

**Mother's Way.**  
Oft within our little cottage,  
As the shadows gently fall,  
While the sunlight touches softly  
One sweet voice upon the wall.  
Do we gather close together,  
And in hushed and tender tones,  
Ask each other's full forgiveness  
For the wrong that each has done.  
Should you wonder why this custom  
At the ending of each day,  
Eye and voice would quickly answer,  
"It was once our mother's way!"

If our home be bright and cheery,  
If it hold a welcome true,  
Opening wide its door of greeting  
To the many—not the few;  
If we share our Father's bounty  
With the needy, day by day,  
'Tis because our hearts remember  
This was ever mother's way.

Sometimes when our hearts grow weary,  
Or our task seems very long,  
When our burdens look too heavy,  
And we deem the right all wrong,  
Then we gain anew fresh courage,  
As we rise and proudly say,  
"Let us do our duty bravely—  
This was our dear mother's way."

Thus we keep her memory precious,  
While we never cease to pray  
That at last when length'ning shadows  
Mark the evening of life's day,  
They may find us waiting calmly  
To go home our mother's way.

## HOW I BECAME THE FASHION.

### AN ENGLISH STORY.

I was born a beauty; from the time I could talk and understand, it was instilled into me as a fact. When I could toddle about, some judicious person, probably a nurse, gave me the name of "Beauty," and it stuck to me ever after. I don't think I was inordinately proud of my distinction, although even in childhood it makes a difference, but it seems to me as I look back that my attractions were made use of by my brothers and sisters for their own benefit. They were always sending me to beg a holiday on the plea that "Papa won't refuse Beauty," or later on to get leave to go to this or that place of amusement, for "Mamma is sure to let Beauty have her way."

It's a wonder I wasn't quite spoiled, but I don't think I was; at least no such accusation was ever made, even when sisterly civilities were being interchanged. We were a large family, principally girls, all presentable except my eldest sister, Matilda; she had no looks to speak about, but she made it up by a superabundance of brains—she was the family headpiece, a sort of plateau to be relied upon on all state occasions. She certainly was a remarkable woman; her one idea was to push one's self forward in life.

How angry she was when I married Charley! She was at Gibraltar settling my brother Edmund in his appointment, and I was Mrs. Redcar before she came back. Charley was a captain with good prospects of getting on, but Matilda made him sell out and put his money into a new company started to provide Venice with tram cars; after that we came up to town, because Matilda said that with my beauty and Charley's connections London was the place for us. We were sure to push our way; but curiously enough, we didn't. Charley's connections belonged to the Plymouth Brothers and Sisters, and my good looks were quite thrown away on people who wore poke bonnets. There was one old man, a grand-uncle of Charley's, who had lived in the regency days, and said I was the image of Dolly Bloomfield, whoever she might be.

A year or so passed, very quietly, and then Matilda came up to see how we were getting on. She was very indignant when she found that we had made no way, and scolded us roundly for our apinence.

"I have no patience with either of you," she said. "With Beauty's looks and the Redcar connection you ought to be at the very top of the tree." And then we explained to her about the Plymouth Brethren.

"But there's Charley's godfather's wife; she has nothing to say to trade or meeting-houses, because I see her parties every week in the *Morning Post*," said my sister with a look which meant: "You can't impose on me; if Beauty were only seen there she'd soon push her way."

Charley looked at me and I looked at Charley, and then we both burst out laughing. It was a mortifying confession, but the truth was we had been at Charley's wife's godmother's—no, I mean Charley's godfather's wife—more than once, and nothing had come of my "being seen there," but the bills we had to pay for the dress I wore and the carriage.

Matilda looked very grim when we told her this. "I don't see what you are laughing at," she said, crossly. "No one but a fool would find amusement in their own failure." This was very severe, but Matilda was awfully put out, and in the evening, when Charley had gone to the "Rag" to have his smoke, she spoke very seriously to me. "I don't like the look of things," she said. "I shouldn't be at all surprised if those Venetian tram shares don't come to much. The people there are so silly, they prefer the gondoas, and if they go own where will you be?"

"Good [gracious! Matilda, I thought you recommended them, and said they would double our income."

"And haven't they done so, you silly thing? All you have to do is to put our shoulder to the wheel, and push Charley, and that will make it all right. As for him, he is a regular stick in the mud. So you must do it yourself."

