CONTRAST.

There is happy sailing for others
Adown life's calm, sweet seas,
Whose boats are gayly dancing
Before the fragrant breeze;
There are adverse winds and a billowy sea,
And storms, and clouds, and gloom for me.

Some walk 'long paths all fair and sweet,
Abloom with countless flowers,
And scarce can tell which first to pluck
In all love's radiant bowers;
I walk along a thorny road,
Bearing a cross—a heavy load.

Some have their homes all bright with love
And kisses and fond good-byes,
That only makes short absence sweet,
And tearless, sparkling eyes;
There's a dear one's grave on the hill for me,
And rest, sweet rest, beyond the sea.

I, too, had countless treasures once,
More than my heart could hold;
Love scattered its pearls down at my feet,
And crowned me with its gold.
My pearls were gathered by the demon, Death,
My gold was tarnished by his breath.

God, steer my boat adown the sea,
Through all the murk and gloom;
Help me to walk along the road
Where not one flower doth bloom;
Open the pearl-gates 'cross Death's sea
And give my darling back to me.

Josephine.

BY R. W. CHALMERS.

We do not know of any event in history that is so affecting or so full of pathos as the divorce of the Empress Josephine.

The Emperor, Napoleon I., (the Great Emperor) weary of incessant wars, thought if he could form a marriage alliance with some one of the royal families of Europe, he might put an end to these conflicts and perpetuate the order of things established in France. For a long time he dreaded to speak upon the subject to Josephine, who had become aware of her impending doom, and was overwhelmed with grief. At last this fatal hour came when the emperor was to make the dreaded announcement to the empress. It was at the palace of Fontainbleau, the last day of November, 1809. Dark clouds obscured the sky, and a freezing wintry wind moaned through the towers of the castle. The emperor and empress dined alone. Neither had the heart to speak a word. As the attendants retired at the close of the repast, at which it was said that neither could eat a mouthful, the emperor, pale and trembling, took the hand of Josephine, and said:

"My own dear Josephine, you know how I have loved you. It is to you alone that I owe the few moments of happiness I have known in the world. Josephine, my destiny is stronger than my will. My dearest affections must yield to the welfare of France."

The dreadful blow prostrated the empress, and she fell fainting to the floor. The Count de Beaumont was called, and by the aid of the emperor, Josephine was borne, apparently lifeless, to her apartment.

Queen Hortense, her daughter, was summoned, she said reproachfully to the emperor:

"My mother will descend from the throne as she ascended it, in obedience to your will. Her children content to renounce grandeurs which have not made them happy, will gladly go and devote their lives to comforting the best and the most affectionate of mothers."

The emperor sat down and wept bitterly. Then raising his eyes, flooded with tears, he said to Hortense, whom he loved with paternal fondness:

"No, not leave me, Hortense. Stay by me with Eugene. Help to console your mother, and render calm, resigned and even happy in remaining my friend while she ceases to be my wife.

Eugene (Josephine's son) soon came from Italy. He immediately repaired to his mother's apartment, and, clasping her in his arms, they wept in mutual anguish. He then entered the cabinet of the emperor, and recoiled from the cordial embrace with which the emperor would have greeted him, said:

"Sire, permit me to withdraw from your service."

"What?" said the emperor, sadly and with deep emotion, "will you, my adopted son, forsake me?"

"Yes, sire," Eugene firmly replied. "The son of her who is no longer empress cannot remain Viceroy of Italy. I will follow my mother into her retreat. She must now find her consolation in her children."

The emperor was deeply moved. Tears filled his eyes.

"You know," said he, "the stern necessity which compels this measure. Will you forsake me? Whom, then, should I have for a son, the object of my desire and the preserver of my interests, who will watch over the child when I am absent? If I die, who will prove to him a father?"

They both then retired to the garden, and, arm and arm, for a long time they walked up and down one of its avenues engaged in earnest conversation. The noble Josephine, with a mother's love, could not forget the interest of her children. She urged Eugene to remain faithful to the emperor.

"The emperor," she said, "is your benefactor, Eugene; to you more than father. To him you are indebted for everything. To him, therefore, you owe boundless obedience."

A fortnight passed and the day arrived for the consummation of this cruel sacrifice. It was the 15th of December. All the members of the Imperial family were assembled in the grand saloon of the Tuilleries. An extreme paleness overspread the face of the emperor. In his brief address to the assembled dignitaries, he said:

"The political interest of my monarchy, and the wishes of my people, require that I should transmit to an heir, inheriting my love for the people, the throne on which Providence has placed me. It is this consideration alone which induces me to sacrifice the dearest affections of my heart, to consult only the good of my subjects, and to desire the dissolution of our marriage. God only knows how much such a determination has cost my heart. But there is no sacrifice too great for my courage when it is proved to be for the interest of France. Far from having any course of complaint, I have nothing to say but praise in the attachment and tenderness of my beloved wife. She has embellished fifteen years of my life, and the remembrances of them will be forever engraved on my heart. Let her never doubt my affection, or regard me but as her dearest and best friend."

