

## Home Economies.

**BRAISED TURKEY.**—Truss the turkey as for boiling; stuff it with either sausage meat, forcemeat, potato or chestnut stuffing. Line the bottom of a braising pan with slices of bacon; lay the turkey on these, and place more slices of bacon on the top of it. Put in two carrots and two onions cut in slices, and sweet herbs, parsley, bay leaf, a clove of garlic, whole pepper and salt to taste; moisten with some stock. Lay a round of buttered paper on the top, put on the lid and braise with a moderate fire (under and above) for about four hours; then serve with gravy strained and freed from excess of fat.

**EGYPTIAN KABOBS.**—Cut the lean of a neck or loin of mutton into dice about one inch square or larger. Have some onions or tomatoes chopped together, and rub on these pieces, allowing them to stand in the mixture two hours. Then put about four pieces on a skewer (six skewers full make a dish), stand them up in front of the fire or in the oven, and turn as the meat becomes brown, basting with the tomato juice, and sprinkling with flour. Pour the tomato juice and the gravy around the kabobs when served. Make a broth of the scraps and bones that are left in preparing the kabobs.

**OYSTER FRITTERS.**—Fifty small oysters, two eggs, one pint of flour, one heaping teaspoonful of salt, one table-spoonful of salad oil, enough water with the oyster liquor to make a scant half pint. Drain and chop the oysters, add the water and salt to the liquor. Pour part of this on the flour, and when smooth add the remainder. Add the oil and eggs, first well beaten. Stir the oysters into the batter. Drop small spoonfuls of this into boiling fat, and fry until brown. Drain and serve hot.

## Pictures of Privation.

**Hardships Endured by the Nail-makers of England.**

About 24,000 people are engaged in the "Black Country" part of Great Britain in making nails and rivets. It would not be so much a matter for surprise, even for the lowness of wages that they earn, if they were all men and youths who are engaged in this industry—one of the worst paid in any part of the country. But it so happens—and here arises the social degradation of the traffic—that there are at least 16,000 females engaged day after day in the occupation. They are not all mature women either; daughters work by the side of their mothers—daughters who, in their tender years, ought to be either at home, if they have any home, or in bed, instead of working their weary arms in shaping, in the still small hours of the morning, molten iron into the form of nails for the benefit of what are called the "foggers." Here is a picture of what may be seen any night in this district—except, perhaps, Saturday night. In the middle of a shed which adjoins a squalid-looking house there is a whole family at work in the production of these nails; father, mother, sons and daughters—daughters, too, very young in years, but with that sad look of premature age which is always to be noticed in the faces of child-workers. The gaiety of youth, its freshness and its gentleness, seem to be crushed out of them. In the centre of the shed, with its raftered ceiling—a bleak and wretched building, through the walls of which the wind readily finds its way—there is a "hearth," fed by "glodes" or breezes. Probably there is a girl or woman blowing at the bellows, while the strips of iron from which the nails are made become molten. Or, to take an actual case witnessed by the writer a few nights since, close upon midnight: In one of these forges were a mother and several children. The mother was a woman probably forty years of age; her youngest daughter—a flaxen-haired girl, with a sweet and winsome face—was certainly not more than twelve years of age. By the side of the hearth there was what is technically called the "Oliver"—a barrel-like construction, on the top of which is fixed the stamp of the particular pattern and size of the nail required to be made. The workmen and workwomen, by means of a wooden treadle—an industrial treadmill it ought more strictly to be called—shoot out the nails from the slot into which they are fixed. They have previously hammered the top of the incandescent metal, with masculine firmness, so as to form the head of the nail. The women and girls seem to work with more vigor than the men—very often, indeed, they support their husbands and their fathers, who may have fallen into drunken habits; in other cases, this nail-making is the means of supplementing the husband's wages.

But what do the nail-makers earn a week? may naturally be asked. The remuneration they receive is incredibly small. It is no unusual thing—on the contrary, it is rather the usual custom—for a family of three or four persons, after working something like fourteen hours a day, to earn £1 in a week. But out of this money there has to be de-

