Mummy Plants.

One of the strongest arguments, though it will not bear too close an examination, brought against evolution is the fact that, in the coffins of mummied Egyptians dating from more than three thousand years ago are found leaves, flowers and seeds of plants exactly similar to species now existing. The mummy wheat is a well-known example, but, to judge from various writers, including Dr. Schweinfurth, the list of mummy plants has been greatly enlarged by the late discoveries, the results of which are in the Museum of Boolak. Thus, in the coffins ol Aahines I, who reigned about 1800 B. C., and of those of other Kings, were found, forming part of the funeral wreaths, petals of the blue water-lily (Nymphaea cœrulea), of an acacia (A.nilotica), of a mallow (Alcea ficifolia), of the watermelon, and of the Egyptian willow. The two first and last still grow wild in Egypt and tropical Africa, and the others, as well as a larkspur (Delphinium orientale), and a dye plant (Carthamus tinctoria), both of which occur also in the coffins, are still cultivated. None of these species appear to have changed greatly during the thirty-six centuries or thereabouts. Surely this is a fact against evolution. Why so? No evolutionist expects change unless the conditions change. The conditions of soil, climate, etc., in the valley of the Nile are probably pretty much the same as they were when those wreaths were fresh. Man has changed there from outside causes, and the change has not been for the better. That species placed in changed conditions change rapidly to suit them, when not annihilated by their too great suddenness, has been proved by an almost endless series of data.

Curb The Temper.

It was a strange scene. A passionate, high-tempered boy had spoken, in heat of temper, words it was painful to hear, unfeeling, insolent, angry words. They were said to his father; a man who, in earlier days, would have responded with a blow. His hair was white now, and his blood had cooled somewhat. He looked at his son sadly.

"I had rather have given a thousand dollars than to see you give way to your temper like this.

"You are one to say that!" the boy cried, passionately, all his lifelong fear of his father swept away by his anger. And then the boy stopped, half expecting some punishment. He was not prepared for his father's reply :

"I am the very one to say it," the old man answered. "If I had not suf fered so much from my own temper I should not be so anxious to spare you similar pain. Do you think I like toknow that my own son has always been afraid of me; that I am dreaded and not welcome in my home; that my old age will be embittered because I have been an unlovely, though not an unloving man?

"If I had been gentle and patient and self controlled, I should have been happy and beloved, instead of unhappy and avoided. Do you think I want you to sow what I have sown, and reap as I I have reaped ?"

Things could never be the same between that father and son, as if all their life together had been one of kindness and justice and self-restraint on the father's side, and loving obedience on the son's; but that mutual acknowledgment of the truth brought them nearer together than they had ever been brought before. water \$500 mod \$1

BESTERN Health Hints.

When one has had a fever, and the hair is falling off, take a teacup of sage, steep it in a quart of water, strain it off into a tight bettle. Sponge the head with this tea frequently, wetting the roots of the hair.

An attack of indigestion caused by eating nuts, will be immediately relieved and cured by the simple remedy, salt. Medical men recommend that salt should be used with nuts, especially when eaten at night.

CURE FOR IVY POISONING .- Hall's Journal of Health says: "Bathe the parts affected with spirits of nitre. If the blisters are broken so that the nitre be allowed to penetrate the cuticle, more than a single application is rarely necessary, and even where it is only applied to the surface of the skin three or four times a day there is rarely a trace of the poison left next morning."

Dr. Recklam considers that headache and other consequences of sleeping in rooms containing flowers do not arise from any special properties of the flowers themselves, but are due to straining of the nerves of smell in the presence of perfumes for an unwonted length of time. The effect is analagous to that produced upon the eyes by an unusual exposure to light, or on the ears by long continued sounds.

diet" on lambs. Three lambs, which | necessarily cheap and original?

for some unexplained cause had been abandoned by their mothers, were fed on "pewdered blood" with the most gratifying results. The lambs increased in size in the most marvelous fashion and attained unusual proportions for came double in thickness, Encouraged by his success with the lambs, M. Regnard is now feeding some calves on blood.

Varieties.

The late Prince Gortschakoff always wore a ring given to him by Queen Hortense in 1819, when she was compelled, at the instance of the Tuscan government, to make a rapid retreat from Florence, and he, acting as Prince Felsen for Marie Antoinette, mounted the box and drove her carriage horses. One day recently Meissonier called at Detaille's house, and, finding him

out, went into the billiard-room to have some practice. In making a difficult stroke he cut a hole in the cleth, and being unable to repair it, pasted a bit of paper over it and made thereon an exquisite little sketch. An art collecor has offered \$200 for that patch, but Detaille will not part with it.

