

The Porter's Iron Collar.

About sixteen miles from St. Petersburg, in the midst of a wide plain, stands the czar's country palace of Tsarsko Selo (Czar's Village). The great park of this is a very pretty place in fine summer weather. All through June and July, you may see the Russian children running about under the trees by scores, with a shouting and laughing that would do the czar's heart good to hear, if he were anywhere within reach. In every handy spot you are pretty sure to find a picnic party making merry on the grass, with two or three well-filled lunch baskets beside them; and when you come to the little summer-houses near the lake, you will most likely find at least half a dozen people in each, gathered around a big bowl of *rosol*, which is the Russian name for cold and cream.

This lake is one of the great "sights" of the park, for it has a boat-house filled with a model of every kind of boat in the world, down to Greenland fishing-boats and Polynesian war-canoes; and when they are all set floating over the lake after dark, lit up with colored lamps, they make a very fine show indeed. But there is something even better worth seeing a little farther on, and that is the palace museum, filled with strange presents which have been given to the Russian czars by various kings, savage or civilized, from a jeweled sword presented by the first Napoleon to a Persian carpet sent by the Ameer of Bokhara.

On a table near the door lies a very curious relic, which every one who comes in notices at once. It is a large silver dish, rolled up like a sheet of paper, so as to make a kind of funnel; and if you ask the old soldier who shows the museum how it came to be twisted up like that, he will give a knowing grin, and ask you ever heard of Count Gregory Orloff?

This Gregory Orloff was a Russian count who lived about a hundred years ago, and was not only a count, but an admiral as well, though there were people who said that if he had had to manage the fleet by himself, instead of having three or four excellent naval commanders to help him, he would have made a poor job of it. But whatever doubts there might be about his seamanship, there could be none about his strength, for he was one of the largest and most powerful men in Russia. Like many other greats, he was, perhaps, just a little too full of showing off his great strength. Nothing pleased him more than to bend a horse-shoe between his fingers, or pull out of the ground a stake which no one else could move; and if one of his sailors turned mutinous, and began to make a noise, Orloff would just take him by the throat, and shake him as you shake a mouse, after which the brawler was usually quiet enough.

Now, it happened that one night this strong-handed admiral was at an evening party at the palace, and as he was handing a bouquet of flowers to one of the ladies, the silver paper which was wrapped around it slipped off. Orloff said nothing, but stepped to the supper-table, and taking up a silver dish, rolled it up like a piece of paper, put the bouquet into it, and handed it to the lady; and this is the dish you see in the museum.

Not long after this, Orloff arrived in St. Petersburg from a journey, and was met at his own door by a messenger from the palace, who told him that the Empress particularly wished to see him, and that he must go to her at once. Some men would have waited to put on their finest clothes, and to make themselves look quite gay and dandy; but the admiral was used to obeying orders at once, and off he started for the palace, just as he was.

Now, while the admiral had been journeying, there had come to the palace a new hall-porter who had never seen him before. This porter was a strong fellow, although not nearly as big as Orloff, and not a nice-tempered man by any means; so when he saw the admiral's big, coarse-looking, ugly figure coming up to the door of the stately palace in a dusty traveling dress, he shouted fiercely:

"Be off, you rascal! You've no business here! Who are you? I should like to know?"

Orloff never answered, but stopped and picked up a long iron bar that fastened the door at right. One jerk of his great strong hands twisted it around the porter's neck like a ribbon, so that the poor fellow had to hold up the ends.

"Now, my boy," said he, with a broad grin, "go and show yourself to the Empress with that iron collar on, and she will know who I am!"

Then the porter knew at once that this must be the terrible Count Orloff, of whose strength he had heard so much and of he fell on his knees to ask pardon. But Orloff only laughed, and told him not to be quite so ready to judge a man by his outside another time; and, indeed, from that day forth, the porter was always civil to everybody. — *Daniel Ker, in St. Nicholas.*

The gilt knob at the end of the barber's pole represents a brass basin, which is sometimes actually suspended from the pole. The basin has a notch cut into it to fit the throat, and was used for lathering customers who came to be shaved. The pole represents the staff held by persons in venerection; and the two spiral ribbons painted around it represent the two bandages, one for twisting around the arm previous to blood letting and the other for binding. Barbers formerly filled the office of surgeons. From this originated the barber's pole.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

How to Kill Hens.

To cure a turkey, place your fork in the lower part of the breast, so as to have the turkey at perfect command. If you understand your business, the entire carving of the fowl may be done without extracting the fork. First remove the wing and leg on one side, then the other wing and leg. Then slice off the neck bones, and remove the "wishbone," the neck bones and the neck itself. Then cut through the ribs, and the job is fairly done.

