LITTLE PEOPLE.

Full of frolic, full of fun—
Little people, how they run; [street,
Through each lane, and through each
Trace their busy, happy feet;
Over meadows sweet and fair—
Little people everywhere.

In the palace by the sea;
In the house of high degree;
In the gardens of the great;
In the towns of ancient date,
Children ramble free from care—;
Little people everywhere.

In the hovels made of clay,
Full of gladsome, merry play;
In the wigwams, in the cots,
Indian babes and Hottentots
Frolic with their dark limbs bare—
Little people everywhere.

On the mountains, in the vales;
Along the roads and flowery dales,
Chasing butterfly and bee,
Airy, graceful blithe and free,
Children ramble sweet and fair—
Little people everywhere!

The Shortest Days.

The Hartford *Times* in a genial article says: "The shortest days of the year are upon us. All this northern half of the planet is now turned so far away from the sun that we who live in this part of what is by a pleasant fiction called the temperate zone only get his life giving beams at such an angle that we lose most of his heat giving power, notwithstanding we are two or three million miles nearer to him than we are in the long, bright and heated days of June. Then he shines down upon us from a position almost vertical; at present he shines, if at all, from a point low down in the south.

"It is not easy to get a 'realizing sense' of the actual situation in the islands only on the other side of the Gulf Stream, with their brilliant and splendid summer weather and their world of sunny warmth and green, when we, who are comparatively so near them, have turned the cold shoulder to the sun, and betaken ourselves to the catarrhal heats of tight stoves and furnaces, and the flickering light of poor gas and poorer kerosene and candles.

"Those who (chiefly in the country) rejoice in open fires, crackling merrily in the hospitable old-time fire-places, are to be congratulated; they have a healthier as well as more genial and inviting arrangement than the people who live in furnace-heated rooms. They may still feel something of the sturdy, old-fashioned patriotism that was ready to strike for its altars and its fires. But who feels moved to strike a blow in defence of a black hole in the floor, even though it be a warm hole? These advances in modern civilization have taken out much of the heat and sentiment of life, as well as its health and vigor.

"But these winter days of the North are, after all, like the milder and briefer winter of the South—the liveliest and cheeriest season. There is more oxygen to the square inch in this tingling frosty air than we feel in summer; it brightens the blood and sends it coursing healthfully through all the arteries, it freshens the cheek, invigorates the mind, enlivens the spirits and lends a delicate roseate blush, like that of the Paphian dawn, to the tip of one's nose.

"It is the time for hearty, wholesome life, and the enjoyment of existence. To be sure, it isn't quite so comfortable going to bed in a cold room, where the air is at the freezing point; nor does the matin song of the bobolink invite one to arise betimes in such weather. The truth is that the bed, if the laziest, is still the most comfortable place these cold mornings.

Vulgarity.

Belgravia: It is curious to observe that good society admires art (which is supposed to hold the mirror up to nature), what it will not tolerate, and declines to adopt, in every-day life. It applauds emotions of joy, mirth or sorrow, properly rendered on the stage, or fixed on canvas or on marble by a master hand. If Mrs. Bancroft, playing the *ingenue*, had to say such a phrase as "Oh! *wouldn't* it be nice?" and *did* say it in the old Marie Wilton form, with clasped hands and glittering eyes, and a smile of joy breaking like a sun-lit wave all over, and lifting her on tip-toe—then a flutter of approval would agitate even the demure domain of the stalls. But if Miss-in-her-Teens were guilty of a similar overt act of pleasure in a drawing-room a tap on the shoulder with mamma's fan and a reproof would be the reward. Miss-in-her-twenties would wink and yawn "*jolly*; *rather*," and to *that* there could be no objection. To be natural is to "gush," and to "gush" is vulgar—at present. As a test of my other proposition, let me ask how many persons, leaders of fashion, male or female, could afford to have their portraits taken in the clothes they usually wear, and in positions which they habitually assume? I shall be told that it won't do to paint a portrait in the height of any fashion, because in a few years it will look "so odd," and this I grant; but inelegance and—I must write it—indelicacy must always be something worse than "odd," and that which will not bear representation on canvass is surely to be condemned in "the round." A bygone generation considered it a vulgarity to be in good bodily health. It was correct to be languid, weak, dyspeptic. Brummell thought he had once eaten a pea. Heroes of romance were pale precocious youths, and the principal charm of their heroines was hereditary consumption or a spinal complaint. It was vulgar to wear thick shoes or warm raiment, *but you might laugh*. The fashionable defects were all physical. These were the days of the wits, the tellers of good stories, the sayers of good things; of the men and women whose sparkling tittle-tattle has become a lost art, and whose recollections form a literature of their own. It was not a better age than this. The veneering bore a high polish, but it was very thin. I am recalling it simply to show what it considered vulgar, and thus demonstrate the instability of vulgarity. *They* were allowed to be mentally natural—we to be so physically. We may have the muscles of a prize-fighter, the appetite of Cormoran, wear two-inch soles to our brogues and ulsters under which our grandfathers would have fainted; but we may not laugh. If a new Sidney Smith were to come among us, he would hold the position assigned to the jester of the Middle ages. We sneer at the *raconteur* of a party now, and call him its "funny man." "Fellow stood on his head all dinner time, by Jove!" would probably be the criticism of a second Macauley by our golden youth. It is vulgar to be amusing; "bad form" to be amused. Physical force prevails. In poetry, fiction, and on the stage a gross sensualism reigns paramount. To be interesting, the heroine of the period must have a splendid physique soiled by physical love-making, and her soul trembling on the "ragged edge" of impurity. I suppose that spirits have "rushed together at the touching of the lips" time out of mind; only it has not always been considered decent to put all the details into print. Kissing was all right, *consule planco*, but talking about it was vulgar.

