The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,

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The Printer's Case.

The type are dark and cold and still,
The type are black and grim and dull,
Yet dormant in these objects chill
Expression lies in slumber's lull.
The diamonds in the gloomy mine,
And those upon the sovereign's crest
With most unequal brilliance shine.
So gems of thought and wisdom rest
Within the case.

What words of pain and scorn and woe,
What words of joy and love and bliss,
What meaning words fr'om cruel blow
That strikes as down, to soothing kiss—
From love divine to heartless hate—
From dark despair to hope so high—
What words of sad or brighter fate,
What words in words do silent lie
Within the case.

The best of all a nation's thought,
The words of poet, wit and sage,
The tales of human interest wrought
By fifteen masters of the age;
The classics of a storied past,
A Shakespeare and a Milton's best,
A nation's speech from first to last,
From a to z in quiet rest
Within the case.

HIS SON'S WIFE.

"I'm afraid he's a poor, feeble critter," said old Mr. Bayliff, shaking his head. "Ten o'clock Monday morning, and the washing ain't out yet. It ain't the way your mother used to keep house, Hector. Eh? how? Where ye goin' now?"

Hector Bayliff had left the ox-yoke he was mending, and crossed the green door-yard with a rapid step, to take the heaped up bottle basket from the hands of a pretty, slender young woman who had just emerged from the kitchen door.

The old man uttered an audible snort of disgust.

"Well, I never!" said he. "If Hector hasn't got his work to wait on that wife o' his'n! It isn't a man's work to carry clothes out, no way you can fix it. If you do it once, you'll be expected to do it twice. And Hector's wife is clean spoiled a'ready. It ain't the way I managed matters when I was first married to Hector's mother. What ye been doin?" sharply, as the young man returned to his work.

"That basket was too heavy for Cynthia to carry," said Hector, curtly. "I wish I could afford to keep a girl for her."

"A girl!" Mr Bayliff's voice betrayed mingled astonishment and contempt. "A girl! Your mother—"

"Yes, I know, father," interrupted Hector. "But things have changed since then, and perhaps mother would have been alive now if the housework hadn't worn her out before her time."

"That's a downright flying in the face of Providence!" said Mr. Bayliff, reddening to the roots of his stiff, iron gray hair. "It was the Lord's will that your mother should be took away, and there ain't no sort o' doubt but that she's better off. And Cynthia won't never stand in her shoes, no way you can look at it!"

Hector Bayliff made no reply, but took up his ox-yoke and went across the fields with it.

"Father may say what he pleases," said he to himself, "but mother died of overwork and undercare, and nothing else. And the household duties are too heavy for Cynthia, and I must see what can be done to lighten them. No woman shall be drudged to death under this roof now."

Cynthia Hough had been a pretty young factory girl when Hector Bayliff had married her. She had been ignorant of all the details of housekeeping, but she had exerted herself diligently to learn.

Old Mr. Bayliff, however, was an exacting critic, and the Bayliff farmhouse was a big, rambling, inconvenient place, where one might work hard all day and have very little to show for it at the end. And the tired look in her eyes, and the weary flush on her cheek, went to Hector's heart at times.

"My darling," said he, "I wish I could make things easier for you."

"Oh, they are easy enough," said Cynthia, brightly. "It's only that I am too stupid to manage as I ought."

Hector shook his head. He knew that something was lacking, but he did not quite comprehend what.

But she dropped so that he saw some radical change was necessary.

"Cynthia," said he, "this won't do. You must go to stay with your mother a week or two, and rest and recruit."

"But what will you do, Hector?"

"We'll keep bachelor's hall, father and I," said the young man, cheerily. "What does it signify to us, a little inconvenience, so long as you are benefited?"

So, rather unwillingly, Cynthia went. Old Silas Bayliff shook his head foreboding ly.