The following directions for mixing mustard may be found useful: The water used should be previously boiled, and should have become nearly cold. Hot water destroys the essential qualities of the mustard, while a mixture with cold water is liable to ferment; vinegar should not be used. It is best to make one day's supply at a time, and it is false economy to keep over what is left. The fresher the mustard the better. In mixing the mustard should be stirred until every lump has disappeared, and the mass resembles thick cream.

Skim-milk and water, with a little bit of glue in it, made scalding hot, will restore old rusty black crapes. If clapped and pressed dry, like fine muslin, it will look as good as new.

When carpets are well cleaned with salt and soda; when laid strewn with slightly moistened bran before sweeping. This, with the salt, will freshen them up wonderfully.

A paste made of whiting and benzoine will clean marble, and one made of whiting and chloride of soda, spread and left to dry (in the sun if possible) on the marble, will remove spots.

Food for Laying Hens.

A correspondent asks: "Can hens be made too fat to lay?"—Yes, indeed. Fat hens rarely lay. If hens are fed so much or so often that they begin to fatten rapidly, they will soon stop laying. He asks again: "Is there any thing better than corn to make hens lay?"—No food is better than Indian corn or ground corn (Indian meal), to fatten hens, and of course it should be fed sparingly to laying hens. If hens do not lay and are fat, feed them but once a day—at evening just before they go to roost—giving wheat screenings, buckwheat and oats, in such proportions as you judge best. Throw the feed upon clean ground, only so fast as they pick it up. Stop just as soon as you see any of the flock begin to wander away. Let them forage all day for their best seeds, grass, insects, etc. If you must have warm quarters well ventilated at night, and a sunny run by day in winter. After a while begin to feed them sparingly a little meat scrap chopped fine, broken bones, oyster shells, etc., and they will probably soon begin to lay. — *Amateur.*

Care and Pasturing Sheep.

In pasturing sheep and lambs the benefit is not only to the animals, but to the pastures, which are greatly improved. Sheep are very indiscriminate feeders and will bite not only grass, but also shrubs, weeds and every green thing that starts in early spring, and thus destroy and keep down most of the fowl stuff that ushers the place of grass, and they tend to leave the pastures clean for fine grass to grow. Their manure, also scattered in small quantities as they travel over the ground, is readily absorbed by the earth and becomes the best plant food possible and accomplishes what cannot well be done by grubbing or top dressing to renovate pasture land. It is important that the fences around sheep pastures should be close and well kept, especially that walls should be well laid up and holes and gaps in rail fences thoroughly stopped. The Downs and all mountain sheep are not disposed to jump, and in a good pasture with reasonable protection may be restrained almost as easily as horned cattle, but if there is a broken rail in the fence, and if there is a place where the wall has been tumbled down so as to form almost a series of steps over which they may pass, they are quite likely to take advantage of the owner's negligence and seek a large liberty. Poling a stone wall if the sheep are not properly educated to stay within the pasture is not very expensive and a single barbed wire stretched along about a foot above the top of the wall is a sure prevention to escape. While sheep require less water in proportion to their size than other animals, yet they should have access to good water, and should be salted once a week. A good way to salt them is in a V-shaped trough, and if the sides are smeared with salting with fresh tar they will be likely to get some of it on their noses which will protect them against the fly that lays the egg producing the grub in the head. It is a very safe precaution, as the hot weather advances, to drive up the flock to put tar on the nose of every one. The fly (*Estrus*), similar to the bot fly, is very annoying to sheep, and the grubs which hatch in the nasal passage ascend into the head, sometimes causing great distress and death. — *Springfield Republican.*

Pearls.

Mother-of-pearl, the interior scale of large shells, is found principally in the Indian seas. There are some farms in Birmingham, England, which make yearly seventy-two million buttons from these shells. Many of the islands about California are covered with the finest shells in the world. The pearl divers in the South seas dive from forty to fifty feet for the shells, and can remain under water on an average of ten to fifteen minutes; but bleeding at the nose often results. In many places the women are better divers than the men. All the divers oil their bodies, else the hot sun would quickly blister them. The real cause of pearls is thought to be a disease in the oyster, because they are only found in those whose shells are full of small worm holes, or where their growth has been stunted. Almost all the pearl oysters are troubled by scarlet lobster, or shrimp, who works his way into the shell, causing great annoyance and pain. Ceylon has during the last eight years, derived a million dollars from the pearl fisheries. Hardly any oysters have pearls till they are five years old. The divers begin to starve and work till noon, holding to the ropes on the sides of the boats as they work. In the Persian Gulf there are 5,000 fishing boats, each containing about thirty men. The most beautiful pearl in the world is in Moscow, weighing twenty-eight carats. In the French crown jewels is a pearl as large as a pigeon's egg, valued at \$8,000. Pope Leo X. bought a pearl of a Venetian jeweler for \$70,000.