Josephine then endeavored to read her consent to the divorce. But tears blinded her eyes, and sobbings choked her voice. Sinking into a chair and handing the paper to Mr. Reynaud, she buried her face in her handkerchief, and remained in that position while it was being read aloud.

Napoleon then embraced Josephine, and led her, almost fainting, to her apartment, where he left her alone with her children. The next day the Senate met to sanction the divorce. The emperor, careworn, wretched, pale as a statue, leaned against a pillar. A low hum of mournful voices alone disturbed the gloomy silence of the room. There was a table in the center of the apartment, on which there was a writing apparatus of gold. Josephine entered, leaning upon the arm of Hortense. Her face was as pale as the muslin dress she wore. The daughter, not possessing the fortitude of the mother, was sobbing aloud. The whole assembly rose. Tears blinded nearly all eyes. Josephine sat down and leaning her pallid forehead upon her hand, listened to the reading of the act of separation. Eugene and Hortense stood by the side of their mother, the daughter weeping convulsively.

Josephine, as the reading was finished, for a moment pressed her handkerchief to her eyes, and then rising, in clear but tremulous tones, pronounced the oath of acceptance. She then sat down and taking the pen signed the deed which sundered the dearest ties which can be formed on earth.

Eugene fell fainting to the floor. His inanimate form was borne out of the room by the attendants. Josephine retired with her daughter. Night came. The emperor, utterly wretched, had just placed himself in the bed from which he had ejected his faithful wife, when the door was slowly opened and Josephine trembling entered.

Her eyes were swollen and her hair and dress disordered. She seemed scarcely conscious of what she was doing, as with hesitating steps she approached the bed. Then in a delirium of grief, all the pent up love of her heart burst forth, and she threw herself upon the bed, clasped the neck of the emperor in her arms and exclaimed, "My husband! my husband!" while sobbing as though her heart would break.

Napoleon also wept convulsively. He folded Josephine in his arms, and assured her of his undying love. For some time they remained in each other's embrace, while mutual words of tenderness were interchanged. The 'valet de chambre,' who thus far had been present, was dismissed, and for an hour the emperor and empress continued in this their last private interview. Josephine then departed forever from the husband she had so long and tenderly loved. They remained the best of friends until the death of the empress. And one of the last words of the emperor, as he was dying at St. Helena, was "Josephine."

Introductions.

To introduce everybody to everybody is a peculiarly American custom. If you meet Dusenberry in the street, at a hotel, at a party, or anywhere, Dusenberry straightway introduces you to all the bystanders. It may be that D. is being badly bored by somebody; he introduces you to him all the same; indeed, he avails himself of the custom in order to shuffle off his bores. Not only does he not stop to inquire whether you want to know Spriggins or Stiggens, or Toodles, but he actually introduces you to them because they annoy him, and are people it is not desirable to know.

In most cases these introductions are to persons you have no sort of interest in; whom you would rather not know, and whom you are unable to remember. But when you meet them again each one introduces you to another lot of his own sort, and so your circles of acquaintance are continually multiplying and expanding. Political conventions and the capitals where legislative bodies and politicians assemble, are places where the business of loose introductions is continually going on. So are drinking places. John Phœnix, the California humorist describes the operations:

You meet Brown on Montgomery street: "Good morning, Brown." "How are you, Smith? Let me introduce you to Mr. Jones"—and you forthwith shake hands with a seedy individual, who has been boring Brown for the previous hour, for a small loan, probably—an individual you never saw before, never had the slightest desire to see, and never wish to see again. Being naturally of an arid disposition, and perhaps requiring irrigation at that particular moment, you unguardedly invite Brown and your new friend Jones to step over to Parry & Batten's and imbibe.

What is the consequence? The miscreant Jones introduces you to fifteen more equally desirable acquaintances, and in two minutes from the first introduction, there you are, with seventeen newly formed friends, all of whom take sugar in their'n at your expense. This is invading a man's quarters with a vengeance. But this is not the worst of it. Each gentleman to whom you have been introduced, wherever you meet thereafter, in billiard-room, tenpin alley, pot-house, or church, introduces you to somebody else, and so the list increases in geometrical proportion. In this manner you form a crowd of acquaintances, of the majority of whom you recollect neither names nor faces, but being continually assailed by bows and smiles on all sides, you are forced to avoid the appearance of rudeness, to go bowing and smirking down the street like a distinguished character in a public procession, or one of those graven images at Tobin & Duncan's, which are eternally wagging their heads, with no definite object in view.

These general introducers fancy they are doing the polite by making themselves masters of ceremonies everywhere and introducing everybody to everybody; but he who introduces one person to another, without knowing that the introduction is mutually desirable, or without having some reason to think they ought to be acquainted, commits a rudeness which shows that he does not understand good manners.

When the Prince of Wales was in this country, with his retinue of the high nobility, and met the free and equal American citizens at public receptions without any of the social reserve of their own order and of English manners, this custom of introducing was exhibited in a ludicrous light.