"If? Why what in the world can I do?"

"Make yourself the fashion!" said my sister, oracularly.

The next day Matilda, Charley, and I went to see the pictures at the R. A. It's a long way from Inverness Terrace to Piccadilly, particularly on a hot day, so we went in an omnibus. I don't mind an omnibus, but Matilda thinks it's a disgrace to be seen in one. She has a provincial idea that every one knows her. She sits far back with her veil drawn in a tight little ball over her nose, which makes her ever so much more remarkable. This day in particular she was in a great fright and was very indignant with Charley and me, who were laughing at the faces she made.

When she got out she said: "To think that our Beauty should be brought down to sit with washerwomen in an omnibus!"

Charley flushed up. He's the most good-humored fellow in the world, but he doesn't like Matilda. "She should drive in a coach with six horses, if I could give it to her," he said; "but she knew I was a poor man when she took me."

"And liked you all the better," cried I, gayly, as I pressed his arm affectionately; but Matilda only snorted. I heard her mutter: "A pair of fools!"

The Academy was very full that day, and I thought it a great bore. Neither Charley nor I care much for pictures, but Matilda says she understands "color." She goes round religiously with her catalogue and pencil and marks the good ones. She leaves it to the drawing-room table when she goes home, and holds forth to the country people upon the "flesh tints" of Millais, and the "deep impasto" of Burne Jones.

I soon got tired, so I sat down near the passage leading to the refreshment room. I always think the lunch is about the best thing at the pictures. But they seemed never to be coming. For some time I amused myself looking at the people; they were a shifting mass of faces and dresses, and I was greatly diverted. By-and-by I began to observe that the crowd when they came to a certain picture stood there, forming a regular line, as they did for Miss Thompson. It was awfully hot, and I had taken off my veil and pushed up my hat, for my forehead was burning. Suddenly I noticed that a great many people turned their backs upon the picture, and looked at me, and then faced round again to the canvas wall. In my character of Beauty I have been all my life pretty well accustomed to the sort of homage conveyed by what is called "hard staring," so that it must have been an undue amount of it which attracted my attention; but surely I had never seen any like this. Groups of two, three, six at a time would stand before me, calmly surveying me, and I could gather by their gestures, talking of me. But I didn't hear what they said. I became very anxious to see the picture which attracted such attention, but the block round it was too great. The next best thing was to ask for information. It was some time before I could pitch upon a person fitting for this purpose. At last a very quiet-looking lady came near me. She had a catalogue in her hand. I addressed her. "May I ask you to tell me the name of the picture at which every one is looking?"

She turned to the book, but first glanced at me; then hurried on, and I saw her a few minutes afterward pointing me out to some of her friends. I felt extremely uncomfortable. I looked about anxiously for Charley and Matilda, but there was no sign of either. Then, I did a very foolish thing; I got up to go and look for them, principally to escape from the numberless eyes fixed upon me.

To my surprise the crowd made way at once, and, as I walked, followed me, pressing very closely upon me, but not discourteously. I could hear some of the remarks, which were of the most flattering description. Just then I saw in the distance a brother officer of Charley's, a certain Captain Winton. He was a hanger-on and toady of the great, and a most conceited, tiresome little creature. I disliked him, although I'm bound to say he never absolutely cut us.

He now stopped to speak to me; of course, he was politely indifferent as to the loss of my party.

"I would help you to look for Charley," he said; "but the fact is the Duchess of Cranberry is here, and she's quite on the qui vive. Some one has told her that the original of the picture is actually in the room, and, of course, it would be everything to secure her for the 20th, and—"

Here I interrupted him rather rudely, but he is such a bore.

"I wonder," I said—but here I was in my turn interrupted. Two gentlemen on one side, two on the other, tapped Captain Winton on each shoulder.

"Will you kindly introduce me?" said one.

"And me?" said the other.

"And me?"

"And me?"

Little Winton stared, but did as he was bid.

"Lord Snappington—Mrs. Redcar; Colonel Fotheringham—Mrs. Redcar; Sir John De Tabley—Mrs. Redcar; Major Beaulieu—Mrs. Redcar. Beau-

lieu, I think you know Charley Redcar; he was one of ours?"