ducted 1s 3d. for carriage to convey the nails to the "gaffers," as they are termed in the district; then there is allowance to be made for fuel and the repairing of the machinery, which reduces the £1 to about 16s. 9d. for three people—for three people who have commenced to work every morning at half-past 7 or 8 o'clock, and who have worked on through all the weary day, with no substantial food, until late at night. Who is it that reaps the benefit of all this terribly hard work? Certainly not the laborers; for it is a well-known fact that they rarely taste meat from one week's end to the other. In the expressive but simple language of one poor workman, this is how they fare: "When the bread comes hot from the bakehouse oven on Saturday we eat it like ravening wolves." The "foggers" or "Tommy shop" men live lives of contentment, profit and rest at the expense of the poor nail-workers. The "fogger" is an intermediate agent between the worker of nails and the buyer. Out of the bone and sinew of these poor people he makes a very fine living—and he does not work. He has a huckster's shop attached to his dwelling; he supplies, at the beginning of the week, the nail-workers with their sixty-pound bundles of iron, and when they return the bundles of iron in the marketable shape of nails—out of which he makes at least twenty per cent profit—if they do not buy his high-priced provisions, they get no more work from him. These are the men who, by cutting down the workmen's wages to starvation point, are at the root of the evil.—London Standard.

## Historical.

Fire engines were invented by Ctesibius 250 B. C.

The first recorded plague in all parts of the world occurred 767 B. C.

The celebrated mineral spring at Cheltenham was discovered in 1718.

February and January were added to the calendar by Numa about 751 B. C.

Armorica, which is now Brittany, was conquered by Caesar 56 B. C.

The practice of using a baldachin in churches was introduced into England in 1279.

New Brunswick was taken from Nova Scotia and made a separate province in 1785.

Conchology was first reduced to a system in 1675 by John Daniel, Mayor of Kiel.

Optic nerves were discovered about 1538 by N. Varole, a Bolognese physician and surgeon.

The German flute was known to the ancients, but has been much improved by the French in modern times.

The line of the house of Capet ended with Charles IV. in 1328, and the throne passed to the house of Valois.

It was in 1534 that Cosmo dei Medici, who had been banished, was recalled to Florence and made chief of the Medici family.

The Parsees lived in Persia until 638, when the Arabs annihilated their monarchy, and some submitted and the rest fled to India.

The lion and unicorn became the supporters of the English royal arms in 1603 at the accession of James. The unicorn was the Scottish supporter.

The Euboean Tables were discovered by Gubbio in 1444, at ancient Euboeum. They are seven brazen tablets with inscriptions relating to sacrifices; four are in Umbrian, two in Latin and one in a mixture of the two dialects.

The order of the Knights of St. Catharine was instituted in Palestine in 1063. An order of Russian ladies of the highest rank was founded by Peter the Great in 1714, in honor of the bravery of his Empress Catharine. They were to be distinguished for purity of life and manners.

The Dannewirke or series of earth-works which extends across the peninsula of Schleswig, Holstein and Jutland was, it was thought, constructed during the stone age. Queen Thyra rebuilt it in 937, and was on this account given the surname of Dannebod or the pride of the Danes.

## Why He Was Absent.

The Reverend Whangdoodle Baxter recently met Jim Webster on Austin venne.

"What's de reason, James, dat I doesn't see yer at de church no moah?" asked Whangdoodle.

"Because I wasn't dar, I reckon."

"But why wasn't yer dar?"

"I tell you, parson, perzactly how dat am. Eber since I stole dem turkeys outen your hen coop I has done lost all confidence in myself."

Nearly 200,000 acres of Mississippi delta land has been bought by Gen. Gordon of Georgia. It is the richest and perhaps the most unhealthy land in the world.

## Etiquette and Steel Forks.

The writers of treatise on etiquette, however much they may differ upon many points of behavior, all agree in telling us that one should not eat with the knife. Now, this is a questioning age, when the caustic intellect of the rising generation bites into all assertions which our predecessors have accepted as axioms, and it may not be out of place to inquire if there is any good existing reason why man should not carry food to his mouth with a knife. The prejudice against the use of the knife grew up when the guests at an Anglo-Saxon dinner-party brought their own knives with them to the feast and cut there-with their portions from the common dishes. Now, it is obvious that it would be improper to eat with the knife which was to be put into the common dish. Our refined ancestors, therefore, conveyed their portions to their mouths with their fingers, after having cut them out with their case-knives. Refined ladies then would have had reason for shrinking with disgust from a man who did not eat with his fingers. The well-known saying that "fingers were made before forks" was once replied to by a clever Bostonian by the assertion that his fingers were not. But when forks came in and supplanted fingers the reason for the prejudice against the use of the knife faded away, and our sensible forerunners of the last century, finding it impossible to balance their small vegetables upon the two-pronged forks of the period, used their knives fearlessly, and in a few old families the knives with their rounded edges and broadened ends still exist, showing the manner of a bygone age, as fossils show the animal world of the silurian period.

