

OUT OF FASHION.



EVERYBODY HAS gone out of town for the season. Mrs. Townsend suddenly remarked at the breakfast table, one morning, "The Drury's left for Lake George yesterday, the Tennants are to spend the summer at Potoskey and even the Stanton's have managed to rig themselves out, and have gone on a jaunt. One might as well be out of the world as out of fashion."

Mr. Townsend thoughtfully helped himself to fried potatoes, and observed that he would have to invest in a summer hat.

"Now see here, John," said Mrs. Townsend, sitting bolt upright in her chair and emphasizing her remarks with a pudgy forefinger, "those Stanton's haven't any more of this world's goods than we have, yet off they go, with a great flourish to spend a month at Beechide."

"I don't see where you'd find a pleasant place than this, in which to pass the summer," Mr. Townsend mildly remonstrated, "besides I'm a little short, just now,—there's that note to meet in July—"

"Of course you can't understand why I want to go—being a man—"

"I'll see," said Mr. Townsend, non-committal, as usual.

The month of July went out with a sudden rise of the thermometer, and a general exodus of townspeople took place.

Mrs. Townsend, after a careful perusal of alluring advertisements, settled on "Silver Creek" as the place most likely to meet her expectations.

"Best of table board at moderate rates; fine fishing, boating and bathing; free transportation to and from trains."

Mr. Townsend agreed to "run down" for Sundays, and Mrs. T. with dire misgivings, handed her keys over to the "help" that had promised to keep

SOME INVENTIONS.

The change from the glaring sunlight to the comparative coolness of the farm house sitting room was most welcome, and the kindly greeting of the Squire and his good wife left nothing to be desired.

But used as she was to a well appointed, modern dwelling the sparsely furnished rooms seemed to Mrs. Townsend uncomfortable and cheerless.

At the tea table Mrs. Townsend was informed that "t'other lady boarder had a headache," and would not be down that evening.

They met at breakfast, however, and when Mrs. Russell—which was the other boarder's name—had showed Mrs. Townsend a brand new crochet stitch, they became fast friends. Even crocheting will pall on one, however, and having neglected to lay in a supply of reading matter, the two ladies yawned the afternoon away.

"You've no doubt heard the expression 'ten miles from a lemon,'" said Mrs. Russell as they sat on the front "stoop" the radiance of the moonlight all about them, the murderous hum of blood-thirsty mosquitoes filling the air. "In my case it is 'ten miles from a soda fountain.' What wouldn't I give for an ice cold draught this minute."

"I wonder why all farm houses have Brussels carpet and hair cloth furniture in the parlor?" queried Mrs. Townsend, irrelevantly.

"And green paper shades," Mrs. Russell supplemented.

"Do you think they'll have salt pork for breakfast again?" Mrs. T. asked, anxiously.

"Sure to. I've been here two weeks, and they've only skipped two mornings."

It was even so; salt pork seemed to be a staple article at Squire Tucker's, and as for berries, fresh vegetables, etc., they were only to be obtained at the "corners" and were frequently the reverse of fresh.

"Why don't you have a garden?" asked Mrs. Townsend. "I thought all farmers raised small fruits and vegetables."

"Well, I ain't much of a hand to putter with a garden," the Squire made reply. "There ain't a farm nigh that yields better crops of grain 'n mine, though," he proudly added.

Mrs. T. thought regretfully of the appetizing salads she was wont to prepare for luncheon.

RECENT PROGRESS IN INDUSTRIAL FIELDS.

An Electric Hen the Product of a Strasburg Man's Brain—For Raising Sunken Vessels—New Blast Furnace—Popular Science.



Strasburg electrician has patented an electric hen which it is said far surpasses any incubator yet invented. The difficulty in keeping an even temperature experienced in the hot-air and water incubator, is entirely overcome in the machine presented in the accompanying cut. The apparatus is constructed in sizes capable of holding fifty, one hundred or two hundred eggs. It is very easy to operate the new incubator, an even temperature depending only upon an uninterrupted current of electricity. An automatic attachment keeps the temperature within one-tenth of a degree of the normal temperature of incubators. The degree of saturation of the air is kept in the same manner. Under ordinary conditions ninety chickens can be counted out of one hundred eggs incubated. The quantity of electricity required is very small, for an incubator holding fifty eggs ten to twenty watts being sufficient, depending upon the temperature of the outer air.

