Farm, Garden and Household.

Household Recipes.

MILK STAINS.—Milk stains on serge dresses may be removed by steeping the part in warm water.

CUP CAKE.—One cup of butter; four eggs; two cups of milk; three cups of sugar; one teaspoonful of soda; five cups of flour.

TO HAVE CORNED BEEF JUICY.—After it is cold, and not dry as a chip, put it into boiling water, when it is put on to cook, and do not take it out of the pot, when done, until cold.

CHARLESTON PUDDING.—Four cups of flour, sifted, with one teaspoonful of soda and two of cream tartar; beat six eggs with three cups of sugar, one cup of butter, and one of cream in them, and gently stir in the flour.

WAFFLES.—One quart of flour, one pint of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, four eggs, a piece of butter the size of a large egg, and a little salt. Bake in waffle irons. Sour cream and less butter improves them.

PUMPKIN PIES.—Pare the pumpkin, grate it, and add sugar and ginger to taste, and milk enough to make it of the proper consistency. Then line your tins with pie crust, put in your pumpkin, and bake in the ordinary way.

BUTTERMILK PUDDING.—Two eggs, two cups of sugar, half a cup of butter, one teaspoonful of soda sifted in two cups of flour, three cups of buttermilk; stir the flour in lightly. It can be turned out.

EGG CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, one egg, a piece of butter the size of an egg, one cup of sour milk, one tablespoonful of soda, a little salt and nutmeg, one tablespoonful of lemon, three cups of flour; beat the white of egg separately, the sugar and yolk and butter together; bake in a thoroughly heated oven.

Manuring for Vegetables.

J. B. Root, a successful market gardener of Rockford, Ill., states in the *Fruit Recorder* that he applies to his ground heavily in winter, broadcast, at the rate of forty loads per acre, well rotted manure, so that the soluble food is leached out and is at hand in the soil for the young vegetables in spring. In no other way can he make the same amount of manure tell so well, and he is never delayed a day in getting his manure out in spring before planting. This practice of winter manuring is becoming more and more appreciated, and possesses many advantages; and although especially useful when applied to grass for inverting as sod in spring, we have long since found it efficacious when used on mellow or worked soil. Fresh manure may be used in this way to better advantage than in the common mode of application, inasmuch as all the soluble parts are carried down and more finely diffused among the particles of the soil than can be done mechanically with the finest compost; while the coarse litter which remains, may be either left as mulch, spaded in, or raked off, as may be most advisable.

How to Make Grafting Wax.

Thomas Matteson, McKean county, Penn., writes: "Take two parts mutton tallow, three parts beeswax; melt the tallow first, and put the beeswax and resin into it. When it is all melted, stir it all up and pour it into cold water and work it over. If there are lumps in it, mash them with your thumb and finger. The longer you work it the more sticky it grows. When it begins to stick to your hands put some tallow on them. Work it till it is all sticky as you want it. Put in a tin pan with a cover to it, and it will keep for a number of years. I think it is as good as sticking salve to put on any sores. Some people put in more tallow than they put in resin or beeswax, to make it softer to work in cold weather; but if tries is too much tallow in it, it will melt and run out in warm weather. I have had about forty years' experience in grafting, and used a number of sorts of grafting wax. Some people put in hot water, and make more trouble than there is need of. I wet my finger with my tongue, and don't find any difficulty in putting the wax on the end of the graft.

Drying Off Cows.

A Vermont farmer says that at the period of drying off cows he has found, particularly with such cows as are in the highest condition, that clotted milk is very apt to collect in one or perhaps all the quarters of the bag, after milking has been discontinued, and sometimes even much later, after I have supposed the flow of milk to be entirely arrested and the bag quite dry. As this secretion goes on, unless the collected matter is withdrawn, the udder becomes more and more distended, inflammation, crudges and putrefaction of the content, ensue. I make no question but that neglect of this matter is the cause of permanent mischief to the udder, and particularly of that contracted condition of the tubules which regulate the passage of the milk from the bag into the teat, a condition discovered not unfrequently, and will surprise as well as regret when the cows come into milk in the spring, and which ever after renders the milking of such cows very irksome."

