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VALLEY RECORD.

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ASHLAND . . . OREGON

UNEXPLORED LANDS.

A Description of the Flat Tops of Guiana's Sandstone Mountains.

Nearly all the surface of the globe between the frigid zones has been examined by curious and scientific travelers. If any parts are left unvisited, we know the conditions of life there so well that we feel certain what will be found upon exploration. There are, however, the flat tops of the sandstone mountains in Guiana, many miles in extent, of which we know little. They are described by the English surveyor, Mr. C. B. Brown.

I took the guide and another Indian, and crossing to the foot of Roraima, ascended its sloping portion to a height of five thousand one hundred feet above the level of the sea. Between the highest point I reached and the foot of the great perpendicular portion, which towered high above us, was a band of thick forest. Looking up at the great wall of rock, two thousand feet in height, I could see that a forest covered its top, and that in places on its sides, where small trees or shrubs could gain a hold with their roots, there they clung. The great beds of white, pink and red sandstone, of which it is composed, are interbedded with layers of red shale, the whole resting upon a great bed of diorite.

No one can view this wonderful mountain and its surrounding similarly shaped neighbors without feeling convinced that they stood at one time as islands in the ocean, but at what period of the earth's history it is difficult to say. If any mammals then lived upon them, when the sea washed the base of their cliffs, the descendants of those mammals may exist there still, for all communications with their tops and the surrounding country has ever since been effectually cut off by their sides, which are almost everywhere perpendicular.

The length of Roraima is about eight or twelve miles, and two of its neighbors are of greater extent. All have perfectly level tops. The area of its surface must be considerable, for Schomburgk, who visited its southern end, to the westward of the point to which I ascended, describes some beautiful waterfalls as leaping from its sides, forming the drainage of part of its top. When viewing it from a mountain on the upper Mazaruni, in 1872, at a distance of thirty miles, I distinctly saw an enormous waterfall, on its northeast side, of very considerable width and extraordinary height. —*Youth's Companion.*

SCHUMANN'S POVERTY.

The Straits to Which the Great Composer Was Sometimes Reduced.

A passage or two from the life of Schumann, the eminent musician, shows the straits to which he was sometimes reduced for want of cash during the time he was a struggling student. In a letter written to his mother in November, 1830, he says: "For the last fortnight I have not had a farthing; I owe Wieck twenty thalers and Lube thirty, and really live like a dog. You say I had better borrow one hundred thalers of somebody, but who is to lend them to me? I hardly know a soul, and those I do know have got as little as I have. * * * I should like to have my hair cut, as it is a yard long, but haven't a copper to do it with. For the last fortnight I have been obliged to wear only white neckties, as my black one is simply in rags, and the white ones will be at an end to-morrow, so I shall have to be old-fashioned and do without. I ought to send several letters to Heidelberg, but have no money for the postage. What will the world think of me? My piano is horribly out of tune, but I can not send for the tuner, etc., etc. I have not even enough money to buy a pistol to shoot myself. That is the state I am in. So do not take it amiss if, in a despairing moment, I run right away either to America or to my uncle at Twer, where cholera morbus is just now raging, which might soon put an end to the life and career of my wretched self." Three months later he was in debt at the restaurant for dinners, and the unreasonable proprietor wanted to be paid. Nay, he was most rude in pressing for the money (sixty or seventy thalers). Wieck, also, and a fellow-student were creditors by money lent, and the poor young man had got into a "fix." "By Jove, it's quite true when I tell you that I have only eaten meat about twice and lived upon plain potatoes, and although I am very fond of them, still it is getting too much of a good thing." He had raised money at his "Uncle's." "I have also had to pawn your watch, and one book after the other finds its way to the second-hand bookseller's. You may imagine how much I am losing. The day before yesterday I went in despair to Wieck and borrowed a thaler, and heavens! didn't I pitch into the roast veal, that's all! Poverty must be a horrible thing, because it absolutely excludes one from human society."—*N. Y. Post.*

Since the establishment of so many creameries and cheese factories throughout the country, cheese making in families has almost become a lost art. The night's and morning's milk may be put together in a large kettle and brought almost to blood heat, when rennet is put in and stirred up with the milk. After that it must not be disturbed again until it has curdled and whey appears on the top and sides of the kettle. Dip this off carefully, so as not to break the curd and cause a whitish whey. This whey may be warmed and turned back to keep up the temperature until the separation of the whey from the curd is complete, when it is all dipped off again and the hardened curd is cut from time to time into inch squares with a large knife to still further aid in the separation of the whey.