Social Pictures.

We are all more or less familiar with individuals of obscure origin, imperfect education, and vulgar tastes, who, having made money or succeeded to its possession, mix in polite society, and aspire to the grace and polish which distinguish the truly refined. They do not readily acquire. Their dress and manners are like the pictures and gildings of their houses, and their general demeanor as stiff and uncomfortable as their own new furniture. It is sometimes their boast that they are independent, and don't want anything from any one; yet, except money, they have nothing, and constantly covet the homage of the poor, the respect of the educated, the congeniality of the well-born, or the recognition of the aristocracy. So long as a confiding public believes in appearance and persists in bowing the knee to the man of wealth without any consideration as to how he has made it, we can not wonder that roguery should triumph and that fraud should flourish. On "the other side of the sea," where money seems to be the sole criterion of merit and respectability, there is less scruple, as a rule, in the mode of its acquisition. Instances are not uncommon of successful speculators attaining notoriety who, rising like a rocket, not unfrequently come down like the stick. It is not yet forgotten how an individual of this class recently met with an untimely and disgraceful end, whose remains were followed to the grave by hundreds of admirers, over which a funeral oration was delivered, and of whom it was truly said at the time that journalism wrote him down as sternly as a man ever was written down, but without the smallest effect on the masses. Newspapers exposed his dishonesty, and the people thought it smart; they ridiculed his vulgar splendor, and the people thought it gave color to the scene; they recorded his lavishness, and the people exulted in his free-handedness; they hinted at his immoralities, and the people were rather pleased to find a hero so very human.—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

How the Russians Regard Their Czar.

The Emperor is regarded as having been set apart by God himself as a vice-God for the government of Russia. And with this feeling of religious reverence there is blended a child-like and affectionate dependence, as upon a present earthly providence, and a patriotic pride in the glory, renown and power of their great father king. I speak, of course, of the generally prevailing sentiment among the great body of the people, and especially at St. Petersburg, and not in forgetfulness of the fact that the wide spread conspiracies in the days of the first Alexander and Nicholas were organized, and there are various forms of dissent from the Greek Church, in some of which aspirations for political freedom are blended with a desire for religious reforms. But this theory of the immense supremacy and the quasi-divine character of the head of the Russian Government has kept its place in the Russian heart and mind and conscience, notwithstanding the reigns of two licentious Catharines, the grossly intemperate Elizabeth, and the mediocre Anne. As modern Russia, became such by the wonderful genius of the first Peter, and St. Petersburg was created by him, it was not unnatural, in a nation accustomed to despotism, to come to regard their Czar not only as a power over them, but a power almost like a divinity's over nature and its resources. Such impressions, surviving the female reigns, and those of the half-crazed Peter and Paul, would receive new force from such exemplary Emperors as the first and second Alexander, and would be intensified rather than diminished by the splendid personality of the imperial and imperious Nicholas.—*Churchman.*

Antiochin Syria.

Antioch in Syria, called "Antioch the Great," to distinguish it from another Antoch in Pisidia,—a district of Asia Minor,—was founded about 300 B. C., by Seleucus Nicator, and named either from his father or his son Antiochus. The city was situated three hundred miles north of Jerusalem, on the left bank of river Orontes, sixteen and a half miles from the sea by road, and in the pass between the mountain ranges of the Lebanon and the Taurus. A wall fifty feet high and fifteen feet thick encompassed the town, which was five miles long from east to west.

For the first two centuries of the Christian era, Antioch was the Gate of the East," being on the highway between Arabia and Mesopotamia, and the countries about the Mediterranean.

It ranked next to Rome and Alexandria in wealth and population, and was itself "almost an *Oriental* Rome." Many Jews were settled there. In the history of the apostolic Church, Antioch stood only second to Jerusalem. Here the disciples were called "Christians" (Acts xi. 26.) It became an important centre for the propagation of the new faith (Acts xiii.); and from thence Paul departed on his missionary tours (Acts xv. 36; xviii. 23). In the time of St. Chrysostom, who was born at Antioch, one-half of the two hundred thousand inhabitants were Christians. The city has been fifteen times besieged and plundered, and four times destroyed by earthquakes. The modern town, called *Antakieh*, is a mean-looking place, with less than ten thousand inhabitants.