In right of this acquaintance, Major Beaulieu walked on my right hand; Lord Snappington fought hard to keep his place on my left, but the crowd, which persistently followed in my wake, would not let him. Hardly any conversation was possible. At the first convenient pause, little Winton darted forward:

"My dear Mrs. Redcar, how sly you have been! And Charley, too, never breathed a word of this! Now, you must come at once to the duchess; I have her positive orders." And, before I could take in what he meant, I was being introduced to a very large lady, with a high nose, and a most charming manner.

"I am so pleased to know you, Mrs. Redcar," she said. "I am obliged to hurry away; but you will come to me on the 20th, won't you? I haven't time to say half the pretty things I ought; but really, without flattery, it isn't equal! There, now, I'll no say another word. Stay; could you come to me this evening? It's shockingly informal, but you don't look formal. Eh? What?"—in answer to a whisper from little Winton—"of course, Captain Redcar, by all means—that is, if he will give me the pleasure. I have to run away—so sorry. My carriage, Captain Winton, if you please. Good bye." And, with a pretty amile and a bow, she vanished.

It was all so sudden I felt quite stunned. "I don't understand it," I said. "I don't know her, or what she wants with me."

"That's the Duchess of Cranberry, she's a great friend of Masse's, and her wonderful party is to be on the 20th."

"But what does she want with me?" I repeated.

They all smiled, and Winton, who had just come back, said "Capital!" He volunteered to go and look for Charley, and suggested to one of the gentlemen to see about my carriage.

"The Duchess is delighted," he said, "and thanked me so much for the introduction. No wonder, it makes the whole thing complete. Didn't I do well about Charley? It wouldn't do at all for him to be in the background. But, listen, I have a hint for your private ear. I shouldn't be at all surprised if a certain person is there this evening."

"Where?"

"Oh! at the Duchess's, of course. I just give you the hint. Throw over any engagement, do you hear? And mind you bring Charley." And with a grave face he went.

For a minute or two I felt inclined to cry. I had had no luncheon, and this extraordinary adventure puzzled me. I looked round at my escort of four gentlemen. "I should like to go home," I said.

Lord Snappington immediately offered me his arm. Major Beaulieu brought my parasol—the other two ran for my carriage. "I haven't any, indeed," I went on; "I think you take me for some one else."

At this they all laughed, and Lord Snappington said would I honor him by making use of his? He didn't want it for the rest of the afternoon, if I liked to drive. He was so pressing that I really couldn't refuse to go to Inverness Terrace in it, although I hardly expected the wonderful footman to know where it was.

I declare when I found myself in the carriage quite alone I rubbed my eyes and pinched my fingers. I could hardly help thinking that I had fallen asleep and had dreamt all this, but just as I was pinching myself hard I saw Charley and Matilda standing on the pavement in Piccadilly, looking very hot and uncomfortable. I put my head out of the window and called to the grand coachman to stop.

The man looked at me very wickedly, but I didn't care. I jumped out, and never felt more pleased than when I got hold of Charley's arm and the fine carriage had driven away empty.

Anything like the amazement of Charley and Matilda, when they heard my adventure, I never saw. They couldn't make head nor tail of it any more than myself; only one thing was clear to me, that I must get home and have something to eat. I was so faint with excitement and hunger. We all made up our minds that it was a mistake of some kind. We went carefully through the catalogue, but there was nothing there. Charley proposed running into Mrs. Smithers at No. 10 (she sets up to be artistic), but Matilda said no—not on any account—the thing was to keep our own counsel. Matilda was all for our going to the duchess's. She said it didn't matter, mistake or no mistake. She had asked me to her house in my own proper person and under my own proper name, and there was no imposition or forcing myself in on my side. Charley said the same, and added that at all events it would be fun—so we went. Charley burst out laughing in the carriage—he said his godfather's wife would get a fit when she heard that we had been to Cranberry house. But I think he got nervous when we were actually inside. I know I felt ready to sink into the earth when we walked up the grand staircase through lines of powdered footmen. It seemed to me so utterly absurd. The first person I saw was Lord Snappington near the door. He seemed like an old friend; and presently Colonel Beaulieu joined us. He seemed to know Charley very well, although Charley says they haven't done more than nod these ten years; but he was very friendly, and asked us to drive down on his coach to the Orleans next day. I was very pleased, for Charley had been wishing to go and—so had I.