After this the whole is dipped into a coarse strainer cloth, spread in the cheese basket and placed over a tub to drain. It is then chopped in a chopping bowl or rubbed into small pieces and salted ready for the cheese hoops, when it is gently pressed until the whey is all expelled. A dried rennet is soaked in salt and water in a stone jar, and the amount required will depend on its strength and must be learned by experience. A tablespoonful to a gallon of milk is about the usual quantity. When on the shelf to dry the cheese must be rubbed daily with grease made from heated butter until it is cured. While a quite small fruit or cider press might be used, it would not be well adapted to the purpose, and a cheap one made by a carpenter would be better.

BISHOP STROSSMEYER.

The Great Hobby of One of Europe's Most Famous Prelates.

One of the strangest and most remarkabe figures of the Austro-Hungarian Empire is Mgr. Strossmeyer, the turbulent and powerful Bishop of Diakovar. In perpetual conflict with the Government for more than twenty years past, no attempt has been made to deprive him of his see. As recognized leader of the eighteen million Slavs, who constitute an integral portion of the population of Austro-Hungary, he is blindly obeyed by his followers, and any attempt to discipline him would result in an immediate insurrection of the whole of Croatia and Esclavonia. Although venerated almost as a saint in the two provinces just mentioned, he is but seldom to be seen at the altar, and excepting on rare occasions, he disdains the use of the cassock, which constitutes the customary garb of the clergy in all Catholic countries. As a rule, the holy man is to be seen stalking through the streets of Agram and Diakovar, booted and spurred, dressed in a coarse dark-gray shooting-jacket, a soft felt hat perched rakishly on one side of his head, a hunting-crop under his arm, and a cigar in the corner of his mouth. Although over seventy-three years of age, his bristly, bushy hair shows but slight tinges of gray. Of commanding stature and imposing presence, his aspect is much more that of a soldier than of a priest. The See of Diakovar is one of great wealth, and, during his twenty years' tenure thereof, Bishop Strossmeyer has developed its resources in such a remarkable manner as to place almost unlimited revenues at his absolute disposal. On every side he has founden agricultural and industrial enterprises of the most varied nature. The episcopal mines are among the most productive of the empire, the fame of his breeding stud is known to all lovers of horse-flesh throughout Europe, and the vastness of his operations as a timber merchant would make even the princes of the Chicago lumber trade open their mouths with astonishment. The resources thus obtained have been developed by the Bishop to the reconstitution of the Croatian and, in fact, all the Slav races in Austria, into one political unity, and to their rescue from the appalling ignorance, moral degradation and barbarism for which they were proverbial during the first half of the present century. His cathedral at Diakovar bears an inscription over its central portal to the effect that it has been "designed, built, and sculptured for the greater glory of God exclusively by Croatians." No one was allowed to put his hand to the work unless it could be shown that he had Slav blood coursing through his veins. For several consecutive years the Bishop kept men traveling through the country collecting all the old Slav legends, popular songs, poems, etc., which, after being carefully revised by the prelate himself, were printed and distributed gratis everywhere, in order that, in the words of the Bishop, "the people might no longer be exposed to hearing those hateful German and Hungarian songs which contain nothing but curses for Croatia."—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

A MILLION YEARS.

Two Ways of Forming an Idea of Such a Vast Period of Time.

Astronomers and geologists habitually deal in large numbers. It is utterly impossible to conceive of a billion miles, and even the familiar illustration of a railroad train going so many miles an hour for so many years conveys a very vague idea.