But perhaps the most remarkable experience they had in this line was not in this circulating style of introductions, but in an exclusive and distinguished one which took place at the ball to the Prince at Pike's Opera-house. A distinguished citizen impressed himself on the Duke of Newcastle, and then, as the common tradition has it, performed an introduction in the following choice terms: "Duke, let me introduce you to my wife, Mrs. Judge ——, the cousin of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln and the daughter of Major-General ——, of Kentucky, who was brutally massacred by the British and Indians while gloriously fighting for his country at the battle of the River Raisen."

Albion's Unmarried Women.

There are said to be nine hundred thousand more women than men in England. Plainly they cannot all marry, and those upon whom fortune has not smiled must of course find their support in their own exertions. This fact would not so much matter if female labor was as high-priced as that of the males. But it falls so far short of it that there is great destitution from actual want among women, and deaths are so constantly occurring from this cause that philanthropy has begun to seek for some means of alleviating their condition. Brigham Young declares that he can solve the problem, but respectability begs leave to decline. Upon this side of the water women fare somewhat better. There are here many avenues open to her, through which she can gain an honorable livelihood, that in Great Britain still bear the words "no thoroughfare" above their portals. There is but one way out of the woods, and that consists in giving them their rightful share in the avocations of life, and let the compensation which they may receive be rated according to the work they may do, and the quantity of it, without suffering the question of sex to enter into the bargain at all. Of course woman herself is yet to be fully educated up to the point of considering it altogether respectable—the cant phrase—to "work for a living." But then necessity, you know, is a great educator, and were necessity met half way by concession, as it doubtless will be before the century is run out, the reformation would be easily brought about. Therefore, starve on, ye unmarried hosts, a little while longer, for your turn at the wheel will come by-and-by.

Attention to the Old.

A little thoughtful attention, how happy it makes the old! They have outlived most of the friends of their early youth. How lonely their hours! Often their partners in life have long filled silent graves; often their children they have followed to the tomb. They stand solitary, bending on their staff, waiting till the same call shall reach them. How often they must think of absent, lamented faces; of the love which cherished them, and the tears of sympathy which fell with theirs, now all gone. Why should not the young cling around and comfort them, cheering their gloom with songs and happy smiles.

AGRICULTURAL.

THE WAY TO BLANKET HORSES.—But few people, comparatively, understand how to blanket a horse to prevent him from contracting cold. We frequently see the blanket folded double, and laid across the rump and a part of the animal's back, leaving those parts of the body that need protection entirely exposed to cold storms and cutting winds. Those parts of the body of a horse which surround the lungs, require the benefit of a blanket in preference to his flanks and rump. When we are exposed to a current of cold air, to guard against any injury from contracting cold, we shield our shoulders, neck, chest and back. If these parts be kept protected, the lower part of the body will endure a degree of cold far more intense without an injury to the body than if the lungs were not kept warm with suitable covering. The same thing holds in the protection of horses. The blanket should cover the neck, withers and shoulders, and be brought around the breast and buttoned or buckled together as closely as a man buttons his overcoat when shielding his bosom. Let the lungs of a horse be protected with a heavy blanket, and he will seldom contract cold, even if the hindermost parts of his body are not covered. We refer more particularly to blanketing horses that have become unusually warm by violent exertion or hard driving, and exposing them to a current of cold air while standing still. Many of our best teamstrers protect the breasts of their horses by a piece of heavy cloth about two feet square, hanging from the lower end of the collar. This is an excellent practice in cold weather, as the animal is shielded from the cold wind, especially when traveling toward a strong current. The forward end of the horse blanket should be made to fit as closely around the breast of a horse as our garments fit our bodies. Most horses will contract a violent cold almost as soon as a man, if not blanketed while they stand still after having been exercised so violently as to produce profuse perspiration. So long as a horse is kept in motion, there is little danger of his suffering any inconvenience from cold winds; but allow him to stand still for a few moments while loading or unloading, without a heavy blanket to protect his shoulders and lungs, and he will take cold sooner than a man.

WHY NOT CULTIVATE SPEED IN OXEN?—Our agricultural fairs have been very generally turned into more horse races, in the rage for fast roadsters. Speed in horse flesh is to a large extent the mania of the day. Good draft horses—sound, steady workers, of fine form and powers of endurance—have had to stand back and let the trotters occupy public attention. But we have scarcely ever seen the importance of cultivating quickness of movement in working oxen alluded to. And yet there are farmers who will follow a yoke of oxen around a field, ploughing or drawing a load at a snail's pace, now and then applying the gad with a shout of "go long," but making scarcely more than half a dozen rounds of a ten acre lot in the course of the day. Oxen are proverbially slow, but they are capable of improvement in this respect as well as other animals, and more attention ought to be paid to cultivating in them a quick step. In oriental countries especially in India, they are used extensively for the road, in place of horses, and they may often be seen trotting off at a spanking gait. We do not need trotting oxen, but a fast walk is of great importance. Doubling their speed would double their value as working cattle. Why may not our agricultural societies offer prizes fo the fastest walking oxen as well as for the fastest horses? It would take some years to rear a race of good walkers, but it is worth an effort, and worthy of encouragement. One of the strongest objections to the use of oxen on the farm is that they are slow. This objection can be and ought to be removed.

