

HOMOEOPATHIC BROTH.

Take a robin's leg,
Mind, the drumstick merely,
Put it in a tub
Filled with water nearly;
Set it out of doors
In a place that's shady;
Let it stand a week;
Three days, if for a lady
Drop a spoonful of it
In a five-pail kettle,
Which may be made of tin
Or any baser metal;
Fill the kettle up,
Set it on a boiling,
Skim the liquor well
To prevent it oiling;
One atom add of salt,
For the thickening one rice kernel
And use to light the fire
The "Homoeopathic Journal."
Let the liquor boil
Half an hour, no longer.
If 'tis for a man,
Of course you'll make it stronger.
Should you now desire
That the soup be savory,
Stir it once around
With a stock of savory.
When the broth is made
Nothing can excel it;
Then, three times a day
Let the patients smell it.
If he chance to die,
Say 'twas nature did it;
If he chance to live,
Give the soup the credit.

HOW WINKIE WAS LOST AND FOUND.

In a pretty garden near London was a little girl, with a tennis racket in her hand, quite ready for a game. But the only play-fellow she had was a tiny silky-haired terrier called Winkie.

Elsie Graham, for that was her name, was watching for her three friends, Lilly, May, and Johnny Seymour, who were coming to play and have tea with her. In the summer-house close by the table was laid, with her own tea-set of blue and white china, sponge-cake, strawberries, and plenty of nice bread and butter.

Suddenly Winkie jumped up and ran to the palings, barking violently. Elsie followed him, saying, "Hush, Winkie! what is the matter?"

She was rather startled at seeing a ragged, forlorn little boy, about eight years old, gazing longingly at the tempting feast in the arbor. His cheeks were thin and pale, and his feet were bare. At the sight of the dainty little lady he shrank timidly back.

"Are you hungry, little boy?" said Elsie. The boy did not answer, but began to sink off. "Wait a minute!" and Elsie ran to the table, cut off a large piece of cake, and, holding it out to the child, said:

"It is my own cake, so you shall have my share."

The boy took it eagerly, saying: "Thank you kindly, lady; it's the first bit of food I've had to-day."

"Poor little boy! why doesn't your mother give you dinner?"

"I ain't got no mother nor father," said the boy. "I gets a penny now and then, or a crust from folks, that's all."

Just then the sight of a policeman scared poor Joe away, and Elsie's friends arriving, she did not think much more of the pitiful tale she had heard. But at tea-time she refused to have any cake, as she had given her share away.

Suddenly it struck her that Winkie was missing. In great distress the children at once began hunting all over the garden, calling and whistling.

"That boy stole him, I expect," said Johnny.

Elsie's father and mother, when they heard of her loss, did all they could to console her, and promised to make all inquiries, offer a reward, and do all they could to recover her pet.

In the meantime, what was Winkie doing? Well, I must tell you that Winkie's great weakness was cake! He had been watching the table all the afternoon, and several times had sat up and waved his front paws to Elsie, then trotted to the table and wagged his tail in the most coaxing manner.

But Elsie had said, "No, Winkie, not yet; so he became rather sulky. When he saw her give the cake to Joe, he had run along the palings till he came to a place large enough to get through, and followed Joe. When Joe sat down to eat his cake, he was astonished to see the loveliest little dog sit up before him and beg for a bit.

"Why now," exclaimed Joe, "it's the dog wot belongs to the young lady with the golding air!"

He threw him a bit of cake; then seeing some men coming along, he hid the tiny creature under his jacket.

"They'd steal him, as sure as anything," he thought, "and I must take him back to his own. She was kind to me, so now I'll do her a good turn."

Joe felt quite a thrill of pleasure to think he could do a kindness to the young lady who had spoken so gently to him. So he waited till nearly dark, and tramped back to the garden, intending to put the dog inside the gate.

But just as he arrived there, a gentleman came up, and seeing the boy putting down the dog, he caught hold of him, saying: "Now then, youngster, how did you come by that dog?"

Joe's teeth chattered with fright; he burst into tears, sobbing out: "I never stole 'im, I brought him back, he followed me, he did!"

"Now don't cry, my boy," said Mr. Graham (for it was he), "come along, and let us hear all about it."

Joe tried to dart away, but was held firmly, and taken into the hall, where Elsie was already hugging and kissing Winkie. When Joe found they were all kindly disposed towards him, he told them his story: how he had lost both father and mother with fever, and had lived chiefly by begging, and what food the neighbors could spare from their own scanty stores, and slept where he could.

