ELAINE'S SONG TO LAUNCELOT.

Yes! I shall sleep. Heed not this idle sobbing,
Shed o'er my soul the love light of your eyes;
Soon, soon this heart shall cease its painful throbbing,
To seek the soundless sea and silent skies.
Sleep, dreamless sleep, will come forever more,
With neither past to moura, nor future to deplore.

Yes! I shall sleep. The nightingale is singing;
A thorn has deeply pierced her gentle breast;
Those troubled notes within my soul are ringing.
But I must shortly sleep, and she must rest.
God hears thy plaint, sweet Philomel; He hears,
As He has heard the plaint of men through all the years.

Yes! I must sleep. Too long the day has tarried
And oh! too hard the ways of God and men.
Though brave the heart, and great the hope it carried,
In vain its longing wish for happiness has been.
But I can rest in this sweet, silent dell;
And thou wilt say, Beloved, softly, "It is well."

Birds Simulating Suffering—Animal Instinct.

In walking along the side of a river with overhanging banks, I came suddenly on a wild duck, (*Anas Boschas,*) whose young were just out. Springing from under the bank, she fluttered out into the stream with loud cries and with all the struggles to escape of a helplessly-wounded bird. To simulate the effects of suffering from disease, or from strong emotion, or from wounds upon the human frame, is a common necessity of the actor's art, and it is not often really well done. The tricks of the theatre are seldom natural, and it is not without reason that "theatrical" has become a proverbial expression for false and artificial representations of the realities of life. It was therefore with no small interest that on this, as on many other occasions, I watched the perfection of an art which Mrs. Siddons might have envied. The labored and half-convulsive flapping of the wings, the wriggling of the body, the straining of the neck, and the whole expression of painful and abortive effort, were really admirable. When her struggles had carried her a considerable distance, and she saw that they produced no effect in tempting us to follow, she made resounding flaps upon the surface of the water to secure that attention to herself which it was the great object of the manœuvre to attract. Then, rising suddenly in the air, she made a great circle round us, and returning to the spot renewed her endeavors as before. It was not, however, necessary; for the separate instinct of the young in successful hiding effectually baffled all my attempts to discover them.

If now we examine, in the light of our own reason, all the elements of knowledge or of intellectual perception upon which the instinct of the wild duck is founded, and all of which, as existing somewhere, it undoubtedly reflects, we shall soon see how various and extensive these elements of knowledge are. First, there is the knowledge that the cause of the alarm is a carnivorous animal. On this fundamental point no creature is ever deceived. The youngest chick knows a hawk, and the dreadful form fills it with instant terror. Next, there is the knowledge that dogs and other carnivorous quadrupeds have the sense of smell, as an additional element of danger to the creatures on which they prey. Next, there is the knowledge that the dog, not being itself a flying animal, has sense enough not to attempt the pursuit of prey which can avail itself of this sure and easy method of escape. Next, there is the conclusion from all this knowledge, that if the dog is to be induced to chase, it must be led to suppose, that the power of flight has been somewhat lost. And then there is the further conclusion that this can only be done by such an accurate imitation of a disabled bird as shall deceive the enemy into a belief in the possibility of capture. And lastly, there are all the powers of memory and the qualities of imagination which will enable good acting to be performed. All this reasoning and all this knowledge is certainly involved in the action of the bird-mother, just as certainly as reasoning and knowledge of a much profounder kind is involved in the structure or adjustment of the organic machinery by which and through which the action is itself performed.—*Contemporary Review.*

How to Have a Loving Wife.

If you would have a loving wife, be as gentle in your words after as before marriage; treat her quite as tenderly when a matron as when a miss; don't make her the maid of all work and ask her why she looks less tidy and neat than when "you first knew her;" don't buy cheap, tough beef, and scold her because it does not come on the table "porter house;" don't grumble about squalling babies if you cannot keep up a nursery," and remember that "baby may take after papa" in his disposition; don't smoke and chew tobacco, and thus shatter your nerves, and spoil your temper, and make your breath a nuisance, and then complain that your wife declines to kiss you; go home joyous and cheerful to your wife and tell her the good news you have heard, and not silently put on your hat and go out to the "club" or "lodge," and let her afterwards learn that you spent the evening at the opera or at a fancy ball with Mrs. Dash. Love your wife; be patient; remember you are not perfect, but try to be; let whisky, tobacco and vulgar company alone; spend your evenings with your wife, and live a decent Christian life, and your wife will be loving and true—if you did not marry a heartless beauty without sense or worth; if you did, who is to blame if you suffer the consequences?

California Farm Life.

