THE MOCKING BIRD.

Superb and sole upon a plumed spray
That o'er the general leafage boldly grew,
He summed the woods with song; or typic drew
The swoop of hungry hawks, the lone dismay
Of languid doves when long their lovers stray,
And all birds' passion-plays that sprinkle dew
At morn in brake or bosky avenue.
Whate'er birds did or dreamed, this bird could say.

Then down he shot, bounced airily along
The sward, twitched in a grasshopper, made song
Midflight, perched, primped, and to his art again,
Sweet Science, this large riddle read me plain
How may the death of that dull insect be
The life of yon trim Shakespeare on the tree?

The Galaxy.

Libraries.

I think it was Jean Paul who said he always looked on a library as a *learned conversation*. But there are libraries and libraries.

H. L. told me he once found a foolish, pedantic old millionaire curled up in a luxurious apartment, walled with richly bound books, not one of which he had ever read, but all of which he pretended to have devoured. L. says that when he entered this room, bestudded with glittering tomes, the proprietor exclaimed, "And so you have found me out at last, alone with my books! Here's where I hide away from the family, day after day, and *nobody's none the wiser!*" Pierce Egan has an anecdote of another "literary character," which I quote in this connection without comment.

"A lady, resident in Devonshire, going into one of her parlors, discovered a young ass, who had found his way into the room and carefully closed the door upon himself. He had evidently not been long in this situation before he had nibbled a part of Cicero's Orations and eaten nearly all the index of a folio edition of Seneca in Latin, a large part of a volume of La Bruyere's 'Maxims' in French, and several pages of 'Cecilia.' He had done no other mischief whatever."

The library of old Sir John Danvers, as described by Bernard, must have been a curiosity. It abounded with the best works of the best authors, but there was not one perfect volume in it. So eager had been Sir John in his pursuit of knowledge, says Bernard, that he had inspected every book in his collection; and wherever a passage pleased him, he *tore out the leaf and thrust it into his pocket!*

That was a clever remark of an English essayist who told us so many years ago that he had such a reverence for the wisdom folded up on his library shelves that he considered the very perusal of the backs of his books "a discipline of humanity."

There are some household libraries which once visited can never be forgotten. R. W. has one, "filled to overflowing with delights." You cannot move about it anywhere and not be enchanted. There is scarcely an edition of any literary work worth owning that cannot be discovered on his shelves, and if you have a year at your disposal it is none too long to spend in that "house of fame." D.'s collection is a rare one, but he *will* insist on telling you the cost of every set of books in his possession, and thus exasperate you with financial values when you only wish for literary estimates. What do I care how much he paid "in gold" for the *bindings* of his various Shakspeares? It is the "inspired leaves" we are after, and not the gilded glories on the outside! Arrian tells us the Greeks thought it a calamity to die without having seen the Olympian Zeus by Phidias, and D. has the same opinion of those unhappy mortals who are translated before they have handled his sumptuous Horace in Hayday's magnificent morocco.

The biographer of Dickens (John Forster) had assembled a library worthy of himself, which is not unmeaning eulogy. It was full of what Lamb calls "Great Nature's Stereotypes," the "eterne" copies that never can grow stale or unproductive, and to have spent a day in it with the host for indicator, and Dickens for co-enthusiast, is a memory forever. Manuscripts of Goldsmith, Swift, Johnson, Sterne, Addison, Burke, Fielding, and Smollett, together with the original draughts of "David Copperfield," "Oliver Twist," and a dozen other books from the same glowing hand and brain, were not to be handled without a thrill!

I once had the privilege of walking about in Wordsworth's library, and being shown by the poet himself many of the jewels it contained. I recall what I saw and heard there with a kind of transport even now, although it is more than twenty-five years since I stood beside the venerable author of "The Excursion" while he pointed out in the margins of his books what Coleridge, Lamb and Southey had noted there.

Lord Houghton's library, also, is one of the most attractive in England, especially in poetry and autographs. Alexander Dyce, the editor of "Beaumont and Fletcher," had marvels to show me in his fine old book rooms in Gray's Inn, thirty years ago. But perhaps the most interesting to me of all the private libraries I have ever seen in England was the small collection of Charles and Mary Lamb, which Edward Moxon the publisher unlocked for me when I was first in England, before the books were dispersed, as they never ought to have been. Then and there I lovingly handled *his* Kit Marlowe, *his* Drummond of Hawthornden, *his* Drayton, *his* Cowley and *his* Burton! I remember how Moxon's whole family stood around that "Life of the Duke of Newcastle by his Duchess," and told stories of Lamb's enthusiasm over the book, a volume about which he has written, "No casket is rich enough, no casing sufficiently durable, to honor and keep safe such a jewel."

