POETICAL SELECTIONS FROM BISHOP SPALDING.

To give delight is blessedness;
The joy we give we feel,
And when our lives our brothers bless
They bring to us best weal;
For they and we
Are company
In grief and glee,
And chime or clash together like a peal.

No happy man lives for himself
Or for a private end,
Sad misers only love their pelf,
Nor know the joy to spend,—
New joy to add
To make hearts glad,
And cheer the sad,
And with our own content of others blend

A generous heart asks no reward;
It is, like conscience clear,
A feast where all best gifts are stored,
And guests have all good cheer,
And with glad song
In happy throng
The hours prolong,
With loving friends whose presence makes life dear.

O holy age, come nearer still,
When each shall work for all,
And love and peace the earth shall fill,
And all men disenthrall,
And on the earth
There be no dearth
But a new birth
Of happy souls, and God be all in all!

—o—

Ah, could I sing some lulling song,
Whose music, soft and low
As murmuring stream, would bear along
My sorrow and my woe,
And leave me light of heart
Without a pain or smart,
As when a boy
I leaped for joy
To see the flowers springing,
And hear the sweet birds singing;
And all the days were filled with light,
And angels hovered through the night.

Ah, could I touch the secret spring
Of heavenly harmony,
And let glad melodies outring
To fill the soul with glee,
And drive all care away,
Nor let dull sadness stay,
But give each heart
Its own sweet part—
In the deep joys of earth
Upbrimming cups of mirth,
Till the great earth, in gladness crowned,
With songs of merriment resound.

Ah, for a note so sweet and clear,
That weary workers all
The high and heavenly strain might hear,
And think it angel's call
To lift the fainting heart,
And new life to impart,
Inspiring hope
In all who grope
'Mid anxious cares and doubt,
Until for joy they shout,
And look to God who all controls,
And all who trust in Him consoles.

—o—

In youth we long to make our thought
The thought of all the world,
But when sad Time his work has wrought
We march with banners furled.

No more there floats before our eyes
The fresh heroic dream—
That our weak, single energies
Can stem the torrent's stream.

Enough if we ourselves may now
Ride on the raging wave,
Or catch some overhanging bough
With hope our life to save.

But still the dewy, blooming dawn
Throws on our soul its light,
Though all its glories now are gone,
And we sweep into night.

THE MISSING COAT.

BY THOMAS G. MITCHELL.

I never told anybody how very, very near I was to death that night, just a year ago; but as I can now look back and calmly recall each word, each act, I will write it down as a warning to all who may find themselves similarly circumstanced, hoping with all my heart that the number may be few.

In the first place, my name is Frederick Putnam. I am, and have been for the last ten years, the foreman and bookkeeper of the large lumbering establishment of William Winston & Co., and hope to be for another decade, unless something better turns up. Mr. Winston is the resident partner and manager of the manufacturing part of the business. The other members of the firm, of whom there are two, live in the city, at the foot of the lake, and attend to the sales of lumber, which we send them by vessel.

This is by far the largest share of what the mill cuts, though the amount of our sales directly from the mill to supply the country to the west of us is quite large.

Well, one cold evening, just as I was preparing for home, I heard footsteps on the crunching snow outside, and presently the office door flew open, as though some one in haste had given it a push, admitting a tall, stout, well-dressed man, with a small travelling-bag in one hand and a shawl over his arm.

I was alone, Mr. Winston having gone to the house some half-an-hour before, locking the safe, in which we kept our books and papers, and taking the key with him as usual. I had already closed the damper to the stove, put on my overcoat, and was just in the act of turning down the lamp—but, of course, I waited.

"Good evening," said the man, bustling up to the stove, and kicking the damper open with his foot. "Has Winston gone to the house?"

I answered that he had.

"Whew! I was afraid of it."

He drew out his watch—a very fine one, I thought.

"I shall not have time to go up," he said. "The train is due in fifteen minutes."

"Is there anything I can do?" I asked.

"I want to leave some money with Winston. I intended to stop in town a day or two, but I have just got a despatch that calls me home."

"What name, sir?"

"Anderson, of Andersonville."

