

No subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months. Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Advertisement type and Rate. Includes categories like 'One Square, one inch, one insertion', 'Legal advertisements on cents per line each in insertion', 'Marriage and death notices gratis', 'Job work—cash on delivery.'

The season is at hand when careless people get too familiar with unappreciated guns, and afterward go to the doctor for repairs.

United States statistician Dodge figures the wheat crop of this country at about \$20,000,000 bushels, the yield per acre being about one per cent. less than last year.

A new swindle upon farmers has been perpetrated. They are invited to sign an agreement not to kill birds for a year, and the pledges, with a little manipulating, turn up in the form of promissory notes.

Douglas County, Mo., comes to the front with three sisters whose aggregate weight is 925 pounds. They are aged respectively 14, 13 and 9 years. The mother weighs 170 pounds. On each of the two younger children are six fully developed fingers.

A little pamphlet advocating a new system of condensed printing states that it costs the London Times \$2,500 a year to use the superfluous "u" in the English spelling of such words as favour, colour, endeavour, etc., counting material, labor, and space at advertising rates.

A California court has decided that a deed to real estate from a husband to a wife where "love and affection" are named as the consideration, is void if the parties do not live in harmony, there being no valuable love and affection in that case, and the statute requiring a valuable consideration.

The advantages of advertising are well proved by a letter on file at the New York Postoffice, in which the owners of certain medicine offered to pay the Government \$10,000 for two months' use of a canceling which should send out every letter from the office during that time with the name of the patent medicine stamped upon it.

The Government of Japan has invited several scientific bodies to appoint a joint committee to examine and report upon the type of buildings best calculated to resist shocks of earthquake. This is in view of the fact that whereas Japanese houses were formerly constructed of wood, masonry is now coming largely into use, especially in the construction of public buildings.

Thieves are absolutely growing sentimental. A Western burglar refused to carry off plunder from a house after he discovered that its owner was a mason. A Georgia thief grew conscience-stricken and returned a large sum of money. And now, to cap the climax, comes the case of a New York pickpocket, whose tender heart would not allow him to keep a watch which contained an inscription from a father to his daughter, and who returned it through Inspector Byrne.

Statistics show that blindness is increasing very rapidly in the United States. Between the years 1870 and 1880 the population increased thirty per cent. and blindness 140. It costs \$25,000,000 a year to sustain an army of over 50,000 blind people on the lowest basis of cost and wages that would have been earned. The chief cause of the rapid spread of this affliction is said to be contagion, assisted by immigration, which brings many infectious diseases of the eye into the country.

Twelve Mormon families have already settled at Alberta, in the Dominion of Canada, and others will soon settle at Medicine Hat. The Toronto Globe has heard that the Mormon rulers have been in correspondence with the Canadian Government on the subject of colonizing in Canada, and that the answers they received were not such as to prevent their endeavoring to effect their purpose. We don't wish them any harm, says the New York Tribune, but all the same we should rejoice to get rid of the Mormons.

The preservation of forests is a favorite theme in this country just now. As the Richmond State well says: "Hardly a week passes that we do not read of large tracts of land at the South having been bought simply for the timber that is on them. It is only a question of a few years when there must be a timber famine in certain sections of the South. If the waste places and worn-out lands are planted in trees the day will come when the tree crop will be a most valuable one. A few days in each year set apart by Southern land owners for arboriculture would prove time well expended.

The "champion" hangman in the United States is George B. Malidon, of Fort Smith, Ark., on the border of the Indian Territory. He has been acting as an executioner for the United States Marshal there since 1873. The United States Court in the Territory is scarcely more than a criminal court, having jurisdiction of all crimes committed in that region. This man has, in his official capacity, "worked off" fifty-two murderers, hanging forty-two on the same gallows. This celebrated executioner is fifty-two years of age, a Bavarian by birth, but an American by residence for the greater portion of his life. He is said to be a jolly good fellow.