There are few cozy, comfortable middle-class homes. The house is either a magnificent country residence or a mean, unpainted, red-wood shanty, though neither can be occupied but by a man immensely wealthy. Everything seems put there adventitious; nothing grew out of the soil. There are no ancient trees, no shrubberies, no grass. Instead of homely farmer messes, you eat urban fare of beefsteak and hot biscuit made with Boston yeast powder. You hope for pumpkin pie, and get a can of Baltimore oysters. There are Oregon apples, Cincinnati hams and stewed prunes from Germany. A man may be worth $100,000 and have no milk to whiten his coffee. The cow runs on the range and comes home when she lists. A boy may be dispatched for her on his tough little shaggy cow-horse, and a man must be sent to bring the boy home. The yard fences all look imported, as they are; all things have a contractor like look, a little tawdry, a little cheap. Everything is so naked and so new that no one can hang a tradition on it. There is no moss on the fences; sawed boards and posts and the houses stand out painfully ugly and prominent beneath the lovely sky.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Calhoun and Webster.

"The great mental excellence of Mr. Calhoun was his remarkable acuteness as a logician, and his keenness and subtlety in metaphysical speculation. No man ever reasoned more closely or with more mathematical precision. His words went straight to their object, like a ball shot from a rifle barrel. His sentences were the distillation of condensation. He never had a superfluous word. He was the soul of brevity, and, in this respect, is a model for speakers and writers of this age, whose tendency is to extreme verbosity. He spoke with great rapidity, and, as reporters declare, delivered fluently and easily far more words a minute than any other of our orators. These were his qualifications as a great speaker. He had his deficiencies. There was little poetry or imagination in his soul. His speeches are enriched by few flashes of feeling or sentiment. Everything was kept subordinate to pure, cold and naked logic, which showed in debate like a polished Damascus cimeter. He, therefore, spoke to the intellectual audience, and not to the more popular crowd.

"Daniel Webster's talents were very different from those of Mr. Calhoun. He had, in a great degree, the logical powers of the latter, but he had with them fine poetical and imaginative elements that the latter was deficient in. His sense of the beautiful was exceedingly great, and his command over copious and magnificent language was almost unexcelled. He was the orator, therefore, not only of Senates, but of great popular crowds. He gave Bunker Hill and Plymouth Rock the leading positions they have in our history. His orations were majestic compositions, connecting the thought of the philosopher with the superb generalization of the best historian, and enriched by the flowers of fancy and poesy. So of his leading efforts in the Senate. His statements of proposition were models of clearness and power, and, if accepted as true, almost precluded controversy. Cold and unimpassioned in general, almost as the granite of his native hills, he yet, on great occasions, aroused to the glow of enthusiasm, and spoke with the vehemence of fiery zeal and passion. It was strange that the man from the ice and snow of the North should have had this peculiarity in so much greater degree than Mr. Calhoun, born under the more ardent and tropical zone of the South."—*G. M. D. Bloss' New Book.*

Post-Mortem Love.

Why is it that so many people keep all their pleasant thoughts and kind words about a man bottled and sealed up until he is dead, when they come and break the bottle over his coffin, and bathe his shroud in fragrance? Many a man goes through life with scarcely one bright, cheering, encouraging, hopeful word. He toils hard and in lowly obscurity. He gives out his life freely and unstintedly for others. I remember such a man. He was not brilliant; he was not great; but he was faithful. He had many things to discourage him. Troubles thickened about his life. He was misrepresented and misunderstood. Everybody believed that he was a good man, but no one ever said a kindly word or pleasant thing to him. He never heard a compliment, scarcely ever a good wish. No one ever took any pains to encourage him, to strengthen his feeble knees, to lighten his burdens, or to lift up his heart by a gentle deed of love, or by a cheerful word. He was neglected. Unkind things were often said of him.

I stood at his coffin, and then there were many tongues to speak his praise. There was not a breath of aspersion in the air. Men spoke of self-denials—of his work among the poor, of his good qualities, of his quietness, his modesty, his humility, his pureness of heart, his faith and prayer. There were many who spoke indignantly of the charges that falsehood had forged against him in past years, and of the treatment he had received. There were enough kind things said during the two or three days that he lay in his coffin, and while the company stood around his open grave, to have blessed and made him happy all his fifty years, and to have thrown sweetness and joy about his soul during all his painful and weary journey. There was enough sunshine wasted about the black coffin and dark grave to have made his whole life-path as bright as the clearest day. But his ears were closed then, and could not hear a word that was spoken. His heart was still then, and could not be thrilled with the grateful sounds. He cared nothing then for the sweet flowers that were piled upon his coffin. The love blossomed out too late. The kindness came when the life could not receive the blessings.

