

FROST AND APPLES.

Some Facts About Frozen Apples that are Contrary to the General Belief.

"If your garret or loft is only cold enough there isn't any reason in the world why you shouldn't treat your friends with plump, full-flavored Rhode Island greenings, Baldwins, or any other choice apples, just as well next June as you did last Christmas," said a commission merchant. "I'll have last year's Baldwin's, and I don't know but last year's greenings, as sound as a knot, in my house next summer, in the same dish with this year's harvest apples; yet nine out of ten people would have thought these same apples were ruined two months ago, and would have treated them accordingly. Why? Simply because they were frozen."

"Doesn't the freezing of apples spoil them, then?" asked the reporter.

"The general opinion is," replied the merchant, "that after an apple freezes its value is gone, but the fact is that just the contrary is the truth. Let a barrel of apples freeze in the fall, and keep them frozen, or, rather, do not disturb them and in the spring they will be in the very condition they were when taken from the tree. Baldwins, and, in fact, all favorite eating apples, do not have their full flavor of mellowness when first packed in the fall. They ripen in the barrel, and are at their best in January. After that they begin to decay, and when March comes they are few and far between, those that are left being the result of especial good care and attention.

"If they are frozen in the fall, however, the ripening process is checked. The vitality of the apple is simply suspended, and it only needs proper treatment to restore it to its natural action. The trouble has always been that when a barrel of apples was found to be frozen it was rolled off at once to a warm place and subjected to a rapid thawing. Some take the apples out of the barrel and plunge them in cold water to draw the frost out. The result is a flabby, flavorless fruit, realy not worth the room it occupies, and subject to speedy decay—all because of popular ignorance. A frozen apple is one of the most sensitive things in the world. Touch your finger upon it and when the frost is thawed from the apple the spot touched will be a mark of decay which spreads rapidly over the fruit.

"Therefore, if you ever find that your barrel of Baldwins is frozen heat it gently. If the apples are thoroughly frozen the barrel will not be full by nearly a peck, so much has the fruit contracted with the frost."

The Prince of Wales as a Speech-Maker.

There are very few men in England who can make as good a speech as the Prince of Wales. His voice is singularly far-reaching, clear, pleasant, and his delivery is simple and dignified. But it must not be supposed that the ease and fluency which now characterize his public discourses were attained without trouble, or that the Prince is one of the "mob of gentlemen who 'speak' at ease," and have very little to say worth listening to. At first, when he had to address an audience—and it fell to his lot to begin speech-making while he was very young indeed—he spoke with some hesitation, and he gave his audience the idea of one who would be very glad when he could sit down; but by persistent practice, stimulated by the certainty that he must look forward to constant calls upon him, and animated by a high sense of duty, the Prince overcame the difficulties which beset most young orators, aggravated in his case by the consciousness that every word he uttered would be eagerly weighed and recorded. He has acquired a command of language and a felicity of expression which commend his matter to the most critical, whilst it is at the same time judicious in substance and rich to the point. No one can make a better case for a charitable institution than the Prince, and his appeals to the pockets of his hearers when he is presiding at a dinner to promote the work of some beneficent association, or to further some useful and meritorious enterprise, are so successful that it is considered the fortune of an evening, from a financial point of view, is secured when the Prince of Wales has consented to take the chair. On occasions of national importance and interest, such as the opening of public institutions, the Prince's speeches, carefully prepared and excellently pronounced, are models of what such work should be, setting forth the objects in view, the history of the movement, and the claims it has to support or approval, in well-chosen and effective words. The prince has had practice enough certainly, for since his marriage he has been associated with every movement in the kingdom, and has been called upon to open exhibitions, bridges and buildings, parks and museums, "inaugurate" statues, lay foundation-stones, preside at commissions and banquets year after year, and has answered to the call with unflinching spirit, cheerfulness, and effect.—WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, in *Harper's Magazine for April.*

An ordinary woman's waist is thirty inches around. An ordinary man's arm is about thirty inches long. How admirable are thy works, O, nature!

Two Highlanders were seen in an ocean steamer, one of whom carried and used ostentatiously a large red handkerchief. His friend, in the course of the voyage, produced an orange and commenced to suck it. He of the handkerchief looked curiously at it for a few moments, and then exclaimed: "Here, Sandy, mon, gie us a suck o' your orange, and I'll gie ye a blow o' my napkin."



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Dressy Lingerie.

No. 1.—"Plat val" lace net and edging to match form this lovely Moliere plastron with plain collar. It is spliced quite narrow at the waist line, and the border lace falls below. Price, \$4.50.

No. 2.—A handsome jabot made of flat Valenciennes lace, arranged in a most effective and graceful manner. It is drawn in at the waist line the gathers being concealed by the ciel-blue chenille pendants, and a similar ornamentation is placed at the throat, for which however, any wished-for shade, either in chenille or ribbon can be procured. Price, \$3.75.

No. 3.—A dressy vest of flat Valenciennes lace net bordered with narrow lace to match. It is gathered in at the top and the waist line and secured at both places by bows of *c.quelicot* satin and gros-grain ribbon with flowing ends. If preferred, valet ribbon in any becoming shade may be substituted. Price, \$3.85.