For raising the chickens after they are hatched an electric mother has been devised. The upper part is devoted to the freshly-hatched chicks, while the lower part is arranged so that chicks can run around on the ground and at the same time find heat and protection when they desire it.

Explosive Power of Nitro-Glycerin.

Whoever works with high-grade explosives must take his life in his hand. Some of the accidents that have occurred in the course of the manufacture and handling of such materials are as interesting as they are shocking. Recently a man driving two horses to a wagon carrying twelve hundred pounds of nitro-glycerin met with some accident and upset his load. The team, wagon and driver were simply reduced to undiscoverable atoms. A fragment of the man's clothing, found over a mile from the scene of explosion, was all that could be traced as having belonged to a human being. In the adjacent fields cattle were killed by the shock, and in towns around the country horses ran away with fright, windows were broken and buildings were shattered. Almost all of the window glass in the houses for several miles around was broken, and a hole was made in the earth fifteen feet deep, sixty feet across at the top and thirty-five at the bottom. When such explosions occur with the entirely unconfined product, it is not difficult to imagine what might happen were this dangerous compound shut in and circumscribed by rigid bounds.

Glass Bricks.

Hollow bricks of glass are being used in the construction of the walls of winter gardens and plant houses. They are so set that the hollows are filled with rarefied air, which is a non-conductor of heat. The bricks are laid in a cement that unites the entire mass firmly. It is thought to be possible to use bricks without any support and experiments are being made on roofing with this glass, which, set up in arch shape, will, it is hoped, be sufficiently strong to answer all purposes without the wood or iron frames ordinarily used in such buildings. Houses of this material are said to be heated at much less cost than those made after other methods. The light comes through the bricks, and extra windows are not necessary. The system is thought to combine great strength and economy, and if it is a success will almost revolutionize the building of plant houses.

Apparatus for Raising Sunken Vessels.

The illustration represents a two-part hull, with the parts rigidly connected with each other by an overboard framework, and carrying hoisting devices for raising a sunken vessel. The hull part, supported at their adjacent ends by swinging cranes which carry grappling devices adapted to be raised and lowered



by a hoisting chain. The grappling arms are held in extended or open position when being lowered to raise a vessel, but on contact with the vessel the arms are unlocked and the grappling hooks approach each other and engage the hull of the vessel. The chains are drawn up by windlasses on the cranes to raise the vessel. An indicator denotes the engagement of the grappling forks with the vessel. The precise construction shown in the illustration may be varied according to the work, and the raising apparatus may be made to raise stones and sand. An apparatus is also provided for locating sunken ships, and for the direction of the raising apparatus by telephone.

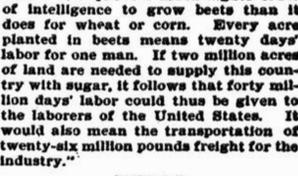
The Beet-Sugar Industry.

According to official reports, the production of beet sugar is one of the ordinarily profitable branches of agriculture. The returns are double those from wheat and many other crops. An acre of beets properly cultivated will yield about eleven tons. Eight hundred and six pounds of beets will produce one hundred pounds of sugar. There is a great deal of syrup residuum, which may be worked up into products of varying value. It is said that alcohol can be made at a high profit, which will add largely to the average net results from this source. Imperfect and undesirable portions of the crop may be fed

WOMEN OF BAVARIA.

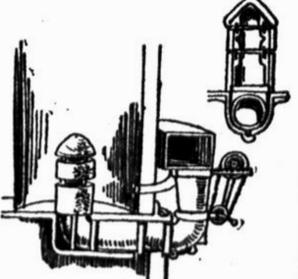
BEAUTIES OF THE UNHAPPY LITTLE KINGDOM.

