

## A RUSSIAN FUNERAL.

Extraordinary Precautions Adopted to Prevent Violence by Nihilists.

Although open threats of violence against the Czar by the Nihilists are not being made in the present reign, as in the time of Alexander II., the police consider themselves bound to exercise the utmost vigilance in safeguarding the person of the sovereign. An illustration of the extremes to which they carry this is the talk just now of Russian society, and as I have had the details from one of the persons concerned in the affair, its authenticity may be considered beyond question. A few days ago the burial service took place at the Belgian Ambassador, Count de Dudzele, and was attended by the elite of St. Petersburg society. Among the mourners was a very old friend of the Count's, who was astonished on reaching the church to find a ticket of admission demanded by the policeman. He explained that he had been specially invited by the family, and that no tickets had been issued, upon which the policeman said that the Czar having expressed his intention of attending, orders had been issued by the chief of police to allow no man to enter the church whose identity was not established by a ticket of admission. At this juncture the Countess herself drove up, accompanied by her daughter, but was also denied admittance the policeman saying in derision, in reply to her postulations, that "any woman could pass herself off as the Countess de Dudzele," and that "if she really was the widow of the Ambassador she should have provided herself with a ticket. It was quite in vain that it was pointed out that alongside the coachman was sitting the functionary with cocked hat and feathers, whose presence is a peculiar feature of the household of Ambassadors here, and who always accompanies the carriage when official visits are made. At last, finding the policeman obdurate, the friend to whom I have referred went off and searched for one of the head officers of the police, who, after some argument, consented to allow the widow to enter. None the less, the regulation was enforced in many other cases, and one well-known lady, the Princess Mostchersky, also an old friend of the family, was ruthlessly turned back by the police. Another Princess only managed to get in by waiting patiently in her carriage until some one in authority should arrive. At length a General of the Czar's suite, with whom she was acquainted, drove up and escorted her into the church. It need hardly be said that this conduct of the police has excited a good deal of indignation among the sufferers, but it is a familiar feature of the Czar's movements, and the police excuse themselves on the ground that they are bound to take every precaution to protect the person of the sovereign from Nihilist attacks.

As to the Czar, he seems to trouble himself very little about precautions, and it is a fact that he is quite free from the nervousness that characterized the late Emperor during the last few years of his reign. Still, he never walks openly in the streets as the late Emperor did even after being fired at by Solovieff; nor have the plots against him up to now been of that blood-thirsty, diabolical character that marked the "reign of terror." At present the Czar resides in the Anichkoff Palace on the Nevsky, the surroundings of which are well guarded by soldiers or police. Quite a swarm of superintendents and other superior police officers are kept on duty day and night in the vicinity, and in front of the palace no one is allowed to linger. The Czar frequently drives out in an open sledge; but, although he may seem unprotected, the route he intends to take is always well manned with police. The latter have not yet got over the bitter lesson taught by the late Emperor's death. I know of no more melancholy spot than that on the Catherine canal, where a gloomy boarding incloses the fatal spot where the Nihilists caught Alexander II. as if in a trap. The quay is narrow, and but slightly frequented by the public. Once the Emperor reached it escape was hopeless. The Nihilists with their bombs blocked every avenue, and on a bridge commanding a view of the quay stood Sophie Perovsky, ready to give the signal for the assassination by fluttering her handkerchief. In and about the city that Sunday were disposed as many troops as England employs to govern the whole of India; and to the leading thoroughfares the police were swarming as usual like flies; but these and other mighty forces of autocracy were impotent the moment the Emperor had entered the chain of regicides the Nihilists had posted round the place of the assassination. Since then the police have made it their aim never to leave the sovereign unprotected, and from their point of view the interests of the general public are of no importance compared with the fulfillment of the task. Hence the frequency of the scandals of the De Dudzele description.—*Cor. London Globe.*

## CONCERNING EGGS.

An Expert Candler's Interesting Chat About the Egg Business.

