

WOMAN'S COLUMN.

The Queen's Bed.

The London *Truth* says:—According to a weekly contemporary, "it may not be generally known that the Queen invariably takes her own bed with her wherever she may be travelling." People would infer from this statement that her majesty's "own bed" forms a part of the royal baggage. The Queen always sleeps in beds of precisely the same pattern and made up in exactly the same way. They are all manufactured at Windsor Castle, and there is one with accessories at each royal residence in this country, at the Villa Hohenlohe at Baden, at Rosenau, near Coburg, and on board the Victoria and Albert. When the Queen pays a visit or goes abroad, a bed on the usual pattern is made and dispatched from Windsor in advance to be in readiness for her. One was sent last year to Montone, and three years earlier another went to Havana. At Danrobin, Floors and other country houses at which the Queen has been a guest her special bed has usually been left as a memento of the royal visit.

Sealskins.

The seal, furnishing the rich fur, a cloak of which is an article dear to the heart of fashionable women, inhabits both the Arctic and the Antarctic seas. Greenland, Newfoundland, the Baltic, and the southern polar shores, all supply a quota of these much sought after animals. From a paper in the last *Quarterly Review*, a very readable paper, by the way, we get a sketch of a district which yields many of the "Fur Seals of Commerce."

The scene is the Pribilof Islands, two small specks of land situated on the eastern side of Behring's sea, and ceded in 1867 by Russia, along with the adjoining mainland Alaska, to the United States Government. The islands are but a few square miles in area, their population in 1880 was but 300, and yet the annual revenue they yield to the American exchequer is over \$50,000, to which sum falls to be added the handsome profits realized by the company to whom the islands are let. This result has been achieved by one of the most prudent and far-seeing pieces of state management that the history of the commercial world affords. The islands are the home during six months of the year of multitudes of the fur seals of commerce. The number has been estimated on reliable statistical grounds as 4,700,000. This number is kept practically constant by the effective protection of the animals. Only 10,000 are allowed to be killed each year, and from among the victims are strictly prohibited the breeding males, who are over five years of age and whose pelts are commercially worthless, and all the females young and old. Only the "bachelors" or young males of three or four years are allowed to be taken and they are captured on certain nights in the months of June and July, before daybreak.

The Silks that Wear Longest.

After the silk passes from the dyer's hands in the manner in which it is woven is of essential importance. All other things being equal, goods woven with an equal weight and wool is the most durable, hence the strongest silk is the old-fashioned taffeta or glace silk of a generation ago. Corded silks are beautiful, but between the reps of the goods are interstices for the dust to collect in, which, if allowed to remain, speedily cuts into the fabric; and no corded goods can be made without some part of the weave being heavier and exerting strain on the lighter portion. Taffeta silks, from the lightness of their construction, are usually hand-made goods. Large quantities of inexpensive striped and checked taffetas known as summer silks, are woven in Switzerland in a circuit of about thirty miles around the city of Zurich. Whole families of Swiss peasants, including the man of the house, his wife, sons and buxom daughters, are employed together at hand looms. A checked taffeta under a dollar will usually outwear several silks which range in prices from \$1 to \$2 a yard and are made as silks at this price usually are, by the less durable processes of the power-loom, where the weaver never stops to tie a thread, and the delicate fibre of the silk must be tightly twisted to bear the strain of the rougher handling of wholesale work. A goods equally as strong as taffeta is India foulard, sometimes called handkerchief silk. These goods are woven in a country where the heathen workmen have not yet learned the clever shams which are practised in the Christian lands. All foulard silks are dyed and stamped after they are woven, except in the case of pongee silk which is the natural color of the reeled silk-wool. French foulards are an inferior machine-goods, and are mixed with large quantities of "chappe," or short silk, which is rough and liable to break apart at a slight strain. Short silk differs from long silk—which is the continuous thread spun by the worm and reeled off at the filature—by being composed of the waste of the filature. The silk which is broken or tangled in reeling, the rough silk on the outside of every cocoon, and the silk of perforated cocoons from which the moth has emerged, are all torn apart and spun again by artificial means, like cotton or flax. Chappe is at best a species of silk "snoddy," and is often mixed with cotton or some other vegetable fibre to strengthen it. Large quantities of foulard goods are made in the country which are similar to the French goods. The durable "Louisine" summer silks are woven with an even web and wool, and are composed of raw or half-boiled silk, part of the natural glue of the cocoon being left in the goods.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Mother's Turn.