It is equally difficult to form an idea of the vast periods of time with which geologists deal. What idea can man, who is limited to a hundred years, form of a million years?

Prof. Croll tells us how a striking impression of such a lapse of time may be partially conveyed to the mind:

"Stretch a piece of paper eighty-three feet four inches long around the walls of a room somewhat over twenty feet square, recall the events of life to give some conception of a hundred years, and then consider that a mark one-tenth of an inch broad at one end of the paper represents the century, while the whole strip gives place for only a million years."

This illustration is worth trying.

An even more striking illustration may be seen in the works of nature. Could we stand upon the edge of a gorge a mile and a half in depth, that had been cut out of the solid rock by a tiny stream scarcely visible at the bottom of this terrible abyss, and were we informed that this little streamlet was able to wear off annually only one-tenth of an inch from its rocky bed, what would our conception be of the prodigious length of time that this stream must have taken to excavate the gorge? We should certainly feel startled on finding that the stream had performed this enormous amount of work in something less than a million of years.—*Golden Days.*

Dresden's Street Car Lines.

A Baltimorean, writing from Dresden to a friend in that city, says: "It was here that I saw the best managed street car lines. The hill boys are men, and the 'jaded' hill horses are 'fiery steeds;' all the company's employes are uniformed, and such uniforms are not on our police; they look more like our military dress. The cars are spotless, double decked, first and second class, roof cheaper; first class fare 15 pfennings, or less than 4 cents from end to end of the route, and 10 pfennings for shorter distances. The horses go like race horses, and are evidently not overworked. There are waiting rooms at numerous crossings along the route, and the morning papers are kept on the racks—two papers to each car."—Chicago Herald.

—Veteran Statesman Hannibal Hamlin, in a public address recently, rejoiced that his life had covered the full development of the age of steam. Now the age of electricity is at hand, and one man's life-span may extend over this new era, too.

Another small boy of three, who is decidedly irreverent, on praying "God bless papa," added "and make him a good boy; if you can't, just warm him up."—Babyhood.

SCIENCE AND PROGRESS.

HOW HUMAN SACRIFICE IS REGARDED IN THE CONGO REGION.

One of the Most Interesting of the Jubilee Gifts Received by Queen Victoria—The Secrets of the Magic Mirror Explained. Dangers of Alpine Tourists.

Modern science has clearly explained most of the superstitions that were firmly believed in two or three centuries ago, and among them that of the magic mirror of the famous astrologer Nostradamus. In the middle of the Sixteenth century Nostradamus was looked upon with awe as holding intercourse with familiar spirits. His magic mirror was believed to disclose to those consulting it events of the past and prophecies for the future, and the credulity of the age is revealed by the fact that even the crafty Catherine de Medici was a firm believer in the magic mirror. It will be remembered that in the midst of her intrigues she took counsel of it and there appeared to her a long line of French kings followed by a crowd of Jesuits, all struggling among themselves for the French crown.

A MAGIC MIRROR.

Nostradamus was, of course, only a man ahead of his time in knowledge of physics, chemistry and medicine, and Popular Science News demonstrates, with the aid of the accompanying cut, how the illusions with which he and others of his ilk entertained their dupes are produced.

As will be seen the magic mirror is only one of a series. The mirror in which the image appears, C, is inclined at such an angle that a person looking into it sees not his own reflection, but that of a second mirror suspended overhead and concealed by a canopy. In this mirror is reflected the image of a person or object concealed behind a partition or screen, in the upper part of which is an opening just large enough to allow the light to pass through. So, instead of beholding a vision of spirits, Catherine de Medici was simply looking into an adjoining apartment.

The trick of the magic mirror is a very entertaining one. In performing it a doorway between two adjoining rooms can be utilized, by draping it with curtains so as to leave an opening near the top. Both this opening and the mirror B, which should be considerably larger than C, must be concealed by a canopy, as in the illustration. When everything is in readiness, the lights should be turned up in the room behind the curtains, while the room in which the spectators are should be partially darkened. Each must advance in turn to the proper position to observe the reflection, and the "magician" must take care that they do not approach near enough to the mirror to detect the trick. In this way any desired number of "specters" may be exhibited in a more satisfactory manner even than was accomplished by the old mediæval necromancer.

