The American Union.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT DENTON, MD.

E. W. EMERSON.

TERMS:

$1.00 per annum. Invariably in advance.

No subscription received for less than six months.

The UNION circulates among farmers, mechanics and business men generally.

Postmasters are requested to notify us of a failure to take the paper from their office.

American Union.

VOL. XXVI. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1885. NO. 2.

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements conspicuously inserted at the following rates:

1 square (8 lines)	3 insertions,	–	$ 1.00
1 " "	1 month,	–	– 1.50
1 " "	3 "	–	– 2.20
1 " "	6 "	–	– 5.00
1 " "	12 "	–	– 10.00
¼ column,	one year,	–	– 15.00
½ "	" "	–	– 30.00
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ENOCH PRATT BALTO. FREE LIBRARY

THE LORDS OF LABOR.

They come, they come, in a glorious march,
You can hear their steam-steeds neigh,
As they dash through Skill's triumphal arch,
Or plunge 'mid the dancing spray.
Their bale fires blaze in the mighty forge,
Their life-pulse throbs in the mill,
Their lightnings shiver the gaping gorge,
And their thunders shake the hill.
Ho! these are the Titans of toil and trade,
The heroes who wield no saber;
But mightier conquests reapeth the blade
That is borne by the Lords of Labor.

Brave hearts like jewels light the sod,
Through the mists of commerce shine,
And souls flash out, like stars of God,
From the midnight of the mine,
No palace is theirs, no castle great,
No princely pillar'd hall;
But they well may laugh at the roofs of state
'Neath the heaven which is over all.
Ho! these are the Titans of toil and trade,
The heroes who wield no saber;
But mightier conquests reapeth the blade
Which is borne by the Lords of Labor.

Each bares his arm for the ringing strife
That marshal the sons of the soil,
And the sweat-drops shed in their battle of life
Are gems in the crown of toil.
And better their well-worn wreaths, I trow,
Than laurels with life-blood wet;
And nobler the arch of a bare, bold brow
Than a clasp of a coronet.
Then hurrah for each hero, although his deed
Be unblown by the trump of labor,
For holier, happier far is the meed
That crowneth the Lords of Labor.

—*James Macfarlane.*

A GOOD INVESTMENT

The yellow haze of midsummer hung its radiant pennons over the velvet slopes of the Fairhaven farm; the river, murmuring softly over its pebbly bottom, flashed up like a sheet of silver, and the purple fields of clover nodding ready for the scythe, filled the warm air with sweet, slumberous scents.

"Fine weather for the hayin'," said Eliakim Fairhaven. To his material nature God's sunshine and the grand glitter of earth and sky were but the instruments to fill his pockets with sordid gain—mere accessions to "a good crop." Alas! is not this world full of Eliakim Fairhavens in one shape or another?

Miss Comfort Fairhaven sat beside him knitting and watching the cumbersome frolics of a pair of twin lambs, deserted by their heartless mother, whom she was "bringing up by hand."

"Yes," she said, with a mechanical glance in the direction of the beamy west. "Who's that a-coming up the path, I wonder?"

"One of the new hands, I calculate," said Eliakim, screwing up his eyes. "I didn't 'gree to give 'em their supper and board into the bargain, a night afore the job begins—and I'm blessed if there ain't a little gal along with him!"

"Tain't no hayin' hand," said Miss Comfort, rising and going down the steps to meet a slender child of nine years old, who was leading a pale, bowed-down man, who walked with difficulty, leaning on a crutch.

"Heart alive, child," said Miss Comfort, whose kindly nature involuntarily sympathized with all who were suffering or in distress; "what ails you, and what do you want here?"

"Please, ma'am," began the child, eagerly, "if you could give us a night's lodging—poor papa is so sick and tired, and——"

"No, I can't!" abruptly broke in Eliakim Fairhaven. "This ain't no almshouse, nor yet a charity place. If ye can pay your way, well and good; if ye can't, the sooner you go about your business the better!"

"We have no money," timidly began the child, while the man, as if stunned and bewildered by the heartless fluency of the old farmer's speech, leaned up against the fence, pressing his hand on his forehead, "but——"

"Then clear out and be done with it!" said Eliakim, resuming his seat with dogged composure.

Miss Comfort looked appealingly at her brother.

"If I could just get 'em a bowl of milk, Eliakim, and——"

"Stuff and nonsense," sonorously ejaculated the farmer; "I ain't a goin' to give in to this sort of thing. Once begin, and you'll never leave off, you soft-headed womanfolk!"

