# MISSING LINKS.

Von Moltke's wife was an English girl, Mary Burt, and the old man spends an hour each day in meditation at her tomb.

There are five women and one man living at 162 Amherst street, Toronto, who sleep every night in their respective coffins.

General Butler makes no lecture talks because of his complete preoccupation by law matters and work on his autobiography.

There are five Taylors in the next House—one from Tennessee, one from Illinois and three from Ohio. They are all Republicans.

In a district between Seventeenth and Nineteenth streets, New York, live 160,000 persons, where there are eight churches and 280 saloons.

The Empress Eugenie is reported to be a heavy loser by the depreciation in South American securities, as she had invested very largely in them.

A. M. Hart, who has just returned to St. Louis, says he knows several rivers in Alaska richer in gold deposits than the noted Feather river, California.

Bismarck's closest friends, creatures that care not whether he is in royal favor or not, are two big Danish hounds that eat beside their master at table.

Mrs. H. McKay Twombley, of New York, is said to own the finest furs of any belle in that city. She has one mantle of Russian sable which cost $10,000.

Marshal Booth gives this succinct statement of the Salvation methods: "Scrubology and soapology, instead of theology, in dealing with the submerged twentieth of society."

Dr. Koch's consumption lymph is now known in Berlin as "Kochine." The name is on every one's tongue in the laboratories, in the hospitals and colleges, and on the street.

Those who remember that Parnell is the grandson of Admiral Stewart, who commanded the "Old Ironsides" in the fighting days of 1812, will not be at a loss to account for the pluck he displays.

John Ross, the present treasurer of the Cherokee Nation, Bushyhead, Boudinot and others of them are college graduates, or have been educated in the East, and don't indulge in the Sioux ballet.

Father Time seems to be constantly casting flowers along Jean Ingelow's path in life. The great authoress at 60 years of age is described as cheerful and happy, with cheeks as round and rosy as a milkmaid's.

It is said that the almost universal pronunciation of the famous little lord, Faunt-le-roy, is incorrect. The English family of this name and the Virginia branch of the same family pronounce their name Fauntle-roy.

Our biggest American sailing ship, the Shenandoah, is the object of much interest in New York. She carries four masts and is of about 5,000 tons displacement. She will ply between New York and San Francisco.

Boston cultivates its public schools with masterly care. For instance, she has taken a specialist in physical training from Johns Hopkins University—Dr. Hartwell by name—and placed him with similar duties over her own children.

Thomas Watson, one of the survivors of the famous six hundred who, at the battle of Balaklava, rode "Into the jaws of death, into the mouth of hell!" is now in San Francisco. He is in straitened circumstances and is looking for work.

General Charles F. Thompson, at one time a Major under "Old Rosy" and subsequently made Brevet Brigadier General for gallant conduct on the field, has become insane in California through dissipation and financial embarrassment.

No graduate of Vassar College has ever been divorced from her husband. Such is the statement of a man who married one of them, and who declares that the young ladies who have been educated at the college are the best cooks in the world.

Vice President Proctor of the Singer Sewing Machine Company, is reported to be worth $25,000,000. He shared the inventor's poverty with him, and afterward married his daughter. Singer's original capital was $50, which grew to be $30,000,000.

Mr. Krikor Hagop Basmajan, of Philadelphia, is to be ordained as a Baptist minister. It is said that some men owe much of their fame and success to their unique names. If that be so, Mr. Basmajan will have a brilliant career in the ministry.

The English crown is made up of diamonds, rubies, sapphires, pearls and emeralds, set in silver and gold bands. It weighs thirty-nine ounces and five penny-weights, troy; in it there are 3,452 diamonds, 273 pearls, nine rubies, seventeen sapphires and eleven emeralds.

The Dakota Bad Lands comprise a country about fifty miles long and wide, and so rough and broken that it is almost impossible for a horse to go through it. Hills range from fifty to 500 feet in height, and in some places it is difficult to travel more than five miles a day.

Col. Richard Dale of Philadelphia is the possessor of the sword presented to John Paul Jones by Louis XVI. and many of Jones' letters and other relics. Col. Dale is the grandson of Commodore Dale, who was Jones' First Lieutenant in the action between the Bon Homme Richard and Serapis.

Lady Caithness, Duchesse de Pomar, has applied to the French authorities for permission to erect a statue of Mary Queen of Scots on a site adjacent to her house at the angle of the Roe Bremontier and the Avenue de Wagram, in Paris. She has commissioned the sculptor Ringel to execute the statue.

With the death of Senator de Lafayette, the famous family has become extinct. The last bearer of the name recently remarked: "The family is all but dead. But what does it matter? Our name will be forever associated with the greatest Republic and most powerful nation the world has ever seen, America."

The Empress of Russia is now 43 years old. Russians say that she has not the capacity of the Princess of Wales to look considerably younger than her years. The chin begins to double, and the cheeks have long since taken a comfortable expression. Her figure also grows matronly, though still she is an indefatigable dancer.