A FINE SOUTHDOWN RAM.—The value of the Southdown sheep in America for the purpose of crossing upon and improving our common sheep, is probably greater than for the purpose of perpetuating the pure race. There are few flocks of Southdowns that are kept up to a high standard without renewed importations, but there are many cases in which our common sheep have been materially improved by admixture with this blood. Again, the Southdown is the basis from which in England several cross-bred races of sheep have originally sprung, and these races have been since interbred, until a constant type has prevailed, and a permament breed been secured. Such is the origin of the Shropshire sheep, which is one of the most hardy and profitable race in England. The Hampshire and Oxford Downs are also indebted to the Southdowns for some of their good qualities, and in fact it is as an improver of other races, rather than as a distinct race, that the Southdown excels in this country. We need to establish American breeds of sheep, and to stop importing with a view to maintain the standard of the English breeds. We need to do with other sheep, what has been done with the Merinos, establish an American race that suits our climate and other circumstances better than any foreign race can. To do this for mutton sheep, and for a certain medium class of clothing wool, the Southdown breed furnishes an admirable groundwork.

PRESERVING BUTTER FOR FUTURE USE.—One of our exchange in replying to an inquiry, says: Many ways have been proposed to keep butter, but we think that of suspending it in brine the most certain. Our inquirer in that case would have to select such butter as is satisfactory to him in market, and put it into new packages. Use a good tapering oak tub with a head in each end. Take out the largest head, having packed your butter in a cambric sack of the shape of your tub, only two inches smaller, put it in the tub and replace the head, so as to be quite brine tight. Now through a hole in the head pour the strongest brine to fill, plug, place upon the large end, the butter will float entirely in the brine and thus be excluded from the air and preserved for any length of time. This may also be done in a common butter pail, by putting a small block of oak wood on the under side of the cover, so as to sink the sack of butter under the brine in the pail. The first method of floating the butter in the tub is an excellent way of putting up for a distant market.

GAIN IN CATTLE.—It takes eleven pounds of milk to add one pound of live weight to a calf, and an ox that weighs 1,300 pounds will consume 22 pounds of hay in 24 hours to keep from losing weight. If he is to fatten, he must have just twice the quantity, when he will gain two pounds a day. This is one pound live weight to eleven pounds good hay. To obtain 50 cents a hundred for his hay, a farmer must sell fat steers at $5.50 per hundred pounds.

HOW TO DRY OFF COWS.—The quickest and best way of drying off a cow so that she may immediately fatten, is to feed her four or five quarts of dry corn meal daily, and all the dry wheat straw she will eat. Two weeks of this diet, milking so as not to let the udder be injured by over detension, dried off an Ayreshire cow that could not be dried off the ordinary way.

So much snow has fallen this winter in France has not been seen there before for twenty years. At some points it is six feet deep on the roads.

SCIENTIFIC.

FAT IN FORAGE PLANTS.—To any one not a chemist or a quadruped, the last place to look for fat would be a hay mow or a stack of straw; yet it appears from recent investigation that fat is not only an essential constituent of hay, and straw, and similar forms of vegetation, but one of considerable economic value.

In the lower leaves of oats in blossom, Arndt found as much as ten per cent. of the dry weight to consist of fat and wax, the latter appearing as the bluish bloom so conspicuous on the leaves of luxuriant cereals. In fodder crops, generally the greatest proportion of fat is found in young and thrifty plants. Thus Way found early meadow grass to contain as much as six and a half per cent. of fat; while in that of the same meadow, collected in the latter part of June, there was but a little more than two per cent. The proportion of fat is increased by nitrogenous manures; the grass of a sewaged meadow at Rugby contained above four per cent. of fat, while similar grass, not sewaged, afforded less than three per cent. of fat.

The nature of this sort of vegetable fat was investigated some little time ago by the German chemist Konig, who found that by treatment with strong alcohol the fat of grass and clover hay could be separated into two parts, one a solid waxy substance, the other a fluid fat, soluble in alcohol. At first he considered the latter to be a true glycerin, but changed his mind after the investigations of Schulz, who proved that, though it contains the same proportion of carbon and hydrogen as fat, the fluid fat of hay is something quite different, since no glycerin can be obtained from it.

Konig has since confirmed these results and carried forward the investigation, showing that the fat of oats, rye, and vetch seed is similarly constituted. In all these forms of vegetation, hay, oat straw, the grain of oats, rye, vetches and possibly others, he finds oleic and palmitic acids, not combined with glycerin but in a free state; and as these acids in their combinations are well known as large ingredients of nutritive fats and oils, it is likely that they have a considerable influence on the value of these plants for fodder.

