A SNOWY EVENING.

As one with shuddering hand draws silently
The covering upon a dead calm face,
A calm still face whereon no longer we
The latest stamp of life's long pain can trace;
So heaven with a chill white pall doth hide
This saddened earth on whose broad mother breast
Her earliest children, pale and sickly eyed,
Droop perishing, by lips of mourning pressed.

The spent day, lying like a wounded man,
Draws his last labored breath, and sullen night
Most roughly thrusts him from the field, his span
Of life run out, unblest by one delight.
Alas! poor Day, poor Earth, my heart, alas!
So like to both! Yet though therein were born
Frail buds of youth and hope, to fade and pass,
May there not break for them a gladder morn!
—Boston Transcript.

Varnish for Turkey Legs.

When the average householder or his cook, who proceeds to the Paris markets for domestic provender is offered embalmed geese, turkeys with painted legs, and diseased chickens, instead of healthy and untainted poultry, it is time for the police to interfere, in the interest of the public. Recent researches have shown that a considerable trade is done in diseased fowl in all the Paris markets.

The practice of embalming fowl or dressing up long demised birds so as to make them look fresh is of comparatively modern origin, but that of painting the legs of turkeys is as old as the days of Privat d'Anglemout. The first person in the field in this department of industry was a Pere Chapellier, who made a little fortune out of it. He noticed that the legs of turkeys were brilliantly black for one day after they had been killed, and that then they became of a dusky brown color. He accordingly invented a peculiar kind of varnish, the secret of which he sold with profit on retiring from business, and with this he touched up the legs of the birds which remained unsold for any considerable period of time. His services were requisitioned in every market, and the effect of his varnish was so conclusive that it deceived the most experienced cooks and housekeepers, who often bought painted turkeys in preference to birds of the same species which had been newly killed. It would be well if the poultry purveyors of the present day confined themselves to this comparatively pious fraud.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

What Is Personal Magnetism?

"A great many people," said Emma Abbott, "agree with Rossini that a singer needs but three things—voice and voice and voice. My experience has taught me that to become a successful opera singer one must have much more than voice, though that, of course, is the first requisite. For instance, one must have magnetism, a splendid physique, dramatic power, the artistic sense, and drawing power."

"What is magnetism?" I asked.

"It cannot be defined in words any more than drawing power can be. It is a something that some people have and some people have not. Emerson, you know, calls it a universality of soul; but to the person who does not know what magnetism is universality of soul is just as meaningless; and to the person who does know what universality of soul means no definition of magnetism is needed. Some say earnestness of purpose makes the speaker or the singer magnetic. Sometimes it does and sometimes it does not. I think, perhaps, the best idea of magnetism may be had by applying to art the old saying that the world loves a lover. If a person really loves his work, whatever it may be, he will do it in a magnetic manner, and if he be a speaker, or an actor, or a singer, he will then be likely, if not indeed certain, to have that quality called drawing power—the power to draw people to see him or to hear him and to enjoy him."—Chicago Times.

Diphtheria a Fungus.

A correspondent of Science, Mr. P. J. Farnsworth, of Clinton, Ia., finds a very striking resemblance between the membrane of diphtheria and the fungi that produce dry rot, or more especially those forms that grow in living trees. A white or yellow leathery substance is produced, sometimes known as "punk;" the roots of the fungus penetrates the cells of the wood in every direction, producing disintegration and decay. Diphtheria is called an exudation, and classed as a bacterial disease, when in fact it is a fungus of a higher order. It grows on the surface, and spreads by fibulations, and its roots penetrate deeply into the tissue, producing changes and decomposition, which becomes the soil for bacteria, generating poisons that are absorbed and powerfully affect the whole system. In this view its life history has not been studied or found out. It is known that the membrane can be transplanted, but how it is propagated by spores is unknown. There is evidently some peculiar condition required. It may be that an alkaline condition of the system is required, which is the reason of the capriciousness of its infection.—Chicago News.

Loss Caused by Insects.

