POETRY.

WINTER SONG.

The winter came with chilling touch,
The poplar tree is bare,
No field has missed the robber clutch
That took its May-garb fair;
Each blossom, blue, and red and white,
The snow and ice have buried quite.

Yet, lovely flowers, your vanished grace
Will wring no plaint from me;
Fresh blooming in a bonnie face
Your beauty still I see—
The star-gemmed eyes are brightest blue,
Brow white, and lips of scarlet hue.

I care not if in vale and wold
No bird-songs now I hear,
For Mollie trills a hundred fold
More sweet and silver-clear,
Her breath is like the air of spring
Where hyacinthine odors cling.

When ripe lips yield their fruit most rare,
Ah, then what perfect bliss!
No strawberries or cherries e'er
So sweet as Mollie's kiss,
Oh, May! why should I pine for thee?
The charms of spring are still for me.
—*From the German of Burger.*

MISCELLANY.

The Narrow Escape.

A REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

Upon one of the lovely farms that lie along the Delaware dwelt Israil Israel and his fair young wife, Althea. The blasts of war, which was desolating the land, long delayed to reach their borders, and as yet each true-hearted American, their neighbor, dwelt unmolested under his own vine and fig tree. It is true that many of the young men, the forward, the enterprising, the crossed in love, and the bowed down with debt, had enlisted; and in their communications, blood stained from the various battle-fields, awakened sympathy and gladness, by turns, among their friends at home. But Mr. Israel felt no call to leave the blooming wife, and the merry twins, whose voice was his home music, for the stern music of the war. He served his country in a more quiet but perhaps equally efficient way, by working sedulously in his vocation, paying the large taxes incumbent on the war drafts, making an occasional loan to government from his thriving treasury, and nursing up the promising twain whom Providence had vouchsafed as the fruits of wedded love. But the sounds of strife began to come nearer his district. The defeats upon Long Island, and the dark season that followed, sent many a poor fellow back to his neighborhood, maimed or ragged, or starving, to tell how the heart of the great Washington was nigh despairing at the gloomy prospects ahead, and to ask an alm of the full-handed farmer for God Almighty sake!

Such appeals were not suffered to fall unheeded. There was bread and to spare in the buttery; there was raiment and to spare in the old clothes press; there was shelter and to spare in the big gable-roofed house. These were bountifully dispensed to suffering patriots at the hands of the kind-hearted Israel or his affectionate spouse. For Israil Israel was a Free Mason. It is with such as he that our pen is most pleased. There is a freer flow at its point when it glides upon this topic. Brother Israel was a Free Mason. He was what a writer styles "a born Mason; a Mason in the bud and flower; a Mason in the milk and grain; a Mason in the lint and thread, in the cloth, dye and garment; thoroughly a Mason!

Therefore the man was liberal—it is one of the virtues of Masonry to be liberal—and patriotic; the world wide attachments of the craft do not, in the least, blunt the delicate home sympathies which are natural to us all.

The Masonic lodge in this vicinity acknowledged the superior ability of Mr. Israel, and placed him at the head of the various finance boards, relief boards and emergency boards, which that emergent season demanded. This position necessarily made him the medium of payment for the various Masonic charities of the district. It must be confessed, however—and the circumstance is related not to disparage the brethren, but to show the general state of poverty and distress prevailing—that the drafts drawn upon the lodge treasurer, for the aid of the poor at home, and the prisoners in the prison-ship at New York, were usually cashed from the pocket of Mr. Israel himself. Quarterly dues could not be collected to keep pace with the demand; there was too much pressure from without to justify a resort to harsh measures for collection; so Mr. Israel trusted to the future consideration of his brethren, and favored the orders from his private funds. At the close of the war, when a general statement of the finances of the lodge was made, there was found to be due this noble hearted Mason more than two thousand dollars, in gold and silver. When the suffering patriots passed near his door, on their disastrous retreat from Long Island, an opportunity was offered for a liberal display of his disinterestedness; for though provisions were scarce, and commanded a high price in the markets of the country, yet on the personal application of General Washington, Mr. Israel supplied the American forces with fifty large beeves, contenting himself with a plain commissary's receipt, instead of the hard money. The war drew further and further south. Philadelphia was occupied by the British. The surrounding country was daily ravaged for their sustenance. Although the English officers were noted for their prompt payments, and even generosity where their own friends were concerned, yet where the slightest suspicion of a disposition favorable to the patriots existed, woe to that farmer's possessions! He was well escaped if the foraging parties contented themselves by stripping him of his grain and beeves. An empty roost, a vacant stock-yard, untenanted stalls, were but a light infliction. It was oftener the case that the stalls were fired, the dwelling consumed, and the poor farmer, whose only crime was to love his country better than his country's foes, was left far off to commence the world anew. While the dark cloud yet rested over the patriot's prospects, the Roebuck, frigate, anchored in the Delaware, not far from Mr. Israel's house, and a detachment was sent ashore to secure that gentleman, and appropriate his cattle. Mr. Israel was easily taken, for he rather put himself in the way of the party, thinking no further evil than that of his property would be subject to a heavy draft. Much to his surprise, the soldiers seized him, bound his hands, and send him on board the frigate to be tried by court martial that very day! All this happened in plain sight of his wife, who stood in the doorway; and no sooner did it pass, than she instantly divined that mischief was brewing. To prevent the capture of the stock, she hurried to the yard, turned all the cattle out, and set the dog after them. He soon ran them out deep into the woods. The horses in the stable were liberated in the same manner. By this time the detachment came up, and seeing her purpose, they fired their muskets at her, but without effect.