Konig also finds in hay and in oat straw the important ingredient of animal bile, *cholesterin;* still further, cerotic acid, a waxy body which forms twenty-two per cent, of ordinary beeswax; and two fatty substances new to Science, one fluid the other solid. They are distinct compounds, having the character of fatty alcohols. Another interesting discovery in hay is the presence of a hydrocarbon, the relations of which are not fully made out. In several respects, it agrees with some of the paraffins.—*Scientific American.*

OCCLUSION OF GASES BY IRON WIRE.—In drawing certain numbers of iron wire, it often becomes necessary, in order to continue the use of the drawing bench, to anneal the iron. This is done in a hermetically closed receptacle, so as to avoid, as much as possible, the oxidation of the metal. In spite of this precaution, however, the latter becomes covered with an ochraceous film, which it is necessary to remove by an acidulated bath. It frequently happens, however, that, subsequent to this process, the metal becomes so brittle as to render its further drawing impossible. M. Seroz, engineer of the *Societe des Forges de La Franche Comte,* has examined into this phenomenon, and finds that the iron becomes charged with a condensed gas. On breaking the wire under water in a test tube, inflammable bubbles were generated, which detonated in the air. The exact nature of the gas has not yet been decided, nor that of its direct action upon the metal; but it is believed to be either hydrogen or carbonic oxide.

VELOCITY OF COMBUSTION.—Science has disclosed the fact that in combustion nothing is consumed or annihilated. Combustion is molecular velocity.

Matter is not continuous. It may be divided, yet there is an end to its divisibility. The ultimate particles are called atoms. Atoms unite and form molecules; molecules unite with each other and assume a certain physical structure, in which they are never impact, but are held near each other by virtue of their resultant force. Increased temperature forces the molecules further apart, and when the maximum distance is attained they fly off and form new alliances. The energy with which they fly, determines the velocity of their combustion.

The molecular forces are exerted in different bodies, in different degrees, consequently each elementary body exerts a special velocity of combustion.

IMITATION GOLD.—An alloy having a very fine and malleable grain, susceptible to a high polish and impervious to rust (which, while closely resembling gold, may advantageously replace that metal in a variety of cases), is made of 100 parts pure copper, 17 parts tin, 6 parts magnesia, 3·6 parts sal ammoniac, 1·8 parts quick lime, and 9 parts bitratrate of potassa. The copper is melted first, and the magnesia, ammonia, lime, and tartrate are successively added in small quantities. The tin in small pieces is then placed in the crucible, and the whole brought to fusion for 35 minutes, after which the alloy is allowed to cool.

PRIZES FOR CHEMICAL DISCOVERIES.—The following prizes for chemical discoveries are offered by the *Societe d'Encouragement,* Paris: Disinfection and prompt clarification of sewage, $200, 1875. Ink not attacking metallic pens, $200, 1875. Economical production and application of ozone, $600, 1875. Fixation of atmospheric nitrogen, either as nitric acid, ammonia, or cyanogen, $400, 1876. Artificial production of graphite, suitable for lead pencils, $600, 1877. Artificial preparation of a compact black diamond, $600, 1877. Industrial application of oxygenated water, $400, 1878.

IT IS SAID that if the eyes of the bat are put out and it is let loose in a room filled with cross lines of fine thread, the bat will fly back and forth with its usual swiftness without touching one of the threads. It is not a bird covered with feathers, but a mammalia covered with very fine hairs, which conveys to the bat the increased resistance of the air on approaching one of the cross threads and thus shows its position to the sensitive skin of the animal and its extraordinary quickness of muscle enables it to avoid the apparent obstacle.

THE deepest musical wave note that can be heard by the human ear is produced by regular successive impulses of sixteen times a second, while the highest note which is susceptible to the ear is four thousand times a second, hence the range extends over eleven octaves. The human eye can perceive the difference between the red and violet rays. The waves of the former are 1-40,000th part of an inch apart, and of the latter 1-66,000th of an inch long—about one octave. Hence the ear is eleven times keener than the eye.—*Roscoe.*

A REPORT on the paper manufacture in Massachusetts gives the list of 112 different materials for making paper. Among this list are enumerated asparagus, beet-root, cabbage stumps, frog-spittle, hop vines, hornets' nests, lily of the valley, leather-cuttings, mummy cloth, sawdust, thistles, and willow twigs.

EIGHT pounds of oxygen gas and one pound of hydrogen are combined in nine pounds of water.

DOMESTIC.