Mrs. Richard A. Proctor proposes to perpetuate the memory of her famous husband by building a $25,000 observatory on Mission Heights, San Diego, Cal. She means to raise the money by lecturing. If California or science really needs a big telescope to every county in that State doubtless the devoted woman will get a lift from some wealthy stargazer.

Mayor Fitler, of Philadelphia, gives all the fees he receives for performing the marriage ceremony to charitable purposes, mostly to the Southern Home for Destitute Children, an institution in which Mrs. Fitler feels great interest. The fees amount to several hundred dollars each year, so Cupid, amid all his ridiculous antics, sometimes accomplishes a solid good.

Four young men of Terryville, Conn., have built a kite with the power of an airship. At its first ascension the boys took a trip over swamp and brush that was highly exhilarating. The dimensions of the kite are: Length of upright stick, 16 1-2 feet; of cross stick, 12 1-2 feet; of tail (made of stout rope in which is secured large pieces of sacking and "burlaps"), 140 feet; area of canvas about 200 square feet. A "clothes line" rope is used for the "string," which is 1,200 feet long.

## A NAPOLEON OF LOVE.

### A Handsome Young Architect Who Captured a Matrimonial Prize and How He Did It.

"I noticed the other day an account of what Mrs. Hopkins-Searles is doing with all her houses," began one of the shouting politicians of the 8 o'clock boat, as he braced himself against the chain box and rested his perspiring brain can. "I suppose Searles is right up to his nob in clover, but I knew him when he had to rattle around for the evasive dollar of our daddies like a lame dog after an energetic cat. By the way, did you ever hear how he won his wife?"

Having satisfied himself of the ignorance of his immediate audience on the question of the Hopkins-Searles nuptials, he proceeded:

"Well, you know Mrs. Hopkins, after she was widowed, became engaged to an army officer out at the Presidio. At any rate, he had announced the plighted troth in his mess, and it was accepted as a fact in society. At that time Searles was Mrs. Hopkins' architect, and was busying himself in furnishing and fitting up that big, airy house on Nob Hill. That's a mighty good piece of architecture, by the way, Searles or no Searles.

"However, he had his eye on the widow, and she got to having a favorable sort of eye for him. He was a very handy sort of man to have about—made a good sort of appearance, ran little errands well and all that sort of thing. He began pressing his suit, but she kept standing him off, through loyalty to her army officer.

"Then she got the notion in her head of that big house at Great Barrington, Mass., and, of course, Searles was the architect selected to furnish the plans. This threw them more and more into each other's society, and Searles kept trying for the big matrimonial prize. She remained true to her military hero, however, and he determined upon a coup, risking everything on the touch.

"They were at Great Barrington and he accompanied her to the train one day to send her off for New York. Half of Great Barrington's stand and prudish society was there, mooning, bridling and looking out for stray mavericks of gossip. Just as the train was pulling in Searles put his arm around Mrs. Hopkins' waist and kissed her full upon the mouth.

"There was a situation for you! Mrs. Hopkins kissed by a strange man, and half of Great Barrington looking on! It was either Searles or scandal. The widow was very quick to decide. With a wink of her eye she dropped the Presidio martinet. Turning to her nearest acquaintance she said loud enough for a large portion of Great Barrington to hear:

"'Allow me to present my affianced husband, Mr. Searles.'

"She took the train, while he took himself by the hand with the thought, 'Shake, Searslsey, old boy. You're the Napoleon of love.'"

### Floating on a Rubber Lily-Leaf.

"While my wife and I were on our last trip to Europe," said a gentleman to a Detroit *News* man the other day, "we met a middle-aged lady who was going over for her health, and my wife and she became great friends. One day while sitting in the ladies' private cabin the lady said: 'Let me show you my life-preserver,' and, removing her outer skirt, my wife beheld a skirt that was a curiosity if nothing more. Running up and down the skirt at a distance of two or three inches, were soft, flexible rubber bands about two inches wide. They were sewed on at the side of each band and ran all the way around the skirt, and at the top they were all joined to a broad rubber band six inches wide. At the top of this band was a rubber tube about two feet long, and which ran up the waist in front and was left resting on the top of the corset.

"Said the lady, 'You behold one of my own inventions for saving my life. In case of an accident all I have to do is to take the end of the rubber tube in my mouth and in two minutes I can fill all the rubber bands (which are hollow and air-tight) with air. Then, tying the tube in a hard knot, I am ready for the waves. This skirt, when I strike the water, will spread out in the shape of a pond lily leaf and I will rest on it in an upright position, as easy as though reclining on a couch, and I can float around till picked up.'

"As our voyage was a pleasant one, we did not have an opportunity to see how it would work, but I have no doubt it would work well."

