

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Take Back the Ring.

Take back the ring thy finger wore,
It ne'er shall circle mine;
Take back the ring; I trust no more
A heart so false as thine.

The love which closed in blissful sleep,
To dream of heaven and thee,
Awakes to know, but not to weep,
How vain thy vows can be.

No grief shall wring my trusting breast,
No pain my heart shall know;
In hopeful peace my soul shall rest;
No tear for thee shall flow.

The heart that wins a morning love,
To evening loves incline;
As stars engage us from above
When meteors round us shine.

New hopes to cheer, thy way is clear,
'Tis lit with flick'ring joy;
Return to her, to thee so dear,
Nor her sweet peace destroy.

Take back the ring thy finger wore,
It ne'er shall sully mine;
I loved thee once; I plight no more
At thy unhallowed shrine.

—Hugh F. McDermott.

Fashion Notes.

Jet trimmings continue the rage.
Gold dollar bracelets are the latest.
Beads have obtained the acme of favor.

White is the favorite color for evening dresses.
Small Japanese fans with long handles are very fashionable.

Jet and cashmere beaded trimmings are much worn around the neck.
Pearl beads abound on white lace and embroidered silk bands for dress garniture.

Young ladies wear their corsage bouquets on one side of the neck, near the shoulder.

White jet and white Spanish lace appear to be favorite decorations of white dress bonnets.

There never was a season when so great a variety was seen in the style of dressing the hair.

Long round trains show rows of fine plaiting, and square trains employ side garniture and full trimming at the back.

New silk handkerchiefs for the neck are in pale shades of blue and rose, and edged with plaiting of Breton, Lanquedoc or Valenciennes laces.

The novelties destined to the greatest popularity in spring goods is the printed India cashmires in small multicolored fine patterns over a light ground.

The most fanciful piece of jewelry now worn is the bracelet, and many go far as to wear it instead of the linen cuff or other lingerie at the wrist.

Fichus for mourning consist of white all centers edged on both sides with very fine plaitings of crepe lisse and secured in front by a black ribbon bow.

A revival has taken place in the fashion of wearing a bodice that differs from the skirt, both in material and in color—the spencer, in fact, of forty years ago.

In Paris brides have paid their visits this month in dresses of white Hindoo cashmere, trimmed with ivory white plush, with the mantle and bonnet of push to match.

Skirts are decidedly shorter this season, whether for the matron who wears striped velvet, brocade and satin, or for youthful dancers in gauze, silk muslin and India muslin.

It is becoming a fashion for ladies each to adopt a separate flower for her own, and to wear it on all occasions; natural blooms especially whenever they are obtainable.

Full fraises of lace are worn high and close around the throat. The lace is put in treble box plaits, and there is a long bow of muslin and lace added to this to fall over the corsage.

Snoods, simple ribbons passed through the hair and knotted at the side with pendant ends, are revived. They are in the richest Oriental colors and finished at the ends with gold fringe or tassels.

At the charity ball, in New York, there were cuirasse basques of rich brocade worn over trimmed silk, satin or lace trimmed skirts, the brocade being usually repeated more or less in the trimming.

A very pretty and inexpensive wrap which bids fair to be popular for spring wear and for traveling through the summer, is a circular of dark gray ladies' cloth, with hood lined with black silk and finished by a heavy tassel.

The dove in various shades of gold is a favorite design in jewelry. Properly mounted and bearing a diamond branch forms an ornament for the hair, or with a single diamond suspended from its bill, becomes a beautiful ear-drop.

All trains are made a comfortable walking length in front and at the sides. The long narrow trains, whether square or round shape, are lengthened abruptly back of the front side gores, while in the flowing trains the lengthening is more gradual.

The newest corsage for evening dress has the short basque shape at the hips, is laced at the back, and terminates there as well as at the front in long and acute points. The neck is heart shaped and round and very short puffed sleeves replace shoulder straps.

Some new linen collars are given a very full effect by having the top edge rolled down and three rows of pointed Languedoc lace mounted on it to turn over and downward. When the linen is stiffened and well rolled the whole has the effect of a ruff supported by wire.

Long black kid gloves with a bracelet of small yellow rose-buds at the top is one of the caprices of semi-dress toilettes. For a delicate to wear with a white and blue toilette, white undressed kid gloves had a band of tiny blue forget-me-nots forming a bracelet at the top of each, just below the elbow.