The annual loss to productive industries in the United States caused by insects is estimated at $150,000,000. Here is a fair battle between man and another sort of earth occupiers. They are smaller, but if they can whip us have undoubtably as good a right to the world as we have. As civilization advances new insects make their appearance, marching sometimes eastward, but generally westward. There are few if any forms of vegetation that have no parasites that devour either foliage or fruit. The loss to the cotton crop is estimated at $15,000,000 a year, while that to the apple crop is not much less, and that to the potato crop at least one half as much.—Globe-Democrat.

The lofty cypress tree in the Dismal Swamp, under which Washington reposed one night in his young manhood.

The huge French apple tree near Fort Wayne, Ind., where Little Turtle, the great Miami chief, gathered his warriors.

The magnolia tree near Charleston, S. C., under which Gen. Lincoln held a council of war previous to surrendering the city.

The pear trees planted, respectively, by Governor Endicott, of Massachusetts, and Governor Stuyvesant, of New York, more than 200 years ago.

The black walnut tree near Haverstraw on the Hudson, at which Gen. Wayne mustered his forces at midnight, preparatory to his successful attack on Stony Point.

STORIES ABOUT MEN.

A Telegraph Operator Relates an Anecdote About Conkling.

"Years ago I was employed by the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore railroad at the junction, a few miles out of Baltimore," said a telegraph operator. "One afternoon an unusually handsome and athletic man entered the little station. 'Does the limited express for Washington stop here?' he inquired. 'No, sir,' I replied. 'Can you stop it?' 'Not without orders from the main office.' 'I will explain my situation to you,' said the stranger, 'in the hope you will do all in your power to aid me. I came from Washington to intercept at Baltimore a gentleman who is on his way from New York to the capital. He is on the limited express. It is of the greatest importance I should see him before he reaches Washington. A railway conductor directed me to the Union station, where, he said, the limited would stop, but I lost my way, and wandered here after a long tramp.'

"Telling him I would see what I could do for him, I telegraphed to Philadelphia for permission to stop the express. 'You might use my name if you think it would be of any use,' said the gentleman. 'And your name is'— said I. 'Conkling—Roscoe Conkling,' replied the gentleman. I flashed over the wire: 'Senator Conkling wants me to stop the limited express for him to get aboard.' The answer came back: 'How do you know it is Conkling?' Turning to him, I said, 'Philadelphia wants identification.' 'Will this do?' he asked, displaying a handsome gold watch with the initials 'R. C.' engraved on the case. At the same time, either by design or chance, he removed his hat. Grasping the key I ticked these words to Philadelphia. 'Letters R. C. on gentleman's watch, but I know he's Conkling by his flaunting red beard and the Hyperion curl of Nast's cartoons.' Straightway the sounder rapped 'Stop train by order H. F. Kenney, general superintendent.'

"Conkling was profuse in his thanks. As the express shot around the curve with him safely on board he made a courteous gesture of farewell to me."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Two Stories of Congressman Pettigrew.

I heard two good stories today of Pettigrew, of South Carolina, the great lawyer and Unionist, which I had never heard before. He was practicing at one time before a judge who was a Presbyterian of the straightest sect and a very hard working officer. It came to be Maunday Thursday and Pettigrew and the Episcopalians and Roman Catholics thought they would like an adjournment of court over Good Friday. Pettigrew was selected to make the motion. "Your honor," he said, "I desire to move that the court adjourn over to-morrow." "Why should the court adjourn over to-morrow, when the docket is so crowded?" asked the judge. "Because," said Pettigrew, "to-morrow is Good Friday, and some of us would like to go to church." "No," said the judge decidedly, after a moment's thought, "the court will sit to-morrow as usual." "Very well, your honor," replied Pettigrew, adding, as he turned away, "I know there is a precedent, for Pontius Pilate held court on the first Good Friday."

The same judge was a great stickler for etiquette, and when one hot July day Pettigrew came into the court room in a blue coat and yellow nankeen trousers the judge took him sternly to task, asking him whether he did not know that the rules of that court required its counselors to appear in "black coat and trousers." "Well, your honor," said Pettigrew, innocently, "I submit that I am within the rule, for I have on a black coat and trousers." "But they're not black trousers," insisted the judge; black coat and trousers means that both shall be black." "Then," said Pettigrew, "I call your honor's attention to the fact that the sheriff of this court is in contempt of its rules, for they require him to attend upon its sessions in a cocked hat and sword, and while his hat seems to be cocked his sword certainly is not." The judge said no more about the trousers.—Philadelphia Record.