Queen Henrietta's Signet Ring.

Among the many jubilee gifts received by her majesty few are more interesting than the engraved signet ring of Henrietta Maria, presented to her by Mr. Drury Fortnum, F. S. A., the well known antiquary and connoisseur. That such a ring had been made for the unfortunate queen was proved by the entry in the privy seal books of the clerk of the pells, now in the public record office. Tradition also pointed to the existence of such a signet ring at a later date; it was believed to have been in the possession of Tavernier, the well known French diamond merchant, and it was known that a ring of the same description had been in the Earl of Buchan's collection, where it passed for that of Mary Queen of Scots. Copies of it in paste were extant. At last it occurred to Mr. Fortnum to inquire whether it had by chance come into the hands of the late Duke of Brunswick, who, as will be remembered, left his wonderful collection of jewels to the town of Geneva. There, sure enough, he found it, and after a long correspondence he bought it, and presented it a few weeks ago to Queen Victoria. It is now included in the royal collection at Windsor, where it lies side by side with the fine steel and gold signet of King Charles.

Accidents in the Swiss Alps.

This year is remarkable for the number of accidents in the Swiss Alps, the death roll having been an unusually heavy one, according to the Swiss exchanges. In the short space of not quite a month twenty-two tourists met with accidents, of whom eighteen were killed. This is because too many persons make ascents without guides.

Revolting Customs in the Congo Region.

The revolting custom of human sacrifice is carried on to a horrible extent on the upper Congo river, principally by the Ba-yanzi tribes. These people are under the impression that a man dying in this world is simply transferred to another, there to carry out exactly the same existence, requiring the same food and attendance. Upon the death of a chief, his relatives or friends kill about half his slaves, men and women, to go with him to attend to his wants and to serve for his protection. The skulls of the favorite and most faithful are employed to decorate the memorial that is in time erected to his memory.

A BA-YANZI CHIEF'S TOMB.

The cut illustrates one of these memorials or tombs. As will be seen, it consists of a conical mound of clay, painted with fantastic figures in colors of ocher. The special monument here represented, in addition to its ghastly ornaments of skulls, is made more stately in the eyes of the inhabitants by suspending over it a European umbrella, purchased from some trader at a great price.

—The *Pall Mall Gazette* publishes a novel suggestion in sanitary science: A French Colonel ascertained that he could wash his men with tepid water for a centime, or one-tenth of a penny per head, soap included. The man undresses, steps into a tray of tepid water, soaps himself, when a jet from a two-handed pump plays upon him tepid water, and he dries and dresses himself in five minutes, against twenty minutes in the bath, and with five gallons of water against some seventy in the usual bath.

ALL AROUND THE HOUSE.

Popular Bed Room Furnishings—Recipes for Old Fashioned Dainties.

Colored and white bed spreads are both in fashion. Pretty cretonne or sateen is much used for the colored ones, and the bolster, which may be rounded or flat, is covered with the same. White marseilles is a popular counterpane, while antique lace or lace insertion and scrim in alternate stripes is highly fashionable. These open work spreads may be used over a lining of sateen in pale pink, light blue or other delicate shade. The pillows, which are almost square, are covered to match. Fine linen pillow cases are frequently hemstitched and have initials embroidered above the hem.

Good Home Made Apple Butter.

Home made apple butter used to be a part of every country family's provision for the winter. Mrs. S. D. Power tells just how this article is made as excellent as it ought always to be.

