

ELIZABETH ZANE.

This d. unless p'oneer maiden's name is inscribed in gold on the scroll of Fame...

It was more than a hundred years ago. They were close to the dusky low...

The powder was sixty yards away. Around her the women in ambush lay...

No time had she to waver or wait. Back she must go ere it be too late...

She gained the fort with her precious freight. Strong hands fastened the oak-gate...

Talk not to me of Paul Revere. A man, on horseback, with night to fear...

John S. Adams, in St. Nicholas for July.

MY PRIVATE ASTRONOMER.

My early education was neglected, chiefly by myself, a fact which my wife who is superior to me...

Although I would not care to own it, I was at length goaded into a sneaking desire to shine in intellectual circles...

I commenced my intellectual improvement by buying books, those of neat but not gaudy binding being preferred...

I was walking along the street one fine frosty evening when an idea struck me, suggested by the sight of a cold and shivering curbstone telescope fakir...

"Five cents a look. Fine view of Jupiter," remarked the sidewalk astronomer. "Here, gimme a quarter's worth..."

"Not enough to keep me in salt," he answered, rather savagely, for he now thought he saw in me a possible rival.

The fellow hemmed and hawed and acted as though he didn't know how to begin, until I suggested his refunding the dollar.

him and he turned loose a dray load of information, all of which I could not believe, not being of a credulous turn of mind.

"That is the planet Jupiter," he commenced, while I nearly broke my back bending down to get a good fair chance at it.

"It has four moons, which you will observe ranged around the planet like the bags around the pitcher's stand on a base-ball field."

"Hold on," said that again. "What? Nebula hypothesis?"

"Hold on, while I get my note-book to bear on it. Just let me gather that word in, and if I don't paralyze my wife with it you may call me a horned toad."

"Oh, come, now, you can't make me believe that!" I protested, as I let go the machine and tried to straighten out the crick in my back.

"That's what Proctor says. I don't know anything about it myself, but he stakes his professional reputation on the assertion," urged my astronomer.

"Yes sir, eleven years and nearly twelve—'Great Caesar, but that's hard on the grangers over in Jupiter—only one crop to three Presidential elections.'"

"I reckon it's tiresome, but I suppose they get used to it." "It must be pleasant for merchants when a farmer comes in and asks to get trusted, and says he will pay after harvest—in the course of eight or ten years."

"There are some disadvantages about that, and then there are some advantages, too. It isn't so bad if you are the one who owes the money."

"Some scientists assert that the inhabitants of Jupiter are transparent." "Say-er-er, what's your name?"

"Liggins." "Well, Liggins, I'm cussed if astronomy isn't interesting. Why it's great! It knocks a political campaign clear out. Gimme some more."

"As I was saying, some scientists, notably Herschel and La Place, assert that the inhabitants of Jupiter are transparent, while Kepler disputes this."

"But there is one thing they all agree on—that the people can only be a foot and a half high, and about four feet thick, sloped a good deal like a mud-turtle with a head on top instead of at the end."

"Good deal like your machine, eh?" "The planet, as I saw it, was hard to describe. It looked more like a big gob of light with four spatters around it than anything I can call to mind."

"When I proposed having a shy at some other star, Liggins said he had a sick baby, and must hurry home. I was enthusiastic, in spite of my back, and wanted more, but Liggins waded his sick baby, so to speak, in my face, and I let him go when he promised to have a fresh star on top the next night."

"Every night Liggins lugged his telescope up to my house and back again, notwithstanding my offer to keep it safely. He said he wanted to pursue some private investigations by himself. Another thing struck me as peculiar, which was that we could have but one star at a time. As soon as I suggested a sort of astronomical free-for-all, Liggins always remembered that his baby had swallowed a copper or something of that sort. I didn't believe the yarns about the baby, and I didn't believe Liggins had a baby. I could not, nor can I now, understand how any self-respecting baby could own Liggins for a father, for he was about the most many-looking citizen I ever saw."

"Notwithstanding his economy in the matter of stars we got along swimmingly. I took one every clear night and learned to be satisfied with that. I then thought he had an idea his invoice of planets and asteroids might run short. I found out differently later."

"I want to see a comet," said I one night. "I'll find you one," remarked Liggins, who was a very accommodating person. "We will have comets to-morrow."

Sure enough, he was as good as his word, and trotted out a big comet as promised. It was somewhat breezy in tail, and not exactly as I expected.

"I spoke to my wife about it, and she thought it was unbecoming in me to find fault with the solar system. Next thing I would be talking positive infidelity. I must learn not to set myself up against Copernicus, Kepler, Newton, La Place, Herschel, Lockyer, Proctor, and all those. The job lot of names she fired at me sounded as if they belonged to a hard crowd to beat, so I went out and smoked."