Some harsh language was used, but the English officer soon came up and ordered his men away, having received no instructions to damage the property, and the strong-minded woman was left to rock her babies and ponder upon the fate of her husband, then in so dangerous a condition. Mr. Israel was taken on board the frigate, and while the officers busied about the final disposition to be made of him, one of the sailors approached him, and in a low note inquired, "Harkee, friend, ain't ye a Free Mason?" What prompted the question in the man's mouth, cannot be known; but the reader will presently perceive that Mr. Israel's life was involved in the answer. Startled by the inquiry, but feeling new heart at the very word Mason, Mr. Israel whispered in reply that he was. "Then," pursued the sailor, hastily, for an officer was approaching, to order the prisoner below, "you had better tell it, for the officers will hold a lodge in the cabin to-night."

A very few hours sufficed to prepare an indictment, summon officers enough for a court martial, and commence proceedings. Mr. Israel was led across from the forecastle to the cabin, where a speedy trial and a short shrift were in store for the rebel. And the rebel took a glance across the still water to his pretty homestead, which he felt was not long to claim him as its proprietor. The trial was a mere formality. Witnesses testified to anything that was desired of them. The Judge Advocate evidently felt that the whole matter was beneath him. He asked but few questions, and those in a careless manner. One witness, as a crowning point to his testimony, averred that when Lord Howe sent to purchase his cattle with specie, that rebellious individual returned for answer "that he would rather give his cattle to Washington, than receive thousands of British gold!"

"What have you to say in plea, prisoner?" inquired the senior officer, in the same breath giving a low order to the sergeant, which hurried him on deck, where the rattling of a block, fixed to a yard arm, could be distinctly heard. The rattling ceased. A file of marines marched across the deck. Something there was, awful, in all this, and Mr. Israel's lips paled as he answered. He made a manly defence, averring his devotion to his country's cause, and maintaining his entire innocence of ever having committed any crime which could merit such hard treatment. He was a plain man; loved his country; loved his home; thought no harm to any one; and hoped the court would not deprive an innocent man of his life in the very presence of his family and home.

At the conclusion of his last remark he gave the sign of the brotherhood. A hasty whisper passed among the judges; an evident interest took the place of their former listlessness. Their haughty bearing was changed; the senior officer ordered the Judge Advocate to recall the witnesses. This being done, the members of the court cross examined them searchingly. It was not difficult now to sift out of their evidence so much malice and envy, that the senior officer dismissed them with a stern rebuke "for seeking to hurt so honorable a man as Mr. Israel!" The verdict was a unanimous NOT GUILTY. The court being dismissed, Mr. Israel was sent on shore in the captain's barge, and a handsome present sent to his heroic wife, whose coolness, in defending her husband's property, had been reported to the officers.

So long as the frigate kept her anchorage, there were numerous exhibitions of friendship on the part of her officers, and Mr. Israel made frequent visits to the ship where he had been so lately a prisoner, but where he was now hailed as a brother. It is needless to add, no evil of any description was ever inflicted on the fortunate man. The records of Pennsylvania show that Israil Israel was for many years Grand Master of the State.

Too Happy to Live.

The Paris journals tell of a young couple who were too happy to live, at least the accounts seem to be colored with that idea. M. Bastein was a young architect of promise. He had married a young lady of beauty and accomplishments, the daughter of a rich merchant, M. Channard. The couple had been married nine months on last New-Year's day, and appeared to be sincerely devoted to each other. Mme. Bastein expected soon to become a mother. On New-Year's day the couple went to dine with M. Channard, and returned home at midnight. M. Channard was engaged to dine with them next day. In the morning the lady went out to make some purchases, and returned at noon. In the course of the afternoon there were several rings of their doorbell, but no answer was returned. According to appointment M. Channard came and rang—no response. He was told that several other persons had been equally unsuccessful. A locksmith was called and the door was opened. The young people were found dead in their bed, Mme. Bastein, clad in her dressing-gown and her husband in his trousers and waist-coat. The remains of the breakfast of which both had evidently partaken were on the table. A bottle of ammonia and one of sedative water were on the mantelpiece. These were the only answers to blank inquiry and searching grief. Nothing was disarranged in the room, and there the young man and wife lay locked in each other's arms, and death had caught and clutched the last smiles on their faces. It was a photograph of love and peace. They were perfectly happy and they locked themselves in with their happiness and called death to turn the key. The world could not rob them now, and they lay and smiled the smile of victory. A medical man said they had poisoned themselves, and gave it as his opinion that the wife died first. Was there just a moment of regret at the separation in the husband's heart? Did he look in her face and smile when he thought that he was about to rejoin her and meet that sweet face on the other side?