I knew him then, though I had seen him but once before. He had been one of our best Western customers. I say had been for the reason that during the past year his payments had not been so prompt. In fact, he was considered behind, and Winston had that very day told me to write to him, and "punch him up a little," as he expressed it. The letter was then in the breast pocket of my overcoat.

"You can leave the money with me, sir, and I will give you a receipt."

He seemed to hesitate, which nettled me somewhat. I never blamed anybody since, however.

"How much is my bill?" he asked, eyeing me sharply.

I answered promptly, for I had struck the balance not more than half an hour before.

"Eleven thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars and twenty-three cents."

"Humph! Less than I supposed. Write me out a receipt for that amount."

He left the stove and came and looked over my shoulder while I wrote.

"It is all right, Mr. Putnam. I know you now. You've been with Winston a long time. I can tell your signature anywhere."

He drew from an inside pocket a large black wallet, very round and full, and counting out eleven different piles of banknotes, he told me to count them. It was a short and easy task, for each pile contained just one hundred bills. The balance was in fives, twenties, and took more time to count them; but at last we got it so that both were satisfied.

At this moment we heard the whistle from the station. Anderson sprang for his traveling-bag, and giving me a hasty hand-shake, was off on the run. I closed the door and counted the money again. Finding it all right, I wrapped a piece of newspaper around it and slipped it into my overcoat pocket. I did not feel quite easy to have so much money about me; but as Winston's house was at least a mile distant, I concluded to keep it until morning, when I could deposit it in the bank.

I closed the damper again, drew on my gloves, took the office key from the nail just over the door, and stepped up to put out the light. As I did so I saw a bit of paper on the floor, which, on picking up, I saw was the receipt I wrote for Mr. Anderson. He had dropped it in his hurry. I put it in my pocket, and thought no more about it; only that I would mail it to him. I would have done it then, but as the last mail for that day had gone out on the train which took Mr. Anderson, I could do it just as well in the morning. Then, too, I was in something of a hurry that night, for I had an appointment; and I may as well state here that it was with a young lady who I hoped would be my wife before many months.

I hastened to my boarding house, ate my supper, and then went over to Mr. Warner's, wearing the coat with the money in it, as I did not feel easy about leaving it in my room. Carrie was at home, of course, as she was expecting me, and, leaving my hat and coat in the hall, I went into the parlor. I do not think a repetition of our conversation would be very interesting, so I will pass it over, merely remarking that nothing occurred to disturb me until I rose to take my leave.

Carrie went into the hall for my coat and hat, that I might put them on by the warm fire; but she came back with only my hat.

"Why, Fred, you certainly did not venture out on such a night as this without an overcoat?"

"No coat!" I exclaimed, in a dazed sort of way; for the thought of the money flashed upon me so suddenly that it almost stunned me.

The next moment I tore past her like a madman, as I was. The coat was gone!

Then I was unnerved. I grasped at the stair-rail, and caught it just in time to support myself. Carrie came running out, her face pale with alarm.

"Oh, Fred! are you ill? Let me call mother and the doctor! You are as white as a sheet."

"No, no, Carrie!" I entreated. "There, I am better now."

And I was better. I was strong, all at once—desperately strong. And what brought about this change? That simple receipt which I had in my pocket. Anderson had nothing to show that the money had not been paid; and was not my unaided word as good as his?

I was foolish enough to believe that I could brave it through, and I grew confident and quite easy at once.

"There, Carrie, I am much better now. The room was too warm, I guess. So some sneaking thief has dodged in and stolen my coat? Well, let it go. It was an old one, and now I'll have a better one."

"But was there nothing in the pockets!" asked Carrie.

It is strange how suspicious guilt will make us. I really thought Carrie suspected me, and an angry reply was on the end of my tongue. I suppressed it, however, and uttered a falsehood instead.

"Nothing of consequence, Carrie. A good pair of gloves and some other trifling notions."

"I am glad it is not worse, Fred. Now, if you will wait a moment, I will get you one of father's coats to wear home."

Thus equipped, I left her. You may guess that my slumbers that night were not very sound, nor very refreshing. I never passed a more miserable night, and in the morning my haggard looks were the subject of remark.