Slowly and wearily the two poor travelers turned and plodded their way adown the broad, dusty road, the languid footsteps of the invalid scarce keeping up with the tripping pace of the child.

"Oh, papa, papa," sobbed the little girl, turning her blue, wistful eye to the white, worn face, 'how cruel people are!"

He placed his hand upon her curly uncovered head.

"Never mind, Essie," he said, with a mournful, tender pathos in his voice; "it will soon end. It cannot be for long, as far as I am concerned, poor child. But for you—." He stopped, his voice husky with emotion.

They had walked what seemed to little Esther Bell a weary way, when there was a rustle among the wild rose bushes that overhung the stone wall at their side, and a voice called hurriedly to them to "stop."

"It's me," said Miss Comfort Fairhaven, reckless of her grammar. "Eliakim—that's my brother—he's gone over to the class meetin' at Squire Dundas,' and I cut down through lots to overtake you. I tell you I can't somehow get your father's face out o' my mind. You're sick, ain't you, mister?"

"I shall soon be quite well," he answered calmly, and Comfort Fairhaven's more experienced eye detected the hidden meaning which the little girl never once suspected. Yes, he would soon be well, but it would be in that country where the inhabitants never say "I am sick."

"Where are you going?" asked kind Miss Comfort, her voice growing hasky in spite of herself.

"We are going to my grandpapa," said little Essie. "Grandpapa was vexed with my mamma for marrying papa and going to England, but papa thinks he'll take care of me now. But I won't stay with him unless papa stays too."

And she resolutely tightened her grasp upon the thin, fever-burning hand.

"I s'pose you want to get to Lonsdale?" said Miss Comfort.

The man nodded.

"Is it far?"

"Eleven good miles yet," said Miss Comfort, "but I'll tell ye what: I'll make Joab get out the wagon, and with a good buffalo robe over the seats you'll ride easy enough. They'll be back afore Eliakim gets through shoutin' and prayin'; and while you're a waitin' I'll bring down a smack o' bread and meat and a bottle of my currant wine. 'Taint good to travel on an empty stomach."

And five minutes later Miss Comfort was carrying her hospitable intentions into effect, greatly to the delight and appreciation of the hungry child.

"Now, see here," said Miss Comfort, drawing the child aside, when Jacob drove up with the comfortable farm wagon and stout old horse, "I don't guess you've got more money than you can use?"

"We have only enough for our railroad tickets," said Essie, her countenance falling, "but——"

"I thought so," said Miss Comfort; "and here's a five dollar bill I've laid aside out of my butter money that Elliakim don't know nothin' about."

The child's eyes were brimming as she looked up in Miss Comfort's honest, hard-featured face.

"Will you let me kiss you, just once?" she whispered, standing on tip-toe to bring her blooming cheek close to the spinster's wrinkled lips.

Kissing, as Miss Comfort might herself have remarked, had she leisure for a remark, was not much in her way, but she could not resist the sweet, wistful entreaty.

"There," she said, with a strange moisture in her eyes, "run along; Joab's waitin'."

"Oh!" cried little Esther, as she sat on the buffalo-draped seat, "I wish I was rich and grown up?"

"Why, what 'ud you do?" demanded honest Joab.

"I'd buy a diamond necklace and a pink dress for that good lady."

Joab chuckled. "I don't know as they'd become her," he said, with grim jocularity. "So gee up, old Doll!"

* * * * * * *

"I know I'm pretty old to be lookin' arter a situation," said Miss Comfort Fairhaven, "but I can't starve, nor I won't beg, so what's there left? We had a good farm once, but my brother couldn't rest till he speckilated it all away, and now he's gone and I'm all alone. So, if you know of a good place as housekeeper, or matron in an asylum, or general overseer, I don't much care where—"

The intelligence office keeper, with a slight shrug of his shoulders, broke in on the torrent of Miss Fairhaven's explanatory eloquence.

"What wages did you ask?"

"I ain't particular about that so long as it's a good home."

"Here's a place that might perhaps suit you—housekeeper wanted at Mr. Duponceau's, No. — Fifth avenue. You might try it, although I hardly think a person like you would suit."

"I ain't young, I know," said Miss Comfort, with a sigh, "but there's a deal of tough work left in me yet. Give me the address—I shan't give up and starve without tryin' for it."