The basis is sweet cider, which is to be boiled down to one-half its original quantity, when three-fourths as much, by measure, of apples, pared and cut small, are to be added and boiled to a pulp. Good care is required to have everything clean, to skim the cider well and keep it from scorching by too hot a fire after it boils, and when the apples begin to cook the whole must be watched and stirred constantly with a long wooden bat, having a scraper eight inches long and three wide fixed at right angles to the handle. This stirrer scrapes the bottom of the kettle at each motion, and keeps the mass from scorching, which is ruin to the whole in one moment. With the apples are added cinnamon and cloves tied in cheese cloth and suspended in the kettle by a long string; also one-fourth the weight of the apples in sugar, or less if they are sweet. It takes two days to finish one boiling of apple butter, boiling down the cider and paring the fruit the first day; the next, stewing the whole, which is then turned into firkins for keeping. It needs no sealing.

Prime apple butter, like mince pie and rich fruit cake, should be six weeks old before using, to attain its full flavor.

An Expert's Test for Flour.

An expert advises as an easy mode of testing the purity of flour to squeeze it in the hand. The cohesiveness of flour is very great, and the lump so squeezed in the hand will be a longer time before it breaks and falls apart if of wheaten flour than if adulterated. Plaster of paris, dust of burned bones and potato flour, sometimes used in adulterating, are much heavier than wheaten flour and may be detected by their weight. A sack that will contain a certain weight of wheaten flour will hold half as much more by weight, of potato flour.

The Decline of the Pillow Sham.

Pillow shams are going out of style and use. Long narrow pillows are much used on beds made up with spreads that are brought up over the pillows so as to entirely cover them.

Toilette Table in French Style.

The toilette table represented in the cut is of French origin and its light, graceful character makes it particularly suitable for bed rooms. It can be fitted with drawers underneath, if preferred.

DESIGN FOR TOILETTE TABLE.

This table is of wood, painted white and and well varnished. The table top is covered with red flannel, over which is ecru colored stamine edged with knitted thread lace. The drapery consists of Turkey red calico upon which are applied, with chain stitch, designs of flowers or birds cut out of cretonne. If it is desired to make the table handsome, the drapery can be of more costly material with hand painted or embroidered ornaments.

Rose Scent Jar.

A potpourri or rose scent jar consists of a stock of rose leaves, to which are added various odoriferous substances and essences. The rose petals are gathered in the morning, and after drying them off for an hour are put into a dish with layers of salt; they are stirred every morning and allowed to stand ten days. Fresh leaves can be added every morning until there are enough. Then put into a jar with two ounces coarsely ground allspice and the same of broken stick cinnamon. Let it stand closely covered for six weeks. Mix together one ounce each of coarsely ground allspice, cloves, cinnamon and mace, one ounce bruised orris root, some lavender flowers or any sweet scented dried flowers or herbs obtainable, and put into your permanent rose jar in alternate layers with the rose stock; add a few drops of oil of rose geranium or violet and pour over the whole a quarter of a pint of good cologne. Add from time to time orange flower water or the like and every season a few fresh rose petals. Every morning after putting the room in order leave the cover off the jar for a few minutes.

A Rich Beverage from Oranges.

To make rich orangeade steep the yellow rinds of six sweet and two bitter sweet oranges in a quart of boiling water, covering closely, for six hours; make a syrup with a pound of sugar and three pints of water; mix the infusion and syrup together; press in the juice of a dozen sweet oranges and two bitter sweets from which the rind has been taken; stir thoroughly and run through a jelly bag. The Florida Agriculturist, which gives the above, directs to seal it up hot, when it is to be kept for use.

Household Hints.

Clean zinc with kerosene.

Painted chamois skin tidies now decorate chairs and sofas.

Silver continues to be the rage for every description of costly toilet articles.

"Save cold tea for the vinegar barrel," says a housewife. "It sours easily and gives color and flavor."

To soften water for dish washing and laundry purposes thoroughly dissolve one teaspoonful of granulated lye in four gallons of water.

—Queen Victoria, when at Glasgow a short time ago, paid a visit to Queen Margaret's College, the only college for women in Scotland. She expressed her pleasure at hearing of the prosperity of the institution, and said: "Every movement which tends to raise the position of women, and extend the sphere of their influence, has my warm approval. I trust that the college may long continue to be prosperous." The friends of "higher education" in England are jubilant over this incident.

