfied, and wait for dinner. A lunch is served at noon and dinner at 6 o'clock. Again all that a most fastidious gourmand or gourmet could desire is at hand—soups, consommes, joints, roasts, game, fowl, pastry, cream, etc., in profusion. The wine list is the most complete. Imported beers, too, and milder liquids of all grades the obliging storekeeper sends to the table. Cigars and a healthful stroll about the deck consume an hour or so after dinner.

At 8 o'clock P. M. tea is served by the Chinese cabin-boys, dressed in the richest Oriental indoor attire. Later in the evening there is a family gathering in the social hall, a large, beautifully carpeted and elegantly upholstered cabin on the upper deck, plentifully supplied with windows, hung with damask and lace; the hall lighted with as brilliant a chandelier as adorns any of the mansion palaces of the city. A piano is a part of the furniture of the hall, and some one passengers will always have a guitar, a banjo or a violin, and until midnight "music stealing o'er the waters" is the rule. Music is heard best on the sea. Vocal music is always one of the pleasantest pastimes and some of the concerts in social hall will rank with any ever heard in the most highly cultivated metropolitan city. It not infrequently occurs that among the passengers several members of the musical profession will be found, who, joining in the general sociability of the place, will unbend and contribute to the enjoyment of all. As the evening wears on, in couples or little parties the assemblage gradually depart for some quiet corner, whore low conversations with agreeable acquaintances, or tete-a-tetes with less than the customary reserve, are kept up often until long past midnight, while the steamer glides calmly along over the phosphorescent, starlit sea."—S. F. Chronicle.

Gambling for Women.

The latest and most successful attempt to open a gambling hell at Long Branch is now fairly under way. It is the first elaborate attempt made in this country to imitate the sporting houses of Baden and other European cities, and to entice American women to imitate the practices of continental fashionables. It is situated at the west end, opposite to the hotel of that name. To the public it is known as the Pennsylvania Club House, and a large flag floats from the tall center staff bearing the name. Soft velvet carpets catch the footfall everywhere, and the restaurant, with its blaze of light and sparkle of crystal, will rival Delmonico's or the Brunswick. Immediately behind the restaurant are the no less splendid parlors where, on Turkey rugs and under sparkling chandeliers, lies couchant the royal tiger. A door from the restaurant leads to a corridor; a word to the attendant and you are in the first of the parlors, of which there are three. There are four chandeliers, one at each corner of the room, making altogether sixty-four gas jets, and workmen are preparing electric lights in addition. These chandeliers are said to have cost $4800. The octagonal shape of the room affords a fine chance for fresco work, and the walls and ceiling have been loaded with highly ornate and artistic designs in allegorical art. The sofas, easy chairs, ottomans and divans are of oriental richness. Adjacent to the entrance door is the sweat lay-out, at which the visitors, when recovered from the effect of the magnificence, can risk their money on the dice. To the right is a faro lay-out, and opposite it on the left is a roulette table. All the gambling appurtenances are of the finest make, and of the description used in the best dens in New York.

Color frescoes on the walls represent impersonations of mirth, music and of dancing, and cost $6000. The rooms on the second floor are smaller, and are kept for the accommodation of parties who wish to play a heavy game of draw poker.

When the house was throw open there were scores of curious women present, and it must be remembered the season here is not yet fairly opened. There were quite a number of people bucking the tiger in the first parlor, and one of the attendants said in a few weeks they expected to have the rooms crowded every night. He was asked if they expected to have ladies present, and he said: "Oh, yes, they'll come to it sooner or later; it's only a question of time. We've got to get over the prejudice, and do as they have been doing for years in Germany."

The Champion Condenser.