Yet, in spite of all her philosophy, Miss Comfort's heart, like that of the queen of Sheba of old, grew faint within her as she sat in the luxurious reception room of the Fifth avenue mansion, surrounded by silken chairs, gilded tables, flashing mirrors and pictures, whose radiant skies might have been painted in liquidized gold, so rare and costly were they."

"I'm a'most sorry I come?" thought Miss Comfort. "I don't fairly believe I can give satisfaction here."

While the thought was passing through her mind, the door swung open, and a tall young lady in a blue silk morning robe entered—a young lady with golden brown hair looped after the fashionable style over her brow, and deep blue eyes.

Miss Comfort rose and dropped a stiff little courtesy.

"I've called to see—" she began, but to her amazement the rest of her speech was abruptly checked by the young lady's arms being thrown round her neck.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you," she cried out, ecstatically; "I thought I never should see you again. I went to the old farm, but you had gone away, nobody knew whither!"

And she hugged Miss Comfort more enthusiastically than ever, with bright tears sparkling on her eyelashes.

"Why," demanded the bewildered spinster, "who are you?"

"I'm Essie! Don't you remember little Essie Bell that you gave the five-dollar bill to in the twilight by the wild rose bushes, when—"

"Oh—o—o—h!" exclaimed Miss Comfort. "You don't mean to say you're that——"

And here she stopped, nearly strangled by Essie's renewed embraces, while she listened to the story of how grandpapa had adopted her; and how she was surrounded by all that luxury could devise or art invent.

"And I have longed to see you again," added Essie, "for if it had not been for your kindness papa never could have lived to reach his home. And you shall live with me always now, and be my darling old friend."

"No," said Miss Comfort, gravely, shaking her head. "I've come to apply for a situation as housekeeper, and if you won't give it to me, why I must go elsewhere."

And Essie was obliged to consent.

"But mind," said she, nodding the golden masses of her crepe hair. "I shall give you what wages I please! Grandpa always entrusts those things to my management."

So Miss Comfort Fairhaven stayed nominally as housekeeper—really the trusted and revered head of the establishment, and her declining years were surrounded by a peace and luxury she never had dared to dream of in her loftiest aspirations.

Miss Comfort Fairhaven had invested the five-dollar bill advantageously. She had cast her bread upon the waters, and after many days it had returned to her

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An eagle kept in Vienna, Austria, died after a confinement of 114 years. Swans on the River Thames have been known to live 150 years and more.

A QUEER RACE IN SUMATRA.

A PEOPLE WITH NO IDEA OF A FUTURE STATE.

They Eat Snakes and Bugs, Go Naked and Have No Idea of Ownership of Property.

In the central part of the Island of Sumatra dwell a curious tribe of people known as Kubus, who, of all the people on the face of the earth, stand forth preeminently as having no idea of a future state. "When we are dead, we are dead," they sententiously expressed it to Mr. Henry O. Forbes, the naturalist, who spent five years exploring Sumatra, and who was the only white man who ever got a glimpse of one of them.

They construct only temporary dwellings of a few simple branches erected over a low platform to keep them off of the ground. They are so timorous and shy that it is a rare circumstance for any one to see them. No white man ever saw one of them before Mr. Forbes, except as one sees the hind-quarters of a startled deer. In the little trade carried on between them and the Malays, the transactions are performed without the one party seeing the other. The Malay trader, ascending to one of their places of rendezvous, beats a gong in a particular way to give notice of his arrival. On hearing the signal the Kubus bring out what forest produce they may have collected, and, depositing it on the ground at this place, hastily retire into close hiding, beating a gong as a signal that all is ready. The trader then slowly advances, lays down on the ground the cloth, knives and other articles of barter he has brought to the amount which he thinks an equivalent exchange, beats a gong and in like manner retires. The Kubus examine the barter offered. If satisfactory they remove the goods, beat their gong and go away, and the trader picks up the produce he finds left on the ground. If not satisfactory, they set on one side a portion of their produce to reduce it to what they consider the value of the barter offered, and thus the trade dilly dallies along until it is completed or abandoned. They are so afraid of seeing any one not of their own race that if suddenly met or come up with in the forest they will drop every thing and flee away. They cultivate nothing for themselves, but live on snakes, lizards and grubs, which they eat ravenously and raw. They eat fruits, an occasional deer, pig or tapir, and what they trade from the Malays. They know nothing, absolutely nothing; they manufacture absolutely nothing. Their knives and the universal spear with which they are armed they purchase from the Malays from whom they trade. Neither men nor women wear clothes, except sometimes the small T. bandage of dark cloth; some even go in a state of nature. Sometimes they keep a few birds in confinement, and are often followed by a half-fed dog. They never work, and when in their travels they come to a small stream rather than cross it they'll end their journey. They never brush or comb their hair, but wear it in a disheveled state, hence it is often matted and twisted.

