EVANESCENCE.

What's the brightness of a brow?
What's a mouth of pearls and corals?
Beauty vanishes like a vapor,
Preach the men of musty morals.

Should the crowd, then, ages since,
Have shut their ears to singing Homer,
Because the music fled as soon
As fleets the violet's aroma?

Ah, for me, I thrill to see
The bloom a velvet cheek discloses:
Made of dust—I well believe it!
So are lilies! so are roses.

The Ruins of Carthage.

Mr. W. E. Robertson writes from Blairbeth, Scotland, to the *London Times* as follows:

Having recently visited this once famous city, I have thought that it might not be uninteresting to your readers to know something of the present condition of its ruins, while at the same time I call attention to the wholesale destruction of the few but beautiful remaining monuments of glory.

Landing at the little town of Goletta, which is the port of Tunis, and distant from it about ten miles, I put up at the hotel there, kept by an Italian. A wide but shallow lagoon stretches out toward the modern city on the left, with which communication is kept up by trains, which run at intervals during the day. A mile or two from the station, on a wide plateau, we come upon the foundation of a wall, some three feet in thickness. Following this for three miles, we come to some plowed ground covered with fragments of broken marble columns, with here and there a heap of ruins, fast crumbling to decay. Seated among these we contemplate the history of a city which was once the rival of Rome, and toward which the eyes of the civilized world were turned. Here Hannibal, when a boy nine years of age, was led to the altar by his father Hamilcar, and there with his hands upon it, made to swear eternal hostility to the Roman people—an oath which his after life proved had not been forgotten by him. On this hillside in later years the Roman envoys stood, and one of them, addressing the Carthagenian Senate, said, folding his toga over his arm, "In this fold I carry peace or war, choose you which you will have." "Give us which you will," is the reply. "Then take war," says the Romoan envoy, letting his toga fall loose, and war, fierce and long continued, was once more waged between these hostile forces.

The only remains in any way complete are the reservoirs and the aqueduct. The former are in a good state of preservation, and are constructed on a scale of great magnificence. They are calculated to hold a large supply of water. These have all been arched over, but some of the arches are beginning to give way, and have tumbled into the tanks. Round the margin of these pools paths extend, paved with small pieces of polished marble about an inch square. All around may be picked up the fragments of pottery, broken jars, etc., which, doubtless, have been in use for the carrying of water by the the maidens of the city. A few ancient coins were given me here by a little boy who had picked them up when herding his goats near by. Some of them appear to be Roman.

The aqueduct, constructed of enormous blocks of stone, and extending away toward the direction of Tunis, has in many places, given away; but enough remains above ground to enable us to trace it through many miles.

The lovely situation of the city, standing on that prominent headland against which the waves of the Mediterranean beat, as in the days when the Roman fleet went down beneath them, went far to captivate those who ultimately became its conquerors. That it might not be so accessible to foreign invasions, accounts, in all probability, for the change of situation in the more modern city of Tunis.

It was with regret I found among the material collected for building puposes at the town of Goletta parts of marble columns, with carved work of the most magnificent description, all of which are being broken up to erect some humble steadngs.

The Italians and Spaniards of the Middle ages have adorned their places with marble from Carthage, and the Venetians have their friezes and columns, which were once the admiration of Dido and of Hannibal. Is it too much to hope that an effort might yet secure for us some relic of a city, the very foundations of which may, before long, become lost to our sight?

Temple Bar and Charles Lamb.