IN LONDON AND PARIS.

CURIOSITIES OF SHOPPING IN THE TWO CAPITALS.

English and French Saleswomen—Red Sand in the Roadway—Politeness Carried to an Extreme—Competition in Trade—Au Bon Marche—Employes.

If one were to judge of the physique of English women from the specimens he sees in the shops, behind the counters, he would set them down for a very tall race, but if he inquires into the subject he will find that these women are selected for their very height—the taller their figure the higher their salary, very often. A stranger with an observing eye will also notice that English and French saleswomen, or salesladies, as they are called in New York, dress in black while on duty. This, however, is not a mere caprice on the part of the women; in most shops it is compulsory. The shopkeepers believe that shopwomen look neater and better in black than in colors, and so all of them wear black. The gowns may be of any material, but the color must be uniformly black. Nor are they allowed to wear showy trimmings; and as for jewelry, either real or imitation, it is out of the question. In some shops they, or, rather, they must, wear a simple, plain linen collar and linen cuffs. This is the case at Whitely's, the largest shop in London, and some say even larger than the world famous Bon Marche of Paris.

A close looker on, with an eye to detail, will also notice that red sand is placed in the roadway in front of the main entrance to the largest and most fashionable London shops. There are two or three reasons for this: First, it serves to show where drivers of carriages should "pull up;" second, in starting the horses it prevents them from slipping on the smooth wooden pavement; third, the red sand is a strong contrast in color to the dark wooden pavement, and being placed with nice care on the roadway, in oblong shape, about ten feet by five, it gives the front quite an ornamental appearance.

POLITENESS IN THE EXTREME.

There is such great competition in the retail trade in London and Paris that dealers are put to their wits' ends to attract custom and to keep it. The attendants carry politeness to the extreme, and their manners, to an American, seem almost obsequious. If you hand them anything they will of course thank you, as they should, but if they hand you an article or some change, for instance, they will also thank you for taking it. If a dealer sends you a receipt it will be usually signed "Received payment, with best thanks." This custom has also found its way among New York tradesmen of late years.

It is no news that conductors and ticket-examiners on French and English railways will invariably add "please" in asking for your tickets, and just as invariably will they audibly "thank" you when you pass the ticket over. But more than this—every cabman in London will thank you when receiving his fare, and so will every omnibus conductor when you hand him a penny or even a half penny (one cent) for a ride. No matter how illiterate the conductor, just as he calls out, "Benk, benk, benk" (English, bank) when plying for passengers, in the same tone and style will he thank you for a half penny fare. You will find gentlemen among Pullman car conductors in "the States," but who ever heard a New York street car conductor utter a thank you when receiving a fare? Why you would wonder what was the matter with the man.

Speaking of competition in trade, there is one large house in Liverpool, Lewis', corresponding with Macy's in New York, where you can have your watch "thoroughly cleaned for one shilling" (twenty-five cents) and if you make ever so small a purchase even a penny cake of honey soap, you may have your boots cleaned at Lewis' without charge.

AU BON MARCHE.

But this idea is probably carried out to a greater extent in Paris than in any other city in the world. At the universally known Bon Marche the husband may play billiards down stairs while his wife is making purchases on the floor above. Both of them may indulge in a light lunch, wine included, without cost, and in the center of the building there is a beautifully appointed, high studded salon, twenty by fifty feet, which is called the reading and writing room. Here the customer will find writing materials, a library of standard books and a supply of periodical literature from all countries. All this, mind you, is free. The walls of this salon are decorated with fine modern French paintings, and at one end of the room, on a high pedestal, stands a marble bust of Aristide Boucicaut, the founder of this great house.

The store covers a great deal of ground, fronts several streets and rises to a height of several stories, but in your wanderings over the establishment you need not be burdened with wraps or umbrellas. At any entrance you may leave them and get a metal check for the same, of course without charge. The vast stables of the Bon Marche are considered one of the sights of Paris. They are shown to visitors daily at 3 p. m. The hotel or boarding house where the employes live, and where they have every comfort, is also well worth a visit if one has the time. Verily Au Bon Marche is great and all the employes share in the profits.—Cor. Home Journal.