Their funerals are crude in the extreme. Sometimes they leave their dead unburied in the spot where they died, giving the place ever after a wide berth. Sometimes, however, the body is buried face downward, with a strip of bark below and above the body. They have one tradition, that they are the descendants of three brothers, one of whom betook himself to the woods to live.

Monogamy is the rule among them, but a few have two or more wives. Their nuptial ceremony is a very simple affair. The man having fixed his choice on a girl and got the consent of the parents, he brings to the father such presents as he has—a knife, spear, clothes or money, beeswax, or any rare fruits or animals of the forests that he may have. If the presents are large enough to satisfy the greed of the father, all the Kubus within calling distance are summoned together. Seating themselves below a tree, the father of the maiden informs them that he has given his daughter So-and-so to So-and-so in marriage. One of the company then strikes the tree with a club proclaiming them to be man and wife. Then follows a feast of fruits and animals. The Malays very seldom will marry a Kubu woman. They consider them an inferior race, and use as a term of reproach when angered, "You Kubu." They will not interfere with a Kubu dead body. The Kubus possess no personal property except what they carry around with them. They eat animals in a semi-putrid condition, with little or no cooking. In traversing the forest if one of them finds a bee-tree he makes one or two hacks in the bark and repeats a sort of spell. This is the only property, if it could be called such, that they possess.

They are not exactly people of the lowest order of intelligence. They use their spears with dexterity or throw stones with wonderful accuracy. They post themselves behind some tree in front of which is another wherein birds are lodged, and thence discharge the stone over the one that hides them so as to drop on the bird in the other.

These extraordinary people differ so much in their habits and ways in life from the other inhabitants of the island that scientists have been much puzzled as to whether they are the last survivors of their race or only a straggling remnant, kin to those about them, who at some past time were driven from below the family roof tree to save their lives in the forest fastnesses, and who, when persecution had ceased, clung to these woods, which had been their friends in their hours of need.

Mr. Forbes, who examined some Kubu skulls, with a view to determine whether they possess Negrito or Maylayan affinities, says that the character of the hair, the form of the nose, the various characters of the skull and the proportion of the limb bones show that they cannot have any near affinity to the Negrito race found in various parts of the Indo-Malayan archipelago, but that they are decidedly Malays, and, therefore, Mongoloid.

While among the odd people a thief was brought before the magistrate who when arrested had a bag containing the paraphernalia of his trade. It contained a bunch of keys of various sizes, a little sack with rice grains for alluring fowls, a package of arsenic for older animals, a tube of soporific powder, the recipe for which was: "Take of the gadung, a species of plant whose uncooked roots produce intoxication, a few scrapings of the skin where the stem joins the tuber; of white dates the seeds of seven fruits, and of arsenic a certain quantity. When dried, pounded and sifted through a cloth, to be thrown on the rice or into the cigarette of the victim or to be blown toward him, as occasion offers." The thief said he had tried the recipe on three victims and stolen many cloths and rupees and gold dust.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Hunting for Eider Down.

A letter from Reykjavik, Iceland, to the New York *Sun*, writes of the eider down harvest as follows: The men who get the down leave home early in the morning, and visit the places to which the eider duck resorts, and each man hunts for the nests. The nests are built in clefts of the rock, sometimes near the sea, and slippery from the spray, and sometimes very high up, where a false step would be death to the unfortunate man falling down on the jagged rocks below.

The down is plucked from the breasts of the duck by the bird itself, and is used to line the nests for the comfort of the young ones. The hunter robs the bird of all the lining it has provided for the nest, putting it in a bag that he carries along for the purpose, and then goes on and repeats the performance at some other nest. Everything must be done very quietly, for a loud noise frightens the birds, and if frightened away once, they will not build there again. There is a law enforced that forbids the discharge of firearms within hearing of the breeding places, and a stranger would probably be mobbed if he disobeyed it.

Two crops of down are gathered. The first crop is the best, for the duck uses an abundance of her choicest down in making the lining of her first nest. A short time after the first is gathered the hunters go over the same ground again and rob the nests of the second lining, which consists of all the down the poor bird could rob herself of for her young. This proceeding seems to call out the last energies of the birds, for they then make a new nest, and the drake lines it with his breast feathers. In this nest the young are hatched. The hunters seldom disturb it, for the probabilities are that the pair would go away and never return.