The Grubbs gave him a good meal, and soon after got him into a school, telling him if he turned out a good, honest boy, he should be taken into their service. I am glad to say this did happen, and Joe is a great favorite with them all and never forgets to be grateful.

How Jules Verne Writes.

In a recent interview, Jules Verne, the great French novelist said: "It is my wish, you know, in my novels to depict the whole surface of the earth—that is to say, to paint the earth in my stories. Formerly I used to travel and see the places that I wished to describe with my own eyes. I had a yacht, and travelled in all directions. But now I have to fall back on my souvenirs or to write from what I have read. Thus in my new book, that is, the one which I have just finished, and which is going to come out soon, 'The Journey Backwards,' I describe a journey through the North of America and Alaska and over the Behring Straits. If it had been possible for me to have done so I should have gone over the whole of that territory before writing a line of that book; but it was impossible, and I had to draw my scenery from what I have read. It is true that I have read so much on the subject that the whole route traversed by my heroes in that book is as familiar to me as any street in my own town."

"You have written a great deal," I said.—"I am now at my seventy-fourth novel, and I hope to write as many more before I lay down my pen for the last time. I write two novels every year, and have done so regularly for the last thirty-seven years. I do so much every morning, never missing a day, and get through my yearly task with greatest ease. I must tell you that I am very severe on myself, and that I correct and correct. I will show you one of my MSS., and you will see that in every line there are numerous erasures. I often copy six or seven times before sending my copy to the printer, and then when the proofs come in I always find a quantity more corrections to be made. I don't believe in dashing off work, and I don't believe that work that is dashed off is ever worth very much."

Jules Verne then proposed that we should visit his work-room, and led the way up a winding staircase that is within a turret that flanks his house. At the very top of this staircase are his private apartments. On the way, noticing the luxury of the appointments, the softness of the carpets, and the beauty of the pictures on the walls, I said to Mrs. Verne: "This ascension garretwards makes me think of a question I want to ask. Was the master's debut a hard one?"

"Oh, no," she said, "it has been all plain sailing with him. His first book was a success, the 'Five Weeks in a Balloon,' and since then it has only been a march forward. It is true that his first books did not bring him a tithe of what they were worth, because he had made unwise agreements not knowing the value of his work, but now things are as well as they can be."

While thus speaking we had reached a little room of irregular shape. In one corner stood a camp bedstead, and next to it on a small table laid implements. In front was a window looking over the town, where, under a cloud of white and chilling mist, the Cathedral reared its double head. Behind, over the mantel, which was adorned with statuettes of Moliere and Shakspeare, was a water color of a yacht entering the bay of Naples.

"Yes, Verne leads the quietest, most sober life imaginable," said his wife. "He never smokes, and does not touch alcohol from one year's end to the other."

Eczema.

Eczema—accent on the first syllable—is one of the many eruptive diseases of the skin. The blood-vessels of the parts affected are in a state of congestion, accompanied by itching, smarting, and exudation of serum, or watery portion of the blood. The disease varies greatly in severity and extent, as well as in its course and character.

Its simplest form is a mere redness, perhaps on the eyelids or behind the ears, or near the joints. Sometimes there are pimples, either on the affected spots, or around them, or more or less diffused over the body.

Sometimes vesicles—water-bladders—are formed by the exudation of serum beneath the skin, the special seat being the back of the hand, or the front and sides of the fingers. In a few days the serum may be absorbed; the swelling subsides, the cuticle dries up and comes off, and the skin either returns to its normal condition, or the cuticle is thrown off in scales.

In another variety there is intense redness, profuse exudation, and the formation of a thick crust, through fissures in which a mucous pus exudes.

The final period of eczema, when chronic, may be characterized by a coming off of the cuticle in thin, fine scales, or by a tendency of the skin to chap and crack; sometimes the mere

stretching of the finger will cause it to break.

In some cases the skin becomes as hard and tough as leather, with an inclination to itch and throw off dry and scaly scurf; more rarely it is rough like an old wart, in which case the itching is generally very severe.

As a rule, the eczema occurs in large patches, but occasionally it spreads over a large part of the trunk or limb. There is hardly any part of the body which it may not attack. It is not contagious.

The disease may result from a condition of the body—from constitutional debility, or temporary derangement of the nervous or digestive organs, or even from unsuitable or insufficient food,—or it may have an external exciting cause—cold or heat in excess, insufficient clothing, or garments that irritate the skin.

The treatment must be first directed against that which causes a condition of which the eczema is only a symptom. At the same time careful local treatment will be necessary. But no general directions can be given suited to so variable a disease. A skilled physician should have charge of the case.

Cephas and the Coon.