A man busily engaged in holding eggs up before a candle attracted the attention of a reporter in Third avenue, near Forty-seventh street, the other evening. An interview was the result, and here it is:

"What are you doing?"  
"Candling eggs. You see I pick up each egg and hold it before the candle. The light shines through it. I can see at a glance whether it is cracked or spoiled. If it is cracked I set it aside to be sold at a low rate. Bakers and confectioners and some prudent families buy cracked eggs, and they are as good as any eggs not cracked, but they must be used within twenty-four hours."

"Is not that an old-fashioned way of testing eggs?"  
"Yes; but experience proves it to be the best, and it is quick. An expert can candle 30,000 eggs a day. It has been tried to test eggs by water. A good egg will sink and a bad egg will float, but you can not find out a specked egg that way."

"What makes specked eggs?"  
"Lying in one position. An egg should not be left many days in one position. If an egg is turned every day it will keep a very long time. An experiment was once tried by G. H. Dennis, president of the Duchess County Creamery, as to how long an egg could be kept good. He kept one on his desk nine months and turned it every day and it kept good."

"How long are the best eggs kept before they get upon the tables of the best hotels?"  
"It takes about four days, because they are bought in bulk in the country and must be carefully assorted before being placed on the market."

"How are imported eggs kept from spoiling on the voyage?"

"They are carefully watched and turned. They come in cases easy to handle, and an expert learns to handle them quickly. It adds about one-fourth cent a dozen to the cost, but we can pay that and the freight and yet sell eggs that come from France and Germany cheaper than we can sell western eggs, and some think they are better. We can get them here in about twelve days from France. England also gets many eggs from Germany and France."

"How about desiccated eggs, or canned eggs?"  
"Some use them and say they are good and cheap. The process is now brought to perfection in this country. Mr. Dennis tried it on a large scale, but it would not pay. There is, in fact, no need of it, so long as people know how to keep their eggs good by turning them. The present mode of packing each egg in a separate paper compartment facilitates turning, and insures a constant supply of good eggs. True, they must be handled carefully in transporting, but that soon gets to be an easy habit. Of course, the baggage smashers do not go near the egg crates."

"Why don't we eat duck eggs and goose eggs? Why should substantially all the eggs in the market be hen eggs?"

"Because people prefer hen eggs, just as they prefer cow's milk to the milk of any other animal. Few people like the flavor of duck eggs or goose eggs. But hens' eggs are universally liked, and they are good, strong, easily digested food, often relished by the sick. As a rule, the imported eggs are nicer and more carefully selected than domestic eggs, and we get them on the table even quicker than the eggs that come from Kansas or Minnesota."

"How about the variation in the price of eggs?"

"The wholesale price varies from 16 1/2 cents to 31 cents a dozen. They are generally cheaper in the summer, because the supply is greater. They do not spoil so rapidly in winter, but there are not so many of them. The larger supply of the summer makes up for the loss by spoiling."

"What food makes hens lay the best eggs?"

"Grains, fresh liver and ground oyster shells. A good hen will lay an egg every other day on an average. At that rate a hen is the most profitable of live stock on the farm. President Dennis ciphered it out once, and sent out circulars to farmers to convince them that no product of the farm pays better than eggs."—*N. Y. Sun.*

### Bacon's Lost Opportunity.

At a dinner held in New York not long ago, the guests fell to discussing the authorship of Shakespeare's plays. Among the guests was an aged Western gentleman, who said very little and listened a great deal. Finally he was asked what he thought of the question.

"Well," he replied, deliberately, "of course I don't know much about it, but if Lord Bacon did not write those plays, he lost the greatest opportunity of his life."

For a wonder, this view of the controversy was received without a dissenting voice.—*Hagner's Magazine.*

## WHIMS OF THE HOUR.

Fashion Notes Gathered by an Enterprising New York Reporter.

Every well-made tailor suit is slightly but artistically padded.

White daisy weddings are the fancy of the passing moment.