How W. J. Florence Was Saved.

Florence says the first practical joke that was ever played on him was the means of getting him out of a scrape, and he has felt kindly toward that form of wit ever since.

It was when he was a lad, playing minor comedy parts in a Broadway theatre at $10 a week. He thought he was madly in love with a young actress at work for the same stipend. During the play one night he invited her to take some oysters after the performance. Then he rushed to his lodgings, changed his clothes, met her and took her to an oyster house. His bill there was $1.90, but unfortunately he found he had left all his money in his other clothes. The waiter and the proprietor both said his story was too diaphanous, and made him give up his watch and his father's ring that he wore. Just then a white haired, benevolent looking old gentleman came out of one of the private dining compartments they used to have in those days, and thundered at the proprietor.

"Give that youth back his watch and chain and ring. Let me pay his bill. You ought to be ashamed, sir. Any one can see this is an honest youth and his companion is a perfect lady. [The lady was in tears.] I will pay the bill and never set foot in your place again."

Out in the street Florence was overcome with gratitude.

"Give me your address, sir," said he to the kindly old gentleman. "I will return you the money to-morrow."

"Oh, never mind," said the philanthropist; "that was a counterfeit $20 bill I handed to that old fool. It was worth nothing, and he gave me $18.10 change for it. That's the way I make my living. Good night."—New York Sun.

Cairngorms, highly polished and without the suspicion of gold mounting, are favorite pendants to velvet dog collars and neck ribbons.

Red dresses grow more and more in favor, are seen in all materials, from cloth to crepe, and will be very much the wear for seaside watering places.

A new handkerchief of the sheerest French cambric, all overrun with rosebuds in outline machine embroidery, is among the season's most glittering successes.

The straight bang is to be numbered among the things that were, but more false hair will be worn than for several years past, and the switchmen are correspondingly jubilant.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

HUNTING FOR "FIGHTING JOE."

Confederate Soldiers Roaming at Will in the Village of Gettysburg.

When the streets of Gettysburg had been cleared of all armed bodies of Union soldiers, the Confederates began to roam about at will, sightseeing and foraging. At a house, closely barred, a party of these independents halted and began to reconnoiter. Unseen from the street the owner was watching from an upper window, and soon he heard his name used in a way very unceremonious. The door plate revealed the name, and one of the Confederates, who was a German, amused his companions by spelling it out, "T-y-s-o-n, Tyson." Then he added, "Wonder who he is?" and, going to the door, he began to pound with fist and heels to alarm the house. The manner of the men seemed so good natured that Mr. Tyson opened the door and invited them in to try his excellent water, for they all looked warm and exhausted. After drinking heartily the German spoke up again and said:

"Where is 'Joe' Hooker? We're after him and we mean to have him if we have to go to Philadelphia for him."

At this hour the streets were filled with carts and wheelbarrows, and excited men and women bearing trunks and bundles and leading frightened children; mothers with babes in their arms in the throng, all hastening out of reach of the soldiery, the bullets and the shells. Officers in gray rode up and down warning the people to remove women and children to places of safety, as Lee was about to shell the town. It was a trying moment, but Tyson would not be scared or cajoled into revealing anything. He didn't know "Joe" Hooker any more than he knew Lee's humblest private, but he had his garret full of Union soldiers who had been cut off in the street, and he decided to be a knownothing, and send the scouting Confederates away as ignorant as they came. After listening to a few of his blind answers the spokesman agreed to be satisfied with some bread and butter and clear out and seek for "Fighting Joe" elsewhere. There was a fresh baking of bread in the house, but Tyson did not know what panicky times might follow, and he knew that his blue coated wards up stairs were hungry; so he put on a long face and declared that he had just had a visit from a party of Confederates who had eaten up about all the pantry contained, and there really was not "enough left now to begin on." The true bummer never expects to live high on a route that has just been traveled by others of his kind, and these unfortunate fellows took the burgher's word for gospel truth and went away in peace.