Coon-hunting still gives great enjoyment to hunters in the mountainous districts of Massachusetts. The skin of the animal sells for a dollar or more, but this reward is a mere trifle compared to the pleasure—the hunter finds in tracking and freeing the coon and finally bringing him to the ground. Few men ever appreciated sport of this kind more keenly than a certain old farmer named Cephas Green.

He and his wife were one day jogging along toward the town in the carryall, their business in the city being of especial importance, notwithstanding the signing of papers which should transfer half of their farm to a neighbor.

They still had four miles to go, when an acquaintance hastily crossed the road in front of them, his gun on his shoulder.

"After a coon," he said hastily; "my boy seen one in the woods up here."

"Is that so?" cried old Farmer Green, excitedly. He passed the reins to his wife, leaped from the carryall, and disappeared after the sportsman.

Six hours later a neighbor, driving over the road, found the carryall drawn up under a tree, the horse turned out to grass, and Mrs. Green sitting in the shade, with a look of disgust and weariness in her face. Usually the most placid and even-tempered of women, she now said, with pardonable sharpness:

"If you see Job Sanders in town, please tell him that Cephas Green has smelt a coon, and that that trade of ours won't be made as long as that coon is alive. If you're hurried for time, you needn't say anything but 'Cephas Green' and 'coon.' Job'll know the rest."

Bridal Complex Who Demand Candles.

A couple from Towanda arrived at the Hotel Warford on Saturday evening last, and employed the services of a minister, who made them husband and wife. The newly made Benedict then engaged a room, and Henderson Brown, the affable waiter, proceeded to escort them to the bridal chamber, which is lighted by electricity.

Henderson then proceeded to instruct the Towandian how to manipulate the light, knowing that but a few from that inland village ever saw other than a tallow dip used for that purpose.

His guests stood with open-eyed wonder depicted on their features, so great was their astonishment. The groom finally asked what caused the light, and when told it was electricity he put in a protest, declaring that he "had been told of it, and didn't want any for him, as he was not ready to die," and insisted on having the light turned off. It is said that candles are now in great demand for the various hotels here to accommodate their Towanda bridal guests.—The Waverly Free Press.

Improvements at Rome.

Most of the old houses on both sides of the Tiber, at Rome, have been removed, fine embankments of masonry have been erected, slightly deepening and widening the river to an average width of sixty-five yards, and on top of the embankments on both sides esplanades are formed as on the Thames embankment at London. One of the new bridges crossing the stream is thirteen yards wide, and near it, at either end, stand new buildings, seven stories high, completely shutting out the views of the Janiculum and San Pietro hills.

One quarter of the population of the world is before the age of 17 years; only one in a thousand lives to be 100 years old, and only six in a thousand reach 75.

Taking a New Slave.

Letters from the East India station give particulars of an important capture of a slave dhow made a few weeks ago by H. M. S. Reindeer. One of her boats, in charge of a petty officer, was proceeding into Chakichaki Bay in the island of Pemba, when a dhow was observed making for the inner harbor. The officer immediately boarded her and was surprised to find that, although the dhow was a small one, a large number of slaves were packed into her like herrings in a barrel; so crowded, in fact, was the craft that the officer was unable to count the slaves accurately, and he at once towed the dhow toward the Reindeer. The slaves and crew were transferred to H. M. S. Pigeon, and the dhow was sent to Bombay, where she was handed over to the court.

It was then discovered that the vessel and on board no fewer than 124 slaves. The inquiry before the Prize Court elicited the information that the dhow left Lindi with the slaves on board, the master of her having been promised ten rupees a head for every slave landed alive at Pemba. During his voyage he passed three of her Majesty's ships—the Algerine, the Pigeon, and the Bonadicea—and escaped search in each instance, and was just making preparations to land his captives when the Reindeer's boat overhauled him. The dhow has been destroyed by order of the court, her Captain and crew are in prison, and an amount calculated at £5 a head for the slaves and £5 a ton for the dhow will be divided among the officers and crew of the Reindeer.

The names of the dhow was the Mansuri, and the slaves were only a detachment of a very large caravan, numbering some 600 captives, and were owned by Seyyid ben Esau and Rashid, who remained at Lindi intending to follow in other dhows with the residue of the slaves. Of those sent on in the Mansuri the greatest number had been taken in a battle between two tribes at Nyaso and sold to the slave merchants, Esau and Rashid; the others were stolen from Uyassa and Engendo.

Emin Pasha a Jew.