AARON BURR'S WOOING.

From the commandant's quarters on Westchester Heights. The blue hills of Tompago lie in full sight; On their slope gleam the gables that shield his heart's queen. But the redcoats are wary—the Hudson's between. Through the camp runs a jest: "There's no moon, 'twill be dark on a spark!" And the toast of the troopers is: "Pickets, lie low, And good luck to the Colonel and Widow Prevost!" Eight miles to the river he gallops his steed, Lays him bound in the barge, bids his escort make speed. Loose their swords, sit athwart, through the fleet reach you shore; Not a word! not a plash of the thick-muffled oar! Once across, once again in the boat, and away— Five leagues are soon over when love has the And "Old Put" and his rider a bride-path know To the Hermitage Manor of Madame Prevost. Lightly done! he halts in the grove's deepest glade, Ties his horse to a birch, trims his cue, slings his blade, Wipes the sweat and the dew from his smooth handsome face; With the kerchief she brodered and bordered in lace; Then slips through the box-rows and taps at the hall, Sees the glint of a wax-light, a hand white as small, And the door is unbarred by herself all aglow— Half in smiles, half in tears—Theodosia Prevost. Alack, for the soldier that's buried and gone! What a volley above him, a wreath on his stone, Compared with sweet life and a wife for one's view Like this dame ripe and warm in her India shawl! She chides her bold lover, yet holds him more dear, For the darling that brings him a night-rider Britishtalons by day through her doors come and go, And a Yankee's the winner of Theo Prevost. Where's the widow or maid with a mouth to be kept, When Burr comes a wooing, that long would resist? Lights are wined on the banquet, the shutters all fast, And "Old Put" stamps in vain till an hour has flown past— But an hour, for eight leagues must be covered ere day; Laughs Aaron: "Let Washington frown as he may, When he hears of me next in a raid on the foe Hell forgive this night's tryst with the Widow Prevost!" —E. C. Steadman, in Harper's

THE GRACE OF LOVE

BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD. A great while ago, there once lived a very beautiful and very rich little Princess. So rich that she was the talk of the world, and so beautiful that she was the admiration of all eyes. She was wearing out pantaloons by the million in protracted and agonizing kneeling at her tiny feet. Notwithstanding the glory of it, however, the little Princess did not much enjoy this sort of thing; for whereas other young ladies could spend their time in making delightful presents and comfortable for their friends, this poor little thing had to employ all her hours in knitting everlasting mittens (which are very awkward, disagreeable things to make, besides being never pleasantly accepted), so that many a time did she wish she might only have been born married, and thus have been spared this continual worry and vexation of soul. For she was a proud, fastidious little Princess, and had declared that she never would marry until she had found one who was in every way her superior, as was, of course, all extremely right and proper; only, though all kinds of paragons came to woo, somehow or other none of them ever proved superior enough to succeed in winning the little Princess for his bride. It really was pitiable to see so many fine fellows turned off duty; but the Princess was become so accustomed to it that she grew quite callous-hearted on the subject; and when she heard that of the thousands rejected, seven or eight shot themselves, and five or six felt bad, and three or four cut their wrists, and one or two stayed single, all for her sweet sake, she never shed a tear. But one day, as a hundred or so stood in the outer court of the palace, squeezing on their gloves, and practicing tender glances and sighs preparatory to entering the fair one's presence, a young man, of very different appearance from the rest, came quietly up and joined them. "Well, fellows," said the others, "what errand brings you here?" "The same as that on which you come," answered he, tranquilly. "Save that I shall succeed where you will fail. I come to wed the Princess." "You?" they exclaimed in chorus, looking at him with scorn, for he was plainly dressed and of unimposing aspect. "You! You pretend to be her superior? You indeed?" "I am," he replied, unmoved. "For I love her, and love nobles." "Whereat the other laughed contemptuously. "Just hear the fool!" cried one. "This graceless scoundrel dares to love!" "Put him out!" screamed another. "He has no buckles on his shoes, nor powder to his hair. Bah! It is scandalous to have him here!" "Let him stay," said a third with a shrug. "It is as well to have a valet at one's back." The man at whom these sneers were cast smiled composedly. "Fortunes change," he said. "You who call me valet shall yet see me carry off the Princess to-night before your very eyes." A murmur of derision ran through the crowd. But at that moment the palace

