POETRY.

HOME.

There is a simple little word
Oh, ne'er its charms destroy!
Throughout the universe 'tis heard,
And nowhere but with joy;
There's music in its meagreflow,
Wherever we may roam.
The dearest, sweetest sound below—
That little word is Home?

I care not where may be its site,
Or roofed with straw or tile,
So that the hearth fire burns more bright
'Neath woman's radiant smile;
Affection on her fondest wing
Will to its portals fly,
And hope will far more sweetly sing
When that blest place is nigh.

It may be fancy—it may be
Something far nobler—far;
But Love is my divinity,
And Home is my polar star.
Oh, sever not Home's sacred ties!
They are not things of air:
The great and learned, and the wise
All had their teachings there.

MISCELLANY.

The City of Monuments.

In *Scribner's Monthly* for April, Edward King had an illustrated sketch of Baltimore, which he calls "The Liverpool of America." We quote the following passages about Baltimore's famous monuments:

Baltimore merits the title which it so proudly bears, of "The Monumental City." The stately shaft which rises from a massive pedestal in Mount Vernon Square is dedicated to the memory of George Washington. It shames into dreary insignificance the uncouth and inartistic pile of stones which has long stood incomplete on the mud flats near the Potomac. Baltimore's Doric column is crowned with a statue representing Washington resigning his commission, and on the four sides of the pedestal is the following inscription:

"To George Washington, by the State of Maryland. Born February 22, 1732. Commander-in-chief of the American Army, June 15, 1775. Trenton, December 25, 1776. Yorktown, October 19, 1781. Commission resigned at Annapolis, December 23, 1783. President of the United States, March 4, 1789. Retired to Mount Vernon, March 4, 1797. Died December 14, 1799."

From the top of the column, which is two hundred and eighty feet above tide water, you may have a view of the sloping streets, and the busy avenues along the water-side; may look across to Federal Hill, where the fortifications made during the war still remain, and down the harbor to the wide, blue waters of the Chesapeake.

From the four sides of the monument's pedestal radiate outward an equal number of little parks, surrounded by neat railings. All the streets leading up to the square are lined with elegant mansions, and on bright days, during the season, carriages filled with lovely women crowd the way.

The "Battle Monument," in Monument Square, stands on the site originally chosen for the Washington Memorial. The invasion by the English, and the battle of North Point, which resulted in preserving Baltimore from destruction at the hands of British soldiers, moved the impulsive people of the city to erect at once a testimonial of gratitude to the brave men who had died for them. The Committee of Safety of those days circulated a petition for subscriptions, which were readily given, and on September 12, 1815, was laid the corner-stone of the monument to the memory of the citizens who fell in defense of the city at the battle of North Point and the bombardment of Fort McHenry. The structure comprises a marble shaft in the form of a fasces, surmounted by a statue representing the city of Baltimore. Although the whole is but fifty-two feet high, it produces a very imposing effect. The corner-stone of the Washington Monument was laid in July, 1815, but the statue was not placed in position for fourteen years thereafter.

Prominent among the monuments of lesser fame in Baltimore is that dedicated to Thomas Wildey, the founder of the Order of Odd-Fellows in America. It was erected in 1865, and is merely a Grecian Doric column springing from a singularly shaped pedestal, and amply decorated with the emblems o fthe Order. Thomas Wildey was an Englishman, who, in 1819, established a Lodge of Odd-Fellows in Baltimore, and who gave his entire means and energies to the Order until 1861. The inscription upon his tomb records the fact, that before his death four hundred and twenty-seven thousand members had been initiated, thirty-eight thousand bereaved families administered to, and in Maryland alone, three thousand orphans educated by the Order.

The Hill and McComas Monument, in Ashland Square, to the memory of the youths supposed to have slain Gen. Ross, the British commander, during the invasion which culminated in the battle of North Point; and the McDonough statue in Greenmont Cemetery, a memorial to a philanthropic merchant who gave the whole of his immense fortune to New Orleans and Baltimore, to be devoted to the education of poor children, are among the other most interesting monuments in the city. The Merchants' Shot Tower, nearly two hundred and fifty feet high, is now the only one remaining of three, from each of which the prospect was singularly beautiful.

Catching Turtles.

A South American traveler tells how the Conibos capture turtles, which are an important article of diet with them. In the night the turtles come out of the river in large numbers to lay their eggs. The Conibos, squatting, or kneeling under their leafy sheds, and keeping profound silence, await the moment for action. The turtles, who separate themselves into detachments on leaving the water, dig rapidly with their fore feet a trench often two hundred yards long, and always four feet broad by two deep. They apply themselves to their work with such zeal that the sand flies about them and envelops them as in a fog. As soon as they are satisfied that their trench is large enough they deposit in it their soft-shelled eggs to the number of from forty to seventy, and with their hind feet quickly fill up the trench. In this contest of paddling feet more than one turtle, tumbled over by his companions, rolls into the trench and is buried alive. Half an hour is enough for the accomplishment of this task. The turtles then make a disorderly rush for the river. Now the moment has arrived for which the Conibos have anxiously waited. At a given signal the whole band suddenly rise from their lurking-places and dash off in pursuit of the amphibia, not to cut off their retreat—for they would themselves be trampled under foot by the resistless squadrons—but to rush upon their flanks, seize them by their tails, and throw them over on their backs. Before the turtles have disappeared, a thousand prisoners often remain in the hands of the assailants.