But we pause in the almost impossible task of endeavoring to bring to mind the names of the authors, wits, and poets, who have most contributed to sustain and, it may be added, popularize the fame of Temple Bar, to ask ourselves the question who of them is it, after all, that has most endeared its memory to us? It has not been Dryden, nor yet Pope. We find but scarce allusion to it in the writings of Swift, Steele, or Addison. Neither Sterne the most pathetic, nor Smollett the wittiest of writers, nor Congreve the most courtly of dramatists, nor Garth the poetical physican, has given us pleasant recollection of its presence in anything that he has penned. Dr. Johnson has left us plenty of glimpses of it through the diary of his familiar Boswell, but not of a kind that makes us yearn toward it with much of kindly concern. We naturally love to think of the old gateway in connection with genial Oliver Goldsmith and his thoughtless vanity; of how he, scores of times, in that exquisite suit of Tyrian bloom, satin grain, and dark-blue silk breeches, must have walked gayly by it to vex the kindly soul of Reynolds at the studio in Leicester Fields by his preposterous extravagance. We have Burke in our eye, and Garrick; the poets Gay and Thomson, and the clever artist who drew the character of Squire Western; Gibbon has strolled past the grimy walls; and Richard Savage and Richardson, hard-working printer and admirable novelist; Rogers the banker-poet; poor, nervous, unstrung Cowper, in the days of his terrible malady; Sheridan, on his way to the spouging-house; Samuel Taylor Coleridge ruminating, mayhap, over the terrible seductions of his unfortunate passion: all these excellent and worthy representatives of England's literature have at some time or other halted at the very spot where we ourselves have stood in our journeyings through London, contemplating the mud-be-spattered face and rueful outline of the much-maligned, oft abused, but patient-looking memorial. But these were not the men who made us feel the kindlier toward the old Bar, because they so often passed and strayed within its shadow. Who, then, has it been that has kept us, as we may say, so firmly attached to the tottering, inconvenient monument, in spite of the fact that each time we passed under one of its arches we felt a terrible misgiving lest the calcined, age-worn stones supporting it should tremble with long-suffered weakness, fall to the ground, and bury us beneath the ruins? Who else should it have been but Charles Lamb?—who but Charles Lamb, most loving of men, tenderest of poets, wittiest of writers, the most truly delightful and charming of all English essayists, who almost worshiped the ground which Temple Bar has so long blocked with its presence, and adored it as if it had been supporting the most magnificent and beautiful temple ever erected by the genius of man?

Charles Lamb was born and passed the first seven years of his life within a stone's-throw of Temple Bar, a spot which he has characterized as "the most elegant in the metropolis;" and the delightful "Essays of Elia" were penned almost within view of its venerable Venetian parlor. Daily he must have trudged patiently with that dear sister whom he tended and loved so well, through the old gateway, bent on collecting the little store for the morrow's meal, and expatiating by the way on the glories of London, a place which was to be preferred, in his opinion, so greatly did he love the town, to the finest prospect of country ever planned by the all-wise providence of the Creator—though here we think he was joking. Hear him, however, on the subject, in one of his most rapturous moods: "I am not," says he, "romance-bit about Nature. The earth and sea and sky (when all is said) is but as a house to dwell in. If the inmates be courteous, and good liquors flow like the conduits at an old coronation, if they can talk sensibly and feel properly, I have no need to stand staring on the gilded looking-glass (that strained my friend's purse-strings in the purchase), nor his five-shilling print over the mantel-piece of Old Nabbs, the carrier (which only betrays his false taste). Just as important to me (in a sense) is all the furniture of my world—eye-pampering, but satisfies no heart. Streets, streets, streets, markets, theatres, churches, Covent Gardens, shops sparkling with pretty faces of industrious milliners, neat seamstresses, ladies cheapening, gentlemen behind counters lying, authors in the street with spectacles (you may know them by their gait), lamps lit at night, pastry-cook and silver-smith shops, noise of coaches, drowsy cry of mechanic watchmen at night, with bucks reeling home drunk; if you happen to wake at night, cries of fire and stop thief; inns of court with their learned air, and halls and butteries just like Cambridge colleges; old book-stalls, 'Jeremy Taylors,' 'Burtons on Melancholy,' and Religio Medicis,' on every stall—these are the pleasures of London! with the many sins; for these may Kiswick and her giant brood go hang."

The gentle humorist loved the city, and Temple Bar was the grand and honored gateway to it.

"What a transition for a countryman," writes he, "visiting London for the first time—the passing from the crowded Strand or Fleet Street by unexpected avenues" to the Temple! Whereupon he proceeds to write learnedly upon its many memories and classic beauties, expressing the hope that the younkers or after-generations may pace its stately terrace with the same superstitious veneration "with which the child Elia gazed on the old worthies that solemnized the parade before ye!"
—*Appleton's Journal.*

A Miraculous Pomade.

A lady of 30, a plump jolly brunette, sees with some anxiety a dark downy line penciling itself on her superior lip. She does not care to compete with the bearded women and consults the advertisements. She finds just what she wants—a delipatory pomade, warranted to remove the most obnoxious mustache woman ever had in five applications. She obtains a box at a price of 10 francs, and follows the directions on the label with care. The mustache thrives on the depilatory, and after a while madame yields to the inevitable, and consoles herself by reflecting that it might be worse.

Three or four years roll by, and she sees with alarm that her hair is beginning to thin. A trifle of mustache can be borne, but a bald head never, and again she has resource to the advertisements. She finds the article she needs—a miraculous pomade—to increase the thickness and beauty of the hair. On visiting the shop she is stupefied. It is the same shop, the same attendant, the same bottle at the same price, the same pomade, so far as she can judge from appearances. Only the label has been changed.