And I said then that I would not keep all my kind words, and all my pleasant thoughts and feelings about my neighbor locked up in my breast till he is dead. They will do him no good then. His dead hand cannot feel the warm pressure. Gentle words will not make his pale, cold face glow. It will be too late, when he lies in his coffin, to seek to make him happy, to lift the shadows off his life, or to brighten his path. * *

It costs but little to give men a great deal of joy and help. One brought a bunch of flowers to my table, and for a whole week they filled my room with fragrance. One wrote me a cheering letter, breathing a spirit of gratitude and love. It came when I was weary and depressed, and was like the meal prepared by the angel for the old prophet. I went on its blessed strength for many days. One met me on the street and spoke an encouraging word and grasped me warmly by the hand; and for hours I felt that warm grasp and heard that word echoing through my soul. A little child may brighten scores of lives every day. There is not one of us who may not gladden and strengthen many a heart between every rising and setting sun. Why should we not live to bless the living, to cheer the disheartened, to sweeten cups that are bitter, to hold up the hands that hang down, to comfort those that mourn, to bear joy into joyless homes? Kind words will not spoil a man. If a sermon helps you, it will do the preacher no harm to tell him so. If the editor writes an article that does you good, he can write a still better one if you send him a word of thanks. If a book blesses you, do you not owe it to the author to write a grateful acknowledgment? If you know a weary or neglected one, would it not be such work as angels do, would it not be Christ-like work, to seek every opportunity to brighten and bless that life? Do not wait till the eyes are closed, the ears deaf, and the heart stilled. Do it now. *Post mortem* kindnesses do not cheer. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary days.

Don't Tell all you Know.

It is a bad plan to place unreserved confidence in man or woman. Never tell any one everything about yourself—let there be a little mystery and reserve; your friends then will like you all the better for it. A book that you know by heart must inevitably be cast aside for a fresh volume; so will you be served if you allow yourself to be thoroughly read. But be prepared, in any emergency, to look your own life and acts squarely in the face without ever flinching, or making yourself a coward. It is not necessary to publish to the world all that is strictly personal, unless ridicule and frittering of power are desired; but if gossip makes itself busy with your name, do not be aggrieved if a grain of truth is spread over a dozen of lies. Pass them by in silence, and do not even then forget your habitual reticence. Justice will be done you in time, never fear, and the less you clamor for it the better. Don't talk too much.

Dumb Dogs.

What's the use of a dog that can't bark? It seems that on the Guinea Coast there is a race of dogs that are absolutely dumb. The bird that told me does not know whether or not they are good watch dogs. Guesses not. Perhaps they don't bark because they've nothing to watch! I heard a sailor say that once a few dogs of the barking kind were left on the desert island of Juan Fernandez. Thirty-three years afterward, when the original dogs were dead, and their descendants had all grown wild, not one of the wild dogs could bark. Then some of them were taken away to another country by sailors, and behold! after a time they began to gain their voices, and bark like common dogs. This sounds like a hard story, and I'll not say yea or nay to it, though it was told to me as a truth that had been indorsed by Mr. Darwin.—*St. Nicholas for September.*

AGRICULTURAL.

Useful Receipts for the Farm.—The best remedy for currant and gooseberry worms is powdered white hellebore, obtainable at any druggist's. Put the powder in a common tin cup, tying a piece of very fine muslin over the mouth. Fasten the apparatus to the end of a short stick, and dust the powder through the muslin lightly upon the bushes. Do not work on a windy day, and stand to windward during the operation, as if taken into the nostrils, the hellebore excites violent sneezing. The same material is a good remedy for cucumber beetles.

Sawdust can be converted into a liquid wood, and afterwards into a solid, flexible, and almost indestructible mass which, when incorporated with animal matter, rolled, and dried, can be used for the most delicate impressions, as well as for the formation of solid and durable articles, in the following manner: Immerse the dust of any kind of wood in diluted sulphuric acid, sufficiently strong to affect the fibers, for some days; the finer parts are then passed through a sieve, well stirred, and allowed to settle. Drain the liquid from the sediment, and mix the latter with a proportionate quantity of animal offal, similar to that used for glue. Roll the mass, pack it in molds, and allow it to dry.

The following table for boiling fruit in cans will doubtless prove useful, as the present is the time for putting up such preserves for winter. The first figure after the name of the fruit refers to time of boiling in minutes, the second to ounces of sugar to the quart; Cherries, 5, 6; raspberries, 6, 4; blackberries, 6, 6; gooseberries, 8, 8; currants, 6, 8; grapes, 10, 8; plums, 10, 8; peaches (whole), 15, 4; peaches, (halves), 8, 4; pears (whole), 30, 8; crab apples, 25, 8; quinces (sliced), 15, 10; tomatoes, 30, none; beans and peas, three to four hours.

The following soluble glass is best adapted for coating brick and stone; Dry carbonate of potassium, 10 parts; powdered quartz, 15 parts; charcoal, 1 part. Sand, free from alumina and iron, may replace the quartz. Fuse together and dissolve in boiling water 5 or 6 times the weight. Filter.