But, within the last few years, since silver forks have come into use, knives are not allowed to approach the mouths, and a host at a dinner would prefer that his guests should backbite their neighbors or make puns, rather than that they should eat with their knives. It is obvious that the objection that the mouth may be cut by the knife, is not tenable; one might as well assert that the sharp points of the fork are likely to put out the latter's eye. It is simply a prejudice, which holds sway over human minds and which people observe, just as they retain two buttons over the coat-tail, long after the reason for them has ceased to exist. The prejudice is so deep-rooted that courts have taken judicial cognizance of it. Not long ago a German traveler was eating a piece of Bologna sausage in a railway train, using his knife. The train suddenly stopped, just as the edge of the knife was against his mouth, and the man's cheek was badly cut. The man sued the company for damages, but the claim was not sustained for the reason that it is not good manners to eat with a knife.—Boston Advertiser.

## Old Saws Revived.

As old as the hills—the valleys. A handsome handkerchief around the neck of a swell young man does not always denote a sore throat.

The man who has a red nose and won't acknowledge it, is not always stubborn. He may be color blind.

Tomato red is the fashionable shade of hair. Some people can't bear it, while others can. Tin can.

A child being asked what were the three great feasts of the Jews, promptly replied: "Breakfast, dinner and supper."

Counsel: "Why are you so very precise in your statement? Are you afraid of telling an untruth?" Witness—promptly: "No, sir."

Virginia mediums claim that they can call up a spirit that slaps the mouths of spectators. One of these fine evenings that spirit is going to slap the wrong man.

"Who was the first man?" asked a teacher of a little girl. "My papa was," she replied. "Oh, no; your papa was not the first man by any means." "Well, he was the first one I ever saw, anyhow."

An Irishman being a little fuddled was asked what was his religious belief. "Is it my belafte ye'd be asking me about?" said he. "It's the same as the widow Brady's. I owe her twelve shillings for whiskey, and she believes I'll never pay her, and that's my belafte, too."

"A Troy man had his ear ripped off by a buzz-saw. An excited young doctor, who had been striving for several months for his first case, stuck it on backward, sewed it fast and it grew. And now that man looks like a crack trotter waiting to get the word, and he can hear half way round the square in both directions.

That fellow has a monstrous foot, the biggest I ever saw." "How large?" asked the general. "Give us some idea of its size." "I don't know that I can; but I'll tell you what's a fact. His foot was so big that—well, you have heard the old story of the fellow who

used the forks of the road for a boot-jack? Yes; well, Nick tried it, and split the road so far that the geography of the neighborhood was changed.

Sweetly sings a nineteenth century poet: "What will heal my bleeding heart?" Lint, man, lint; put on plenty of lint. Or hold a cold door key to the back of your neck, press a small roll of paper under the end of your lip, and hold up your left arm. This latter remedy is to be used only in case your heart bleeds at the nose.

## A Mixture.

Ladies are like watches—pretty enough to look at; sweet faces and delicate hands, but somewhat difficult to "regulate" after they are set a going.

Somebody put a fresh turnover in among those on the counter of a railway restaurant and the traveler who got hold of it was so astonished that he gasped four times.

"Dear Mr. Jones," said a learned woman; "you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in the upper story." "Divine Amelia Brown," said he, "you occupy my upper story."

"Well William, what has become of Robert?" "What, 'asent' you 'eard, sir?" "No! Not defunct, I hope!" "That's just exactly what he 'as done, sir, and walked off with everything he could lay his 'ands on!"

We are willing to take a certain amount of stock in newspaper accounts of Western cyclones, but when an Arkansas paper tells us about a zephyr carrying a bed-quilt sixty-one miles, and then went back for the sheet, we ain't there.

A very colored man who entered complaint against another for assaulting and battering him upon the head, was told by the Justice: "I don't see any marks." "Does ye s'pose he hit me wid a piece of chalk?" was the indignant rejoinder. The case proceeded.

"I'm going to a masquerade ball this evening, and I want an appropriate dress," he said to the costumer. "What is your business?" "O, I'm a milkman." "Ah! Then you'd better put on a pair of pumps and go disguised as a waterfall.

Miss Malvina Runley had just started out with her beau for a walk, when her little brother Johnny calls to her from the fence: "I say, Malviny, don't you bring that feller back here to tea with you. Mamma says there ain't no'n enough biscuit to go around as it is."