A large ostrich feather fan to match the evening toilet is the fancy of the season.

While miles of ribbon in the form of flats, bows, loops, rosettes and knots are worn on all dressy summer frocks, not an inch of it is ever seen on a tailor gown.

The figuring on some of the latest China silks, bengalines, foulards and satens are exceedingly suggestive of crazy quilt colors and sections, or of clown's clothes.

No girl can play lawn tennis to any advantage in any thing but a tennis gown made with loose sleeves and a blouse waist, and this must be worn over a corset cover, but not a corset.

A lovely summer gown for a lady, no longer young but still with pretensions to beauty, is of black Chantilly lace over the white satin, with a corsage bouquet of white jonquils.

Oatmeal cloth trimmed with velvet or corduroy or cordereine makes a pretty mountain, seaside or traveling suit. It should be made in severely plain style with no ribbon or lace thereon.

Some of the new color combinations seen in lawn tennis suitings are in lovely soft shades of rosewood and lead color, cream and peachblow; plum and rose, pale brick red and old gold.

The popular materials for dust cloaks are pongee, striped and barred twilled silk in dark colors, plaid and plain mohair. The Irish peasant cape is the fashionable form of these cloaks, but the loose Raglan is the most popular.

The Robespierre redingote, with large revers opening over the chest, fastened with two rows of big buttons below the breast line, and falling in straight lines from the waist, is the favorite coat of the Parisian woman. The cravat worn with this coat is of lace or gauze, and tied in a big aggressive throat bow. The sleeves are coat shaped, but not very tight, and have large turned-back gauntlet-like cuffs.

Directory styles—so called—comprising the long, full plaited skirt, with little or no drapery, or plain, full double skirts; loose blouse or gathered waists, with gauged or smoked yokes, and folded wide sashes of the material are favored in the make up of all wash fabrics for summer gowns, as well as for the lighter wool and inexpensive silk stuffs that form the bulk of the piazza and morning dresses for mid-summer wear.

The most exquisite of bridal parasols prepared for the open-air wedding, is of white Brussels net, both the foundation and over covering, which last is put on full from the top of the canopy to the points of the ribs of the light paragon frame. A flat of white ribbon confines the fullness of the net at the top, and a bow of the same long handle. This parasol is not carried by the bride, but by her tallest page, who walks just a little behind her on one side, holding the filmy canopy over her head.

Irish laces are coming into use again. There has been some wonderful ecclesiastical lace pieces made by the art students in the Irish schools during a competitive trial for the prizes for making a set of jubilee laces as a presentation to Pope Leo XIII. The first prize was won by a class in the Convent of Poor Clares at Kenmare, the second by the young woman students in the Metropolitan and Cork School of Art. The Irish lace workers of this period are producing the finest flat needle points in stitches and designs, which prove the high artistic feeling and genius of the Irish people. Many of these late Irish laces are said to rival the finest raised points of Venice or Brussels, or the filmy fineness of Chantilly or Mechlin laces.—*N. Y. Sun.*

### Advantages of Hard Work.

Hard work is better than easy work in almost any line of effort; yet many a man shrinks from the task assigned to him in his special sphere of duty because he finds its doing to be hard instead of easy. "How do you like your new place?" asked an elder man of a younger one. "Oh! it's a pretty good place, only it's all up-hill work there," was the reply. "Well, most good work is up-hill work in this world," rejoined the elder. "Down-hill work doesn't amount to much in the long run. It seldom is work that is worth one's doing." Down-hill work is easy, and up-hill work is hard. In fact, it is because a man can go down hill with his work without any need of his working, that makes down-hill work so attractive to the average man as he is.—*S. Times.*

"What are you stud'in' in school now, Johnny?" inquired Mrs. McGudley of her nephew. "We just got a lesson in physics to-day." "Dear! Dear! Aint that nice. Specially for you, Johnny, cause I allus thought your taste kind of run to medicine."

## FIRST CLASS HORSES.

Ample Reward Awaits Breeders who Produce Them.