Rust.

Did you ever find lying in some neglected spot, buried amongst the grass, perhaps, some old tool, which you remember, sharp and bright, and useful, but which is now covered with rust, and useless? The rust and the dull edge have come of its long rest. Had it been constantly used it might have been broken, but it never would have been that dull, useless thing while it lasted. It is just so with human beings. Inaction is worse for them than hard work. Unused talents rust. The mind that is never sharpened grows dull. One who has not done what he might finds his power gone at last. Sometimes, when mind lies useless, and hands are foided, the soul rusts also. I do not know St Simon's history, but doubt if he was as worthy a saint as many another, just because he lived at the top of a pillar, and, to quote Miss Braddon, "had his meals sent up to him in a basket." Had he come down for his food he might have found some chance of being useful. There is work in the world for every mind, and heart, and body.

AGRICULTURAL.

GRAVEL-DRAINS.—J. Wilkinson, of Byron, Ill., gives the following method for making gravel drains, dug in the usual manner, being partly filled with coarse gravel. He says:

"For ordinary laterals, or side drains, I rarely find the quantity of water to be conducted requires more than one-fourth of a square foot as a section of the gravel in the bottom of the drain, or six inches wide and six in depth. I have, in my experiments, found that a gravel-drain, formed of pebbles from the size of a kernel of wheat to that of a partridge's egg, six inches by six inches, will convey in a level ditch four feet in length as much water as will flow through a section of two inch drain tile four feet in length, said pipe also to lie on a level bed. This rule may serve as a guide to the inexperienced. I have, however, used of similar gravel in under-drains, a cross section of one foot six inches each way. When shavings are convenient, I use them on the gravel, but unless the soil returned on gravel is a very friable alluvial or muck soil, no covering is required before the earth is returned. In case the veins break out of the bank higher than six inches above the ditch bottom, the depth of gravel should be increased so that it will receive the lateral water directly in the gravel instead of the soil overlaying it. The reasons are obvious. Until latterly I have found more difficulty in maintaining intact the discharge ends of main gravel under-drains, than I have where stones or tiles are used, but I am now able to make them equally as durable as with other material."

THE VALUE OF TURF.—Very few farmers are aware of the quantity of actual decomposable vegetable matter contained in a square yard of turf taken from the surface of well-set sward land. Accurate experiments have shown that not less than thirty tons exist in an acre, most of which are roots and fibres, a small portion only of the mass being above the surface. It will hence be seen that by inverting the sward of uplands and meadows, and allowing it to decompose undisturbed, a most important *humus* of the soil will be secured, and at a small expense. This, even were no other dressing used, would of itself be an invaluable acqlisition to the fertility of any soil, and it is replete with juices and other principles that not only favor, but insure a speedy decomposition. The advantages resulting to the farmer from frequently inverting his sward lands—where circumstances require it—are far greater than we should be induced to suppose. Many are inclined to the opinion that when lands in grass are broken up, the mere addition of the vegetable matter—roots, grass, etc., contained in it is of little or no importance; but allowing the quantity of organic matter to be only fifteen tons to the acre—one half the quantity contained in an acre of good sward land—it will be seen at once that a very great benefit must be derived from its presence and action.

SEED POTATOES.—Farmers should have an eye to their seed potatoes for planting next spring. The experience of thousands of farmers in various sections of the country goes to show that large potatoes for seed are no better than medium sized ones, only that in a dry season, if planted whole, they sustain the plants by the moisture in them better than smaller potatoes. It is not advisable to plant the very small ones; they should be fed out, but select those for seed that are rather too small for marketing. But in a rich soil, and in a sufficiently moist season, potatoes no larger than a walnut will produce good crops. Some years ago I planted some potatoes, a new and dear variety, no larger than filberts, and the product was as good as where I used large seed; but the ground was heavily manured, and the season was favorable. When one buys any of the new varieties, and desires to produce the largest possible crop, each potato may be cut into as many pieces as it has eyes, and one eye may be put in a hill. Two to three hundred pounds of potatoes may thus be grown from one pound of seed.

A FARMER'S WORKSHOP.—It would seem to be next to impossible for any good and progressive farmer to be without a workshop, provided with a variety of necessary tools with which to do the repairing about the premises, and even the making of many things for which he has to send a considerable distance for a mechanic or to a shop to have it made. All ordinary wooden repairing ought to be done by the farmer and his hands, during rainy days and in winter when there is plenty time on hand for that purpose. Every part of a wheelbarrow, except the wheels, ought to be made on the premises; new fork and handles of iron rakes, repairing even some portions of the farm machinery, building of garden and yard fences, repairing roofs, building of corn-bins, hog-pens, and all the many jobs constantly requiring to be done about a well-conducted place too numerous to mention. A person becomes very handy in the use of good tools after a short apprenticeship, and saves many a dollar without consuming any time necessary for the usual demands of the farm.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

FARMERS MAXIMS. — Be cheerful throughout storms as well as sunshine, because fretting over crops, etc., sours the disposition and shortens the life.