No. 4.—This lovely jabot is made of *point d'esprit* lace, edged with Mechlin lace in a delicate pattern. Dainty bows of rose-colored Ottoman ribbon are arranged at the neck and waist line. Price, with bows of any color, \$3.50.

No. 5.—This dainty bow would be a pleasing addition to any toilet. It is

composed of loops and ends of dark Gordon blue velvet ribbon with satin back, though velvet or ribbon of any desired shade can be substituted for blue. Price 75 cents.

No. 6.—A simple yet very attractive arrangement of light blue silk, mull and Pompadour lace is shown in the illustration. The mull is laid in plaits at the neck and a full border of Pompadour lace extends down one side and terminates a little below the waist line. Pretty bows of light blue Ottoman ribbon are placed at the back and waist with charming effect. Price, with bows of any color, \$3.50.

Drunkards' Excuses.

A drunkard is always ready to excuse his transgression, when charged with it by one whose position makes it expedient that he should be conciliated. Sometimes, as in the following specimens, these excuses are amusing: An Irishman not long since was summoned before a bench of county magistrates for being drunk and disorderly.

"Do you know what brought you here?" was the question put to him.

"Faix, yer Honor, two policemen," replied the prisoner.

"Had not drink something to do with bringing you here?" said the magistrate, frowning.

"Sortilily," answered Paddy, unabashed; "they were both drunk."

"Hilloo, James, tipsy as usual! What in the world has set you on a spree now?"

"Ah, ye mauna be harsh, governor; did ye no hear my grand whistling canary was deid?"

"Stupid fellow! leaving your work and getting drunk for the death of a bird? Don't you know a man should look upon such incidents as trifles?"

"So I do, governor, so I do, man; but if ye wanted a spree yerself, ye wad be glad of any handle to turn the crane wi'."

Grant's Consideration for a Vanquished Enemy.

One of the very marked features of Gen. Grant's life in the field was that no one ever came to his quarters on legitimate business or was brought there a prisoner who was not kindly and considerately treated. He was punctilious in having all persons who came properly treated and cared for. He never gave offense himself and would not tolerate it in others. No officer in the army ever lived more plainly than Gen. Grant, and none was more willing to divide what he had. After a successful battle he never exhibited the slightest boastful feeling. To have seen him and heard him talk one would suppose he had had nothing to do with the battle if it were not for the orders he was dictating for the funeral of the dead or for the caring for the sick and wounded.

"My dear," said Mrs. Smith at the breakfast table, "why is this March called 'M'?" "Oh," replied Mrs. Smith, "it's took three more backwords, that's a mere abbreviation, you know—the English habit of dropping the h's."

Early Tomatoes.

Probably some of our readers, who are without hotbeds, would like to know how they can raise a few hundred tomato plants in time for early fruit. Early in March take any convenient small box about six inches deep, and fill it with good, mellow garden soil, moderately moist, and set it on the stove until thoroughly warmed. Sow seeds in rows an inch apart, and cover over a quarter of an inch deep; then spread a wet newspaper closely over the box and set it near the stove, where it will keep moderately warm.

When the plants appear set them in a warm, light place. When two inches high transplant them into other boxes, setting them two inches apart each way. When five or six inches high some of the plants can be put into five-inch pots, one in each, and set in the kitchen window, where they will grow and thrive in proportion to the care given them. It is better to transplant the larger portion, if not all the plants, to a pit made on the south-east side of a hill or building. The pit should be four by eight feet, or larger, in the same proportions. Drive a stout post in each corner and one on each side midway between the ends. On these posts nail boards two feet high in front and two and a half feet at the back and board up the ends. Put in to the depth of twelve inches fresh horse manure mixed with litter, pressing it down closely and covering it with six inches of good soil. Make covers for the pit by stretching and nailing brown muslin on two or three light frames of the necessary length and breadth to fit the pit.

Got What He Deserved.

Carrie Bauer, a pretty factory girl, of College Point, Ill., who has recently been receiving a number of amorous letters from an unknown admirer, appointed a meeting on Saturday night with the writer in a secluded spot, whither she went accompanied by her brother-in-law, and met a man who proved to be Herman Hornberger, a prominent citizen. Miss Bauer's brother-in-law and a constable, gave Hornberger a severe drubbing, and a score of the lady's woman friends thrashed him with brooms. Hornberger is a married man, his wife being the daughter of a wealthy retired merchant.

A Picture of Grant.