"It is mother's turn to be taken care of now." The speaker was a winsome young girl, whose bright eyes, fresh color and eager looks told of light-hearted happiness. Just out of school, she had the air of culture which is an added attraction to a blithe young face. It was mother's turn now. Did she know how my heart went out to her for her unselfish words? Too many mothers, in their love for their daughters, entirely overlook the idea that they themselves need recreation. They do without all the easy, pretty and charming things, and say nothing about it and the daughters do not think there is any self-denial involved. Jennie gets the new dress and mother wears the old one, turned upside down and wrong side

out. Lucy goes on the mountain trip, and mother stays at home and keeps house. Emily is tired of study and must lie down in the afternoon; but mother, though her back aches, has no time for such indulgences. Girls, take good care of your mothers. Coax them to let you relieve them of some of the harder duties which, for years, they have patiently borne.—*Presbyterian.*

The Queen of All.

Honor the dear old mother. Time has scattered the snowy flakes on her brow, plowed deep furrows on her cheeks but is she not sweet and beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrunken; but those are the lips which has kissed many a hot tear from the childish cheeks, and they are the sweetest lips in all the world. The eye is dim, yet it glows with the soft radiance of holy love which can never fade. Ah, yes, she is a dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but feeble as she is, she will go further and reach down lower for you than any other upon earth. You cannot walk into a midnight where she cannot see you, you cannot enter a prison whose bars will keep her out, you can never mount a scaffold too high for her to reach, that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love. When the world shall despise and forsake you, when it leaves you by the wayside to die unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you in her feeble arms, and carry you home and tell you of all your virtues until you almost forget that your soul is disfigured by vices. Love her tenderly and cheer her declining years with holy devotion.

Non-Poisonous Disinfectants.

The antiseptic properties of carbolic acid have long been known, and this substance, in its liquid state, is extensively used in operations by surgeons. As a non-poisonous disinfectant the acid, in a vaporized condition, is said to be invaluable in hospitals and sick-rooms, and the following is a simple plan recommended by Messrs. F. C. Calvert & Co., of Manchester, the manufacturers not only of the acid, but also of a carbolic vaporizer, for the use of which apparatus detailed particulars are given.

Place an ordinary house shovel over the fire until it becomes thoroughly hot (but not red hot); then take it to the centre of the room and pour in the shovel an ounce (back of each bottle is graduated in ounces) of No. 4 or No. 5 carbolic; lean the shovel so that no fluid can fall to the floor, and the carbolic will be readily given off in vapor sufficient to fill an ordinary room. This will disinfect the air of the room, and as genuine carbolic (more properly called phenol or phenylic acid) is not a mineral corrosive acid, the vapor in no way will injure pictures, metals, or fabrics. It is highly beneficial in many infectious diseases, and having been sufficiently proved to benefit lungs affected by tubercle, it may be safely inhaled to a reasonable extent, and it can be diluted if weaker vapor is wanted. The No. 4 fluid can be more easily tolerated because of its extra purity, and to many its odor is decidedly pleasant, if not excessively employed. Daily use of this process is strongly recommended when infectious diseases are present or feared, and it will be found serviceable in case of whooping-cough. The vapor is not at all inflammable unless the shovel be made red hot or held within two feet of fire or light, and the fluid will not injure carpets; but it should not be allowed to fall upon oil-cloths, painted or varnished wood-work or furniture.

If any raw carbolic acid should fall on the skin, it must promptly be rubbed off with a dry cloth, and the affected parts well rubbed with oil. If taken internally by mistake, sweet oil and castor oil should be at once administered in large doses, and no water used.—*Chamber's Journal.*

The Glossograph.