Flannel, serge and cashmere in light tones are made up with dark velvet for bridesmaids at English weddings. Old English, almost fancy, dresses are adopted sometimes. At a recent wedding white satin, with Watteau plaits, tight sleeves with puffs, and Olivia caps of white lace and green satin were chosen, and looked most quaint on the children who acted as bridesmaids.

The Duty of Husbands.

The first duty of husbands is to sympathize with their wives in all their cares and labors. Men are apt to forget, in the perplexities and annoyances of business, that home cares are also

annoying, and try the patience and strength of their wives. They come home expecting sympathy and attention, but are too apt to have none to give. A single kindly word or look, that tells his thought of her and her troubles, would lift the weight of care from her heart. Secondly, husbands should make confidants of their wives, consulting them on their plans and prospects, and especially on their troubles and embarrassments. A woman's intuition is often better than all his wisdom and shrewdness; and all her ready sympathy and interest is a powerful aid to his efforts for their mutual welfare. Thirdly, men should show their love for their wives in constant attention, in their manner of treating them and in the thousand and one trifling offices of affection which may be hardly noticeable, but which make all the difference between a life of sad and undefined longing, and cheery, happy existence. Above all, men should beware of treating their wives with rudeness and incivility, as if they were the only persons not entitled to their consideration and respect. They should think of their sensitive feelings, and their need of sympathy, and never let the fire of love go out, or cease to show that the flame is burning with unabated fervor.

Prefering Suicide to Marriage.

Colonel Forney's Progress tells of a widow in China who committed suicide rather than marry again, and in this public manner paid the last debt of nature. "People in China are not only allowed to commit suicide, but they even advertise their determination beforehand, stating when and where they intend to effect their purposes. At least, the Foochow Herald tells of a young widow who had promised to hang herself at a certain spot on the 16th of last month, rather than yield to the wishes of her inhuman parents, and marry again. The sacrifice was actually consummated in broad daylight. The girl handed herself in the presence of an assembled crowd of friends and admirers. The tragic ceremony was preceded by a reception of visitors on the platform erected for the occasion, after which the poor young creature mounted the chair, placed the rope around her slim neck, and bidding a final adieu to this unsympathetic world, launched herself into eternity." The reason assigned for the suicide does not seem adequate for the sacrifice, and the Chinese journal may imitate some of its American contemporaries and indulge in the sensational.—Modern Argosy.

How a Canine Milk Thief was Caught.

It is customary for the occupants of one of the houses on Valencia street to deposit a milk picher on the front door step, there to await the arrival of the milkman. As this custodian of tins cans drove up to the house in the question yesterday morning he did not observe a cur of the mongrel breed which dogged his wagon wheels. He stopped, and so did the dog. He walked up to the door step, and so did the dog. He filled the waiting picher with milk and took his departure, but the dog didn't. The canine had determined to take the milk instead. After surveying the surroundings with a wary eye, and ascertaining that there were nobody near to molest or make him afraid, he commenced his nefarious operations. He bent his nose lovingly in the picher, and for a moment, while he quaffed delicious draughts of the rich liquid, his head was visible to the Call reporter, who observed the movements from behind a lamp-post across the way. Deeper and deeper dived the dog's head into the picher, and shallower and shallower grew the milk within.

At last the vessel became empty, the dog's snout touched the bottom and he would leave the picher and go, but the picher obstinately refused to be left and clung to the thiefing dog closer than a brother. The canine became hysterical, and began to turn somersaults, but all in vain; the picher would not be shaken. The dog fell down the steps and got hurt, but the picher wasn't injured whatever. Picking himself up, the quadruped ran he knew not whither. Completely blinded by the picher, he was unable to guide his footsteps, and, in consequence, the course which he pursued was a very erratic one. A hitching-post in the vicinity was awkward enough to get in the dog's way, and the collision which ensued was very unpleasant for the dog. The picher, however, still remained unbroken, and the agonizing howls of the terrified canine became so shrill and continuous that the whole neighborhood was alarmed, and heads were projected out of doors and windows by the hundred. Among the spectators was the dog's master, who, perceiving the pitiful plight of his pet, hastened to his relief. The efforts of the owner of the dog to pull the picher from its vantage ground were fruitless. The dog came every time, but the picher didn't. At last he was compelled to break the stubborn piece of crockery with a stone. The dog once more regained his accustomed composure, the atmosphere again became quiet and calm, and the windows were shut one by one, and Valencia street, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth, was quiet again.—San Francisco Call.