One of the selectest household libraries in America has lately been left desolate. Our new minister to Spain leaves behind him a family of "literary magnificos" at Elmwood not easily to be surpassed anywhere; and although we are all proud of the call his country sends him to aid and honor her in the land of Cervantes, we lament the necessary absence which now renders it impossible for our beloved professor to give as his wonted address, "Among my Books."—*From "Underbrush," by J. T. Fields.*

The Ribbon Fish.

Frank Buckland, in a recent letter to *Land and Water*, says: "I have received through the kindness of a correspondent at Nice, a very interesting and remarkable specimen of a ribbon fish. I make him out to be a *regalicus*. I have never before seen one of these most curious fish in the flesh. It measures five feet, is about a quarter of an inch thick, and is of a silvery hue, not unlike the color of the 'silver-hair tail.' Upon the top of the head there are filaments, which, when stretched to their full, are about eight inches long. The head is very remarkable; altogether it is not unlike the shortened head of a horse. The mouth is prehensible, and so peculiarly formed that it is quite worthy of a figure; the eyes are very large and circular; the iris of a lustrous silver color. Behind the head the body is two inches and a half deep, in the middle two inches, at the tail a quarter of an inch. When held up to the light it is almost transparent; the vertebræ can with difficulty be seen, but with the movement of the fingers each vertebræ will give a slight crack at the junction with its neighbor. The vertebræ are longest and thickest toward the tail end, at which there are sharp spines. It is covered everywhere with a fine silvery powder, which readily comes off in the hand. It has a crust of about an inch in height, which runs down the whole of the back. The rays forming the crest are united to double pillars of very slender bone. In substance it is very delicate, and begins to dry and harden almost immediately on exposure to the air.

"I cannot find much about this fish in any of my books. This family of ribbon-shape form consists of seven genera and twenty-six species. Mr. Swainson remarks of it as follows:

"It contains the most singular and extraordinary fishes in creation. The form of the body, when compared to fishes better known, is much like that of an eel, the length of the body being in the same proportion to the breadth; but then it is generally so much compressed that these creatures have acquired the popular name of ribbon fish, lath, or deal fish. The body, indeed, is often not thicker, except in the middle, than is a sword, and being covered with the richest silver, and of great length, the undulating motions of these fishes in the sea must be resplendent and beautiful beyond measure. But the wonders of the mighty deep are almost hidden from the eye of man. These meteoric silver-coated fishes appear to live in the greatest depths, and it is only at long intervals, and after a succession of tempests, that a solitary individual is cast upon the shore with its delicate body torn and mutilated by the elements on the rocks, so that with few exceptions they are scarcely to be regarded as edible fish.'

"According to this authority, the Mediterranean has hitherto produced the largest proportion of the family, but it is distributed from the arctic regions to the sunny shores of India, so that probably a tithe have not yet been discovered."

S. M. Pettengill & Co.'s Advertising Agency.

This Agency has a world-wide fame. It has earned and enjoyed this honor for nearly the life-time of a generation. It has secured and long enjoyed the confidence of the newspaper press of the land. Mr. S. M. Pettengill, the head, has long been eminent for tact, talent, urbanity, and high business honor. In advertising he has expended to the benefit of advertisers over twelve millions of dollars, and has largely assisted in making the fortunes of a large number of his customers. He is Agent for more than 7,000 newspapers. Pettengill's Agency, with branches in Boston and Philadelphia, is the largest Advertising Agency in the world, and the oldest in this country. It offers special inducements to business men who wish to advertise. Advertising has become a positive necessity to success. A man out of business for three years, and who comes back, could no more do business in the old style than a last year's chicken could get back into its shell. Judicious advertisers make large fortunes, if they have a good article, and know how to trade. Men who build up a great business, must do it through the press. A business man can go into Pettengill's fine rooms, consult with the influential press of the land, make satisfactory terms with prominent papers, decide the manner in which advertisements shall be printed, close a contract with publishers in all the cities of the Union, from Bangor to San Francisco, from St. Paul to New Orleans, and do it actually cheaper, without leaving the office, than he could if he should visit each of the cities in person, Practical knowledge is needed to advertise successfully. This comes only from long and successful experience. The best and most appropriate mediums must be selected. The matter must be displayed properly. Men must know what amount of money to lay out in advertising, know when to lavish and when to contract. Just here, the valve of the Agency comes in. Men who offer their services to conduct advertising for a house, to be of any use, must possess talent, ability, and probity. Mr. Pettengill is a practical printer. He knows all about newspapers. He has proved himself one of the most successful advertisers of the age. By fair, honorable, and liberal dealings, he has won the confidence of the press everywhere. He is prompt in his payments, perfectly responsible, makes large contracts, and can make better terms with the papers than an individual can do. Publishers know that his check is ready for any amount of space he contracts for. He can select for advertisers the papers best suited to their trade. He can guide in regard to the setting-up of the matter, and see that the advertisement has the best location. All his great facilities are placed at the disposal of his customers without charge. Pettengill's Agency is centrally located, being opposite the new U. S. Post Office. 37 Park Row, N. Y.; 10 State Street, Boston; and 701 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. The business is done on a perfect system. On file are all the leading periodicals—daily, weekly, monthly,—both of the United States and the British provinces, ready for inspection. Advertisers can know at any time whether their contracts are being carried out. Information concerning advertising is cheerfully given. Contracts are made for advertisements in any and all papers in the land. Estimates and costs of insertions are given without charge. Connected with the New York Agency is a fine reading-room, free to all business men. Prudent men do their advertising as they do their other business. They do not deposit in shaky banks. They do not take policies in a life insurance company that cannot pay expenses. Men want sound banks. They carry life policies in a company that has repute and success. If they are in trouble, they call in eminent counsel, who know what to do or how to do it. It is on these principles that Pettengill's Agency has attained its high repute. It has made the fortunes of many of its customers, as well as its own. Its high mercantile honor is its capital. It keeps up with the times. It offers its unsurpassed facilities for advertising to all business men who wish to make their trade known in all the land.—*Boston Watchman and Reflector, July 1st, 1875.*