"Why, Fred, you look as though you met a legion of ghosts last night," said Winston. "What is the matter?"

"I had a bad night of it," I answered with a sickly smile.

"And you'll have another if you're not careful; you had better keep quiet to-day. By the way, did you write to Anderson?"

I do not know how I managed to reply, for the question set me shivering from head to foot, and I was so weak that I could scarcely sit in my chair. I must have answered in the affirmative, however, for he said:

"Then we may look for something from him to-morrow or next day."

Immediately afterward he added:

"Why, Fred, you shiver as though you had the ague, and you are sweating like a butcher! You're ill, man. Come, jump into my trap, and I'll take you home."

I was glad of the chance to get away, and on reaching my home I locked myself in.

Ah! those were terrible hours that I passed, and, night coming on, brought me no relief. Can you not guess what I was meditating? Coward that I was, I had at last resolved on self-destruction.

I commenced my preparation with the same calmness and deliberation that I would have used in the most common transaction. I wrote a short explanation for Carrie, another for Mr. Winston, a third for my poor mother, and I sealed them all. In a fourth envelope I enclosed the receipt to Mr. Anderson. All this accomplished, I went to my secretaire and took out my revolver.

Having examined the cartridges to make sure that there would be no failure, I sat down before the fire, and lifting the revolver, I placed its cold, death-like muzzle against my forehead. In another second I should have been lifeless; but just as my finger began to press the trigger, there came a tap on my door. It startled me, and, hastily concealing my weapon, I called out that I could admit no one.

"Not me, Fred?"

I knew Carrie's voice, and a yearning to look on her loved face got the mastery of me. Quietly slipping the telltale letters, which I had left on the table, into my pocket, I opened the door.

"Oh, Fred, you are really ill!" exclaimed Carrie the moment the light fell on my face. "Why did you not send for me? Aren't you better?"

"Worse," I answered, huskily; "but Carrie—good heavens!"

As I uttered this exclamation I started back, and then forward; and then—I scarcely know what, for hanging across Carrie's arm was my overcoat! Recovering from my astonishment, I drew out eleven thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars and twenty-three cents.

You have heard about, and perhaps seen, the singular capers of a madman, or the wild antics of those crazed with rum, or grotesque dancing of savages. Well, judging from what Carrie told me and from the appearance of my apartment after it was over, I am led to believe that, were it possible to concentrate the three above mentioned species of demons into one, I was possessed thereby.

But I cooled down after awhile, and just in time to save Carrie's head a thump from the chair I had selected in my crazy waltz.

Then I asked for an explanation. It was the simplest thing imaginable. I do not know why I had not thought of it before. It was simply a blunder of Carrie's father. He had mistaken my coat for his own, and worn it down town, never dreaming that a small fortune was lying idly in the pocket.

I sent Mr. Anderson his receipt, handed over the money to Winston, and went right on with my duties, a wiser, and, I hope, a better man.—[Drake's Magazine.

RELIABLE RECIPES.

Egg Sandwiches.—Egg sandwiches are simply made as follows: Chop hard-boiled eggs fine with a cucumber pickle, large or small, according to the number of eggs. Pepper and salt, adding a little made mustard, and rubbing very smooth with a silver spoon. Spread between thin slices of crustless buttered bread. Pile on a plate on a folded napkin.