Make home pleasant and attractive, interspersing music and recreation with labor. Be social in intercourse among neighbors, and away with narrow-minded selfishness so prevalent in communities.

Have more system in the operation of the farm, and less of the haphazard manner of transacting business.

Feed your soil with plant food, as you do yourself with the produce of the soil, and the results will be mutually beneficial.

Experiment with new inventions, theories, seed, etc., to a limited extent, but dont bite at everything.

Pay more attention to the condition and cultivation of the soil, and have less regard to the phases of the moon.

Care well for your stock and you will in time be well paid by them.

Pay strict attention to the laws governing health, and save doctors' bills.

KINDNESS IN HANDLING HORSES.—One very common habit of practice we observe both in the city, and in the country among the rural population, is that of yelling sharply at horses before a cart, wagon, omnibus or buggy, with that of sudden and violently jerking the reins, supplementing it with sharp shrieks of the voice, provided they make any untoward movement—a habit we deem no less reprehensible than detestable, and one that should be corrected and abandoned forever. Gentleness and kindness will be found not only the wiser and better, but the more humane and effective course in accomplishing the desired.—*Boston Cultivator.*

ANIMAL ODOR.—MRS. B. W. F. writes as follows: "I have read a great deal about 'animal odor in milk,' but when my dairy-maid gives me milk that smells 'cowy,' I say. Mary, use more water in washing the cow's bag; wash it—wash it, and wash it again.' The next morning the milk is not 'cowy.' I am thoroughly convinced that the animal odor which milk sometimes bears is from no other cause than that the cow's bag is not efficiently cleansed before milking."

HANG an old stub of a broom in the tool shed now to clean the plows and cultivators. And saw the handle short from a light one and keep it close by the place for hoes and shovels.

BOUNTIFUL crops are more profitable than poor ones. Make the soil rich, pulverize it well and keep it clean, and it will generally be productive.

SCIENTIFIC.

Adulteration of Wine in France.—A sort of panic has been caused here [Paris] on the subject of the adulteration of wine, and I am able, from personal knowledge, to say that there is good ground for the alarm. A. M. Grandeau, who is an authority on such matters, has just written an interesting report on fuchsine, which is now very generally used for the coloring of wine, and which is most deleterious.

According to M. Grandeau, wine has for many years been the object of frauds of various kinds. No one contradicts M. Grandeau in this, but he adds that at no epoch have adulterations been so numerous as at present and so injurious to the public health. Wine used to be doctored with brandy and to be colored with matters having a vegetable origin; but now a fictitious color is produced more cheaply by the employment of fucusine, which contains arsenic, and is extremely hurtful.

An almost microscopic quantity of this dangerous substance will give a gallon of water the appearance of red Bordeaux or Burgundy; it is cheap, and M. Grandeau knows houses which spend between £400 and £500 ($2,000 and $2,500) a year in its purchase. This shows the extent to which this system of adulteration is carried. In consequence of serious complaints made at Nancy M. Ritter, a professor at the Medical College, was directed to examine several samples of wine, and the analysis proved that the employment of fuchsine is very general all through the South. In some instances the wine was found to contain such quantities of this arsenical matter that any one drinking it would have felt seriously ill after a couple of days.

M. Ritter mentions the case of a man having taken some of this adulterated wine, and a quarter of an hour afterward his ears became exceedingly red and his gums slightly tumefied. M. Grandeau tells us how, with the aid of ether and vinegar, people may analyze their own wine.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Geological Age of Veins of Mercury.—Attention has been called, says Iron, at the fact of native mercury presenting itself, in various parts of France—the Cevennes, Herault and Aveyorn—in places but little below the surface of the soil, betraying its presence by its effect on vegetation, and through that on animal life. Virlet d'Aoust recalls the fact that the Abbe Sauvage pointed out the existence of the same metal in the most recent tertiary formations in the neighborhood of Montpelier, and that Daniel Sharpe mentioned a Portugese mercury mine, worked at the end of last century, which was situated in the upper tertiary sands. At Guadalcazar (San Luis Potosi) the author of this note has seen cinnabar extracted from the calcareous formations of the chalk period, which the mercury had penetrated; as, however, mercury is often met with in the argentiferous veins of the country, it may be concluded that it is of their age. In Spain, whilst the famous mercury mines of Almaden, in Andalusia, are situated in silurian strata, those of Mieres, in the Asturias, lie in the coal strata. In the latter locality the mercurial emanations have penetrated to the alluvial strata, probably old which rest upon the coal formations, and have impregnated them over considerable surfaces; they form patches in the soil which might serve as indications of the generating veins.