### Care of The Piano.

Our American climate is very severe in its effects upon poorly made pianos, says the *Opera*. The great variations in temperature during the different seasons of the year render it impossible for any but the best pianos, made with iron frames to remain uninjured. The most delicate parts of the piano necessarily being made of wood, the fittings and joints of which are adjusted with the greatest nicety, extreme heat or dampness is very detrimental to their well being. The mercury should not be allowed, if possible, to rise above 75 degrees nor to fall below 40 in the room in which the piano is kept. The piano should not be placed where the hot air from a heater, stove or grate is thrown against it. Care should be taken to place the instrument where its entire surface will be subjected, as nearly as possible, to the same degree of temperature, as nothing will so soon put a piano out of tune as being kept with one end cool and the other warm, as is frequently the case when an instrument is placed between the hot air from a heater and the cold air which in winter is falling within one or two feet from the windows. A sudden change of twenty degrees in temperature will put the best piano slightly out of tune. A change of temperature, therefore, in a heated house should be gradual. Dampness is more to be feared in summer than winter. Do not place the piano near open windows, and be particularly careful that the instrument is closed at night.

### Tigers' Parasites.

In speaking of the minute parasites which are found in the hairy part of a tiger's foot, a scientist says: "They constitute one of the most wonderful curiosities I know of in the animal world. The parasites are so small as to be almost invisible to the naked eye, and yet each is a perfect counterpart of the tiger's head, ears, jaw, legs, claws, body, tail, all are there. You may think this is a big story, but look the subject up and see if it is not so."

### The Healthy Onion.

It is said that the health fad people are to work up a craze over the onion as one of the most health-giving vegetables in the world. And a literary bureau is now at work getting up statistics to prove that this is infallibly so.

## BEWARE THE BLACKSNAKE.

### He Is More Formidable Than the Rattler, as One Woman's Experience Can Show.

Ask any of the farmers or hunters in this part of Monroe county whether they are afraid of rattlesnakes, and they will answer promptly that they don't mind them very much, writes a Pennsylvania correspondent. Ask them if they fear blacksnakes, and they will say yes without the slightest hesitation. This fear of blacksnakes has come down to most of them from their parents, with a story that none of them is ever tired of telling. They all declare that it is true, and it is so well known, and is told with so much solemnity and evident fear by the natives, that it is hard to disbelieve it. The story runs like this:

Many years ago a well-to-do farmer lived with his family near the barren land verging on Pike county. His wife was city bred and unused to many of the hardships that are a part of the farming woman's life. She was strong and hardy, however, with plenty of nerve, and grit enough to make the best of things. One day, while her husband was working in a clearing a good distance from the house, she went down to the spring for a pail of water. As she stooped over to fill the pail a blacksnake that had been lying coiled near the spring jumped at her. She screamed and jumped back, but the snake had buried its fangs in her dress, and before she could recover herself sufficiently to shake him off, he had wound himself about her so tightly as to prevent her from walking. Then he began slowly to crawl upward. The poor woman struck at the snake with her hands.

They were badly bitten, but she was so overcome with fright that she did not mind this and kept on striking at him. The serpent kept crawling up until his coils were about her breast. She tried to tear him loose, but she was not strong enough. She became nearly paralyzed with terror. The snake finally coiled himself around her neck and choked her. She started toward the house, but she had only gone a short distance when she fell. In the evening she was found by her husband lying dead, with the snake still coiled about her neck.

This story, with the well-known fact that a blacksnake is ever ready and willing to fight anything that lives, makes the native afraid of him, and the man who kills a blacksnake is thought to have won a greater battle than the slayer of a dozen rattlesnakes.

"You can't frighten a black snake," said one old hunter, "and the more you try to the more he aint frightened. A rattlesnake is a coward, and will run if you give him half a chance. If he doesn't get the chance he will rattle in fear and then strike in desperation. A rattlesnake's bite is not nearly as dangerous as many people suppose. All that you have to do to render the wound harmless is to cut in as deep as the fangs went, then go to the nearest brook and wash it thoroughly. A common poultice will soon heal the wound made by the knife. But if a big blacksnake tackles you, and you give him a chance to get one coil about your body, why, then, look out, for it is your life or his."

### A Romance of Slavery Days.

A colored woman, bent nearly double with 80 years and a heavy bundle, was seen to board the Cincinnati Mail Line packet. Approaching the clerk of the boat, she slowly untied a knot in the corner of her red bandana handkerchief and produced enough cash to purchase a deck ticket for Cincinnati. The wrinkled and feeble old negress is the heroine of a romance.

In ante-bellum days she was a slave, and was owned by a planter near Asheville, N. C. At an early age she was married to a slave of the same master. By him she had several children. Over half a century ago her husband was torn from her and her children, and was sold to another planter. The woman continued to work on the North Carolina plantation, and in a short time was married again. Her whole family was then put on the block and sold to a Virginia man. When the emancipation proclamation was promulgated the family took advantage of their freedom and journeyed northward, finally taking up their home in Louisville. The husband died after the close of the war, and the children one by one left their mother to seek their fortunes.