A letter writer in Constantinople says: "One of the perplexing things is the computation of time. The Turks reckon from the flight of the prophet from Mecca, and it takes 537 Turkish years to make 521 of our years. At sunset of each day watches and clocks are set to mark 12 o'clock, and until the twelfth hour after sunset the hands on the dial indicate the time that has elapsed since sunset. After that hour they indicate the number of hours that will intervene before sunset of the next day plus or minus the daily variation in the length of the days.

Oh conscience! conscience!—man's most faithful friend.

The Universal Cement.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.

It was a tall, spare man who stood crying it to all passers-by. In spite of myself, I heard what he said, though he addressed vacancy and I was in haste. He propounded it as a candidate for public favor and styled it the "only true and Universal Cement." But he had very little to show for his stock in trade.

Usually when one ventures upon this line of business he has a cracked teapot, or a soup-tureen, or a couple of pieces of stick roughly fastened together. One smashes the crockery, and shows that the old fractures are broken across by the new, as though they had not ever existed. Or one whacks the sticks with a mallet, and meanwhile vociferates the merit of the composition which secures them.

This man did nothing of the sort. In a deep, monotonous voice I heard him saying: "This is the only true, real and genuine Universal Cement. Here you see it done up in this small package. Easily carried in the vest pocket—such a cent, gentlemen and ladies, as the world has never known. The secret of its manufacture belongs entirely to myself. I have no agents and I want none. Here's your true, real, genuine Universal Cement, warranted to mend broken hearts so they'll be as good as new. I mended a man's head with it the other day. They said he was cracked, but I cured him. It's good even for broken banks. It can be used for public outbreaks or for family jars. It is guaranteed to heal any breach between partners in business for life. Here's your true, real, genuine Universal Cement—the thing the world's been looking for and sought but hasn't found."

By this time I was leaning against a doorway, listening. The crowd passed along, but the spare man, holding up some small white boxes in his hand, kept on addressing the moving throng. Strangely enough, he never seemed to repeat anything except the announcement that this was the 'true, real, genuine Universal Cement." All else that he uttered was new. As I listened, he proceeded:

"This is the finest thing in the world when one has been cut by an acquaintance. It will heal the wound instantly and leave no scar. People who live in glass houses will find it to their advantage to have some of this true, real, genuine Universal Cement. It will mend a man's life right away, without half trying, just as easily as it will stop a leak in the household expenses. It has been known to fasten two enemies together like the Siamese twins. Where's the man who would be without this true, real, genuine Universal Cement? It's the greatest thing on earth for making firm the fabric of society. It will mend a damaged reputation: and that is more than most cements will do.

"Ladies and gentlemen, try my true, real, genuine Universal Cement. It is splendid for hurt feelings. It will make the honorable gentlemen in Congress stick to their principles. It has drawn together opposite interests and held them firm. I don't know anything it can't do. It's the only true, real, genuine Universal Cement. If you want a box to take home and—"

"What's it worth?" said I, stepping forward.

"Take it at your own price, sir. Make me an offer."

"A quarter ought to buy it," said I.

"Yes, it's cheap at that—dog cheap," said the thin man. "But I must know what you want to mend."

"Oh-ho!" said I, "I thought that was my business entirely. I guess I don't care for any," and I was moving off.

"Wait a minute," cried the spare man. "Here's a box for nothing. Put it in your pocket. Are you the father of a family? Yes, I see it in your face. Well, sir, I know you need my cement. You look as if things were not going right with you. Let me recommend this in the case of family government. Just take the contents of this box and put it on your child's forehead before you strike him. This is the real, genuine Universal Cement, and it has a remarkable value in case of discipline—"

"Man alive, what are you talking about?" I exclaimed. "I want to buy your box. I don't want it as a gift. If it will mend china, that's all I ask of it. My wife scolded me because I broke a nice tea-cup at breakfast, and if it makes that all right, I don't grudge the quarter. Here, give me that box. Good-bye."

So saying, I put the little white package in my pocket, tossed a bit of Uncle Sam's currency to the dealer, and hurried on, leaving him addressing nobody in particular, in much the same strain as before.

I confess the incident affected me strangely. The man's appearance and language were above his calling. He looked like a broken-down minister, and he evidently met with the poorest kind of patronage. I carried the box in my pocket all day, getting vexed at it because it was an obstacle to the ready capture of pencil or knife. At night, when I was returning from business, I had like to have lost it in feeling for my commutation ticket.