Although the cloudy nights came in pretty thick about that time, we made very fair progress, doing up Mars, Uranus, Neptune, Venus, the Pleiades, the Milky Way, the Dipper, Saturn, and some others. Saturn with its rings looked like a target in a shooting gallery.

Liggins had been telling me about a French astronomer by the name of Verne, who built a big cannon, and crawled into a hollow ball, shot himself to the moon, a proceeding which I would consider a trifle risky. He took a flyer around the orbit ("orb" is one of Liggins' gems), rounding the last quarter post without a skip, and lit on earth again all right. It's funny the newspapers didn't say anything about it. They usually do touch on such things.

Well, that little story got me interested in the moon, and we fixed a date to investigate it. My wife settled on the same night for one of her symposiums, to be followed by a little progressive euchre and toned up a trifle by something in the refreshment line. My wife's noted for her literary gathering.

Liggins came around as usual, and to alleviate his disappointment at my not coming to time on astronomy, I had a waiter carry out a dollar, a plate of chicken salad, and a glass of champagne. Unfortunately, the bottle was left within his reach, and he went home satisfied with every one on this earth, and especially grateful to the solar system. For the first time since I had known him he left his telescope on the back porch.

We got up late the next morning and my wife was cross, but brightened up when I came home to lunch. "Tom," said she, "do you know how to run that telescope?"

"N—no—I don't know as I do. Liggins always attended to that." She said nothing more about it and I went down town. When I returned I found the girl on her knees scrubbing a kerosene spot on the sitting room carpet and the wreck of the telescope, dissected by my wife, lying about the floor. She grabbed me by the arm and took me to a window. There she held up a piece of dirty glass.

"What is that, do you think?" she asked, in her superior way. "It looks like a photo negative." "It looks like it, but it isn't." "Now listen. Just as if I could do anything else but listen. That miserable astronomer, whom I told my friends was a distinguished savant in distress, is nothing but a mean cheat. On this piece of glass is a clumsy picture of the moon in India ink. Hold it up to the sun. That light spot is the moon, and this opaque part represents sky."

My face showed that I didn't understand her, and it irritated her. "That telescope was nothing but a big tin tube bronzed over with a slide up near the end, to slip this glass in, and a place beyond it for a small hanging kerosene lamp to light it up similar to a transparency. That is what you have been looking at all this time. Studying astronomy! Good heavens!"

There are times when the English language does not fill the bill as a medium of expression. My wife caught me struggling with my overcoat. "Thomas Henry, where are you going?" "I'm going to interview Mr Liggins."

"You shall do nothing of the sort. You will make yourself the laughing stock of the town. Take off that coat." My wife was right, as usual.

"How did you discover the fraud?" I asked, after I had cooled down. My wife looked embarrassed, and I saw there was something in the wind. I did not find out that day, nor the next, but by strict attention to business I managed eventually to ascertain. She had always believed the Livingstones, although they held their heads rather high, did not have enough to eat on the table half the time. As we can command a view of their dining-room from our sitting-room window, by using a powerful glass, she had tried to bring a little science to bear on the problem, with the narrated result.

When Liggins came for his telescope it was given him in pieces. I never saw him again, but some months later he sent for me to pay a fine for vagrancy. He, however, went up for sixty days, and I shipped him a copy of "Dick's Sidereal Heavens," one of my early purchases, to comfort him in his seclusion.—Clarence A. Webster, in Chicago Ledger.

Stung to Death by Wasps. Wasps killed William P. Thompson, a farmer living in Allegheny County, Md. While working a cornfield, he noticed what he supposed to be bees swarming around the stump of an old oak tree standing in a fence corner. He approached and rashly attempted to investigate them by striking the stump with his hoe. In an instant a whole nest of wasps, probably 500 or 600 strong, attacked him. They settled all over his head, and clung to him with remarkable persistency. When he reached home screaming for help, his wife was compelled to beat them off with a broom. He had been stung in a horrible manner. There was scarcely a piece of skin as big as a penny on his head which had not been pierced by the wasps' sting. He had just had his hair cut with a clipper and the wasps found no difficulty in getting in their work all over his scalp. One of them had settled in his left eye and stung the eye-ball. In two hours Thompson's head had swollen to a monstrous size, his left eye protruding, and he was a terrible spectacle. The man suffered great agony and died in a few hours.—Rochester Democrat.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

How the Government Succeeded in Destroying the Locusts on the Island of Cyprus—Industrial Notes.