doors were thrown open, and the court herald announced in a loud voice that the royal highness would now deign to receive offers; and that going in suitors would please take the right-hand door, and coming out the left-hand door, that thus collisions of a painful and disturbing nature might be avoided, and that, furthermore, no suicides were allowed in the royal presence. An immediate rush ensued toward the entrance, which opened directly into the great hall where the Princess sat upon her throne, with thousands of cushions lying before her over the floor, that suitors might not catch cold from kneeling too long upon the marble pavement, while high-colored and heads, filled with highly-colored and various-sized mittens, were piled up artistically in the background. "Beautiful!" is no word wherewith to describe this Princess. Had Webster or Worcester or any other dictionaryarian seen her, he would certainly have invented some word on the spot more capable of expressing the charm and grace and perfect proportion of feature, form and soul which went to make up this rare and wonderful maiden.

And now, one after another, with different degrees of assurance, ecstasy, sentiment and pride, the crowd of suitors made their offers, extolling their several excellencies and advantages over each other and everybody else, and modestly bringing into view those points wherein they bid defiance to the human race at large and aspired to be divinities. But to-day, as yesterday, none was found superior to the Princess. One after another was duly admitted and dismissed with a consolatory cigar, and the promise that his name should not be handed in to Mrs. Grundy, who, pen in hand, sat in the reporter's chair, and still the little Princess waited smiling and peerless, upon her throne, in royal but wearying single-blessedness. Yet all this while the strange young man, who had come in with the rest, said never a word to press his suit, and while the others were praying and groaning and making no end of a to-do, he alone stood upright and silent, and held his head straight and high as if in proud disdain.

The little Princess was only a woman after all, so, of course, she grew piqued at last. "Pray, why do you come here, you," she said, pointing her tiny finger at him, with an immitable mixture of grace and scorn, "if not to woo me with the rest?" "I come to wed, lady, not to woo," he answered gravely, and moved forward with unbending head. "To wed?" echoed the Princess, with a laugh that rang forth so deliciously sweet, that to hear it was to think only of the ripple of silver waves against shores of the purest crystal. "And pray, friend, is your love will look to the heart rather than to the garment," answered he, as unabashed and gravely as before; and the Princess felt rebuked, and bit her sweet lips.

"You bring me no gift in your hands," she said. "How dare you ask me to be?" He looked at her and smiled, and she saw that his smile was sweet. "Lady, I claim but gift for gift. I bring you my heart. Give me therefore yours." "You do not kneel in the asking," she said. "How may I listen to such a prayer?" "Lady," he answered—and he looked tall and noble standing upright alone, amid the sea of bowed heads around—"I do not kneel, because I come neither to beg nor to pray, but to demand my right." "How dare you?" cried the Princess, frightened at language so strangely unsoftened to meet her delicate royal ears. "How dare you?" "Love dares all, or is no love," answered he, and smiled still.

"I have sworn that I will wed none save him who is in all my superior," said the Princess, and looked at him curiously. "Do you call yourself my superior? Are you so vain?" And she drew up her exquisite head, and laughed a low, gurgling laugh. "No," he answered. "For love is humble; yet as humility is superior to vanity, you are inferior to me in so far as you claim superiority." "Am I vain, then?" asked the Princess, in a pensive whisper. "No!" thundered the crowd of suitors behind. "No! No! No! To the death with him who affirms it! No! No! A thousand times no!" "Yes," said the young man who stood before her; and though he spoke so low, she heard him above all the rest, and hung her lovely head.