Judge Jere Black is a staunch Democrat, one of the ablest of that political faith in fact. His speeches and writings are remarkable evidence of his power of condensation. There is not a single superfluous word in them. His son, Chauncey Black, himself a writer of no mean ability, delights to tell his first experience as a newspaper contributor. Said he: "When I was quite a young man I made up my mind that I would try my hand as a writer for a newsyaper. I told my father my intention and he strongly encouraged me to proceed, telling me, by the way, to bring my article to him after I had completed it. After a great deal of thought I selected my subject, and drew the outline of what I intended to write. Then I went carefully at work and in the course of a week I had my article finished. I took it to father and he read it carefully over. Said he: 'My son, this is a very creditable production, but I fear that it is too long for a newspaper. Supposing that you take it and cut it down just about one half.' I knew, of course, that the article could not be perfect, and I had the greatest confidence in my father's judgment, so I took the manuscript to my room, and after three days I again brought it to him. Then said he: "Chauncey, you have no idea how you have improved this article. It is a thousand times better than it was before. But still it is too long. Take it too your room, my boy, and reduce it too one-half." This was a sad blow to me, for I didn't see where I could spare a single phrase; but I was determined to satisfy him, and in the course of a couple of days I brought the manuscript to him for the third, and as I hoped, the last time. Father read it carefully through, and then said in his peculiar, slow and deliberate manner: 'Your work certainly shows great improvement, and I should think that the manuscript is ready for the printer. There are some things, however, which I wish you would do. First, reduce it again to about a quarter of a column, and then bring it to me. It may not need further reduction, and perhaps the editor would be willing print to it.' I made up my mind that father intended to reduce me to the bare head-line, and then argue me out of that, so I stopped right there, but it was the best practice that I ever had, for it taught me carefulness and condensation at the same time.

The Busy Bee.

Utah appears to be a good country for the production of honey, and bee husbandry is an industry deserving more attention than has been given it in past years. In conversation yesterday with Dr. Ben Judson, who devotes his time largely to honey production, a reporter of the Tribune learned many facts of interest to the public. The doctor has an apiary on the East Bench, near Mount Olivet cemetery, and besides his own bees, numbering over 100 swarms, has the management of 500 swarms. In Salt Lake City there are over 4,000 hives, while in the country the number exceeds 9,000 swarms. These swarms produce annually from sixty to one hundred pounds of honey per season. All the bees under the care of Dr. Judson must exceed sixty pounds per swarm, or else the swarm will be destroyed in October by killing the queen and placing all the working bees in with other swarms. A careful record is kept of every swarm, that they may be brought up to their full standard in production.

Bees do well here and their honey from sweet clover is of fine flavor and excellent strength. The best results in yield are obtained by using manufactured comb, and removing the honey from the comb each week with a centrifugal machine which throws out the honey and leaves the comb in the frame ready for refilling. Such honey sells at wholesale from ten to thirteen cents per pound.

A swarm numbers from 20,000 to 30,000 bees and in summer the life of these is thirteen weeks, but in winter they sleep most of the time, and the swarm should be nearly as large in the spring as at the commencement of their season of rest in the fall. The life of a queen bee, if properly bred, is five years.

In Southern Utah the annual product of honey aggregates about fifty tons, and many of the central and northern counties produce largely, but we were unable to procure statistics.

Dr. Judson has had over forty years' experience in the management of bees and is much of an enthusiast on the subject, while he makes the business a profitable one. In speaking of hives, he says he uses a very simple hive and finds it to answer the purpose much better than the complicated ones used by many persons. He says honey produced here is sweeter and of as fine flavor as that produced in California, and the business can be carried on to an almost unlimited extent.

In various states the bee keepers have organized into associations for mutual interests, and such organizations have been found to work good for those interested. There is no such organization in Utah, and it would probably be well if such an one could be formed.—Salt Lake Tribune.

Girls in the Breakers.