After the down has been gathered, it is taken into a large room in the farmer's house, and each nest, for the lining retains the shape of a nest, is placed on top of a primitive arrangement that looks like a harp laid flat, with strings of leather laid across it. The nest is then rubbed over the strings, and the lichen, moss, sticks, chips, and other parts of the framework of the nest that are mixed with the down fall through to the floor, while she down remains in the operator's hands. The down is then packed and brought to market, and from here shipped to all parts of the world. The color of the down is a surprise to many, for instead of its being white, as some people imagine, it is a blue slate color, glossy, and very pretty. An immense amount of it can be crushed into a handful, but it will resume its natural form when released.

The down taken from dead birds is not as good as that from the nests. It is not so light or so much like floss silk to the touch. Iceland furnishes about 7,000 pounds of the down every year that is of a superior quality.

A Chinese Barber.

One of the important personages in Mott street is Lee Ah, the Chinese barber. Unlike his American colleagues, he does the larger part of his business in the stores or residences of his customers. A reporter found him yesterday and was shaved. The shave was a success. The chair is a low three-legged stool, on which the customer sits bolt upright. Coat, waistcoat necktie, and collar are removed, and a common long cloth put around the neck. The face and throat are washed with perfumed water and dried with a soft towel, and remaining moisture being removed by a vigorous fanning. The shaving that follows resembles our own style, except that almost no lather is used. After going over the face and throat. Lee shaves the back of the neck and the temples, and if the eyebrows are irregular, cuts away enough hairs to produce the symmetry desired. The second part of the operation is what he prides himself upon. The razor is dried and put away; from his kit he produces two small ear razors, callipers, tweezers, scrapers and sponges, and with these proceeds to embellish the ears. He first shaves off the down on the outside, and then, with a dexterous sweep of the wrist, the hair on the inside of the ear. The blade of this ear razor is about as large as a match, and is concaved almost into a crescent. The sensation is pleasant rather than otherwise. With his other instruments he rubs and polishes the ear until its color is bright pink. The third part of the job is a Swedish movement cure on a small scale. The muscles of the face, scalp and throat are kneaded, pinched and pulled, even the eyelids being exercised. Then the large muscles of the arms and trunk are alternately flexed and extended, the finger joints "cracked," and the head twisted into a dozen positions. The finishing touch consists in being patted and pounded with Lee's fist and open hand from the top of the head to the small of the back, and the job is complete. Time, thirty minutes, and cost "hap dollee."—*New York Sun.*

During Cholera Epidemics.

The epidemics of 1830, 1845, and 1866 caused the people everywhere to adopt preventive measures which were thought to have great efficacy. Care in diet was considered most inaportant, of course, and fruits were almost entirely discarded. Watermelons and cucumbers were looked upon as poisonous, and even ripe peaches and other harmless fruit were permitted to rot. So heavy were the losses by fruit growers and dealers in the East in 1830, that for a few years after the plague disappeared no one would raise melons and other objectionable vegetables and fruits for fear that they could not be disposed of. Boiled rice, mush and milk, and bread and milk became the principal articles of diet in many families, and meats and other heavy foods were partaken of very sparingly. Camphor came into universal use as a disinfectant, and nearly every body wore some of it on the person. Flannels were worn all summer, and plasters of various kinds were used on the chest and back.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

An accident in a Melbourne foundry has led to the discovery that plunging iron castings into a mixture of treacle and water softens the metal to such a degree that it can be punched, bored and tapped as readily as wrought iron.

Experienced lumbermen have always held that timber cut in the spring was not durable for building purposes. Recent scientific investigations show that the richer the wood is in phosphoric acid and potassium the more likely it is to rot and mold; wood cut in the spring contain eight times as much of the former and five times as much of the latter as when cut in the winter.

A patent has just been issued for a new system for the production of spherical and conical projectiles. By means of the new process projectiles of any shape or caliber of even the hardest steel are made and condensed with wonderful rapidity direct from the heated bar, and at one operation, and of such precise dimensions as to be ready for use without further treatment.

The anaesthetic effect of rapid breathing—like that of inhaling nitrous oxide—is ascribed by Dr. Bonwill to the influence of the surplus of oxygen thus forced upon the lungs. In a variety of cases remarkable insensibility to pain, without appreciable loss of consciousness, has been produced, in one instance a boy of eleven, after breathing rapidly about a minute, having had four permanent molars removed, the operation being painless and lasting twenty seconds.

