

Sanitary.

CURE FOR EARACHE.—There is scarcely any ache to which children are subject so hard to bear and so difficult to cure as earache. But there is a remedy never known to fail. Take a bit of cotton batting, put upon it a pinch of black pepper, gather it up and tie it, dip it in sweet oil and insert it in the ear. Put a flannel handkerchief over the head to keep it warm. It will give immediate relief.

CURE FOR LUMBAGO.—A correspondent in Smyrna, Turkey, sends the following, and states that it is reliable: Take a piece of oilskin cloth, such as we use to cover tables, but of soft, pliant kind, sufficiently large to cover the loins; place it over the flannel shirt, and bandage yourself with a flannel bandage; profuse perspiration will ensue on the loins, and you are quickly rid of the wearisome complaint.

HOW TO APPLY THE SODA REMEDY IN BURNS AND SCALDS.—It is now many years ago that the author, while engaged in some investigations as to the qualities and effects of the alkalis in inflammations of the skin, etc., was fortunate enough to discover that a saline lotion, or saturated solution of the bicarbonate of soda in either plain water or camphorated water, if applied speedily, or as soon as possible, to a burned or scalded part was most effectual in immediately relieving the acute burning pain, and when the burn was only superficial, or not severe, removing all pain in the course of a very short time; having also the very great advantage of cleanliness, and, if applied at once, of preventing the usual consequences—a painful blistering of the skin, separation of the epidermis, and, perhaps, more or less of suppuration.

For this purpose all that is necessary is to cut a piece of lint, or old soft rag, or even thick blotting paper, of a size sufficient to cover the burned or scalded parts, and to keep it constantly wet with the sodic lotion so as to prevent its drying. By this means it usually happens that all pain ceases in from a quarter to half an hour, or even in much less time. When the main part of a limb, such as the hand and forearm or the foot and leg, has been burned, it is best, when practicable, to plunge the part at once into a jug or pail, or other convenient vessel filled with the soda lotion, and keep it there until the pain subsides; or the limbs may be swathed or encircled with a surgeon's cotton bandage, previously soaked in the saturated solution, and kept constantly wet with it, the relief being usually immediate, provided the solution be saturated and cold. What is now usually sold as bicarbonate of soda is what I have commonly used and recommended, although this is well known to vary much in quality, according to where it is manufactured; but it will be found to answer the purpose, although probably Howard's is most to be depended on, the common carbonate being too caustic. It is believed that a large proportion of medical practitioners are still unaware of the remarkable qualities of this easily applied remedy, which recommends itself for obvious reasons.—*F. Peppercorne, in Popular Science Monthly.*

A Sensible French Workman.

M. Joffrin, the ultra-Radical representative of the working-classes in the Municipal Council of Paris, showed sound common sense in declining the challenge sent him by M. Crie, a writer on the staff of the *Citizen et Bataille*, whom he had offended, "This idiot," writes M. Joffrin to the *Prevaire* "ought to have understood that workingmen do not waste their youth in taking lessons of fencing masters, and that to fight a duel with a workman would be to play the part of an assassin." Furthermore, he says that the party to which he belongs, opposed as it is to conventionalities of every sort, has forbidden its members to sacrifice to the most absurd of them all—the duel. He concludes with a formidable threat. "I hope," he says, "one day to show the weight of a working mechanic's fist, even though he be a municipal councillor, on the nose of an imbecile bourgeois."

A mathematical professor had been invited by a city friend to visit him at his residence in a certain square, and had promised to do so. Meeting him some time afterward his friend inquired of the professor, why he did not come to see him. "I did come," said the mathematician, "but there was some mistake. You told me that you lived in a square and I found myself in a parallelogram, so I went away again."

An old story is being revived of a prayer-meeting being held for a poor fellow's relief who had broken his leg. While Deacon Brown was praying a tall fellow, with an ox-goad knocked at the door, saying, "Father could not come but sent his prayers in the cart." They were potatoes, beef, pork and corn.

Agricultural.