"At least," she said, "how can you vie with me in birth? I am a princess and sit upon a throne; and you—" "Your throne is senseless marble and cold, dead stone," said he, "and mine is a woman's heart." "You are poor," said she, "and I am rich." "Nay, it is you who are poor," he replied, "since earth's saddest poverty is the having only self to love; and I rich, for loving is wealth, and I have loved long and well." "But I am wise and learned," said she. "I have studied much and profoundly. Can you know more than I?" "Yes," answered he; "for I have learned that I am ignorant, and earth's highest wisdom can teach no more." "But I am beautiful," she said, with a blush that spread over her face like the sunset glow over a lily. "And you?" "A beauty that sees but self is blind," he answered, "and blindness is a deformity. It is I therefore who am beautiful, for you so fill my heart that wherever I am, you are present." "They say I am good, stammered the little Princess as a final plea. And tears stood in her wonderful eyes. The young man came nearer and smiled again, and in his smile were only pity, and tenderness, and love. "Yet by your own showing, you are selfish, and vain, and weak," he said softly.

we dream angels have, and his name, "Love," stood like a jeweled crown above his forehead. And the Princess hid her face in her hands and sobbed for very shame. "I have found Love at last," she said. "It is he for whom I have waited so long, and searched so far and wide. Only Love dared claim me. Only Love knew how to win me. Only Love could teach me to love again." And then Love bent over her, and folded her in his close, strong arms, and flew away with her right into the far-off, wonderful Seventh Heaven, where none but those who Love have ever been. And the suitors stayed behind with their mittens and their cigars, and their promises that none should ever know their names, and were sulky, and pretended to outsiders that "they never could tell what it was so immensely superior that the Princess saw in that fellow!" Only luckily the world's echoes cannot reach so far as up to the Seventh Heaven, and the little Princess never heard what they said.—Independent.

Human Remains as Medicine. In truth, to this day we find among ourselves some survivors of the old superstitions still lingering in out-of-the-way corners. Thus it is only a few years since the skull of a suicide was used in Calcutta as a drinking-cup for the cure of epilepsy. Dr. Arthur Mitchell knows of a case in which the body of such a one was disinterred in order to obtain her skull for the purpose. The sweet, accounted a more sure specific for epilepsy, to reduce part of the skull to powder and swallow it. Even the moss which grew on such skulls was deemed a certain cure for various diseases. Nor was this simply a popular superstition. In the official Pharmacopoeia of the College of Physicians of London, A. D. 1678, the skull of a man who had died a violent death, and the horn of a unicorn, appear as highly approved medicines. Again, in 1724, the same pharmacopoeia mentions unicorn's horn, human fat, and human skulls, toads, vipers, and worms, among the really valuable medical stores. The pharmacopoeia was revised in 1742, and various ingredients were rejected, but centipedes, vipers, and lizards were retained.

Nor were these strange compounds prepared for human subjects only. In 1681, anglers are recommended to use an ointment for the luring of fish, consisting among other horrible ingredients, of man's fat, cat's fat, heron's fat, assfoetida, finely powdered mummy, camphor, oil of lavender, etc.; and it was added that the man's fat could be obtained from the London chirographers concerned in anatomy.—Popular Science Monthly.

