

GLEANINGS.

Fifty thousand Northerners are now in Florida.
Dakota has 250 newspapers, most of them dailies.
Henry Ward Beecher will be seventy-two in June.

An Ohio physician is preparing a medical lexicon in forty-two languages.
The proposed reform bill in England will enfranchise about two million men.

W. P. Elliott, of Lewiston, Pa., ninety-one years of age, is still editing a paper.

The Southern *Bivouac* argues that the mound builders were drowned by floods.

The old Confederate fortifications around Athens, Ga., are now being leveled.

During 1883 a Philadelphia establishment turned out 557 locomotives, of which 151 were exported.

Mrs. Hannah Simon, of Newark, N. J., recently celebrated her ninety-ninth birthday by walking for ten minutes.

Boston is going to displace electric street lights with gas. Her 381 electric lights cost last year \$83,749, while 9,623 gas lamps cost \$330,381.

It is several centuries since Italy has taken part in polar expeditions, but one is now about to be sent out under the command of Captain Fendecaro, of the Italian navy.

English newspapers say that the adoption of black silk gowns by the Judges of the New York Court of Appeals is due to the visit to this country of Lord Coleridge.

It is affirmed in Egypt that El-Mohdi possesses eighteen wives, and that his harem possesses twenty-four. The Moslems in Khartoum "are horrified at the Mohdi's exceeding the number permitted in the Koran."

A member of Congress, in recommending the appointment of a naval cadet to the Annapolis Academy, states in his letter to the Navy Department that the young man will be found financially qualified, he is sure.

An immense aerolite fell on the Rancho Redeo de las Agnas, twelve miles west of Los Angeles, plowing a deep hole in the ground. The light was visible from Los Angeles, and the explosion was heard for miles.

Since the commencement of work on the canal the population of Aspinwall, Panama, has suddenly increased from 1,500 or 2,000 to 8,000 or 10,000, and building has extended into the swamps, where there are no streets graded.

The region south of Cedarville, Kan., is infested with wild dogs, which have already killed two large steers, nearly wiped out two flocks of sheep, and eaten two litters of pigs. The dogs are more difficult to capture than wolves.

Leatheroid is a new substance manufactured in Maine principally of cotton paper. It looks like leather, but is harder and very elastic, and no amount of tossing about or hammering will break it. This suggests its use for trunks.

Mrs. Livermore's little book, "What Shall We Do with Our Daughters?" has been translated and published in Paris, quite superfluously, as many Frenchmen know enough to marry off their daughters at the first favorable opportunity.

The Washington Monument Commission has granted authority to erect ten electric light towers on the top of the Washington monument. They expect that the lights will be so effective that the city will be illuminated as far out as the northern boundary.

The annual rainfall in this country, according to the *Weather Signal*, is lowest in New Mexico (13 inches) and California (18 inches), and highest in Oregon (49 inches) and Alabama (56 inches). The annual rainfall in the British Islands among the mountains is 41 inches, on the plains 25 inches; 45 inches of rain falls on the west side of England, 27 on the east side.

A Genuine Boomerang.

Two of the men, accompanied by two "gins," went with a few of our ship's company into a field to show us their exercises with spear, waddy, and boomerang. The performances were wonderful. With their ten-foot-long, finger-thick switch of a spear they struck a shilling on a stick fifty feet away. The waddy—a heavy, yard-long, inch-thick stick—was also thrown with precision. The hurling of the boomerang was as beautiful as amazing. Thrown at a point near the ground twenty yards ahead, it gradually rises beyond, and curving upward 200 feet, soars backward and generally falls 100 yards behind the thrower. He can, however, bring it nearer himself. The boomerang revolves swiftly on its passage through the air, and has a beautiful appearance. I was never weary of watching this marvel of savage skill and strength, and they were delighted with my admiration, especially so long as it was represented in shillings. An amateur photographer was with us, and they were all glad to be photographed, their Chief remarking: "When I go into the ground I will still live in that picture."