The Late King, Louis I., Was Fond of Freely Facing—Story Told by Pictures in an Apartment of the Royal Palace at Munich.



(Special Correspondence.)

HE LATE King, Louis I. of Bavaria, was in many ways a remarkable monarch. Sprung from the great house of Wittelsbach, the founders of which won the crown of Bavaria by their wisdom in council as well as by courage in the field, he was not an unworthy descendant of his forebears and left a deep impression upon his age. He was a man of strong and original intellect, poetic temperament, and a marked admiration for the beautiful. Modern Munich, the most curious and unique of European cities, was planned, begun, and completed by him, and he enriched it with noble churches and palaces, splendid museums, theaters, and academies, beautiful statues and imposing monuments. Moreover, he was an able and foresighted ruler, as well as a wise patron of the arts, and



A Blast Furnace with Center Blast.

In the furnace shown in the illustration air is forced to the center of the charge as well as supplied at the sides, making the whole interior of the furnace a melting zone, preventing gases going to waste, increasing the capacity

of the furnace, and lessening the wear and tear on the lining. The improvement may be applied to any cupola. Fig. 1 shows the application of the improvement, Fig. 2 being a sectional view of the center blast pipe. Into the stack discharge tuyeres are connected with the wind box in the usual manner, and a center blast pipe is also connected with the wind box, its discharge being controlled by a gate provided with a rack meshing with a pinion on whose shaft is a pulley turned by a driving pulley actuated by a crank arm. The center pipe is made in sections, a trap door at the bottom of one of its elbows facilitating the removal of any slag or metal that may run into the pipe. On the top of the section of the center pipe entering the stack is a series of sockets in which are pins engaging similar sockets in the lower end of the next pipe section above, and between these sockets are spacing collars to hold the sections a suitable distance apart, the size of the tuyere opening being varied by employing longer or shorter collars.

The upper pipe section is also similarly connected with a conical cap, forming a second tuyere opening beneath the cap. The pipe sections within the stack, and the cap, are provided with exterior pins or projections, to facilitate holding thereon a covering of asbestos or other incombustible material.

New Uses for Aluminum.

Aluminum has proved a great disappointment to those who were enthusiastic in bringing it before the public. Instead of the durability and strength, hardness, and general adaptability that were promised, it is almost a failure when used in its pure state for many purposes. It lacks the tensile strength and rigidity that were supposed to belong to it, and in many other ways falls far short of the standard originally set for it. As a combination metal it is, however, of great value. Among its uses is that of making horseshoes specially designed for racing purposes and lighter shoes. Fine particles of extremely hard steel are mixed with the aluminum and form a wearing surface of great durability. The combination makes very pretty, light shoes, which for certain kinds of work have proved very satisfactory.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Only the female mosquito bites. Though it is asserted that she carries poison, the fact has never been proved; no venom glands have been discovered. Her sting consists of five extremely sharp needles, two of which are barbed. They unite to form an awl, which, having inflicted the puncture, serves as a tube for sucking the blood of the victim. It is not true that flies are enabled to walk on the ceiling by means of sucking disks. Each of the six feet is provided with a pair of little cushions and two hooks. The cushions are covered with hairs which are kept moist by a secretion, causing them to adhere to a smooth surface. The hooks help the insect to walk over rough surfaces.

Sir John Lubbock has recently made some studies of the alimentary habits of spiders. Selected specimens were weighed before and after a full meal, with the result of learning that if a spider were to absorb the quantity of food proportionate to his weight consumed by a spider he would devour two whole oxen, thirteen sheep, a dozen hogs, and four barrels of fish.

The Raising Passion.

Holding his elegant open-faced gold watch in one hand, the high-priced society physician grasped his patient's wrist gently with the other.

"She has a severe case of low fever, but—"

He nodded his head encouragingly.

"The chances are that she will recover." The sufferer stirred.

"A low fever. Well, guess—"

The memories of her struggles for social recognition came back with vivid force.

"I will!"