GRASSES FOR PASTURE.—Woodburne Co., Iowa, intends to start a permanent pasture, and asks how much of each of the following grasses he should sow per acre, viz.: Timothy, Orchard-grass, Kentucky Blue-grass, English Blue-grass, Red-top, Alsike Clover, White Clover. We do not know what grass our correspondent has in mind as "English Blue-grass," as that is not a name in common use. As he does not enumerate Hard Fescue, which may well form a part of a pasture, we will substitute it for English Blue-grass, whatever that may be. We are not informed of the character of the soil, whether light or heavy, dry or moist. There has been very little done in this country in laying down permanent pastures with a mixture of grasses, and as we are without much experience to serve as a guide, our correspondent must look upon his attempt in the light of an experiment. The usual quantity of mixed seeds is from 40 to 45 pounds per acre. If we were to experiment with the grasses named, upon land of medium fertility, we should try the following proportions:

	Lbs.
Timothy (Phleum pratense)	4
Orchard-grass (Dactylis glom. erata)	10
Kentucky Blue-grass (Poa pratensis)	8
Hard Fescue (Fescuca ovina var. duriuscula)	8
Red-top (Agrostis vulgaris)	4
Alsike Clover (Trifolium hybridum)	2
White Clover (Trifolium repens)	4
Total	40

THE COMMON FOWL.—In the face of all that has been done to improve the breeds of poultry, it cannot be denied that the common fowl is still the favorite with the farmers. This is due to several causes. The common fowl receives but little attention, and, from long usage to exposure, has become instinctively habituated to the farms that contain poultry as a custom rather than for profit. The improved breeds are bred for certain qualities, and, unless the conditions are favorable, do not come up to popular expectation. If placed under adverse circumstances, they disappoint when compared with the common fowls, but it is due more to failure on the part of the improved breeds than to merit in the common kind. No common fowl ever lived that can compete for eggs with the leghorn blood. There is another point in favor of the majority of common fowls, which is that many of them are of the very best blood, being crosses of several breeds. They are a mixed, motley crowd, and on any farm we may visit there crop out the signs of Bramah, Leghorn, Cochin, Hamburg or Polish blood. This is one of the causes of success, for experience has demonstrated that a crossed fowl has greater strength and vigor than a pure bred one. The crossed fowl is best adapted to general purpose, and while they are not bred for special results, experience teaches the average farmer, who has no time to bestow upon them, that they suit him better than any other. He supposes they pay better, because he has not given the others a fair trial.—*Practical Farmer.*

Care of Stock.

WATERING ANIMALS.—Those who ask that in the matter of watering animals they should be treated very much as we treat ourselves, are no doubt correct. One thing in the treatment of work horses in hot weather we are disposed to deprecate, viz: the custom of watering them three times a day and no more. It is simply cruelty on the part of man toward his beast, to compel the team to plow or mow from early morning until noon or from noon until night, without allowing it the privilege of a refreshing draught. It is inconvenient, many times, to water the team during the forenoon or afternoon and we are apt to think the time lost, but when the farmers' millennium comes, there will probably be drinking troughs in every field, supplied from some elevated spring, or from a running stream. In the meanwhile time "lost" in doing good, even though it may be in behalf of the dumb animals, is well "lost"—it may be regained.

CHANGING THE DIET OF COWS.—Those who have dairy cows need to be careful in changing their diet. There is a great deal to be thought of in this connection. It is a fact, well established by the experience of dairymen, that cows which are regularly fed with grain while they are at pasture, even if the pasture is fresh and plenty, will give more milk and make more butter or cheese than cows equally good, but living on grass only; yet if a liberal ration of meal is given to the cows living on the fresh grass, the first effect is to cause shrink in their milk; and if the cows which have become accustomed to have meal with their grass, have their meal suddenly taken away, they will also shrink, the pasture in both cases being equally fresh and plenty. The loss of milk in neither case can be charged to inferiority of the feed, since the changes in feed are the reverse of each other; while the effects are alike. The effect is due to a change in the action

of the stomach to adapt its character to the digestion of an established food.