Mr. and Mrs. Ouray.

The Washington Post thus describes the famous Ute chief Ouray and his wife Chipewa, or Mrs. Ouray. She is a large, squat woman, about forty-five years old, with broad, flat features, a large round head and long black hair parted in the center and thrown carelessly at either side, almost concealing her features. Her form was enveloped in the folds of a large black and gray woolen shawl, concealing her attire, the only part of which visible was a pair of handsomely worked buckskin leggings. Arctic rubbers covered her feet, which were cased in buckskin moccasins. Ouray, who is fifty years old, is in appearance very much like his squaw, except that his hair was plaited and rested on his shoulders. He had a dark blanket thrown around him, concealing a white calico shirt with red figures, and a black cloth vest, and wore overshoes and decorated blue flannel leggings. His head was covered with a large broad-brim light slouch hat. He carried a bundle of wrappings strapped together, and took his place beside Chipewa, at the head of the ten other Utes. The latter, with one exception, were wrapped in blankets, but their costumes could be seen as half civilized. All wore calico or vari-colored flannel shirts, in which were worked beads, quilts and other ornaments. Some were shod in army brogans, and with one or two exceptions had on slouch hats. Shells, buttons and other bright ornaments were studded in their hair.

Patents on Old Inventions.

It is a little singular that some persons desiring to become rich without labor does not take out a patent on a revolving grindstone. It would not be necessary for him to engage in the manufacture and sale of them. He could quietly remain at home and send his agents about the country to scare farmers into the payment of damages for infringement on his patent. Examiners in the patent office are not supposed to have seen a grindstone, and, as the records of the department contain no mention of one, they would be quite likely to regard it as a novel invention, and so report it to the commissioner, who would issue a patent on it. The patentee would then have a wide and rich field from which to reap a bountiful harvest. By threatening to bring a suit for damages in the United States court, nearly every person who uses a grindstone would settle and congratulate himself that he had escaped so easily. A course like the above has been pursued by numerous persons with reference to implements and processes that have been in use longer than the common grindstone. In some instances they have made arrangements with "snide" lawyers, who attended to their claims in different counties and received a commission on all sums they collected by means of sending out warning notices.

A few years ago a person came to this city and endeavored to dispose of a patent process for drying blood. One of the claims in the patent was for "mercury" blood as a new article of commerce. He represented that the blood that could be obtained and dried in the city would be worth several millions of dollars annually, and that by having a monopoly on the manufactured article an individual or corporation could obtain a fortune in a single season. As he offered his patent with "all the rights and privileges thereunto belonging" for the modest sum of \$1,000,000, several persons of means thought it a great bargain, and made arrangements to secure it. One man, however, of inquiring turn of mind, investigated the matter and found that dried blood was a common article of commerce in this country long before the owner of this patent right was born, and that it had been bought and sold in other countries at least a thousand years before the discovery of America.

A sliding gate has been used by Western farmers almost from the time settlements were first made on the prairies. This circumstance, however, did not prevent a person from procuring a patent on it a few years ago, and from that time to the present men have been traveling about the country making demands on every farmer on whose place one of these gates were found. In most cases they have succeeded in collecting a sum by way of damages, and in selling a farm right to make and use their gates. In a few neighborhoods, however, farmers combined to resist the exactions of the agents, when they departed in quest of victims who were more easily frightened. The patentee of this device may have been sincere in declaring that he was the inventor of it, but the circumstance that it was not only described but illustrated in an agricultural paper before he applied for a patent shows that he was not the original inventor, and his patent is therefore worthless.

The latest account of attempting to collect damages from farmers who are declared guilty of employing an old process that has recently been patented comes from Ohio. In many parts of the State farmers have been in the habit of bleaching apples and peaches dried in the sun by exposing them a few minutes to the fumes of burning sulphur. The method employed is the same as that used for bleaching old straw bonnets and hats. Many farmers who were discovered bleaching their dried fruit were served with notices that they would be made parties to a suit in the United States court if they did not pay a considerable sum by way of damages for infringing on a patent. One large dealer who operated as a fruit drier was called on to pay the sum of \$20,000, but the claim was so large that he took the matter under advisement. It is now understood that combined action will be taken to resist the demands of the owner of this patent. It is certain that the process of bleaching by means of the fumes of burning sulphur was very extensively employed in the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, and an operation claiming so great antiquity cannot reasonably be claimed as a novelty. It is possible that none of the examiners of the patent office ever read the book in which the above account is recorded, and it would appear that they rarely read any work devoted to ancient or modern discoveries in the industrial arts.—Chicago Times.