Crying Children.

Everybody likes to play with a "baby," and everybody hates a crying child. There are few philosophers who have common reason to know that a child never cries but for something. The parental hand cruelly punishes the pet of the household for acting out the instincts of its nature. A child cannot cry because it wants to, but there is a provocation to precede it, or an idea provoking it. A "habit" of crying, even is not fairly attributed to children. If they are cross-grained by birth, or genealogy, this is one cause for it. We doubt whether a child could become such an adroit actor as to cry merely because it wanted to. This little joy of the household is the really only innocent thing about the house. It's laughter and merry smiles set us to laughing also.

We feel disposed to come to the rescue of the innocents, as they may be falsely accused in our premature judgment. We must say this of the "baby," truthfully, that it can get up a cry on the shortest time possible of anything on record, and if it wants to, can hush up as quickly. When we know how easily touched their little hearts become, and the mouth puckers up preliminary to a bawl, we very cruelly laugh at their *real* troubles, but should not. It is just as bad as to hold a cat by the tail to hear it snarl—it is just as mean.

A lady has written a book about children, in which she states that, being kept awake one night, she heard at least twenty children whipped for crying by their inconsiderate parents, who could sleep all night themselves, and punished the children because they did not. When the little ones cry, take every pains to quiet them outside of a vinegar bottle.

True Friendship.

As regards private social life, I know no happier phase of it than that which allows you to have only a few intimate friends, and which does not compel you to fritter away your hours among a host of acquaintances who have no hearty regard for you—paying a cold visit here, a cold visit there, glad when they are over—receiving these conventional visits in return, and uttering common places the while which are devoid of meaning and have no suspicion of earnestness.

Where you have within hail a few friends between whom and yourself a sincere esteem existed, room is given for earnest feeling to flower; the true heart glow is felt, and you give and receive smiles which are not artificial, and speak and hear words which are good and glad utterances. In time the ties which bind you and your friends grow as strong as ties of blood and kindred, and when a face is missed from the circle you mourn for it with genuine grief and affection.

AGRICULTURAL.

MANGE IN HORSES—This disease is produced by an insect, *Acarus equi*, of the same family as the itch insect in man. Mange is highly contagious. Every other animal should be removed and closely watched. The slightest contact, or the use of the same clothes, brushes or currycombs will carry the disease. This *acarus*, when viewed under a microscope, has eight legs, ending cup form, which enable it to adhere. They burrow under the epidermis or scarf skin. The cure is seldom effected without recourse to medicine. The horse must be fed with cooling food, bran mashes, and sound hay and oats.

If the animal is in good flesh, give twelve ounces of Epsom or Glauber salts, dissolved in a pint and a half of warm water to be given when cool. Then take of powdered mandrake, sulphur, cream of tartar and sassafras, each two ounces; rub them thoroughly together; divide into twelve parts and give one night and morning in the feed.

Wash the animal thoroughly with strong soap suds; or, better, with a suds made of chrysolis soap; then sponge the surface with lime water, and when dry, anoint by means of a sponge with the following:

Four ounces of pyroligenous acid; three ounces of linseed or lard oil; one ounce of spirits of turpentine; and one of flowers of sulphur. Put all into a bottle and shake thoroughly before using, rubbing it thoroughly. Apply once a day for three days, then wash as before directed, and again apply, and so until a cure is effected, keeping the animal warmly clothed all the while.

Every portion of the stable, manger, rack, etc., must be washed in strong soap suds in which an ounce of carbolic acid crystals to each gallon has been dissolved; after which every portion should be washed with a lime wash in which carbolic crystals in the proportion of one in a hundred have been dissolved. All the clothing, currycombs, etc., must be thoroughly cleansed, in boiling soap suds, in which an ounce of carbolic acid to each gallon has been dissolved. The harness and halters must be taken apart and washed with the same preparation as hot as the hand can bear, and thereafter thoroughly fumigated by hanging in a close place, over the fumes of burning sulphur.

It would be well to keep, for a considerable time, a mixture of half a pound of sulphur in a pint of oil of tar, and rub thoroughly in any parts that may be suspected, washing it off every third or fourth day with warm soap suds.

Horses affected will give this itch to cattle, and dogs to horses. Therefore, we have been thus explicit in directions for cure; for once in the stables, it will never be eradicated without the most thorough means to this end.