One of the most interesting exhibits at the Vienna Electrical Exhibition is Gentill's glossograph, a little instrument by which speech is automatically reproduced as soon as it is uttered. A small apparatus is placed in the mouth of the speaker—in contact with the roof of his mouth, his tongue and lips—and on being connected with an electro-magnetic registering apparatus the sounds are committed to paper. It is constructed in such a manner as not to cause any inconvenience to the speaker; neither is it necessary that the voice should be raised, as it reproduces a whisper as exactly as a shout; the only condition is a correct and distinct articulation. According to the inventor's calculation, it will be possible to write four or five times as fast by means of the glossograph as has hitherto been possible even by the quickest writer. At first sight it appears as if this invention were but an improvement upon Edison's phonograph; it is, however, of a much older date. It rests, unlike the former, on acoustic principle, and does not reproduce the sounds in a microscopical form. The chief obstacle to the introduction of the glossograph, says the *Dall Mall Gazette*, will be the difficulty in deciphering the characters, but it is not impossible that with the help of a second automatic apparatus the characters produced by the glossograph may be translated into our common type writing. The orthography would doubtless appear strange, but in these days of phonetic spelling this might not long be a hindrance.

A contributor to a London scientific paper writes: "The poet has said, 'The toad wears yet a precious jewel in its head.' However beautiful, it cannot surpass, in lustre and beauty of setting, the eye of the flea (*Pulex irritans*). When viewed under a power of 200 or 300 diameters by reflected light, it presents a crystalline lens about 1,500 of an inch in diameter, surrounded by a dark brown or black rim, and sunk in a depression of rich chitinous covering of the head. If the light be judiciously applied, this combination of bright light in the lens with the middle tint of the surrounding yellow skeleton of the head and the dark supplied by the black rim—these being harmonized and blended by the shade and shadow of the depression, and assisted by the harmonious curve which bounds its dorsal margin—presents a combination worthy the study of the trained eye of the artist." It is to be feared that even its lovely eye will scarcely reconcile the *Pulex irritans* to those on whom it dines.

GLEANINGS.

A murderer in Kansas jail charges 5 cents for a look, and is thus doing a thriving business.

An Albany peanut vendor discovers that he loses 400 peanuts a day by people taking one as they pass by his corner.

Experiments in determining the height and velocity of the clouds, by means of photography are being made in England.

Florida newspapers have their joke about the swamp lands. Some of them say that the lands are to be sold by the gallon.

A Cincinnati physician has examined 140 of the best whistlers in the city, and finds them sadly lacking in mental development.

The engineer in charge of the government works at Key West has fished up a copper cannon of the fifteenth century. It belonged to the early Spanish invaders.

Judge Hoover, who once upon a time was Chief Justice of Arizona, is now chief waiter in a restaurant in Southern California. Judge Satterthwaite, also of Arizona, is now doing tinker's jobs for a living.

The Memphis (Tenn.) *Avalanche* says that a census of Southern editors shows two Captains, seventeen Majors, seven Generals, and 1,826 Colonels. There are no privates and no officers below the rank of Captain.

The treasurer of Carroll County, Ark., placed \$7,000 in an old boot for safe keeping, placing the boot in a pile of rubbish. Now he is trying to negotiate with the man who stole the boot.

A cane brought over in the Mayflower by William White, the father of Peregrine White, the first white child born in New England, is now in possession of Captain William White, of Yarmouth, Mass.

Kwang Lee the young Emperor of China, devotes three hours a day to studying the language of his country, but otherwise does nothing except ride in the Imperial Gardens. He will assume the reins of government personally on the 31st of next July, his fifteenth birthday.

The walls of Canton, China are of sandstone, capped with brick. They are twenty feet thick and from twenty-five to forty feet high. There are twelve outer gates, through which boats pass into the moat east and west. The gates are all shut at night, and a guard is stationed near them to preserve order.

Jewelry-making is the biggest business of Providence, R. I. There are 184 manufacturing establishments, employing about 3,500 hands, and turning out \$5,775,975 worth of goods annually. The manufacture began soon after the Revolution, and in 1805 there were four establishments. The city also makes 87 per cent, of the screws used in the country, and 2,340,000 pieces of prints during the year.

A banker at Osakis, Minn., has built a house which he thinks will defy the tornado. All the corners of the house are acute angles, giving this architectural freak the contour of a star. From the highest point of the roof the gutters sink suddenly, making great depressions. This angularity was, it is said, inspired by the banker's wife, who lives in constant dread of storm. The corners were made very sharp, to split tornadoes. The cellar walls are anchored in them, so that the house may not be blown down, without taking up the foundations. All the weather-boarding is put on oblique lines.