Respecting horses, there is one particular, only one, in which all are agreed: they should be handsome. Large or small, fast or slow, black, bay, white or mixed, they will suit somebody if symmetrical. This points a moral: appreciation of beauty is a divinely appointed faculty; not to respect and cultivate it is to ignore an effective agency for suppressing the sensual and satanic and developing spirituality and refinement. A beautiful horse is a constant gratification to its owner; it is kindly cared for; friendly relations are established; the noble beast repays every kindness by faithful service—it is very bad for owners not to be attached to their horses. Horses, like men, are sometimes rather unlovely; better breeding and just the right training will make them all right. Unfortunately, nineteen horses out of twenty fall below a proper standard; they are noticeably defective in their makeup—head and heels too large; muscles, mane and tail too small; bones too high; neck and head too low; parts not compactly joined together—"composite order" carelessly composed. A horse may, according to the service required of him, be a 1,000-pound buggy horse, a 1,200-pound coacher, a 1,600-pound cart horse; all these are wanted; but each class should be bred and kept distinct from every other class. Promiscuous breeding—breeding to no definite end, after no definite model; haphazard mixture of odds and ends—has filled this country with unsalable horses, not pleasant to look at and not effective for service. You may go through town after town in Western New York, making thorough search for a coach team that a Rochester banker or a railroad lawyer will consent to ride after, without finding it—I have seen it tried repeatedly. The banker and the lawyer were willing to pay \$1,000 for the team, but they couldn't find it. Our finest mares bring too much money to raise colts from, so we sell them to go into the cities, or keep them in the harness, or if we do raise colts from them, breed to poor stock-getters.

Selecting our best mares, and breeding them to the best French coach stallions, and continuing to breed to them without crossing with any thing else, in a few years we can raise fine carriage horses with much certainty and profit. French coachers have been bred for a great many years under supervision of experts appointed by the French Government. While good carriage horses are in demand at good prices, there is also great lack of good draft horses. Our horses are notoriously too small; the popularity of the Blackhaws a few years ago, and the craze for trotting horses, caused breeders to patronize small stallions till there is an overstock of that kind. A reaction has set in, and now we find many sacrificing every thing to size. They breed to sleepy, clumsy, loose-made stallions, flabby and flatfooted, simply because they weigh eighteen or twenty hundred—quality is sacrificed to quantity. The markets certainly call for more large horses, but they must stand the pavements; they must have vigor as well as size; must have action and energy. This, then, the American horsebreeder should do: fix on some particular class of horses to raise; select a model; adopt a standard and work to it—decide on the color, size, shape, speed suitable to the class to be propagated; reject from the breeding stock every animal that doesn't come up to the requirements. Continuous breeding in a definite time establishes certain characteristics; it is just as easy to establish a breed of black, ten-hundred, four-minute (plenty fast enough) buggy horses, as it was to fix the red in the Devon cattle. As the case now stands, not one farmer in fifty can make a plausible guess at the color, size, shape of the colt his mare will have. Is the ambition of progressive farmers satisfied when they have bred to the fastest trotter, the biggest Clyde or Percheron, or the cheapest scrub? Honor and fortune await Americans who will do for horses what Baskinwell, Bates, Cruikshank, did for sheep and cattle.—*Hugh T. Brooks, in N. Y. Tribune.*

### Science of Base-Ball.

Lovers of base-ball may find it convenient to keep in mind this explanation of the pitcher's curve from Mr. R. A. Proctor: If the ball is advancing without spin, or is spinning on an axis lying along its course, the cushion of compressed air carried forward by it is conical—or rather conoidal—and therefore resists the progress of the ball equally on all sides, affecting only the velocity. But in the case of the curve, where the ball is spinning on an axis square to its course, the air in front of the advancing side of the spinning surface cannot escape so readily as if there were no spin, and escapes more readily on the other side. Hence the resisting cushion of air is thrown toward that side of the ball where the spin is forward, and removed from the other side, and the ball is deflected from the region of greatest resistance.