It may not be generally known that Emin Pasha, who has been rescued by Stanley, is, or was, a member of the Jewish faith. He was born at Oppeln, in Prussia, in the year 1840, and in the register of the Jewish congregation his birth is registered thus: "The child Isaac, son of Lebel Schnitzer, born on Sunday, being the 24th of the month Adar (29th March), of the year of the world 5600." In the civil register his father's name appears as Louis and his own as Eduard. His father died when Emin was five years old, and his mother, nee Pauline Schweitzer, the daughter of a Jewish banker of Neisse, in Silesia, soon afterwards became a convert to Christianity. The future Emin, after service in Turkey, embraced the Mahomedan faith and married a daughter of the Governor of Janina. It was his Jewish origin that led some of the anti-Semitic journals in Germany to oppose the rescue expedition on its first being proposed.

The cost of the Emin Relief Expedition will not be met by the fund which was raised by public subscription and otherwise. When the list closed shortly after Mr. Stanley set out, the total amount collected fell something short of \$110,000. Of this amount it is said that only some \$20,000 is in hand. As there remain the cost of the homeward journey and salaries to be paid it will be seen that further funds will be wanted.

Death on the Stage.

Death on the stage is no rare occurrence. Betterton broke down after performing Melentius in "The Maid's Tragedy," and never rallied after the fall of the curtain; Peg Woffington tottered to the stage door crying, "O God! O God!" after speaking Rosalind's epilogue, and never returned again; Foote was seized with paralysis on the stage, and Miss Maria Linley died at Bath while singing "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth;" and as to Edmund Keen, who does not know that his strength failed him after the great speech; "O'hello's occupation's gone," and, sinking on his son's shoulder, he whispered: "I am dying! Speak to them for me!" Strangely enough, two celebrated French actors have recently been stricken with paralysis while on the stage. One was the delightful comedian, Miller, who can no longer join the "Train of Pleasir" at the Palais Royal, being afflicted with paralysis in the throat; the other, M. Christian, a great Parisian favorite, who while waiting at the prompt entrance to appear in a revue called "Paris Exposition," suddenly fell to the ground paralyzed.—London Daily Telegraph.

FUN.

The wings of the house were surprised when the chimney flue.—Maryland Gazette.

The poet is born, not made. The poetess is born and maid, too.—Binghamton Leader.

There are plenty of champions of women's rights in this country, but very few defenders of women's wrongs.—Rochester Post-Express.

Visitor—I suppose your daughter is busily preparing for her wedding.

Mother—Yes; she is up in her room now, destroying all her old letters.—Life.

Miss Laura—What a remarkably quiet young man Mr. Timmins is.

Yabsley—Do you think so? You ought to hear him eat once.—Terra Haute Express.

First Small Boy—We had a fire at our house last night.

Second Small Boy—That so? F. S. B.—Yes. Pa fired sister's ocean.—Boston Courier.

Fanny—The papers are making a great fuss about the smokeless powder now.

Arabella—Yes, just as though we had not used it for years.—Life.

"Look here," said the farmer to the tramp, "let me just give you a pint."

"But I don't want a pint," replied the tourist. "I want a quarter."—Terra Haute Express.

Snodgrass (to grocer)—Those articles I got from you were not half bad. Grocer (cheerfully)—I'm glad you liked them.

"Yes; only about a third of them were bad."—Life.

Harry—"Who's that passing on the other side of the street?"

Charley—"Dear boy, you'll have to excuse me. I'm really too fatigued to look further than the middle of the street today."—Texas Siftings.

Old Lady—I want something to read. I have you anything of a light nature, something which will not tax the brain too much?

Clerk—Yes, ma'am; here is the President's message. (Fact.)—Boston Herald.

Young Wife—Are you happy, dear, to be sailing on the matrimonial sea with such a kind and obedient mate?

Husband—Yes, indeed; but don't you think we'd better put into port a little while and ship a cook?—Kearney Enterprise.

Amateur Elocutionist (reciting with tender pathos):

Take her up tenderly,

Lift her with care—

Envious Rival (in stage whisper)—Why don't he mark her, "Use no hooks," and be done with it?—Toledo Blade.

Sister Grace—How you are blushing! Give an account of yourself, sir.

Brother George (confidentially)—I have been in the conservatory for the last half hour with Miss Beauty.

Sister Grace—I have always suspected that her blushes would come off.—Saturday Evening Herald.

Mrs. Youngbride—How does your breakfast suit you this morning, darling?

Mr. Youngbride—Just right! I tell you, Annie, it may be plebeian, but I am awfully fond of calf's liver.

Mrs. Youngbride. So am I. Don't you think, George, it would be real nice and economical to keep a calf, then we can have calf's liver for breakfast every morning.—America.