"If this is the way you're goin' to baby that wife of your'n, Hector," said he, "you'll hev her playin' sick the whole time. I don't hold to lettin' women think themselves too important. Now we shall be obleeged to hev Mary Jenkins here to do the chores an' cook, and it'll cost us a dollar and a half a week at the very least. 'Tain't what I call economical housekeepin'."

"That depends upon what one calls economy," said Hector, quietly.

But when his neighbor, Luzon Perkins, drove past that afternoon, with his wife, Hector called them in, secretly rejoicing that old Silas was down in the swamp lot, capturing a refractory calf.

"You're not in a hurry, Luzon, are you?" said he. "Sit down a minute. I want to ask your wife's advice."

"A pretty thing to do," laughed Mrs. Perkins, "when you've got a wife of your own."

"It's about her that I want to consult you," said Hector. "The work here is too heavy for her. She don't seem to get along with it. And I don't know why. Now, Mrs. Perkins, look around this kitchen, and tell me what you would do to it if you lived here."

Mrs. Perkins took a leisurely view of the premises, letting her eyes rest on one portion after another with meditative slowness.

"Well?" said Hector.

"In the first place," said Mrs. Perkins, "I wouldn't have this room for a kitchen at all, if I lived here. It's damp."

"Damp!" echoed Hector.

"As blue mould," nodded the oracle. "The cellar under it isn't properly drained, I am certain. And the windows look to the south, and I don't suppose there's an hour's sunshine in it all day. No—make a store place or something of this room, and take the sitting-room for a kitchen, where there's a bright lookout to the south, and a good cemented cellar underneath."

"I never thought of that," said Hector. "Well, what else?"

"Where do you get your water?" asked Mrs. Perkins.

"From the spring, under the hill."

"Do you mean that your wife has to bring all the water you use up that hill?"

"Except the wash water. That she dips out from the hogshead under the eaves," explained Hector, rather discomfited.

"My goodness me!" said Mrs. Perkins, wringing her plump hands in comical dismay; "that's enough to break my woman's constitution!"

"It's what we've always done," said Hector. "I bring a couple of pails in the morning before I go to work and after I come home, but—"

"Nonsense! a mere drop in the bucket!" said Mrs. Perkins. "What you want is a sink, with water-pipes laid from the spring, and a good cistern, with a pump in the kitchen, and a washing machine—"

"What's that?" said Hector.

"We'll show you one if you'll come over to our house," said Luzon Perkins, cheerfully.

"And stationary tubs in the cellar," added Mrs Perkins, "and a hot water boiler back of the stove. That's the way to break work down instead of letting it break you down."

"I'll do it," said Hector; "I'll have all these things fixed up while Cynthia is at her mother's, if you'll just help me with your experience."

"Mrs. Perkins nodded approvingly.

"It will add ten years to Cynthia's life," said she.

Old Silas shook his head more strenuously than ever, when he heard of these new plans.

"Hector," said he, "I believe you're gone crazy! The old ways was good enough for your mother; I should think they'd be good enough for your wife."

But Hector was firm, and the old man lost his temper at last.

"I can't stay here and see you makin' ducks and drakes of the old place," said he. "If you're goin' to set your wife up for an idol and worship her, I shan't stand by and see it. I'll go to Ohio, and visit my brother Elnathan's folks; and we'll see where all these fine notions will bring you up. Anyhow, you needn't look to my money to get you out of the poorhouse."

"No, father, I will not," said Hector.

And after he was gone, the repairs and improvements commenced in good earnest.

Silas Bayliff had intended to stay a year in Ohio; but either the climate did not agree with him, or he didn't agree with brother Elnathan's folks, for he returned home some months before he was expected.

"There ain't no place like home," said Silas. "And, bless me, how bright and nice things do look here! And I declare, Cynthy, you're like another woman! Your cheeks are as red as roses, and you step round as spry as any cricket!"

"Yes, father," said Cynthia, "the improvements in the house have made everything so much easier for me. I get the work done in half the time, and with a quarter of the trouble."