HOME MADE RUGS.—There is in every household a great quantity of worsted and flannel pieces that are of small account, and can be of no service for garments, but if saved it can be rendered useful and beautiful in the manufacture of hearth rugs, or mats to lay before bureaus, sofas, or organs. Take a piece of hemp sacking, and draw some pretty design in the center—a bouquet of flowers, a wreath, or some animal, mark a border with a chain or heraldry pattern; sew the canvas into a frame like quilting frames, only smaller, so as not to occupy too much room; have a hook made like a crochet, hook or needle: one can be manufactured easily by taking a parasol brace and filing the end into a proper form; cut the strips of cloth into strips of half an inch in width—if thin fabric make it wider. Pass the hook through the canvas with the right hand, have the cloth underneath the frame in the left hand, insert a loop on the hook, and draw it to the upper side about three-fourths of an inch; leave about two threads space and close in another loop. Regard the selection of colors, so as to shade them nicely, and keep the form of your pattern. It is very quiet, easy and fascinating work; work the figure first, and then draw in the filling up, or ground-work of some dark color—black, brown, or drab. After it is completed, shear the whole surface evenly but not too close, and you have a fine, substantial, durable rug, that will last a life time, and do more service, and be prettier than an imported article that would cost anywhere from ten to thirty dollars; and, best of all, it is home made.

HINTS.—One ounce alcohol; two drachms cayenne pepper; one ounce kerosene oil; let it stand twenty-four hours after mixing. It cures the worst toothache ever known.

Kerosene oil is good for removing rust from cutlery.

Soft-soap should be kept in a dry place in a cellar, and should not be used for three months after it is made.

Lard should be kept hard and white; and that which is taken from a hog over a year old is best.

To select nutmegs prick them with a pin; if they are good, the oil will instantly spread around the puncture.

When a keg of molasses is bought, draw off a few quarts, else the fermentation produced by moving it will burst the cask.

Two small arteries branching up from the main arteries on each side of the neck, and passing over the outside of the jawbone, supply the face with blood. If the nose bleeds from the right nostril, for example, pass the finger along the edge of the right jaw till the beating of the artery is felt. Press hard upon it five minutes and the bleeding will cease.

The best way to enjoy things is to use them, and thus get the worth of our money out of them. There is no sense in gorgeous parlors kept in darkness.

THE DOMESTIC GROWLER.—Look at him! he is a curiosity. He was pleasant enough an hour ago, as he sat in his office talking to Jones. With his chair tilted back, the toes of his boots resting against the mantel-piece, his mouth extended into a guffaw in reply to one of Jones' yarns, you would have said he was one of the jolliest fellows in the world. But he does not look so now. He considers it bad domestic policy to come home looking smiling and cheerful; it would not only lower his dignity as master of the house, but it would encourage his wife and children to the asking of all sorts of favors, and the running into goodness knows what extravagances. The only way, he believes, to keep up a proper system of household authority, and reduce household expenditure to its certain limits, is to always find fault, and never relax for a moment the system of domestic snubbing. Of course, the coming home of the growler is not looked for with joy. All pleasant influences take wing. The very atmosphere becomes charged with depressing or explosive influences.

TO MAKE HARD SOAP.—The following is a recipe for making hard soap, which is excellent and economical. Nearly every family accumulates through the winter drippings from beef and mutton. These can be utilized for the grease by boiling in water, allowing it to cool, then removing from the water and boiling till all the water is expelled. Of course the whiter the grease the nicer the soap. Take six pounds of sal soda, six pounds of grease, three and a half pounds new stone lime, four gallons soft water, half pound borax. Put soda, lime and water into an iron boiler; boil till all is dissolved. When well settled pour off the clear lye, wash out the kettle, and put in the clear lye, grease and borax; boil till it comes to soap, pour it into a tub to cool, and when sufficiently hard cut into bars and put on boards to dry. This is very nice for washing white flannel and calico.

SPECTACLES become necessary when you first notice yourself going to the window instinctively for a better light, or when your eye gets tired by looking at any small thing near at hand, or a dimness or watering is manifested, so as to cause indistinctness. First purchase No. 20; and as you observe the symptoms above named, get No. 18, and so on. The glasses should be near enough to the eye almost to touch the lashes; they should be washed every morning in cold water and carried in a pocket by themselves. Brazilian pebble makes the best lenses. Avoid reading before sunrise and after sunset. Read as little as possible before breakfast, or by artificial light; do not sew on dark material at night, and use no other eye-wash than pure, tepid, soft water. Babies' eyes are often injured by allowing the glaring sunlight to fall upon them.

MENDING WITH PLASTER.—If you have a crack in the wall in the corner of the room, or anywhere else, do not send for the plaster, but get five or ten cent's worth of dry plaster of Paris; wet with cold water; then take your finger and rub it into the crevice till it is smooth. Bad nail holes in the wall can be done in the same way. Should the top of your lamp become loose, take it off and wash it with soap; wash the glass also, then put the plaster around the glass; put the brass top on again, let it stand until hardened, and it is ready for use again. A lamp never should be filled quite full, as the kerosene softens the plaster.

TO MAKE VINEGAR.—Edward Smith, in his new work on "Foods," gives the following simple formula for making vinegar: One gallon of water, one and a quarter pounds of raw sugar, and a quarter of a pint of yeast. At a temperature of 80 degrees it will be sufficiently acid three or four days to be drawn off, when an ounce of cut raisins and the same weight of cream tartar should be added, and after a few weeks the sweet taste will entirely disappear, when it may be bottled.