Sad Fate of a Criminal's Family.

A recent letter to the *Leavenworth (Kansas) Times* says: "The readers of the *Times* will remember that during the Platte City fair last fall the details of a terrible stabbing affray were published. The substance of the report was that Clay Snell, a young man of good family, had stabbed a young man named Nathan Andrews. As the prisoner is in jail awaiting trial little can be said about the merits or demerits of the case. There is one fact, however, that is too terrible to be suppressed, and that is the death of the entire family of the Snells. Shortly after the murder Mrs. Lucy Ann Standiford, mother of Clay Snell, became excited over the murder and grief. Within a short time she died. Then Robert Snell became ill, from what is supposed to be the same cause, and after a lingering sickness, during which time he talked constantly of the family trouble, he passed away, soon followed by his little six-months old baby, John Snell, another brother, succumbed to the strain of family excitement, and after a short illness died. Within the last three days a telegram was received in this city by Mr. Shackleton announcing the death of Miss Nellie Snell, the last left one of the family of one blood. It was ascertained yesterday afternoon that a little seven-year-old half brother of Clay Snell, Thomas Standiford, is not expected to live. Clay Snell, who is the only survivor of this unfortunate family, is now in jail at Platte City awaiting trial for the murder of Andrews. He takes the death of the various members of his family much to heart. When his mother was buried it is said that he begged permission to attend the funeral, saying: 'Send a hundred men to guard me; cover me with emines, double locked, but for God's sake let me see the last of my poor old mother!' He was not permitted to go.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

In the details of the first voyage of the English to India, in 1591, we find rhinoceros horns monopolized by the native sorcerers on account of their reputed virtues in detecting the presence of poison.

There is a superstition among Pennsylvania coal miners that if any penny whistles in a mine some disaster is sure to follow. The theory is that whistling drives away the good luck spirit, leaving the miners to the mercy of spirits of evil. A whistler was lately mobbed in a Lackawanna mine.

Two thousand one hundred and twenty churches in England have been named in sole honor of the Virgin Mary, and 192 in which her name is associated with that of some other saints.

When cannon were first used they were made on the same principle by which barrels are constructed, a number of iron bars being fitted as closely as possible to each other, arranged round a cylinder of wood and then bound together by strong iron hoops.

Snakes Dining on Rats.

A reporter who visited the Cincinnati Zoological Gardens to take a look at the animals in their winter quarters describes the following scene:

"Now, we'll have some fun," said Colonel, as one of the attendants came up with a large cage full of rats, young, old, black and gray. There were twenty-eight in all, fat, sleek, sharp-eyed, vicious-looking fellows. They moved restlessly about in the cage, as if certain of some impending fate, while a Scotch terrier dog followed, yelping, bounding and howling, as much as to say, "Let me at 'em." We entered the Reptile department. There were twenty-five snakes, as handsome and glossy-looking fellows as one has seen in many a day. They lay coiled up in the sand or wrapped together in heaps in the corner, while two vicious-looking rattlesnakes—one a common and the other a diamond rattlesnake—were amusing themselves thrusting out their fangs at a fly that buzzed just near enough not to be caught. There were some blacksnakes, a few copperheads, a couple of spitting vipers and a pair of common house snakes in the lot.

Whether it was the disappointed bark of the Scotch terrier or the smell peculiar to the rats that alarmed the snakes can not be said, but no sooner had the attendant with the cage of rats crossed the threshold of the door than every snake was up and on his car. The way they uncoiled and darted round, over and under each other, the rattlesnakes coiling round and round in a spiral coil, the copperhead darting from side to side, the vipers raising their heads as if standing on their tails, and even the common house snakes crawling through the sand on their edge floor with a soft childish vivacity. Opening a hole in the top of the cage, the rats were poured in. Some of them never touched the floor of the cage. The rattlesnakes viciously darted and struck them, the copperheads and blacksnakes wound round and round their writhing bodies and squeezed them to death, the spitting vipers threw their poisoned venom and blinded them, while the house-snakes opened their mouths, and not minding whether it was head first or tail first proceeded to swallow those that they had killed. The rats showed fight, and bit at their enemies, but none of them got even a bite or drew a drop of blood. It was a genuine feast for the snakes, but it was a sorry day for the rats. The most amazing part was, though there were rats enough for all the snakes and eight to spare, yet two of the house-snakes got hold of a huge rat which a copperhead had crushed to death, and one began the deglutition business at the tail, the other at the opposite side of the cage commenced operations at the head. The rat slowly moved due east and due west, and the snakes' mouths were within half an inch of each other. The moment was a critical one, as it was evident neither would give up, though they swallowed on until doomsday. "Hold on," said the colonel, "I'll play Solomon on them," and seizing a small, sharp hatchet he cut the rat in two, and each snake swallowed his portion, apparently happy and contented.