Candy Making in Chicago.

"See, this girl is dipping violet creams," said the dealer, pausing before a dark haired Italian lass, who was deftly lifting halved walnut meats with a long handled fork and dipping them into a lavender tinted decoction. "Violets have been utilized as a flavor but a short time in this country," he continued. "The flavor is in great demand. So are the crystallized violets, and they are now supplied in such quantities that the price is dropping considerably. Sugared rose leaves do not find the sale that violets do.

"This is the way all fine goods are finished," said he, pointing to some shallow pans in which were cream almonds and other fine candies. "After they are made they are laid in clear syrup for ten or twelve hours. That gives them sparkle. Pistache nuts are one of the most expensive commodities of the confectioner's line. They come from Spain. We have to have the best and purest of everything, or we can't turn out first class goods. Confectioners' sugar itself is the purest known and most free from muriatic acid and tin. See, it is very coarse," and he took up a handful from a convenient barrel. "When it sparkles like this you can depend upon its purity, and the more it sparkles the purer it is. A good many kinds of small, hard candies have been introduced, owing to the fashion of carrying bonboniere boxes. They are called 'dew drops,' 'church drop,' 'infant's tears,' and other appropriate names. This sort of confectionery goes to church and to the theatre. It's a solace during a bad piece or a dull sermon. The candy of the future, however, is the cream bonbon. It has supplanted all other kinds already. Something new is made in it every day. There's a fortune in making something new. A few years ago a Philadelphia woman mixed up a batch of black walnut molasses candy. It went like wildfire. She got rich out of her black walnut taffy."—Chicago Herald.

—Rattlesnakes have been unusually numerous in Georgia during the last year, and their increase is attributed by the newspapers of the State to the enforcement of the stock law, which prohibits the hog, the rattler's greatest enemy from roaming at large.

—A new disease has broken out among the grapevines of the Santa Ana and San Gabriel valleys of California. It is termed the sapsour, and the cause of it no one knows. The vines begin to wither and in a short time die. The disease is infectious and spreads very rapidly.

WHAT WE GIRLS LIKE.

THE TRIFLES OF LIFE WHICH INFLUENCE OUR CHOICE.

The Man Who Lacks the Innate Sense of the Fitness and Unfitness of Things—A Woman's Admiration—Familiar Speech. Clothes—Beauty.

I was lying in my hammock the other day—by the way, I have it swung across a windowed corner of my room these cool autumn like days—lying there and thinking what the things were which women did specially like in men—of course I am writing now of nice men and nice women—and I came to the conclusion that the things which particularly influence us in our choice among men were the little things.

Yes, the little things, the trifles. A man may be an Apollo for beauty, but if he says "no, ma'am" and "yes, ma'am" to you when he should say "yes" and "no," adding your name when necessary, you cannot thoroughly appropriate him, and he will, for all his perfection of feature, grate upon your keen sense of well-fitness much as the squeak of some organs does when it mingles with the music. And though the man who wears diamond studs and pins and a diamond ring flashing on his little finger may be possessed of all the virtues under heaven, yet do these misplaced gems outshine them all in their glaring vulgar brilliancy. It isn't of course, the jewels themselves, intrinsically, any more than it is the "me'am" as a simple part of speech. It is the lack of that innate sense of the fitness and unfitness of things—that dawn of discrimination, I would modestly christen it—which all the sterling qualities and all the heroic characteristics taken together will never outweigh in the scale of truly refined woman's fancy.

THE MAN WHO WINS.

Ah, no—it is the man who fails not as to little things who wins every time. The man who knows by instinct which side of the railway car or which end of the boat is the shady one, instead of gazing helplessly up and down to find out, whilst the other man secures the desirable seats. It is the man who mentally fixes the right station to get off at, and consequently makes no wild plungings—generally to retrace as he discovers his mistake; the man who knows the correct entrance at a theatre and the portion of the house in which his seats are located; the man who can put on your wrap without turning it inside out a few times first, who can get into his own topcoat minus the skirmish that causes him to appear as if wrestling with some intangible enemy—it is this man, master of the little things of life—who wins.