BEAR YOUR OWN SORROW.—Very likely your trouble is grievously hard to bear; your feelings are injured, your husband is unkind, your wife frets, your home is not pleasant, your friends do not treat you fairly, and things in general move unpleasantly. Well, what of it? Keep it to yourself. A smouldering fire can be found and extinguished; but, when the coals are scattered, who can pick them up? At the worst, troubles are transient.

HUMOROUS.

A YOUNG lady who teaches in one of our Sunday Schools tried the other Sunday to give her class a clear idea of the construction of Solomon's Temple. After explaining it thoroughly to them, she asked a few questions to make sure that she had been understood. One question was, "What was the roof of the temple covered with?" "Shingles," replied one of the scholars. "Slate!" shouted another. "Tin," said a third. "Oh, no!" replied she, "none of those things. Why don't you remember what I told you? Something that we don't cover roofs with nowadays." "Slabs!" vociferated a "bud of promise." "No, no; some kind of metal." "Oh! I know," said one who had not yet spoken,—"copper bottom!" "No, no, no. Here, what is this on my wrist?" said the teacher, holding it out. "A bracelet," replied the chorus. "Yes, of course, but what is it made of?" "Brass!" shouted they; and since then the young lady has not worn bracelets to Sunday School.

THE Rev. Dr. M'Culloch, minister of Douglass in Clydesdale, was one day dining with a large party where the Hon. Henry Erskine and some lawyers were present. A great dish of watercresses being, according to the fashion of the period handed round after dinner Dr. M'Culloch, who was extravagantly fond of vegetables, helped himself much more largely than any other person, and, as he ate with his fingers with a peculiar voracity of manner, Mr. Erskine was struck with the idea that he resembled Nebuchadnezzar in his state of condemnation. Resolved to give the minister a hit for the grossness of his taste and manner of eating, the wit addressed him with: "Dr. M'Culloch, ye bring me in mind of the great king Nebuchadnezzar;" and the company were beginning to titter at the ludicrous allusion, when the reverend devourer of cresses replied: "Ay, do I mind ye o' Nebuchadnezzar? That'll be because I am eating among the brutes, then!"

"WHAT are you digging there for?" "I am digging for money?" The news flew—the idlers collected. "We are told you are digging for money." "Well, I ain't digging for anything else." "Have you had any luck?" "First rate luck; pays well; you had better take hold." All doffed their coats, and laid hold most vigorously for a while. After throwing out some cart loads, the question arose: "When did you get any money last?" "Saturday night." "Why, how much did you get?" "Four dollars and a half." "Why, that's rather small." "It's pretty well; six shillings a day is the regular price for digging cellars all over town." The spades dropped, and the loafers vanished.

DRAMATIC scene at the reading of a will. A rich dame who recently died at an advanced age at Fontaineblean, left a will containing, among others, a bequest to her physician of all the objects contained in an olden oak chest of her *cabinet de toilette,* for "his enlightened care and the sage instructions" which had enabled her to live to such an advanced age. There was great commotion among the heirs when this clause in the will was read, and greater curiosity to know what treasures had escaped them. The notary handed the key to the doctor, who on opening the chest found all the drugs and potions that he had ordered for his patient during the past twenty years.

THE Saginaw girls of the Methodist persuasion having met together, concluded to pray for the welfare of their lovers, but the first one had not got very far along in her petition when it was discovered that they were all engaged to the same man. The religious exercises were at once terminated and an indignation meeting organized, the result of which was that the gay deceiver was obliged to leave town at a few hours' notice in order to escape the vengeance of male relatives.

"BUSTED!" exclaimed a bewildered darkey; "you don't gwine tole me dat Freedman's bank busted?"

"Yes, it's gone up."

"Done clear gone?"

"Yes."

Evidently the old man couldn't understand it. He mused deeply and sadly, and with a last, sorrowful look into the open but vacant room, turned away, muttering as he went:

"Dat's what always made me 'spise a bank."

A GENTLEMAN was surprised during the late frosty weather, to see his little daughter bring home from the Sunday school a grave treatise on "Backsliding." "My child," said he, "this is too old for you; you can't make any thing of it." "I know it, papa; I thought it would teach me how to slide backward."

TAKING PICTURES.—Somebody has found out a new way of taking pictures, by which they can be taken better in the night than in the daytime. A photographer has missed several frames that hung by his door, and doesn't approve of the plan.

COUNSELLOR RUDD, of the Irish bar, was equally remarkable for his love of whist and the dingy color of his linen. 'My dear Dick,' said Curran to him one day, 'you can't think how puzzled we are to know where you buy all your dirty shirts.'

WHEN Shakespeare wrote about patience on a monument, did he refer to doctors' patients?" "No." "How do you know he didn't?" "Because you always find them under a monument."

THE obituary notice of a much respected lady concludes with—"In her life she was a pattern worthy to be followed; and her death—oh, how consoling to her friends."

"I GUESS I'll take this book," remarked a Chicago lady to the clerk of a book store; "it's got twice as much gold leaf on the cover as any of the rest."