Bayliff looked around.

"The improvements, eh!" said he. "But they cost a sight o' money."

"Yes, they certainly did," owned Cynthia.

"How much, now?" said Bayliff, with an interrogative upturning of his spectacles.

"Five hundred dollars," said Cynthia.

Old Bayliff could not repress a groan.

"The interest on five hundred dollars at six per cent. is thirty dollars a year," said he. "Thirty dollars a year is a round sum; and all dug into the ground, as you may say—in pipes and drains!"

"Not quite, father," said cheerful Cynthia, opening the table drawer. "Look here—my work is done so easily and quickly, nowadays, that I have a deal of time to myself, and here is my work from the shirt factory. Button-hole making and putting on the finishing touches, you see. I take it up when my dishes are washed and the work is over. I haven't been at it half a year yet, and I've earned a good deal more than thirty dollars. Look, here is my savings-bank book!"

"Well, I do declare!" said Silas.

"Hector objected to it at first," went on Cynthia, "but when I proved to him that I should still have plenty of time left to read and garden, and walk with him, he let me go on with it. So, you see, the improvements are really an economy."

"Well, I do declare!" said Silas. "I dunno but what you're right, Cynthy!"

He walked out to the village burying-ground in the yellow flush of the twilight, that evening, where the russet leaves were drifting down on a solitary mound, and stood there silently for awhile.

Perhaps he was thinking of what might have been, if he had been more considerate in the years gone by to the poor woman who lay there!

When he went back to the house, he met Hector.

"Hector," said he, "you did right to fix up the house to suit Cynthy."

"I am glad you think so, father," said Hector Bayliff.—*Saturday Night.*

A New Chinese Gambling Game.

A brand new method to play the fan tan has just been introduced by a no enterprising Chinese gamblers in Mott street who expect to elude the police. The game, as is well known to most detectives of the Sixth Ward, is usually played with a lot of little Chinese coins upon a long table. By this new method it is played with a box full of Mandarin oranges, which the dealer buys at wholesale rates from the fruit dealers down town.

One who does not know the ins and outs of the heathen's civilization would think he was before a Chinese fruit dealer peddling out his oranges by retail at an immense rate of profit.

This unique gambler carries his box of oranges on one arm, while a sharp pointed knife and a square chopping board are also parts of his equipment. With these he goes from one store into another, or wherever he sees a crowd of Chinese laundrymen, but instead of selling the fruit he lays down the chopping board and selects a good sized orange, removes the skin carefully and places it upon the board. In the middle of this board or chopping block is the figure 20.

The gamblers bet on the number of seeds in the orange, twenty being taken as the mean. It is "even" money where there are more or less than twenty, and if the player is so disposed he places his money on that figure itself and wins three for one if there are just twenty seeds. The dealer gets 7 per cent. commission. When the bets are laid the dealer cuts the orange and counts the seeds. Those who lay money on the right of the figure play for less than twenty; those on the left for more. Their money is not taken in case twenty wins. By a curious Oriental irony the heaviest loser gets the fragments of the fruit.

One fellow on Mott street disposed of half a dozen boxes of oranges in this way and won $10.—[New York World.

Frozen Wheat for Seed.

There is a test being made which may be of great value to wheat raisers next spring. Many of those who have sown their wheat have devoted a portion of it to seeding with frozen wheat, some claiming that the germ is neither destroyed nor injured by being frozen. Should this wheat grow promptly in the spring it will relieve the farmers from great expense in procuring seed the coming season, it being evident that good unfrozen No. 1 hard will be held by a few, who will, following in the wake of more influential and wealthier "trusts" demand a high price for pure seed. At all event the seeding has been done, and the wisdom of this early work and the question of frozen grain for seed will in a few weeks be settled for North Dakota.—[Minneapolis Tribune.

The Small Brother Again.