The merchant, on being severely examined, admits that it is the same pomade. It failed so utterly to remove hair that he turned it into a hair invigorator. With great joy the customer buys a pot and applies it—and her hair goes on falling out faster than ever!

Size in the Eye.

Size with the eye, as with the brain, is generally conceded to be a measure of capacity. A large eye has a wider range of vision, as it unquestionably has of expression than a small one. A large eye will take in more at a glance, though, perhaps, with less attention to details than a small one. Generally speaking, large eyes see things in general, and small eyes in particular. The one sees many things as a whole, considering them in a philosophical and speculative way, often seeing through and beyond them; the other sees fewer things, but usually looks keenly into them, and is appreciative of detail. Some eyes, however, look at everything and yet see nothing. Fullness of the eye, causing a bulging of the lower eyelids, is a well-known sign of language. Persons with this sign large, have not only a speaking eye, but also a speaking tongue, whereof their fellows do not long remain in ignorance. A general projection or fullness of the eye above and below, which brings the eyeball forward on a line with the face and eyebrow, denotes the quality of physical perception, or the capacity to see quickly whatever appears on the surface of things. A person with such an eye on entering a room for the first time would note rapidly the shape, size, arrangement, and general appearance of the different articles of furniture in it, and the color of the walls, curtains, etc., take in with equal felicity the features, the color of the eyes and hair, size and appearance of any person who might be present. In looking at a picture such a person would at once incline to examine the color, number, grouping, attitude and costumes of the figures composing it.—*Scientific American.*

AGRICULTURAL.

A WORD TO FARMERS' SONS.—To those who prize the freedom peculiar to a life in the country, and also the security of a steady occupation, the pursuit of farming in this country offers great advantages. Every talent which the most gifted young man possesses may be exercised in connection with agriculture, and the more finished his education the better will be his chances of gaining culture from his surroundings and acquiring influence with his neighbors.

Already a large portion of the permanent wealth of our nation is in the hands of farmers, and every facility is offered by our laws for any one who wishes to secure a farm for himself. The introduction of machinery for almost all kinds of farm work, the multiplication of means of transportation, and the great demand in cities and towns for the best farm produce, make it necessary for a man to know the cost of each crop he raises that he may devote his time and labor to that which pays the highest per cent. on capital invested. Hundreds of farmers annually dispose of their wheat, potatoes, apples, corn, cattle or horses, at the market price, without knowing the actual cost of production of any crop. As a natural consequence they go on year after year in the same way, while by knowing exactly the cost of raising a bushel of wheat, or a ton of hay, or a pound of wool, they could soon decide where their profits lay and discard the crops which experience proved to bring them only a loss.

Now, to know the precise cost of any farm product, it is as necessary that a farmer should keep accurate accounts as for a merchant or manufacturer. To no class of business men is a practical knowledge of book-keeping more valuable than to our farmers. Because many have succeeded without it in the past does not alter the case. A higher standard is before the farmers now. Their produce must be of good quality to meet with ready sale, and to insure that success now demands that capital be invested in good building, machinery, and improved kinds of grain, fruit and live stock.

They need to know the exact returns yielded by all such investments, which can be ascertained only from a complete and accurate system of accounts. Let us impress upon young farmers, stock-dealers and fruit-growers, the vast benefit you would realize from a course of business training. Better give a year of your time now to this study—you would be more than repaid for your time and money in five years. Surely it is time the leading industry of our State and country was conducted on the same principles that control less important interests.—*Commercial Journal.*

ASPARAGUS IN WINTER.—There is probably no vegetable that repays the trouble of artificial cultivation better than asparagus. It grows rapidly and attains great size when properly cared for; and it may be made a source of great profit, large quantities of it being grown under glass in France, and sold in winter at high prices. M. Jacquisson a horticulturalist, has introduced a plan of forcing asparagus. He uses an ordinary wine bottle with the bottom cut out. These bottomless bottles, when well corked, are placed over the asparagus head just as it is beginning to rise above the ground. The asparagus being thus protected not only grows fast, but is so tender that the whole of it may be eaten. The air being kept from it, the development of the woody fibre of the plant is retarded, while that of the cellular tissue is accelerated. Cultivated in this way, asparagus is as expeditiously cut as when grown in the ordinary manner, sufficient light passing through the bottle to show when the heads are ready for gathering. In addition to this, the small amount of light which passes through the bottle gives the asparagus a rosy tinge which greatly improves its appearance.