After a time little Winton came up in a great fuss, and said the duchess was asking for me, and that I was to go into the boudoir. I didn't, of course, know where that was, but Lord Snappington gave me his arm and said he would take me there. As we walked along, I heard a great many people whispering together: "There she is, on Lord Snappington's arm." I was dying to know what it all meant, and I would have asked Lord Snappington then and there, only that Matilda's last words had been: "Mind you ask no questions. Just take everything as it comes." Still I think I would have said something, but just then we got into the boudoir, and there was the same lady I had seen in the morning, only looking much grander, and with the most lovely diamonds on her head. She had about twenty other ladies and gentlemen with her, and she was talking to a personage whom I recognized at once, and my knees knocked together with fright.

"Oh! here is Mrs. Redcar!" cried the duchess; "now we have her we shall all right."

The certain person put a glass to his eye and looked at me:

"Fond of swinging, Mrs. Redcar?" much in the manner Charley would have said it. And then every one began to laugh. I laughed too, although I had no idea why.

"Do you swing much?" the Personage went on, still surveying me through the glass earnestly.

I hadn't swung since I was a child, and I thought it a very odd question, but, before I had time to answer, the duchess struck in.

"My swinging party comes off on the 20th, and I have given directions to have a rose-colored swing put up for Mrs. Redcar."

There was a general chorus of approbation, and I really began to think I had got among a set of lunatics. Just then some music began in the next room, and there was a move toward it. The certain person lingered a moment.

"Duchess! I shall certainly come to your swinging party on the 20th for the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Redcar in the rose-colored swing." He smiled pleasantly at me as he spoke, did this Great Man, and strolled lazily out of the boudoir.

When he was gone every one crowded round me. I'm sure I made twenty acquaintances and had twenty invitations in as many minutes.

All the rest of the evening was one whirl of pleasure. Charley enjoyed it quite as much as I did, and we both agreed that after all good company is nicer than and quite as cheap as, any other.

In the middle of the night Charley awoke me by another loud fit of laughter. "I can't help it, Beauty," he said, "but I can't get over godfather's wife when she hears of our being on easy terms with the best in the land."

It was most surprising. There was certainly no doubt on that point.

The next morning we had just done breakfast when, to our surprise, Charley's godfather's wife drove up. Matilda had just time to give us a word of caution when she came in, all laces and ribbons, bangles and chains—so unlike the duchess. She made straight at me. "My dear," she said, and kissed me on both cheeks; "how sly of you!" and then she kissed me.

Just then there came another knock at the door, and one of Charley's uncles (a very great manufacturer, with works at the East End) was announced. He was a good man, and I liked him, but his face was extra long this morning. He took Charley and me aside:

"Is this true?" he said, and he thrust a copy of the *Whitehall Review* into my hand, pointing to this paragraph:

"I am glad to tell my readers that the charming original of Monsieur Henri Masse's famous picture of 'Love in a Swing' is among us. She is not a Frenchwoman, but English born and bred—Mrs. Redcar, wife of Captain Charles Redcar, late of the Tenth regiment; and we may well be proud of our lovely countrywoman. This puts an end to the countless stories which have been floating about since the picture appeared. It is to the Duchess of Cranberry (Monsieur Masse's old friend) that we owe this addition to the ranks of the Beauties. Mrs. Redcar appears under the duchess's wing. She made her debut at the Cranberry house soiree last night, and was hugely admired."

So much for the truth of report. After all, then, there was no harm in it, and although at first I didn't like sailing under false colors, still Matilda persuaded me it would be foolish to make a fuss; I had only to hold my tongue and let the fashionable world and the fashionable newspapers tell as many lies as they pleased. I did so. I became the fashion. After the duchess's swinging party on the 20th of June, 1879, my position was assured. No one can be more fashionable than I am. Under Matilda's directions I am trying hard to push Charley on. If I succeed I will tell you all about it.—*Whitehall Review*.

A recently imported walking dress is of dark amber-colored corded silk and embossed velvet of a shade to match. The first skirt is slashed and laced over inserted puffs of the velvet. The overdress hangs perfectly straight on the right side, and at the left is laced across with cords and spikes of amber color flecked with gold. At the back is a drapery edged with velvet and facings of the silk. The silk bodice opens over a long waistcoat of the embossed material brightened by Japanese buttons of gilt. The long sleeves are finished with revers laced over puffs of the velvet.

## FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

### Farm and Garden Notes.

Sunflowers are recommended in the *Dutchess Farmer* for bean poles, planting them at a suitable distance in the garden and planting the beans around them when three or four inches high.

