SWEET-SCENTED NOTES.

A Glance Into Some of the Secrets of the Perfumer's Art.

The export of find perfumery is principally from Grasse, Nice, Cannes and Bremen. The business is divided into two parts. The manufacturer extracts from the flowers their essential oils. The perfumer buys these oils, pomades and extracts, and compounds them in several ways. Only about a dozen of all the fragrant flowers in the world are used in the manufacture of perfumery, viz.: The violet, rose, orange flower, jasmine, tuberose, cassia, lavender, thyme, rosemary, geraniums, jonquil and fennel. The rose and the orange are the most valuable. Of the numerous varieties of the rose, only one is used—the Provence rose, single, pale, pink, the most sweet smelling of roses; not hardy. Picking for perfumery occurs in almost every month of the year.

It is a paradoxical fact in the business that the bitter orange yields the best blossoms for perfumary. One ton of blossoms yields two pounds eight ounces of oil neroli. The fruit of the bitter orange yields a very fine essential oil, bigarade. It is used in many scents. The orange tree, cultivated for its oil, lasts, with care, over two hundred years. One ton of the distilled leaves of the scented verbena geranium yields from twenty-four to thirty ounces of the essential oil. The flowers of the jasmine are picked just after sunset in July, and in the morning, as soon as the dew is off, in August. The jasmine is a peculiarly delicate flower. Its essential oil is so volatile that it can not be extracted by distillation, the heated water decomposing it so that only a faint tinge of the perfume is left in the water that passes through the refrigerant. Like the jasmine, the oil of the tuberose can not be extracted by distillation.

The perfume of the cassia is much used in compounds. The process of manufacturing perfumes is in itself very interesting, especially to the ladies. A ton of roses yields only two ounces of the attar, ottar or otto. If kept at a temperature below 60° attar crystallizes; if kept open to the air and light it is easily volatilized. Perfumed oils are made by putting fresh quantities of flowers into the finest of virgin olive oil, from twenty to thirty different times. The essential oil of flowers has a strong affinity to lard or grease. The latter, rendered as white as snow, is perfectly saturated with the flowers. The process is repeated many times. In this way we have pomade of rose, orange, cassia and violet. The affinity of the perfume of flowers for alcohol is, however, stronger than that for grease. Pomades, immersed in alcohol, are rendered into extracts, the grease leaving the perfume.—Troy (N. Y.) Times.

THE NAVY IN WHITE.

American War Vessels to Have a Color All Their Own.

The vessels of the United States navy are hereafter to be painted white. The order was received at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and every one who heard the news was delighted to think that at last the American navy was to have a distinct color of its own.

The cause of the order has been the satisfaction arising from painting the Boston and Yorktown white. The new order reads in substance that in future when iron and steel vessels are to be painted the hull above the water line on the outside and all paint work on the inside shall be painted white. The masts, yards, head, booms, doublings of masts, and funnels shall be painted a straw-yellow color, the paint for which is to be prepared by the Bureau of Construction and Repair. With a view to economy the other vessels of the new navy not now painted white will not be painted until their present coat of black becomes shabby.

It has been found that iron and steel vessels when painted black have been unnecessarily hot, and to do away with this discomfort as well as to improve the looks of the vessel white has been decided upon as the color for the navy. Especially is this color considered a serviceable one when cruisers are doing duty in tropical climates. The coat of white will do much to prevent the absorption of heat that these vessels are liable to, and thereby greatly increase the comfort of officers and crew and improve the sanitary condition of the vessel.—N. Y. Times.

Bullfrogs as Bird-Eaters.

Once while out after snipe, not far from Montreal, Canada, with Mr. Frank Livingston, a well known sportsman of Toronto, we suddenly came upon a spot where some dozen birds or so were scattered about feeding. Motioning to Frank to get ready, we both raised our guns and fired simultaneously, Frank killing two and myself one. My snipe was knocked over into the water and what was my surprise when, on reaching the bank to secure him, I saw an enormous bullfrog shoot suddenly from the water, seize my game and make off with it under my very nose. To say I was flabbergasted or thunderstruck would be a mild way of expressing astonishment at the audacity of this marine robber, but raising my gun and taking rapid aim I let him have a charge of No. 8, which effectually stopped him in his plundering career. He had swallawed whole the legs, body and all but the head of a snipe one-half the size of himself. While returning one summer afternoon from beach bird shooting on the shores of Long Island, a companion shot a bank swallow, which fell on the margin of a pool on the salt meadows. On going to fish it up it could not be found, but in the water at the edge of the pool was seen the head of a huge bullfrog, and from its mouth projected, like two horns, the tips of the swallow's wings.—Forest and Stream.

GOING HOME.

How Great Things Grow Little in Our Sight as We Grow Older.

Reader, if you ever left home and went to a great city to seek fortune and fame, or lodging at police headquarters, then come home on a visit after a year or two, did you notice how low the houses once so tall in your eyes appeared?