Do all the good you can in the world and make just as little noise about it as possible.

It is impossible to ascertain how far virtue will predominate until oppressed by temptation.

People become ill by drinking healths. He who drinks the health of everybody drinks away his own.

AGRICULTURAL.

HORSES AND MULES EATING DIRT.—A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* asks why horses and mules eat dirt when turned out of close stables, to which Professor Law replies: "Most commonly the habit is an indication of acidity in the stomach, and to be corrected by improving the digestive functions. Horses are at a special disadvantage in the matter of stomach complaints, inasmuch as they cannot rid themselves by vomiting, of anything that disagrees with them, and are unable even to belch up accumulated gas. Then the stomach is much too small to allow of heavy feeding or the formation of much gas without injurious overdistension, hence, of all domestic animals, the solipeds should be fed with the greatest care and judgment. Like human beings they have their periods of acidity or heartburn, and having no opportunity of taking soda or magnesia, they lick the lime from their walls, or the earth from their pathway. For temporary relief a piece of chalk may be kept in the manger, but we should seek to remove the radical evil by giving a better tone to the stomach. Feed sound grain and hay in moderate amount and at regular intervals, and don't drive or work hard for an hour after each meal, lest digestion should be impaired. Give a few carrots, turnips, or other roots, if available; water regularly, and never just after a meal, and put an ounce of common salt in the food or water daily. Any existing weakness should be corrected by a course of tonics such as oxide of iron, two ounces; calcined magnesia, two ounces; powdered nux vomica, one and a half drachms; powdered fennel seed, two ounces; mix. Divide into eight powders, and give one morning and night. The habit has been sometimes caused by a deficiency of mineral matters in the food grown on very poor soils, but this may be corrected by a similar treatment.

SOILING.—The number of inquiries which we from time to time received relative to the benefits of soiling would seem to indicate that there is a growing interest in this mode of feeding. Theoretically it is much better to keep the animals (especially cows) fenced up and bring the grass or other food to them; a larger number may be fed from a given area, and the only question is whether this increase in number will pay the increased expense. If we are to take practice as an answer it is evident that a large majority of our dairymen think it will not pay for the extra labor, and hence still allow the stock to run in the pasture and select their own food.

Many of our best dairymen have to a certain extent compromised the matter by adding four or five cows to their usual stock, and planting an acre or two of sown or thickly drilled corn; as soon as this corn is large enough, and the fall pasture begins to fail, it is supplemented by the green corn fodder fed out on the pasture. By sowing an acre or two of rye for early spring cutting, and an acre of oats for early summer feeding, the time between winter feed and after harvest pasture may be bridged over without any decrease in the flow of milk. If any of our readers have had any practical experience in this line we should be glad to hear from them.

CASTOR BEANS.—We hope our farmers will turn their attention more to the culture of castor beans. Grasshoppers will not eat them, but will keep the weeds and grass down, and give the beans a chance to grow. They are proof against 'hoppers, chinch bugs and dry seasons. Any land that is good for corn is good for beans. It is not advisable to plant sooner than the 20th of May. They are slow in coming up. One half bushel will plant ten acres, about four feet apart. Plant from two to three beans in a hill, and all the building that is wanted is a granary to hold the clean beans. Clean off a big yard by the side of your building; as they pop out clean them up and put them in store and put more on the yard. Try beans next year.