Let the surplus straw be stacked in the yards. If the stock have a picking at this, it will answer well the purpose of noon feeding; and will also keep the animals on the move to their warmth and growth. The straw scattered by such a plan is not wasted.

Every gardener and farmer should have a compost heap; and upon it pile up every sod and rubbish within his reach that would make manure. It will pay.

The German custom of planting fruit trees on either side of public highways is a good one. These trees are pruned and otherwise cared for by the road hands. They furnish shade and fruit to the weary travelers, and constitute a humane provision worthy of imitation in all Christian lands.

As an insect destroyer the juice of the tomato plant is said to be of great value; the leaves and stems are well boiled in water, and when the liquid is cold it is sprinkled over plants attacked with insects, when it at once destroys caterpillars, black and green flies, gnats and other enemies to vegetables, and in no way impairs the growth of the plants. A peculiar odor remains and prevents insects from coming again for a long time.

One of the best things in the world to give a horse, after he has been driven, is a quart of oatmeal stirred into a pail of water. It refreshes and strengthens him, relieves his immediate thirst, and prepares his stomach for more solid food. It is like the plate of soup before dinner, satisfying and appetizing together.

H. Stewart writes to the *Country Gentleman* regarding butter as follows: There is no doubt that sour cream will make better flavored and more solid butter, and more of it than sweet cream; the butter will keep longer in good condition. Sweet cream butter is excellent, and may be exquisite, if very well made, for immediate use, but it deteriorates very rapidly, while sour milk butter improves by keeping for several weeks, if well made and well kept. But neither the milk nor the cream should be permitted to "clabber."

Plants in pots on balconies, in windows, or in situations exposed to the direct influence of the rays of the sun, are often half and sometimes altogether killed by the root-roasting to which they are subjected, the surface of the pots often becoming so heated that the hand cannot be placed upon them without being burned. The poor roots, that generally hug the sides of the pots closely, have, indeed, a sorry time of it under these conditions.

"Can fruit trees be grown for their timber as well as for their fruit?" was the somewhat novel question up for discussion at a recent meeting of a horticultural society. Cherry timber, it was argued, makes beautiful furniture and brings in market almost as good a price as does walnut. The pear was said to be in demand by millwrights, though this wood is nearly worthless for general farm purposes. The apple, it was claimed, is in demand by last-makers and turners of woodenware. When fruit trees are grown with a view to timber as well as fruit, high trimming was recommended.

To Keep Seed Pure.

We have the oft-repeated testimony of many farmers, who have tried the experiment, that changing the locality of seed increases productiveness of many kinds of crops. It is therefore reasonable (although the why and wherefore is not generally understood) that there is something in it, although, after all, I think that equally good if not better results may be obtained by a judicious system of selection, culture and rotation on different sections of the same farm. It is my opinion, corroborated by experience and observation, that a system of selecting seed and planting only the most perfect of its kind, would obviate all difficulty and complaint of poor crops and seed, arising from this source. For example, in planting potatoes plant none less in size (and those whole) than Jhen's egg, and no overgrown tubers, and follow this with a regular rotation, not growing related crops on the same ground oftener than once in three to five years. Select the best, most perfect kernels of wheat, sowing only such; also the best and most perfect of all kinds of seeds, taking pains to save from the new representatives of the variety. Instead of deterioration, as we often hear, improvement in both quantity and quality will then result. I know farmers who, instead of pursuing such a course, sell the best because it brings a better price in the market, and then they go to others for seed, or plant such as is left of their own after the best is disposed of, and then, complain that their crops deteriorate, whereas, had they pursued the course indicated above, in a few years their crops as well as their purses would greatly improve.—*W. H. White, in the Country Gentleman*.