They all wore garments of kangaroo skin, those of the men falling behind and leaving them in front naked, except for the loin cloth. The women were thickly rapped from below the shoulder to the knee. Neither sex had stout legs, but the feet of the women were singularly delicate and shapely. The group presented a pathetic appearance, and it was painful to observe the loathing with which the Australian whites generally regarded them.—*Australian Correspondence.*

A Talbot farmer and his good wife lost their reckoning last Sunday, and the farmer drove to Easton with a load of marketing while his helpmate stayed at home and finished up the family ironing. Finding the stores and market house closed, he inquired the case, and being told it was Sunday, he exclaimed: "Good gracious! and my wife is at home ironing!" When the church bells began to ring he made a bee-line for home to report to Mrs. Osman and stop the ironing.—*Greenboro-rough (Md.) Times.*

Italian Wine.

If Virgil found it impossible to enumerate the different kinds of grapes and their names, how much more so is it the case to-day? But his praises of the Falernian wine are well deserved. White Falernian is excellent and has an aroma and bouquet of its own with a strong and generous. Tuscany is deservedly proud of her "Chianti" and "Vin Santo" from any respectable "fattoria" is not to be despised. But the worst of Italian wines is that you are seldom sure of getting the same class of wines two years running.

The manner of making wine has been changed since the time of Virgil. The white oxen bring the grapes from the fields in a vat placed on an unwieldy, heavy ox-cart painted scarlet, to the "tinaji" or place where the "tini" or vats are. The grapes are emptied out into "bigoncie," tall wooden pails without handles, which the men carry on their shoulders. The grapes are poured into immense open vats, where they are stamped upon night and morning by the barefooted peasants to prevent the upper stratum becoming acid by too long a contact with the air. When the fermentation has ceased the clear must be run off; a man goes into the vat and pitchforks the muck into "bigoncie" again, which are emptied into the wine press. As a pictorial subject this press is delightful, but it is inconvenient and extremely wasteful. Two huge posts of wood support an immense beam, through which works a wooden screw, finishing at the bottom in a square block of wood with two square holes straight through it. Under this is what is called the "gabina" (cage), a round, vat-shaped, iron-clamped receptacle, made of strong bars of wood. The muck is put into this, and when it is full "toppi," round slabs of wood, like colossal cheeses, are piled on top of the muck. Then a square pole is stuck into one of the square holes at the bottom of the screw, and to the other end is hooked a rope, which is secured round a turning pillar of wood about 8 feet off, with a handle against which three or four men throw their whole weight. Slowly, with many creaks and groans, the huge block of wood descends on the round slabs, and the rope curls round the pillar, while from between the bars of the press rushes forth a dark, turbid, dirty looking liquid, which one can hardly believe will ever turn into ruby wine.

This operation is repeated by unhooking the rope, lifting the beam out of its hole, and carrying it on a man's shoulder to the hole behind, until the muck by sheer physical force is pressed into a compact mass and contains no more liquid.

Virgil's excellent advice about thoroughly seasoning and breaking up the land before planting the vines is carried out to the letter in Tuscany, where the ditcher makes a trench at least six feet deep and four feet wide, called "scasso reale," which is left open to sun, wind and rain for six months or a year before it is again filled in, after having been drained in a rough and ready manner by pitching all available stones into the bottom of the trench. The vine-cuttings, "maglioli," or better still, two-year old rooted plants, "barbatelle," are planted two on each side of a young maple tree destined for their support. If a vineyard is to be made, the quince system, recommended by Virgil, is always followed, and you will hear the head of a gang of workmen say, "they must be like soldiers, properly in line."—*Longman's Magazine.*

An Old Maid's Eccentric Will.

Miss Keziah B. Blackburn, an elderly spinster, who earned a scanty livelihood by sewing for charitably disposed persons, and who was generally supposed to be very poor, occupied for a long time a small room on the top floor of a house in Brooklyn. She was recently found dead in her room, and her will, which had been deposited with her spiritual adviser, showed her to be possessed of \$1,200, and its provisions made it compulsory with her executor at her death to dress her body in white, place it in a solid rosewood casket, having six silver handles and a silver plate, on which should be inscribed her name and age. The hearse at her funeral was to be drawn by six black horses, and there were to be six pall-bearers, wearing white gloves and white ties. Her body was to be buried in the Evergreen Cemetery beside her parents, and a tombstone bearing the inscription:

"Blessed be he who preserves these bones, and cursed be he who moves these bones. Was to be erected over her grave. Any money remaining after the expense of the numerous behests had been defrayed she desired her executor to place at interest, to be paid to a man to keep her grave in order."