"Do tell me about it, Miss Clara," said Snippy, eagerly; "I am all ears."

"Huh!" said Clara's little brother; "that's a chestnut. Clara told me you were all ears last night. I heard her."—[Bazar.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Here They Come.

Ten million little fairies
Came flitting from the sky,
On whitest little pinions
A sailing lightly by.

They wouldn't stop to tell me
Why they were on the wing;
But all were surely laden
A precious gift to bring.

But in the early morning
Young eyes were peeping out,
All glowing bright at seeing
What they had been about.

Ho, ho! what laugh and shouting,
What frolic, fun and noise!
I watch'd them from the window
A dozen merry boys.

These precious little fairies
Had labored all the night
To paint a jolly snow book
Before the morning light.

—*Sydney Dayre, in the Independent.*

Mice Burglarize a Bird Cage.

A New London (Conn.) citizen suspected that mice were visiting his canary bird cage, which dangled at the end of a chain six feet from the floor, above a stand of tall, slender plants, and he set a six-legged trap on the bottom of the cage. Something had eaten the seeds in the bird's tiny vessels each night for a week, and though it was hard to believe that vermin could scale the lofty perch, it was still more unreasonable to suspect any other pilferer. The trap was a feint in the dark. On the morning following the setting of the trap the gentleman's cleverness was rewarded with four dead mice in it. The thieves had reached the cage by climbing the swaying plants, leaping from the pendant tips to its bottom, and then squeezing their bodies between the wires. The stand of plants was removed, and thereafter the canary granaries were safe.—*Chicago Herald.*

A Battle for a Rat.

There was a "monkey and parrot time" in the eagle house of the Zoological garden the other day, and it all grew out of which bird should eat a rat that had been thrown into the cage. While it is called the "eagle house" it also contains in addition to a large collection of eagles, several buzzards, two griffin vultures from Africa, a South American condor and a horned owl. All the rats that are caught in the garden are thrown into this cage. When one was given to the birds one of the African vultures made a sweep for him, but his enjoyment was brief, for the condor dived from his perch and knocked him away. But he did not have time enough to keep his prize, for while he was apparently glorying over his victory the buzzard stole up behind and nabbed the rat and began picking at it. Then the owl got jealous and made a dive for the rat. He had no sooner seized the prize than the eagle made a dash for it, and went with such force that he knocked off one of his horns. The whole thing wound up in a general fight, and it was only through the efforts of Head Keeper Byrne that peace was restored.—*Philadelphia Record.*

How a Rabbit Was Tamed.

The rabbit was caught on the downs when a few days old and my mother undertook to try and rear him, allowing him to live for a time in her pocket and feeding him constantly with milk from a teaspoon. He grew fat and soon became quite friendly, being fed regularly on bran, fresh leaves, black oats, and any pieces that he could get given him; for he always knew the meal hours and would come and beg sweetly by the side of every one round the table. He lived loose about the room, only being put in a box when we were out. We were living in a "flat" at the time and he was never allowed down stairs and to eat was ever allowed up. He would always come to the call of "Bun, bun, bun," and would jump onto our laps, and, if we allowed, would eat out of our plates. A favorite place for him to sit was on one of our shoulders, where he would sleep for hours and sometimes gently nibble an ear. He took great delight in a cabinet in the room where he knew that cake was to be found and would scratch at the door till he had opened it wide enough to get in, but, soon learning that when he made a noise we heard him and sent him away and locked the door, he took to doing it as quietly as a mouse, and more than once, thinking him unusually quiet and good, we have got up to see where he was and have found him in the cabinet, greedily devouring cake. He had a hundred pretty, clever ways, but, much as we loved him, we were a good deal tried by him. His destructiveness was serious; boots and shoes or bags, if left unguarded, would be nibbled our in a very short time, and I remember well my mother's look of dismay on finding that he had eaten large holes in her petticoat, when she had only thought him asleep on her lap, under her dress for warmth.—*Chambers's Journal.*

A club house—The police station.