"Oh, dear! What can I get for John's Christmas present? Do help me think of something, Fanny."

"I'd get him something useful, dear, if I were you."

"Yes, but what? I have it. I'll get him a new suit. He needs one."

"Very good. That is what I gave my husband last year."

"You? Why, I thought—"

"Yes, I know. It was a divorce suit."—Commercial Traveller.

A New Western Novelist.

Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood, formerly a resident of this city, and still well remembered here, has achieved a permanent place in the literary world. Her novel, "The Romance of Dollard," has won golden opinions, so high literary authority as the London Athenaeum saying: "It is more than a romance in name. It is a bit of the real thing at last, and proves that Mrs. Catherwood is among the few who know how to animate the past, and to recreate by-gone deeds of heroism—is, in fact, one of the chosen few in whom the light of true romance is still burning. During her residence here Mrs. Catherwood built a snug cottage with the proceeds of her pen, but at that time she was writing only children's stories and had not yet attempted a novel.—Indianapolis Jour-

Senatorial Secretaries.

The private secretary is an important personage in this city, says the Washington letter to the Chicago Herald. He attends upon a great man, or a man who is supposed to be great, though it often happens that the private secretary is the greater man of the two.

Political private secretaryship to rich men is becoming quite a profession in this country, and certainly a reputable and useful one. Men who have large business interests, and who are at the same time in politics up to their eyes, can better afford to hire some one to attend to the politics while they devote most of their time to the business.

The political private secretary must know his State as a gardener knows his truck patch and be able to cultivate it with fully as much success. Some of these deputy great men find their vocations lucrative.

For instance, Col. Dan Shepard, of Illinois, is said to draw all of Senator Farwell's salary from the Government. He earns it, too.

Senator McMillan, of Michigan, keeps three secretaries going. Bates, his political man Friday, is paid \$5,000 a year.

Stockbridge's secretary, Mr. Olds, draws nearly as much. Senator Palmer used to pay \$4,000 to Shepard, his political manager. Senator Stanford, of California, has a secretary who is paid \$7,000 a year, and Vice-President Morton one who draws \$500 a month.

An Apology.

The editor of a small Minnesota paper, the Sentinel, has felt it incumbent upon him to apologize to his readers for the many shortcomings of his paper, and he has done it with a frankness and thoroughness that many editors will be glad to imitate. We heartily endorse the sentiments, and reproduce the apology for the benefit of all whom it may concern:

"We apologize for mistakes made in all former issues, and say they were inexcusable, as all an editor has to do is to hunt news, and clean the rollers, and set type, and sweep the floor, and pen short items, and fold papers, and write wrappers, and make the paste, and mail the papers, and talk to visitors, and distribute type, and carry water, and saw wood, and read the proofs, and correct the mistakes, and hunt the shears to write editorials, and dodge the bills, and dun delinquents, and take cussings from the whole force and tell our subscribers that we need money. We say that we've no business to make mistakes while tending to these little matters and getting our living on hopper-tall soup, flavored with imagination, and wearing old shoes and no collar and a patch on our pants, and obliged to turn a smiling countenance to the man who tells us that our paper isn't worth \$1 anyhow, and that he could make a better one with his eyes shut."

An Election Tip from a Hen.

No little fun has been enjoyed over the many incidents that occurred on the day of the recent exciting city election in Marietta, Ga. Mr. J. Spilman, who was a strong T. W. Glover man, exhibits a phenomenon which he says is the result of that memorable contest. It is an extremely large egg, measuring 6 1-2x8 1-4 inches, which, Mr. Spilman says, was found on the day of the election, in a trough of his livery stable, having been laid that day by a large top knot Dominick hen that had been about the stable for years.

Now, this egg is not only a very large one, but on one end of it is a cipher or vignette composed of indented lines, in which the letters T. W. G. are readily to be seen, and much more distinct than many of our great men can write them. Mayor Glover is responsible for saying that Capt. Church Anderson discovered, by holding an egg up to the sun, the figures 105, Mayor Glover's majority, could be seen.—Atlanta Constitution.

Why, Indeed?

Why should an intrinsically meaningless catchword become a witticism by repetition? Let a comic actor say, "Do you know?" or, "Oh, I say!" or something equally empty once, no one laughs; let him say it twice, there is a smile on every face; thrice, there is a giggle; and thenceforth, at each repetition, a roar of irrepressible inextinguishable laughter—why?—London Truth.

Mrs. Fangle (who is reading a paper).—What are these Caledonian sports, dear?

Fangle—Caledonian sports are Scotch dudes.—Harper's Bazar.

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