Did you ever sit in one of the "grand stands" at Coney island and see the girls in fancy stockings wade in till the puny surf just about wet the tops of them—the stockings, please remember—and then hop up and down, clinging to the ropes and yelping? Well, that is what you don't see at the unheard-of bathing places I am telling you about. You would be surprised at the number of girls who are expert and daring swimmers—Murray Hill daughters of from 15 to 20 summers, who walk coolly down to the breakers, follow out the receding sweep of water till they meet an incoming "roller," then poise themselves on tip toe, stretch their brown eyes above their heads and plunge headlong into the wall of water just as it is about to break and dash down upon them. With a seething sound the crest of the wave shoots upward, combs over gracefully, thunders down upon the beach and goes back with a roar, and Miss Murray Hill is seen floating at her ease out beyond the line of breakers. I saw her when she had been venturesome enough to do just that thing while the tide was running out with unusual force, The breaker had given her a hard tussle when she went through it, and she had turned to swim in; but the outward current was too strong for her, and, though doing her best, she was being carried farther and farther from land. Did she yell and swallow salt water and strangle and sink? Not a bit of it; she raised one hand out of the water to show that she needed assistance, flopped over on her back, spread out her arms and lay still as a mouse, with her precious sunburned nose barely above the water, letting the tide have its own way with her. In one minute more a couple of stalwart swimmers were at her side with a plank and line. Then she rested her arms on the plank and was hauled in smiling, for which service she quietly said she was much obliged.

A Bear in a Bar Room.

While Watt's menagerie was being transferred from the railroad station to Oakland Garden yesterday morning, one of the bears managed to unfasten the door of his cage, and, effecting an escape on Ruggles street, tumbled out of the wagon in which he was being drawn, and lumbered into a neighboring drinking saloon. Several patrons of the establishment made a wild break for the door on seeing the beast enter, thinking possibly they had "got 'em again," but the bear paid no attention to them, and made straight for the bar. The bar-keeper, whose back was turned at the time, faced around on hearing the noise, when he saw the animal standing on his hind legs, his forepaws resting on the edge of the bar, his head bobbing up and down, and his mouth wide open, displaying a remarkably fine set of white and glistening teeth. The dispenser of the ardent doubtless had served many hard customers in his time, but never one like this; and he dashed through an open window to the sidewalk, shouting, as he alighted, "You can have him. I don't want him!" For some little time nobody dared enter the place, thongh the bear stuck to his position, "mopping and mowing," and executing a sort of solemn dance on his hind legs. Finally, the keeper of the animals came back and tried to get the beast out; but his efforts were in vain. Ursa Major refused alike entreaties and commands. Then a happy thought occurred to several persons at once, and they shouted in unison, "He wants a drink!" The keeper immediately seized upon the idea and put it in practice. Pouring out a bountiful libation of beer, he offered it to the bear, which lapped it up greedily, and then, his thirst being assauged, the big animal suffered himself to be quietly led back to the wagon and his cage.—Boston Herald.

Origin of the Word Restaurant.

In 1765 a cook named Boulanger, who kept a shop at the corner of the Rue des Poulis, and the Rue Baillel, in Paris, hung out a large white flag bearing the inscription (imitated, of course, from the passage in the New Testament): "Venite ad me, omnes qui stomacho laboratis, es ego restaurabo vos." Beneath these words was a list of his prices. And, as the good man did not look for outrageous profits, his dining room was quickly invaded by all the young bloods of the capital, and every one began to ask his neighbor, "Have you been to Boulanger's?" The favorite dish at the house was nothing more appetizing than sheep's trotters; but so excellently was this humble fare cooked that large quantities were sent out daily to all the great mansions in the neighborhood. The restaurant was much resorted to by the courtiers of the day; and even the celebrated gourmet Moncriff, the academician, went there regularly. Being reader to the queen, he at last sounded the praise of sheep's trotters to the ears of royalty; and Boulanger, who had by this time accumulated a fortune, was ordered to supply the table of Louis XV. Thenceforward the restaurant became one of the peculiar features of Parisian life; and within the next few years Very opened that far famed establishment which, after having been the resort of Saint Just and Marat, was removed in 1808 from the Allee des Oranges to its present quarters.—Pall Mall Gazette.

It is possible, by the use of certain surgical appliances, to modify considerably the shape of the nose.

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ALL SORTS.

The most popular club in New York is "The Locust." It is supported by policemen—at $1200 a year.

When a poor fellow begins going to the dogs, it is only his dog who continues to sympathize with him.

Abstaining from food, it is said, will cure rheumatism. If you have rheumatism go live in a boarding house.

There is so much sand in the strawberries that are brought to market now that they seem quite fit for the desert.

"Yes," said the gilded youth, "I hate to make the sacrifice, but I will. My tailor must wait for the money and she get the bouquets."