Good Clam Chowder.—For a good clam chowder, take twenty-four medium sized hard-shelled clams. Wash and cut in slices half a dozen new potatoes. Put them into a large porcelain-lined saucepan containing two quarts of cold water. Add one white onion, chopped fine, two sprays of soup celery, also chopped fine, and the green leaves of three or four stalks of parsley. Add a tablespoonful of butter and one of salt. Now put the kettle over the fire and let the water come slowly to the boiling point, and boil for about twenty minutes. At the end of this time take a large slice of fine larding pork, cut almost half an inch thick, free it from the rind and cut it into little cubes. Let this pork stand in a saucepan at the back of the fire for about ten minutes after the chowder is put over. Then bring it forward and fry the scraps brown in the fat in the pan and add them to the chowder, leaving out the grease which has tried out of them. Add now to the chowder four nice tomatoes, cut in small pieces, and a sprig of thyme. Cook twenty minutes longer. Cut each clam in four equal parts, and add them, with half their juice, to the chowder. Let the whole boil for two minutes more, but no longer. Draw the kettle to the back of the stove and test the chowder. If necessary, add a little salt and a saltspoonful of black pepper. A tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce is also a good addition. Break in pieces two large pilot crackers and add to the chowder, stir it well, cover it, and let it stand for three or four minutes. Then serve at once. This recipe may read strangely to some people who have been accustomed to pack in clams, crackers, potatoes and other vegetables at the beginning, and boil the chowder for three quarters of an hour. The result of such cooking is that the clams are merely toughened. Clams and oysters should be cooked as quickly as possible, and are rendered tough and indigestible by lengthening the process.

The Spots on the Cigar.

The pale round spots, about as large in circumference as a tack-head, that one sees on cigars now and then, are said to be caused by dew drops and rain drops, that act as burning glasses when the sun shines through them on the green tobacco leaf. Be that as it may, the florists declare that palms are often burned by knobs and corrugations in the glass roofs of their greenhouses, as these irregularities tend to focus the sun's rays. The effect of this strong heat on the palm leaf—which is as sensitive to heat as it is to cold—is to cause a rusty brown spot to appear on the green. Sometimes the apparent motion of the sun, in passing westward, will trace a line of scorch across the leaf. Other plants are less susceptible to sun rays.

DOWN IN TENNESSEE.

A FAINT IDEA OF ITS FAMOUS SPRINGTIME HOLIDAY.

"First Monday's" Origin and Its Most Distinguished Characteristics.

"First Monday" in Tennessee is the day of the year to the average denizen of the Volunteer State; for on that day every owner of an obstreperous stallion, every enthusiastic breeder of a dulcet-toned jack, every proud possessor of a lordly bull, is expected to be out, with his family and his friends, to show the kind of live stock on which he has pinned his faith And they are all there.

Tennessee was admitted into the Union in 1796, and as far as we have been able to ascertain, this honored day and custom was admitted with her. In fact we believe the State went into our glorious Union upon the express understanding that she was to bring along with her, by the ear, as it were, like a determined mother her recalcitrant son, this time-honored privilege. And to-day she would fight for it quicker than she would for the institution of slavery or any other of the various bonds of matrimony. What, indeed, would life be worth to the horse-loving Tennessean, if deprived of the privilege of showing his pacing stallion, decked in red blankets enough to cover a burning church, and anchored with bridle and rein sufficiently strong to have held the Constitution fleet at sea? Napoleon crossing the Alps with his restless war horse, standing on the beetling cliffs and looking down upon the soon-to-be conquered plains of Italy, is not so proud and happy a man as is the Tennessean in the big parade around the primitive court house square, holding his mettlesome pacer in check and proudly proclaiming to the gaping crowd around him: "This is a Tom Hal!"

First Monday in Tennessee is founded on a beautiful and simple faith, so old that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. In looking it up among the ancient and dust-covered archives of the state we find it all based upon the state's incomparable and most efficient ground-hog weather department—a department far more ancient and reliable than that of Uncle Sam's, inasmuch as it makes but one prophecy a year, and generally hits it; whereas the bureau at Washington, with all its fuss and feathers, makes one every day, and generally arranges to retire at night with the sin of Annanias tacked to its official skirts. This Tennessee weather bureau is all based on the simple fact that on the second day in February the festive ground-hog emerges from his hole to see if he can cast a shadow. If he can he retires again to remain six long weeks. And there he will remain even if the heavens fall or his mother-in-law pays him a visit; and every man, woman and child in the state accepts the inevitable and prepare to keep on their winter flannels as per order of this absolutey reliable weather bureau chief, for his retiring means there will be six weeks more of stormy weather. Was ever anything more simple and plain and absolutely inexpensive in its red-tape operations? And the beauty of it is, it has never been known to lie—it is truth itself, decked in homespun and a wool hat; it is Washington with a pair of hatchets. We commend it to the department at Washington with its retinue of official asses, predicting rain on the threshold of a Pharoah famine, and preparing us for a "long dry drought" about the time the heavens declare the curtain will now rise upon Noah-and-the-ark act.