Setting her face into an imitation of that proud repose that marks the caste of Vere de Vere that could hardly be detected from the genuine, Mrs. Stryver-Neuriche proceeded to convalesce in a manner that astonished all present.—New York World.

First Physician—Is this a case that demands a consultation?

Second Physician—I think it is. The patient is extremely rich.—Exchange.

"What makes you think he cares for you?"

"Why, mamma, talked to him for more than an hour last evening, and he really seemed to enjoy my—"

WOMEN OF BAVARIA.

BEAUTIES OF THE UNHAPPY LITTLE KINGDOM.

The Late King, Louis I., Was Fond of Freely Facing—Story Told by Pictures in an Apartment of the Royal Palace at Munich.



LOLA MONTEZ.

during his reign raised Bavaria from a condition of absolute vassalage to the house of Hapsburg to a rich, flourishing, and reasonably independent country. But Louis I. had one weakness, and in the end it proved fatal. He loved a beautiful face when it belonged to a woman and would on occasion hazard much to gain the favor of its owner. As fickle as he was gallant, his favorites followed each other in quick succession, and in the course of his lifetime numbered nearly two score. From time to time the king had their portraits painted by famous artists, and these pictures—thirty-eight in number—now hang in one of the apartments of the old royal palace in Munich. The room which houses them is jealously guarded from the public, and fortunate indeed is the tourist who at rare intervals secures an entrance thereto.

However, in 1871 the "mad king," Louis II., grandson and successor of Louis I., caused photographs to be taken of the paintings. A dozen sets of these photographs were bound in volumes and presented with the royal autograph to the intimate friends of the dead king, whose memory his eccentric descendant sought in this strange way to keep green. One of these volumes, beautifully bound in red morocco, is now the property of a well-known resident of New York. From it are reproduced the portraits which accompany this article.

Prominent among the lovely faces which look out from its beveled pages is that of a remarkable woman still remembered by Americans, the gifted and wayward Lola Montez, whom her kingly admirer made Countess of Landsfeld and for whom he risked and lost his throne. A woman of singular beauty and infinite charm, she was still under 30 when, in 1844, she made the acquaintance of the king, then past 60, who was infatuated by her fascinations to a degree almost unexampled in history. She appeared on the stage in Munich for a brief period and then surprised and dismayed the Bavarians by being adopted by the king as his chief friend, associate, and adviser. With a natural gift for diplomacy and political intrigue, she quickly made her Munich conducted a brilliant and potent

admiration made Countess of Landsfeld and for whom he risked and lost his throne. A woman of singular beauty and infinite charm, she was still under 30 when, in 1844, she made the acquaintance of the king, then past 60, who was infatuated by her fascinations to a degree almost unexampled in history. She appeared on the stage in Munich for a brief period and then surprised and dismayed the Bavarians by being adopted by the king as his chief friend, associate, and adviser. With a natural gift for diplomacy and political intrigue, she quickly made her Munich conducted a brilliant and potent



CHARLOTTE VON HAGEN.

Special correspondence with the leading diplomats of Europe. Her residence was the most beautiful in Munich and she was presented at court by the king as "my best friend." With the consent of the crown prince she was ennobled and presented with an estate, which carried with its feudal rights over 2,000 souls.

To her credit, be it said, the Montez exerted herself for the best interests of the king and his subjects, but her reign, nevertheless, was destined to be as brief as it was brilliant. Her enemies were legion and always busy, and the stories circulated about her produced a perceptible effect. She was blood and intellect which she appeared in public. When the students mobbed her home and the king resented with

an edict closing the university, demands for her expulsion came from all quarters, and in the end the Bavarian chamber of peers forced from her royal admirer an order for her banishment.

Dimitri Bessarion was Greek ambassador of war during Otto's reign and the beautiful Katharina a member of his household. Introduced in this way to King Ludwig, the history of her family excited his interest and her own rare gifts of mind and person his affection, and it was thus that she secured speedily and welcome entrance into his gallery of beauties. Tradition, however, has it that she was too proud to win friends and too willful to live in peace with other sharers of the royal bounty, and in consequence the Greek woman's sway in the palace at Munich was almost as short as that of the Montez.