The city of Houston, Tex., offered to pay Ingersoll more to lecture one night on infidelity than it pays a single one of its ministers for a year's work.

Speaking of the avocation of the heavenly bodies, there is no doubt but that the sun is a tanner.—Oil City Derrick.

"Why are these flats called French flats?" "To distinguish them from American flats." "What are American flats?" "The people that live in French flats."

The "gentle reader" is supposed to be one that doesn't get on his ear and swear whenever the newspaper man is lucky enough to get a full page advertisement. —Wheeling Leader.

"Remember who you are talking to, sir," said a father to his fractious boy. "I am your father." "Well, who's to blame for that?" asked young impertinence; "it ain't me."

The meanest man we have heard of this season is the fellow who telegraphed his sympathy to a friend who had just lost everything in a speculation, and made him pay for the message.

Commercial traveler—"My name is Muller. I am agent for Schulze, in Berlin." Merchant—Schulze, in Berlin? In that case I must beg you to shut the door from the outside."

It is a very small village indeed that doesn't contain a billiard champion of the United States. There are more billiard champions in this country to day than there are billiard players by a long chalk.

A negro baby was born in Georgia recently which weighed only a pound and a quarter, and a "literary feller," hearing of the circumstance, remarked that it was funny how anything so dark could be so light.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Leaves of turnips and the like are frequently used as green fodder, but their removal had a bad effect upon the plants. Actual trial with the sugar beet has shown that the denudation process has reduced the quantity of sugar 3.7 per cent. The leaves are also less nourishing than young grass.

A specimen of preserved milk sealed by Nagelli in 1872 was opened lately. It had become brownish and had acquired a bitter taste. The milk sugar was converted into lactose and dextrose. Sufficient proof was obtained that heating to 120 degrees, under a pressure of from two to four atmospheres, is inadequate to destroy germs.

An excellent stain for giving light colored wood the appearance of black walnut may be made and applied as follows: Take Brunswick black, thin it down with turpentine until it is about the right tone and color, and then add about one-twentieth of its bulk of varnish. This mixture, it is said, will dry hard and take varnish well.

All are agreed, says the Lancet, that bathing is a healthful practice. First, because it is cleanly, and second because it is a necessary precaution against risks of drowning. We are fully prepared to indorse the proposition that boys should be allowed to bathe as often and as freely as may be practicable. It is, however, necessary to raise a protest against the recklessness which too commonly attends the recourse to bathing as an exceptional, or at least a seasonable, exercise by those who are eager enough but not physically fit, to bathe. There is practically less danger in bathing all the year round than doing so only at certain periods. It has been asserted by Professor H. Ranke that children dying from wasting diarrhœa atropy of the various organs will be found to have occurred, just as in animals which have died from starvation. Dr. Ohmlullel has attempted to verify this and the following is his conclusion: "The several organs do not decrease in weight in equal ratios, but some more than others. The most striking differences are exhibited in the bones, the brain and the skin The two former lose much more weight than the other organs and consequently form a larger proportion of the total body weight, in the atropic than in the normal patient. The skin, on the other hand, decreases considerably in weight, owing to the complete disappearance of the adipose tissue."

How Beds Should be Placed.

A German, Baron Reichenbach, has occupied my years in studying the art of bed making, or bed placing, and maintains that improperly placed beds will shorten a man's life. If a mere magnet exercises an influence on sensitive persons, the earth's magnetism must certainly make itself felt on the nervous life of a man. In whatever hemisphere, you may always sleep with your feet to the center of the equator and let your body lie "true as a needle to the pole." The proper direction of the body is of the utmost importance, for the proper circulation of the blood, and many disturbances in the organism have been cured by simply placing the bolster in a different point of the compass from that it had occupied. Let such as have hitherto been in the habit of sleeping with their heads where their feet ought to be to take to heart the example of the late Dr. Elschwester of Magdeburg, who died recently at the age of 109 years. The most unhealthy position, we are told, is when the body lies due east and west. Some observers assure us that sleep in such a posture is tantamount to committing suicide, and that diseases are often aggravated by deviations from the proper postures.