EARLY SPRING VEGETABLES.—We suppose that not even the most practical epicures enjoy their dainty dishes more than the average human being does his early vegetables; and considering how comparatively easy it is to have some of these the wonder is that more is not done to get them. The reason, perhaps is that few think of it till the spring-time comes, when it is too late to do much in the way of getting them. This is the time to begin to think about these things. Many vegetables start into growth with very little heat, and even the protection of a fence will often bring things forward some days before those which have ground and bleak winds to contend with. We know a garden in Montgomery County, near this city, which has but a low wall of about four feet high around it; but even this is a wonderful screen from cold winds. Up under the north wall of the little garden, in the full southern sun, is the rhubarb and the asparagus, and this little advantage alone gives them near two weeks start on their neighbors with these two vegetables. It is not always convenient, or even desirable, to have a wall like this, but almost anyone can have a thick arborvitæ hedge, which will answer nearly as well.

Let all who have gardens look around just now and see what can be done. They will find more chances for these little family enjoyments than many of them ever dreamed of, and no doubt will thank us for the suggestion when they find how well their thoughtfulness now is rewarded by the fullness of early spring garden things.

HOW TO FEED FOWLS.—Fowls are not fed for the mere sake of keeping them alive and healthy on the least possible amount of food. We wish to convert the food into fat or into eggs. In feeding for quick fattening, it is understood that poultry should be made to eat as much as possible. Our rule for feeding is to throw out the feed twice a day as long as the fowls run after it, and no longer. We are told, and it is our experience also, that fowls thus fed will eat considerable more than if they can go to a feeding box and help themselves at all times. We want the fowls to eat, the more they eat within reasonable bounds the more eggs they will lay, the longer they will lay, and the better condition they will be in. Laying fowls should take exercise. If they can go to a trough and eat at any time they wish they will take next to none. If they are fed twice a day, they will hunt insects and wander much more. If fed soft feed, such as wheat bran mixed with corn meal or ground oats, they will be hungry again in two hours after feeding, and be off after insects, etc. Give feed, then, only to adult fowls while they run after it—soft feed in the morning, whole grain at evening. Keep them supplied with gravel, lime, (plastering, or better, oyster shells) ashes to dust in, and fresh, pure water, some meat in winter, and they will be healthy and prolific.

SOOT AS A GARDEN FERTILIZER.—Perhaps it may have occurred to some of our lady friends that the refuse soot of our chimneys is one of the most valuable stimulants and fertilizers they can have for their garden flowers. The following incident of practical experience is from a lady contributor to an exchange: "During two seasons we nursed, fed and petted the Hartford prolific grape vine—as much for its shade over the window as for its fruit—but it persisted in remaining a stunted cane, yellow, and refusing to climb. Despairing a shade, grapes and roses, we finally bethought ourselves of soot as a manure, and forwith made a "soot tea" by steeping a teacup of soot in a quart of water. This we administered, two doses each, to both the trees and vine. The vine grew six feet in height in the space of six weeks, and the rose bush four feet in the same length of time—both therefore rejoiced in living green.

SUGAR FROM BEETS.—The manufacture of sugar from beets needs some delicate chemical processes to get rid of the salts, which interfere with the extraction of the sugar. It is this difficulty which has hitherto caused many failures in beet sugar making, and in a small way it would prohibit the domestic manufacture altogether. For sweets for home use, that can be produced upon the farm, there is nothing better than syrup from sorghum. This can be made in a small way as easily as maple sugar.

A PAINT composed of sirup and Cayenne pepper, and applied to halter, manger, or neck-yoke, will not readily rub or wash off, and is always to reciprocate the attention of a gnawing horse—in fact, to give bite for bite.

SCIENTIFIC.

THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.—Among scientific puzzles is one which has long perplexed geologists, namely, the existence of large areas of rock containing no sign of life, side by side with formations of the same period which are full of fossils—relics of primeval life. Why should one be so barren, and the other so prolific? There is now an answer to this important question, and readers who take interest in the exploring voyage of the Challenger will be glad to learn that the answer comes from that ship, in a paper written by Dr. Wyville Thomson, chief of the scientific staff on board. This paper was read last month at a meeting of the Royal Society. It contains the results of deep sea soundings which have revealed the existence of vast areas of barren clay at the bottom of the sea, in depths varying from two thousand two hundred to four thousand fathoms and more. In other parts, the bottom is composed of the so-called *globigerina*, which live near the surface, and sink to the bottom when dead. There they accumulate, building up chalk for ages to come, when land and sea shall once more change places. But it is remarkable that, at the depth of two thousand two hundred fathoms, the *globigerina* thin off and disappear, and the gray deposit merges into the barren clay above mentioned. The explanation is that, below two thousand fathoms, the tiny shells of the *globigerina* are dissolved by some action of the water, and that the minute quantity which they contain of alumina and iron goes to form the areas of barren clay. The extent of these areas is so great that it exceeds all others as yet known at the bottom of the sea, and it is the most devoid of life. In this respect, the red clay now forming resembles the schist which at present occupies so large a part of our earth's surface.