Locusts recently appeared in such numbers in southern Russia that the governors of six provinces held a meeting at Odessa, to devise means for destroying them. As no plan that seemed to be practiced could be recommended the conference broke up.

A correspondent of a London paper who visited these provinces states that he was reminded of the words of the Hebrew prophet in relation to the depredations of locusts. He was a witness of the same terrible destruction described in the bible. "The land is the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness." The English, since they have been in possession of Cyprus have succeeded in ridding it of these insect pests. The way it was accomplished is thus described by Miss C. F. Gordon Cummings in a communication to The Pall Mall Gazette.

That this sad fate was in store for Cyprus appeared so evident that in 1880 it became positively necessary for the colonial government to take the matter seriously in hand and organize measures for the salvation of the island. It was therefore made compulsory on every male between the ages of 18 and 60 years to collect a certain weight of locust eggs, to be paid as an annual tax to the commissioners appointed to superintend this work of destruction in three districts—namely, Famagusta, Larnaca, and Nicosia. It was stipulated that the egg-sacks must be delivered clean, without any admixture of earth, so we may form some estimate of how enormous was the diminution of the foe when we learn that the weight of the tiny grain-like eggs destroyed in the autumn of 1880 was actually 236 tons. This, however, far exceeded in the following year, for notwithstanding the wholesale destruction, the remnant that escaped detection and survived to deposit their eggs was so great that no less than 1,350 tons weight of locusts' eggs were destroyed between July 1881, and February, 1882. Nevertheless, so great was the multitude of cunningly-buried egg-sacks which escaped detection that, when the hatching season arrived, there was apparently no diminution in the vast swarms of living locusts which presently appeared—hungry hordes threatening immediate famine, and suggesting ever-increasing legions for future years.

It was evident that measures for their wholesale destruction must be organized on a far more extensive scale. The preparations for war included such items as 5,500 canvas screens, each fifty yards in length, tools for digging great trenches, and payment of laborers, who were required to keep watch day and night wherever the presence of the foe was suspected. In the districts of Famagusta alone 32,220 pits were dug, and all these were in due time filled with a densely-packed mass of struggling locusts, the total weight of insects thus destroyed in this one district alone being above 12,000 tons! It might well be supposed that such a wholesale massacre would have effectually thinned the locust legions. But again the survivors proved to have been so numerous that the swarms of the following spring were actually as large as those of any previous year, and the official reports stated that they were still gaining ground. It was evident that yet more vigorous measures were requisite, so the infested area was subdivided into smaller districts, each of which was placed under the closest supervision; 65,000 pits were dug, and 8,000 additional screens were prepared and kept in active movement preceding the march of the foe. While government officers were thus energetic, they were sorely tried by the amazing inertia of the peasants, whose indolence even outweighed all ordinary prudence of self-interest. Thus the government engineer, Mr. S. Brown, reports arriving at a village where he found only a handful of old men and boys vainly working at the locust pits and screens, utterly unable to cope with the multitude of locusts which swarmed passed them, actually crawling into the streets. To his disgust he found troops of able-bodied men (the owners of the lands and the crops which were in such imminent peril) idling at the cafes, and refusing to work, "because," they said, "government, having undertaken the business, would, of course, accomplish it, but they did not choose to work for such a low rate of pay." [The rate offered being equal to that habitually given for hard work on the roads.] Truly, in dealing with such people, there was much to be said in favor of the Turkish system of compulsory labor, which has only been abolished under British rule. In like manner, when every nerve was being strained to discover and clear every locust breeding-ground, news was received very late that a large quantity had hatched, and were already well grown, in an isolated district about thirty-five miles from any other locust-bed. This must have been known to many peasants and to the inhabitants of a neighboring monastery, but no one had the grace even to send information to the officials. Notwithstanding such drawbacks which led to the escape of many insects as a reserve to supply future trouble, it is estimated that the locust slaughter of 1883 must have been somewhere about 200,000,000,000.

Although the crop of 1884 gave good proof of the benefits of this wholesale massacre, there was still good cause for vigilance and unremitting care. To the working material in hand there were added 3,800 zinc traps made on a new system; also, 2,860 canvas screens, making of these a total which, if placed in a line, would have made about 315 miles of canvas wall. The island was divided into still smaller districts for official supervision, but the reduction in the number of the foe rendered in a corresponding reduction possible in the force employed to cope with them. Only two thousand persons were therefore employed, of whom 1,400 were laborers, working on contract. By judicious marching these from one point to another, they were able to do all that was requisite.