BARLEY.—Skilful management is required to succeed with this crop. Peculiar soils are required to produce a clear, thin-skinned, bright colored sample, such as brings the best price in the market. A friable, clean, mellow, dry, limestone clay loam is perhaps the best soil, but some lighter soils, that are warm and rich, will produce good barley. The soil must be thoroughly worked, and free from weeds. Barley should always be drilled and the seed placed at an even depth below the surface. There is no better crop with which to sow to clover.

FOOT ROT IN SHEEP.—Of the one hundred and one remedies recommended for this evil, every one is claimed to be the best. Here is one: Take of turpentine, two ounces; sulphuric acid, two drachms; olive oil, one ounce; mix carefully, and, after removing the horn from the part having matter underneath apply freely to the diseased parts. It will greatly assist the cure if diseased sheep are put in a shed with a clean floor, on which some quicklime is spread every day.

How the Miridites get their Wives.—No Marrying Within the Tribe.

Perhaps the most extraordinary custom of the Miridites, who are Roman Catholics, is that by means of which they get their wives. When a young man among them contemplates marriage he first goes to some Mohammedan locality and finds out where the maidens are wont to stay. Then he returns, organizes a party of friends and relatives, and, swooping down on the habitation of the bride elect, carries her off to his mountain home and to a state of wedlock. But the most singular part of the whole affair is that, in spite of the appearance of violence, the matter is really devoid of any hostile feeling, and is, in fact, a perfectly amiable arrangement; for the husband afterwards hands over to the bride's relatives the price that is considered a bride's equivalent in that part of the world, and both sides remain contented and on intimate and agreeable terms with each other. The idea of giving this semblance of force to a courtship and literally taking to one's self a wife seems to be that it is more manly to seize upon the lady than to sue for her. Why Mohammedan women are always selected for capture by these fanatical Christians does not appear. But it is probable that a desire to make proselytes is the chief motive which causes this action. The women taken are not Turkish, but members of Albanian tribes which have become Mohammedan, so it is probable that they, and consequently their children, are looked upon as stray sheep brought back to the fold. As for the Miridite women they must take their chances of getting husbands among the other Christian tribes of Northern Albania, or else remain virgins all their days, for on no account will the Miridite men marry within the tribe.

Truths Oeerly Told.

Science is a first-rate piece of furniture for a man's upper chamber, if he has common sense on the ground floor.

Advice is like a doctor's pills; how easily he gives them—how reluctantly he takes them, when his turn comes.

Some injudicious folks, instead of encouraging the highly-charged mind and heart, in blowing off verse and bombast, would sit on the safety-valve.

Truth gets well if she is run over by a locomotive, while error dies of lockjaw if she scratches her finger.

SCIENTIFIC.

Discovery of Oxygen in the Sun by Photography.—Professor Henry Draper has announced the discovery of a series of bright lines or bands in the photograph of the solar spectrum, which correspond exactly with the principal bright lines or bands seen in photographs obtained by means of electric illumination in the spectrum of oxygen.

He has, in the *American Journal of Science and Arts*, published a paper and illustrated it with a photograph, in which he shows the perfect coincidence of certain bright lines. The photograph contains in its upper half the solar spectrum, and in its lower half the spectrum of air obtained by passing the spark of a Gramme induction machine (driven by Brayton's petroleum motor) from an iron to an aluminum point. The coincidence of the luminous oxygen and even of the nitrogen lines is really remarkable; and as the photograph is stated to be absolutely free from hand work or retouching, it places the subject in question beyond doubt. Thus the iron and aluminum lines, produced by the effect of the powerful electric current upon the electrodes, show themselves, and the first may be traced in the solar spectrum at the corresponding places, as might be expected.

We will only add that Professor Draper has made detailed comparison of these lines in the spectra of air, oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, carbonic acid, carburetted hydrogen, and cyanogen, so as to be sure of the luminous lines belonging to oxygen, and he has also made experiments with these gases at various pressures, as in some of them the lines vary with the pressure. It may be remarked as an important fact that the spectrum of oxygen is not subject to variation, but that its lines are constant at all pressures.

Science is already largely indebted to Professor Draper for the originality of his researches, and no doubt important results may be expected in the train of research he is now following. It is useless to speculate as yet on the nature of the sun, and it is better left to later times, when our knowledge of this remarkable body will be more complete; but one thing is certain, that the idea of Herschel that the sun may be an inhabited globe must be given up. It is undoubtedly that a body at a temperature so high that the substances present there are dissociated and cannot enter into chemical combinations. However, that we will find there all the elements present on our globe may be anticipated if we adopt the theory of Kant and Laplace of a common origin of our whole planetary system out of one single nebula.