A Sailor's Wonderful Escape. Captain Walter Thompson, of the pilot boat Mary Odell, brought to Savannah recently the news of a remarkable escape of a sailor from a horrible death. The Norwegian bark Telemach was lying at Venus Point waiting the arrival of Captain Thompson to pilot her to sea. A sailor named Tobias Turckleen, a Norwegian, was sent aloft, and while he was on the mainmast yard he lost his hold and fell, falling a rapid flight to the deck he struck the rigging several times, but at last fell a distance of 30 feet clear, touching nothing until he struck the deck. The Captain and sailors rushed to him, expecting to find nothing but his mangled remains, but instead they were surprised to see him rise and stand up. He was as pale as a dead man, but no bones were broken. Turckleen was too badly scared to speak for a while, but after a moment he said he did not feel hurt anywhere. He had not lost a drop of blood, and he did not seem to be suffering from any internal injuries. He was stripped and carefully examined, and the only marks upon him were a few red spots that had been made by the ropes with which he had been kicked. The Captain wanted to take him back to Savannah, but he protested against being left there, and finally he was permitted to continue on the voyage to Buenos Ayres as an able-bodied seaman. Turckleen is a very large man, weighing in the neighborhood of 175 pounds. He fell 90 feet.

Land of Darkness. New Guinea, probably the second island in size in the world, is less known to civilized man than any other region of equal size. Until recently even the principal features of the coast had not been actually determined, and the interior still offers an extensive field for exploration. During the present year an expedition under Mr. Theodore Bevan has successfully sought a water route to the inland mountains, discovering two magnificent rivers, with numerous tributaries. The main streams were named the Douglas and the Jubilee, and were navigated for 130 and 110 miles. The country is a country of superb mountain scenery, through fertile lands in which sugar, bananas, tobacco, bread fruit and sugar cane were found to be indigenous. The island proved to be practically uninhabited except within a few miles of the coast. Seven tribes of natives were encountered near the Gulf of Papua, the largest numbering 400 to 500 men. The climate was not unhealthy, the temperature varying from seventy-two to eighty-six degrees during the day.—Arctic Explorer.

Habits of the Gull. Mr. William Brewster notes some interesting features in the habits of a young Kittiwake gull of the St. Lawrence. He brought home a young one, its mate having died of thirst, the other one surviving. The bird drank only salt water! Both the birds obstinately refused to drink fresh water. Observations on this bird by Professor A. Hyatt showed how slowly and timidly it acquired the art of swimming and flying. The bird when first forced to fly was thrown into the air, and to the surprise of Professor Hyatt, flew with great rapidity and precision, circling about the house, and through the apple-trees, and, finally, flew near him several times in the greatest agitation till he caught the bird, which was completely exhausted. For a long time the bird went through this manoeuvre, showing that while it knew how to fly it could not alight, though it finally acquired this faculty.—Popular Science Monthly.

A LONDON COSTERMONGER.

A PECULIAR CHARACTER OF THE BRITISH METROPOLIS.

His Fondness for Street Brawls—His Distinct Dress—The Overworked Costermonger Pony. The costermonger is a peculiar character in London life, says T. Crawford in a letter in the New York Herald. He is nearly always London born, and has no knowledge of anything outside of the narrow section of London where he lives. In many parts of London there are sections occupied by people who have never been outside of their immediate neighborhoods. I am told by old Londoners that in the East End there are thousands of people who have never been as far west as London's coloring Church. The London costermonger generally wears a fixed kind of dress. His hat is always a black derby, rusty from rain and weather. His coat is generally a rusty black frock. He rarely wears a waist coat. His trousers may be corduroy or any kind of the cheaper woolen patterns. His shoes are thick soled and homelike. He always wears a colored handkerchief tied around his neck in place of a collar. These handkerchiefs are always dirty, except upon rare Sunday and holiday occasions, when new ties are donned. These handkerchiefs are always of a fanciful color, light blue and red being the favorites. They are worn high up on the neck, leaving a couple of inches of dirty neck showing between the handkerchief and the greasy collar of the shambling frock coat. The handkerchief is really the badge of the Order. This handkerchief about the neck designates the character and standing of a man in England as completely and thoroughly as if he wore a uniform prescribed by act of Parliament. The costermongers are men engaged in street trade of all kinds. They are generally dealers in vegetables. They begin with pushcarts, and if they are prosperous and reach the climax of their ambition they become the owners of small two-wheeled wagons, drawn by little donkeys or ponies. The strength and endurance of these small animals are phenomenal. I have seen from six to eight grown people on a costermonger's cart being drawn at a furious pace by a pony not much larger than a good Newfoundland dog.