The strongest wood in the United States, according to Prof. Sargent, is that of the nutmeg hickory of the Arkansas region, and the weakest the West Indian birch (burseva). The most elastic is the tamarack, the white or shell-bark hickory standing far below it. The least elastic and the lowest in specific gravity is the wood of the Ficus aurea. The highest specific gravity, upon which in general depends value as fuel, is attained by the bluewood of Texas, Condalia obovato.

The one wheel, or "bicycle," railroad, as it is called, says *Industrial America*, appears likely to have an actual trial before long. The nominal inventor claims that he can easily attain 100 or more miles per hour without difficulty, as he will be free from many of the resistances which are encountered on the standard roads. Perhaps the greatest unforseen difficulty which will be met is that of wind pressure. In perfectly calm weather the resistance will amount to fifty pounds per square foot at that speed. It is perfectly safe to say that with a high wind the resistance alone might easily require 2,500 horse power, in addition to that needed for hauling the train.

For making paper capable of resisting fire and damp, Herr W. Herre proposes to add to the pulp during the process of grinding in the rag engine solutions of certain salts which, by mutual decomposition, form insoluble compounds. The solution which is added first contains zinc sulphate or chloride, or calcium chloride, or acetate, whereupon tallow, soap, glue, and alum are added. After having been thoroughly mixed the mass is formed into paper, which, however, before being dried is once more passed through a bath of the same or similar composition to the solution used for mixing with the pulp in the rag engine, and ultimately impregnated with a solution of catechu.

Cheating the Bees.

A Wayne county farmer has succeeded in earning a place in history along with the Connecticut man who invented wooden nutmegs. He lives between Detroit and Dearborn, on Michigan avenue, in a vine-covered cottage back a little way from the road. On the front fence appears the sign "White clover honey." Back of the house is an airy apiary with all the modern inventions for the care of bees, and nearly fifty hives sound with the cheerful humming of the busy honey makers.

A representative of the *Free Press*, quite by accident, called at the house and found no one at home, and while sitting by an old well curb refreshing himself with cool water from an old oaken bucket, his attention was called to the action of the bees. The cottage is surrounded with roses in full bloom, but these bees did not as bees used to do,

"Gather honey all the day
From every opening flower,"

but instead were swarming around a large tray which stood near by, and were flying back and forth to their hives. In this tray was half an inch of a sticky mass that looked like syrup. Little sticks were strewn over this substance, and on these the bees were alighting, and, after taking some, flew back to the hives.

"What do you want o' them bees?"

The intruder started up and found a barefooted lad standing before him.

"What are the bees taking?" we asked.

"What do you want to know for? Dad said we wasn't to tell any one anything about it."

"I'll give you a quarter if you will," said the reporter, now thoroughly interested.

"Well, I dunno what it is. Dad gets it from town in a bar'l. Here's what he gits it in," pointing to a large cask.

On the end of the barrel was the stencil mark: "200 lbs. grape sugar from Michigan Grape Sugar Manufactory."

"Is that glucose the bees are getting?"

"It's something that dad gets out of that bar'l, that's all I know about it."

The inquiring visitor tasted it. There was an unmistakable gum drop flavor to it.

"We had hard work to get the bees used to it. Dad put in a lot of syrup at first, but the bees take it straight now."

"How long does it take to fill a hive?"

"Not near so long as it does when they have to gather the honey from flowers. We've taken out a lot this year already."

The boy brought out of the house a box of glucose honey which looked as clear and inviting as though the sweets had been distilled from the purest flowers.

"Do you eat it?" the boy was asked.

"Sometimes. It ain't so good as the other kind, but it's just as good to sell. Say, don't you never give me away to dad, or he'll skin me."—*Detroit Free Press.*

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Embroideries in all colors are fine and open.

Red remains the dominant color of the season.

Little girls in India wear gold rings in their noses.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has written two thousand poems.

Polonaises of China silk are worn with skirts trimmed with lace.

Accordion-plaited skirts are still worn, with or without over-drapery.

White satin is the first choice of materials for a bridal dress.

Velvet ribbon is used to outline panels, imitate tucks and finish tabliers.

Five o'clock tea tables have three tiers of shelves, one above the other.

Long sashes are worn with all sorts of dresses, and are tied or looped according to fancy.

The thimble was invented 200 years ago by Nicholas von Benschoten, a goldsmith of Amsterdam.