Horses, with their Winter coats, sweat easily. When brought in warm, they should be rubbed dry and blanketed for an hour. Work horses should not be blanketed in the stable, but carriage horses, or those used only upon the road, may be kept warmly blanketed, for though by this they become more sensitive to cold, and must have more care, yet their coat does not grow so close and long, and they are much less likely to sweat when driven. Ground or crushed oats go farther, are better digested, and mix better with other feed than whole ones. They are the best Winter feed for horses, but may be mixed with corn or barley meal or wheat bran and middlings for work horses to advantage. Whole grain is not fed without waste.

In feeding for beef, the notions of each animal should be consulted—his preferences, likes and dislikes. The object of feeding usually is to get the animal to eat all that he will digest well. Hence a variety should be at hand, and the ration should be varied by feeding cooked, soaked or dry meal, as the case may be, with hay and roots. Take great care not to overfeed, and in case of over-feeding, let starvation be the cure. Thus the animal will soon take to feeding again, but will be less likely to fall off much in flesh, than if "physicked." Nature is the best physician.

Sheep should have airy, well-littered sheds, with plenty of sunshine, and protected from snow. One great advantage of keeping sheep is to convert straw into manure. Hence much litter is usually strewn in sheep sheds, to the distress of the sheep, unless they have hard places to lie upon, because their feet and legs get so hot. A few platforms like old doors, which can be shifted about every few days by turning over, will be greatly enjoyed, and will promote both health and comfort.

Push fattening hogs forward as rapidly as possible. Keep them warm and cleanly. Charcoal broken fine and mixed with the cooked feed, is an excellent regulator and tonic, aiding digestion, and promoting fattening to such an extent that it is hard to believe it does not serve as food.—*American Agriculturist.*

Domestic Economy.

SOFT GINGERBREAD WITH NUTS.—One full cup of butter, two cups of white sugar, worked together; one cup of good molasses, one cup of sweet milk, five cups of sifted flour, lightly measured, with one tablespoonful of ginger and two of cinnamon, both powdered. When all is well-beaten together, add the kernels from a pound of English walnuts, and bake in a flat pan.

ROAST SWEETBREADS make a delicate and delicious dish for lunch and breakfast. Slice it and dip the pieces in beaten egg and in bread crumbs till they are entirely covered, then put in a saucpan a lump of butter. When it has melted lay the slices in, put a lump of butter on each slice, cover the saucpan tightly, and let them cook for half to three-quarters of an hour. Serve on toast.

BROILED POTATOES.—Slice some cold boiled potatoes; cut from end to end, and about half an inch thick; butter the potatoes and dust with fine cracker crumbs; broil over hot, clear coals. Serve on a hot platter; garnish with little bits of parsley.

SAUCE PQUANTE.—Brown two or three slices of an onion in some butter. Add half a tablespoonful of flour, and a cupful of stock. Simmer together fifteen minutes; strain the sauce; add a teaspoonful of lemon juice, a little salt and cayenne, a tablespoonful of chopped pickled cucumber, and half a dozen chopped French capers.

CHEESE SANDWICHES.—Two tablespoonfuls of English cheese, finely grated, the yolks of three hard boiled eggs, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, cheese and eggs, season to taste, cut small thin slices of bread, butter each slice, spread with cheese, fold together and serve.

TOASTED EGGS.—Cut the crust from slices of stale bread, dip each slice in beaten egg and fry in hot butter a delicate brown. Place the slices on a hot dish, break an egg on each slice of bread; place the dish under the hot coals in the range grate, lay some thin slices of ham on a small broiler, hold this over the eggs and bread so that the drippings from the ham will fall upon the eggs. Two or three minutes will cook the eggs. Serve with the toast.

TAPIOCA CUSTARD PUDDING.—Soak one and a half cups of tapioca over night in water. Place a quart of milk in a saucpan over the fire, and when at the boiling point pour it over the soaked tapioca, cut the outside peel from one lemon and add to this for flavoring. Let it stand half an hour to cool; add one cup of powdered sugar; beat the yolks of four eggs in with the tapioca, then stir in quickly the whites of the eggs beaten to a froth. Pour the tapioca into a well-buttered pudding dish. Bake fifteen or twenty minutes.