I was late for supper. My wife had been annoyed by the servants, and transferred part of her annoyance to my innocent head at once. For my own part, I felt personally aggrieved because I was to drink my coffee from iron-stone, instead of china. We were in precisely the state of mind to be unpleasant to each other. And, as the children had finished their meal and the servant was in the room, the lowering clouds commenced to bristle with lightning.

It was that tea-cup—Aunt Dorothea's present, with my monogram upon it—which made the trouble. I growled at the iron-stone, and was twitted with clumsiness.

All at once it occurred to me that I had the box of Universal Cement in my pocket. Happy thought! I would effect a diversion and escape the hot shot now falling thick and fast. I therefore took it out. I opened it. I found, to my disgust, only a small piece of paper. On it was printed the single word LOVE.

I could not understand it. Neither could my wife. We forgot about the tea-cup in our discussion of the Universal Cement.

The next morning I read in the paper that a harmless lunatic had been recaptured in the city the previous afternoon. He had escaped from the asylum, and when found was engaged in peddling some patent preparation on a certain corner in a perfectly inoffensive way. He went willingly with the officers, but persisted in declaring that he ought to be allowed to remain, as the article he was selling had no superior in the market.

Said my wife: "That must have been your man."

I felt quite certain of it. And really it is the best cement I ever saw.

A Sure Helper.

How often we say, in great anxiety, who shall roll away the stone?" and when we look again, behold "the stone is rolled away," though it was very great. Every time God helps us out of a difficulty, we should return and give glory to Him, and then go on our way with joy and fresh courage. We should often review the circumstances and see how God was at work for us, maybe in distant places at the very time of our trouble; how He was ordering events and disposing of men's wills, so as to bring us just the help we needed. It is un-Christian to call all these occurrences chance of good luck. "All our steps are numbered." Let us learn to see God's hand in all that befalls us. An old man who had been long engaged in business said, "I have had my ups and downs, but as I review my life, those things which I thought at the time, most against me, have proved the best for me even temporally, besides teaching me submission to Him who rules the world."

AGRICULTURAL.

SWINE MANAGEMENT.—A correspondent writes: First, as to breeding sows. They should, as a general rule, be kept by themselves, and where they can have a good range. Sufficient exercise seems essential to their progeny. Matured sows have have better and stronger pigs than gilts, and should be separated from young sows. And for this reason a yearling past or a two year-old sow can eat a great deal faster than the gilts. Therefore, if the two kinds are kept together for breeding purposes, the matured sow will become too fat to do well, and the gilt, or young sow, will lack the food so essential to her growth and perfect development.

Every farmer should have a hog-house for hogs. They should be put into it about the 1st of December, and taken out the last of March or 1st of April. The hog-house should be well ventilated, and have a tight roof by all means; for, with it and a good floor, it would be worse than no house at all for the reason that they should sleep dry and be free from dust or wet. And having a good floor to sleep on, they will smother each other. In cold weather, for the purpose of warmth, they should be bedded with good wheat straw. But as often as once in three or four weeks the old bedding should be removed, scattering it on the field, or putting it on the manure pile. This use of wheat straw will make it pay largely for the cost of bedding. Fifteen or twenty stock hogs are enough to bed together. A hog-house may be twenty feet long, and eight feet wide, and divided in the middle. If possible it should always face the south, placing the doors, one on the east and the other in the middle, adjoining the partition. Such a house will comfortably accommodate forty shoats; and if their house be kept clean, they will naturally occupy both apartments.

LEACHED ASHES.—After the farmer's family have made soap (as is a common practice in a timbered country), there remains a hopper full of leached ashes which have a higher value as manure than is generally believed. A writer in the *Country Gentleman* tells his readers that he has used an average of 2,000 bushels yearly, for the past seven years; at a cost of 25 cents per bushel at the railroad station, about two miles distant. This he says may seem a high price to many of your readers. Yet we have found their use profitable. Our land is what would be termed hard-weed soil—the higher portion gravel, the lower clay loam, inclined to be coarse and lumpy. We have made and saved all the yard manure we could and have taken pains to increase our supply. We plow and dress liberally with this. After harrowing, apply 150 bushels of ashes to the acre, working them well into the soil with the harrow. Then sow to grass. Where the land is too high to sow grass seeds alone, we sow in spring with oats, and cut them in the milk for fodder, which when well cured, makes excellent feed, and leaves a good stand of grass. We get from one and one-half to two tons to the acre, for seven or eight years. The first two or three or four years, two crops are cut in a season. There is great good sense in the above named practice. In New England farmers pay fifty cents a bushel for hard ashes that have not been dipped.

GREASE THE NAILS.—One of the technical journals says: Every farmer who has had occasion to drive a nail into seasoned oak posts knows its liability to bend and break. If the point be moistened in the mouth it will usually drive more kindly. Oil is still better, but then it is inconvenient, to dip each nail separately into it.—Another point observed is that boards become loose eventually from the rusting of the nails, which, communicating to the wood, causes not only an enlargement of the nail hole, but the wearing away of the nail itself, rendering the fence shaky and insecure. This may be prevented by heating any rough grease until it smokes, and then pouring it over the nails to be used. The grease will penetrate the pores of the iron, and cause the nails to last, without rusting, an indefinite period. Besides this, no trouble will then be experienced in driving them into the hardest wood. The reason is that the coating of grease prevents contact of the air, and, consequently, oxidation. Oxygen is the great destroyer of iron, and moisture is the inducting cause.