CANAL BOAT LIFE.

Scenes at the Hibernacle of Artificial Waterway Navigators.

The Canaller's Mode of Life While in Winter Quarters.

"Yes sirree, navigation's shut upright an' jammed, thet' won't be any a boat through the canal till May or later."

The speaker was captain, mate, helmsman, carpenter and one-third of the crew belonging to a big, wall-sided, white-painted canal boat that lay in the old Morris Canal Basin at the foot of Henderson street, Jersey City. For nearly a quarter of a mile in either direction stretched the vista of canal boats that had tied up for the winter. To the uninitiated they all seemed of one size and shape, but the true canaller is as proud of his boat's lines and individual identity as any yachtsman afloat, and to mistake one canal boat for another is to make enemies of both captains. But at this time of year they merge professional jealousies into the effort for general comfort. End to end and side by side lie hundreds of canal boats, the inner ones, or those nearest the shore or dock, affording, by means of a long plank placed from rail to rail amidships, access to the land for those who are on the edges of the peaceful fleet. But woe betide the luckless canaller, who, without formal and loud-voiced invitation, ventures to depart from this plank and set foot upon the deck proper of the boat he is crossing on his way to shore. That low is irrevocable and men are hardly enough to attempt defiance. "If we want yer we'll call yer," is the rule as expressed by the authorities, and it is dominant.

From the middle of December until "May or later" these boats lie tied up as far as commerce is concerned. They gather in several places around New York. Some in the Erie Basin at South Brooklyn, some at Fourteenth street, Hoboken, a few at Gowanus Slip, New York, and the rest at the Morris Canal Basin, or as it is now called the Jersey Central Basin, despite the fact that it is controlled by the Lehigh Valley Railroad. This latter basin has been used by the canal boats ever since war times, but when the Lehigh road obtained control they cleared out every canal boat and lighter. For a time they kept away, but the railroad, finding that they could not utilize the basin to any better advantage, renewed the ancient permission, and the boats flocked back to their old quarters. More than half of them are inhabited by captains and their families, and as a result the big fleet is a little city in itself. Although there are no back fences over which to exchange gossip and gather food for criticism of neighboring habits, the worthy wives find it just as easy to talk over the gossiphales of their respective decades, and so far as overlooking the actions of the neighboring family is concerned, the absence of fence or wall is a boon instead of a deprivation.

When a boat comes in for the season she is given a berth, made fast securely, and then all hands turn to house-cleaning, which in opposition to the general rule, is done in the winter instead of the spring. The men wash out and thoroughly ventilate the hold, while the women clean and scour the cabin and its appurtenances. Stores for the winter are brought aboard and the family settle down to their hibernation. If there are children they are sent to one of the three schools near by in Jersey City, for the canaller is too true an American to lose an opportunity for educating his young ones.

From a financial point of view the business is not very remunerative. If the captain is also the owner he may, by careful management and good luck, make $800 a year above expenses. If he is an employe he receives $5 a day for his services, out of which amount he must pay his crew and all his expenses save horse hire, stabling and blacksmith work. That is done by the owner. During the war and before the railroads so thoroughly covered New York State, it was not at all difficult for a canal boat captain to make a thousand dollars in a run, which occupies about twenty days, providing, of course, that he owned his boat. But times have very much changed and there is not nearly enough work for the number of boats afloat which is getting fewer every year.—*New York Graphic.*

Good Cause for Silence.

Miss Bagley—You are very silent, Mr. Pensonby.

Pensonby—Ya as. I make it a point never to speak unless I get an ideah.

Miss Bagley (archly)—Ah! now I know why you so seldom speak.

Impertinence.

"What time does the next train leave?"

"Where are you going?"

"None of your business, you inquisitive thing."

A Youthful Head Waiter.