A Conscientious Man.

An affecting and novel incident was presented in connection with the recent annual meeting of the Pacific bank stockholders. Ex-Gov. P. H. Burnett, for so many years president of the bank, arose in the course of the meeting and announced that, on account of his failing health, he would not be a candidate for re-election. He further stated that indisposition had so interfered with the regular discharge of his duties as president of the bank that he had been unable to give more than half his time to his regular routine work during banking hours. He considered, therefore, that only half his regular yearly salary was due him, and asked that one-half the salary be paid him, the balance to be placed as the directors and other officers of the bank might see fit. Mr. Burnett's wishes were over-ruled by his fellow officers, who held that his services given were well worth the full salary. A check was therefore drawn for the full amount and left on the president's desk. When he opened the envelope he rose and went to the teller and drew the full amount. He then walked over to the cashier's desk and placed one-half of the sum before that officer, requesting that it be placed to the credit of the "profit and loss account." On leaving the bank he shook hands with each of the employees, but was too affected to say good-bye.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Remarkable Ivy.

The property ivy has of adapting itself to circumstances is most strikingly illustrated by an incident related by Miss Strickland. The body of Catharine Parr, buried at Sudley, was disinterred, through curiosity, on several occasions. The last time the coffin was opened it was discovered that a wreath of ivy had entwined itself around the top of the royal corpse. A berry had fallen there at the time of the previous exhumation, taken root, and then silently, from day to day, woven itself into this green sepulchral coronal.—Chambers Journal.

HALF A MILE A MINUTE.

A Rapid and Perilous Descent on Snow-Shoes.

The Leadville (Col.) Chronicle gives the following account of the perilous journey of Mr. F. G. McCandless, who made the trip from Ute City, in the Roaring Fork district, to Leadville on snow-shoes, ninety miles, in four days and a half. The first eighteen miles occupied three days of hard labor, and brought him to Independence Camp. Two days out of this three he was without food, having taken but one day's supply on starting. The difficulties in the road were appalling. Heavy, wet snows had laden the trees in the canon and soaked them full of water. Cold weather froze them solid and strong winds cracked them off their stumps like so many matches. This caused the narrow gulch to be completely filled with a dense brush or thicket of their snow-laden branches. The high, perpendicular and heavily-timbered walls of the canon forbade any attempt to scale them, and to pass this all but insurmountable obstruction McCandless saw that he must cut his way through or return. He chose the former course. A light "squaaw axe" was his only tool, and was almost useless, from the fact that the wood was almost equal to rock in hardness. He had calculated on making Independence Camp the first night. His provision was gone, and there was nothing to do but toil on or lie down and die. Night came on, dark and cold. No wolves howled to keep him company, nor was the roar of the mountain lion heard. Nothing broke the death-like silence save the sharp clud of his little axe, as he cut away, through the gloomy defile. So passed the night, the day, the second day, and late in the afternoon McCandless, haggard, pale, starving and completely worn out, crawled up to the door of a cabin in Independence Camp. He was warmly welcomed and tenderly cared for, so that on the next morning he felt like pursuing his way.

After a hearty breakfast he started again, reaching the foot of the range at the head of Independence gulch at half-past nine Tuesday morning. Another hour took him to the summit. He had a drags-knife with him, and he stopped to fix his snow-shoes. The edges were shaved down, and the pole was sharpened. Then securing everything about his person carefully and bracing himself for the perilous descent, he made the start. The crust on the snow was like ice, and neither shoes nor pole made any impression upon it. This rendered any attempt at steering or slowing up useless, and an idea of the rapidity with which that descent was made may be had when we state that it was just ten o'clock when he left the summit, and four miles below, where he passed a cabin, he pulled out his watch and it marked seven minutes past, showing a speed of over a mile in two minutes. It was while on this descent, and at the highest speed attained, that McCandless passed through the most imminent peril of the whole trip. As he drew near to the timber line a tall and sturdy pine, fully three feet in diameter, loomed up directly in his course. His hair stood on end, as every effort to swerve to one side of it proved vain until when, within a few feet of the tree, the snow had become a little softened by the sun, and a slight grip was taken by the shoes and pole. Expecting instant death, and with the mentally uttered prayer of "Good-bye, Mac," the man threw himself over until his shoulder touched the surface of the snow. A sharp "zip," and the tree was passed in safety. On down through the timber flew the slider, and soon the foot of the range was reached in safety. From then on he used his legs with such good effect that the Twin lakes were reached at five o'clock in the afternoon of Sunday, McCandless having made thirty-eight miles that day. Monday morning at half-past ten he left the lakes, and at half-past twelve, two hours later, he was eating dinner at the Grand hotel in this city.