Something About Badeau.

Badeau was born about the time Andrew Jackson was concluding his first term. He was 30 years old when the war broke out, and after it had been going on for a year he volunteered, and was appointed an aide on the staff of Brig. Gen. Thomas Sherman. It was from this position that Grant took him and made him his military secretary, with the rank of lieutenant colonel, and afterward colonel. He retired from the war at its close a brevet brigadier, and it was through Grant that he was made secretary of legation at London. He was employed by Grant here, at Washington, and he accompanied Grant on his tour around the world. It was through Grant that he got to be consul general at Havana, and he has been mixed up in some question as to his right to certain salaries which he had drawn. So far, all of his official positions came through Grant.

His literary position he acquired in the same way. It was through Grant that he got the material for his "Military History of Ulysses S. Grant." It was through him that he got the experience that enabled him to write the works on the aristocracy of England, and it was through him that he made money out of his letters headed "Grant in Peace." To show that it is true, it is only necessary to cite the other things which he has written, which have attracted no notice whatsoever. Badeau published in 1859 a book called "The Vagabond," a collection of essays which you will not now find even in second hand book stores, and his "Conspiracy: a Cuban Romance," published in 1885, has hardly had a national circulation.

The truth is that Badeau has become great by the reflected light of Grant, and the attempt to make out Grant an ignorant, ungrammatical writer, and a man unable to write the book which he left his children, has fallen flat, as far as Washington is concerned. It may be that Badeau was not treated rightly in the settlement of the contract which he had with Grant, but he has unquestionably injured himself greatly in stating the case as he does.

Gen. Badeau is a very ready writer, and he writes well. He is a very pleasant conversationist, and his round, red whiskered face, his short, stumpy form and his pleasant blue eyes are well known in Washington. He has been spending the winter here, and it is a matter of regret to his friends that he has become involved in the present controversy. Even were he correct in his statements he would have trouble in proving them to the satisfaction of the people, and he has entered into a controversy in which he is handicapped at the outset, and into which he will get into more trouble the further he goes. There is no doubt in the minds of the leading thinkers at Washington that Grant is the author of his own book, though he may have received some of the advice and the assistance which Gen. Badeau could, from his familiarity with the subject and his knowledge of literary methods, so easily give.—Frank G. Carpenter.

An Overlooked Protector.

It is a pleasant thing to know, now that we are beginning to realize that so many of our diseases are functional disturbances caused by bacteria taking up their abode in us, that bacteria have difficulties between themselves and treat each other unkindly. Thus the bacillus fluorescens putridus is an implacable enemy of the bacilli of pneumonia and typhoid. If it is present these noxious bacilli are unable to get hold on our nutritive membranes. How often we may owe our lives to this hitherto overlooked little protector we can never know. All hail, then, to our friend, the bacillus fluorescens putridus.—Philadelphia Times.

"Kentucky Jeans."

"Kentucky jeans" is not to be allowed to drift out of the vocabulary as a familiar term. Louisville is making five yards today where she made one five years ago, and Kentuckians are just as proud to wear the goods.—Detroit Free Press.

PLAYS AND ACTORS.

Annie Oakley intends a tarring next season.

Paul Arthur will support Minnie Palmer in England.

Opera for ten cents will be a summer pleasure in Philadelphia.

Ben Teal has been engaged to put on Maggie Mitchell's new play.

New Orleans is to have an iron theatre with a seating capacity of 4,000.

Thomas Nast, the caricaturist, is talking of building a theatre at Los Angeles.

Marion Russell and Minnie Radcliff have been engaged by W. J. Florence for next season.

Lillian Russell has had her tonsils cut out and says that she can sing better without them.

Patti gave the first performance of her South American tour at Buenos Ayres, April 6. The performance realized $21,000.

Imre Kiralfy has received a letter from Chevalier Blondin, in which he says he wants to cross Niagara Falls once more before he dies.

W. J. Florence has purchased of Mr. Palmer the right to play "Heart of Hearts" next season, and will produce the piece as part of his repertoire throughout the country.

Karl Formes, the famous basso, who lived in America for the past 30 years, has been engaged to sing at the approaching London season of Italian opera. He is 73 years of age.