Herbert Spencer says the coming American will be a more powerful man than has heretofore existed. This must imply that he will be more wealthy than Vanderbilt, for the richest man is the most powerful. We have a vague notion that we are not the "coming American."

When Mrs. Fogg asked her lord and master for a fur cloak, and he replied that, really, my dear, I cannot fur get you, she did not feel so bad because she couldn't get the cloak, but was quite broken down by the heartless manner of a man who could make a pun on a matter of such transcendental importance.

A man of tact always manages to get out of a difficulty. The clerk of a parish, whose business was to read the "first lesson," came across the chapter in David in which the names Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego occur twelve times, and finding it extremely difficult to pronounce these names he went through the chapter referring to them as "the aforesaid gentlemen."

## The New Boy.

He was a bran new office boy, young, pretty-faced, with golden ringlets and blue eyes. Just such a boy as one would imagine would be taken out of his little trundle-bed in the middle of the night and transported beyond the stars. The first day he glanced over the library in the editorial room, became acquainted with everybody, knew all the printers, and went home in the evening as happy and cheery as a sunbeam. The next day he appeared, leaned out of the back window, expectorated on a bald-headed printer's pate, tied the cat up by the tail in the hallway, had four fights with another boy, borrowed two dollars from an occupant of the building, saying his mother was dead, collected his two days' pay from the cashier, hit the janitor with a broomstick, pawned a coat belonging to a member of the editorial staff, wrenched the knobs off the doors, upset the ice-cooler, pried three galleys of type, and mashed his finger in the small press. On the third day a note was received, saying: "Mi Mother do not want I to work in such a dull place. She says I would make a Good preacher. So Do I. mi finger is Better; gone fashin'. Yours Till Deth do Yank us."

## Saved by Sally.

Not long since a young man in Carson got married and started for California with his young wife. As he boarded the train his father bade him good-by and gave him the paternal blessing.

"My son," said the aged sire, shaking with emotion, etc., "remember these words if you never see me again: Never go into a place where you would not take your wife."

The couple settled in Mariposa county, and last week the old man went down to visit them. He proposed a bear hunt, and they were fortunate enough to track a grizzly to his lair among some of the bowlders in the chaparral. As the two approached the bear roused up and sent forth a growl of defiance which shook the trees.

"Go in there and kill 'im," said the old man, excitedly.

The son held back, further acquaintance with the bear seeming in some respects undesirable.

"Count me out," he said.

"Have I crossed the seas and settled in America to raise a coward?" shouted the father, brandishing the gun.

"I but recollect your advice when I left Carson," was the reply. "How can I forget your sage precepts. Didn't you tell me never to go where I couldn't take my wife? How would Sal look there with that bear?"

The old man clasped his dutiful son to his bosom, and, as the bear issued forth, exclaimed:

"Speaking of Sally, let us hasten home; our prolonged absence might cause her needless alarm."

In about fifteen minutes they had reached the ranch, the old man a little ahead, and the distance was about four miles.—Carson (Nev.) Appeal.

## Street Arab's Honor.

"Sergeant," said a diminutive specimen of the street Arab, as he met an officer wearing a Sergeant uniform, on the street about 10 o'clock last night, "can you send an officer to guard some property to-night?"

The urchin's clothes were tattered, his face was dirty, and he was soaked with rain, but there was a manly air about him for all that. The officer looked somewhat astonished at the request coming from such a strange source, and said kindly: "What do you want an officer for, my boy?"

"Because," answered the child, and tears filled his eyes, "I was leaning against a store window on Chestnut street, and I guess I pushed too hard, and the glass broke, and I couldn't make anybody hear, so I started as fast as I could to find, an officer, to keep anybody from stealing the things in the window. And, Sergeant, I have thirty-five cents I made selling papers to-day. If I give you that, don't you think they would let me go until I could make enough to pay for the glass? It is every cent I have but I don't want to go to jail."

"Keep your money, my boy," said the officer. "I will see that the store is guarded and if you go and see the owner to-morrow, I don't believe he will take a cent from you. Anyhow, I can trust you."

"Thank you," said the boy. "I will be sure to go and see him, and I will try to save all the money I can to pay him, if he wants it." And drying his eyes, he went on, probably to a cheerless home.

Missionaries Shooting Cannibals.