WHAT is the difference between a plan of the battle-field and a roasted pippin?—One is a war map, and the other is a warm apple.

A LADY was asked the other day, why she chose to live a single life. She naively replied, "Because I'm not able to support a husband."

MRS. PARTINGTON thinks that the grocers ought to hire a music teacher to teach them the scales correctly.

WHAT is the difference between a belle and a burglar?—One carries false locks and the other false keys.

WHY is a railroad conductor like a systematic drinker? Because he takes his punch at stated intervals.

THE young lady who thought she could make her voice clear by straining it, made a great mistake.

IF YOU want your boy to make a mark in the world give him a piece of chalk.

A Walking Advertisement.

LIMESTONE SPRINGS, S. C.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—I am a walking advertisement for your Golden Medical Discovery, Purgative Pellets and Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy they having cured me of Catarrh of nine years' standing, which was so bad that it disfigured my nose, and, while curing it, your medicines also cured me of Asthma in its worst and most aggravated form. Before using your medicines I had become reduced in flesh from one hundred and fifty-five to one hundred and fifteen pounds, and I now weigh one hundred and sixty-two pounds, and am in better health than I have enjoyed for twenty years.

Yours truly,
J. L. LUMSDEN.

The above is but a fair sample of hundreds of letters which are received by Dr. Pierce, and in the face of such evidence who can longer doubt that the Doctor's medicines cure the worst cases of Chronic Catarrh.

THE GREAT FAVORITE WITH THE LADIES.

Wm. Forsyth Bynum & Son, druggists, of Live Oak, Fla., write, Sept. 16th, 1874, as follows: "Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.—Your Golden Medical Discovery and Purgative Pellets sell very largely and give complete satisfaction, as numbers of our customers and friends testify with pleasure. Your Favorite Prescription is indeed the great Favorite with the ladies, and numbers can say with joy that it has saved them from eking out a miserable life or meeting with premature death, and restored them to health and happiness."

Thousands of women bless the day on which Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription was first made known to them. A single bottle often gives delicate and suffering women more relief than months of treatment from their family physician. In all those derangements causing back-ache, dragging down sensations, nervous and general debility, it is a sovereign remedy. Its soothing and healing properties render it of the utmost value to ladies suffering from internal fever, congestion, inflammation or ulceration, and its strengthening effects tend to correct displacements of internal parts, the result of weakness of natural supports. It is sold by all druggists.

DR. PIERCE'S pamphlet on Diseases peculiar to Women will be sent to any address on receipt of two stamps. Address as above. 2

S. M. PETTENGILL & CO.

The following, from the *Baltimore American,* is a deserved tribute to S. M. Pettengill & Co. Their branch in Philadelphia, 701 Chestnut Street, is managed by L. R. HAMERSLY, Esq., who has been very successful and energetic, and gives satisfaction to the public and the press:

PETTENGILL'S ADVERTISING AGENCY.

The celebrated house of S. M. Petengill & Co., which has been doing business with *The American* for nearly a quarter of a century, occupies one of the finest business locations in the city of New York. It is at 37 Park Row, directly opposite the new post office building. It is easy of access to business men from all parts of the city. It is one of the oldest and most complete establishments in the land. It has all the appointments that can be desired for a swift, accurate and pleasant discharge of business. The head of the house, Mr. S. M. Pettengill, was trained to the business of advertising agency under the tuition of the Master of the Trade. He brought to his work the knowledge he acquired as practical printer and publisher. He possesses marked business talent, high moral character, and stands at the head of his profession. His agency has been engineered by himself from the humblest beginning to its present mammoth proportions. No house is better known through the country or more honored.

The business of an advertising agency is a peculiar one. It demands talent, keen forecast, and indomitable energy. It proposes to do for a business man what he cannot do for himself. Through the agency a business man can advertise in five thousand papers with all the economy and exactness as if he visited each office and made a separate bargain with each paper. A great institution is always more economical to do business with than a small one. The amount of business done by S. M. Pettengill & Co. enables them to afford advertising cheaper than the publisher will do it direct. He often purchases a great amount of space at low rates. The publisher is sure of filling his columns, and sure of his pay. The customers of the Agency have a share in the reduced rates.

This agency is an invaluable aid to men who wish to make the most of their money. In nothing is it easier for men to throw away money than in advertising. Unaided, unless a business man has great experience, he is quite sure to waste his funds. To make advertising a success, a man must secure the best medium for his goods. He must know whether to advertise in a country or city paper—in a daily or weekly—in a literary or political paper—in a journal secular or religious. This Mr. Pettengill's long experience fits him to decide. His establishment affords every facility a business man can desire to accomplish his purpose.

S. M. Pettengill & Co.'s agency confessedly leads all others in this business. In all forms of business some institution must come to the front. Prudent men who propose to carry a policy for a term of years do not select an insolvent or third-rate institution. They do not deposit in a shaky bank. In an important law-suit they do not call in a second-class lawyer. Elegant rooms