Springfield, Mo., seems to be fond of forcing the youngest head waiter in the country, and the result is probably well founded. Travellers who put up at the Ozark House for the first time frequently stop to stare in amazement when, on entering the dining room, they see a handsome, light haired, blue eyed boy standing near the centre of the room ready to place them at a table. He is a dignified youngster, dressed in long trousers, a closely buttoned sack coat, and wearing a stand up collar of the latest style. A single bright colored flower of some sort is always pinned to his coat lapel. As each guest enters the hotel lobby politely draws a chair from a table and assists the guests to sit down with as much ease and grace as one can find anywhere. If not hurried by a rush of guests he places the bill of fare by the plate and pours a glass of water. Then one of the seven young women waiters in the room is directed with a bow to take the order.

All through the meal he has a keen eye for everything in the room. No guest need drum on a glass or assume Missouri hotel habits to attract a waiter here. The lad sees that something is wanted about as quick as the want is developed and if the waiter does not see it also a wave of the hand or a bow attracts her attention. The look in the lad's face when he thinks a waiter somewhat too attentive to any guest is comically severe but effective in recalling the young woman to her duty.

The name of the young man is Louis Leyssohn, Jr. His father is master mechanic of the Frisco line machine shops at this place. The boy is 14 years old. He began work at the Ozark two years ago as bell boy. Then he entered the dining room to assist the head waiter. Two months ago he had developed so much tact in the management of the room that he supplanted his elder. The dining room has eleven tables in it and thirty-six guests are often seated at them at once. Louis gets $15 a month and board for his services.—New York Sun.

Five Generations.

A remarkable incident both of longevity and the unbroken preservation of several generations, recently came to the notice of Dr. Rawlings of Smithsville. He was called in to see an old negro living about two miles from Smithsville named Abram Marshall, who was sick with a malady which, from the nature of things, might well have been old. Dr. Snagrader "natural philosophy" old says, though such was not the case. The old negro had a colored woman even more aged than himself, in attendance upon him. The doctor chatted to ask who she was, and to his astonishment was informed that it was Abram's mother. The climax was reached, however, when in course of conversation the old woman, herself 85, casually remarked that her mother "was getting rather feeble now." Upon inquiry it was found that she was 99 years old, and has lived to behold her great great grandchildren. Old Abram is proud of being able to have around him both a grandmother and grandchildren, while no generation as yet dies in the land.—[Columbia (Mo.) Empire.

A Curious City.

Imagine a city with most of its streets narrow, muddy and crowded, where the office of lottery tickets take the place of the newsboy, where the powers of the street, the conductors of the cars, the clerks in the stores, the policemen on their beats, the soldiers with his musket, the barefooted men and women who peddle their wares and the very beggars at the doorways all smoke cigarettes or cigars. The street cars carry the coffined dead to the cemetery, with the mourners in the cars that follow. Men, women and children, half naked and without shoes, bear the funeral cortege upon drays and wagons, water carriers peddle the finged fluid from the aqueducts from house to house. Every other woman has a baby slunging comfortably from a sack upon her back. Imagine the picture and you get a glimpse of the street scenes that you look upon about the great place facing the costly palace and the magnificent cathedral of the City of Mexico.—[Albany Journal.

Statistics of Glucose Manufacture.

The manufacture of "corn starch sugar" or "starch sugar," or "glucose," is just now attracting much attention. A Russian chemist discovered in 1811 that by boiling with diluted sulphuric acid, starch was converted into sugar. On Aug. 1, 1880, 10 glucose factories were in operation in the United States, consuming daily about 20,000 bushels of corn. It has been estimated that in May, 1881, the total consumption of corn in sugar making was about 35,000 bushels daily. The factories are so arranged that corn may be converted into starch or sugar according to the demands of the market. It was estimated that 11,000,000 bushels corn would be used in these factories in 1881, and doubled in 1882.—[Picayune.

The Sweetest Eyes.