On the day in question the pikes are fairly alive with the country cousin and his squealing stud, with Sambo leading his ambling jackass and showing his ivories to every passerby who takes time to honor him by asking: "Say, nigger, whose jack is that?" Every old lady who has a hank of yarn to sell is there, every urchin who can bring a dozen eggs in his hat and trousers is there; every pretty girl who can sport variegated hosiery is there; all are there, from the rich and retired merchant coming from his country home in his carriage and spanking bays, to the old darkey in his cartload of stove wood; from the prosperous farmer, with his wife and happy children, the latter looking a little unnatural in the solemnity that has come over them by reason of the fact that they are "going to town," in his brette drawn by a pair of oily pacers to the poor cropper on his mule—they are all in the procession. The man with his patent; the officer with his papers; that most detested of living men, the back-tax collector; the man who wants to hire; the book agent; the "nigger," with a grin on his face and a game rooster under his arm—they are all there, going to Columbia. On the square all is hustle, stir, squealing, snorting, cackling, flying.

A twenty-foot track is made in the living crowd around the court house square and half a hundred flying pacers are showing their gaits, while the chancellor leaves his bench and the lawyers their cases to look out of the windows. A bell is ringing across the street at a store and proclaims that the ladies of a certain church are giving a lunch to pay off the church debt; an auctioneer is howling away, trying to sell a $10 buggy for $15; a man with a patent blacking, warranted to shine forever, is blacking the boots of all who will come to his stand; a big jack brays in your ear while you are looking at a dog fight under a wagon; an apple wagon, all the way from the "State of Lawrence," is selling the rosy fruit right and left, and as the sun begins to get low and you call for your mare at the stable and ride out of the bustle and confusion, you pass a lot of "horse swappers" in a vacant lot set apart for that ancient class engaged in the horse business, whose chief aim is to keep the equine corpses moving and uphold their own reputation for being "devilish peart in a horse trade." Beyond this, in a grove, the negroes are having a dance, and the leader, inspired by the music of his fiddle and the muse of inspiration, has rhymed in his calls to music and you laugh as you rein up awhile and hear him, keeping time with his feet to the flying bow, sing out in his peculiar chant:

Great big fat man down in de corner
Dance wid de gal wid de blue dress on her;
You little bitter feller widout any vest
Dance to the gal in de calico dress,
Git up jake an' turn your partner,
Shake dem feet as you sno' you 'arter;
You little red nigger with de busted back
Git up an' gib us de 'chicken rack."
All hands round—O, step lite, ladies,
Don't fling yer feet so fur in de shadies;
Come you one-eyed nigger, fling
Dem feet an' gib us de "pigeon wing."

Such is a faint idea of first Monday in Tennessee.—[Clark's Horse Review.

A Great French Prison.

"Mazas Prison, in which the French Panamaters are incarcerated," said P. G. Fouse of Philadelphia, "is one of the meanest and dreariest on the face of the earth. Each cell is about eleven feet long by 6½ wide and less than nine high, and the only light is admitted through a small pane of roughed glass. The prison is cold, and a prisoner needs to wear an overcoat there all the time at this season.

"It was of a cell in Mazas that Victor Hugo, who was one of the first to enjoy the hospitality of this prison, said that 'one's first impression is the darkness, one's second the cold.' Each cell is fitted with a small table, a stool which is chained to the wall, a hammock bed and a small quantity of tin-plate utensils.

"The hours in force at Mazas are as follows: At 7 o'clock the bell rings for prisoners to rise. Half an hour later a warder opens the cell door, by which time the prisoner must have swept his cell, folded up his hammock and be ready for inspection. The warder hands him his loaf of bread and fills his jug with his daily allowance of water. At 8 o'clock his first meal of vegetable soup is served, meat soup being only allowed on Sundays and holidays.