Escapes From Edinburgh Castle.

"Edinboro Old Town," by Andrew Lang, is the opening paper in the *January Century*. Pennell's clever sketches supplement finely Mr. Lang's picturesque descriptions. Many romantic stories of the castle are told, among them the following: "If 'sinne' could sink town and tower, Edinburgh would certainly since have been with 'Memphis and Babylon and either Thebes.' In those old times, when a Scotch prince hated a man, he very commonly acted on the maxim, 'If you want a thing well done, do it yourself,' and dined his foe with his own hand. This was the custom of the Duke of Albany, brother of James III., who slew John of Scougal, and in other ways so conducted himself that, in 1482, he was consigned to prison in the Castle. Thence Albany deemed that he was not likely to come forth alive, especially as his brother Mar had mysteriously vanished—so mysteriously, indeed, that even now the manner of Mar's fate is unknown. Albany's friends sent a small ship to wait in the harbor of Leith, and a hamper of wine easily found admission to Albany's rooms in the Castle. The hamper contained ropes as well as wine, and when Albany had made his keepers drunk with the liquor, had dined them, and thrown their mail-clad bodies to grill on the fire, he escaped to the ship at Leith by aid of the ropes. But the favorite way of escaping had a bland and child-like simplicity. The captive's wife paid him a visit, the pair exchanged clothes, and the prisoner walked out in the lady's petticoats! This old trick was played in the Castle as often as the 'confidence trick' in the capitals of modern civilization. Apparently it never missed fire, and we may conclude that in every case the turkeys were bribed. The only prisoner of note who ever failed was the first Marquis of Argyll, in 1601. The Marchioness came to see him in a sedan chair; he assumed her dress and coif, and stepped into the sedan. But presently he lost heart and stepped out again, though what he was afraid of it is difficult to guess. He could only die once, his execution was certain, and he might as well be shot privately, in the attempt to run away, as be decapitated publicly in the town where the great Montrose, his enemy, was done to death. When the Marquis's son, in his turn, was confined in the Castle, his ready brain conceived the novel idea of escaping, not in the dress of a lady, but in that of the lackey of his daughter-in-law. He let the lady's train drop in the mud, whereon, with the wit and coolness of a daughter of the Lindsays, she switched the dripping silk in his face, crying, 'Thou careless loon.' Then the soldiers laughed, and Argyll, for that time got clean away."

Lord Lorne has been trying to acclimatize the Canadian moose in Scotland, but the experiment is a failure. The moisture is too great for animals accustomed to the bracing air of Canada.

A CANADIAN IN CHINA.

Three Years in the Celestial Service—A Formidable Navy—Chinese Superstitions about the Sea—France has a Hard Bone to Bite.

Mr. Andrew P. Cleveland was born in Canada and went to sea in his sixteenth year. After serving for several years on the "Frederick F.," of St. John, N. B., he shipped on the Boston ship "Agnes" and sailed to Canton. Hearing that foreigners were employed in the Chinese navy, he put in an application and was offered a position on the "Tung-Hin," with promise of good wages if he was capable of teaching sailors how to handle the guns. He accepted, and remained from April, 1879, till September, 1882, in the Chinese service; his position was a very pleasant one, and he received none but the kindest treatment from his superiors.

The Chinese, Mr. Cleveland says, have nothing of a seafaring nature about them. But in 1862, seeing the uselessness of their junks against European war-ships, and being required also to put down piracy, the foundations of a navy were laid. Several gunboats that the British Government no longer wanted were handed over to the Chinese, and for nearly a dozen years served all the purposes for which that nation needed water craft. But in 1876, when the Formosa dispute occurred between China and Japan, the fleet of the latter greatly troubled their continental neighbors. The Corea and Loo Choo difficulties followed, and the Chinese purchased fourteen first-class war-ships from an English builder. They are superior vessels, formidably armed and capable of high speed. The purchasers are greatly pleased with the ships and Japan is no longer dreaded. In fact, China has the better navy of the two. While Mr. Cleveland was still in the service the Government took another step. Two double-turreted ironclads were got from the shipyards of Stettin, and these corvettes completed a fleet of sixty vessels, of which the sixteen last referred to are the equals of any afloat. The old gunboats count for very little, but there are some very well built transports in the fleet.