The snow-shoes on which this trip was made are worthy of mention. McCandless hewed them out himself at his cabin. Their length is thirteen feet nine inches each, while the guiding pole is thirteen feet long. McCandless is an expert in their use, having traveled, perhaps, thousands of miles upon them. In addition to his travels in all the noteworthy winter regions of America, he has visited and mined in the gold fields of Australia, the diamond beds of Africa and other notable foreign mining countries. He unreservedly declares, however, that his last trip, as detailed above, is by far the hardest and most perilous he has ever made.

A Glacier in Colorado.

A gentleman who has during the past two years traversed the mountains in the vicinity of Leadville, and penetrated almost to every mine of the secret recesses, informed a Herald reporter that there is within twenty-five miles of this city one of the most interesting curiosities of nature—a veritable glacier, presenting all the characteristics of the glaciers of Switzerland, both in magnitude and motion, its progress being gradually down the gulch. The scene of this curiosity is located in the Mosquito range, about fifteen miles north of the pass. Our informant states that he first discovered it about three years ago, while out on a prospecting tour. It was then nearly a mile in length, and at the bottom of the gulch presented a sheer precipice of ice not less than 150 feet in height. Later in the season the place was visited again, when it was found that the great mass of ice had melted until at its face it was not more than 100 feet high, the loss from the surface reducing its length to about half a mile. Again, early the following year, the place was visited, and the glacier was found to have regained its bulk, showing that the accumulation of ice and snow during the winter was about one-third its gross bulk. The rocks on the sides of this immense mass of ice show the marks of attrition, proving beyond all controversy that the glacier is in motion. Indeed, the earth at the foot of the glacier, heaved up in great masses, shows that it is gradually moving down into the valley. During the summer a large stream of water flows from the face of the icy cliff. Our informant is of the opinion that the glacier as it progressed out of the deep gorge in which it was first formed will slowly melt away, and that it will not last many years. It is out of the way of ordinary travel, and the route to the scene is exceedingly difficult, so that it is not likely to be visited except by prospectors and hunters.—Leadville (Col.) Herald.

The prefect of police of Paris commands an army of 50,000 men, and disposes of an annual budget of \$5,000,000.

Black Eyes.

It is not an extraordinary event in the life of the average man to become, by some of the numerous accidents which constantly occur, the unwelcome possessor of a discolored optic. It oftentimes happens that the undesired acquisition of this chameleon-like characteristic of one's eyes is superinduced by a misapprehension of one's strength of defense. The perversity with which door hinges swing their incumbance ajar, after the sun's rays and the lights of night have disappeared, and the total absence of any regular system as to the velocity and direction assumed by flying chips, have no doubt caused many an unforgiving eye and a disinclined countenance. To remove this stain of battle, or to whatever exterior causes owe its origin, has for a long number of years occupied the attention and science of the medical profession. Nature has often deluded suffering and disfigured man with what the uninitiated have fondly believed to be efficacious remedies.

The molluscous bivalve has often strained its elastic ligaments and destroyed its palatable qualities in vain endeavors to remove the rapidly-coagulating blood under many a swelling eye. The cotyledon worm has oft, with its triangular mouth, made a stillite incision on a bruised and rapidly darkened organ, and there remained until its symmetry of form vanished with its usefulness of its mission. But it has remained for the deft fingers of man to do all that the medical profession and animal kingdom have failed to achieve. For now, soremunerating has the science of eye painting become, that some half a dozen artists located in this city are slowly but surely treading the path to wealth and winning the laurel of the philanthropist. It was the fortune of a member of the Chronicle staff to call on one of these useful members of society, from whom he gleaned the following information:

Artist—Oh, yes, I paint a great many black eyes. Times are a little dull now, since the holidays have passed, but they will brighten up as soon as the picnic season commences. I tell you, that is our harvest; fifteen or twenty black eyes after every Sunday excursion.

Reporter—What are your charges?