The Berkleyan Society of the University of California recently published a volume of verses by the students. Just before the book went to the bindery an astute proof-reader discovered that one of the sonnets by an under graduate damsel was stolen bodily from Coleridge. Later, when the sheets of 300 copies had been struck off, another was found. The sheets were destroyed and the disgusted printer was forced a third time to make up the book. That time it went to press, when an editor cruelly tore the mask from another young Berkleyan.

Slipping Locomotive Wheels.

In connection with the prevention of the dangerous tendency in locomotive wheels to slip, M. Poisot recently communicated to the Societe de l'Industrie Minerale de Saint-Etienne some valuable results gained in the Mazenay Mines, where no more fuel is now employed for hauling out one hundred tons than was employed for eighty formerly. It appears that the ventilation is effected by diffusion, and that there is constantly in the rolling-way a tolerably thick smoke which, with condensed steam from the engine and the dampness of the workings, causes the rails to be slippery. The consequence is that every time they tried to asc the gradient of one in sixty-six with a full train they could only get up half of it without the wheels beginning to spin, and during the rest of the ride so much difficulty was experienced and so much pressure lost that they were obliged to stop to make steam. This caused great consumption of fuel, excessive wear of the working parts of the engine and a rapid destruction of the rails. It so happened that a month or two ago the joint of one of the cylinder cocks leaked, and the jet of steam escaping from it was directed on to the rail, when the engine took the gradient without once slipping. For two days they worked without repairing it, and the locomotive drew all the trains without the slightest stoppage. In consequence of this experience they altered the cylinder cocks so as to make them discharge directly on to the rails, and when they got to the gradient the cocks were slightly opened, so that they ascended without difficulty. This new use of steam is a simpler modificaon of the old idea of washing the rails with a jet of water.

A Pickled Baby.

How a Mother in Australia Perserved the Body of Her Child.

A lady writes from Australia to the London Truth: I constantly see in the papers sent me from England accounts of strange inquiries put by servants to their employers. While arranging with a cook some time ago I had a most extraordinary request made to me. The woman asked if she might bring her baby, which she added hastily, would be no trouble as it was pickled. It turned out that the poor little scrap was born and had died while his father was absent on a voyage from which he never returned. The mother, anxious to preserve the remains, and being ignorant of any other method, pickled the infant. She became so attached to the child in this state, that she objected to be without it. I confess I felt a sympathy for her, and granted her request. I have never regretted it; she is a capital servant, and her poor little relic is quite unobjectionable. I feel sure your readers will view with horror the idea of such an inmate-yet when rich people incur vast expense to embalm and even cremate their dead, great sympathy is often felt with them, and no repugnance felt toward the expensive remains. My peor cook felt all the sentiment of wish-M. Regnard, a French savant, has ing to have her beloved dead. Was it | Conservatoire. This is the first time been lately trying the effect of "blood her fault that the way of having it was such a professorship has been granted, tal is seven-fold what the total was ten

The Brook.

It started up the mountains, this little brook. Shaded by the beautiful ferns, which drooped so lovingly over it, it rested content, and never dreamed of their age. The coats of wool also be- going out into the wide world. What more could it wish? The blue sky was overheard, the wild flowers grew upon its banks, the birds sang sweetly to it. Surely, a prettier home could nowhere be found. So thought our little brook, as it bubbled out its shallow content.

One bright summer day there came a little lark to bathe in the clear water, and as he bathed he sang. He sang a wonderful song of the great world. He sang of the cities, filled with busy life; the streets, where the hum of many voices and the tread of many feet were heard. He sang of ships, with tall masts and creaking cordage, sailing over the ocean. He sang of the country, with its peace and quiet, and its fields of yellow grain, which swayed gently to and fro in the wind. He sang of the great rivers, in their wide, deep channels, bearing upon their calm bosoms the commerce of a nation. Then shaking the drops from off his wings, he mounted up until his form was lost to view, and only a faint refrain of his song came floating down. That, too, soon died away, and the little brook was again alone. But a mighty impulse was stirring down in its heart, which should one day bring forth powerful results. The little brook was going to seek its fortune. It would not waste any more time in idle dreaming; the world was before it; up from the world sonnet from a well-known English poet came faintly an alluring voice. "I must go," said the little brook.

> "Ah, stay!" murmured the green ferns. "Your mountain home is bright and fair."

"Yes, but my visions of the world are brighter yet." "Ah, do not go!" said the wild

flowers. "We are sweet." "Yes, but sweeter flowers wil greet me if I flow in the path of

duty." "The world is too wide and busy," sang the birds. "If you go out into the world you must work as the world works. Stay, and we will sing you rest-

ful, lulling songs." "I must work as the world works.