A LITTLE ADVICE TO FARMERS.—Help your wives in every way you can, trivial though it may seem to you. For instance, keep an extra pair of shoes or slippers in the hall or entry, and always remember to change your dirty boots before entering her clean rooms.—Then you may be sure of a smile of welcome, as no dirt will be left after you for her to clean up. In the evening comb your hair as carefully as you ever did in your courting days. Put on a clean coat or dressing-gown, and when you take your paper to read, do not read to yourself and leave her to lonesome thoughts while sewing and mending, but remember that she, too, has been working hard all day, and is still working. Read to her whatever interests you, so that her interests and opinions may grow with yours, and that she may comprehend something besides love stories, which too many have read more than they should. You will both be happier, and being a farmer's or mechanic's wife will not be such a dreadful tiresome and lonely life as many girls have every reason to think it is.

BARS OR GATES.—Bars at the entrances to the fields are far from being as cheap as gates, although gates cost more than bars. The time lost in taking down and putting up bars in a year would pay for several gates. But gates need to be well constructed, and of such a kind that they cannot swing open of themselves or be opened by cattle rubbing against them. The safest gate is one that slides upon rollers at the bottom of the posts upon a plank laid upon the grounds in the way that barn doors are sometimes made to do. Running between double posts at each end, it may be made to open either way, and if made of light strips of wood, fastened with light carriage bolts, is easily handled and cheaply made.

START THE PLANTS EARLY.—Almost everybody now-a-days sows seeds of early vegetables either in hotbeds or in pots or boxes within doors, long before it can be done in the open ground. The crop, or period of use and ripening, can be hastened one or two months by this forcing process, and this is worth striving for in a cold climate where the seasons are none too long for producing a satisfactory crop of annual fruits, and vegetables. But while we are making preparations to satisfy the stomach, it is well to remember the organs of sight, and put in a few flower seeds at the same time.—*Moore's Rural.*

TO CURE ROUP IN FOWLS.—Wash the eye, mouth, and nostrils, with a solution of chloride of zinc, 1 ounce in a pint of water, by means of a feather. The cause is frequently cold, inflamation resulting from feeding too much grain, foul unventilated quarters, or over crowding. One of the symptoms of roup is inflammation of the eye, with swelling and discharge of fetid matter. Unless some remedy is applied, the eye is destroyed or the bird dies.

SCIENTIFIC.

A NEW SPIDER.—Professor Wilder says, in the *Popular Science Monthly* for April: "Strolling through the woods near Ithaca, N. Y., one October afternoon, I saw, upon a leafless hemlock branch, what looked like a piece of the net of some geometrical spider. Still, there was a regularity in this triangular net which did not accord with the idea of its being a fragment. A closer examination showed that its form and structure were perfect and unbroken; and moreover that, instead of hanging loosely from the twigs, it was *upon the stretch*, as if constantly drawn by a power at one or the other end. On touching the net to determine its degree of tension, what was my amazement to see it suddenly loosened with a snap, as if let go at one end? Nor was my wonder diminished when, a moment afterward, the net slowly regained its original condition, by a steady pulling upon a short line connected with the apex. And now I saw the puller—a little dull-colored spider, about one-eighth of an inch long—hanging from the under side of the apex-line and hauling it in, not 'hand over hand as it first appeared, and as one would suppose by analogy with sailors' operations, but "foot over foot;" in short, with its hinder legs moved alternately so as to gradually take in that part of the line which intervened between its body and the twig to which it was attached.

When this line was all taken in the spider was close against the twig, and its legs were drawn together, so that the whole formed a compact brown mass about the size and shape of a raisin seed, and differing so little in appearance from the projections of the dried hemlock twigs among which the net was built that I felt in part excused for not having noticed the little creature before.