EFFECTS OF CLIMATE ON PLANTS.—An English agricultural paper says it has been proved that the seeds of certain plants, if gathered in one climate and sown in another, will germinate earlier or later and with more or less vigor, according as the new climate is colder or warmer than the old, and that a difference of a few degrees only in latitude will produce these results. For example, wheat from Scotland sown in the south of England will germinate and ripen much earlier than wheat of exactly similar quality gathered in the south and planted in the same latitude in which it was grown. This fact is of the utmost importance to agriculturalists. To secure early growing grain crops it is only necessary to take care that the seed is gathered in a colder climate than that in which it is to be sown. The same thing is noticeable among other plants, and florists and horticulturalists might take advantage of this circumstance to produce both earlier and stronger plants than they do now, without the appliances of forcing.

A GOOD wagon costs a considerable sum and it should be taken proper care of and made to last as long as possible. Few persons understand the importance of thoroughly lubricating the axles, etc., of wagons and carriages and still fewer know which are the most suitable lubricators to use, and the proper way of applying them. A well made wheel will endure ordinary wear from ten to twenty-five years, if care is taken to use the right amount of the proper lubricator, but if this matter is not attended to, a wheel will be used up in five or six years. Lard should never be used on a wagon, for it will penetrate the hub and work itself out all around the tenons of the spokes and spoil the wheel. Tallow is the best lubricator for wooden axle-trees and castor oil for iron.

STACKING AND FEEDING.—W. Doyle, of Gratiot, Wisconsin, writes giving his method of caring for straw:

Straw with us is the principle article of food for cattle in winter, and it becomes necessary as a matter of economy to make the most of it.

As the thrashing season comes some time before we feed, the straw should be well stacked and picked up, as in the case of hay, and a good fence built about it for its preservation. Many farmers allow swine to get at the straw stack. This is a miserable practice, for the straw is wasted and made unwholesome for winter use. I feed it out with a great deal of care, as I would hay, and thus utilize it all.

ASHES are among the best fertilizers for onions. For this crop they should be strewed along the rows lengthwise, and the cultivator then run between them, or else hoed by hand. Applied to Indian corn, a handful to each hill, immediately before a rain-storm, or just before a crop is hoed, ashes give good returns. For vines in the garden they are also desirable. Ashes applied to grass just after the first crop of hay has been taken off are said to have a fine effect.

RUBBISH.—Myriads of insects and spores of mold and injurious fungi gather in the rubbish of the farm. Burn everything of the kind. Potato tops harbor the spores of the potato disease; straw, corn, fodder and stubs harbor chinch bugs; chips, bark, weeds and all such waste, furnish hiding places for grubs, beetles, etc. As preventive measures none are more effective than general neatness and cleanliness everywhere about the farm.

LUMPS IN UDDERS.—Take poke root and chop it up fine and beat it into a pumice; take a teacupful and put it in a quart of meal, and feed to a cow whose udder has lumps in it, and they are removed at once. The remedy is infallible.

WHEN charcoal is powdered and a little dropped into a potato hill when planted, it will double the crop and will improve the quality beyond expectation.

SCIENTIFIC.

How to Test Kerosene Oil.—The following is a simple but infallible test to ascertain exactly the quality and explosive points of any sample of kerosene oil—no matter by what fancy, attractive name it may be designated in specious advertisements. Take a common tin pan of water, or any ordinary tin pail, say seven inches deep; fill the the vessel with water and place it on the stove or over a lamp, so as to heat very gradually; put an ordinary thermometer upright in the water, to indicate the gradual rise of temperature. Take a little pan, such as is used to bake small patties, sold for a cent each. In the patty-pan put a tablespoonful of kerosene and let it float on the surface of the gradually heating water. When you see the thermometer begin to indicate seventy, seventy-five or eighty, apply a blazing match to the kerosene in the little pan. If the oil is safe no flash will ensue, but if it is impure, and therefore dangerous, a flash like ignition of gas will appear. In case a flash occurs while the thermometer indicates a temperature below 100 degrees it is safe to assume that the oil is highly dangerous and utterly unfit for use, as we have said before, it is more dangerous than gunpowder, which cannot be ignited by a flame at such a temperature. No oil should be purchased whose flashing or igniting point is at all below 100 degress, and it should be remembered that the greater the heat it will endure above that temperature, the greater is the proportional increase in its safety for burning in lamps.