Artist—Well, if it's not a very bad eye, we don't charge more than fifty cents; we generally get a dollar and a half for painting both eyes; occasionally a swell gives us two and a half.

Reporter—How and with what ingredients is the operation performed?

Artist—Oh, that is our secret, and it ain't much of a secret either. We just take some oil and rub it around the eye until the skin becomes soft, for it is originally hard and feverish, after receiving a thump hard enough to blacken it. We then take some paint and experiment on their cheek or the back of their hand until we get the right color of their complexion, and then with a finger—for a brush, you see, won't work it into the pores of the skin—we paint the eye until no one can see whether it's black or not.

Reporter—Will the paint withstand the effect of water?

Artist—After it gets well hardened, one may wipe his face with a wet towel, but it won't do to use warm water; or, if a fellow has lots of crow-feet in the corners of his eyes, it will cause the paint to crack. I had an Englishman come here one day, after his arrival from Australia. He was mistaken on the wharf for "the man that looked like him," and was struck in the eye. Of course it was a mistake; but he had got a black eye all the same, and, after I had finished the job, he went over to a bathing establishment and took a hot bath and that washed all my coloring off and left the other fellow's there, so I had to paint his eye again. Excuse, did you say? Well, I should speak of it. One man will say he ran against a door; another had a chip fly up and strike him in the eye; another was hit down, and occasionally one tells you he had a fight, but generally it was "only skyarking with a fellow."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Railway Officials and Pigs.

Count Baranoff, imperial commissary of railways in Southern Russia, while on a recent tour of inspection over the Lessov-Sebastopol line, in the Crimea heard complaints from all classes of the inhabitants. At one particular station a strangely worded protest was addressed to him by the spokesman of a group of landowners. "We cannot," vociferated this gentleman, "bear with the pigs any longer." "Which pigs do you mean?" asked you do not allude to the railway officials?" "By no means, they are bad enough; but it is the pig we can no longer endure." After a good deal of beating about the bush, the count succeeded in getting at the following curious facts: The subordinate railway officials along the line, compelled to submit to exorbitant reductions from their wages at the hands of the cashiers charged with the payment of all current expenses, found themselves so badly off that, in order to keep body and soul together, they had taken to swine breeding on a great scale, encouraging their herds to acquire a marketable fatness upon the estates contiguous to the line of railway. The circumstance that several valuable farms have been laid waste by hordes of hungry swine prompted the passionate protest which until its true grounds were revealed to him, so completely puzzled Count Baranoff.

Wild Horses of the East.

General D. B. Harper, who has been scouting in the Platte country, tells the Greeley (Colorado) Sun that the prairie fires on the Rickaree and Republican have driven the wild horses within twenty miles of South Platte, and that there are half a dozen bands, the largest numbering fifty animals, ranging the country. He concealed himself in the long grass, and after some time one company of horses grazed up to within two hundred yards. There were a number of mules and American mares in the crowd, which had been enticed away from civilization and are now apparently as wild as their native associates. While thus watching, General Harper saw these horses satisfying their thirst. In one place on Payton creek (a dry stream), he saw them pawing with their hoofs in the sand, and afterward found the holes were thus dug for water. In many spots water can be found six or eight inches below the surface. A band of buffalo came in to Harper's sheep camp, about ten miles from the river, and a party of hunters went out and killed twenty or more.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

RICE PIE.—One teacup boiled rice, one egg, one cup rice milk, one-half cup sugar, or more if desired; flavor with vanilla or nutmeg, and mix before putting in; bake with one crust.

STEAMED PUDDING.—Two cups of sour milk, one and one-half cups of Indian meal, two cups of wheat flour, one teaspoonful of soda, a little salt, and half a cup of chopped raisins. Steam two hours.

SUGAR CAKES.—One-half pound of butter, one-half pound of sugar, one pound of flour, three eggs, milk enough to form a dough. Beat the butter and sugar together; whisk the eggs light, and add them; then stir in the milk and flour alternately, so as to form a dough. Roll it out, cut it into cakes, and bake in a moderate oven.

HAM CAKES.—A capital way of disposing of the remains of a ham, and making an excellent dish for breakfast, is: Take one and a half pounds of ham, fat and lean together; put it into a mortar and pound it, or pass it through a sausage machine; soak a large slice of bread in half a pint of milk, and beat it and the ham well together; add an egg beaten up. Put the whole into a mold, and bake a rich brown.