Too long have I rested while my work waited," said the brook. So it bade the old friends a tearful good-bye, and sped away down the mountain. Rippling over mossy stones, under leaning ferns and brakes, it went its way. It lingered still in the woods,no longer the tiny rill it first had been, but, swelled by the rains, a little stream. And gay pleasure-seekers came and encamped on its banks, and wove themselves garlands from the flowers and ferns that grew there, or drank of its cool waters. A little child could step across it in those days. Still on it wandered, making music from the roughest stone, its channel growing wider each day, till it came to the country the little bird had sung about, There it loved to stay, winding in and out among the fields. It was spanned by bridges now, and the little village boys sat there and fished while the younger ones made mud pies upon the banks, or sailed their little wooden The Miseries of a Mean Man. boats, and fond lovers came at twilight to pluck the blue forget-me-nots. This was pleasant, ah, very pleasant, and yet it could not linger there. It had work to do. So it hastened on, and other streams flowed into it, and it grew strong and deep. At last it reached a mill. There stood the great wheel, waiting for the force that was to move it, and the little brook, that once could scarcely have turned a child's plaything, now laughed in glee as it whirled the wheel around, and merrily dashed in clouds of spray against it. That was its last dance. It must move calmly on now, for it had become a mighty river. On its proud bosom the great ships sailed, and cities were built upon its banks. Still on it flowed, in slow majestic sweep, till it reached the boundless ocean. And into that it poured its wealth of water. "Useless? Lost ?" Nay, little brook. You have seen the world, and you still fulfill your

Japanese Vegetables.

Among the plants utilized by the Japanese are several of the lily tribe. The bulbs of Lilium callosum are eaten roasted, boiled, and preserved, while a white farina is also derived from them. A similar farina is also derived from the bulbs of Engthronium grandifforum, a the Chinese.

Mme, Johanna Wagner, a niece of Professor of singing at the Munich in Germany to a lady.

· Culls.

Nearly all the post-offices in Texas are in charge of females. It works so well that the males now arrive and depart every hour in the day.

The poet Street spoke of "the unwinking eagle." This is nonsense. The eagle is always a wingking.

Professor of Rhetoric,-"What important change came over Burns in the latter part of his life?" Senior-"He

are cooler and cheaper.

At a church entertainment in California rumpunch was smuggled in as cold tea. The desire for tea became No matter how hard the times may

be, bees always cell all the honey they make. A man who ran against Time sustained

a serious concussion. A good place for match-makers-The

School of Design. It is proposed to send an amateur brass band to Montana to make the

Indians go West. Terry's key-note-Do. The Cen heirs' key-note-soul. The key-note of

Sol--Ray. Said Mr. Tapley, of Danbury, feel- it hot, with plenty of cold milk. ing softly of his nose. "I don't want to be too hopeful or sanguine, but I believe I'm going to have a boil."

A newsboy says of the new starspangled handkerchiefs: "If any man aims a blow at the American flag, spot him on the snoot.

When Sitting Bull declined to go on the reservation, it was probably because he had a mental reservation of his own to resort to.

There is a Chicago girl who, if she thinks she is going to be beaten in a game of croquet, will always fall down in a fit over the last hoop.

The Virginia peanut crop, it is said, has rotted on the vines.

The German journals announce that the Duke of Saxe Coburg-Gotha, brother of the late Prince Consort of England, has written a history of the years 1848 and 1849, which will be published

When a Louisville girl comes to the conclusion to have nothing to do with her beau, she figures up the amount he has expended on her for ice cream and candy and buggy riding, and sends him a certified check for the sum total.

what he intended to do. He replied, Put a tablespoonful of butter, a tea- no, let's go at our astronomy. It's on frankly, that he "wasn't his own boss spoon of flour; blend together and boil Are the planets inhabited? this morning."

Mrs. Sarah Ray, a washerwoman of Leadville, and the first female who gether; pour over spinach; simmer a dared to set foot in the place, has amassed a fortune of \$1,000,000 by investing her earnings in mining shares.

The weather is so damp at Coney Island that they have begun to put cork soles into their slam chowder.