While 110 degrees Fahrenheit is a fair test, it does not guarantee indiscriminate or reckless handling. Even with the best brands of oil a lamp should never be filled while lighted or while near one that is lighted. As the oil burns down in the lamp a highly inflammable gas gathers over the surface increasing as the oil decreases, and not infrequently forcing its way to the flame at the edge of the wick, and threatening an explosion.

There are various tricks current among dealers in kerosene to prove that even naphtha is not explosive at seventy degrees. The usual test is to hold a lighted match over an open vessel containing it. But let a small portion be put in a can and shaken up, and a light introduced, when an explosion instantly occurs, showing that the inflammable stuff becomes explosive upon mixing with the oxygen of the atmosphere. Indeed it may be safely said that every lamp in the land, when burning in a room, steamboat cabin, or other apartment whose temperature is 75 or 80 degrees, is liable to explosion, even if burning the standard kerosene of 110 degrees flashing point. Many scientific men have been led into the fallacy that the flash point of kerosene at 110 degrees is the point of safety; but it has recently been demonstrated by an eminent chemist that 35 degrees below the igniting point, oil, after burning twenty minutes or half an hour, will generate an explosive gas. It has also been demonstrated by the same authority that oil with an igniting or flashing point of 150 degress is in an explosive condition when burned inclosed in lanterns on shipboard and railway cars. It is claimed that until oil shall stand a test of 300 degrees there will be no guarantee against the dreadful loss of life and property which its use regularly entails.

The Blue of the Sky.—The color of the sky is said to be due to the transmission of rays of light through a cloud of dust which collects above the earth. Professor Nordenskiold examined the snow which covered the icebergs as far north as 80 deg., and found it strewn with a multitude of minute black particles, spread over the surface, or situated at the bottom of little pits, a number of which were seen on the outward layer of snow. Many of such particles were lodged in the inferior state. This dust, which becomes gray on drying, contained a large proportion of metallic particle attracted by the magnet, and capable of decomposing sulphate of copper. An observation made a little later upon other icebergs proved the presence of similar dust in a layer of granular crystalline snow, situated beneath another stratum of light, fresh hardened snow. Upon analysis, this matter was found to be composed of metallic iron, phosphorus, tolbat and fragments of diatomaceæ. It bears the greatest analogy to the dust previously collected by the professor in the snow of Greenland and described by him under the name of "kryokonite."

The novel uses to which paper has been put of late years as a substitute for wood, iron, cloth etc., have not exhausted the directions in which it may be made serviceable to mankind. It is reported from England that an officer of the royal navy has obtained a patent for sheathing iron vessels with paper to protect them from corrosion and the gathering on them of sea grasses and barnacles. It is said that paper was used on the bottom of a vessel in the dock at Portsmouth for some other purpose, and that the officer obtained his patent because on the return of the vessel to the dock, after a voyage, he discovered that every part of the vessel below the water line was covered with weeds, grasses and barnacles except the papered portion. He has since experimented with paper as a protector of ships' bottoms, and finds that when a cement or waterproof paper is used, it is the best and cheapest material for protecting iron.

Fluids of the Mouth.—Dr. Hedson wisely calls attention in the *Medical Record* to the fact that, in any illness involving a feverish condition, the fluids of the mouth are constantly as intensely acid as respects the teeth as any medicine administered by the physician, and, moreover, from the high temperature of the buccal cavity at such times, the power of these acids for evil is greatly augmented. Further, a direct consequence of these conditions is the especially rapid fermentation and decomposition of all food lodged between and around the teeth, and the consequent elimination of other deleterious acids. Dr. Hodson recommends rinsing the mouth with *liquor calcis* (lime water), diluted according to the sensitiveness of the mucous membrane, and flavored with a few drops of wintergreen or peppermint to make it agreeable.

According to one of the French technical journals, considerable attention has been given of late, in Belgium, to a method for refining cast iron, to a certain degree, previous to puddling—a method put into successful practice, it seems by M. Hamour, metallurgist of Manbeuge. As described, the process is quite simple. It consists in submitting the cast iron, at the instant it is tapped from the blast furnace, to a current of air from the same blast that is being to the tuyeres of the furnace itself. This unique process is represented to be very rapid, and the apparatus for effecting it is quite inexpensive and free from complication, while the advantage obtained is the pig iron is so far refined that one charge more per twenty-four hours can be worked in the puddling furnace.

To make the best varnish for varnishing a drawing made in India ink with heavy lines and parts, which have been tinted with various colors. Put a drop or two of acetic acid in the ink; and when the drawing is dry, varnish with mastic varnish.