Fish from an Artesian Well.—At a recent meeting of the San Francisco Academy of Sciences, specimens of fish, supposed to be trout, were presented, accompanied by a letter from Thomas R. Bard, of Hueneme, Ventura county, Cal. They were thrown up from an artesian well 141 feet deep near that place. The well, which is nearly 300 feet deep from high water mark, was bored in 1871, and ever since has thrown out immense quantities of freshly spawned fish in April and May. The first fish this year were observed in March. The well is capped, having three two-inch apertures, from one of which people were in the habit of filling barrels of water for household uses. In that way the presence of fish was discovered in 1872. The cap was removed and fish were ejected in incredible quantities, until the cap was replaced. The fish are said to be of various sizes, the largest about an inch in length. The nearest stream where fish are found is Santa Paula Creek, twenty-five miles from the well, but it empties into the Santa Clara river, at a point twenty miles distant.

Freezing Point of Ether.—Our common ethylic ether, improperly called sulphuric ether, because made by the action of sulphuric acid upon alcohol, is known to be a substance which does not freeze very readily. Its freezing point has been variously stated by different investigators, but Franchimont thinks that pure ether cannot be frozen. He has cooled it to—80 deg. C. (—112 deg. Fah.) and it remained a thin liquid showing no signs of crystallization. In ether containing any water, white crystalline flakes form at a very low temperature but the less water there is present the lower the temperature required will be, and the smaller the quantity of crystals. Franchimont thinks that these flakes are no crystals of ether, but ice crystals. The question seems to be one not easily settled, for few experimenters care to work at such extremely low temperatures, obtainable only by the expenditure of so much time, labor, and expense.

A Historic Dragon.

Among the curiosities which are about to be added to the Museum of Cluny, are a number of relics lately purchased in the Island of Rhodes. M. du Sommerard, the director of the Museum, and M. Schlumberger, of the Society of French Antiquarians, have negotiated the purchase of these monuments, which are principally ornaments for the tombs of the Grand Masters of the Order of St. John. One of them is a fragment of the sepulchre of the famous Deodat de Gozen, who was at the head of the Order from 1346 to 1353. He was a gentleman of Languedoc, and was celebrated throughout the whole of the Levant under his title of "Extinctor Draconis," or the dragon-slayer. He had acquired the name by an exploit worthy of Hercules or Theseus, the description of which, as embellished by the legends of the Middle Ages, is fit to be compared with the tales of Greek mythology relating to Lerna or Crete. According to the pious chroniclers attached to the Order of St. John, the inhabitants of the island were, in the earlier part of the fourteenth century, tormented by the presence of a ferocious monster, armed with enormous jaws and teeth, and a huge tail, and protected by scales, apparently invulnerable to mortal arms. For years this beast was permitted to ravage their lands and scare the children out of their wits, until at last subdued and slain by the redoubtable lance of Deodat de Gozen. This was the established history current among the puny Greeks of the Levant. But Paoli, the chief historian of the Order, casts some doubt upon the tale, and the inquiries made by the two French antiquarians reduce it, not indeed to the level of a complete myth, but to very modest proportions. It seems that the dragon was an alligator imported by some mounte bank from Africa, and that probably the young knight Deodat, as he then was, thought it a good joke to try the temper of his lance by riding at the poor beast and transfixing him.

The Name Smith.

The Spaniard's version of John Smith is Juan Smithus; the Dutchman adopts it as Hans Schmidt; the French softens it into Jean Smeets; the Russian roughen it into Jouloff Smittowski. John Smith goes into the tea trade with China, and then he becomes Jahon Shimmit. Among the Icelanders he is Jahne Smithson. Among the Tuscarora's he is Tom Qu Smittla. In Poland, Ivan Schmittiaveiski; among the Welsh we are told they talk of Jihom Schmidd; in Mexico he is written down as Joutli F. Smitri; among the classical ruins of Greece he becomes I on Sinihton; in Turkey he is almost lost sight of as Yoe Seef.

DOMESTIC.

TO RETAIN or recover health, persons should be relieved from anxiety concerning disease. The mind has power over the body—for a person to think he has a disease will often produce that disease. This we see effected when the mind is intensely concentrated upon the disease of another. We have seen a person seasick, in anticipation of a voyage, before reaching the vessel. We have known people to die of cancer in the stomach, when they had no cancer in the stomach or any other mortal disease. A blindfolded man, slightly pierced in the arm, has fainted and died from believing he was bleeding to death. Therefore persons should have their minds diverted as much as possible from themselves. It is by their faith that men are saved, and it is by their faith that they die. As a man thinketh, so he is. If he wills not to die, he can often live in spite of disease; and, if he has little or no attachment to life, he will slip away as easily as a child will fall asleep. Men live by their minds as well as by their bodies. Their bodies have no life of themselves; they are only receptacles of life—tenements for their minds, and the will has much to do in continuing the physical occupancy or giving it up.