DENSITY OF HYDROGEN IN COMBINATION.—The avidity with which certain metals, as palladium, sodium, and iron, absorb hydrogen is well known. The hydrogen thus absorbed forms a proper alloy with the metal absorbing it. Since, according to Graham, the elementary metals in alloys preserve the densities belonging to them when uncombined, it follows that, by comparing the ascertained density of any given metal with that of the same metal alloyed with hydrogen, it is possible to deduce the density of hydrogen itself in the solid state—a state to which it is impossible to reduce it by pressure or by reduction of temperature, or by both combined. This method has been applied by Messrs. L. Troost and P. Hantefeuille in the case of alloys of hydrogen with palladium and sodium; and the results are briefly stated in a recent number of *Les Mondes*. These experimenters found the density of palladium saturated with hydrogen to be 11.06, while that of the palladium itself, previously to the experiment, was 12.0. From these data, combined with the increase of weight consequent upon the absorption of the gas, they deduced a density for hydrogen in the solid state of 0.62. A similar experiment made with sodium having an original density of 0.970, and a density, when alloyed with hydrogen, of 0.959, gave, for the hydrogen in combination, a computed density of 0.630. The two determinations very nearly agree, and the mean of them, viz., 0.625, may be taken as the probable density, which would give to hydrogen in the solid form a specific gravity somewhat above that of lithium, which is 0.50.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—It has long been known that the carbon electric light is not due to a direct luminous effect of the electric current, but merely to the property which this current possesses of heating the conductors which it traverses, and that with the greater intensity the more resistance they oppose to its passage. The intensity of the ordinary electric light (with carbon points) arises from the circumference that the stratum of air, a bad conductor, which is found between the two charcoal points, is heated to an excessive degree by the passage of the electric current, and thus produces indirectly the combustion of the coke or charcoal electrodes heated to whiteness. It has also long been known that solid bodies may also be heated to whiteness without the presence of gaseous matter. Thus, slender platinum wires have often been heated by the current. The light from this source is more fixed and constant than that of the luminous are between the carbon points; but it is too feeble and too costly. M. Ladeguin replaces the wire by slender rods of carbon (coke), hermetically sealed in a glass receiver, from which the oxygen has been removed.

EFFECT OF HYDROGEN IN IMPAIRING THE TENACITY OF IRON.—Iron or steel wire which has been acted on superficially by sulphuric acid is usually found to be altered in its properties. Its weight is increased, its tenacity is injured, so that, though originally soft and flexible, it easily breaks; and when a freshly-broken end is moistened by the tongue it effervesces as if acted on by a mineral acid. These effects after a time disappear. Prof. Osborne Reynolds, of Manchester, has ascertained that they are owing to the absorption of hydrogen generated during the chemical reaction which takes place when the wire is immersed in the acid. He found that, if an iron tube, closed at one end, be immersed in a dilute solution of sulphuric acid, hydrogen passes through the walls of the tube into the interior, and may be collected by attaching an india-rubber tube to the open end of the iron one, and passing it under a gas-holder. Professor Reynolds concludes that, whenever iron undergoes oxidation under water, it becomes saturated with hydrogen, and thus loses tenacity—an important consideratien in the case of iron steam-boilers or iron ships.

ANILINE INKS.—The majority of aniline colors soluble in water furnish inks of excellent quality. Dingler's *Polytechnische Journal* of recent date gives the following practical recipes for their preparation, by which any one can make the fluids very easily: Violet ink is obtained by dissolving one part of aniline violet blue in 300 parts of water. This ink is quite limpid, dries quickly, and gives a remarkably dark color. It is necessary that new pens should be employed in using it, as the smallest quantity of ordinary ink mixed with it causes its alteration. Blue ink is made by dissolving one part of soluble Paris blue in 250 parts of boiling water; red ink, by dissolving one part of soluble fuchsin in 200 parts of boiling water. While ordinary inks are decomposed by numerous substances, and notably by hydrochloric acid, aniline inks are completely ineffaceable from the paper on which they are used. They resist the action of acids and even of chlorine.

TO VARNISH plaster figures, take half an ounce of tin, half an ounce of bismuth; melt in a crucible, then add half an ounce of mercury. When perfectly combined remove the mixture from the fire and let it cool. Mix with the white of an egg and it forms a beautiful varnish. The figure to be dipped in and polished when dry.

IN HARDENING and tempering steel, a clean charcoal, anthracite, or coked bituminous coal fire is required; such as is fit for taking a welding heat on iron is entirely unfit for hardening purposes. The sulphur contained in the coal combines with the steel to form sulphuret of iron, and ruins its texture.

DOMESTIC.

TASTE IN DRESS.—Many who have the cares of a household on their mind think, with Catharine of Arragon, that "dressing time is wasting time." And where the spare moments are so few and far between as with those housekeepers who not only have the superintendence of affairs but find it necessary to perform the actual labor with their own hands, the temptation to coincide fully with such authority is great. But if a woman has no natural taste in dress, delight in the combination of colors, or love of harmony in these things, she must be a little deficient in her appreciation of the beautiful. As a work of art, a well dressed woman is a study. A certain harmony in the general effect is the best criterion for judgment in that respect, which does not in the least necessitate a close copy of the prevailing fashions, for one must cull and choose, rejecting those unsuited to her form and general style. Even when a love of dress is natural it does not follow that it should engross every other taste. It may exist happily with an appreciation of the best there is in literature, with a fondness and successful faculty for household duties, and certainly should never be considered apart from a love of neatness and order in all things.

Dress can be so adapted as to hide natural defects, and heighten the charms possessed by the wearer. From the days of Annie Boleyn, who varied her dress every day, and always wore a small kerchief around her neck to conceal a mark, and a falling sleeve to hide her doubly-tipped little finger, many have made use of the advantages in this respect with success, and every woman should habitually make the best of herself and circumstances. Indifference, and consequent inattention, to dress, often shows pedantry, self-righteousness, or indolence, and whilst extolled by the severe utilitarian as a virtue may frequently be noted as a defect.