Watterson a Sweet Singer.

Several of our exchanges express astonishment that Henry Watterson and Murat Halstead should have been invited to meet Christine Nilsson at the white house in Washington. They evidently do not know what they are talking about. Watterson is a capital singer and Halstead used to give instruction in piano playing and thorough bass before he embarked in journalism. Mme. Nilsson was charmed to meet these gentlemen and renew an acquaintance she formed with them during her first visit to this country, twelve years ago. She reminded Mr. Watterson that she sang the tower scene from "Trovatore" with him at the Galt House, in Louisville, in the winter of 1871.

"Come, let us repeat it now, for old time's sake," said she, cordially. Mr. Watterson tried to beg off, but his excuses were in vain. President Arthur pleaded, Nilsson insisted and Mr. Halstead volunteered to play the accompaniment on the piano. He had to consent, and in all fairness it must be said he sang very well. Watterson's voice is a trifle worn, but his dramatic intensity and the power of feeling he throws into his singing fully compensate for dereliction on the part of his once noble organ.—*Chicago News.*

"Yes," said the English nobleman, "I was disgusted with Newport. Why, there were two other Earls there when I arrived, and I didn't begin to monopolize all the attention. America is becoming too overrun by noblemen."

Throw it Out.

"Well," said Conductor Jones to a *Globe* representative, "one of the funniest things that ever happened on my train occurred one day at Bethlehem. An old man whom I had noticed in the drawing room car as a very lively and talkative traveler got off at that station. I was standing at an open window of the car just as the train was starting off, when whom should I see but the jolly old man rushing toward me from the outside. He pointed frantically to a window just back of me, exclaiming as well as he could while trying to catch his breath:

"My valise—left it—there—throw it out!"

Turning quickly I saw a large black valise in the seat indicated, and, seizing it, rushed to the rear platform of the car, where there was quite a number of gentlemen. Tossing it to one of them, as they blocked the way so I couldn't get through, I shouted:

"Throw it to the old man there."

Without a moment's hesitation the man did as directed. As the valise left his hand he made an ineffectual effort to regain possession of it, then, with a muttered exclamation which I couldn't comprehend, leaped from the train, seized the ill-fated baggage, and was just in time to board one of the rear cars. It was all done in an instant, although it takes time to tell the story. In a minute he made his way forward and angrily asked:

"What did you tell me to throw this valise off for?"

"Because the old man wanted it."

"Well, then, he's a thief. That valise is mine."

"Then," said I, laughing, for the whole situation seemed so perfectly ridiculous, "why under the sun did you throw it off at all? Didn't you know your own property?"

"Yes, but it was all so sudden, and you told me to throw it, and—"

But the roar of laughter that greeted his explanation broke short his sentence, and he was voted a leather medal by the passengers.

I was convinced there was some explanation for the old man's conduct, for I was personally acquainted with him, and knew that he was as honest as the day was long. About three weeks after I saw him at the depot, and questioned him on the subject.

"I thought," said he, as his face grew round and red, and his eyes twinkled with merriment, "I thought I should die to see that fellow hyper round after his valise and hustle on board the train again. I didn't expect to cause so much trouble."

"Well, where was your valise all the time?"

"Oh, the driver took it without my knowledge and put it on top of the stage. He's been carrying it round ever since, and I just got it this moment. Good day!"—*Boston Globe.*

Bartley Campbell.