The mother toiled and labored to make a livelihood. She heard nothing of her first husband until about a month ago, when one of her sons found that the old man was living at Newport, Ky. The old negress journeyed thither and found the husband of her youth. He had also been married a second time, and had several children by his second wife. The latter was dead, however, and the reunited couple decided to again live together. The woman returned to Louisville, disposed of her effects and completed the romance of fifty years by returning to her husband.

### Pioneer Spanish Families in California.

A multitude of stories of the social life of the Spanish period might be told. Each town on the coast was the center of the hide and tallow trade for a hundred miles or more. The low adobe stores there held piles of costly and beautiful goods in the days of which Farnham and Dana wrote—the days when the great cattle princes came from their ranches to hold festival. The young cavaliers rode in on fiery but well-trained and gaily caparisoned horses, and all the wonderful feats of horsemanship of as fine a race of riders as the world has ever seen, were performed daily on mesa and sea-beach and plaza.

But the home life of these great families was simplicity itself. In many a Spanish house there was no fireplace, window, or chimney. The fire for cooking was built on a clay floor, partly roofed, outside of the main building. The household utensils were few—a copper or iron kettle, a slab of rock on which to pound corn or wheat, a soapstone griddle for the tortillas. Dishes, tableware, and furniture came slowly, and were of the most simple description. For years a raw hide stretched on the floor with a blanket spread over it formed the usual bed in early California.

Everything was kept exquisitely clean, and though the Spanish families learned to spend more on their houses and belongings, they seemed to look upon such things as only affording opportunities for a more generous hospitality.—*Charles Howard Shinn, in Century.*

### Feline Sagacity.

A good cat story, illustrating the sagacity of the felines, is told by a gentleman who saw the occurrence. A cat saw a rat run out from under a stable and seek shelter in a woodpile. Tommy followed his ratship and tried to coach him, but could not do so. Finding that his efforts were in vain Tommy scratched his head and hit upon an idea. Leaving the woodpile he went off a short distance, informed another cat of what was up, and the two went back to the woodpile. Tommy No. 1 stationed Tommy No. 2 at the place where the rat had entered the woodpile, while he climbed upon the wood and began scratching. This frightened the rat out and he ran into the chops of Tommy No. 2, who had been expecting such an occurrence.

# WIT AND HUMOR.

The lawyer believes in "millions for defense" and the same amount for prosecution.—*Puck.*

There would be fewer bank robberies if more safes were protected by the old-fashioned flint locks.—*Buffalo Express.*

If Diogenes had lived to-day he would have solved the honest-man problem by buying a mirror.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

There is one very pleasant feature about a sleigh-ride on a cold night—and that is the arrival home.—*Norristown Herald.*

When the world is not jeering at large faults in small men it is scolding at small faults in big men.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

If you do a man a favor do not let him know it, or the chances are he will come back for another lift.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

Cumso—"What is your idea of Hell?" Bumso—"A place where you can't get a drink, although you've got the price." —*New York Herald.*

He—"I feel completely prostrated. I wish I were dead." She—"Well, why don't you let me send for the doctor?"—*Brooklyn Life.*

A mule would rather hear himself bray than to listen to anybody else's music. A good many people are built like him.—*Ram's Horn.*

"What a recherche sort of affliction you have," said Goodword to the man with the boil. "Such a swell gathering!"—*New York World.*

"Where does a train of thought run to?" asked Bloobumper, quizzically. "To Boston, I suppose," replied Mrs. Bloobumper.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Between the practical joker and the savage that skins his victim alive there is only a difference of environment and education.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"How is it that you call the Hubers 'cousins'? Are you related?" "Only in a way. Their favorite pug and ours are full brothers."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

It is great fun teaching a pretty girl how to skate, and the more successful the teacher is the longer she is in getting to be expert.—*Somerville Journal.*

A touch of Love makes the most matter-of-fact man a poet, or, what amounts to the same thing, makes him think he is a poet.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

It is said that a Chinaman never goes crazy. There is no reason why he should. Millinery bills are unknown in the Flowery Kingdom.—*Texas Siftings.*

Sunday School Teacher—Now, little boys, what do you know about Goliath?" Freddy Fangle—"Please, ma'am, he was rocked to sleep."—*Boston Traveler.*

Disappointment first comes in life to the baby who has a horn given to him for a present, and then finds he hasn't wind enough to blow it.—*Somerville Journal.*

Mrs. Dix—"Doesn't your husband suffer terribly from dyspepsia?" Mrs. Hicks—"Nothing in comparison with all the other members of the family." —*New York Sun.*

"O, I'm so disappointed! Henry promised me a sealskin this winter; but he didn't get it." "I don't wonder you feel bad. Hope defurred maketh the heart sick."—*Puck.*

New Reporter—"What do the editors mean by this word 'fake' that they use all the time?" Old Reporter—"That refers to the lies in the other papers!" —*New York Herald.*

Cherub—"Why did you let that bad man in?" St. Peter (wearily)—"He used to be a book agent, and I either had to let him in or be bored to death." —*New York Weekly.*

Examining Lawyer—"Do you know anything about protesting drafts?" Candidate—"Well, I should say so. I was three years in the newspaper business."—*Texas Siftings.*