"At 3 o'clock the second and last meal of the day is served to the prisoners. It consists of a gamelle of beans or lentils, meat being given only twice a week. At 8 o'clock the bell warns prisoners to get their cells ready for the night, and at 10 o'clock all lights are put out.

"Each prisoner is allowed to exercise himself for three-quarters of an hour every day in a small yard or passage which lies between high walls with iron grating at either end. During his exercise he is under the constant surveillance of a warder, and can neither see nor communicate with any other being. The rest of the time he spends in his cell, where he may work for the prison contractors or for his own amusement, as he chooses.

"By working all day at stitching copybooks together, making slippers or brushes, he is able to earn about four pence, which he can spend with the cantiniere for vin ordinaire, coffee, garlic or tobacco. Prisoners who can afford may order meals from a restaurant, but these are limited in quantity to one plate of soup, a plate of meat and vegetables and one dessert."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Camphor.

The camphor tree, according to the United States consular report from Osaka, Japan, is a tree of the laurel family growing in southern Japan, the wood of which is valuable in ship-building. It grows in mountainous regions far from the sea. It is a well-proportioned, handsome evergreen, its elliptical, slightly dentate leaf turning a lighter color for one or two months in the spring. The berries grow in bunches. The tree is cut down for the collection of the camphor, but the law requires that it be replaced by another. It is then cut up into chips and steamed. The camphor and oil extracted by the steaming are passed through a connecting tube into a second receiver, and thence to a third, which is divided into two compartments, one above the other. These compartments are separated by a perforated partition, which gives passage to the water and the oil, while the camphor is deposited on a layer of straw provided for it. It is then separated from the straw and prepared for sale. The oil which is drawn out from the lower compartment is used for illumination.

The Champion Sportsman.

Delhi has been visited occasionally by famous sportsmen, but not one of them has as yet made such a good bag as the native shikari Moestafar. The day before yesterday he met a female elephant with a young one. He shot the mother and then caught the calf elephant and tried to fasten it to a tree. Whilst doing this it commenced to "trumpet" so loudly that two large elephants appeared on the scene, coming to the rescue. Moestafar, however, would not let go his prey, and after shooting both elephants proceeded to Loeboeg Pakum, with the young one, where it is at present. The following morning he went back to see the dead bodies and had the good luck to find two tigers on the spot, both of which he shot. Within two days he therefore managed to kill three elephants and two tigers. This man has altogether shot six tigers within a short period. This happened near the thirty-second mile stone on the road to Perbaaengan.—[Delhi (India) Courant.

Saved By a Spider.

One day a Union soldier was fleeing for his life from Confederate sharpshooters, says the Pittsburg *Dispatch*. At last he saw a hollow log, and needing rest crept into it, feet foremost. His face was but a few feet from the open end. Shortly after he got into the log a large spider came and spun his web over the open log as much as to say, "I will save you." He spun his web round and round, backward and forward, until a network was made. Then the spider disappeared.

A short time after the spider had left the log, along came the Confederates. They stopped close to the log where the poor soldier lay nearly frightened to death. He heard them say there is no one in there, and they passed on. The soldier stayed in his log until next morning, when he made his escape back to his fellow soldiers, and told them of the good spider that saved him from the hands of the enemy.

An albino deer, it is claimed, was recently killed near Weldon, N. C.

Last year our railroads carried 600,000,000 people.

THE BODY AND ITS HEALTH.

Dangerous Dust.—When a carpet is taken up to be cleaned the floor beneath it is generally very much covered with dust. This dust is very fine and dry and poisonous to the lungs. Before removing it sprinkle the floor with very dilute carbolic acid to kill any poisonous germs that may be present, and to thoroughly disinfect the floor and render it sweet.

The Morning Bath.—An admirable way to take the morning bath by those who dread a daily plunge into cold water, is recommended by an authority as follows: Stand in hot water deep enough to cover the ankles, fill a basin with cool water, and sponge the body off quickly. Dry and rub vigorously, and get into flannels before drying the feet. This is better for any one than daily immersion. It is the rubbing more than the water that is needed; sponging off gives the excuse for the after rubbing, and the good result is gained.