We are all more or less familiar with chalk and with rocks that show no sign of fossils; and to be thus, so to speak, made eye witnesses of the process by which chalk and rock were formed is unusually interesting. An eminent naturalist declares that this paper alone is worth all the cost of the Challenger expedition.—*Chambers' Journal.*

REPRODUCTION OF OLD THOUGHTS.—On the above theme, a writer in *Blackwood* thus discourses: Nothing is more strange than the incessant reproduction of old thoughts under the guise of new and advanced opinions. It would seem as if the human mind, with all its restless activity, were destined to revolve in an endless circle. Its progress is marked by many changes and discoveries; it sees and understands far more clearly the facts that lie along the line of its route, and the modes or laws under which these facts occur; but this route in its higher levels always returns upon itself. Nature and all its secrets become better known, and the powers of Nature are brought more under human control; but the sources of Nature and life and thought—all the ultimate problems of being—never become more clearly intelligible. Not only so, but the last efforts of human reasoning on these subjects are even as the first. Differing in form, and even sometimes not greatly in form, they are in substance the same. Bold as the course of scientific adventure has seemed for a time, it ends very much as it began; and men of the nineteenth century look over the same abysses of speculation as did their forefathers thousands of years before. No philosophy of theism can be said to have advanced beyond the book of Job; and Professor Tyndall, addressing the world from the throne of modern science—which the chair of the British Association ought to be—repeats the thoughts of Democritus and Epicurus as the last guesses of the modern scientific mind.

TO PREVENT THE FREEZING OF WATER-PIPES.—Any plan for preventing the freezing of water-pipes during these cold snaps will be welcome. The following described plan for accomplishing this object has been invented in England:

It is well known that when water freezes it expands, and that the force exerted is so enormous that no pipe can resist it. This invention is intended to give the water a chance to expand without bursting the pipe. It attempts this by securing in the inside of the metal pipe, a space equal to the difference of volume between water and ice, so when the water freezes it occupies the space reserved for it instead of exerting its force on the pipe and bursting it. This is practically carried out by passing through the water-pipe a small India rubber tube, specially made for the purpose, and of such diameter that the space inside it is a little more than equal to the increase in volume of the ice. The India rubber tube is always full of air, so that when the water freezes it finds the necessary space for expansion, for by compressing the air tube it displaces the air and takes its place. When the ice melts the tube again expands, becomes filled with air, and is ready for another frost, and so on for any number of times without requiring attention.

THE *Horticulturist* gives an account of two novelties among flowers which it is almost tempted to treat as fables until their verity is established by personal inspection. The following is the description of them: "One is a 'black lily' in Santa Clara, Cal., with three large blossoms, each nine inches long, and perfectly black outside of the green petals. The other is to be seen at Constantinople, and described by an eye witness as belonging to the narcissus genus of bulbs. The flower represents a perfect humming bird. The breast, of a bright emerald green, is a complete copy of this bird, and the throat, head, beak and eyes are a perfect imitation. The hinder part of the body, and the two outstretched wings, are of a bright rose color, one might almost say flesh colored. These wonderful bulbs should have been sent to the Vienna Exhibition. They will be in abundance by the time of our Centennial celebration in 1876.

NEW STYLE OF PHOTO PORTRAITS.—The pictures are made upon the white ferrotype plate, which is now being manufactured largely, and which combines with great beauty the most simple manipulations, and all the advantages of the porcelain picture, without any of its defects.

The plate being of a very pure white and properly prepared, all that is necessary is to pour on the collodio-chloride, dry it by a gentle heat, expose it to vapor of ammonia for a short time and then print very slightly deeper than it is desired, to be when finished. It is washed, toned, and fixed in a similar manner to the ordinary mode followed in making porcelain pictures. The result is a picture of exceeding delicacy and durability.

PIGEON POST IN FRANCE.—The French military authorities are about to organize a carrier pigeon post between frontier fortresses, on the plan already adopted by Russia, Italy, Austria, and Germany. Two thousand pairs of pigeons, it is said, are being trained for the purpose.

IN PLUGGING screw holes in finished work, glue only the edge of the plug; put no glue in the hole. Pass a sponge of hot water over brad holes, and, when dry, sandpaper and paint. The putty in the latter case, after the wood is swelled, will not meet the brad head.

When it comes to point lace, all women can see the point.

DOMESTIC.

THERE is nothing more useful in a house than celery. The outsides will serve as flavoring for soup, and the hearts cooked for the table, or to be eaten with cheese. First of all, remove the outside leaves from the hearts, and trim the roots—not cut them off: Have two large pans of water, one of warm, the other of cold water; wash each outside stem of the celery in warm water with a brush, and throw it into the cold water, also the hearts, and all gravel, insects, and dirt will fall from the celery at once. Take all the outside pieces and pare away every faulty and discloured bit; then split each piece in two, or three or four, and cut it crossways in very small bits, and put it into a pie-dish. The hearts of the celery must be laid aside in water, and when a head or more is wanted it can be taken from the water and cut in proper shape to be served at table, but before it is put into the last water any discoloured bit must be cut from it. To the small celery in the pie-dish add one or two large turnips pared thin, then cut downwards from the head to the root in a dozen cuts, but not separating the turnip; then turn the turnip round in the hand and cut it the other way in a number of cuts; hold it on a plate and cut it across. The turnip will now fall into many square pieces. A carrot may be cut in the same way, this mixture will last for a week to put into cold soup, stock, or broth, and well boiled, to give flavor to it. Thus there is thrift of time and thrift of vegetables, for it takes no longer to prepare this for the consumption of a week than it does for one day. Moreover, celery thus prepared will keep good, crisp and well-flavored for a fortnight—often for a longer time.