Our Young Folks.

THE LAZY BOY.—A lazy boy makes a lazy man just as sure as a crooked sapling makes a crooked tree. Who ever saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a shiftless vagabond when he became a man, unless he had a fortune left him to keep up appearances? The great mass of thieves, criminals and paupers have come to what they are by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business part of the community—those who make our great and useful men—were taught in their boyhood to be industrious.

LITTLE CHARLIE'S PET BIRD.—Mr. DeWall, the photographer, has a little two-year-old son called Charlie, who is allowed to play in the yard. Charlie is of an investigating turn of mind, as well as a devotee of pleasure, mental combinations which led him to crawl under the house and afterwards to play there regularly. About three weeks ago he told his mother he had found a "bird" under the house that he played with, and almost every night since he has related happy stories of the beautiful times he has had beneath the house playing with his "bird." Last Saturday he was frolicking in the yard when his "bird," getting lonely came out to sport with him. He was running to it when his mother discovered that his "bird" was a huge black snake. A negro was at hand and being called despatched the reptile with a hoe.—*Jacksonville Times-Union.*

Here is a truth that the young must lay to heart.—It will be a sorry day for this world, and for all the people in it, when everybody makes his moods his masters, and does nothing but what he is inclined to do. The need of training the will to the performance of work that is distasteful; of making the impulses serve, instead of allowing them to rule, the higher reason; subjugating the moods instead of being subjugated by them, lies at the very foundation of character. It is possible to learn to fix the wandering thought, to compel the reluctant mental energy, to concentrate the power upon the performance of a task to which there is no inclination. Until this victory has been gained, life holds no promise; the achievement of this conquest is the condition of future success. No matter how great may be the natural gifts, unless there is a will that can marshal and command them, the life is sure to be a failure.

THE FORGIVING GENERAL.—Boys are apt to think that a forgiving disposition is the mark of a milkop, but that to show resentment is an exhibition of manliness. The fact is, as an English writer affirms, "the brave only know how to forgive. Cowards have even sought, but a coward never forgave." An anecdote associated with the great Methodist, John Wesley, and Gen. Oglethorpe, the founder of Savannah, Ga., illustrates the writer's meaning.

Mr. Wesley and Gen. Oglethorpe sailed in the same ship to America. One day, during the voyage, the clergyman hearing an unusual noise in the general's cabin, stepped in to inquire the cause of it.

"Mr. Wesley, you must excuse me," said the general, showing a good deal of temper. "I have met with a provocation too great for man to bear. You know the beverage that agrees with me the best of any. 'This villain Grimaldi,' he continued, pointing to his Italian servant, 'has drank up the whole of it. But I will be revenged on him.'"

"I have ordered him to be tied hand and foot, and to be carried to the man-of-war that sails with us. The rascal should have taken care how he used me, for I never forgive."

"Then, I hope, sir, that you never sin," said Wesley, looking him squarely in the face.

Confounded at the mild but pungent reproof, the general took a bunch of keys from his pocket and throwing them at his servant, said—

"There, villain! take my keys, and be have better for the future."

Fresh Fashion.

There is a great and steadily growing fancy for fine woolens as summer dresses. Cashmere and flannel are the favorite material for the *demi saison*, and nun's veilings, albatross and soft, all-wool cashmeres in evening shades are even more popular than silk for evening toilets. The handsomest of these are, indeed, made up in combination with, and over, silk of the same shade, the silk lining giving a silky sheen to the thin woolen fabric. Still many charming dresses have no silk about them, but are abundantly trimmed with lace and narrow ribbon, velvet or satin, as the case may be.