Cost of Threshing.—Wheat is the great money crop of the Middle, Western and Pacific States, and hence its early marketing is often one of the pressing necessities of the farmer. This requires that the grain be threshed and cleaned as speedily as possible; hence machinery of great efficiency and motive power especially steam power, is found to be the most economical. It will be seen by consulting the accompanying tables that the smallest total cost of threshing wheat—5.8 cents per bushel—is found in California, where the most extensive machinery is used. The greatest cost—19.2 cents—is in South Carolina, where steam machinery is unknown, and where the planters to a great extent, thresh their own crops. In northern New England it ranges from 10 to 13 cents per bushel. In the Middle States it runs from 7.7 cents in Pennsylvania to 10.5 in New Jersey. Maryland averages 6.8 cents. The average increase to the southward, varies from 9.7 cents in Virginia to 19.2 in South Carolina. The Gulf States range from 14.1 cents in Texas to 16 cents in Mississippi. The inland Southern States from 8.7 cents in West Virginia to 12 cents in Arkansas. North of the Ohio river and west of the Mississippi, no State averages more than 7½ cents, while in Nebraska the cost averages as low as 5.8 cents. The cost of threshing oats is generally about half the cost of wheat, ranging from 3.4 cents per bushel in Nebraska to 13.3 cents in Massachusetts. In the Middle and Western States the general average is between 4 and 5 cents.—*Department of Agriculture Report.*

Large and Small Farms.—Twelve of the United States have farms that average less than one hundred and twenty-five acres, in extent, which is less than the average elsewhere which in some States even runs up nearly to an average of five hundred acres. The twelve States give the following as the average size of their farms:

Maine,	98	acres.
New Hampshire,	122	"
Massachusetts,	103	"
Rhode Island,	94	"
Connecticut,	93	"
New York,	103	"
New Jersey,	98	"
Pennsylvania,	103	"
Indiana,	112	"
Ohio,	111	"
Michigan,	101	"
Wisconsin,	114	"

While the total value of the farms in the United States is put down at $9,262,803,361, the value in the above states foots up $5,407,587,178, or nearly three-fifths of the total—and this, too, while the area of these states is less than one-tenth of the area of the whole country. No more conclusive exhibit of the practical superiority of the small farm system could be given than this.

To Prevent Smut in Wheat.—A correspondent of the *Southern Cultivator* says: Make a strong brine and wash or wet the wheat thoroughly; then drain, and before the wheat gets dry, sift on ashes and stir well, so that all the wheat may come in contact with the dry ashes; or, in other words, soak the wheat in strong brine and then dry it with good strong ashes, (air-slaked lime would probably do as well, or better,) and then it is ready for sowing. It may be prepared any time when needed, but should not stand over too long, as the vitality of the seed might be injured. I have seen it used fifteen years in succession, and never knew it fail to prevent smut. I also think that the wheat grows off better when prepared in this way, than when sowed dry, or soaked in a solution of blue-stone.

Clipping Wings of Fowls.—Clipping the wings of fowls to prevent their flying is a necessary operation sometimes, but never unnecessarily disfiguring. It generally is, however, since the farmer's shears almost always make a clean sweep of all the quills, and an ugly wing is the result. Besides the ugliness, there are other disadvantages in such sweeping operations. A setting hen uses the outer side of her wing to retain the eggs under her in place and those near the body protect the skin being torn by her mate's claws. The proper way is to only trim the feathers partly off with a pair of scissors, except about one inch from the end. It shows but little when the wing is closed, and does not disfigure the fowl, and lets the wing through, so as to prevent flying.—*Farmer Journal.*

"*The* largest recorded yield of a single cow that is perfectly reliable and well-authenticated," says the *Massachusetts Plowman*, is that of an animal kept at the jail at Lewes, England. In eight successive years she gave 9,720 gallons, or an average of more than 1,210 gallons a year. She was milked, one year, 328 days, and gave 1,230 gallons, which made 540 pounds of butter, or at the rate of a pound of butter from 22 pounds of milk. A Mr. Scott, of Shaftsbury, Vt., had a cow whose milk yielded 504 pounds of butter in 1866, or at the rate of one pound of butter to 20 pounds of milk."

Late Chickens.—It is difficult and unprofitable to raise chickens hatched in August. They stop growing as soon as the cold weather arrives, and are not strong enough to resist the cold of winter. If they do survive, they consume several times as much as they are worth before spring. We would not allow any hens to brood now, but would break them up, and get them laying again. The eggs are worth more than the chickens.

SCIENTIFIC.

Importance of Mathematics.—In the recent eloquent dedicatory address of President Seelye, of Smith College, Mass., the importance of mathematical knowledge was illustrated as follows:

"It would be easy to show the increasing importance of mathematics to practical life, the assistance it gives the engineer, and our indebtedness to it for the most highly prized comforts of our civilization. But it is not for its practical utility that I advocate its place in the higher education. That utility, indeed, is due to the study, which had no thought of practical results. Nor does it owe its place to its importance as a mental discipline, although the testimony of many generations of educators bears witness to its value as an intellectual exercise. Rather would I justify the prominence of mathematics in the higher education because it is the study, above all others, which gives us a knowledge of the mind in Nature. To it, more than to any other source, we are indebted for what we know of the physical sciences. Long ago its importance in astronomy was recognized. It made familiar to our common schools the secrets of the earth's motion, of day and night, of the changes of the moon and the tides. Problems in the starry firmament, about which the wisest sages for centuries were hopelessly puzzled, mathematics has enabled school boys to solve. Yet its triumphs in astronomy represent only a fragment of what it has accomplished in the physical sciences. Sound, light, electricity, heat, have all become subject to mathematical formulas; algebraic signs explain to us not only how the subtle forces, unrecognized by any human sense, make the music of the spheres, but how they interpret for us the music which we hear, the colors which we see, the warmth which we feel. So wonderful have been the results of mathematical analysis that modern scientific discovery has been forced to introduce it into all departments of physical science."