The costermonger never gives his pony any rest. He works him during the week in his business and uses the wretched little animal on Sunday to give his friends a treat in the shape of a ride to some cockney resort in the suburbs. The costermongers live in the street. They are never indoors except for eating and sleeping. Very severe, driving storms will sometimes force them into the house, but they generally take refuge under an awning or some gateway. They are a hardy, tough, coarse-ibered people. They are noisy and have a perfect passion for scenes of uproar and excitement. You rarely ever hear of costermongers murdering any of their associates or of their using knives or pistols in their quarrels. They have a way of pounding and kicking each other when engaged in disputes, but are rarely arrested, as they never seem to carry malice, and their fights generally wind up in a good-natured way. The costermonger and his female are very often the chief actors in a street brawl. When once a costermonger has begun to keep company with a costermonger female then she is considered his property. She speaks of him as her man, and she is spoken of as his "gal." I saw a dispute the other day between a costermonger and his sweetheart which was fairly illustrative of their method of settling disputes.

It was Sunday morning. The two had started out evidently for a holiday. He was in his best. He was a surly, heavy-jawed fellow, with black eyes, a short nose and bushy brows. He wore a little black derby hat, about three sizes too small for his great, round head. His handkerchief was the lightest of sky-blues. She was buxom, burly, of medium height, dressed in true costermonger style. Their dispute grew out of a difference of opinion as to where they should spend the day. She insisted on going one way and he the other. They disputed for half a moment, and then he turned around and deliberately gave her a kick, which lifted her about six inches from the sidewalk, to convince her that his way was the best. She turned quickly and began kicking him in return. The way she brought her number ten boots around against his shins very soon convinced him that she was as strong as that kind of argument as he. They kicked at each other for about five minutes, the centre of a delighted and cheering crowd, and then the costermonger female by her skill in kicking carried the day. In a moment or two more he gave up, grinned good naturedly, and the two walked off together for a happy Sabbath.

A Japanese Theatre. There are two tiers of boxes, the lower of which is provided with sliding paper doors, forming small rooms like bathing machines. The pit is divided by low cross bars into squares, reminding one of the cattle pens of old Smithfield, each capable of holding four persons comfortably. A Japanese family bent upon enjoyment engages a compartment for the day, in a position suited to the purpose. In the middle of the house, if well to do, nearer to the stage or to the back, according to the scarcity of coin—and having deposited clogs in the restaiere, take up a position with cushions, kettles, tea things, smoking tray, and never move till midnight, except to pay visits to friends. A Japanese theatrical performance commences generally at early dawn and lasts a dozen hours. The stage occupies the end of the building from wall to wall. Oddly, the actors do not make their appearance from the side or back (there being no wings), but strut along a narrow platform over the heads of the pit by means of just such a boarded footway as is used by European conjurers. Faithful to the canon of no illusion, the performers stand rarely dressed in an open place off the entrance lobby, where all who come in may see them; and when they hear their cue they push through a knot of loiterers and march to the stage along the platform, acting as they go. Indeed, important portions of a scene which demand a rapid exit are frequently gone through upon this narrow footway and not on the stage at all.—Murray's Magazine.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

What Salt is Good For.