At one point, however, a serious alarm arose, for the locusts, having suddenly changed their line of march and outflanked their watchers, had actually reached the standing crops. In this emergency a working party of English soldiers was called out, and thirty-two men of the Queen's Own West Kent regiment were marched out to do battle with this tiny but serious foe. It is superfluous to say that they did their work right well.

To the joy of all concerned, these long-sustained efforts have at length been crowned with such success that last year literally no damage to crops was reported, and though it is evident that there will always be a sufficient number of survivors to necessitate vigilance and the preservation of locust-war material as an annual item in the national expenses of the island, it may now be considered that the great plague has been successfully conquered. It is now proposed to render it compulsory on owners of the soil annually to plow all lands where deposits of eggs are known to have been made. Also, that rewards shall be given (graduated according to the distance traveled) to all persons reporting hatches not previously known to government, and that fines should be levied on persons who, knowing of such, have failed to report them. The total expenditure incurred in this warfare has been: for the year ending June 1882, about £32,000; for the year ending June, 1883, about £12,300; for the year ending June, 1885, about £9,000—a considerable item in the outlay of the island, but one which will very quickly be refunded by the rich harvest, now happily safe from the all-devouring foe.

Industrial Notes.

A whitewash that will not rub off is made by slaking one-half bushel lime with boiling water, keeping it covered during the process. Strain it and add a peck of salt dissolved in warm water, three pounds of ground rice put in boiling water, and boiled to a thin paste; one half pound powdered Spanish whiting, and a pound of clear glue dissolved in warm water. Mix these well together and let the mixture stand for several days. Keep the wash thus prepared in a kettle, and when used put it on as hot as possible with painter's or whitewashers brushes.

The latest improvements in raising lima beans is to use brush about eight feet high, stuck like pea brush instead of poles as commonly practiced. Plant in hills about three feet apart in the direction of the rows, two or three plants to the hill, and the rows six or eight feet from each other. Cut off the tops of the plants when they get above the brush, and stop all the side shoots when they are two feet long. The vines are much better exposed to the sun and air in this manner, and far larger crops are said to be matured than by piling.

In some tests made with small squares of various woods buried one inch in the ground the following results were noted: Birch and aspen decayed in three years; willow and horse chestnut in four years; maple and red beech in five years; elm, ash, hornbeam, and Lombardy poplar in seven years; oak, Scotch fir, Weymouth pine, and silver fir decayed to a depth of half an inch in seven years; larch, juniper, and arbutus were uninjured at the expiration of seven years.

The sales of land made by the land department of the Northern Pacific Railroad for the month of May were \$4,200 acres, for \$263,472. Of these sales, 4,046 acres were in Minnesota, 27,349 acres were in Dakota, 4,633 acres were in Montana, and 10,572 acres were in Washington. The total sales were greater than those of the corresponding month of 1881 by 10,214 acres. The sales of the month were almost entirely to actual settlers.

It is possible, according to French authority, to foretell the weather sometimes ten or twenty hours in advance, by observing and comparing the sounds emitted by the telephone connected by leads with two iron bars stuck into the ground a few yards apart. In case of a thunder storm, especially, a noise like that of shivering leaves, increases until a flash of lightning occurs, when the sound resembles that of rain or hail falling on grass.

A Port Jarvis man has concluded that if there can be a scarecrow there can also be a scarebug. So he stuck a little stake in the middle of his cucumber hills on which he has attached a small white rag. He says that the little bugs which were destroying his cucumber plants are scared by the flopping of the rags, and vacate the premises.

The birds of Louisiana, papers of that state say, will soon be exterminated. The colored people there not only make birds an article of food, but have begun to use their eggs for the same purpose. The eggs of partridges, robins, wrens, mocking birds, and all others that they can get their hands on are eaten.

Several farmers in Schenectady county, New York, have been very successful in raising peanuts. They are of larger size than those grown in the south, and some claim that they are of superior quality. Probably peanuts will be raised in most of the northern states before many years.

The Tennessee peanut crop, it is believed, will be cut short this year, owing to the rotting of seed in the ground. The peanut area is spreading. Heretofore its cultivation in Tennessee has been confined more chiefly to the counties of Humphreys, Perry, Hickman, and Dickson.

Two new type-writers have recently been brought out in England. Each is about eight inches square, and weighs not to exceed six pounds. They can be carried in sachel, and are afforded at so low a price as to be within the reach of almost any person.

The best stock water is that of living springs, the next, that of running streams. Fully equal to these, save in the exception of hardness, is the water of wells, free from surface drainage. The worst water is that of slack streams, and especially stagnant ponds.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

An ebony table has a branch of magnolias painted on the top. Fried squash, sliced and fried like egg plant, is a good and new breakfast dish.