It is hard to say what is the favorite color of the moment. The purplish pink or Judic shades are the newest, and are much liked. Still, all the blues hold their own, from navy blue, electric blue and cadet blue, to the pale water tints. Grays, also, have a run of favor, and ashes of roses is among new revivals

in color. Mouse gray is popular, together with Russian and slate gray, while lichen gray, a sort of greenish gray, is a new favorite and first cousin to the new toxophilite green, which is grayish in tone. "Enraged rat" is rat-gray, with a tinge of red; "frightened rat" is rat-gray, with an ashen hue, and soap blue is less blue than gray. Strawberry, raspberry, gooseberry, apricot, peach, pippin-green and cabbage-green are also on fashion's list of new colorings, while the browns are legion in tobacco of Havana, chocolate, coffee, toast or burned bread, mahogany, seal copper, wood, earth, Zulu, and, latest of all, Zuni color.

Yellow is, of course, a prime favorite, but few women dare wear it for more than trimmings, except in such moderate shades as lemon, pale canary and the like, and that for evening dress.

In millinery, however, it has quite run away with us, and dandelions, buttercups, coreopsis, marigolds, the old-fashioned button roses, cowslips, Oscar Wilde's or dwarf sun-flowers, yellow chrysanthemums and jonquils blossom on three-fourths of the bonnets one sees. The yellow flowers look pretty, too, grouped with the favorite black lace and a pleasant change from the hitherto reigning red. Colored straws to match suits, and lace bonnets are the popular choice; still, jet bonnets are by no means out of fashion. How could they be when wraps glitter with beads, and jet embroidery is still the favorite garniture for elegant black toilets? Fortunately for the theatre-goers, whose seats are not in the front row, small bonnets are the proper thing for full dress; pretty little capotes, or rather head-dresses of lace and flowers. Even abroad, where full-dress is rigorously exacted of all ladies at places of public amusement, these small bonnets are not included in the rule which forbids hats or bonnets. True they call them dress-caps, which proves that there is sometimes much in a name, but the thing is the same, for all that.

Many cashmeres and other woolen stuffs from Paris are covered all over with velvet circles applied on and embroidered.

The handsomest bonnets are trimmed with parti-colored lace and plumes tipped in tones to contrast with the material of the bonnets.

New ribbons are very wide and brocaded in roses and tropical leaves and flowers of extraordinary size. One covers a capote bonnet.

Combinations of gray with strawberry red and shrimp pink are much admired, but the latter requires a lighter shade of gray than the former.

Changeable silks are to be worn in combination with rich brocades, trimmings either of lace or variegated ribbons, cashmere embroideries, etc.

Chineses are slowly coming in, and some novelties have brown grounds, with large shaded flowers and satin and silk stripes in cream, with chine bouquets

The Spanish Marriage-Stone.

If Ireland has its Blarney Stone, which assures to any one kissing it uncommon eloquence and persuasiveness—"blarney," in fact, for there is no other equivalent for the mysterious gift—Spain has her "marriage-stone," the virtues of which are equally remarkable; for any single person, male or female, who touches it is absolutely sure to be married within a twelve-month. The stone forms part of the masonry in the College of Sacre Monte, in Granada. About twelve months ago two young ladies paid a visit to the old Moorish capital, and were shown over the college by one of the resident clergy, who acted as cicerone, and who treated the fair visitors with unusual deference and respect. When they came to the "marriage stone" the padre smilingly explained the peculiar powers with which popular suspicion credited it. "Touch it," said one of the ladies to her sister, who laughed incredulously, but followed the advice none the less—touching the stone, not once, but twice or thrice. Now, the two young ladies were the Spanish infantas, Dona Isabella and Dona Paz; and the latter it was who touched the stone. She did so on the 3rd of April last year, and she was married to Prince Louis of Bavaria on the 2d of April of the present year.

Married Seventy-five Years.

There is a couple living at Downs-ville, Mo., who have been married seventy-five years. Husband and wife are each ninety-five years old. Peter Bogart, the husband, is in poor health. Mrs. Bogart, the wife, is smart, and walked about a mile every day last summer to visit a sick daughter. She does her own housework. Mr. Bogart's sister lives with them, and is seventy-eight years old. They have the fifth generation living.