GOLDFISH.—Great care should be taken of goldfish, as they are very susceptible; and hence a loud noise, strong smell, violent or even slight shaking of the vessel will ofttimes destroy them. Small worms, such as are common to the water, suffice for their food in general; but the Chinese, who bring goldfish to great perfection, throw small balls of paste into the water, of which they are very fond. They give them also lean pork, dried in the sun, and reduce to a very fine and delicate powder. Fresh river water must be given them every day. Care must be taken to collect the spawn when seen floating on the water, as otherwise it will be destroyed by the fish themselves. This spawn is put into a vessel, and exposed to the sun, until vivified by the heat. Goldfish, however, seldom deposit spawn when kept in vases. In order to procure a supply, they must be put into reservoirs of a considerable depth, in some parts at least, well shaded at intervals with water lilies, and constantly supplied with fresh water. At a certain time of the year, numerous barks are seen in the great river of Yangtse-Kiang, which go thither to purchase the spawn of goldfish. This is obtained with no small care, for toward the month of May, the inhabitants close the river in several places with mats and hurdles, which extend nine or ten leagues, and leave only a space in the middle sufficient for the passage of boats. The spawn is stopped by these hurdles, and the water being afterward drawn up and put into large vessels, is sold to merchants, who send it to all parts.

HINTS IN CARVING.—To carve fowls, which should always be laid with the breast uppermost, place the fork in the breast, and take off the wings and legs, without turning the fowl; then cut out the merry-thought; cut slices from the breast, cut out the collar-bone; cut off the side pieces, and then cut the carcass in two. Divide the joints in the leg of a turkey. In carving a sirloin, cut thin slices from the side next to you (it must be put on the dish, the tenderloin underneath), then turn it. Help the guests to both kinds. In carving a leg of mutton or ham, begin by cutting across the middle to the bone. Cut a tongue across, and not lengthwise, and help from the middle. Carve a fore-quarter of lamb by separating the shoulder from the ribs, and then divide the ribs. To carve a loin of veal, begin at the smaller end and separate the ribs. Help each one to a piece of kidney and its fat. Carve pork and mutton in the same way. To carve a fillet of veal, begin at the top and help to the stuffing with each slice. In a breast of veal, separate the breast and brisket, and then cut up, asking which part is preferred. In carving a pig, it is customary to divide it and take off the head before it comes to the table, as to many persons the head is revolting. Cut off the limbs and divide the ribs.

MOTTOES IN SPATTER WORK.—Cut out large letters from pasteboard of stiff paper, (which may be of as fanciful a pattern as one pleases, according to the taste,) to form the words for the motto chosen. Place the letters in shape of words in the center of a piece of bristol board, and with a fine brush dipped in ink, spatter all around them. This must be done evenly, with ink enough to make it quite dark around the letters, and less used until it is shaded out gradually towards the edge, which should be left white. When dry, take off the letters, and there we have the motto. These are very pretty for anything so easily made, and quite an ornament for the sitting room.

As will be seen, the beauty of them consists in having the letters placed aright, and nicely cut out; having no ragged edges. To get the letters, it would be well to cut printed ones from any paper, the size and style desired, and paste them on thin pasteboard, then cut out. The mottoes can be hung by a worsted card or braid, held at each upper corner on the wrong side, by strips of paper wet in glue, paste, or any mucilage. For all such purposes, the writer keeps on hand a bottle of gum-arabic dissolved in water, with a few drops of vinegar, to keep it from souring. It keeps good for months.

GOD LOVES BEAUTY.—I do not think we fully realize, any of us, how much worship there is in the mere act of creating beauty; not only the beauty of loving looks and deeds, but beauty of form and color and proportion. God loves beauty. Every star that shines, every flower that blooms, every dew-drow that glistens in the sun, proves this; and I believe that every woman who strives to make her own home and her own life beautiful, serves God in this as truly as she serves him upon bended knees or in the holy services of the sanctuary. And in just so far as she fails of making that home and that life as beautiful as she can, in just so far does she fail of her duty to God and man.

FRICASSED OYSTERS.—Drain the liquor from a quart of oysters, heat and steam the liquor, thicken to the consistency of thick drawn butter with corn starch, and after it has boiled up once add the oysters; let them cook for about three minutes, then take from the fire and add the juice of half a lemon, a little nutmeg, a lump of butter half the size of an egg, and the yolk of an egg stirred in the last of all. This is an admirable way of cooking oysters, and is a dish rarely met with except at Delmonico's.

A SPOONFUL PUDDING.—A spoonful of milk, a little nutmeg, ginger and salt, a spoonful of flour, an egg; mix it well all together, and boil it in a pudding dish.

HUMOROUS.

ELAINE.—Says the Boston *Sunday Times*: But one day, two Boston women with "views" stood before the picture, and regarded it long and steadily.