The Chinese are as ingenious as Yankees. They buy an English wagon or American plough, and make others on their model. They are now building ships from the models of those they have bought, the work being directed by Germans or Americans. Doubtless good ships will be built, but it is to be questioned whether manufacturing will not prove most costly than purchase. Li Hung Chang, who really founded the navy, also organized the North China Navigation Company, which had twelve steamers a year ago. These in competition with the junks, have almost a monopoly of the carrying trade. In time of war it is provided that they shall act as transports. Mr. Cleveland describes Li Hung Chang, whom he often met, as a man of great energy. No state officer has more to contend with. He has the greatest difficulty in manning his navy, the people having a superstitious dread of the sea, and being got by the highest wages. The belief is that if a man lives three days on board he will not only have escaped the dreaded bad luck, but will be more fortunate on the sea than anywhere else. Consequently, there are no deserters, after the miserable three days are over. The sailor is ridiculed by all his countrymen and he is an outcast. Li has procured Western officers and sailors without stint. Foreign assistance has done the work of organization, and most of the seamen are good able bodied fellows, well disciplined and capable, and under the authority of competent superintendents.

From my own personal observation, says Mr. Cleveland, I incline to think that the Chinese navy is now quite capable of maintaining the rights of the Empire. Japan is not alone interested. China maintains her dignity on the waters of the Yellow Sea, and as well as her position further south. The Anam affair is critical. The action of the French was regarded as one of intolerable impertinence before I left Canton. The Chinese are fearfully persistent in their opinions, and France will find that she will have a hard bone to bite. If the dispute comes to war, China without a navy could do nothing. But it has a navy, and beyond the shadow of doubt it will be employed in occasion of war, and employed so well that the world will know what it now scarcely dreams of, that China has one of the best and most formidable of modern navies.

A Few Guesses.

A correspondent of the *Home Farm* says: "I wish there were not so much guess work in farming operations, but guessing from my own experience, I cannot afford to keep a butter cow without some kind of provender, I also guess that I cannot afford to grow roots in the ear two parts, and cotton seed meal one part, three parts of the mixture night and morning, fed dry, has given us the best results in cow, milk and butter, and our customers never find fault, I have never had a cow eat at the shingles from the barn or chew bones, while upon this feed. If you have no cobs, throw in a small handful of ashes once or twice a week; also give them all the salt they will eat. For beef oxen I have decided that two dollars in corn meal and one in cotton seed will do as much as four in corn meal alone. The more experience I have in cotton seed, the better I am pleased with it, while the more I have with wheat bran the less I think of it. I know that smarter men than I feed bran and stick to it, and I often think I must have been mistaken and try it again, but always with the same unsatisfactory result. Barley meal gives good results for beef, pork and butter."

But match you are lighting your cigar with is a very small thing, isn't it?" said a passenger who had shared my seat for a few miles. "A small thing; but you wouldn't believe the American people paid out \$27,000,000 for matches last year, would you? It looks big, but it is a fact. Now, take a pencil and figure it out. Fifty millions of people in this country; they use on average five matches each per day; that is 250,000,000 matches daily, or 2,500,000 boxes of 100 matches in a box, every day. Last year these boxes retailed at 3 cents each, making \$75,000,000 a day for matches, or \$27,375,000 a year. And, then, to think that three-fourths of all these matches were supplied by one company. If they didn't make \$3,000,000 clear profit out of it, they didn't make a cent."

DEATH OF THE CRAZY DOVE.

A Bird that Waited Long for her Mate and Died in the Same Way at Last.

A female dove, in Elmira, N. Y., whose peculiar actions for some time past gave it the name of the "crazy dove," was killed recently under these curious circumstances:

The bird was one of a pair that belonged to a young lady living near the Erie Railway track. A few months ago, in flying across the railroad track, the male bird came in contact with the smokestack of the Pacific express locomotive. It was killed instantly, and was thrown suddenly out of the sight of his companion. The female circled about in the air for a few minutes, in evident amazement at the sudden disappearance of her mate. She then flew to a mile post near by, and for a long time gave utterance to the mournful notes peculiar to the species. Suddenly she seemed to realize what had carried her companion from her, and she rose in the air and flew swiftly in the direction the train had taken.