APPLE SNOW.—Roast eight tart apples and pulp them through a sieve; take a half pound of the pulp, and when cold, mix with it a half pound of finely-sifted loaf sugar, and the thin rind of a small lemon; beat the whites of three eggs, whisk all the ingredients together to a fine froth and pile on a glass dish. A little sponge cake, soaked in fruit syrup, and laid on the bottom of the dish, is an improvement.

SCOTCH COLLOPS.—Cut the remains of some cold roast veal into about the thickness of cutlets, rather larger than a silver dollar, flour the meat well, and fry a light brown color in butter; dredge again with flour, and add half a pint of water, pouring it in by degrees; set it on the fire, and when it boils, add an onion and a blade of pounded mace, and let it simmer very gently for three quarters of an hour; the gravy with a tablespoonful of mushroom ketchup or Worcester sauce. Give one boil, and serve.

Farm Notes.
A cow will yield a greater weight in butter than she can store up in fat. An animal might give the product of two pounds of butter in a day, while one-half that quantity could be laid on in fat.

For roses in pots and almost any house plants a good liquid fertilizer may be prepared by dissolving soot in warm water. Bone ground fine makes an excellent fertilizer for all plants.

A correspondent writes: Last season I kept the striped bugs from my cucumbers by saturating ashes with kerosene and applying a handful in a hill.

Turnips are healthful for horses. They should be cut in slices, or what is better, pulped finely and mixed with a little meal and salt. Rutabagas are better than white turnips.

A cellar that is cool, dry and dark and yet well ventilated, is the best place for preserving potatoes in large quantities. When smaller quantities are to be preserved there is nothing like dry sand. The same may be said of fruits and roots of all sorts.

Plant tansy at the roots of your plum trees, or hang branches of the plant on the limbs of your trees, and you will be annoyed with curculio. An old and successful fruit-grower furnishes the above, and says it is the most successful curculio preventive he ever tried.

Parsnips, carrots, Swedish turnips, and especially mangel-wurtzel, will all fatten pigs. These roots ought not to be given in a raw state, but always cooked and mixed with beans, peas, Indian corn, oats or barley, all of which must be ground into meal. When pigs are fed on such cooked food as we have stated the pork acquires a peculiarly rich flavor, and is much esteemed, especially for family use.—Dublin Farmers' Gazette.

The Western Agriculturist says: In the manufacture of butter the custom has become general after churning to wash the butter with cold brine of greater or less strength, and not only to wash it once but twice, if the washing does not remove every trace of buttermilk. Cold water, be it of the purest, and ice in the bargain, is not now used for butter washing, brine having been found far preferable.

Ashes as a Fertilizer.
A Garratville (N. Y.) correspondent of the Country Gentleman writes on this by no means new subject: After using ashes on my farm for many years, both leached and unleached, I consider them a valuable fertilizer for grass or grain. I have used large quantities of leached ashes, generally applying them to land to be seeded down. I first prepare the ground for sowing, then spread 100 or 150 bushels of leached ashes to the acre, then sow wheat, barley or oats, as the case may be, and seed down, harrowing thoroughly, and when the crop matures I am always pleased with the result. I use fifty bushels of unleached ashes to the acre. Ashes, whether leached or unleached, make a very fine top dressing for meadows and pastures, and in every case where I have used them, the result for grain or grass has been very satisfactory, there being a large increase in both quantity and quality of grain or grass.

My mode of using ashes for corn, is to apply them to the top of the hill, before the corn comes up. As soon as the corn is planted, I put about a gill of unleached ashes on the top of each hill, always preferring to get my corn ashed before a rain, so that the first shower will carry the potash from the ashes down into the hill, for the corn roots to feed upon. I apply in the same way for potatoes. It takes, as I apply them, from fifteen to twenty bushels to the acre, and I think the ashes thus used are worth half a dollar per bushel. I am satisfied that ashes, either leached or unleached, are the best fertilizers the farmer can use. For immediate effects I know of nothing that is equal to them, and they are also lasting. They do not leach after the soil like manure, but after an application is made to grass or grain, the following crops for many years will show the results.

I should judge that the relative value of leached ashes would be about one-half that of unleached. While the leaching of ashes extracts most of the potash from the ashes, it leaves them rich with niter, which as a fertilizer is very valuable. It is claimed that to mix ashes and plaster together, makes the mixture worthless, the one neutralizing the fertilizing qualities of the other. If any one doubts it he can try it, and satisfy himself.