At the close of Fanny Davenport's New York season she will leave for the Pacific coast, where she will rest until the last week in May, before she plays "La Tosca" in San Francisco.

Lawrence Barrett's life is insured for $12,000 and he will leave a very pretty bank account beside. He and Mr. Booth drew over $9,000 in two performances in Salt Lake City.

Salvini will begin his American season in October next. The engagement is for twenty weeks, and but two pieces, "Othello" and "The Gladiator," will be presented. Young Salvini will support his father under A. M. Palmer's management.

It is said that when Edwin Booth was a boy in white trousers and black jacket he appeared at a school examination with John S. Clarke in the quarrel scene between Brutus and Cassius, his father listening, unobserved. In 1851 the future tragedian was an actor, earning $6 a week.

A southern genius is to send out a fleet of floating theatres. They will draw only a foot and a half of water, will be 160 feet long, 40 feet wide, made up in the same way as shore theatres and furnished with stock companies. They will tie up at promising towns, not only along the Mississippi river, but beside the still waters of smaller streams, and the manager even hopes to paddle up north and play along the Platte and Ohio. The fleet will leave New Orleans about May 1.

FANCIES IN JEWELS.

Massive chain bracelets, heavy in appearance only, are among the latest designs offered.

A duke's coronet of gold, completely covered with seed pearls, makes a dainty scarf pin.

Uralian emeralds, or green garnets, mounted in trefoils, make odd and attractive brooches.

A pansy of tiny seed pearls, having each of the petals edged with turquoises, makes a tasteful brooch.

A Cape garnet within a setting of braided gold wire makes an attractive top for a single prong hairpin.

An enamel peacock feather scarf pin in natural tints, recently seen, had a sparkling sapphire for an eye.

Two silver horseshoes, one pendant from the other and behind which is a nail of polished gold, is a pleasing pattern in scarf pins.

A handsome design in brooches consists of two bent horseshoe nails of silver, inclosing a crystal covered horse, in enamel, standing before a paddock gate.

Lacework brooches, showing various patterns in different colored enamels on the gold, and set with pearls, diamonds, sapphires or rubies, are much in favor.

An oval brooch of white enameled lacework, having in the center a pattern of diamonds and small, pear shaped carbuncles, is a pleasing and popular design.

A minature balloon, the gas bag of which is represented by a pear shaped pearl, from which the car of gold hangs suspended by tiny golden cords, is an attractive scarf pin.—Jeweler's Weekly.

EUROPEAN JOTTINGS.

The weight of the new ironclad Nile is 6,300 tons, 1,000 tons heavier than any other English ironclad.

Tall horses are now fashionable for saddle horses in Rotton row. Sixteen hands and a half is the standard.

On Feb. 3 a meeting was held in Tokio to celebrate the translation of the Bible into Japanese. It was begun in 1872.

A repeating cannon invented by Gruson has been tried at Brosschart in Belgium, which can throw twenty-seven shots a minute.

A new war vessel has been ordered by the British admiralty, which is to be named the Blake, of 9,000 tons burden and 20,000 horse power.

Snow drops, lately all the rage in Paris for dressing dinner tables and decorating feminine garments, have been superseded by yellow flowers.

Horses and carriages can be hired cheaper in Russia than in any other civilized country. The average cost per month of a private carriage or sleigh, with one horse and coachman, is about $70, while a pair and carriage and sleigh both cost $125.

SOME HISTORICAL TREES.

The oak tree of Flushing, L. I., under which George Fox preached.

The pine tree at Fort Edward, N. Y., under which Jane McCrea was slain.

The Cary tree, a beautiful sycamore, planted in 1832 on the homestead of the Cary sisters.

SPRING STYLES FOR MEN.

Square cornered cuffs supersede all other varieties.

A coat should now be left unbuttoned so as to show the vest.

In Paris overcoats are cut loose and lined with flannel in large checks.

Three and four button cutaways are popular for morning wear and half dress.

Spring overcoats of genuine Donegal homespun are a late and sensible Anglomania fad.

The clumsier a made-up scarf is now the better, as long as the effect is original and artistic.