Longevity of Eels.—An inquirer, in one of the English science journals, wishes to know the supposed longevity of eels. He has had a specimen of the common sharp-nosed eel (*Anguilla acutrostris*) in an aquarium for above twenty years, and has a desire to penetrate into the future, and learn how much longer he may expect to retain the animal. It seems to possess extraordinary vitality, and is as lively at the date of writing as ever it was, notwithstanding it has frequently crept out of the aquarium at night in years past, and been picked up dry and stiff on the hall floor in the morning. Its meals, too have been extremely irregular, and very little attention has been paid to its diet. When it does get a morsel in the way of a worm, it retires beneath the shingle in the aquarium, and there lies quietly for a day or two, until the process of digestion is completed. The poor worm is always swallowed head first, and, after it has reached the stomach, its writhings can plainly be seen through the transparent tissues of the eel. The latter animal is twenty inches long, and weighs only two and one-half ounces; yet it will dispose of a worm eight or nine inches in length.

Ingenious Pumping-Machine.—It is stated that the most ingenious and extensive system of underground pumping machinery in the world, is that which has been introduced in the Erin colliery, Westphalia. In this mine, which is some 1,200 feet deep, there are placed at a distance of 920 feet from the surface a pair of compound differential pumping engines, capable of raising 1,400 gallons per minute to the surface, at the same time supplying power through the medium of the rising column to two differential hydraulic pumping engines placed at the bottom of the mine, and employed in lifting 1,000 gallons per minute to the main engines, from the surface, at a pressure of 70 pounds to the square inch. After passing through the engines it is condensed, and a vacuum of from 24 to 26 inches of mercury is obtained by means of a separate condenser, which produces at once the vacuum on the engine and enables it to start to work against the full column. The valves of the hydraulic engines are worked without any metallic connections by means of a modification of the different gear.

Crystalized Iron.—The well known phenomenon that iron, with long use in which it is subject to strains of the nature of shocks, assumes a coarsely granular structure has recently been illustrated by experiments made at the Frieden Hoffnung coal pit, near Waldenberg, on the hanging chain of the miner's cage, two years in use. A link of this chain broke, with the first blow of an 11 lbs. hand hammer, into four pieces, whose surfaces of fracture showed a crystaline texture. Another link of the same chain, after having been annealed at a red heat, only broke after 23 blows with the same hammer, and in such a way that the fracture on the one side of the ring went quite through, and presented a fibrous structure. These facts indicate the importance, in the arrangements for lowering and raising of miners, of very careful observations of those changes of structure. They also appear to make desirable the introduction of spring boxes between the rope and the cage (so as to modify shocks), and the annealing, from time to time, of the connecting parts between the rope and the cage.

Carbolic Acid Inhalations.—In a recent monograph of Dr. Lee, of the Hospital for Sick Children, London, the author states he has found marked benefit from the daily use of carbolic acid inhalations in whooping cough. The carbolic vapor ought to be diffused through the atmosphere of the room, in a certain proportion, and the patient must be confined to this atmosphere for several hours daily. Dr. Lee has had a vaporizing apparatus constructed on purpose, and he has exposed his patients (out-patients for the most part) to the vapor, in a little room adjoining his consulting room, for an hour or so once or twice a week. "Even under this limited use, there was undoubtedly an amelioration of the severe spasmodic cough."

Cleansing Wool.—M. C. Hammelrath announces that he has succeeded in making the following improvement in the process of wool-cleaning, which consists in dissolving in 66 gallons of hot water, 39 lbs. of caustic soda of 60 to 70 degrees Baume, and then adding 22 lbs. of white resin or colophone, boiled for half an hour. This must be done in an enameled metal or wooden vessel. The rest of the process is as usual, the wool being rinsed in water after cleansing. The quantities given above are about sufficient for 2 tons of wool, but this depends upon the quality of the latter.

DOMESTIC.

SEWING-ROOM CONVENIENCES.—First of all, a sewing-machine with a hemmer, but without a braider or a tucker or a corder. These are great consumers of time and should be voted a nuisance. Hang near the sewing-machine a scrap bag. It may be crocheted of white cotton and red yarn, and made to form a cylindrical shape by basting bits of old hoop skirt inside; or it may be cut from old slate colored silesia and have three sides, bound at the edges with red braid.

A shoe box covered with chintz calico, with a cushion on top to contain materials to be made up. The shoe boxes are convenient to have in bed rooms, answering the double purpose of receptacles for various articles and seats for children.

A work basket of course, furnished with all the appliances for sewing and mending.

A stocking basket, or what is better a stocking apron, made after the style of hospital aprons, with two or three deep pockets extending from the hem half way up the length of the apron. In these pockets yarns of various colors and quality have place, and there is room for perforated hose to bide its time for repair; there are darning needles in it, and old stockings for making new feet and heels.

A bag containing patterns. The patterns should be assorted, those for each member of the family wrapped separately in a piece of brown paper and duly labeled, that whenever any particular pattern is wanted it may be found without search.