Composition of Milk.

Prossessor Boedeker has analyzed the milk of a healthy cow at various times of the day, with the view of determining the changes in the relative amount of its constituents. He found that the solids of the evening's milk (13 per cent.) exceeded those of the morning's milk (11 per cent.) while the water contained in the fluid was diminished from 89 to 87 per cent. The fatty matters gradually increase as the day progresses; in the morning they amount to 2.17 per cent., at noon to 2.63 per cent., and in the evening to 3.42 per cent.; so that if 16 ounces of morning's milk will yield nearly half an ounce of butter, about double this quantity can be obtained from the evening's milk. The casein is also increased in the evening's milk from 2.24 to 2.70 per cent.; but the albumen is diminished from 0.44 per cent. to 0.31 per cent. Sugar is least abundant at midnight (4.13 per cent.) and most plentiful at noon (4.72 per cent.) The percentage of the salts undergoes almost no change at any time of the day.

French Beef.

Take a circular piece from the round (having removed the bone), and trim it nicely from the fat, skin, etc. Then lard it all over with long slips of fat pork or bacon. The place from whence the bone was taken must be filled with a forcemeat, made of minced suet, grated bread-crumbs, sweet marjoram rubbed fine, and grated lemon peel; add a little salt and pepper. Tie a tape closely round the outside of the beef, to keep it compact and in shape. Put it into a broad earthen jar with a cover; or into an iron bake-oven. Add some whole pepper, a large onion, a bunch of sweet herbs, three bay leaves, a quarter of a pound of butter, divide into small bits (each piece rolled in flour), and half a pint of claret or port wine. Bake or stew it thus in its own liquor, for five, six or seven hours, (in proportion to its size), for it must be thoroughly done, quite tender, and brown all through the inside.

Brilliant Success.

It is permitted to few men or companies to achieve acknowledged superiority in any important position or business. The present generation has witnessed stupendous rivalry in several branches of industry, and notably the Sewing Machine business. Amid a multitude of competitors, steadily and surely the Wheeler & Wilson Company, held their way from the beginning, upon fixed and honorable principles. Long since, their leading position in America was established. Abroad, at London, in 1862, they won the highest premiums; at Paris, in 1867, they distanced eighty-two competitors, and were awarded the highest premium, the only Gold Medal for Sewing Machines exhibited; and lastly, amid unparalleled competition, followed the splendid triumphs at Vienna, noted in our advertising columns.

Lot's wife got into a pretty pickle.

From Want of Bread.

"At the close of a bitter cold day
When the snow on the frozen ground lay,
A poor woman's child
With a face wan and mild,
In a garret was passing away.

Gaunt hunger,
Dread hunger,
Had stolen the bloom from his cheek,
And his mother sat there,
With a look of despair,
To catch what her darling might speak.

'Come closer dear mother,' he said,
'And lay your soft hand on my head,
And tell me once more
Of that other bright shore,
Where we never shall hunger for bread.'

'Rest, darling,
Peace, darling,'
She raised him to lull him to rest,
And she hushed the soft moan
From his forehead so fair,
But he died as he lay on her breast.

The morning broke joyous and clear,
'Twas the first of the opening year,
But the shouts of gay boys,
And the carols of noise,
Fell unheard on that poor mother's ear.

Oh! hear it
Ye wealthy, well clothed, and well fed,
In that season of joy,
A mother and boy,
Had perished for the want of bread."

JOHN'S CHOICE.

Peter Jansen was a wealthy and eccentric New England farmer. The owner in fee simple of many broad and fertile acres of available land, and the proud parent of a very promising son, now near grown, who in his infancy had been designated by the not altogether unheard of name of John.

Now John Jansen had been brought up in a very careful and proper manner, and it was therefore not to be wondered at that, as he grew more mature, that he was regarded as a very exemplary young man by those who knew him intimately. He was sober and industrious in his habits, cultivated and refined in his tastes, with disposition to get along and prosper in the world, as his father had done before him.