A four button cutaway of black diagonal has been introduced with favor by grooms at recent day weddings.

A hollow cane will soon appear upon the market, in the cavity of which will be inserted a set of poker chips.

A new white waistcoat is made for wear without laundering or starching. It is sponged tailor fashion when soiled.

As yet no commission has been appointed to ask the dude if he prefers electricity or strangulation by modern neckwear.

It is as bad form in England to wear a derby hat with a frock or cutaway tail coat as it is to wear a high hat with a jacket.

A frock coat is never called a Prince Albert in England. Shirt cuffs there are "wristbands," and undershirts are "vests."

Poole's new spring overcoat hangs straight and full in the back like a box coat, showing no waist line does not appear to fit.

New cheviots for trousers are out in both. A neat gray or brown check or stripe is a good selection if the coloring is not too loud.

Among various new and nobby spring garments is a yachting coat of cream white flannel bound with an inch and a half navy blue braid.

A dude in one of the new English flannel tennis suits looks like an animated checkerboard. It is unnecessary to further describe the pattern.

A great quantity of goods of a decided yellow shade, in some cases running into a sickly taffy color, have been made up in spring suitings.

A well regulated imagination must recoil with horror from some of the barbaric combinations in shirts, ties and waistcoats which it is now possible to make.

A number of swells have lately had turned up what is known as "Raining in London" trousers. They have the bottoms neatly turned up and stitched in place.

A new scarf is made in the form of a mutton chop. Laid across the stripes of a soft cross barred gridiron shirt it has an appetizing appearance beyond description.

Gloves are not worn to dinner parties, the theater and concerts and receptions, nor are they kept on during a call, but it is proper to wear them at balls, in the streets and traveling.

New cotton hose, says an exchange, have rainbow ankle stripes on a tan ground, with ribs and feet of darker shade, while fine thread shows maltese crosses on moderate black grounds.

Suspenders are to be found to match the color of every fancy shirt sold. A well wardrobe cannot be without six to a dozen pairs of these useful articles in various degrees of elegance.

A delightfully soft and silky new stuff for fancy coatings is called "Angora." It comes in checks, stripes and mixtures of several shades broken with a hair line of a distinct color, generally red.

A dressy looking summer costume that is growing in favor is made up of coat and trousers of fluffy dead black material, very light in texture and worn with a white waistcoat. The wearer always looks cool.

"Lounging" jackets are made in various light cloths. A handsome Scotch mixture tweed is thus utilized with effect. Most of these are made with four or five buttons which are not used, and a long, rolling collar.

The correct trouser is eighteen and a half inches at the knee and from seventeen and a half to eighteen at the bottom for average height. This is called the peg top style, and measurements may be suited to individual build.

The swallowtail coat has undergone some slight alterations. There is now no longer any stitching or binding on the edge. The sleeves are larger, to admit of carrying a handkerchief, which is no longer worn in the vest.—Clothier and Furnisher.

WHAT THEY WEAR.

An owl, or owl's head, with big topaz eyes is much liked for odd ornaments.

Surplice and basket folds are almost epidemic on the fronts of new spring gowns.

Pure white hair of the best quality is so rare as to be worth more than its weight in gold.

To be stylish your stockings must match your gown, or else of the finest and finest black.

For the throat or hair come lilac clover in enamel of the natural colors enriched with diamond dew.

The newest flower parasols are made of deep green grass, with a deep border of violet silken poppies.

The woman without a vest of some sort to her frock is nowadays almost as lonesome as a white blackbird.

As to sleeves high authorities differ, some declaring the plain sleeve passe, and others that it is the height of style.

The looms of Lyons and Spitalfields are running neck and neck in the production of high art brocades for empire gowns.

Silked lined black lace polonaises for wear over gay silks are among the most serviceable of contemplated summer garments.

French gray, suede, mignonette and olive greens are the colors oftenest worn by the best dressers for street and visiting gowns.

A flat crystal scent bottle, with stopper of blue enamel in forget-me-not pattern, is the latest feminine temptation to extravagance.

Billycock hats of plaited rushes or of peeled willow, filled with grasses and flowers, are very new and favorite table ornaments.