A novelty in missionary work was the shooting of fifty cannibal heathens by the Rev. Mr. Brown and his associates. The crime of these cannibals, who were natives of New Britain, was that they had eaten several missionaries. Mr. Brown, who was in charge of the missions, appears to be a man of great pluck. He determined to give the unregenerate cannibals a lesson which they would not soon forget, knowing that if he omitted to do this they would return and eat the rest of the missionary force. He at once organized an expedition against them, and by the time that fifty or so had fallen, the rest capitulated, and expressed their sorrow for what had happened, promising to eat missionary no more. This action of Mr. Brown's has given rise to much discussion in the missionary circles. The Western Board of Missions at Sydney, New South Wales, to which he is amenable, neither praised nor condemned him, but merely expressed regret that he should have been placed in such circumstances as he was. It seems hard that a missionary should have to shoot the very heathen for whose conversion he labors. At this distance it is easy to blame him, as some of the papers have already done, and very severely. But it is evident that such circumstances as he was, it seems hard that a missionary should have to shoot the very heathen for whose conversion he labors.

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## The Man of Uniform Ways.

The Emperor William's uniforms comprise one of each of the regiments of the guards and of the body regiments, one each of Baden, Bavaria, Saxony, Wurtemberg, four Russian uniforms, and one each of his Austrian regiments of the line and hussars. The civilian suits are elegant and chiefly dark, although a light pair of trousers is now and then tolerated. The regular head covering is the high silk hat. The hunting suits are rarely renewed, on the principle, probably, that the older the better. Perhaps the most remarkable piece is the emperor's brownish gray havelock, which he wears in the spring and fall in his drives, and with which, though twenty-five years old, he is not willing to part with. All his uniforms and suits were made by a member of the same family, whose predecessors presented the young Prince William with his first uniform. Numerous as the contents of his wardrobe are, and have been, it has never held a dress-gown.

## The Next European War.

An article on "Strategy" in the current number of the *Deutsche Rundschau*, by Baron Von der Goltz, contains some interesting speculations on the next European war. The forces engaged in such a war would, he says, be far greater even than those which were brought into the field in 1870. A single army of five crops occupies eight English miles on the battlefield. But the entire force of a great European State now consists of four or five such armies; and the disasters consequent on the collision of two or more such States would naturally be in proportion to their strength—especially as, thanks to the development of the feeling of the nationality, wars will in the future be fought not from policy but from national hostility. Armies will assume the character of great popular migrations, and will be numbered not by hundreds of thousands but by millions of armed men. This will diminish their mobility. Germany will not again find an open country with excellent roads, and, however excellent her commanders may be, she will not have the chance again of advancing into an enemy's country with such rapidity and success. The characteristics of the wars of the future will be a slow advance, a constant bringing up of reserves, and defeat caused only by complete exhaustion; flank attacks will be made by armies instead of, as in 1870, by brigades or divisions, and the district used as a battlefield will be entirely devastated. The feeling of nationality will also make it much more difficult to end a war than formerly. Austria would not venture to take back Lombardy and Venice, even if her victorious armies should penetrate to Naples, and Germany would not have been able in 1870 to annex Burgundy and Champagne, although they were at her mercy.

## A Provident Englishman.

An affable though somewhat desiccated American was on his way the other day to the city of Boston. He had, with that thrifty forethought of his nation, secured a lower berth, and was meditating upon the wisdom of gathering his body behind the curtains when he was accosted by an Englishman in a tweed suit. The Englishman was of an ample presence and had the air of one who had been pastured on mutton chops all his life.

"You will excuse me," said he of the tweed suit, "but am I right in supposing that you have the lower berth?"

"You bet your life," replied the other.

"My sister," said the owner of the tweed suit, "has the upper berth, which is deuced awkward, you know. The fact is," added the Englishman, with frank urbanity, "it's unpleasant for ladies to climb up past a man in a lower berth. Now, might I ask you, sir, to do me the extreme favor of occupying the upper berth and permitting my sister to take yours?"

The request was scarcely proffered when the American, with the gallantry of a genuine Yank, hastened to assure his English acquaintance that nothing could give him more pleasure than to be of service to a lady.

On the following morning the American was astonished to see a pair of tweed legs emerge from a lower berth opposite that which he had politely given up, and the next moment the adipose upper extremities of the Englishman.

"Say," said the American, as an air of grave disgust began to creep over his astonished physiognomy, "didn't you ask me to give up my lower berth to your sister?"

"Certainly, my dear fellow," replied the gentleman addressed, "hope you slept will?"

"And you had a lower berth?"

"Of course."

"And then you got me to give up mine to your sister, sir?"

"Why, my dear fellow," said the Englishman, in his turn, "you didn't expect I'd give up a lower berth to my own sister, did you?"—Toronto News.