PAPER CASES.—Pretty wall pockets, or paper cases, can be made as follows: Take stiff pasteboard and cut two pieces for back and front, the back should be considerably the highest; cut long, narrow triangular pieces for the sides. Now cover all the pieces with rep, velveteen, merino or any nice material, green or crimson will be most likely to harmonize best with walls, furniture, etc.—Green paper will do, which must be pasted smoothly on, with the edges all folded over. If the other materials are used they must be nicely fastened with needles and thread. For a border around all the edges, smooth leather cut in strips and pinked or scolloped. There will be a variety of ways to suggest themselves of elaborating upon the description here given, and really elegant articles may be formed. These paper cases may either be suspended by cords or hung upon a nail driven in the wall.

MOCK TURTLE SOUP.—Lay a calf's head in strong salt-water over night; then put it in as much water as you want soup, with a large tablespoonful of salt; skim it as it boils; add a large onion cut fine, (as it boils,) one-fourth teaspoontul of cayenne pepper, some sweet basil, summer savory, sweet marjoram, cloves, allspice, all ground—a teaspoonful of each; when the head is boiled tender, take it out and take out the brains and put to one side; cut up the meat in small pieces and put back into the pot; one hour before it is done mash the brains with the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs, two wine-glassfuls of catsup, one of wine, half a pint of brown flour, and put into the soup; make little dumplings and put in half an hour before taking up; slice lemon and lay in the dish before serving. It takes from 9 o'clock in the morning till 5 o'clock in the evening to make this.

TO BOIL RICE.—(A black man's recipe.)—Wash him well, much wash in cold waters, the rice flour make him stick. Water boil all ready—very fast. Shove him in, rice can't burn, water shake him too much. Boil quarter of an hour or little more; rub one rice in thumb and finger, if all rub away him quite done. Put rice in colander, hot water run away, pour cup of water on him, put back in saucepan, keep him covered near the fire, then rice all ready eat him up! The above quaint recipe was given to the writer by a friend long resident in India, and she believes has not before been printed. It is an excellent recipe, and if followed exactly the rice will be cooked in great perfection. A pinch of salt may with advantage be added to the water when the rice is put in.

WHITE SOUP.—Cut up two fine fowls and two pounds of lean veal and one set of calves' feet; cover well with warm water, and simmer two hours; take out the breast and wing of the chickens; take from the bone, and chop fine; crumb a small loaf of bread, and moisten with hot milk; take the yolks of four hard-boiled eggs, one dozen of sweet and a half dozen of bitter almonds, blanched and chopped fine; mix minced chicken, bread, eggs, and almonds all well together; stain the broth, and add the ingredients; season with salt, white and cayenne pepper and mace to taste; boil one quart of cream or rich milk, add this to the hot soup a little at a time; let scald together, stirring all the time and serve hot.

TO CURE A SORE THROAT.—A correspondent of a New York paper, who says he has often tried it, furnishes the following remedy for a sore throat:

Let each one of your half million readers buy at any drug store one ounce of camphorate oil, and five cents worth of chlorate of potash. Whenever any soreness appears in the throat put the potash in half a tumbler of water, and with it gargle the throat thoroughly, then rub the neck thoroughly with the camphorated oil at night before going to bed, and also pin around the throat a small strip of woolen flannel. This is a simple, cheap and sure remedy.

TO REMOVE STAINS OF INK, FRUIT, &c.—First wash the stain off as much as possible with clear cold water, then apply the escalonnia, which consists of one tablespoonful lemon juice, and tablespoonful pure cream tartar, one teaspoonful of oxalic acid, one half pint of rain water.—Wipe off with clean water. Any article that cannot be washed after using the mixture, a tablespoonful of the juice of white currants is better than lemon juice when procurable. This may be used with safety upon most delicate fabrics, as it will not injure the color or material. Shake up when using it.

TO COOK PORK TENDERLOINS.—If to roast, lay them in a dripping pan in their own fat; roast slowly, and baste often. Season when nearly done, and serve with their own gravy; thicken with flour.

If to fry, cut each tenderloin across, into three pieces; split lengthwise, nearly through; lay open flat, and cook on one side nicely, then turn. Serve with butter, pepper and salt, to season.

CORN MUFFINS.—The *American Grocer's* recipe for these muffins is to "score and scrape six ears of sweet corn; add a little salt and two well-beaten eggs; drop a large spoonful in a buttered muffin ring, upon a hot griddle, removing the ring when the muffin is ready to turn. These muffins are excellent as a vegetable or for a supper dish—having the flavor of fried oysters.

TO RESTORE GILT FRAMES.—Take one ounce of cooking soda and beat it thoroughly with the whites of three eggs. Blow off the dust with a pair of bellows, or brush it out with a feather duster. Then dip a small paint brush into the mixture and rub it all over the gilding, into every tiny crevice, and it will render it fresh and bright.

SILKS.—A little ammonia in a few spoonsful of alcohol is excellent to sponge silk dresses that have grown "shiny" or rusty, as well as to take out spots. A silk—particularly a black—becomes almost like new when so sponged.

HAM FOR BREAKFAST.—Chop coarsely some cold boiled ham, put in a frying pan with a little butter and pepper. When hot stir in several eggs. When well set, pour on nice squares of buttered toast and serve.

HUMOROUS.