A BIT OF ECONOMY is to save the peel of oranges: dry it and grate it for flavoring mince pies and orange cakes, and custard also. If it is dried perfectly and kept in a dry closet there is no danger of its becoming musty.

A Proclamation by the Mahdi.

The following is a translation of a proclamation recently issued by the Mahdi: "In the name of the compassionate God, praise be rendered to Him, the all-powerful and generous, and prayers to our Lord Mahomed and to all His descendants. From the servant of the Lord, Mahomed of Mahdi, son of Sayed Abdallah, to all his faithful proselytes. We have named as Prince our beloved Sheikh Manson, son of Abdel Hakim. Execute his orders and commands, and follow him in combat. Do all that he orders you, and avoid all that he forbids. Whosoever submits to him submits to us, who disobeys him disobeys us, and God himself and his prophet. Make all penitence before God and abandon all bad and forbidden habits, such as shameful works of the flesh, use of wine, tobacco, lying, forced (sic) witness, disobedience to parents, brigandage, non-restoration of goods belonging to others, beating of hands, dancing, evil signs of the eyes, weeping and lamentation of the dead, backbiting, calumny and the company of strange women. Cover your women in a decent manner, that they do not speak to unknown persons. All those who allow themselves to ignore these principles disobey God and His prophet, and will be punished according to the law. Make your prayers at the appointed hours, give the tithes of our goods, paying it to the Prince Sheikh Manson, so that he may remit to the Treasury of Islamism. Adere God: do not hate one another, but aid each other to do good. We have named Sheikh Adress, son of the Light, to govern you. Do not disobey him. Who disobeys him disobeys us."

A New Way of Exploding Bomb Shells.

Many years ago a Pittsburg iron firm purchased a lot of condemned bomb shells for old iron. The shells were not loaded, but in order to melt them it was necessary that they should be broken up. This was attempted with sledge hammers, but the laborers made but little progress, and it was finally given up as a bad job. One day a long slim Yankee came along and said: "I understand you have a job for a man here?" "Yes," was the reply, "we want that pile of bombs out there broken." "How much will you pay?" "We will give you a fip apiece (six and a quarter cents) if you will agree to break them all." "I'll take the contract," answered the Yankee. The day was a cold one, and the thermometer down to zero. The Yankee laid every bomb out on the ground, with the hole up. He procured a bucket, filled them all with water; then he came into the house made out his bill, and said he would call around in the morning for his money. Every one was much mystified, but in the morning their astonishment was great. The water had frozen during the night, and in the morning a pile of scrap iron was found, as the freezing water had broken every bomb into at least a dozen pieces.

A Petrified Forest.

The petrified stumps, limbs and, in fact, whole trees lie about on all sides, the action of the waters for hundreds of years have gradually washed away the high hills round-about, and the trees that once covered the high tablelands, now lie in the valley beneath. Immense trunks, some of which will measure over five feet in diameter, are broken and scattered over a surface of three hundred acres. Limbs and twigs cover the sand in every direction, and the visitor is puzzled as to where he shall begin to gather the beautiful specimens that lie within easy reach. There are numerous blocks or trunks of this petrified wood that have the appearance for all the world of having been just cut down by the woodman's axe, and the chips are thrown around on the ground so that one instinctively picks them up as he would in the log camps of Michigan and Pennsylvania.

Many of the small particles, and even the whole heart of some trees, have now become thoroughly crystallized, and the beautiful colored cubes sparkle in the sunshine like so many diamonds. Every color of the rainbow is duplicated in these crystals, and those of an amethyst color would pass the eye of a novice for a real stone. The grain of the wood is plainly shown in nearly every specimen, making the pieces more beautiful than ever.—*Albuquerque (N. M.) Journal.*

MILK BISCUIT.—One quart of warm milk, a half teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of yeast, and flour enough to make a stiff batter; let stand over night. In the morning melt two tablespoonfuls of butter and stir into the batter. After doing this knead in flour enough to make a stiff dough. Cover it over in a pan, and let it rise until perfectly light, cut out the biscuit, put them in a shallow baking pan, let them rise half an hour, bake in a quick oven.