## THE OLD BENARES.

The Place Where Gautama Taught His Beautiful Philosophy.

But I had forgotten to speak of Sarnath, the old Benares of many centuries ago. It lies some four miles out of the present city, and is all cultivated over, except where great heaps of broken brick mark the spot where its costly edifices once stood. A lofty old round tower-looking structure, about a hundred feet in diameter and over that in height, a solid mass of brick, marks the spot where Gautama taught his religion, and probably beneath it were buried some of his bones or hair. A part of its outer casing of stone is in good condition, exhibiting exquisite design and finish in its elaborate and intricate carving. It is said to be over two thousand years old, and is probably the original "stupa" from which the pagodas of Burmah were modeled, they, however, taking more of a bell form. It was a touching thing to sit under this old "stupa," and go back in fancy twenty odd centuries, and to imagine myself listening to the gentle tones of this man, who abandoned the luxuries of princely possession, the power of royal position, to become for long years a recluse, that he might spin from his brain the thread which binds and unites man to his God; and who, after he believed he had found the soft, silken bond, gave himself up to a life of labor and deprivation while he preached his beautiful philosophy—teaching loveliness of spirit, absolute purity of life, love to God and a boundless charity toward all living things. Here close by he lived for many years, founding a religion which has more varieties than any other faith professed by men; here he preached that exquisite charity which can give pain to nothing, breathing the breath of life—which can take life from no thing into which God has blown breath; which teaches that no living thing is so degraded that it may not hold a soul which God has created and which can never die. Here he lived, who to-day is worshipped by countless millions as a god. Here he walked and here he sat, uttering those maxims which soon crystallized into a faith, and this is claimed to be the "Light of Asia." I sat and thought. Around me were more than a dozen little boys and girls, bright, but all begging—lithic, healthy and pretty, but all steeped in poverty and ignorance, all followers of Buddha, or rather the children of his followers. How much had his teaching to do with their degradation? Though his philosophy be so beautiful; though his religion be so full of charity—that quality which proves that man is akin to Deity; though he taught love for God and for every thing He has created, yet his religion has depressed and repressed his followers. He taught that a life of purity was a life of tranquility and of calm, inactive reflection.

Man must constantly step forward. He must not stand still. The moment he pauses in an onward progress, that moment the dead weights of the earth from which he sprang begin to pull him downward. His mental as well as his physical being sprang from a germ of life—side by side with which was the germ of decay. When growth stops, decay begins its deadly work. Gautama may have caused the "Light of Asia" to spread over the mighty East. It was a light beautiful, poetic, calm and sweet; it was not a light to vivify the dead into life; it was not a light which warms the torpid into activity. It lacked glow and was without intensity. The pale moon rises in the east, spreads its mild light over a sleeping world, and all nature continues its slumber. The sun rises later; its intense rays not only lighten, but warm nature, and all its children awaken from slumber into activity, man and beast, tree and flower. Buddhism may have been the "Light of Asia," but it was not till close to the Mediterranean a new and better brightness was born that "the light of the world" arose. Under the sweet, calm light the earth lies in the lap of a lethargy, from which it may not for ages free itself. Under the other, the warm, burning light, the West marches with giant strides.—*Carter H. Harrison, in Chicago Mail.*

### Some Alloys of Gold.

A new alloy of gold and platinum, upon which Mr. W. C. Roberts Austen has been engaged for some time, takes fire on being thrown into the water, and the gold is released as a black powder, differing from ordinary gold in its property, of readily forming auric hydride. This abnormal form of gold, which becomes normal metallic gold on heating, is said to have been long utilized by the Japanese. They obtain it from its alloy with copper, with which they form ornamental metallic designs upon knife handles, etc., and then release the dark-colored gold by a pickling process. In this way, they have produced an appearance of transparency in a metallic representation of water, at a place where in the design a duck was represented plunging half its body below the surface of a stream.—*Arkansas Traveler.*