Typhoid Fever Miasmatic.—A recent utterance by Sir Charles Cameron will probably meet with no denial. According to this high medical authority, when all the organic debris produced in towns is quickly removed, and when the dangerous subterranean atmosphere is prevented from entering dwellings, or even when sewage flows steadily day and night through well constructed main sewers, and when soils are thoroughly drained and kept free from filth, then there may be expected a substantial reduction in the mortality caused by typhoid fever, and, indeed, by other diseases.

Constipation and Headaches.—The source of many disorders, which might in most instances be prevented if proper attention were paid to ordinary measures of precaution, is constipation, says a medical authority. Irregularity in eating and exercising is the most common cause of this trouble. If persons occasionally troubled with headache, indigestion and other minor complaints would remove the cause the effect would soon pass away. When a headache results from constipation a glass of cold water taken just after rising will do more towards removing the trouble than the local application of preparations to the head. Opinion is divided as to the merits of the use of hot or cold water for this purpose, but cold water (not ice water) is here recommended, because it is not so apt to produce nausea.

Data Concerning Temperature and Ventilation.—Data concerning temperature and ventilation have of late years largely accumulated and are certainly of great practical importance in their relation to health and comfort, especially in buildings where considerable numbers of people are habitual occupants. In an office building, for instance, assuming that each person or occupant requires 2,000 cubic feet, or about 147 pounds, of fresh air an hour, and that this air is at a temperature of 80 degrees, the number of units of heat that must be abstracted in order to reduce the temperature to 70 degrees is stated to be 350 an hour. Now, it is ascertained by careful scientific methods that a pound of coal used in making steam for a fairly-efficient refrigerating machine will produce an actual cooling effect equal to that of sixteen to forty-six pounds of ice. Taking the lower of these limits, sixteen pounds of ice, which will abstract some 2,275 heat units while melting, it is seen that one pound of coal will, accordingly, reduce the temperature of the supply of air for one person for 6½ hours under the above assumptions; and estimating the price of coal at $3 per ton, and that the air is to be cooled for ten hours a day, the apparent cost is but 16 cents for one thousand people an hour.

Precautions in Regard to Canned Goods.—It is rather the fashion to decry tinned vegetables as being unwholesome, and there are people who rarely allow them to appear upon their tables, yet if properly treated they are perfectly harmless and wholesome. There are two essential rules, however, which should be invariably remembered. The first is that when a can is opened, the edible, whatever it is, should be turned out at once into another dish, and should never be kept standing in the tin. Careless cooks are apt to leave tomatoes or mushrooms or other tinned things used for seasoning in the cans, sometimes for several days, in which case they ase sure to be injurious. The other rule is that a vegetable should never, under any circumstances, whether at a picnic or to save the cook trouble, be warmed in its own tin. There is another danger connected with these preserved goods, and that is that the insane mania for cheapness at all risks, which some women have, has induced dishonest people to put inferior goods upon the market; but if a housekeeper is careful to buy none but the best, and see that they are properly prepared by her cook she need have no fear but that her tinned vegetables are as harmless as the same subtances in their raw and natural state; and she will have the advantage of procuring an infinite variety for her table at a very small outlay both of time and money.

Caviare and the Sturgeon.

The sturgeon is now, as it has been for many centuries, a very popular fish in Russia. During the long Lent of the Greek Church and its many fast days, exceeding in the aggregate four months, sturgeon is the principal meat of the common people of all European Russia. The flesh of this fish is not only largely used for food, but from the eggs or roe nearly or quite 5,000,000 pounds of caviare is made annually. There are several distinct species of the sturgeon, the largest, known as the Huso of the Black and Caspian seas and their rivers, sometimes attains a length of twenty-five feet and 3,000 pounds in weight. Some of the smaller European species are rarely more than three feet in length. The sharp-nosed sturgeon of the North River sometimes attains a length of eight feet and a weight of from 200 to 300 pounds, while the sturgeon inhabiting the great lakes are only about four feet in length. Pickled sturgeon was at one time considered quite a genteel dish even in this city, if we are to believe what is said of it in the newspapers of colonial times. It was served in many of the fashionable eating houses and restaurants.—[New York Sun.