Sometimes I wonder what a mean

man thinks about when he goes to bed. When he turns out the light and lies down. When the darkness closes all about him and he is alone, and compelled to be honest with himself. And not a bright thought, not a generous impulse, not a manly act, not a word of blessing, not a grateful look comes to bless him again. Not a penny dropped into the outstretched palm of poverty. Not the balm of a loving word dropped into an aching heart. No sunbeam of encouragement cast upon a struggling life; the strong right hand of fellowship reached out to help some fallen man to his feet-when none of these things come to him as the "God bless you' of the departed day, how he must hate himself. How he must try to roll away from himself and sleep on the other side of the bed. When the only victory he can think of is some mean victory, in which he has wronged a neighbor. No wonder he always sneers when he tries to smile. How pure and fair and good all the rest of the world must look to him, and how cheerless and dusty and dreary must his own path appear. Why, even one lone, isolated act of meanness is enough to scatter cracker crumbs in the bed of the average ordinary man, and what must be the feelings of a man whose whole life is given up to mean acts? near relative of our own dog's-tooth | When there is so much suffering and violet (which has nothing of the violet | heartache and misery in the world anybut the name). This latter farina is how, why should you add one pound of called Katakuri. The dried flowers of wickedness or sadness to the general Hemerocallis graminea are also used by burden? Don't be mean, my boy. the Japanese and are a favorite dish of | Suffer injustice a thousand times rather than commit it once. - Burdette.

Last year over 253,000 pounds of osthe great composer, has been appointed trich feathers were sent to England from Canitoun, the value of the feathers being \$5,400,000. It is said that the to-

Domestic Caterer.

GOOD BEAN SOUP .- Soak a quart of black beans over night in clear, cold water; drain them well the next morning, and put them on to boil five or six hours before dinner, with a small slice of pork (minced and fried), three large onions, minced and fried in the pork fat or in butter, a carrot and three potatoes, cut into small pieces, a pod of red pepper, salt, a gallon of clear, cold water. Let it come slowly to a boil, then set it where it may simmer gently Sioux squaws do not wear striped and steadily; keep it well skimmed. stockings. Three streaks of green paint Just before dinner is served, strain and return it to the pot, add pepper and salt if necessary, and thicken with a tablespoonful each of butter and flour, worked together to a cream. Let it boil up once, and serve, either with sliced lemon or flavored with Worcestershire sauce or plain.

PUMPKIN MUSH.-Use equal parts of yellow Indian meal and pumpkin, boiled tender, and rubbed through a sieve with a potato-masher; put a quart of boiling water over the fire in a thick kettle, add to it a level tablespoonful of salt, and stir the meal and pumpkin into the water until the pudding-stick will stand upright in the mush; then add two tablespoonfuls of butter; boil tennial key note-See. The Stewart the mush slowly for at least an hour, stirring it occasionally to prevent burning. When the mush is cooked serve

> POTATOES AND EGGS .- Remove the skins from some boiled Irish potatoes, and when perfectly cold cut up in small pieces about the size of a grain o to a quart of potatoes thus prepared | gations all by heart ? take yolks of six eggs and the whites of some butter in a frying pan, and when it not? it is melted put in the potatoes. When are set. Season and serve hot.

BOILED APPLE DUMPLING .- Peel and chop fine tart apples, make a crust of one cup of rich buttermilk, one teaspoonful soda, and flour enough to roll; angled at B. On the side B C, erect roll half an inch thick, spread with the the square A, I. On the side-did I apple, sprinkle well with sugar and tell you Sister Carracciola gave me a cinnamon, cut in strips two inches new piece to-day, a sonata? It is really wide, roll up like jelly cake, set up the intense. The tones fairly stir my soul. rolls (en end) in a dripping-pan, put- I am never going to take anything but ting a teaspoonful of butter on each, sonatas after this. I got another new put in a moderate oven, and baste them | piece, too. Its name is Etudes. Isn't often with the juice. Use the juice for it funny? I asked Tom this noon

spinach very tender in salted water. there is really nothing in it-the same. Before boiling cut off all the roots and | thing over and over. The judge the other morning asked a wash thoroughly. When soaked drain prisoner charged with drunkenness through a collander and finely mince. the square A E. Draw the line-come up; season with pepper and salt; add a cup of heated cream; mix well tofew minutes. Serve hot with crutons of fried bread around the dish.

Fat Food Necessary.

Every full grown man and woman. and every youth, requires about two ounces of some kind of fat daily, as a portion of his or her diet, and if not taken as food, the time is hastened when it has to be as medicine, to simply prolong-it may be for a year or two-a miserable existence with consumption or other fatal disease in consequence, 'dyspepsia' and loss of fat being commonly the first admonitions.

due proportion of fatty food to main- ald, in Chicago Tribune. tain bodily temperature will soon find himself growing lean, his system will live upon its interstitial fat-that which is distributed throughout the bodily tissues of healthy persons-and he will shortly begin to have dyspeptic symptoms on account of the deficiency tion. And for this condition, it is untions of ground wheat or Indian meal.

retains its flavor.

How Girls Study.