The distance apart of the rivets used to connect two pieces of metal plate together is regulated by the rule that the joint sectional area of the rivets shall be equal to the sectional area of plate left after punching the rivet holes.—*Rankine.*

A Mixture of 95 parts salts, 20 parts caustic soda, 1 part extract of oak bark, and 4 parts potash, is recommended as a preventative of incrustation on boilers.

—It takes forty pounds of live eels to feed the whale in the New York Aquarium each day. They are the same to him as vermicelli soup is to the human animal.

DOMENTIC.

CURE FOR FELONS.—We have had a case of felon in our family lately, and treated it successfully by steaming the whole hand with bitter herbs. It was allowed to progress, through ignorance, until badly swollen, exquisitely painful, and of a livid purple color. Being in the palm of the hand it involved the whole hand and wrist in the swelling. A handful each of tansy, hops, catnip, and wormwood was thrown in an old basin, a small quantity of tobacco and half a teacupful of soft soap added, and sufficient water to cover. When boiling hot, the hand was placed over the steam, and a small blanket was thrown over the basin to retain the steam which was applied until the mixture cooled. This was repeated day and night until the pain was entirely removed, which was in forty eight hours. The relief from the paroxysms of pain is almost magical as soon as the steam is applied.

The mixture was only once renewed. Between the applications of steam, a poultice of soft soap, thickened with slippery elm flour, was applied, but I think it was unnecessary. After using for a day the hand was submitted to a physican, who thought it should be lanced or no relief would be found in less than a week, but the next day the pain took its final leave. No anodyne was used to procure sleep, as the steaming instantly relieved the pain until the next attack.

CLEANSING FEATHERS OF THEIR ANIMAL OIL.—The following receipt gained a premium from the Society of Arts: Take for every gallon of clean water one pound of quicklime, mix them well together, and when the undissolved lime is precipitated in fine powder pour off the clean lime water for use. Put feathers to be cleaned into another tub, and add to them a quantity of clean lime water, sufficient to cover them about three inches, when well immersed and stirred about therein. The feathers, when thoroughly moistened, will sink down, and should remain in the lime water three or four days; after which, the foul liquor should be separated from them, by laying them in a sieve. The feathers should be afterwards well washed in clean water, and dried upon nets, the meshes of which may be about the fineness of cabbage-nets. The feathers must, from time to time, be shaken on the nets, and as they get dry will fall through the meshes, and are to be collected for use. The admission of air will be serviceable in drying. The process will be completed in three weeks; and after being thus prepared, the feathers will only require to be beaten to get rid of the dust.

IT MAY be of some value to telegraph operators who have marble-based instruments, and housekeepers who have marble-top furniture, to know that the common solution of gum arabic is an excellent absorbent, and will remove dirt, &c., from marble. First. Brush the dust off the place to be cleaned, then apply with a brush a good coat of gum arabic, about the consistency of thick office mucilage, expose it to the sun or dry wind, or both. In a short time it will crack and peel off. If all the gum should not peel off, wash it with clean water and a clean cloth. Of course if the first application does not have the desired effect it should be applied again. Second, make a paste with soft soap and whiting, wash the marble with it, and then leave a coat of paste upon it for two or three days. Afterwards wash off with warm (not hot) water and soap. —*Scientific American.*

BUTTER SAUCE FOR MACKEREL.—Half-cup of flour mixed with cold water till a smooth paste; stir enough of this paste into a half pint of boiling water over the fire to form a thick cream; add a little salt, and stir steadily with an egg-whip for two minutes; then remove from the fire and stir in a quarter-pound of butter, two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley and the juice of half a lemon. Set it on the back part of the stove to keep warm, but on no account let it boil. (No sauce should be boiled after the butter has been added, or it will have a rancid taste; and to boil after lemon juice has been beaten in will turn the lemon bitter.) Having broiled the fish, lay it carefully into a hot platter with parsley, water cress, or a slice of lemon upon it, and serve. Do not put the sauce over the fish, but send it to the table in a sauce boat.

BEEF EXTRACT.—Take a pound of good juicy beef, from which all the skin and fat has been cut away, chop it up like sausage-meat; mix it thoroughly with a pint of cold water, place it on the side of the stove to heat very slowly, and give an occasional stir. It may stand two or three hours before it is allowed to simmer, and will then require but fifteen minutes of gentle boiling. Salt should be added when the boiling first commences, and this, for invalids, in general, is the only seasoning required. When the extract is thus far prepared, it may be poured from the meat into a basin, and allowed to stand until any particles of fat on the surface can be skimmed off, and the sediment has subsided and left the soup quite clear, when it may be poured off gently, heated in a clean saucepan, and seryed. The scum should be well cleared as it accumulates.