A MODEL OBITUARY.—A disconsolate editor thus bemoans his departed spouse:

"Thus my wife died. No more will those loving hands pull off my boots and part my back hair as only a true wife can. Nor will those willing feet replenish coal hod or water pail. No more will she arise amid the tempestuous storms of winter, and hie away to the fire without disturbing the slumbers of the man who doted on her so artlessly. Her memory is embalmed in my heart of hearts. I wanted to embalm her body, but I found that I could embalm her memory cheaper.

"I procured of Eli Mudget, a neighbor of mine, a very pretty gravestone. His wife was consumptive, and he kept it on hand several years, in anticipation of her death. But she rallied last spring, and his hopes were blasted. Never shall I forget the poor man's grief when I asked him to part with it.

"Take it, Skinner, and may you never know what it is to have your soul disappointed as mine has been!" And he burst into a flood of tears. His spirit was, indeed, utterly broken.

"I had the following epitaph engraved upon the tombstone:

"'To the memory of Tabitha, wife of Moses Skinner, Esq., gentlemanly editor of the *Trombone*. Terms three dollars a year, invariably in advance. A kind mother and an exemplary wife. Office over Coleman's grocery, up two flights of stairs. Knock hard. We shall miss thee, mother, we shall miss thee. Job printing solicited.'

"Thus did my lacerated spirit cry out in agony, even as Rachel, weeping for her children. But one ray of light penetrated the despair of my soul. The undertaker took his pay in job printing, and the sexton owed me a little account I should not have gotten in any other way. Why should we pine at the mysterious ways of Providence and vicinity? (Not a conundrum.")

HE HAD just wedded a little angel with a musical voice, limpid blue eyes, and a brow on which candor had set its seal. They made their bridal tour to Venice, where they went from palace to palace, watched the pigeons wheeling round the towers of St. Mark's, explored the mysterious canals in their gondola. As they are returning homeward at night, the young husband, whose full heart is over-flowing with emotion, says: "Well, my love, what has impressed you most of all that we have seen in this wonderful city?" The young wife timidly cast down her eyes. "You remember the cafe on the Piazetta?" "Yes, my angel." "Well, at the third table from the door on the left there was a duck of an officer! with such a love of a mustache!!"

THE Cincinnati *Saturday Night* relates the following: "A young woman recently answered an advertisement for a dining-room girl, and the lady of the house seemed pleased with her. But before engaging her there were some questions to ask. 'Suppose,' said the lady—'now only suppose, understand—that you were carrying a piece of steak from the kitchen, and by accident should let it slip from the plate to the floor, what would you do in such a case?' The girl looked the lady square in the eye for a moment before asking 'Is it a private family, or are there boarders?' 'Boarders,' answered the lady. 'Pick it up and put it back on the plate,' firmly replied the girl. She was engaged."

"MY DEAR FRIENDS, there are three things I very much wonder at: The first is, that children will be so foolish as to throw stones, clubs and brickbats into fruit trees, to knock down fruit; if they would let them alone they would fall down themselves. The second is, that men should be so foolish as to go to war and kill one another; if let alone, they would die themselves. The third and last thing I wonder at is, that young men should be so anxious to go after the young women; if they would stay at home, the young women would come after them." Such is the logic of an old Quaker lady.

THE JUDGE AND THE LAWYER.—Two young attorneys were wrangling for a long time before Judge Knox, of Virginia, yesterday over a point of law. His Honor rendered his decision, and the sprig who had lost impudently remarked. "Your Honor, there is a growing opinion that all the fools are not dead yet." "Certainly," answered the court, with unruffled good humor, "I quite agree with you, Mr. Blank, and congratulate you upon your healthy appearance."

"YOU'LL never marry agin, Susie, you grieve so arter Izick. Was it twice't you fainted, or three times, at the grave?" "Bless yo' soul, Sary, it was free times I fainted; an' de last time I nebber like to kum to." "Oh! Susie, you'll nebber marry agin, will yer?" "Bless yo' soul, Frank Dunn axt me 'bout dis before my husband died; and I promised him, if he died, I'd have him. An' I b'longs to de church an' I won't tell a lie."

A SERVANT GIRL who had been admonished by her mistress to be very careful in "washin' up" the best tea-things was overheard shortly afterward indulging in the following soliloquy while in the act of wiping the sugar basin: "If I was to drop this 'ere basin, and was to catch it, I suppose I shouldn't catch it; but if I was to drop it, and wasn't to catch it, I reckon I should just catch it."

THERE are three things that footbenches in church pews seem made for—yea, four—namely, to get in the way for strangers to fall over; to fly up and hit a man on the nose when his head is bowed; to tip over in the most solemn part of the minister's prayer, and to make more noise than a flock of goats set loose on a barn floor.—*Ex.*

A MAN was taking aim at a hawk that was perched on a tree near his chicken-coop, when his little daughter exclaimed, "Don't take aim, pa; let it go off by accident!" "Why so?" asked the father. "Cause every gun that goes off by accident always hits somebody."