"Why don't you try the faith cure?" "So I did." "And how did it work?" "O, successfully." "By Jove! and it cured your asthma?" "O, no, but it cured my faith."—*Grip.*

"This marrying of foreigners, I see, has also got among our men." "Who's the party now?" "Jones. Somebody was telling me his wife was a regular Tartar."—*Philadelphia Times.*

"I will bet that woman's a terror holding her own," was remarked at the reception. "What makes you think so?" "I never saw one show more backbone."—*Philadelphia Times.*

"I'd have you know I was well brought up!" exclaimed the small man to the large disputant. "That may be," replied the latter, "but you were not brought up far."—*Harper's Bazar.*

He—"Didn't you regard the medium as a very pretty girl?" She—"Her face was certainly comely enough, but the shades she called up didn't match her complexion."—*New York Herald.*

A genius is a person whom nature lets in on the ground floor and whom circumstances force to live in an attic. It is one way genius has of keeping up in the world.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"Your name is Julia?" "Yes, your Honor." "Tell me how old you are." "Twenty-five, your Honor." "So! Well, now that you have given your age, we will administer the oath."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

Kicker—"Why do you keep Smythe in your store? He is no good as a clerk!" Merchant—"No, he would hardly do as the head of a department; but he is all right as a counter irritant."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Wife—"But I must have a new chimney-piece." Husband—"But I can't afford it." Wife—"But I must have it!" Husband—"Well, get it! We must have peace whether we can afford it or not."—*New York Herald.*

Cautious Customer (who has heard the high prices charged in retail drug stores)—"How much do you charge for ten cents' worth of tooth powder?" Drug Clerk—"For the best quality, twenty-five cents."—*Texas Siftings.*

"You don't bring me any buttons now," said the minister's wife. "Do you never find any in the collection basket?" "No, my dear. Since the new tariff went into operation contributors find it cheaper to put in a nickel."—*The Epoch.*

An eminent surgeon says that with four cuts and a few stitches he can alter a man's face so his own mother would not know him. That's nothing. Any newspaper in this country can do that much with only one cut.—*Washington Star.*

Politician (angrily)—"These newspapers tell abominable lies about me." Friend—"And yet they might do worse." Politician—"Do worse! What do you mean?" Friend—"They might tell the truth."—*Kate Field's Washington.*

Slogan—"You know those stories, I tell, don't you, Binks?" Binks—"Do I? Well, I rather guess. I've heard 'em often enough." Slogan—"Well, I'm going to publish them in a book and I want you to suggest a title." Binks—"Gray, but good."—*New York Sun.*

Mr. Murphy entered a bar-room and called for a glass of whisky. After drinking it he said to the barkeeper: "Charge it." "I don't know you." "My name is Murphy." The barkeeper, turning to the proprietor, inquired: "Is Mr. Murphy good for a drink?" "Has he had it?" "He has." "He is." —*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

Briggs—"While Robinson was reading a poem of his the other night at the Canvas Club a lady in the audience fainted dead away. Robinson had a hard time bringing her to." Griggs—"I don't see what Robinson had to do with it. I should have thought some of the audience would have helped her." Briggs—"They left before it happened."—*Harper's Bazar.*

### How Plate Glass is Made.

A visit to a plate-glass works reveals nothing more interesting than the casting tables, whence come the heavy plate glass that is used in all shop windows. The casting tables the superintendent tells you are the most important pieces of apparatus in the establishment. Each table is about 20 feet long, 15 feet wide, and 7 inches thick, strips of iron on each side of the table afford a bearing for the rollers and determine the thickness of the plate of glass to be cast.

The rough plate is commonly nine-sixteenths of an inch thick, but after polishing is reduced to six or seven-sixteenths. The casting tables are mounted on wheels and run on a track that reaches every furnace and annealing oven in the building.

The table having been wheeled as near as possible to the melting furnace, the pot of molten glass is lifted by means of a crane and its contents poured quickly out on the table. The heavy iron roller then passes from end to end, spreading the glass to a uniform thickness. All this is done in half the time it takes to tell it, each move being made by skilled men in the quickest possible time.

In contact with the cold metal of the table the glass cools rapidly. Then the door of the annealing room is opened and the plate of glass introduced. The floor of the oven is on the same level as the casting table, so that the transfer can be made quickly. When, after several days, the glass is taken out of the oven its surface is very rough and uneven. It is used in this condition for skylights and other purposes where strength is desired rather than transparency. The greater part of the glass, however, is ground, smoothed, and polished as we see it in the shops. —*N. Y. Times.*