But the time came when he was one and twenty. This is a remarkable epoch in the lives of most young men, when fully freed from parental restraint by the construction of the law, they think they know so much, and subsequently learn that they know so little.

Now possibly Peter the poor regarded this event in his son's life with as great concern as did John the junior, for certain it is, that shortly thereafter he summoned the young man into his presence for a little private conversation.

"Well, John," he said, "how does it seem to be one and twenty?"

"Seem! why I can't see as it seems any different from any other time."

"Can't, eh? O, well you'll see quick enough, I guess. I suppose the next thing you'll be thinking of will be getting married."

"O, I hadn't thought of such a thing yet in earnest."

"Hadn't, eh? well, you'd better be thinking; getting married is about as important a thing as'll ever happen to you."

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Suppose so? suppose so? you'll know so by and by. Well, John, you're old enough to begin to think seriously about this matter. I ain't going to have you running around unsettled and unsteady in your habits and character. Now, the quicker you pick you out a wife and settle down, the better. Mind you, my boy, this wasting three or four of the best years of your life in sowing your wild oats, is a very foolish principle for young men to adhere to. Now, I don't propose to have you do anything of the kind, and if you avoid it you won't have a harvest of briars and thistles to gather in afterwards. Now, just as soon as you will pick you out a good, prudent, and industrious little wife, I've a good farm to give you, and enough to set you up in reasonable shape, you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'm not an ogre nor a penny-a-liner, and shall not torment until you have compelled with my wishes."

"But, father"

"I mean what I say, exactly, and no more; make this matter your first business, particularly with such cows as are in the highest condition, that clotted milk is very apt to collect in one or perhaps all the quarters of the bag, after milking has been discontinued, and sometimes even much later, after I have supposed the flow of milk to be entirely arrested and the bag quite dry. As this secretion goes on, unless the collected matter is withdrawn, the udder becomes more and more distended, inflammation, crudges and putrefaction of the content, ensue. I make no question but that neglect of this matter is the cause of permanent mischief to the udder, and particularly of that contracted condition of the tubules which regulate the passage of the milk from the bag into the teat, a condition discovered not unfrequently, and will surprise as well as regret when the cows come into milk in the spring, and which ever after renders the milking of such cows very irksome."

"But this is rather sudden."

"That makes no difference, if you are not satisfied with my terms, the world is wide enough, for both of us, to get along and bright enough to learn your own living; if you can do better by yourself than I can do by you, why, start right out in the world, for I'll not be responsible for your debts hereafter. I have stated my terms, and I do not propose to alter them."

"But would I marry?"

"There's Israel Ives's five daughters, and I have no doubt you can have your pick out of them. They've all been well brought up, and any one of them is good enough for you, so go ahead and do as well as you report favorably, the farm is yours."

"But which one shall I take, father?"

"Which one shall you take," repeated Peter Jansen, "it must be a bright one, surely, that cannot decide at sight what woman to pick out of a dozen, and a singular youth you are not to have your eyes on nice already. How ever, make your own choice, and you'll be happier, live longer, and prosper better in your domestic affairs gather age."

With these comforting remarks, the kind father turned away, and John was left to his reflections.

Now the latter was not a coxcomb, nor was he a fool for a person of his age and circumstances, but he was very diffident and bashful. It was this quality of his disposition that made him so adverse to ladies society, and had occasioned no little anxiety to old Peter, who had already begun to fear that John would be a confirmed bachelor, before his desire to klutify assist John's matrimonial matters along.

For many months after his father's exit, John sat profoundly thinking; he believed he did have an unexplainable sort of tenderness for the youngest daughter of Israel Ives. If not strictly beautiful, she was at least a very sensible girl, and would make a practical housekeeper. John had but little sentiment in his composition; his matters were more matter of fact. The more John thought of matrimony, the more fixed became his determination of soon putting himself as soon as possible.