JENKINS will be so exact in his questions that it is difficult to answer him. He reads in a morning paper about a man who fell into the river—"his name was not ascertained," and innocently inquires—"If his name was not ascertained, what was it?"

"SEVENTY-SEVEN holes in one pair of trousers," said Jones, meditatively, "and yet Mrs. J. said that no moth would approach that camphor wood chest for which I paid twenty dollars. Can I, oh, can I ever trust my soul's idol again?"

MRS. PARTINGTON expresses her apprehension that the people of the gold regions will bleed to death, as the papers are constantly announcing the opening of another vein.

IF YOUR furs ever get worn down short, whip them with forty rods, for forty rods are said to make a fur long.

A THIEF, who lately broke open a grocer's warehouse, excused himself on the plea that he only went to take tea.

A YOUNG MAN who has tried it suggests that before you pop the question it's just as well to question the pop.

THAT was a wise idea of the genteel lady who alluded to her first female ancestor as Lady Eve, nee Rib.

"GRACE before meat," as the young lady remarked when she laced herself so tight she couldn't swallow.

POUNDED ICE for dinner, if allowed to stand too long, is not what it is cracked up to be.

LET the man with squeaking boots go early to church.

Thievish Beavers.

York county beavers are sagacious animals. A man from Nackawick, hunting beaver, recently came upon a lagoon which showed marks of having been lately dammed up by these industrious creatures. Leaving his axe near a beaver house, the trapper proceeded to explore the region round about, but on returning in about an hour no axe was to be found. This mysterious disappearance puzzled him, but his astonishment turned into positive alarm when, going to the foot of a large juniper tree, no traces could be seen of his camp kettle and provisions. Faint from hunger and fatigue, he found his way to the edge of the pond, where a small black object gliding over the surface of the water attracted his attention. Closer inspection revealed a huge beaver swimming off with the camp kettle in his mouth. The disgusted trapper slowly left the fated spot, minus axe, kettle and a good dinner carried off by the beavers. Whether the beavers sunk the axe in the middle of the pond or conveyed it to a place of safety is, of course, unknown; but from the method of their operations he firmly believes that they made sure of the axe first, knowing that it was the instrument with which he designed destroying their homes. The kettle, which seemed the more harmless and inoffensive weapon, they left till the last.—[*St. John (N. B.) Telegraph.*

Surfeiting.

Jones says that the white flannel suit he bought a year ago has proved a very economical investment, and has been of much use in his family. Jones weighs 250 pounds, and when he bought it it fitted him remarkably well. After the first washing, his eldest son, who weighs a hundred pounds less than Jones senior, found it an excellent fit. Two washings more, made the garment delightful for a youth of nine, and at the end of the season the baby was adorned with the habiliments, which had shrunk just enough to make them fit for a child just out of creeping clothes. This year Jones' wife uses them as a dish-cloth. Where all that flannel has shrunk to Jones can't see, and says he would willingly take his whole family and his mother-in-law to a lecture which would explain it, and pay double price.

The Great Discovery!

E. F. KUNKEL'S BITTER WINE OF IRON. For the cure of weak stomach, general debility, indigestion, disease of the nervous system, constipation, acidity of the stomach, and all cases requiring a tonic.

The wine includes the most agreeable and efficient salt of Iron we possess; Citrate of Magnetic Oxide, combined with the most energetic of vegetable tonics—Yellow Peruvian Bark.

The effect in many cases of debility, loss of appetite, and general prostration, of an efficient Salt of Iron combined with our valuable Nerve, is most happy. It augments the appetite, raises the pulse, takes off muscular flabbiness, removes the paller of debility, and gives a florid vigor to the countenance.

Do you want something to strengthen you? Do you want a good appetite? Do you want to build up your constitution? Do you want to feel well? Do you want to get rid of nervousness? Do you want energy? Do you want to sleep well? Do you want brisk and vigorous feelings? If you do, try Kunkel's Wine of Iron.

This truly valuable tonic has been so thoroughly tested by all classes of the community, that it is now deemed indispensable as a Tonic medicine. It costs but little, purifies the blood and gives tone to the stomach, renovates the system and prolongs life.

I now only ask a trial of this valuable Tonic. Price $1 per bottle. E. F. KUNKEL, Sole Proprietor, Philadelphia, Pa. Ask your druggist for Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron, and take no other make. Sold only in $1 bottles. All others are counterfeit, so beware of them.

Worms Removed Alive.

E. F. Kunkel's worm syrup never fails to destroy Pin, Seat and Stomach worms. Dr. Kunkel is the only successful Physician in this country for the removal of worms. He removes Tape worm with head and all complete, alive in 2 hours, and no fee until removed. Send for circular, or call on your Druggist, and get a bottle of Kunkel's worm syrup. Price $1.00. It never fails.

INFLUENZA.

From Mr. W. P. Oglesby, of Harrisburg, Pa.

"A little over a year since I was taken with a bad cold, and for some time was confined to my bed with severe pains in my breast, back, and side, acc