PHILOSOPHY OF CLOTHES.—The *Saturday Review* has something rather original to say of life when its principal object is the construction or wearing of fashionable clothes. Its observations are suggested by the examination of a journal published for the tailors' trade:

"Life all drapery, or at least, life viewed exclusively in its relation to drapery, certainly presents, a novel and surprising aspect. Political questions, for example, are studied only with reference to the gowns and bonnets which they are supposed to be likely to bring into fashion. It would appear that the fluctuations of French parties keep the drapers and milliners and their customers in a state of perpetual agitation. At one moment the Count of Chambord is thought to be coming to the front, and *fleurs de lis* and costumes of the reign of Francis I, and Henry IV, have to be prepared in haste. These have soon after to give way to bees and eagles and Imperial fashions, while, at the same time, Republicanism has to be recognized by a revival of the eccentricities of the *merveilleuses* and *incroyables*. It may seem strange to a philosophical mind that English ladies should be obliged to change the cut and color of their dresses whenever a new turn is given to political intrigue in France. Perhaps, when woman's suffrage is established, we shall find our own domestic questions elevated into their natural prominence in this respect. The weather is watched by the draper with as intense interest as by the farmer, but the question in which he is interested is its probable effect, not on the crops, but on the style of costume."

ARNICA HAIR WASH.—An exchange vouches for the following: When the hair is falling off and becoming thin from frequent use of castor, macassar oils, etc., or when premature baldness arises from illness, the arnica hair wash will be found of great service in arresting the mischief. It is thus prepared: Take elder water, half a pint; sherry wine, half a pint; tincture of arnica, half an ounce; alcoholic ammonia, one dram—if this last named ingredient is old and has lost its strength then two drams instead of one may be employed. The whole of these are to be mixed in a lotion bottle, and applied to the head every night with a sponge. Wash the head with warm water twice a week. Soft brushes must only be used during the growth of the young hair.

MANAGEING THE GRATE.—To preserve a fire in the grate or furnace over night there is nothing better than moistened coal screenings; they are better than ashes and will not cause the formation of clinkers. In the morning or at any time when the fire is low, put on a little coal, let on the draft and after it has burned up pretty well, rake gently and add more coal. If raked when the fire is low and dead, it will either go out or be a great while in getting on a head and producing the necessary warmth. If clinkers form in a grate or stove, throw in a few handfuls of clam or oyster shells, and they will soon become so loosened as to be removed easily without injury to the fire-brick.

WATER PAILS.—Wooden water-pails, whether to be used in the kitchen, or at the stable, should receive two or three coats of gum shellac varnish, dissolved in alcohol, well laid on both inside and outside. This will last a year or more, before the wood will begin to soak water.—It is much better than lead paint for the inside of pails. Lead is poison and soon peels off in freezing weather, and then the pails soak water and get very heavy to lift; besides which, they rot fast and leak through the pores of the wood. Shellac may be procured of any painter, ready mixed, and, if corked tightly, will keep any length of time.

CUSTARD PUDDING.—Boil a piece of cinnamon in a pint of thin cream with a quarter of a pound of sugar; when cold, add the yolks of five eggs well beaten; stir this over the fire till pretty thick—it must not boil; when quite cold, butter a cloth well, dust with flour, tie the custard in it very close, boil it three quarters of an hour; when it is taken up, put it into a basin to cool a little; untie the cloth, lay the dish on the basin, turn it up; if the cloth is not taken off carefully the pudding will break; grate over it a little sugar.

AN ORDINARY LIGHT CAKE.—Mix two pounds of currants, some nutmeg, and an ounce of sugar, in one pound of flour; a little salt; stir a quarter of a pound of butter into a quarter of a pint of milk over the fire, till the butter is melted; strain to it a quarter of a pint of ale-yeast, two eggs, only one white; stir all together with a stick; set it before the fire to rise in the pan it is to be baked in. The oven must be as hot as for bread.

OMELET SOUFFLE.—Break six eggs; separate the whites from the yolks, to the latter put four dessert spoonfuls of powdered sugar and the rind of a lemon chopped exceedingly small; mix them well. Whip the whites to a stiff froth, and add the rest. Put a lump of butter into the frying pan over a slow fire, cook carefully and serve as the first one.

CHOCOLATE KISSES.—Three heaping tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate; one pound of granulated sugar; the whites of four eggs; beat the eggs to a froth; not too stiff; add the sugar and chocolate, and stir well together; flavor with thirty drops of vanilla: drop on buttered paper with a teaspoon; bake in a moderate oven for ten minutes.

IN THE north of Ireland an agreeable beverage is prepared from parsnip roots brewed with hops.