MANY of the colds which people are said to catch commence at the feet. To keep these extremities warm, therefore, is to effect an insurance against the almost interminable list of disorders which spring out of a "slight cold." First, never be tightly shod. Boots or shoes when they fit too closely press against the foot and prevent the free circulation of the blood. When, on the contrary, they fit with comparative looseness, the blood gets fair play, and the spaces left between the leather and the stockings are filled with a comfortable supply of warm air. The second rule is, never sit in damp shoes. It is often imagined that unless they are positively wet it is not necessary to change them. This is a fallacy, for when the least dampness is absorbed into the sole it is attracted nearer the foot itself by the heat, and thus perspiration is dangerously checked. Any person may prove this by trying the experiment of neglecting this rule. The feet will become cold and damp after a few moments, although on taking off the shoe and warming them they will appear quite dry.

FANCY WORK.—The fancy for embroidery has become so great that bits of it are applied to various small articles, such as the tops of boxes, the backs of brushes, bags, baskets, and shawl covers. Round boxes of red leather for collars, and large square boxes of red leather for gentlemen's handkerchiefs, have the words "Collars, and cuffs," or else "Handkerchiefs," wrought upon them; also the monogram of the owner. Clothes brushes, and the fine soft brushes used for velvet, are ornamented on the back with bead embroidery. Baskets of the stylish rough Mackinaw straw are trimmed with worsted leaves, cherries, and other small fruits.—*Harper's Bazar.*

CONFECTIONERS' TAFFY.—To four pounds of sugar add a full pint of water; place it on the fire, stir till it is dissolved and boil it to the crack, at which point you add half pound of the best butter which you have cut up into small pieces; stir the butter into the sugar with a wooden spatula as quickly as possible and add a little essence of lemon or vanilla at the same time; now pour it immediately on the slab (which you have previously slightly oiled or rubbed with butter) and while it is yet warm cut it into tablets or diamonds whichever suits your fancy.

STOVE BLACKING.—We hope the following receipt for imparting to stoves a fine black polish, which will neither burn off nor give out an offensive smell, will prove acceptable to some of our readers: Lamp-black is mixed with water-glass (a solution of silicate of soda) to the consistency of syrup and applied with a brush as a thin and even coating, then left twenty-four hours to dry. Afterwards graphite, or black lead mixed with gum water, is applied, and a polish obtained by rubbing in the usual manner.

CURE FOR SPRAIN.—Take one tablespoonful of honey, and same of salt, and the white of one egg; beat all well together for at least one hour—or two would be better. Let it stand an hour. Then anoint the sprained place freely; keep well rolled up with a good bandage.

THE finest quality of indigo has the least specific gravity, and floats upon water. It may also be tested by its not readily leaving a mark on drawing it across a piece of paper, and also by the clear blue which it imparts to water when dissolved.

Mrs. Stubb's the Sutler's Wife.

She was tall, she was gaunt as a gray wolf in Winter. She was strong of arm and stout of nerve, with a talent for devising and a will for executing almost any work. She could serve a dinner to a tolerably straitened garrison that would tempt a king, or she could steady a rifle and drop a red skin, if need be, at 300 yards. There was even a rough kind of femininity about the woman, who was by no means disagreeable to look at, with her bright black eyes and her brown cheeks showing a subdued flame. She had been known more than once to nurse a wounded man back to life when the surgeons had given him up,—with just scolding enough, it must be owned, to spur him on to convalescence. Add to these the aggressive qualities of thrift and neatness, and we shall have a perfect character, you will say. Oh no; do you fancy that all the natural graces and Christian virtues are to be found in one individual? She was envious. (But that is not so rare a fault that it need be dwelt upon.) She was crafty and unscrupulous. But the first she concealed by the second; and the third, in tending upon the other two, kept in the background. And then she was comely to look at—that is a better cloak than charity, even,—with her sleek black hair and the fresh color just deadened by the tan on her cheeks. Comely to look at, if one could forget the embers in her eyes, which a gust of passion might blow into a blaze. After all, it was a kind of beauty which a man might like to look upon, but would hardly covet for his own.