Which are the sweetest eyes to you?
The brown, where fire and languor meet,
The sunny, laughing eyes of blue,
Or black, with gladness sky and fleet?
Or opaline, with changeful hue,
Or gray, where mind with beauty vies,
Or violet, so soft and true?
Tell me, which are the sweetest eyes?
My darling lent her sunny head,
Her radiant face seemed half divine,
"The sweetest eyes to me," I said,
"Are those that look with love in mine."

H. A. D. in Lippincott's.

HUMOROUS.

Men of all types—Competitors.

Darkness that is felt—Derby hats.

A call to arms—a wail from a baby at 2 a. m.

The due counter of a young woman, like Dan Cupid's weapons, is a beau and a marrow.

A horse is unlike a man in one respect, at least—he doesn't like to be backed up.

"Close the front door so as to keep out drafts," said the bothered banker to his cashier.

"The churn must go," says an agricultural exchange. Of course it must, in order that the butter may come.

"Be sunny, girls, be sunny," says Ella Wheeler Wilcox. We don't see how they can, but still they daughter be.

The Mare Island Navy-Yard is to be put in commission for repairing steel ships. It will be a good place for drilling horse marines.

A man that marries a widow is bound to give up smoking and chewing. If she gives up her weeds for him, he should give up the weed for her.

"Mr. Browne," said the milkman, "you can me the wrong check. This is drawn to the order of the Board of Water Commissioners." "Why, so it is," replied Mr. Browne, and then he added: "Natural mistake, though. Mr. Pump—very."

The King and the Beggar.

A stately old gentleman with gaunt, sallow features and gold rimmed eyeglasses over the bridge of his aquiline nose, was coming down in the elevator at No. 252 Broadway the other day, which he left in vain for a match. He asked a stranger for a light of his cigar, which he got, and then apologized for it in this way:

"When I was United States Minister to Lisbon under President Pierce, I fell into the habit, so common in that country, of asking casual acquaintances for a light, and I can't rid myself of the trick, though perhaps you may think it discourteous. But on the streets of Lisbon I have actually seen one of the recognized beggars in the Capital stop the King, who was walking with two aide-de-camp, and ask him for a light. He gave the light."

The dignified old gentleman was assured that no offence would be taken and with a magnificent bow and flourish he passed off his cigar. He was Hon. John J. O'Sullivan.—*New York Star.*

Sunflower Fuel.

A queer kind of fuel is now used by some of the people of Wyoming Territory. It is nothing more nor less than sunflowers. An acre of sunflowers will, it is asserted, furnish fuel for one stove for a whole year. When dry the stalks are as hard as maple wood and make an excellent fire, and the seed heads, with the seed inside, are said to burn better than the best hard coal. As sunflowers will grow almost anywhere, it is believed that there is a way by which some of the treeless plains and valleys of California can be made to yield large supplies of excellent fuel.—[San Francisco Chronicle.

The Czar's Dazzling Palace.

Tenkoe Selo, the Russian Czar's palace near St. Petersburg, stands in grounds eighteen miles in circumference. In the palace there is a room known as the Lapis-lazuli room, the floor of which is deeply inlaid with mother of pearl. There is also an amber room, the walls of which are of the finest amber picked out in a multitude of exquisite designs. The walls of the palace throughout are hung with the rarest tapestry and silk curtains. The banqueting hall is the chief attraction of the palace. Its walls are covered with gold, and its ceiling is dazzling with the same precious metal.

Value of Persimmon Trees.

The farmers around Elberton, Ga., know the worth of persimmons, and for years have made it a point never to cut down a persimmon tree. In places so many trees have been left standing that the fields look like orchards, and indeed they are, persimmon orchards, the trees of which bear fine crops of fruit almost as valuable as corn for fattening hogs. The farmers say that the persimmon tree draws for little strength or moisture from the soil, and that excellent crops are grown even beneath their shade.—*New York Sun.*