When fifteen I went forth in the world and found myself at the end of the second day four hundred miles from home in a larger city than I had ever seen. I was soon familiar with its principal points of interest, and only lack of funds with which to purchase postage stamps kept me from deluging my school-mates in Illinois with glowing accounts of my wonderful adventures and my hair-breadth escapes.

I remember the first time the fire department was called out after my advent in the city. It was before fire extinguishing had become a profession as it is to-day, and the Tiffin department was a volunteer affair, which hauled the old "Seneca Chief" steamer by hand, and ran a hook-and-ladder truck and hand engine by the same motive power.

I was struck with the apparent inefficiency of the outfit, and yearned to right the numerous errors I thought I detected in reducing Penner's barn to ashes. If there is anything a boy with the accumulated wisdom of fifteen long and weary years rankling in his bosom, can detect better than another it is an error in some great enterprise like burning a house or barn, and he is not slow in righting the great wrong to the best of his ability. I thought the fellow that held the helm of the hook-and-ladder truck did not understand his business, so I walked up to him and seized one horn of the dilemma. I never exactly knew whether I fainted, suffered a stroke of paralysis or was kicked by a mule, but when I recovered from my temporary indisposition I was lying on my back in the mud, and one of my eyes had lost its cunning. It was in mourning nearly two weeks after that.

Ever since that occurrence, I have known more about the line of policy pursued by accomplished firemen than I ever knew before. I believe I learned about as much concerning fires on that occasion as I ever care to know, for I wandered around after rising from the scene of my downfall, until I collided with a somewhat persistent stream of water that the hoseman evidently thought useless for any purpose except to extinguish the ardor of over-smart boys. I have since observed that all well regulated fire departments have an engine for that express purpose. A fire has no charms for a first-class fireman, if there is a boy with ideas far in advance of his years in the crowd of bystanders. I have seen a whole department of firemen let thousands of dollars burn to ashes right in front of them, while engaged in dampening the irrepressible ardor of youth. In my opinion it is the duty of every city to pass ordinances prohibiting boys from running to fires, in order that firemen may have time to throw a little water on the fire.

With all my inexperience and advanced ideas, I survived the shocks and rebuffs of an unappreciative world and was spared to return to my home, restoring light, life and comfort to the languishing household. When the train pulled into my father's post-office address—that is about all there was of my native village—I was surprised at the lowness of the two-story brick house that constituted its business district. I had though it the very impersonation of architectural altitude in the good old days, but on my return it seemed a very small affair.

So it was with the hopes of high position among my old school-mates, which I had builded seven or eight stories high before I came home. I found that all that remained of them was the basement, and instead of looking up to me, as I had fondly anticipated, they slapped me on the back in the old familiar way, and when I resented such familiarity they said I was stuck up—and they were right.—*Through Mail.*

—Resin, as used in the manufacture of building paper, is being largely replaced by a petroleum product called "still wax" or "wax tailings." This substance has several important advantages over resin, such as nonliability to oxidize, toughening, instead of growing brittle, with age, slow combustion, and rapid melting at 200° Fahrenheit, in which state it combines perfectly with resin, asphaltum and warm oil.

—Mrs. Cleveland nad two very beautiful orange and lemon trees while in the White House, and courteously left them to Mrs. Harrison on her departure.

—General Ben Butler, who was asked to reply to the question, "Should women propose?" declined an answer on the plea that he was "past having any interest in it."

—She should wait.—"I tell you once for all not to bother me any more. I will never consent to be your wife," exclaimed Miss Esmeralda Longcoffin to Kosciusko Murphy, an Austin dude. "Hold up now, and wait till I get my new dove-colored pants from the tailor. I guess you will sorter change your mind then. Great Scott! how beautiful those pants fit, and how they match my complexion," exclaimed Murphy.—*Texas Siftings.*

—He began telling her of his love in impassioned tones, when suddenly her face became perfectly expressionless, her eyes assumed a faraway, whither-am-I-drifting look, and all interest in life seemed departed. "Pardon me," he said, coldly, "your evident indifference leads me to believe that my words are distasteful to——" "N-not a-at a-all, George," she articulated, with great difficulty, "b-b-but I f-feel th-that I'm a-a-about to s-s-sneeze—aw chew-hasp-chew-shoo! There! Now, George, as you were saying——"—*N. Y. Sun*

—Newark contributed over $25,000 for the relief of the Johnstown sufferers. Jersey City contributed less than one-half of that amount. As Jersey City—according to the census—is the largest city in New Jersey, we must account for this discrepancy by reasons not novel. Jersey City people go over to New York to contribute to the relief fund, just as they go there to die, be born and be married.—Newark Advertiser.

—In 1816 it took just one bushel of corn to buy one pound of nails, now one bushel of corn will buy ten pounds of nails. Then it required sixty-four bushels of barley to buy one yard of broadcloth; now the same amount of barley will pay for twenty yards of broadcloth. It then required the price of one bushel of wheat to pay for one yard of calico, now one bushel of wheat will buy twenty yards of calico.