The Form of Lightning Rods.—Knowing that electricity at rest always tends to diffuse itself on the surface, in fact, that it always *confines* itself to the surface, it became, at an early period, a question whether electricity in motion did not follow the same law. Pouillet determined the question in a very ingenious manner. He took a cylindrical wire of a certain size and measured the resistance which it offered to a current of electricity. He then rolled the wire out flat and measured the resistance again; it was found to be the same, although it is evident that the extent of the surface of the conductor was by this means greatly increased. Other experimenters have determined the question by different methods, but always with the same result. The committee of the French Academy, which included Becquerel, De la Rive, Pouillet, and others, adopted a solid square bar as the best form for lightning-rods; and Sir William Snow Harris, though often quoted as favoring rods which present a large surface, says: "Provided the *quantity* of metal be present, the form under which we place it is evidently of no consequence to its conducting powers, since it would be absurd that a mass of metal, under any form, did not conduct electricity in all its particles; indeed, we know that it does so."—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Heavy vs. Light Tools.—The great end at which all improvements aim is the maximum of power combined with the minimum of material and weight. A man shoveling dirt with a shovel one pound heavier than it should be will lift 6,000 pounds more in a day of ten hours than he would do with a suitable shovel. All this strength is wasted.

The same is true of machinery. So simple a thing as an unlubricated pulley is felt in the furnace, and the cost of the coal is augmented. Every useless pound in a truck or carriage takes vitality from the horse which draws it, and costs the owner many extra dollars for his keeping. The man who pulls an oar in the great boat races at Saratoga puts himself in training and reduces every ounce of surplus flesh. The racing horse carries not one extra ounce of fat to burden him in the effort to win. Yet working men will carry through half their lives fifty pounds more flesh than is needed for the best working condition, a burden which tells against their efficiency and personal comfort through many years of their industrial life. These may seem little things; but whatever wastes power, increases expenses, and burdens the laborer is not a little thing.

Vanilla as a Waste Product in the Manufacture of Paper.—We take the following interesting suggestion from a recent number of *Dingler's Journal*: In the preparation of wood pulp for paper, fine wood is treated to a solution of caustic soda under high pressure in iron boilers. After the operation the solution contains the soda salts of resinic acid, humic acid, and carbonic acid, and some resinous bodies. In this solution the soda salt of vanilla must also be present, if it has not been destroyed by the high pressure and temperature. The presence of this body is indicated by the intense vanilla odor which always appears on treating the above liquor with acids and allowing it to stand a few days. The writer above referred to has not yet succeeded in obtaining crystals of vanillin, and hence does not describe his process in full. If any of our readers possess sufficient quantities of this lye to experiment upon, we have strong hopes that their labors will be rewarded with better sucess than those of our German friend, and that America will one day boast of a vanillin factory.

Copying Pencils.—Pencils are now sold by stationers, the marks of which may be copied in the same manner as writing made by the pen with ordinary copying ink. The method of preparing the leads is as follows: A thick paste is made of graphite, finely pulverized kaolin, and a very concentrated solution of aniline blue, soluble in water. The mixture is pressed into cylinders of suitable size and dried, when it is ready for use. Gum arabic, it is said, may be substituted for the kaolin.

Rapid Transit in London.—Recently, during one day, Whit Monday, 246,547 passengers were carried on the Metropolitan Underground Railway, London, being at the rate of ninety millions of passengers per annum. The stations are a half a mile apart. The trains run every two minutes; they consist of twelve cars each, and are drawn by locomotives weighing forty-five tuns each. They discharge and take up a load of passengers, run to the next station, and stop, all within the space of two minutes.

Chloral as an Anæsthetic.—Hydrate of chloral, administered hypodermically, has recently been used as an anæsthetic with success in the hospital at Bordeaux, France. The operation was a resection of the internal and external nasal nerve, involving some fifteen minutes' work and, necessarily, excessive pain to the patient. The drug took effect in eight minutes, and complete insensibility on the part of the sufferer resulted.

In engineering shops in Germany a new kind of belting is being adopted. It is made from hair, presumably that of the alpaca, and is delivered by the makers in a single piece without seam. It has a coating which consists principally of minium. It is spoken of as most satisfactory, and as being more durable than either gutta percha or leather.

Bricks made in Japan, and paying 20 per cent duty, are now imported into San Francisco. The quality is superior. Japanese brick makers can beat the world in the cheapness and excellence of their productions.