The amount of it all is that a woman must admire before she can love. In point of fact, a genuine admiration on either side may oftener be trusted as an insurance against an ultimate divorce court than many and many of the mad "fallings in love" of which we hear too much, and which are not inapt to guarantee as reckless a "falling out" again! If a woman feels insecure about a man—is not quite positive whether he will do this, or that, quite correctly; whether he will be dressed as befits the occasion, or if he will be awkward at a moment when savoir faire seems almost a prime factor in being at all—then be sure she is no more sure of her own heart, her own feelings, than she is of his possible behavior. It is weak of us, I will admit, but it is, and the more womanly pure, sweet and charming the woman, the more certainly is this desire to admire, to be sure of the man she gives herself to, a necessity of her nature and a keynote to her disposition and requirements.

FAMILIARITY OF SPEECH.

Another little thing that is intolerable in some men, otherwise nice enough, and that is the moment you permit them to know you at all well, that moment they develop that horrible trait of an aptitude for familiar intimacy of speech which no relation in life under heaven condones, or can long stand under the pressure of. Why, because two people become engaged to each other, or are married to each other, they should at once drop the little attentions, the little politenesses, the little respects for each other's privacy and individualities, I, for one, never could comprehend! For my part I should think that these relations of life, in order to prevent them degenerating, as they too often do, into the mere conventionalities of an accepted code of society and morals, required the most gentle deference to just these little things that I have ventured to enumerate. The closer the relations the more necessary the glamour, if you will to call it so, of mere well bredness (it is nothing else) to sustain them in their supremacy of a mutual affection and reverence.

There is another point upon which I must touch in speaking of what we like in men. It is simply, briefly, this—clothes. I know that some of you will scout at the mere idea, but that doesn't alter the case. I know and I am in a position to speak. There isn't one bit of use in denying it; not one particle. Girls like to see a man, and be seen with one, too, who is smartly gotten up, whose garments have the correct cut and air, just as much as men like to see and be seen with a young woman who is attired in a charming, well fitting gown, pretty gloves, boots, hat. It is human, girl nature, just precisely as it is human, man nature.

And as to beauty! Trust me, all you ugly fellows, we don't care that! about it in your faces. We are content to monopolize that ourselves. If you are only manly and brave and tender and nice we are prepared to adore you.—"Miss Marigold" in Pittsburg Bulletin.

What Some Poets Look Like.

I observe that paragraphists, mostly of the female gender, scarcely ever mention Mr. Browning's name without an expression or surprise at his personal appearance. They wonder to find him clean, well dressed, trim, like an ordinary English gentleman. They say he looks "more like a physician than a poet." What should a poet look like? Like Lord Tennyson, who is a cross between a Guy Fawkes and the mysterious recluse of a transpontine melodrama; like Lord Houghton, who resembled a jolly old Silenus; like Lord Lytton (Owen Meredith), who looks Hebraic and modest, and is neither; like Mortimer Collins, who might have passed for a handsome head gardener; or O. W. Holmes, who has a touch of the wizened groom; or Frederick Locker, an antiquated Lord Verisopht; or William Morris, like Longfellow's blacksmith without his good temper; or Longfellow himself, of whom I have a portrait in his prehorbed days, which is decidedly commercial in its aspect? Many writers look like physicians; a shorter Thackeray, gray, bland and spectacled, would have had immense success with hypochondriac old women; James Payn is very doctor like; Wilkie Collins might be a professor of analytical chemistry. On the other hand, there is a laissez aller air about certain physicians—Dr. Kidd, for example—which is highly poetical.—London World.

—A Boston liquor dealer was tried for selling without a license. He claimed that he only kept an ice cream saloon; thereupon the judge asked the witnesses had they ever seen any women entering the place. They declared they had not. "That settles it," said the jud