"I don't know," said one of them, reflectively (she was a gushing creature of forty summers, with curls), "I don't know if I regard Elaine's course as altogether womanly or proper. To announce her love to Lancelot and the whole world in that public way—no, no, it was not consistent with the highest feminine delicacy."

"I don't know about that," said her companion, who snapped her words very short, and whose dress and hair were short, and whose figure looked like an exclamation point, "but one thing I do know! If the girl had worn her clothes suspended from the shoulders, taken off her corsets, worn flannel drawers and broad-soled shoes, she'd never have pined away in that sickly fashion for any man!"

SURELY AN ARTIST.—"Can you draw at all, young man?" asked Uncle Raphael of an applicant for private instruction.

"Oh, yes, considerable!" replied the candidate. "At ten years of age I could draw beer, cider, or a sleigh up the hill; at twelve, a truck loaded with cabbage; at fifteen, a prize in a lottery; at seventeen an inference; and at twenty, a bill of exchange. If I were an actor, I reckon I could draw the largest kind of a house; but I'm going to be a teacher, and shall have to be content with drawing a salary—the bigger the better."

"Well, you may draw up your chair and sit down," said Uncle Raphael; "you'll do for a beginner."

A BROOKLYN boy takes the medal for smartness. A girl against whom he had a spite arranged for a party the other evening. The boy called upon each girl invited, and offered himself as her escort. To each he said: "Do not tell that I am going to the party with you, for I have a reason I will tell you when I can." The girls had new dresses made, and their heads were dressed by hair dressers. Each one waited in vain for her escort, who did not call for any, so that the party was minus girls; and he actually had the audacity to attend the party, that he might enjoy the discomfiture of the young hostess, who perpetually wondered why so many staid away. And that boy still lives.

"WAITER, is this a spring chicken? Most remarkable fowl I ever attempted an assault upon." "Yes, sir, nice spring chicken; nothing else at this establishment. Don't you see, sir, it springs every time you try to put a knife into it?" Customer realizes the sad fact; and after half an hour's futile exercise of the knife and fork, calls for a plate of hash.

AT A railway station, an old lady said to a very pompous-looking gentleman, who was talking about steam communications, "Pray, sir, what is steam?"—"Steam, ma'am, is—ah—steam is—ah—ah—steam is—steam!"—"I knew that chap couldn't tell ye," said a rough-looking fellow standing by. "Steam is a bucket of water in a tremendous perspiration."

THE Troy (N. Y.) *Times* tells an amusing story of one of Gov. Tilden's staff. It is said that when the individual referred to first presented himself *en militaire* to his wife and little daughter, the latter, after gazing at him in wonder for a few minutes, turned to her mother and exclaimed, "Why, ma, that's not a real soldier, it's pa!"

"IT'S A wonnerfu' place, is Australia," said a Scotchman the other day to a friend; "it's thirteen times as big as Europe." How can that be, man," asked the other, "since Europe's one of the quarter's of the globe?" "I'll tell ye how it is; it wasna discovered till after the globe was quartered, and so it's made a fifth quarter."

MAX ADELER says: "A coroner of ours seized an Egyptian mummy that was brought into town, summoned a jury, held an inquest on the mummy, brought in a verdict of 'Death from causes unknown,' and charged the county with the usual fee, with compound interest from the time of Moses."

AT ONE of our schools recently, in answer to the question "What is the difference between an island and a continent, and upon which do we live?" a bright little shaver replied: "The difference is that a continent is much larger than an island, and we live on bread and meat and other things."

A BOY stood with his hands in his pockets one cold morning, watching the burning of the schoolhouse, and after the novelty of the thing ceased, he ran home, saying: "I'm glad the old thing is burned down, for I didn't git my jography lesson no how."

A MAN lately made application for insurance on a building situated in a village where there was no fire-engine. He was asked, "What are the facilities in your village for extinguishing fire?"—"Well, it rains sometimes," he replied, with great simplicity.

A GENTLEMAN, not satisfied with the grooming of his horse, thought to rebuke his groom by currying the animal himself, and received a violent kick. "It's no use trying to *curry* favor with that horse," said the gentleman, as he laid down the comb.

"WHY did you leave your last place?" inquired a young housekeeper about to engage a new servant. "Why, you see, ma'am," replied the applicant, "I was too good-looking, and when I opened the door folks took me for the missus."

A NEW YORK lady, traveling out West, said to a ferry-man on the upper Mississippi, "Are passengers ever lost in this river?"—"Lord bless you, mum, no; we al'ays find 'em, if it takes a week." was the consoling reply.

A GOOD many people were recently deluded into an apothecary's shop in a village on the Hudson, to see a red bat which had been captured and was on exhibition. They saw it, and it was red, as a brickbat usually is.

SPEAKING of the traveling of sound, a lecturer said: "The voice of a woman can be heard further than that of man." "Yes, and oftener," said a disgusted looking man, who was not happily fixed at home.