Fashions in dress are more various and individualized in Washington than in any fashionable city in the world.

Color on the edge is considered the proper and desirable thing in pecale, linen or lawn collars and cuffs for traveling wear.

The newest breakfast caps for elderly ladies are made of heliotrope tulle with a bow of satin ribbon of the same shade on top.

Wash dresses for children and misses are made of cambric and zephyr, as these two materials are well adapted for the laundry.

Pretty flouncings have a foundation of brown net, over which are raised little bunches of flowers in even threads, solidly worked.

A modification of the Norfolk jacket is introduced. Instead of the loose, easy fit of its prototype, it is snugly plaited to the figure.

Rubies, sapphires and emeralds are mixed together to form a fashionable medley of color in all sorts of jeweled adornments.

Some ladies prefer a red silk bandanna kerchief, or one of plain Turkey red cotton, to any other covering for the head when bathing.

Sashes of Moire, surah, and all sorts of soft, crapy silken and woolen stuffs are in high favor, and are worn in almost every style preferred.

An evening dress of pink satin has an over dress of white yak lace. The bodice is also covered with lace and has a Swiss corset of pink velvet.

Colored and white lawn collars, pleated and soft laundered, not stiff with starch, are taking the place of white linen bands for traveling and morning wear

One of the drawing-rooms in the residence of Mrs. James P. Scott, of Philadelphia, as to its decorations and appointments, cost a solid $100,000 check.

Japanese parasols of satin still show the golden rods inside, and a variety of striped or brocaded Pompadour satins or changeable silks are made up in this way.

The art of the jeweler seems to have reached a climax when by delicate mechanism tiny bugs and beetles of silver and gold are endowed with motion as if alive.

The most recherche parasols are no longer bright cardinal and red, but are shown in delicate shades of mauve and ecru, rich mauresque or escurial lace covers, adding unfortunately to the cost as well as to the elegance of these dainty trifles.

Everybody in London who has daughters to marry gives a ball, if possible, inasmuch as, if they do not, their girls, unless possessed of some extraordinary attraction or very high rank, receive scarcely any invitations to such entertainments.

Draped skirts, in a variety of combinations, are worn with jerseys, which have full chemisettes of surah silk, with lapels of velvet or passementerie trimming, or they are merely bordered with braid, while others have a V-shaped bead embroidery down the front.

A pretty bit of lingerie for the front of a dress is made by fastening a gay silk handkerchief corner-wise at the neck and waist and covering it with folds of lace or tulle. This is an ingenious way of brightening many a dark home toilet or street dress when worn indoors.

A cream colored serge gown has the skirt drapery opening on one side over a braided panel, and caught together by antique silver agraffes. The bodice has a square jacket fastened over a full plastron with agraffes like those on the skirt, and trimmed with cream and silver braid. A wide sash of cream-colored silk is draped around the hips, and falls in large loops at the back. A high hat with pointed crown, trimmed with cream-colored silk arranged in large bows, is to be worn with the dress.

The ancients have left as souvenirs of their skill some wonderfully beautiful engraved sapphires. One represents a woman's figure enveloped in drapery. The stone is one of two tints, and the artist skillfully used the dark tint for the woman and the light for the drapery. This gem is among the crown jewels of Russia. The Strozzi cabinet at Rome contains an intaglio representing the profile of a young hercules by Owens, and in the cabinet of France is an intaglio profile of the emperor's pertinax.

The duties of married life, says Gail Hamilton, require the same qualities that the duties of unmarried life require, generosity, truth, patience, consideration, compromise, fidelity, large-heartedness. In married life and in unmarried life alike the highest happiness and the highest blessedness require that you should often yield your own whim, taste, ease and pleasure to the pleasure of another. It requires often the still harder duty of maintaining your own stand in opposition to the wishes of another, and it requires the wisdom of high heaven to know certainly when to do the one and when to do the other.

The timber work of the domes of the Church of St. Mark, at Venice, is more than 840 years old, and is still in a good state.

Washington Territory has gained in population within the last six years about 100 per cent.

A SUMMER SONG IN SECTIONS.

JUST AS IT IS.

Now the wealthy merchant weareth
On his head a common straw,
While his junior clerk appeareth
In a nobby mackinaw.

HIT HIM WITH A BRICK.

Now the sun his furnace fireth,
Causing human flesh to stew,
And the summer fiend inquireth,
"Is this hot enough for you?"

"SOME OF THE SAME OLD BRAND."

Now the customer who winketh,
As the druggist's eye meets his,
Shows he something stronger drinketh
Than the ordinary fizz.