OYSTER PIE.—Make a rich puff paste; line a baking dish with it, and fill with bread crumbs; butter the edges of the dish, put on the top cover, and edge with leaves cut out of the paste, and bake in a moderate oven; wash the oysters in water, strain the liquor, put it in a saucepan over the fire, and let it come to a boil; put in your oysters, which should be large and fresh, season with salt, cayenne pepper, mace and nutmeg; thicken with yolk hard boiled egg, grated and fine bread crumbs, add butter; when the oysters are plump, and the paste baked, take off the top lid very carefully, turn out the bread, and fill with the prepared oysters hot as possible, put on the cover and send to table.

A FRIEND who makes a very flaky pie-crust with but little lard, kindly gave me what she thinks is the secret of it. She mixes a little lard with flour and cold water until quite stiff; then rolls it out, spreads on a little lard, sprinkles flour over it and folds it over so it is double; then rolls out and spreads on again, repeating the process two or three times after the last time, instead of rolling up, as some do, she folds it up once or twice and cuts the pieces for use from the edge.

Her idea is to keep the layers of shortening as near horizontal as possible, avoiding mixing them up, as one does in molding or rolling, and there seems to be a deal of reason in it.

IRONING.—To iron smoothly, purchase a few cents' worth of beeswax and rub it over the leaves of a thin pamphlet which have been heated through with the flat-iron. Keep it with the ironing sheet and blanket, and when the flat-irons are to be used rub them over the waxed surface; then wipe gently on a soft cloth. Shirt bosoms can be easily ironed in this manner.

CURE FOR CHAPPED HANDS.—One part of glycerine, four of Pond's Extract or Witch Hazel, four of water; put in a bottle and shake well; it is ready for use immediately; it is well to shake thoroughly each time of using.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.—One cup of milk; two cups of sugar; two cups of molasses; one cake of chocolate grated fine. Boil till it candies. Pour out on a flat dish and cut in squares.

BY PLACING a piece of camphor the size of a hickory-nut in the stove-blacking it will be made adhesive through a great heat.

HUMOROUS.

THE SCIENCE OF PHRENOLOGY.—They had a lecture on phrenology in Norristown a short time ago from a traveling professor of that science, and part of it was quite entertaining. He had on the stand several plaster heads mapped out in town lots, and after he explained what they meant he invited persons in the audience to come up and let him feel their bumps and explain their characters. Several times he hit pretty accurately, and excited a considerable amount of applause, but after a while old D. stepped up for examination.

He is an absent-minded man, and he wears a wig. While dressing himself before coming to the lecture he had placed the wig on the bureau and accidently tossed his plug of tobacco in it. When he put the wig on it was just like him not to notice the plug, and so when he mounted the platform he had a lump just over his bump of combativeness as big as half a hen's egg. The professor fingered about a while over D.'s head, and then said:

"We have here a somewhat remarkable skull. The perceptive faculties strongly developed; reflective faculties quite good; ideality large; reference so great as to be unusual, and benevolence very prominent. Secretiveness is small, and the subject, therefore, is a man of candor and frankness; he communicates what he knows freely. We have also," said the Professor, still plowing his fingers through D.'s hair, "inquisitiveness not large, the subject is not a grasping, avaricious man; he lives liberally, he—he—he—. Why, it can't be! Yes. Why, what in the—! Munificent Moses! that's the most awful development of combativeness I ever heard of! Are you a prize-fighter, eh?"

"Prize-fighter!" exclaimed D. "Why, what do you mean?"

"Never been a soldier or pirate, or anything like that?"

"You certainly must be crazy."

"Ain't you fond of going into scrimmages and rows, and hammering people?"

"Certainly not," answered D. indignantly.

"Well, sir, then you're untrue to your nature. The way your head's built qualifies you, I should say, in a special manner, as a knocker-down and a dragger-out. If you want to fulfill your mission you will devote the remainder of your life to battering up your fellow men and keeping yourself in one interminable and eternal muss. You've got the awfulest bump that ever decorated a human skull. It's phenomenal. What'll you take for your head when you die? Gentlemen, this man is liable at any moment to commence raging around this community like a wildcat, banging you with a club or anything that comes handy. It isn't safe for him to be at large."

Then D. put his hand up to feel the bump, and he noticed the tobacco. He pulled off his wig, and there was the plug sticking behind his left ear. Then the Professor looked at it a moment in confusion, said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, we will now—the lecture is—that is, I have no more—. Boy turn out those lights."