The fore feet of the pig are called "French pigs' feet," and are the favorites. They are boiled, split open and breaded for broiling.

A rich sofa back is of black satin with tulips embroidered in Kensington stitch. The tulips are of natural size and in a variety of colors. Dainty sachels are made of linen drawn work with a variety of stitches. The case for the perfume may be white or of any delicate color and the effect of the latter through the lace work is very pretty.

A very pretty apron is made of fedia mull. It has a deep hem, and in one corner above the hem is embroidered a graceful cluster of marguerites in Kensington stitch. Another of the same material has daisies "powdered" over it in "sweet confusion."

Some one who has eaten it says that English plantain, just fancy, ye sufferers from this weed, makes an excellent "dish of greens." The young leaves are selected and prepared in the same way as spinach. We shall soon arrive at the era in which nothing is wasted.

Cold roast beef may be utilized in this way. Cut the beef in small pieces and put it in a stewpan with a good sized piece of butter, some finely minced onion, a little water, with salt and curry powder to taste. Simmer for fifteen minutes and serve hot with a ring of boiled rice surrounding it.

Spiced cherries to eat with meat are a good relish. Make a syrup of one pint of white sugar and one pint of water for each quart of cherries, add spice to suit the taste; when boiling add the cherries; cook half an hour; seal when cold. Fully ripe, perfect fruit must be selected, and the stones left in to give it a lively flavor.

Very serviceable bureau scarfs may be made of stamime with bright stripes alternating with lines of drawn work. This material is not expensive. It is effective and those busy housewives who have not the time for embroidery, but who like pretty things, will find it a welcome addition to their household adornment.

A rose jar may be made in this way and the fragrance will last for years. For each pound of perfect rose leaves take one-quarter of a pound of salt which has been thoroughly dried in a warm, but not too hot oven for three hours. Mix leaves and salt together and place in a jar that can be tightly stoppered. The leaves must be free from dew or moisture.

Milan cakes are nice for tea. Half a pound of sifted flour, a quarter of a pound of butter, six ounces of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of thick, sour cream and one egg. Mix a paste of these ingredients, roll it out and cut it in diamond shaped pieces; glaze with egg and bake in a hot oven; when cold place a bit of jam or jelly in the center of each and serve.

Remember that a handful of soot put in a piece of cotton and securely tied and immersed in a gallon of water for two days will make a solution that may be applied with excellent results to all free growing plants that require fertilizers. Fuchsias, geraniums, chrysanthemums, palms India rubber trees (Ficus elastica) and many others are benefited by this liquid fertilizer.

Delicious little puddings are made by this recipe: Weigh four eggs and take the same weight in butter, sugar and flour. Mix the flour and butter smoothly together, then stir in the sugar and lastly the eggs. Bake in small buttered cups in a quick oven for twenty minutes; turn on a warm dish and serve with any desired sauce. The weight of four eggs will make sixteen small puddings.

Stewed lettuce is very nice and is prepared quite easily. After cleansing the lettuce, chop it fine. For four heads of lettuce put three ounces of butter in a stew pan and set it on the fire; when it is melted put in the lettuce with a little minced cervill; stir now and then until cooked; sprinkle over it a pinch of flour; moisten it with broth; boil for ten minutes more, stirring it occasionally, and serve.

White silk handkerchiefs are troublesome to wash; unless you know how, exactly, they are apt to come out stiff and streaked. They should be first soaked for half an hour in cold soft water, with forty drops of ammonia to the quart. After which rub the handkerchief well, wash it in warm water and add soap if necessary. After wringing, wrap in a dry towel for fifteen minutes and iron until dry.

Of Sound Mind.

Will of a deceased husband that was recognized: A rich old fellow died, and when his estate was being settled up his widow was called in to give some testimony regarding the will.

"Mrs. Miller," said the attorney, handing her the will, "will you be kind enough to look at that document and tell me if it is correct as far as you know?"

"What is it?" asked the widow. "It is your late husband's will."

"Oh! is it? Well, it was never as extensive as that when he was alive." "I don't mean that, madam. I want to know if you think it is the correct will?"

The widow took it and began to read. "Of course," she exclaimed, "this is his."

"Why do you think so, madam?" "Because you say here, 'I, James Miller, being of sound mind.' Now, that is him all over. He contended with me from the time we were married that he was of sound mind, and said 'he'd stick to it with his last breath, even if I persisted in saying that he didn't have sense enough to put up an umbrella on a rainy day. He used to do some mighty foolish things, but I'm glad to see he had a good opinion of himself to the end.'"

Schenectady Union.