Both the theater, at New York, is to be converted into a large dry goods house. It has been sold to J. Augustus Page for \$550,000. The building itself cost \$700,000, and with the ground cost \$1,200,000.

Mr. E. G. Gartman, the business manager of the *Evening Post*, of New York, Pa., was cured of neuralgia by three applications of St. Jacobs Oil. — *(Herald's) Saturday Evening Post.*

First Freshman to second ditto. "Did you get her photo while you were away?" Second F. "Well, the fact is she gave me her negative."

A Maryland exchange refers to Mr. Thos. G. Forward, of Blair, that State, who was cured by St. Jacobs Oil of rheumatism. — *Blairer (N.Y.) Sunday Morning Tribune.*

An Italian count is generally considered to be an equivalent to an American girl's money.

Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

Mr. Horace Gray, the newly-appointed justice of the Supreme Court, is not more than six feet tall and he is in proportion. He is a leader. The world is all a fluttering snow, we say, but somehow we all want to see the show a little better.

No Hoop that Science has Co.ferred.

Has been fraught with greater blessings than that which has accrued to the inhabitants of malaria ridden portions of the United States and the Tropics from the use of Hostetter's Stomach Balm. The experience of many years has fully and clearly demonstrated the inefficiency of quinine and other drugs to effectually combat the progress of intermittent, congestive and bilious remittent fevers, while on the other hand, it has been no less clearly shown, that the use of the Balm, a medicine congenial to the weakest constitution, and derived from purely botanical sources, affords a reliable and safe remedy in all cases, and affords it when developed. For disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, for general debility and mental depression, it is also a most efficient remedy. Appetite, and sleep are improved by it, it expels rheumatic humors from the blood and enriches a circulation impoverished by mal-assimilation.

The towns of Coleridge is smitten with one of the plagues of Egypt—rats. The distress of the inhabitants is such that the city fathers have appointed two days in which a general poisoning of the streets is to take place by means of phosphorus.

"ACCEPT OUR GRATITUDE."

Dr. W. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: "As I have seen your 'Golden Medical Discovery' has cured my boy of a fever of two years' standing. Please send me a bottle. Yours truly, HENRY WHITNEY, Boston, Mass."

Frank Carroll would wear a medal, in Philadelphia, because he picked up 100 rats and threw them in a barrel in 25 seconds. Frank is a tall fellow.

Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is not only a "Universal," but a "Miraculous" medicine. It is a simple, safe, and powerful medicine, being a most potent purgative, it is also a most powerful medicine. It is a most powerful medicine, being a most potent purgative, it is also a most powerful medicine. It is a most powerful medicine, being a most potent purgative, it is also a most powerful medicine.

FACTS ABOUT UMBRELLAS.

Amphibians say that the umbrella was invented shortly after the flood, and has been the most important part of our dress for human comfort since the dawn of time. An umbrella is a sort of pocket in the fabric of our dress, which is used to protect us from the sun and rain. It is a most useful and necessary article, and one that every man should have. It is a most useful and necessary article, and one that every man should have. It is a most useful and necessary article, and one that every man should have.



MAGIC'S WONDERS.

"While in London, England, a short time ago," and the professor, "your Oxford street water was made the victim of a practical joke. One morning, as this historical artist was reading his newspaper, he was startled by seeing a young man enter in a very excited manner, who, throwing rather than showing himself in the door, demanded a shave. The barber, who was a real fly, at once set about obeying the commands of this excited and hurried guest. With a rapidity that surprised himself, he shaved the right side of his customer's face, and then immediately turned to the left. That side he also shaved with cleanliness and dispatch. The barber, on his side, when his customer demanded to know if he had shaved the right side, he said he had done so, but perceived, to his surprise, that the side in question was covered with jet-black hair. Again he shaved it, but while he did so, to his surprise and horror, the hair was growing on the other side. Thus it continued for an hour. While the professor was shaving, the barber had the hair growing on the other side. Terrified beyond expression, he stood motionless; thereupon the young man leaped from the chair, and, snatching the razor, drew it across his throat, and fell to the floor covered with blood. The barber flew into the street hailing 'Murder!' at the top of his voice. A crowd soon gathered, and, with the frightened barber, beheld the professor sitting in the chair, and his hair growing on the other side. Terrified beyond expression, he stood motionless; thereupon the young man leaped from the chair, and, snatching the razor, drew it across his throat, and fell to the floor covered with blood. The barber flew into the street hailing 'Murder!' at the top of his voice. A crowd soon gathered, and, with the frightened barber, beheld the professor sitting in the chair, and his hair growing on the other side. 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