Then the audience laughed, and D. put on his wig, and the Professor started to catch the late train.

The science of phrenology is not as popular in Norristown as it was, and D. still remains peaceable.

COLMAN was once out dining where the only lady in the company was the Dowager Lady Cork. Puns were the staple of the entertainment. "Mr. Colman," said Lady Cork, "you are so agreeable that you shall drink a glass of champagne with me." "Your ladyship's wishes are laws to me," returned Colman, "but, really, champagne does not agree with me." Whereupon Jekyll, who was present, called out, "Faith, Colman, you seem more attached to the Cork than to the bottle."

"Oh, you say this gentleman was about fifty five," said Canning to a pert young woman in the witness box, "and I suppose now you consider yourself to be a pretty good judge of people's age, eh? Ah, just so. Well, now, how old should you take me to be?" "Judging by your appearance, sir," replied the witness, "I should take you to be about sixty; by your questions I should suppose you were about sixteen."

SCENE—Horse car filled with ladies. Hero—Newsboy with dirty face and big hole in the seat of his trowsers. Newsboy—'Ere's yer evening paper! All about the Turkish war!! All about the Turkish war!!!" No response from the lady passengers, who, probably, were a little nebulous as to the location of the Oriental conflict. Newsboy, disgusted—"Seems yer don't care nothin' about the poor Turks!"

"IT IS a great blessing to have a helpful wife. There was once a half-witted fellow who informed his father that he was about to marry. 'Why, Charles,' said the old man, 'you cannot support yourself. What a fool to think of getting married.' 'I know it father,' replied Charles; 'but I can pretty nearly support myself, and it does seem as if a wife ought to help me some.'"

"DO YOU KNOW what bull dozing is?" asked a man of an old farmer. "I thought I did," said the granger, "but the bull wasn't dozing; he was only making believe and being in the middle of a forty acre lot, I naturally had to make pretty quick time to reach the fence ahead of him."

HE PURCHASED his sweetheart a pair of ten-button gloves and handed them in at the door himself. The servant-girl took them and going to the foot of the stairs, bawled up:

"Please, miss, 'ere's a young man ez has brought you a pair of leggings."

LADY—"Well, Tiblets, and how is your son John getting on?" Nurse—"Oh, he be getting on first-class, thank'ee mum. He told us yesterday as how he'd been and joined one o' those 'ere burial societies. So he's provided for ali right."—*London Fun.*

IT RECALLS what Dundreary said about it: "Yass, she was a n-nice girl; I was g-going to marry her m-myself, but I d-didn't get up that m-morning, or something of that sort; I d-don't w-wecollect now in juth what it wath."

IT IS SAID that a well known novelist lately entered a printing office and accused a printer of not punctuating properly, when the typo earnestly replied—"I'm not a pointer, I'm a setter."

TEACHER (to little boy)—"Well, my boy, do you know your tables?" Pupil—"Yes ma'am; breakfast table, dinner table and supper table." The boy goes to the head of the holiday class.

POLITE census official in Paris—Any children, madame? Lady questioned—I have never been married. P. C. O.—Excuse me, but that is not answering my question.

A GIRL at twenty says, "Whom shall I have?" At thirty she asks, "Who will have me?"

WHEN does a ship of war become a ship of peace?—When she drops her rancour.

A MAN should always live within his income, even if he has to borrow to do it.

THE man who keeps his word—The man who never speaks.

A PASSING NOTICE—A perambulating street sign.

A TRIAL TRIP—A ride in the Black Maria.

FLOATING debt: Yacht bought on tick.

Tree-Coffins.

An ancient burial-place was discovered in Selby, England, in 1857, and at a depth of six or seven feet several coffins formed of the trunks of trees, split in two and hollowed out were exhumed. One of these, now preserved in the museum at York, contained the skeleton of a woman, and near the neck were lying seven beads of graduated size and oval shape. In the centre of the skull a round hole was detected, resembling the perforation in the skull of a Roman lady, recently discovered in an old cemetery at York. In the summer of 1876, on the rebuilding of a house in Selby, some fifteen or twenty other tree-coffins were disinterred. They were closely packed together at a distance of from five to eight feet; and at the head of several an upright oaken post, three feet high, were standing. In four out of seven coffins examined, hazel rods or twigs were found in the right hand of the corpse. There is a record of similar rods having been found in a cemetery at Oberflact, Suabia.

—Gen. Spinner is sending North most poetic and tantalizing letters describing the Florida peach blossoms and ripe strawberries among which he dwells.

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Whooping Cough.

Middletown, Pa., April 24.
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