### Washing Butter.

Professor Arnold says that butter gathered in the churn always contains more or less buttermilk, which would soon spoil the butter if not removed. There are two ways of removing it—one is by kneading in water or brine, and the other by kneading it without water. One is called washing, the other working. The former removes it much more rapidly than the latter. The flavor of the butter which has been washed is different from that which has not been washed. The difference between washed

and unwashed butter is analogous to the difference between clarified sugar and unclarified. The former consists of pure saccharine matter; the latter of sugar and some albuminous and flavoring matters, which are contained in the juice of the cane mingled with it, which give a flavor in addition to that of sugar. Brown sugar, though less sweet, has more flavor than clarified sugar. When unwashed, there is always a little buttermilk and sugar adhering to the butter that gives it a peculiar flavor, in addition to pure butter, which many people like when it is new. Washing removes all this foreign matter, and leaves only the taste of the butter, pure and simple. The assertion is often made, and many people believe, that water washes out the flavor of the butter; but it only cleanses the butter of the buttermilk, sugar and milk acid which may adhere to it, just as clarifying sugar removes from it the foreign matter which modifies its true flavor. The flavor of butter consists of fatty matter which do not combine with water, therefore cannot be washed by it. The effect of washing upon the keeping quality of butter depends upon the purity of the water with which the washing is done. If the water contains no foreign matter that will affect the butter it will keep better for washing the buttermilk out than by kneading it out.

### Iron for Fruit Trees.

An exchange says that "the scales which fly off from iron being worked at forges, iron trimmings, filings or other ferruginous material, if worked into the soil about fruit trees, or the more minute particles spread thinly on the lawn, mixed with the earth or flower-beds or in pots, are most valuable. They are especially valuable to the peach and pear, and in fact supply necessary ingredients to the soil. For colored flowers they heighten the bloom and increase the brilliancy of white or nearly white flowers of all the rose family.

### Recipes.

MOONSHINERS.—Take the whites of eggs and beat to a stiff froth, sweetening it with one tablespoonful of powdered sugar, and flavoring it with orange flower water. Have a saucer of sweetened cream and drop a spoonful of the froth upon it. Very delicate and palatable.

BUNS.—One cup of milk, one cup of sugar, one cup of yeast, flour to make a batter. Let it rise over night, then add one-half cup of melted butter, a cup of sugar, flour to knead it, and let it rise again, then roll and cut into cakes, and let it rise again.

APPLE SNOW.—Put twelve apples in cold water and set them over a slow fire; when soft drain them, take off the peelings, core them and put them in a deep dish; beat the whites of twelve eggs to a stiff froth, put half a pound of sugar in the apples, beat them light and then beat in the white.

CRULLERS.—Two cupful of sugar, one cupful of butter, three eggs, three cupful of flour, one cupful sweet milk, a small teaspoonful cream of tartar in the flour, a small half teaspoonful of soda in the milk; one tablespoonful cinnamon and nutmeg; mix smoothly, roll and cut in any design, and boil in hot lard.

APPLE SHORTCAKE.—Fill a square bread tin three-quarters full of sliced sour apples; make a thick batter of half a cupful of sour cream, half a cupful of buttermilk, one teaspoonful of saleratus, a little salt and flour to make quite stiff—a little stiffer than cake. Turn this over the apples; bake forty minutes, and serve with sauce, or cream and sugar flavored with nutmeg.

SPONGE CAKE.—Three coffee-cupfuls of flour, the same quantity of white sugar, nine eggs and one lemon. Beat the yolks and sugar lightly together, add the juice of the lemon and a small portion of the finely-grated rind; mix thoroughly into the flour half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar; mix this well also. To the yolks and sugar now add half of the beaten whites; and then all the flour and the remainder of the beaten whites.

SOUP.—Take of soup stock two quarts, break two eggs into some flour and knead it very stiff, roll out in thin sheets to the thickness of wrapping paper, spread on the table for one half hour, then place them on each other and roll up; with a sharp knife cut very fine strips from the end, shake them apart and add to your soup when hot, stirring all the time, boil ten minutes, season with pepper, salt and celery, or a little parsley.

DOUGHNUTS.—Heat one quart of new milk, but do not let it boil; add two tea-cupfuls of lard and three cupfuls the same size of sugar, either white or a light brown; when well melted, stir in one cupful of yeast and enough flour to form a thick spozge. Beat long and well, and when the mass seems light and full of bubbles stir into it the well-beaten yolk and white of one egg. When light, work well and let it rise again; then roll and cut into shape; boil in hot lard until brown.

A few facts not so generally known as they should be: A watch fitted with a second hand need not necessarily be a second-hand watch. Doctors generally agree about bleeding their patients. Steam is a servant that sometimes blows up its master. An ungrammatical judge is apt to pass an incorrect sentence. Any fool can make a woman talk, but it's hard to make one listen. A thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.

A good soldier is an easy catch. He is always ready for an engagement.