A new hydrometer consists of strips of paper dipped in a cobalt salt solution containing common salt and gum arabic. In dry weather, it is blue, and in wet, rose red.

DOMESTIC.

Do Not Eat Raw Eggs.—One of the most common prejudices of housewives and mothers is that hard eggs are difficult to digest, especially the white and that the less they are boiled the better they are for weak and dyspeptic stomachs. The reverse is the case, as there is more danger of raw and soft white of an egg passing through the digestive apparatus without being really digested, than when thoroughly boiled and hard. In fact then it constitutes a most excellent food for dyspeptics, as experience is proving. A writer in the *Medical Journal* says: "We have seen dyspeptics who have suffered untold torments with almost every kind of food. No liquid could be taken without suffering; bread became a burning acid; meat and milk were solid and liquid fires. We have seen these same sufferers trying to avoid food and drink, and even going to the enema syringe for sustenance. And we have seen their torment pass away and their hunger relieved by living upon the whites of eggs which had been boiled in bubbling water for thirty minutes. At the end of a week we have given the hard yolk of the egg with the white, and upon this diet alone, without fluid of any kind, we have seen them begin to gain flesh and strength and refreshing sleep. After weeks of this treatment they have been able, with care, to begin upon other food." And all this the writer adds, without taking medicine. He says, what we also have always maintained that hard-boiled eggs are not half so bad as half-boiled ones, and ten times as easy to digest as raw ones; and we have no doubt that an animal may be starved to death by eating only the raw white of egg; for the same reason that dogs have been starved by eating gelatin alone. Only toothless babies can digest soft food, such as milk.

Sugar as a Remedy for Wounds.—This recipe is excellent, and ought to be published once a year. I found it in a paper sometime ago and have tried it and can recommend it from experience: Take a pan or shovel with burning coals, and sprinkle upon them common brown sugar, and hold the wounded part in the smoke. In a few minutes the pain will be allayed, and recovery proceeds rapidly. In my case, a rusty nail had made a bad wound in the bottom of my foot. The pain and nervous irritation was severe. This was all removed by holding it in the smoke for fifteen minutes, and I was able to resume my reading in comfort. We have often recommended it to others with like results. Last week one of my men had a finger-nail torn out by a pair of ice-tongs. It became very painful, as was to have been expected. Held in sugar-smoke for twenty minutes, the pain ceased and promised speedy recovery.

Nourishment in Cocoa.—Mr. John Holm, of the Edinburgh Chemical Society, has shown, by recent analysis, that cocoa closely resembles beef in its nutritive constituents, and largely exceeds milk and wheaten flour in its value as an article of diet. It differs widely from tea and coffee in being a food or flesh former, while they are rather condiments and stimulants. One-half the weight of cocoa consists of fat, and 20 per cent. of albuminoid material, whereas milk contains 3.5 per cent. of fat and 4 per cent. of albuminoid material; beef contains 2.87 per cent. of fat and 20.75 of albuminoid matter; and wheat contains 1.2 per cent. of fat and 14.6 per cent. of albuminoid material. In addition cocoa contains starch, which is absent in milk and beef, and present in but a small proportion in wheat.

Here is the refined style of eating peaches: Cut the fruit open in the middle, and remove the pit; hold the hemisphere in the left hand—it will scarcely be soiled—the outer skin shield ing the fingers, and use a spoon, dessert or tea, to scoop out the pulp and juice, and carry it to the mouth. You thus escape the disagreebleness and vulgarity of soiled fingers, and that frightful temptation to suck the finger-ends, which not all, even ladies, are able to resist. To add a little powdered sugar to the fruit as it reposes in the velvety covering adds to the exquisite feast the sacch rine which, in a cold season like this, it seems to need in order to be palatable to most persons. Who could wait to read all this before biting a peach?

How to Make Oil Lamps Safe.—A great many accidents are happening every day from the use of kerosene. I will tell you a method by which they can be, to a great extent, prevented, and I hope you will publish it for the benefit of poor people who are obliged to buy cheap oils. If the body of the lamp is filled with cotton, such as jewelers use to wrap their articles in, after it is stuffed lightly it will receive one-half the quantity of oil which it would if the cotton were not put in. If any accident happens, the oil cannot spill or flow about, but is, as it were, "sopped up" in the cotton, which burns like a fagot, but all in one place.—*Exchange.*

To Make Bakers' Buns.—Mix 1½ lbs. sugar with 2 lbs. of flour, make a hole in the centre of the flour, and pour in half a pint of warm milk and two tablespoonfuls of yeast, make the whole in a thin batter, and set the dish before the fire, covered up, until the leaven begins to ferment; add to this ½ lb. of melted butter and milk enough to make a soft paste of all the flour, and let it rise again for half an hour; shape the dough into buns, and lay apart on a buttered tin, in rows, to rise for half an hour, bake in a quick oven. A few currants are added with the butter.