As for her thrift and neatness, the sutler's quarters showed the effect of these good qualities, which were a kind of stockade about the real woman. Her home was tidy and inviting, or would have been, but that the tidiness became tyrannical at times. Gradually a kind of cabaret of a most respectable pattern was established here, where the officers dropped in of an evening to order a bit of supper, which the mistress of the house was not above cooking with her own hands. A well-thumbed pack of cards was brought into requisition while waiting for this to be served, and rumor did say that many a pile of government gold changed hands over the table here. But rumor is always malicious, and this may not have been true. Drinking there certainly was, but no brawling over the cards or wine, or the friendly pipe with Stubbs himself, who was a quiet, shrewd man, an excellent listener at all times—and what could be more desirable in a companion? He could even tell a story of his own when Mrs. Stubbs was not by.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

HUMOROUS.

PIONEER HOTEL-FARE.—Henry Ward Beecher tells a funny anecdote of his early life in Ohio. "The other day," said he, "I came through Loudonville, Ohio, and I was forcibly reminded of my stay there when on my first trip out west. We stopped late at night, and spent Sunday there. There were two coach-loads of us, and the little two-story brick tavern was nearly full when we arrived. The best they could do for my brother Charles and myself was to give us a couple of 'shake downs' in the dining-room. We slept late Sunday morning, but finally waking up commenced to talk. I said, 'Charles, I'll bet you I can tell what they had at this hotel for dinner yesterday.'—'What was it?' he asked. 'Roast beef,' I replied, basing my judgment on a stale sort of odor that pervaded the room. 'No, you're mistaken,' said he, shaking his head and sniffing at the covering of his bed; 'it was mutton.' We both stoutly maintained our respective propositions, and falling to a vigorous smelling of our bed-clothes, found the landlord had given us a couple of tablecloths for bed-spreads, and Charles had got the mutton-cloth and I the beef."

SHE HAD just returned from a visit to a married couple, and, as she threw her hat on the sofa, she turned up her nose, put on a look of disgust and said: "If there is anything on this earth that is hateful it is to see married people kissing and hugging and gushing before folks." Her little brother crawled out from under the table, where he had been hunting a stray marble, and addressing his sister, said:—"You and George is all the time kissing each other before me; but you isn't married yet, and then, I 'spose I'm too small to be folks." That boy told another little boy next morning that it wasn't always a sign when your ear burned that somebody was talking about you.

SPEAKING about the war the other night he told his girl that the Russians had been making Kischeneff their headquarters; "and" he added, "that reminds me that I am somewhat like the Russians, myself." "Why, how so?" "Well, ain't this my headquarters?" "Oh, Pasha! Charles." "Oh, yum, yum." "There, there, Turk care!" "Can't Servia me that way, Mollie." "Polish! Polish!" "* * * * * m' yum, there, you'll think this is Kissyenuff before I leave." She was Gladova it all the while, too, and was ready for a permanent engagement immediately after the skirmish that night. That'll be a Matchia a short time—see, if it won't.—*Lowell Journal.*

THEY were sitting together and he was arduously thinking what to say, when finally he burst out in this manner: "In this land of noble achievement and undying glory, why is it that women do not come more to the front and climb the ladder of fame?" "I suppose" said she, tying knots in her handkerchief, "it's on account of her pull-backs."

WHEN you see a young fellow who a year ago used to step up and order lager for the crowd with the utmost *sang froid* patiently trundling a baby carriage along the street on Sunday afternoon, and looking chapfallen in his last season's hat, don't it speak volumes for the reforming influence of woman's society?—*Pack.*

TEETOTUM tells us that a Miss Buchanan, once rallying a brave soldier on his courage, said "Now, Captain ——, do you really mean to tell me you can walk up to a cannon's mouth without fear?" "Yes," was the prompt reply, "or a *Buchanan's* either." And he did it.—*Ex.*

BLIFKINS says: "I ain't much on problems in Euclid, and don't care about evolution, but when a man sits down on a bumble-bee at a picnic I can tell him how long it will take him to get up just as well as any professor at Yale."

THE sights of Dublin.—Irish cardriver: Snure that's the custom-house, sor; but it's only the rare av it you'll be seeing this side, sor—the front's behind.

"PAPA, does Mrs. Smith play marbles?" "No, of course not." "Then why did you say that she's just got $5,000 from Mr. Smith for alley-money?"

LADIES, the best way to beautify the hand is to put a quarter in it, and then shake hands with some suffering fellow-creature.

WHAT is the difference between a christian and a cannibal? One enjoys himself, and the other enjoys other people.

THE experience of many a life, "What a fool I've been!" The experience of many a wife, "What a fool I've got!"

SEEING is not always believing.—There are many men you can see and yet not believe.

WHY is an infant like a diamond. Because it's a dear little thing.

ADVICE to young men about to settle down—Settle up.

AN EXTRAORDINARY curiosity—The cat-o'-nine-tails.

A SET up job—a newspaper.

Turkish Dainties.