TWO RIVAL eel fishermen in Maine, recently set fire to each other's huts, whereupon a local paper mentions it under the head of "A Paris Commune in America—The two-eeleries again in a blaze."

MR. SPINKS is not going to do any more in conundrums. He asked his wife why he was like a donkey, and she said because he was born so; and he says the answer is very different from that.

OLD Mrs. Smith left her patent churn open last Saturday to dismiss a book agent from the door. The cat that was taken out, after an hour's churning, was not as lively as when it jumped in.

A CLIENT is never certain about a lawyer, and generally takes him on trial.

A PAIR of rubbers—A washerwoman's hands.

A Dance in a Cathedral.

The Seville correspondent of the London *Telegraph* writes: "It was my fortune on Shrove Tuesday to behold the performance of an *escuela de baile* of a thoroughly exceptional and of a most surprising nature. I never in my life saw such a sight before; nor I suppose, am likely ever to see it again. It was in the cathedral. The sun was setting in the national Spanish colors, bright orange and deep red, as we passed through the noble Moorish gateway—it dates from the twelth century—called the Puerta del Perdon, and crossing the Patio de las Narangas, a forecourt full of orange trees hundreds of years old, entered the cathedral by the portal closet to the Giralda. When from day or even twilight you lift the leathern veil of the doorway and pass into this tremendous fane you can at first perceive nothing whatsoever. The best you can do is to shut your eyes, and allow yourself to be guided onward fer a time. Then lift your eyelids cautiously, and turn your head to either side, and you will begin gradually to discern the enormous columns and the vastly bays around you. By degress, I found that the *trascoro* and the central nave were full of people, nearly all ladies, who were not kneeling, but sitting on the pavement in Oriental fashion, as is customary in Spanish churches when something extraneous to the ordinary ecclesiastical ritual is being performed. Carefully picking my way through the recumbant groups, I came at last within view of the sanctuary and the high altar, which were all ablaze with lights. But there were no celebrants on the altar steps, no acolytes, and not so much as a single minor canon in the stalls, which I thought strange. The *function* was evidently not vespers. What was it? 'Wait,' whispered Barlow. Round the great lectern of the *coro*, with its huge illuminated music-books, every manim and crotchet as tall as drumsticks, were gathered a dozen of the youngest choristers, singing away like so many dying swans. But it was no ordinary chant these children, with their sweet and clear and silvery voices, sang. It was something quicker, livelier, more jubilant, and, as it seemed to me, more secular than anything I had heard before in a Catholic place of worship, and the singing was accompanied by music quite as gleesome from a band of wind and string instruments. The chant culminated in a ringing exulting psan of joy; and then, to my utter amazement and bewilderment, the twelve young choristers began to dance around the lectern and before the high altar—absolutely, literally, and operatically to dance. It was the *escuela de baile* without girl performers, and under the highest ecclesiastical auspices. At the close of the proceedings the choristers ranged themselves in line, and a regular and most harmonious *fantasie* on the castanets was performed. Again, and once again, did the band strike up and the merry chant ending with the exulting psan was sung, and twice and thrice did the sound of the castanets click through the huge expanse of the mighty Cathedral of Seville. The castanet dance before the altar was, I was told, a privilege enjoyed solely by the Cathedral of Seville, and was indulged in only thrice a year—on the anniversary of the capture of the city by the Christians, on the festival of Saint Ferdinand, and on the last day of the Carnival."

Don't Hack, Hack, Cough, Cough!

Cough is a symptom by which various diseased conditions of the throat, bronchial tubes and lungs manifest themselves. But whether it arises from the irritation produced in the throat and larynx by taking cold, from an attack of Bronchitis, from insipient Consumption, or from various other causes, nothing will allay it more speedily or cure it more permanently than Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It does not matter whether it be a recent attack, or a lingering cough, the Discovery is in either case equally well adapted for its relief and permanent cure. In fact, it will cure a cough in one-half the time necessary to cure it with any other medicine, and it does it, not by drying it up, but by removing the cause, subduing the irritation, and healing the affected parts. No time should be lost in commencing the use of a proper medicine for the relief of a cough, for unless this course is pursued, serious and dangerous disease of the lungs is liable to result. Golden Medical Discovery is sold by all dealers in medicines. 13

Dyspepsia! Dyspepsia! Dyspepsia!

Dyspepsia is the most perplexing of all human ailments. Its symptoms are almost infinite in their variety, and the forlorn and despondent victims of the disease often fancy themselves the prey, in turn, of every known malady. This is due, in part, to the close sympathy which exists between the stomach and the brain, and in part also to the fact that any disturbance of the digestive function necessarily disorders the liver, the bowels and the nervous system, and effects, to some extent, the quality of the blood.

E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron a sure cure. This is not a new preparation, to be tried and found wanting; it has been prescribed daily for many years in the practice of eminent physicians with unparalleled success; it is not expected or intended to cure all the diseases to which the human family is subject, but is warranted to cure Dyspepsia in its most obstinate form. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron never fails to cure Symptoms of Dyspepsia or loss of appetite, w