### A Vegetable Caterpillar.

One of the queerest things of Tasmania, New Zealand, and other parts of Australasia is the bulrush, or vegetable caterpillar. This wonderful plant is a fungus, a sphaeria, which grows seven or eight inches above the ground generally in a single stem, round, and thickly covered with brown seed for some five or six inches, ending in a curved, worm-like point. It is usually found growing at the roots of a particular tree, the "rata" of the natives. When this plant is pulled up its single root is found to be the exact counterpart of a large caterpillar, say one, three, or four inches long; but although it preserves every detail of such grubs, dissection proves it to be solid wood. Intelligent persons of the countries named above say that this curiosity is formed in the following manner: A large species of moth feeds on the "rata" tree; the grub of this moth burrows in the ground; the seed of the sphaeria gets lodged between the scales on the grub's neck, strikes root, and completely turns the interior of the creature into a woody substance. In every case the shell of the grub is left intact, no small rootlets puncturing it at any point. Scientists say that the above explanation is all "bosh," and that the plant develops the form of a caterpillar because it is its nature to do so. If this be true, why should we laugh at the stories of the Mandrake Man and the Scythian Lamb, specimens of which are preserved in the Sergeons' museum, London.

### Prince Bismarck's Wooing.

Prince Bismarck began his wooing in a rather stern manner. As he always favored energetic measures, he wrote direct to the young lady's parents, with whom he was not acquainted, and demanded their daughter in marriage. They were simple folk leading a very quiet life, and they were rather frightened at the reputation for high living which the candidate enjoyed. Their daughter, however, intimated in discreet terms that she did not look upon the young gentleman with an unfavorable eye, as there was no doubt the young man's parents had a good reputation.

Consequently the young lady's parents invited Bismarck to come and see them. Every one did their best to give the visitor a suitable reception. Fraulein von Puttkammer's parents put on an air of grave solemnity, and the young lady stood with her eyes modestly bent upon the ground, when Bismarck on alighting threw his arms around his sweetheart's neck and embraced her vigorously before any one had time to tell him that his conduct was hardly proper and correct. The result was, however, an immediate betrothal. Prince Bismarck is very fond of telling this tale, and he is careful always to finish the story by this reflection:

"And you have no idea what this little lady has made of me."

### August Belmont's Superstitions.

The late August Belmont once told the writer, on the Monmouth race track, that his horses would not win because a flock of blackbirds had crossed his path that morning. "I saw the blackbirds in the field," he related, "and said to myself, if they fly across I shall lose.' So I walked my team carefully—carefully. But no! Just as I came opposite, the birds flew in front of me, wheeled about and crossed me again. I shall not go to the stables. I have sent for my trainer to tell him it is no use trying to win to-day. At another time he was in radiant spirits because a little bird had flown into his bathroom and allowed itself to be fed. "I shall have good luck!" he exclaimed "Wait and you shall see." That day he won three principal races. Indeed a curious phase of his superstitions was that they generally turned out to be correct. When he felt that he was going to lose he did lose; when he imagined he was going to win he did win. This may be explained by coincidence, or by the fact that his trainer and jockeys were shrewd enough to humor his whims, knowing that he would rather justify his superstitions than capture a race. But, whatever the explanation, the fact that such a man should be subject to such caprices is wonderful.

### How To Wash The Hands.

Now, about your hands. Wash them in hot water, using almond meal instead of soap, just before you go to bed, and during the day don't wash them too much in cold water. A woman who has very beautiful hands told me that during the daytime she wiped off any stain that might be upon them with a piece of kid on which was a little vaseline. However, I am a bit old fashioned and prefer water to this. Then when you have the time, sit with your finger tips in a bowl of hot water, and after they have soaked well, dry them and trim the nails, keeping the skin at the base of each down in its place. Push it down either with the end of a soft ivory file, or a bit of wood, but do not cut it off. Do not point your nails, and do not polish them too much. The first makes the skin supersensitive and causes it to grow quicker, while the second and third are counted vulgar.—*The Ladies' Home Journal.*

### How To Clean Blankets.

Prepare the following mixture in the forenoon. Shave one pound and a half of any good laundry soap into thin small shavings. Entirely melt it in a saucepan of water on the fire. Strain the melted soap through a colander into a tub half-full of lukewarm water. Add half a pound of powdered borax and a tablespoonful of molasses.

Thoroughly stir the mixture; put in the equal of one double blanket, and notice as you do so where the stains are. Leave the blanket simply soaking, well covered in this nice soft suds, for nearly twenty-four hours. Next morning look for the stains. If they are not all soaked out, pat them and gently wave them in the water, but never rub them. Rubbing makes wool harsh like felt. When the stains are gone, press what water you easily can from them, and lift them into a tub of clean rinsing water. Wave the blankets in that till most of the suds is gone, then put them into another rinsing water. Sometimes two rinsings are enough to clear them. If a third is needed it may be blued a little, if one likes.