A night or two after this settlement to the weighty matter with his father, it was noised that he stirred himself with unusual care before going out, as he intended to call and attend the "debating society." His father and mother regarded each other significantly, as if they well understood what was uppermost in John's mind, but they gave the young man no intimation that they suspicioned his intentions.

After a last lingering look at the looking-glass, John started forth into the darkness, taking the shortest road possible to the residence of Israel Ives.

He soon came to the place he intended visiting. A bright light gleamed out through the front windows, with welcoming beams, and he fancied he could see smiling faces there, yet his heart thumped so very singularly under his shining satin vest that it was several minutes before he could make up his mind to knock at the door; he walked up and down the road past the place several times, to calm himself, and to think over the words he proposed saying when in the presence of Miss Ives.

At last he turned in at the gate, and walking boldly up to the front door, he made his presence suddenly known to the Ives family, by means of the friendly assistance of the heavy brass knocker.

Israel Ives came to the door, with a flaring candle in his hand; he gave a sudden little start of surprise upon recognizing his visitor.

"Why! John," he said, "is this you?"

"Is Miss Ives at home?" said John, nervously, forgetting in his sudden embarrassment to designate the particular Miss Ives he wished to see.

"Certainly, certainly," replied Israel, smiling mischievously, "walk right into the parlor and sit down and she will come in presently."

Leaving his hat upon the rack in the hall, John did as he was bid; he sat down upon the outer edge of the chair and awaited the young lady's coming. He heard several suppressed giggles in the adjoining room, and a subdued suggestion upon the part of Israel that they had best not to act silly and foolish. Then the door opened, and in sailed Miss Sophronty Ives, followed by Patience, Priscilla, Malvina and Lucy Ives, each simultaneously smiling and trying to look as sweet and pretty as possible. They advanced one by one and gave down a greeting, after which they arranged themselves in a graceful group about him, then began the liveliest conversation John had ever listened to. He began to grow uneasy and to lose his self-possession. This was rather more Miss Ives than he had anticipated meeting.

At last a sudden idea occurred to him.

"Girls," he said, "do any of you play and sing?"

The young ladies all suddenly giggled.

"Sometimes," said Miss Sophronty, with a sly glance at her sisters.

"Suppose we have a game then," said John earnestly.

Several handkerchiefs were simultaneously produced, and before John was aware he was in midnight darkness.

"But you must be blinded to play Lucy," said Miss Malvina, "it always makes it livelier to have two, you know."

So Miss Lucy's sight was temporarily deserted in the same manner that John's had been.

Then the word "ready" was given, and without a word of warning Sophronty, Patience, Priscilla and Malvina noiselessly glided from the room.

For awhile John and Lucy groped innocently about them, each failing to find the objects they sought; at last John spoke.

"Lucy, where are you all?" he said helplessly.

No answer came to his question from those he was seeking.

"John," said Lucy, "I believe they're ridiculing us."

Just at that moment the two approached each other with their hands extended, and they were each suddenly clasped in each other's arms. This was a sensation so new to John that it almost deprived him of articulation.

"O, is it you, John," said Lucy, "I do believe they're fooling us."

She suddenly removed the bandage from her eyes, and the next moment John felt her deft little fingers untying the knot in the handkerchief that was bound about his head.

"Look a here, Lucy," she said in a half provoked sort of a way, just see what trick they've played us on. I might have known what they were up to. Never mind, we'll have a real pleasant visit now."

They sat down side by side on the high-backed sofa, and Lucy talked so pleasantly and encouragingly to John that he soon felt perfectly at home. He was almost astonished at his self possession. The minutes lengthened into hours, and, well, he never could fully explain how it was afterwards, but the fact was that Lucy promised that she would be Mrs. John Jansen whenever he was ready to claim her as his own, and John went home that night very proud and happy, and on the following morning he informed his astonished father that he was now ready to take charge of the farm and be ready to forever after hereafter keeping.

Peter Jansen kept his word, and John was often seen complacently heard to say that if it hadn't been for that friendly game of blind man's bluff he would hardly have known how to have made a choice.

Origin of the Dollar Mark.

A writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* has a curious paper on the origin of the dollar symbol $. In brief, his theory is that the two parallel upright marks may be traced back to the pillars of Hercules, and the S like figure of the serpent entwined around them. According to tradition, when the Ivy race of kings landed on the Atlantic coast of Spain, and founded the eminent city of Cadiz, now Cadiz, Melcarthus, the leader of the expedition, set up two pillars, bearing the motto "Ne plus ultra," to commemorate his exploits, over which was built a temple of Hercules. As the temple increased in wealth, the pillars were replaced by others, and the motto changed to "Plus ultra." In the time of Carthage the pillars were represented on the coins of that city, and when Cadiz fell into the hands of the Romans it was represented on their coins. Hence it is argued that the symbol of the English pound sterling, which is a libra, or balance, and the dollar mark, which is a pillar, have a similar origin. In the same paper it is stated that the pillars of Hercules are traced far back into the remote ages, when, surely, that cannot decide at sight what woman to pick out of a dozen, and a singular youth you are not to have your eyes on nice already. However, make your own choice, and you'll be happier, live longer, and prosper better in your domestic affairs gather age.

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Fortune Made by a Waistcoat.

Some people have a fancy for fine waistcoats. This taste was more common in my young days than it is now. Stirring public events were apt to be celebrated by patterns of waistcoats to meet the popular fancy. I remember that the capture of Mauritius, at the close of 1810, was followed by the fashion of wearing waistcoats speckled over with small figures shaped like the French fleurs-de-lis of France waistcoats. It was a galling thing for the French prisoners of war on parole to be subjected with these demonstrations. At a party, high ornamented waistcoats have been the fashion for generations. George Prince of Wales, while Regent, was fond for his affection for this rich variety, and he gave a splendid ball, a sworn of bagnets being presented from a thick cloud which interrupted the light of the sun. The coming of the bounts was heralded by a whizzing sound like that which precedes a storm of wind, and the noise of their wings as if their bodies as they chased together was greater than the roar of breakers on the sea shore. One Leadham saw at Philippeville, Algeria, a cloud of locusts twenty to twenty-five miles in length, which, when it descended to the earth, formed a layer over an inch in thickness. Toward the close of the year 1864, the cotton plantations of Senegal were destroyed, and a living cloud was seen to pass over the country from morning till night; the rate at which it moved showed that it was about fifty miles long, and this was the vanguard, for when the sun went down a still denser cloud was moving on. The French traveler, Barrow, states that in South Africa, the year 1797, these insects covered the ground to the extent of two square miles, and that, having been driven by the wind toward the sea, they formed a drift near the coast nearly four feet in depth, and fifty miles long. After the wind changed, the stench of their putrefying carcasses was recognized at the distance of one hundred and fifty miles.

REST IS OLD AGE.—I covet rest neither for myself nor my friends so long as we are able to work; but when age or weakness comes on, and hard labor becomes an unendurable burden, then the necessity to work is deeply painful, and it seems to imply an evil state of society wherever such a necessity generally exists. One's old age should be tranquil, as one's old age should be playful; headwork at either extremity of human existence seems to me out of place. The morning and the evening should be alike peaceful; at mid-day, the sun may burn, and men may labor under it.

When is a singer like a price list? When he is in voice.

XLIIId CONGRESS.

SENATE.

MR. CONKLING, of N. Y. introduced a bill to provide for deductions from the terms of United States prisoners etc. Reads twice.

Resolutions of five days from each month in which the charges of misconduct shall have been sustained against him and pardon for his imprisonment in the Penitentiary, to some prisoner to make inquiry into the treatment and treatment of United States prisoners after ever they was in custody.

The Senate resumed the consideration of the resolution submitted by Mr. Bayard, relative to the payment of Mr. Bayard's salary as one of the members of the Commission, and the question being on the amendment proposed by Mr. Edmunds, to strike out the preamble and resolution, and insert in lieu thereof the following:

Mr. Edmunds moved to amend the amendment by striking out the preamble and resolution, and insert in lieu thereof the following:

Mr. Bayard moved to amend the amendment by striking