Uneducated writers and musicians spell and play by ear.

HUMOROUS.

A LITTLE girl had seen her brother playing with his burning glass, and had heard him talk about the "focus." Not knowing the meaning of the word "focus," she referred to the dictionary, and found that the focus was "the place where the rays meet." At dinner when the family was assembled, she announced, as grandly as could be, that she knew the meaning of one hard word. Her father asked her what it was. She replied that it was the word "focus." "Well, Mary," said he, "what does it mean?" "Why," she replied, "it means a place where they raise calves." This, of course, caused a great laugh. But she stuck to her point, and produced her dictionary to prove that she was right. "There," said she, triumphantly, "Focus—a place where the rays meet,' and if they raise meat, they raise calves, And so I am right, ain't I, father?"

A ROCKLAND county, New York, girl, who was recently "finished" at a fashionable seminary, has begun a diary. Her mischievous younger brother cut out the first entry and got it into print. Here is a portion of it: "Sunday night—it has just struck twelve, and I am still writing. What are these thoughts that surge across my heart? What is this strange looking after the unattainable? Am I what I really seem, or is it, as it were, not so much the infinitesimal as the unspeakable? Let me be calm. Ah! alas! will there ever be another Byron? May there not be somewhere, coming toward me from the midst of the mountain top, or the flowers of the valley, some sun crowned youth, who—"

A POOR HUSBAND.—A lady went to a Dutch corner grocery the other day, for some trifling thing. The goods wanted were on the very top shelf. The woman placed a box on a chair, and climbed up to the shelf at the evident risk of her limbs. Her husband sat up by the stove, playing with a small dog. Lady said, "Why don't you make your husband reach it?" A look of infinite contempt came into her face as she replied, "My husband! I got awfully sucked in mit dat man. He knows nothing but to play mit a dog."

PADDY MALONE went to his priest and asked him, "What is a *me*racle, your riverince?" The priest asked him several questions, and found he had been to the revival meetings and heard strange talk. He was mighty mad, and, telling Paddy to stand out before him, he gave the poor fellow a tremendous kick. "Did it hurt you?" asked the priest. "To be sure it did," says Paddy. "And it would have been a *me*racle if it didn't," remarked his reverence; with which Paddy walked away—answered, but not satisfied.

A LADY once consulted Dr. Johnson on the degree of turpitude to be attached to her son's robbing an orchard. "Madam," said Johnson, "it all depends upon the weight of the boy. I remember my schoolfellow, David Garrick, who was always a little fellow, robbing a dozen of orchards with impunity; but the first time I climbed up an apple-tree—for I was always a heavy b—, the bough broke with me, and it was called judgment. I suppose that is why justice is represented with a pair of scales!"

A MAN took a seat on the head of an empty flour barrel on Michigan Grand Avenue, in Chicago, the other day, and remarked: "I got down the gun and loaded her up heavy, and just as I was ——." At this point the head fell in, and the man, or about half of him, disappeared, while his legs loomed up like a schooner's masts. He was helped out, and a boy hired to rub sweet oil on his back, but in spite of earnest entreaties, he would not go on with the story.

A GENTLEMAN, passing the playground of a public school, was affronted by the boys, and was advised to complain to the principal, which he did thus: "I was abused by some of the rascals of this place, and I came to acquaint you of it, as I understand you are the principal."

AN OLD tope- chanced to drink a glass of water one day, for want of something stronger. Smacking his lips and turning to one of his companions, he remarked: "Why, it don't taste badly. I have no doubt it's wholesome for females and tender children."

A GENTLEMAN drove a sorrowful-looking horse into town, recently, and, stopping in front of Bank block, he requested a small boy to hold him a moment. "Hold 'im?" exclaimed the boy; "just lean him up against the post—that'll hold 'im."

"GO AWAY! Leave me with my dead! Let me fling myself on his coffin and die there!" That was in Nebraska six months ago, and now the widow has won another trusting soul, and No. 1's portrait is in the attic, face to the wall.

LAYING the corner stone for a wing to his manor was the only foundation for the new "story" that Disraeli was about to take a wife, and as he has since begun a second wing it is presumed that he purposes bigamy.

A YOUNG man, searching for his father's pig, accosted an Irishman as follows: "Have you seen a stray pig about here?" To which Pat responded, "Faith, and how could I tell a stray pig from any other?"

A SILLY fellow whose ears were unusually large, once simperingly asked a witty lady, "Will I not make a fine angel?" "Well, no," she replied, pointing to his ears, "I think your wings are too high."

"A MAN'S nature should be strong as adamant. He should never give way to tears. That is what somebody says in a recent novel. But the author forgot to add that man never peels onions.

MRS. PARTINGTON wonders why the captain of a ship can't keep a memorandum of the weight of his anchor, without going to the trouble of weighing it every time he leaves port.

AFTER waiting four years, a Michigan lover finally popped the question, and the girl answered: "Of course I'll have you! Why, you idiot, we could have been married three years ago!"