The portrait of Amelie von Krudener shows her to have been one of the most beautiful of King Ludwig's favorites. Her career is shrouded in mystery, but she is believed to have been the daughter of the noted Juliane von Krudener, whose wit and beauty won her so many exalted admirers, a czar of all the Russias included, three generations ago. The mother, after a brief marital experience, in 1806 secured a divorce from her husband, Konstantin von Krudener, and thereafter was the bright particular star of gay circles in Paris, where a French officer, Count Fregenville, was her preferred lover, and in St. Petersburg, where the dreamy and melancholic Alexander I. was an almost nightly visitor to her salon. By reason of her influence with the czar she was a force which for many years could not with any safety be omitted from any political combination. Late in life she became a religious devotee and found a refuge in Switzerland, but her seeming piety and lavish gifts to the poor did not prevent the rulers of the mountain republic from exiling her as a pestilent political intriguer, and with her daughter she retired to the Crimea, where she died in 1854. She left large estates in the Baltic provinces of Russia, inherited from her husband, and the proceeds from their sale are thought to have furnished Amelie von Krudener with the means required for a merry and luxurious sojourn in Paris and Rome.

At any rate, it was in the latter city that the wayward Russian beauty first met King Ludwig. At his entreaties she settled in Munich, and by her beauty and the glamor thrown about her by her mother's career long held the king a willing captive. She received a liberal pension just before the stirring events of 1848, but beyond this little or nothing is known of her last years.

If the portrait of Charlotte von Hagen speaks true here was one of those faces which interest by degrees, but in the end cannot be forgotten—a small head set on shapely white shoulders, a mouth made for smiles and kisses, and eyes of limpid blue. She was born in Munich in 1809, and, making her debut as an actress at the age of 17, at once became and remained until her retirement in 1848 one of the most popular players of her time. Her professional career was divided between Munich and Berlin and she was adored by the



KATHARINA BOZZARIS.

courts and people of both cities, even the austere and narrow-minded Frederick William III. figuring as her admirer and protector. Small wonder, then, that the susceptible Ludwig should enshrine her among his favorites and pay court to the charming actress. But as the Von Hagen advanced in years her happy temperament fell with her youth, and, while she was sure of a welcome in the most refined society, thanks to her wit and gracious manners, her mischievous habits became unwelcome. She married a count in 1836, but the spoiled idol of monarch and people was unfitted for the quiet of domestic life and in 1851 she secured a divorce. Thereafter Berlin, St. Petersburg, Vienna, and Paris received her in turn, but at last she went to Munich, where until her death she remained the friend and confidant of her king.

Helena Sedlmayer was another actress favorite of the king—a beauty who would at first pass unnoticed, but in the end could not fail to win the heart. She came from a family of good repute and her talent and good looks early won her an enviable position on the stage and opened the way to the royal chambers. The king's affection for her was ardent and lasting, and was returned in full measure. She never married, repelling the advances of a distinguished gentleman who sought her for a wife, for her heart belonged to the king.

Proud and austere, if her portrait does her no injustice, must have been Lady Jane Erskine, the English beauty, who in some way found a place in King Ludwig's gallery. Her father, Lord David Erskine, was at one time English minister at Munich, and it was there that she made the acquaintance of her royal admirer. There is no reason for believing that the king's relations with her were other than esteem and cordial friendship would prompt.

What Wesley Said.

"Condense no man for not thinking as you think. Let everyone enjoy his fall and free liberty of thinking as himself. Let every man use his own judgment, since every man must take an account of himself to God, and every account, in any kind of sense, is an account of his own soul, and of the spirit of sanctification, and of the truth, never attempt to think it. It is not with our own minds as we wish to be, but as God will have us to be."



"THEY'RE MAKIN' A NEW HOG PEN 'DAT."

the domestic machinery going until her return.