To Boil Fruit.—The following table for boiling fruit in cans, will prove useful, as the present is the time for putting it up previous to winter. The first figure after the name of the fruit refers to time of boiling in minutes, the second to ounces of sugar to the pound:

Cherries, 5, 6; raspberries, 6, 4; blackberries, 6, 6; gooseberries, 8, 8; currants, 6, 8; quinces, (sliced) 6, 10; grapes, 10, 8; plums, 10, 8; peaches (whole) 30, 8; crab appies, 25, 8; tomatoes, none; beans and peas, two to three hours.

Mulled Ginger Wine.—Boil in one wineglassful and a half of water, a quarter of an ounce of cinnamon, ginger slightly bruised, and cloves, with three ounces of fine sugar, until they form a thick syrup, which must not be allowed to burn. Pour in one pint of ginger wine, and stir it gently until it is on the point of boiling; then serve immediately. The yolks of four fresh eggs stirred into the hot mixture will by some be considered an improvement.

Tomato Pie.—Take four tomatoes; pour boiling water over them, and remove the skins; slice them and sprinkle them with salt; let them stand while you mix and roll out the crust; then drain off the juice, and add a teacupful of sugar, half a cupful of sweet cream (if you have it, it not a tablespoonful of butter will take its place), one egg, and some nutmeg. This is enough for a pie in a long baking tin, and is a very rich and excellent pie.

Raspberry Lily.—Boil rice so that the kernels will be as distinct as possible, spread a spoonful upon a dessert-plate, cover it all but the edges with ripe raspberries, pour over it two spoonfuls of sweetened strawberry or raspberry juice, sprinkle over the whole some white sugar, and serve cold.

Horseradish Sauce.—Grate very small a stick of horseradish; then, with a couple of tablespoonfuls of it, mix a small teaspoonful salt, and four tablespoonfuls of cream; stir it briskly, and add by degrees a wineglassful of vinegar. Excellent to serve with coal roast beef.

Charcoal placed in a saucer and moistened with boiling water, in a few days gathers its own weight in impure air. Use a dozen pieces the size of a hazelnut and change every 6 days.

Live fish (pickerel or trout) will keep a cistern free from worms and bugs.

HUMOROUS.

A Little Mistake.—He took the evening train up from Cleveland, and in looking through the cars discovered a female sitting alone in a seat, and it instantly occurred to him that she might be lonely. A veil dropped over her face, but there was no reason to suppose that she was not good looking, and he gallantly raised his hat and sat down beside her, remarking, with a lovely smile:

"It's lonely traveling alone."

She just murmured a reply, but the accent was captivating, and he was won at the start. He was practiced in all the arts of polite tactics, and spoke to her softly of this great desolate world, with appropriate allusions to human hearts. He told her how he had hungered and thursted after the affections of a true heart and had yearned to feel the breath of the heavenly flame of love.

"No," he sighed, he had no wife, no one to love and caress him and mend his suspenders; and when he inquired if she was treading the path of life single and alone, she murmured so pensively and sad that he felt compelled to put his arm on the back of the seat lest she should fall out of the window—which was closed.

They reached Norwalk, and just as the train stopped he heard a grating, hissing sound close to his ear, and the words:

"Y-o-u villian, y-o-u old hypocritical sinner, I'll make you think you've been struck by a breath of heavenly flame, you old owl."

He looked around just far enough to get a glimpse of a pair of flashing eyes and the face of his wife, who had murmured so fondly to him along the journey. A sudden spasm seized him, but he managed to accompany her from the train, and as they moved into the darkness toward home her flashing eyes lit up his pale face with spectral effect.—*From the Huron (Ohio) Chronicle.*

Pursuits of the Floridans.—A recent letter written from Florida says: "At 'Tocoi,' where we connect, or rather wait for St. Augustine's train, we have an hour for observations. Since the advent of the Yankee, every conceivable device and agency have been employed to decoy him out of his spare shilling, and well may we exclaim how adroitly this has been done.

"'What do you keep here?' asks a burly son of New Hampshire.

"'Canes, alligators and oysters, replies Floridan.

"'Any 'gators this morning?'

"'Sorry to inform you last one just sold.'

"'Very nice canes. What are they made of?'

"'Palmetto, sir.'

"'How many can you make a day?'

"'Only three, and it is hard work at that.'

"'What do you ask?'

"'One dollar apiece.'

"'Well, give me five.'

"Looking around on the banks of white sand that glared in his face he continued:

"'What do you live off of here in the Summer?'

"'Fish!

"'What in the Winter?'

"'Yankees!'"

He Remembered.—A few days ago an insurance agent hired a boy to mind his office and run errands, and he had a long talk with the lad, telling him what he must do and what he must not do. The boy got along all right until yesterday when the agent entered the office and found him up to deviltry.

"See here, my boy," said the agent, "didn't I tell you just what you'd have to do if you staid here?"