HE NEVER SLEEPS.

Now the patent mower waketh
Sleepers from their peaceful rest,
E're the golden morning breaketh,
Or the robin leaves his nest.

THE DECEITFUL HUSBAND.

Now the festive husband sendeth
To the beach his trusting wife;
While she's absent he pretendeth
His will be a lonely life.
Tearfully with her he parteth:
Gladly he would go, but can't—
Out to see the elephant.

THE HOSE FIEND.

Now the idiot who getteth
Twenty feet of garden hose,
Squirts from morn till night and wetteth
Skilfully on each passer's clothes.

—*Boston Courier.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

There is one good thing about the seventeen-year locust. The female is mute.

Soggy pie is mentioned as one of the causes of dyspepsia. One of the causes of soggy pie is young married women.—*Courier Journal.*

The Canadians think of changing the name of Lake Misstassini to Lake Smith. This is pleasant for travelers, but tough for the lake.—*Puck.*

We'll sit beside the entrancing maid,
Our own bewitching Nellie;
With our right hand in the lemonade
And our left foot in the jelly.

—*Lynn Union.*

Forepaugh says that elephants have a natural fondness for whisky. This may account for men going out to see the elephant.—*Siftings.*

"Time works wonders," says a young man of twenty-seven when he returned home and found his eldest sister only eighteen.—*St. Paul Herald.*

An ordinary woman's waist is thirty inches around. An ordinary man's arm is about thirty inches long. How admirable are thy works, oh, nature.—*Toronto Mail.*

Soon to the seashore we shall hie,
Or picnic in the grove;
Sitting perchance in custard pie,
Beside the girl we love.

—*Chicago Sun.*

Daniel entered the lion's den without a tremor; but if the truth were known it is not improbable that he went into his own house on wash day with fear and trembling.—*Chicago Ledger.*

Along about this season of the year, a man lays aside his religious training two or three times a day, in order to drive the chickens out of the garden in a proper manner.—*Merchant-Traveler.*

"We are goin' to have chicken for dinner at our house to-day," said a Fourth street urchin; "papa killed a rooster this morning—the one that had the dried beef on its head."—*Breakfast Table.*

A Chicago girl fell out of a third story window and killed a dog, which her brother had fired at four times with a Flobert rifle and failed to hit. If a Chicago girl comes down feet first from anywhere, she can hit almost anything.

Who is that man whom all respect?
Whom all treat so polite?
They pass him with uplifted hats,
And watch him out of sight.
He's a baseball pitcher who twirls the sphere,
(Not one of the "upper ten.")
And he has a record of striking out
Twenty consecutive men.

—*Boston Times.*

Pilaff, the National Dish of Turkey.

There are many recipes for preparing "Pilaff"—rice—the national dish of Turkey, some of which if followed would furnish but a poor representation of the excellence of the dish when properly prepared. The following formula is the one used at the celebrated Sedgewick Literary institute, Great Barrington, Mass., and conducted under the principalship of Mr. E. J. Van Lennep. Mr. Van Lennep is a native of Turkey, his parents having for many years resided there as American missionaries:

Pilaff requires the best of rice, with full and perfect kernels, otherwise it should be sifted and picked over. For a pint of rice take about three pints of nice broth. Wash the rice carefully; drain, and pour at once into the boiling broth; watch while cooking and avoid stirring. When you find the kernels cooked through but not much swelled or expanded, take the kettle off the fire and pour its contents into a colander to drain for a few minutes. Meantime, have ready a teacupful of melted butter, heated to the boiling point. Return the strained rice to the hot empty kettle, and pour the scalded butter over it, distributing it carefully over the streaming mass, but don't stir! This process seems to arrest its further cooking, beside improving its flavor. Nice "beef drippings" can be used with butter—half and half. Lastly, a folded napkin must be laid upon the surface of the rice, to absorb the steam, the kettle closely covered and set back in a warm place and the pilaff is ready.

N. B.—The test of a good pilaff is a thorough cooking without any tendency of the kernels to adhere to each other. Water may be substituted for broth if more butter be used.

The man of talents possesses them like so many tools, does his job with them and there an end; but the man of genius is possessed by it, and it makes him into a book or a life, according to its whim. Talent takes the existing molds, and makes its castings, better or worse, of richer or baser metal, according to knack or opportunity; but genius is always shaping new ones, and runs the man in them, so that there is always the human feeling in its results which gives us a kindred thrill.

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