While in conversation with a gentleman who claims to have known Bartley Campbell from boyhood, he told the following story of how the now famous dramatist came to take up journalism and playwrighting: "Bartley and I were working together in a brickyard near Pittsburg, both at the same bench. One of the helpers had just brought a fresh load of clay and deposited it on the bench in front of us. Bartley took up a handful of cold, moist earth and commenced to work it in his hands. Presently he stopped and seemed lost in thought. All at once he dashed the clay he was working down on the heap and looking at me, said: 'If ever I mold another handful of clay may the life be squeezed out of me,' and going to where his coat hung on a nail he took it down, put it on, and started down hill. 'Hold on, Bartley,' said I, 'if you're going to quit, I quit too,' and I took my coat and followed him. We went to the boss and got our pay, and that afternoon started for Pittsburg, where he obtained a position on one of the papers. I need not add that he never went back to brick-making."

New Styles in Revolvers.

"This," said an expert in firearms, "is the old-style of self-cocking revolver, and this is the new." The first was a short, stout, clumsy affair of the pepper-box style in vogue thirty years ago or more. It was loaded with powder and ball, sent home with a ramrod, and the hammer, a flat one, was in view in the usual place. You set it to percussion caps, and when the owner happened to have any to fit it, and the spring was strong enough to make that cap explode, the weapon was good for five shots with five pulls of the trigger. It was a clumsy and most unreliable weapon. It was hard to hit anything smaller than a barn-door at ordinary pistol-shot distance, and when the object was hit it was not damaged much. Here is one a little more modern and a little more sure. The hammer is out of sight and the trigger is ring-shaped. This, too, was heavy, and so complicated that it was very liable to get out of order. Then came the self-cocker, which used cartridges, but the first experiments were failures, and they fell into disuse.

"What was their weak point?" asked the reporter.

"The spring. It did not hold its strength, and after a little use the pistol was apt to miss fire. That naturally drove it out of favor at once, and very properly. That weakness has been overcome, and springs are now so adjusted that the shot is sure every time. Is it dangerous? Well, no, not more so than any other kind of a pistol; and in cases where a fraction of a second counts, one of these is worth a bushel of hand-cockers. They are a little more dangerous in the hands of a nervous man who does not intend to shoot. I have known of several cases in which persons have escaped conviction for murder on the ground that in their excitement they pulled too hard on the trigger, and the pistol went off by accident. But any kind of pistol is unsafe in such hands, and when we think of adulterate cane sugar which a quick, reliable weapon gives to a man in an emergency, we are bound to admire the self-cocker. Five shots in three seconds is pretty quick work, but that's what it will do, and do it every time. As a pocket pistol it is as safe to carry as any other kind."—*Boston Globe.*

Canada's Treatment of the Indian.

Canadian statesmen say that the Indians in the States would not cost any more than they do if congress boarded them all at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, whereas in Canada each Indian costs a little less than would keep a private in the army. There are about a quarter of a million Indians split up into little bands, whose reserves are sprinkled over the land like the lakes of Maine. The government keeps an account with each band, sells for them what lands are not wanted, and holds \$3,000,000 in trust for them.

It instructs them in farming, provides them with implements, seeds and cattle, instructs their children, and feeds all who need food with pork and grain. Already the home farms, where the savages were shown how to till the soil, are rapidly being closed up, and the rations of food are being withdrawn from one band after another as the Indians manifest ability to store and preserve their crops through the winters. Nearly all the Indians do something toward self-support. Some make baskets, others make snow shoes and toboggans, others sell furs, others make barrels, others catch fish, and so on. Five years ago the Blackfeet were on the warpath. Now almost every family has a house and farm.

During the present session of Parliament Sir John Macdonald introduced a bill to complete their civilization and convert them into politicians by an act designed to "train them for the exercise of municipal powers." The upshot of the whole thing, as Senator A. W. Ogilvie put it the other day, is that "the United States means well, but her agents hold that no Indian is a good Indian except a dead Indian, while Canada believes they are human beings, and that it costs less to treat them kindly than to fight them."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Not a Dude.