When you clean your cellar, add a little copperas water and salt to the whitewash. Sprinkling salt on the tops and at the bottoms of garden walls is said to keep snails from climbing up or down. For relief from heartburn or dyspepsia drink a little cold water in which has been dissolved a teaspoonful of salt. Ink stains on linen can be taken out if the stain is first washed in strong salt and water, and then sponged with lemon juice. For weeds in the grass, put a pinch or two of salt in the middle of each, and, unless a shower washes it off, it will kill the weeds. For stain on the hands, nothing is better than a little salt, with enough lemon juice to moisten it, rubbed on the spots and then washed off in clear water. In a basin of water, salt, of course, falls to the bottom; so never soak salt fish with the skin side down, as the salt will fall to the skin and remain there. Salt and mustard, a teaspoonful of each, followed with sweet oil, melted butter or milk, is the antidote for Fowler's solution white precipitate of arsenic. For weeds in pavements or gravel walks make a strong brine of coarse salt and boiling water; put the brine in a sprinkling can and water the weeds thoroughly, being careful not to let any of the brine get on the grass, or it will kill it too. If a chimney or flue catch on fire, close all windows and doors first, then hang a blanket in front of the grate to exclude all air. Water should never be poured down the chimney, as it spoils the carpets. Coarse salt thrown down the flue is much better.

Recipes.

CABBAGE SALAD.—Shred very fine one head of white cabbage. Make a dressing of one-half teaspoonful of salad oil or melted butter, one-half teaspoonful of vinegar, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of sugar and one teaspoonful of oil. A few minutes before using mix cabbage and dressing thoroughly together. OYSTER STEW.—One quart of oysters, one cupful of milk, and a piece of butter the size of an egg. Dip the oysters from the liquor, put them in a saucepan with the butter; put them on the fire until the butter melts, then add the milk, with a teaspoonful of flour mixed in with it; add a little mace and pepper and salt; let it boil up once, and serve immediately.

SWISS CAKE.—One-half pound each of butter, flour and sugar, and four eggs. Beat the yolks of the eggs with the sugar and some grated lemon peel. Add the butter melted, and slowly shake in the flour, beating it until well mixed. Beat the whites of the eggs to a froth, mix the whole together and beat on for awhile after the whites are added; butter a tin and bake the cake one-half hour.

BAKED INDIAN Pudding.—Make with milk and sifted meal a pint of thick mush. Let it boil until thoroughly scalded, and set it away to cool. When cool add two well-beaten eggs, a small cup of molasses, a tablespoonful of ginger, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon and a little salt; add enough cold milk to fill the basin in which it is to be cooked, and a few apples, sliced; place in the oven and when crusted over add a piece of butter half the size of an egg.

RIPS CUCUMBER PICKLE.—Pare and cut in strips ripe cucumbers, boil in water until a wooden toothpick will go through easily, drain well and place in a jar. Make a pickle to cover them by allowing one quart of vinegar to two pounds of sugar. Put a teaspoonful of cloves, cinnamon and allspice, and half a teaspoonful of pepper in a bag, boil the vinegar with the sugar and spice added, and pour hot over the cucumbers; less spice can be used if desired.

BEUF CHEESE.—This is a most convenient dish to have in the house, where, sometimes, a person has to be served in a hurry; or if a lunch has to be taken, either to business or school, nothing can be nicer or more easily got ready than slices of beef cheese, cut thin, and made into sandwiches between slices of buttered bread. To make the cheese proceed as follows: Take three pounds of lean beef, from any fleshy part of the animal, with half a pound of veal and half a pound of lean, unseasoned lard, and mince them together as finely as possible. Cut half a pound of fat bacon into small dice, and mix it with the minced meat. Season pleasantly with salt, pepper, finely chopped parsley, powdered cloves and grated lemon rind. Grate thoroughly a plain, pretty tin mold, press the seasoned meat firmly into it, just as it comes, and has to be served in a hurry, or if a lunch has to be taken, either to business or school, nothing can be nicer or more easily got ready than slices of beef cheese, cut thin, and made into sandwiches between slices of buttered bread. To make the cheese proceed as follows: Take three pounds of lean beef, from any fleshy part of the animal, with half a pound of veal and half a pound of lean, unseasoned lard, and mince them together as finely as possible. Cut half a pound of fat bacon into small dice, and mix it with the minced meat. Season pleasantly with salt, pepper, finely chopped parsley, powdered cloves and grated lemon rind. 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