IF YOU want to stop with a New Bedford landlord a whole week for nothing just say to him, as you enter his house, that you never saw a man who looked so much like Daniel Webster.

THE old gentleman who spent a fortune in endeavoring to hatch colts from horse chestnuts, is now cultivating egg-plants with a view of raising chickens from them.

THE tenor and soprano in a Boston choir were married recently. They met by chants, the usual way, and ultimately agreed to duet.

AN OLD wretch wants to find a way to keep pious during Lent, and at the same time eat terrapin.

NOAH was "monarch of all he surveyed" by the flood, and he had a long and successful rain.

A BAD pre-eminence—What is there beats a good wife? A bad husband.

A BAD thing to put up with—An unaccomodating landlord.

A Model Papa.

Solomon sends us to the aunt to learn, and I don't see why we should not take lessons from other little creatures in the world.

There's a modest little fellow in the sea now, who sets a most beautiful example of paternal affection and care, yet I never heard that he was set up as a model. To be sure he's never more than four inches high, but that is sixteen times as high as an ant, and virtue doesn't depend upon size either. The name of this interesting creature—the scientific name I mean—is Hippocampus, but he is better known out of the books by the name of Sea Horse; and doubtless most of you have seen dried specimens of the family in museums or in private collections of sea wonders. His wife—well, we won't say much about his wife, for she isn't a model by any means. In fact, she shirks all the time-honored duties belonging to a mother, hands the young family over to their father and swims off to have a good time in the world.

Papa Hippo seems not at all troubled or cast down by the unnatural behavior of the mother. To tell the truth he prefers to tend to the babies, and is very nicely adapted to the work. Indeed, I dont suppose he would allow the mother to interfere in his nursery arrangements if she wished. What do you suppose he does with all the eggs he has charge of? He has no nest nor house of any kind, and there are a thousand or two of them, for fishes, you know never do things by halves. Well he has no trouble, for nature has provided him with a pocket, thickly lined with fat, and into that convenient nursery he receives the family, and there they stay—nourished as some naturally think by his fat—till they are big enough to look out for themselves. There!—isn't that an example for the world.

And that is not all. Ordinary parents of the fish family eat the eggs and the little ones, not only of their neighbors, but of their own family, while this admirable little papa of four inches high was never known, however hungry, to even so much as taste one of his own children. That is a very rare virtue, I can assure you in—fish life.

When this self denying father thinks the little ones big enough to take care of themselves, he starts them in life by bending his tail round like a hook, pressing it against the bottom of the pocket, and just coolly shoving them out to take their chances in a cold, wet world.

This very unusual care for the little ones is not the only strange thing about the sea horse. His looks are as strange as his manners. He has the droll fashion, as somebody says, of living inside, instead of outside, of his bones. So he looks as though dressed in a suit of mail. His bones are not ghostly-looking white things, like the bones of those who carry them inside—they are of a soft gray color, ornamented with dainty covering. He receives his name from the shape of his head, which is comically like that of a horse, and is always carried partly erect in the water. He has a fin on his back, which looks like a beautiful fan tipped with yellow, and is of course a beautiful ornament. His eyes are the color of gold, with an edge of blue, and are not slavish twins, as most eyes are, looking the same way. On the contrary they are entirely independent of each other, so that he can look two ways at once.

The favorite attitude of this little oddity is holding on to a weed with his tail, from which position he can dart on his food as he gets sight of it—either worm, fish-egg, or some such delicacy. He has side-fins, by means of which he can swim, always standing up, as you may say, in the water. But he is not a great swimmer; he prefers to rest, holding on to a weed as I said.

Perhaps his tail is the most curious thing about him. It is four-sided, like a square file, and is covered with scales like the rest of his body. It is long and prehensile, like the tails of some monkeys; and to hold on to something seems to be the delight of his life. If two of them meet in the water, they are sure to grab each other by the tail. Very tiny atoms of sea horses (sea colts you might call them), with tails no bigger than bits of thread will seize each other, and hold on for dear life, never giving up till tired out. Little was known about the sea horse till a naturalist—Rev. Samuel Lockwood—kept several in an aquarium, and by closely watching them, found out their wonderful ways.

A Poetic Fountain.

On the eastern shore of the Isle of Wight, in the picturesque little village of Shanklin (visited by tourists from the attraction of its clime and cascade), is a pretty rustic fountain, ornamented with a metallic shield, on which is painted, at the top, an American eagle, and below, the American and English flags surrounding the following lines, written by the poet Longfellow, at the request of the villagers, while on a visit to Shanklin, in the year 1868:

"Oh, traveler, stay thy weary feet;
Drink of this fountain, pure and sweet;
It flows for rich and poor the same;
Then go thy way, remembering still
The wayside well beneath the hill,
The cup of water in his name."

For all Female Complaints

nothing equals Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a most powerful restorative tonic, also combining the most valuable nervine properties, especially adapting it to the wants of debilitated ladies suffering from weak back, inward fever, congestion, inflammation, or ulceration, or from nervousness, or neuralgic p