Not entirely sanguine, yet hopeful, withal, Mrs. Townsend pocketed her baggage check and stepped aboard the train that was to bear her to her destination. After a long journey, with the usual miseries attendant upon a trip with the thermometer at 90 degrees, she found herself "sidetracked in a wheat-field"—to use her own expression—an object of great interest to a tow-headed youth and a raw-boned cart horse.

"Will you tell me how I can get to Mr. Tucker's house?" she ventured to inquire of the former.

"Reckon I kin, if you be the Mis' Townsend 'whats coming 't board," he rejoined. This being confirmed, he brought the rawboned nag alongside the platform, shifted the various bags and bundles with which the wagon was heaped to make room for Mrs. Townsend's smart trunk, and cordially invited that lady to "jump aboard."

"Square Tucker couldn't come himself, 'cause they're makin' a new hog pen 't day," he explained, as he cracked the whip over the nag's lean flanks. The wheels of the lumbering vehicle, turning clumsily in the deep sand of the road, sent up suffocating clouds of dust; the sun beat pitilessly upon their unprotected heads.

"How far is it to Square Tucker's?" inquired Mrs. Townsend.

"Oh, a matter o' six miles," he of the tow-head responded, cheerfully.

Mrs. Townsend's heart faintly within her.

At a turn of the road the wagon rumbled over a rustic bridge, beneath which a shallow stream meandered, scarcely wetting the sun-dried stones.

"That 'ar's Silver Creek," said the boy, pointing with his whip over his shoulder. "T'other bend ain't mor'n half a mile from Squire's."

"Fishing and boating made easy," murmured Mrs. Townsend, with grim humor. "No danger of drowning there."

"Fishin' did you say, Marm? There's plenty o' fish to be got out o' that 'ar creek in 't spring o' 't year. Wouldn't think it, would you?"

"But why should Mr. Tucker advertise fishing when the season is over?" queried Mrs. Townsend. "Oh, that 'ar advertisement, Marm, was one 't Squire copied out'n an old newspaper. I hear him say as how it reads purty well, an' he thought 't would do."

Mrs. Townsend, tired, hungry and dust-laden as she was, gave vent to hysterical mirth, but managed to restrain herself as with a lusty "Whoa!" the young Jehu, brought the turnout to a standstill, before the farm house.

At the end of the week Mrs. Russell received a summons home, and after tossing sleeplessly through a hot mosquito haunted night, Mrs. Townsend came to the conclusion that there were other things as desirable as "being in fashion."

So the raw-boned nag hauled two trunks to the station in the morning, instead of one.

"There's no place like home," said Mrs. Townsend to Mrs. Russell. "It must be true that 'familiarity breeds contempt,' else people would realize the truth of that saying and find rest and recreation in their own homes. How I shall enjoy a good book and my hammock on the vine-shaded veranda, after my morning work is done. How I shall appreciate a stroll in the park with husband in the cool of the evening, when the band is playing."

"Me too," said Mrs. Russell, enthusiastically, if not grammatically.

CITY AT BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

The Ruins of a Large Town Discovered in the Adriatic.

The city authorities at Rovigno, on the peninsula of Istria, in the Adriatic Sea, have discovered, a little south of the peninsula, the ruins of a large town at the bottom of the sea. It had been observed for years that fishermen's nets were sometimes entangled in what appeared to be masses of masonry, of which fragments were brought up from the sea bed. Then a diver declared that he had seen walls and streets below the water, and so the authorities of Rovigno decided to investigate. They sent down a diver, who, at the depth of eighty feet, found himself surrounded at the bottom of the sea by ruined walls. Contending his explorations, he traced the line of walls, and was able to distinguish how the streets were laid out. He did not see any doors or windows, for they were hidden by masses of seaweed and incrustations. He traced the masonry for a distance of a hundred feet and there he had to stop, for his diving cord did not permit him to go further. He had proved beyond a doubt that he had found the ruins of a once inhabited town which, through some catastrophe, had been covered by the sea. It is probable that these are the ruins of the lost town of Clissa, upon the island of that name, mentioned by Pliny the elder.