Have a strong clothesline stretched as tight as possible out in the yard. Strong sun is apt to fade the colored borders of blankets, so choose a shady, breezy place to dry them in. If you can take them out in a tub, do so, otherwise lift them, saturated with water, into a basket, and carry them full of water to the clothesline. Hang them exactly through the middle lengthwise on the line; then the colored borders of the blankets will hang vertically. See that the fold of the blanket is slightly wrinkled, that is, a very little full, as the blanket lies over the line, else the middle of the blanket will be found to dry stretched longer than the edges. The blankets after this process will be clean, soft, and not shrunken.—*Good Housekeeping.*

### Just Full of Etiquette.

Many of the colored people of Washington are the aristocrats of their race. They are prosperous, conceited, fond of loud clothes and very much "in evidence," especially in the presence of white folks. In one of the cars of the electric railway which runs to the Catholic University a few days ago sat a big, dandy mulatto, dressed not in the heighth, but the caricature of fashion. He had striped trousers, a light correct "top coat," the shiniest of silk hats, the most brilliant of scarfs, dogskin gloves and a big cane. His seat was in the middle of the car, and the adjacent white trash felt small indeed in his distinguished presence. The car was full. Presently gesticulates to the conductor a colored woman, dressed as gaudily as her brother exquisite in the car. She had on a light blue silk, an immense hat, big bracelets, big earrings, a big fur cape, and everything else "according." When she got to the car door she stopped, looking for a chance to sit down. This was the mulatto dandy's chance. Rising to his full heighth, he waved his hand magnificently and exclaimed: "Dis way, lady; dis way, lady; here's a seat." The lady advanced, smiling expansively, and took her seat with gracious bods of thanks, at which the gentleman bowed with the grace of Turveydrop. The white trash sank into insignificance, feeling their inferiority. The colored gentleman felt it, too, and he determined to administer a severe lesson. Grasping a strap with one hand, he cast a supercilious glance about him, and just as the car was starting, exclaimed: "I'se just full of idiquit, I is!" Then he looked to the lady for admiration, and got it. As for the white trash, they roared. And the car went on.—*New York Star.*

### The Bobolink.

George T. Cottman writes: We have with us in the spring and early summer a temporary visitant who well deserves a special notice—the bobolink—most musical of songsters. Until within the last three or four years I never saw him in this part of Indiana. Within that time he has come abundantly at his appointed time; but few people seem to note his advent or to know of the wonderfully rich melody with which our meadows are vibrant through May and June. I made his acquaintance some years ago when, paddle in hand, I threaded the sinuous windings of certain willow-fringed water-courses in New York; above me the skies of June, about me the daisy-pied fields where these happy revelers, each in his trim uniform of black and white, held high carnival. When, as it seemed, he followed me hither, I bade him welcome, and each spring am on the alert for that note of unrivaled sweetness. The last May, while strolling in my neighbor's woods, I suddenly and unexpectedly heard the first one of the season. Thrice he sang in a tree hard by as if for my express benefit, then was gone, and listening intently I heard them far off. Out of the woods, into a little creek valley and up an adjoining slope I pressed in pursuit, when over the brow of the hill came a flurry of birds, full a score of them, and, lighting all about me, burst into a full chorus—and such a chorus! The tintinnabulations of many crystal bells ranging up and down the gamut in melodious riot—the silver tinkling of water drops smiting the face of a quiet pool—a wild and artless symphony, an ecstatic revel. Then having finished, they were off as suddenly as they had come, a band of flitting choristers, and when they had ceased a dead silence seemed to lie upon the little valley as if the songsters had paused abashed and wonderstruck.

### Homemade Baskets.

There is a way to make good baskets at home and pretty and cheap, too, out of corn husks—thick outer husks for strong baskets, and for lighter and finer ones the white inner parts. These must be wrapped for an hour or so in a damp towel, and then cut into strips of equal width. Make an ordinary braid with six or more strips, which may be doubled, or even trebled, for greater strength, says the Detroit *Free Press*. Thread a needle with heavy, waxed linen thread, and having dampened the braid, form it into an oval five or six inches long and three wide, for the bottom of the basket, and sew the adjoining edges of the braid together, as in a straw hat, but don't overlap them. Go on coiling and stitching for the sides of the basket, widening the opening until the basket is deep enough.

The handles are made of a heavy, threestranded braid, which is sewed all around the top of the basket, just inside, and looped at the middle of each side.

For ornament wind the handles with gay-colored ribbon or braid, put a box plaiting of the same around the top and work a bunch of flowers on one side in bright worsteds, with long stitches. The opposite side may have a letter or a name.

### The Princess of Wales' Beauty.

The Princess of Wales is said to be the youngest-looking woman of her age in England, and to owe the wonderful preservation of her youth and beauty to her ability to take a little sleep at her will, a power which she is able to call to her assistance even for a five or ten minute interval in the rush of her many duties. She seems like a sister to her three tall daughters, and a sister but slightly in advance of them in years.