Did you ever see two girls get together to study of an evening? I have, and it generally goes like this:

"In 1673 Marquette discovered the Mississippi. In 1673 Marquette dis-What did you say, Ide? You had ever so much rather see the hair coiled than braided? Yes, so had I. It's so much more stylish, and then it looks classical, too; but how do you like-O, hear! I can never learn this lesson!

"In 1863 Lafayette discovered the Wisconsin. In 1863 Lafayette discovered the-well! what's the matter with with me, anyhow! In sixteen seventythree Marquette discovered the Mississippi. I don't care if he did. I suppose the Mississippi would have gotten along just as well if Marquette had never looked at it. Now, see here, Ide, is there anything about my looks that would give you to understand that 1 know when Columbus founded Jamestown, and how George Washington won the battle of Shiloh? Of course there isn't. History's a horrible study anyhow. No use neither. Now, French is much nicer. I can introduce French phrases very often and one must know I have studied the language. What is the lesson for to-morrow ? O, yes; conjugation of parler. Let's see; how does it commence? Fe parle, tu parle il, par-il pa-il-well, il then !

"Conjugations don't amount to anything. I know some phrases that are appropriate here and there, and in most every locality; and how's anybody gocorn, and season with salt and pepper; ing to know but what I have the conju-

"Have I got my geometry? No, I'm three, beat them well together. Have just going to study it. Thirty-ninth, is

"Let the triangle A B C, triangle they are quite hot stir in the eggs, and A B-say, Ide, have you read about continue stirring so as mix them well the Jersey Lilly and Freddie? I think with the potaties, and until the eggs it is too utterly utter, and Freddie is simply gorgeous. I'm completely crushed on him-

"Oh, theorem!

"Let the triangle A B C be rightwhat it means, and he says it is Greek SPINACH WITH CREAM.-Boil the for nothing. It is quite apropos, for

"Where was I? O, yes, side A C.

"Now, Ide, I think they are, and I have thought about it a great deal. I bonged my hair last night. I wanted a Langtry bang just too bad for any use, but pa raved, and I had to give in. Yes, I think they are inhabited. I should like to visit some of them, but you would not catch me living in Venus. Eight seasons! Just think how often we would have to have new outfits to keep up with the styles.

"What! you are not going? I ama so sorry, but I suppose you are tired. If am. It always makes me most sick tostudy a whole evening like this. I think sister ought to give us a picture."

And they go to school next morning and tell the other girls how awfully Anyone who long neglects to take a hard they have studied .- Belle Mc Don-

Steam as a Preventive of Fire

The direct application of steam for the extinction of fires has very often in his food to maintain healthy nutri- | been proposed and written about, but, so far as we know, the system has, in fortunately too often the case, medicine this country, at least, never been put to or moonshine is given in promotion of anything beyond experimental proof. the danger. Many persons who, from In Berlin lately it has shown its value by the cultivation of a vitiated taste for extinguishing at its commencement delicacies, or under the influence of bad | what would probably have been a large advice, have lost the power of assimilat- | conflagration, and this, too, was accoming the fat of meats, may do much to- plished automatically. The scene of wards regaining the lost power by the this arrested disaster is a steel pen manuse of well-made "shortened" bread- ufactory, where also are made myriads bread made of dough to which lard or of wooden penholders. In the dryingbutter is added; or some of the prepara- rooms for these last the owner, in consequence of their inflammable nature. had taken certain precautions. Into To PRESERVE SMALL FRUITS WITH- each room a small steam-pipe is carried OUT COOKING. - Strawberries, rasp- from the main boiler of the establishberries, blackberries, cherries and ment. At the termination of each of peaches can be preserved in this man- hese is fixed a metal cap, made of an ner: Lay the ripe fruit on broad ishes, easily fusible alloy, which will quickly and sprinkle over it the same quantity | melt if exposed to the heat of a fire. of sugar used in cooking if. Set In The first intimation which occurred the the sun or moderately heated oven, until other day of such a fire having broken the juice forms a thick syrup with the out was the loud hissing of the escapsugar. Pack the fruit in tumblers, and | ing steam from one of these pipes, with pour the syrup over it. Paste writing | the result that the half-burnt penholdpaper over the glasses, and set them in ers, walls, ceiling and every combustia cool dry place. Peaches, must be ble thing in the place were found saturpared and split, and cherries stoned, rated with condensed steam, and there-Preserved in this manner, the fruit fore rendewd perfectly uninflammable. The system seems so simple, and capaable of such cheap application where Chicago glove merchants employ lady steam-boilers are already established, clerks with big hands. It flatters the that it is likely to be extensively adopted when its advantages are known fully.