There is in existence a photograph of Gen. Grant which is of pathetic interest at this present moment. It was taken during the last winter of the war, while the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac were at City Point. The photograph may have been instantaneous, for there is no appearance of posing for it. Grant appears in the door of his tent with one arm raised grasping the tent pole. He is in the simplest field uniform, the coat is unbuttoned, and he wears the soft hat with the twisted cord of the service. The face is thin and heavy with care, and the whole figure denotes self-forgetfulness, if not dejection. The utter absence of parade, the entire simplicity of the attitude, the rudeness of the surroundings, would advise no spectator that this was the iron commander of great armies, the man upon whom the hopes of the nation at that time centered. Upon his skill, coolness, tenacity, unshakable faith, millions reposed implicit trust. It was weary waiting; wealth was wasted in streams, debt was accumulating, foreign powers were threatening, treason was brewing, precious life was poured out like water, and the land was full of mourning. This general, silent, inflexible, stands there at his tent door, apparently unconscious of observation, not so much looking abroad as communing with himself, bearing in every line of face and figure the impress of the heaviest responsibility, and of vicarious suffering. No note of complaint, no sign of relenting, no consciousness of the show of power, but just at that moment a patient endurance in his own wasted person for the woes of an anxious nation. Upon him at that instant, rested greater responsibility than upon any other living man; upon him centered hopes, entreaties, prayers, curses, bitter criticism, brutal disparagement. He is in the attitude of bearing it all, with the capacity of suffering and of carrying the burdens of others without complaint, which is the mark of greatness. Perhaps if he had failed, perhaps if he had lost his cause and disappointed the hopes set upon him, this picture might to-day have been more vitally pathetic than it is, but remembering what the man had endured and was still to suffer before the final triumph of the people through him, this simple figure is not wanting in any of the heroic elements that touch the hearts of men.

Dr. Mary Walker, who has never married, Young men I now you can come out of the woods.

HERE AND THERE.

Orange raising in California has been successful this year, prices have fallen as low as 35 cents a box in some instances. The fruit is not so large as usual, but excellent in flavor, and now ripe, will be better if left on trees till May. The lemons are large and fine.

A citizen of Americus, Ga., claims to have carried an open-face watch constantly for twenty years without having broken the crystal, although several times it was subjected to rough use. The watch was inherited from his father, and the crystal was placed on it forty years ago.

A Michigan man claims to have been miraculously cured of a rheumatism which had made him helpless for many months. His hired man was carrying a hive of bees through his room and dropped it. The patient is now an active member of a society and says he is "thankful to an inscrutable Providence."

At the East Kent Chamber of Agriculture some revelations were lately made which evoked the bitterest reflections on the English railway companies. It is shown that a ton of hops sent to Faversham to London costs 33s. for carriage; from Flushing, Holland, only 10s. Potatoes are delivered in London from Cherbourg, France, at 30s per ton; but Penzance the charge is 45s. A ton of Cheshire cheese from Chester costs 61s., but from America a ton of cheese brought for 25s.

The special correspondent resembles the poet in this, that he is born, made. Mr. Archibald Forbes commenced life in an attorney's office. The late Cameron was originally in a bank, Mr. H. S. Pearce, whose name the paper here persist in calling Pearce, proposed at one time to do great things as an architect. Fate had fitted each for different things. Pearce is a man well known in the hunting field, and those who read descriptions of great runs were not surprised at the nervous and graphic portions of his account of the battle of Abu Khir in the *London Daily News*. He is the able successor of Forbes.

M. Berlier, an engineer, proposes a system of pneumatic transmission between Paris and London, involving the employment of two tubes—one for sending and the other for receiving telegrams, letters and postal parcels weighing up to 10 pounds. The time taken in transmission would be but one hour, notwithstanding stoppages at any stations which might be established on the way. M. Berlier points out that transmission to Lyons and Marseilles could be effected still more rapidly than to London, there being no sea crossings. Letters and parcels sent by Paris to Marseilles would, it is said, be that place in two hours.

The cost of the railway from Suakin to Berber, with equipment, will be \$350,000 a mile, and probably more. The distance is 250 miles. This charge will fall on the Egyptian bondholders or the British taxpayers, but the latter must pay it in the first instance, and to get money from the bondholders, backed by the power of Europe, will be like getting butter out of a pig's mouth. And when made, whose property will it be, England's or Egypt's? Since it is made on Egyptian soil and under authority from the Egyptian Government, it is legally Egypt's. The cost of maintenance will be nearly \$500,000 year.

One of the many arguments brought forward in favor of the admission of French women to the franchise, one of the strangest is that which rests on the claims on the traditions of the country. Plutarch, it is gravely pointed out, mentions that at one period in its history Gaul was governed by a Senate of men; and Sainte-Foix, in his work on Parisian antiquities, maintains that long as this system of government lasted the Gauls always had the best of their encounters with the Romans. Bonaparte himself was but the lieutenant of these ladies. When the Druids were the supreme power from the hands of women, the glory of Gaul began to decline, and the Romans soon reduced the country to subjection.

A Blessing in Disguise.

Contrary to orders, Bobby had taken the family Bible from the parlor where it was very carefully kept, and the time he got through with it was of wear and tear were painfully apparent. For this act of disobedience he received a severe whipping and was sent to bed.

"It is a source of great gratification to me," said the minister who was making call that evening, as he lifted the Bible from the table and discovered its contents, "to find that in this household, least, the Bible is not neglected. It is often the case, I regret to say, that contents of the good book remain unsought. But I am pleased, Mr. Smith, to find, he continued, "that you daily consult it in its pages."

Mr. Smith, devoutly acknowledging the pleasure and profit he derived from his frequent study, and after the minister had taken up to Bobby a glass of wine and a large slice of bread and butter jam on it.