### She Will Not Wear Them.

Speaking of weird, uncanny gifts, the other day a pretty girl produced a pair of house slippers, presented her by a young medical student friend, says a writer in the *Illustrated American*. They were not so remarkable looking, but as she brought them in, balanced on the ferule of her parasol, the company instantly recognized the presence of something out of the ordinary. Gently dropping the dainty footgear on a rug, the owner invited her friends to use their umbrellas freely in turning her low shoes over and examining every part. They were admirably made, with narrow soles, pointed toes, high heels and a big monogram embroidered in silk floss half-way up the instep. The material, a thin, yellowish skin, might have come off almost any animal, but was in reality the epidermis of a man. The student had seen it removed, had followed the curing process, and "when properly dressed" had taken it to a bootmaker for making up. "Of course, I'll never wear the horrid things," the girl hastened to assure her friends; "and, indeed, they are more trouble than they are worth. I am afraid of them, and so are all the rest of the family. We keep them locked up in our spare room ordinarily, but when guests come the maid and I carry them to the cellar, and while they are down there she refuses to go alone to get coal, and screams at every noise."

### The Blind Drummer.

"There is one of the best tobacco drummers in the country," remarked a gentleman as an elderly-looking man with long grey beard, in company with a young woman, passed up the street. The gentleman walked arm in arm with his companion and no one would have noticed anything peculiar about him until he came to a crossing and then his companion spoke to him, his step faltered, his foot was put out as if afraid to advance. His eyes were turned straight ahead and never sought the ground. They were sightless. The man was Mr. James Harrison, of Richmond, Va., and the woman was his daughter. Mr. Harrison travels for a plug tobacco factory and is regarded as one of the best drummers on the road. For more than twenty years he has made the rounds with two daughters. First one of them grew up from girl to woman and was married. The second one then took her place, and has since been his constant companion. She goes about with him from store to store, helps him with his samples at the train and the hotels, attends to tickets and baggage—in short does everything that a tender, loving woman could do for the blind. She is his eyes. The two are known in every city in the country.

### A Cure for Diphtheria.

A peasant physician named Rieger of Glogau in Silesia announces a cure for diphtheria which an agent of the emperor has examined and reported very favorably upon. It is thought to be a mixture of extracts from two or three common weeds and an oil. The salve resulting from the mixture is liquefied and applied with a brush to the interior of the throat. The remedy was discovered by Rieger's father, a shepherd. It was applied by him only to external wounds. Once, when young Rieger's whole herd was dying of diphtheria, he, in despair of all other means, began treating their throats with the salve. The favorable effect was apparent almost immediately, and in a few days every head of cattle was well again. Shortly afterwards diphtheria became epidemic in the village. Rieger was invariably called to give his remedy in the most severe cases, and almost without exception it was followed by recovery. Gradually its fame spread, till today he is receiving calls to cure persons of diphtheria all over Germany. The cures that have contributed most to his reputation were effected a few weeks ago in the family of the Freiherr von Falkenhausen, in Bielau.

### Mo'nin' and Business.

This happened at Caron Springs last August. There are scores of Thomas Nelson Page's quaint old negroes about this little Virginia watering place, sixteen miles from a railroad and high in the mountains. Aunt 'Mandy had been washing for the Mosbys ever since they came to the Springs, in June. Their 2-year-old daughter died, and Aunt 'Mandy "mo'ned" so much that they took her into the room where the child lay in a tiny white coffin. The old woman wept. You could not doubt the genuineness of the tears that wet her deep-lined black face. Of course she made her little speech. Proper courtesy to the dead always requires it.

"Yes, dyah's de po' little Bessie, dead an' gone. Yes, dyah's de po' sweet little lamb fas' sleep. An' she's gointer be buried in all dem fine white clo'es Aunt 'Mandy done washi fo' huh an' ma to dress huh up in. Honey, w'en you's gone up to Heb'n jus' you tell de Lawd how fine Aunt 'Mandy does washin' fo' 75 cents a dozen, an' ask him to put it inter mo' people's hearts dat day hatter (have to) pat'onize huh." —*New York Herald.*

### A Natural Inquiry.

A certain witty bishop found himself, a few months ago, crossing the Bay of Fundy, from Digby to St. John, in company with a certain Mr. Caswell. The Bay of Fundy has a reputation for turbulence only to be matched by the English Channel or the Bay of Biscay. Mr. Caswell was struggling with a violent attack of sea-sickness; but the bishop, who was above such weakness, was very cheerful, and inclined to conversation. He had failed, however, to catch Mr. Caswell's name correctly, and persisted in calling him "Mr. Aswell." At last the sufferer, in a moment of ease, corrected him, saying:

"*Caswell*, my lord; my name is *Caswell*, not *Aswell*."

"Oh!" said the bishop, eyeing him critically, as a new spasm seized upon his unhappy acquaintance. "Well, Mr. Caswell, don't you think you would be *Aswell* without the *sea*?"—*Harper's Magazine.*

### Just as Young as She Used to Be.

There is in New York a very aged lady—her exact age need not be here told—who is as fond of going to parties, dinners, balls, and plays as she was in the first half of the nineteenth century. She arrays herself in fashionable style; she is very gay in society; she is quick in repartee at the table; she plays merrily on the piano; she refrains from dancing, but enjoys the sight of it; she is dainty in her ways; her white tresses add to her dignity, and she has never been in the bonds of wedlock. She is always a welcome guest, and she is a fav