I saw a great crowd entering the door of Coup's Museum, and followed. I noticed that most of that throng wore their spring styles, especially the men. Men seem to have less sense in forcing the seasons than the opposite sex. I overheard a hundred remarks on spring, but this is incidental to this paragraph. I met Coup and fell to chatting with him about some of the curiosities in his Congress of Nations. He directed my attention to one of the red men whom he had to represent the race which is growing lazier as it grows less. This savage seemed to be dozing like a lazy dog, unmindful of the stare of his audience. I ventured to say something about the indifference of the chief—I suppose he had been a chief—when Coup remarked that he had never seen him evince any evidences of spirit but once. When he was engaged they tried to make him wear pants, and he would have succeeded, perhaps, if they had bought him a pair of hand-me-downs. "But," said Coup, "I thought I would do him proud, so I took him to a fashionable tailor, who made him a pair of tight-fitting trousers of the dude cut. If I never saw as mad an Indian in my life. He tore them off and informed me, through his interpreter, that it was humiliating enough for him to pose as a curiosity of an almost extinct race without wearing tight pants." I give it in the hope that the taste of even a wild and untutored specimen of an uncivilized race may have some effect. But I doubt it. He might make a reformation on such people with a tomawk.—*The Meddler, in Chicago Herald.*

The Connecting Link Between Animal and Vegetable Life.

Last week some codfishermen brought to New York a large specimen of the actinia, which they found clinging to a rock off Barnegat Inlet. Prof. Rice says it is the finest and largest specimen he has ever seen. It was at once placed in a tank, and the Professor has been feeding it with small pieces of meat and chopped fish. The sea anemone is the connecting link between animal and vegetable life. The stalk in question consists of a stalk five inches in diameter and eight inches in length when extended. The stalk is crowned with a large number of tentacles in a series of circles, and the whole foliated so as to resemble the fine petals of a pink. In color it is a pale gold. Upon the slightest touch of the hand the flower draws in its tentacles, shuts its mouth and flattens down upon the rock. In the same tank there are several specimens of the yellowish fleshy corals, or those which do not secrete a hard skeleton.—*New York Herald.*

Sugar in Lumps.

In answer to a correspondent who asks the difference between the sugar which is sold in apparently smooth-cut lumps and other white sugar, the lumps of which are somewhat rough on their surface, the *New York Sun* says: The difference is considerable, and the latter, which is pure loaf sugar, cut into lumps, always commands a higher price in the wholesale market, and cannot be adulterated. It is called in the market "cut-loaf." The former quality of sugar is what is known as "cubes." The cut-loaf sugar is made in lumps of fifty pounds out of cane sugar, then sawed into slabs, and these slabs are partially cut through and partially broke. It is easy to distinguish the marks of cutting and breaking on each lump. The cube sugar is made of soft sugar and pressed in molds, which gives the smooth appearance, and is suitable for shipment. The cube sugar will sometimes on a sea voyage resume the consistency of the soft sugar, and the change of form is due to adulteration.

The safest sugar for anyone to buy is pure loaf sugar, and it is much sweeter than any other. The principal substance used in adulterating sugar is glucose, which is sugar made from various vegetable substances, chiefly grain. While glucose is sweet, it is easily detected by the expert because it is not so sweet as cane sugar. It is, nevertheless, very extensively used to adulterate cane sugar and produce cheap sugars which are sold in the market. Reputable dealers sell it as glucose, but there are many dealers who sell glucose for sugar. The nature of the glucose is to make a close, sticky sugar; it does not produce grains, like cane.

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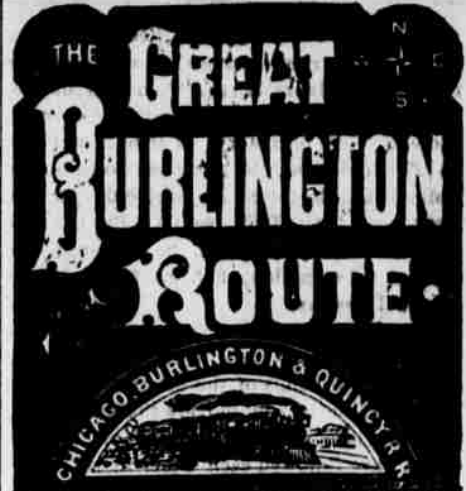
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