She did not return for a long time. When she did return she alighted at her cot, where she remained for the rest of the day uttering her plaintive cries. The next morning, just before 7 o'clock, she flew to her position on the mile post, near the spot where her mate had disappeared the day before. When the express train came along she flew at the locomotive, hovering about the smoke stack and cab as if looking for her mate. She accompanied the train for about a mile, and then returned.

Every day she repeated her strange actions, taking her place at her lookout on the mile post at exactly the same time, and waiting for the train, no matter how late it might be, and then going through the same manoeuvres, and returning to her cot to mourn as before. She ate but little. On Saturday she collided with the smoke stack of the express train locomotive, just as her mate had done, and met the same fate at nearly the same spot.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

The wheel of fortune turns incessantly round, and who can say within himself I shall to-day be uppermost.

He that hath a scrupulous conscience is like a horse that is not well weighted; he starts at every bird that flies out of the hedge.

Wounds and hardships provoke our courage, and when our fortunes are at the lowest, our wits and minds are commonly at the best.

It is another's fault if he be ungrateful, but it is mine if I do not give. To find one thankful man I will oblige a great many that are not so.

Weigh not so much what men assert, as what they prove; remembering that truth is simple and naked, and needs not invention to apparel her comeliness.

By desiring what is perfectly good, even when we don't quite know what it is, and cannot do what we would, we are part of the divine power against evil.

Alas! if the principles of contentment are not within us, the height of station and worldly grandeur will soon add a cubit to man's stature as to his happiness.

A wise and good man will turn examples of all sorts to his own advantage. The good he will make his patterns and strive to equal or excel them. The bad he will by all means avoid.

Supineness and effeminacy have ruined more constitutions than were ever destroyed by excessive labors. Moderate exercise and toil, so far from prejudicing, strengthens and consolidates the body.

Next to clothes being fine, they should be well made, and worn easily, for a man is only the less genteel for a fine coat, if in wearing it he shows a regard for it, and is not as easy in it as if it were a plain one.

Great talents for conversation should be attended with great politeness. He who eclipses others, owes them great civilities; and whatever a mistaken vanity may tell us, it is better to please in conversation than to shine in it.

If our credit be so well built, so firm, that it is not easy to be shaken by calumny or insinuation, envy then commends us and extols us beyond reason, to those upon whom we depend, till they grow jealous and so blow us up when they cannot throw us down.

Experience keeps a dear school; but fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that; for it is true we may give advice, but we cannot give conduct. However, they that will not be counseled cannot be helped, and it you will not hear reason you will surely rap your knuckles.

A buried village has been found by the Hon. Amado Chaves a mile from his house, near Socorro, New Mexico. Mr. Chaves writes to the *Santa Fe Review*: "It is built of stone. The outer walls are three feet wide, and the city is large enough to have accommodated 3,000 souls. I have already cleared four rooms in the upper story and two on the first floor of one house. The dimensions of the first-floor room just finished are 11x12 feet, while from floor to ceiling the distance is about fifteen feet. The village is almost square, and the building is situated at the northwest corner. The large room has a large door leading to the outside of the wall, but no windows whatever. In this room I found the skeleton of a girl. The hair is in a perfect state of preservation; it is fine, and of a chestnut color. I also found there a string of fine coral beads, one of turquoise beads, another of long ivory beads, and a ring set with a black stone, on top of which is a piece of turquoise. All the timbers of the roof are buried to a char. I have arrived at the door which appears to lead to inner rooms, and I am full of curiosity to open it, but the second floor is only supported by the stones and debris about the door, and should I attempt to remove these the upper story would tumble in and fill up the lower rooms, just cleaned out, with a mass of stone, charred timbers, and debris."

Sir Moses Montefiore was the first Jew ever made Sheriff of London, and was knighted by Queen Victoria a few days after her accession to the throne, when she visited the city on the next Lord Mayor's Day. Mr. Millais is to paint his portrait for next year's Academy.