"You did," replied the boy; "you said I mustn't sing or whistle; that I mustn't have boys up here; that I was to come at eight and quit at five; that I was to keep up the fire, sweep out, run errands and be civil; that I was to be careful and lock the door, scrape my feet on the mat, keep my knife away from the furniture and not idle my time away. You told me all this, but you didn't say a word about my not pouring ink on the cockroaches?"

Lately as the black clouds rolled up in the West and people prepared for a storm, a citizen standing near the monument wiped his face and remarked:—"What a grand sight for an artist." A woman, not thirty feet away, waiting for a car, soliloquized:—"Rain coming, and I'll bet a dollar I'll get drenched!" Just beyond her was a boy who yelled out:—"Oh, yes! rain if yer want to, there haint any circus in town."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Wanted to be Sure.—An old worn-out darkey, with his wool wrapped up in knobs with cotton thread, stood holding his carpet-bag in his hand at the depot. "Why don't you get on board?" said the brakesman.

"Dis yar train go to Norcross, boss?"

"Yes; going to start soon."

"How you know? When I see her start I'll know she's a-gwine."

And when she started he got left.

Two young ladies were conversing at Saratoga, the other day, and one said that her heart was really broken. Charles had proven fickle.

"Was he rich?" asked the other.

"No," was the reply, "but he was so nice."

"Well, my dear," was the consolatory response "marry old G., who is after you, and mend your heart with diamond cement."

A little boy accosted a gentleman on the street in Portland the other day with, "Mister, can you fix things?" "Well, I don't know; I can fix some things. What is it?" "Can you fix my collar? There's a pin sticking into me, and our folks are so busy about the Centennial that they can't do it."

"I stand," said a Western stump orator, "on the broad platform of the principles of '68, and palsied be mine arm if I forsake 'em!" "You stand on nothing of the kind!" interrupted a little shoemaker in the crowd; "you stand in my boots that you never paid me for, and I want the money."

Old gentleman (having had to pay twice;) "But I'm positive I handed you the money. It may probably have dropped down the slit in the door!" Conductor: "Slit in the door! Well 'taint likely I'm going to turn the bus upside down for sixpence!"

A notorious gentleman, who has been in jail, is reported to have said that he had left prison, after having served his sentence, without any stain on his character. Very likely. Some characters are of such a color that they never show the dirt.

Josh Billings remarks: "The only way to git thru this world and escape censure and abuse, is to take sum back road. You kant travel the main turnpike and do it."

"Mothers," says Rev. Dr. Hall, "are the great primary educators." True. Who, like a mother, can point the way through the slippery paths of youth?"

A Russian proverb says:—"Before going to war, pray once; before going to sea, pray twice; before going to be married, pray three times."

Never waste a fly in huckleberry season. One fly in a plate of huckleberries contains more nutriment than three berries.

A musical amateur writes to ask if the old English song, "A Single Smile," furnished the theme of Wagner's "Lone grin."

A celebrated barrister was in the habit of saying, "I always study the *feasibility* of a case before I undertake it."

People who never take the will for the deed—lawyers.

Motto for the Arabs—Up and Bedouin.

Ode to my landlady—Three weeks' board.

A comic song is an absurd-ditty.

A bad position—imposition.

Herbert Spencer on the "Morals of Trade."

Mr. Herbert Spencer, in his work on "Morals of Trade," treats very plainly of accommodation bills, which have come into notice in connection with recent failures. After asking if those who lend trust money to speculators, as well as the speculators who borrow it, are to be condemned, what shall be said of the still more delinquent class who obtain loans by fraud, who not only pawn other men's money when obtained, but obtain it under false pretenses, he says, "For how else than thus must we describe the doings of those who raise money by accommodation bills. When A and B agree, the one to draw and the other to accept a bill of £1,000 for value received, while, in truth, there has been no sale of goods between them or no value received, the transaction is not simply an embodied lie, but becomes thereafter a living and active lie. Whoever discounts the bill does so in the belief that B, having become possessed of £1,000 worth of goods, will, when the bill falls due, either have the £1,000 worth of goods or some equivalent with which to meet it. Did he know that there were no such goods in the hands of either A or B, and no other property available for liquidating the bill, he would not discount it—he would not lend money to a man of straw without security. The case is intrinsically the same as though A had taken to the bank a forged mortgage deed and obtained a loan upon it. Practically, an accommodation bill is a forgery."

Is Paralysis Suicide?

"Death by paralaysis" is growing to be the too familiar close of the history of business and professional men. It discloses something radically wrong. It is like the collapse of steam boilers at sea or on land, something which shows an overstrain has been put on the working powers. We deprecate in advance any medical criticism which shall proceed to show us that in sundry instances patients die of paralysis who have led easy and uneventful lives. We are not writing a medical treatise. We only know that as a fact it is a very customary ending to lives with a great pressure upon them. And there are lives which, as a rule, with this great pressure have no relieving occupations and habits. We are inclined to think that many professional men are merely professional. Outside their work they have nothing to do, nothing to care for. The climate of this country, while it stimulates mental energy, represses bodily exertion. To use the phrases of the day, the