A collection of sweet temptations much carried about in Pera is of the "stick-jaw description; the black, brown, red, white and yellow substances are disposed on a flat metal dish, divided into compartments radiating from the center, where there is a revolving stick which the appreciative twirl round, and the dealer, with an iron skewer that serves for all, scoops out a halfpenny or farthing lick from the sweet at which the point may stop. But these dealers are generally Persians; our Osmanli is of a superior order, and he gravely waits the approach of customers; they quickly gather round, among them two little Turkish girls under the charge of an old man in a cotton dressing gown and large white turban. The little maidens are on their way to the day school of the quarter, for their gold-embroidered school-bags are slung over their shoulders, but they stop soberly at sight of the "scheker" and enter upon a serious bargain on the subject of candy, exacting with much show of experience, the largest lumps obtainable for ten paras; they are, however, slightly distracted during the negotiations by the rival charms of the "mohalibe" which an Albanian is dispensing at a neighboring house door. "Mohalibe" is a sort of cold jelly composed of ground rice and milk; it is served in saucers, powdered with sugar and sprinkled with rose water; in the proper season a lump of clotted cream, called caimak, is added. There is nothing prettier and more tempting than the mohalibe trays, when the white jelly is covered with a clean wet cloth and surrounded with gaily colored and gilded saucers, while a richer display of ornamental porcelain rises in tiers at the back. Then there are the slim metal arrow shaped spoons, and the Oriental looking flask of rose water with its slender neck. The costume of the "mohalibedji" completes the picture; he wears the broad Albanian fez, with a ponderous dark blue tassel, and a large striped cloth is bound round him like an apron.—*Temple Bar.*

The Dutch Passion for Washing.

Every Saturday morning the Dutch women wash their houses on the outside, scrubbing them from pavement to chimney. Any point that is too high for broom or ladder they reach by a forcing pump. From nearly every window may be seen a woman, stretching herself half-way out, perhaps, with a brush and cloth reaching after some fancied dirt spot, or dashing a pail of water at it.

It is understood at this time that the town is given up to cleaning, and the passers by on the pavement below have no right to complain if they get a shower of water and suds over their heads. The spiders have been driven entirely out of Holland, or left in disgust; and I do not think I ever saw a fly anywhere in the country. No swallows are allowed to dirty up their houses or stables, and, strange to say, one sees no birds about whatever, except the omnipresent storks, which we allowed, by special favor, to build their nests in the chimney tops, owing to a particular veneration which the Dutch have for this bird, likely because it is a water-fowl, or rather a water or land-fowl; or, like the Dutch themselves, an amphibious swamp animal.

As you go through a Dutch town the most common sight is the women washing in the canals. On both sides, from one end of the street to the other may be seen at all times of the day, washing everything, from a baby's stocking up to a tablecloth, and when they have nothing else to wash, they wash out their brooms and brushes and tubs and themselves. Sometimes the whole canal has the appearance of flowing with soap-suds.

The Dutch have learned the art of washing, and everything connected with it, so well that other countries often send their linen there to be washed and bleached, especially the large manufactories. The meadows outside of a Dutch town are fairly white with washed article stretched over them.—*Ladies' Repository.*

The Channels of Exit

From the human system bear the same relation to it as sewers do to a city. They carry off the waste the refuse which it is essential to remove in order to prevent disease. One of the most salutary effects of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is to renew activity of the bowels when these organs are derelict in their duty. The bilious and dyspeptic symptoms which accompany constipation are also relieved by this sterling alterative. Its gently cathartic action has the effect of removing impurities which would otherwise poison the system, and its tonic influence is exhibited in an increase in vital power. It renews appetite, soothes and invigorates the nerves, prevents and remedies malarial fever and is a first-rate remedy for despondency.

SONGS OF BEULAH—the new Sunday-School Singing-book—price 35 cts.; $30 per hundred. LEE & WALKER, 1113 Chestnut St., Philad'a.

Rheumatism Quickly Cured.

Durang's Rheumatic Remedy, the great *Internal Medicine*, will positively cure any case of rheumatism on the face of the earth. Price $1 a bottle, six bottles, $5. Sold by all Druggists. Send for circular to Helphenstine & Bentley, Druggists, Washington, D. C.

Mothers, Mothers, Mothers.

Don't fail to procure MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for all diseases of teething in children. It relieves the child from pain, cures wind colic, regulates the bowels, and by giving relief and health to the child, gives rest to the mother.

S. M. PETTENGILL & CO.,
Advertising Agents,
No. 37 Park Row,
NEW YORK,

Desire to call the attention of Business Men, who wish to reach the reading public, to the following

FACTS:

1.—They have been in the Advertising business for nearly thirty years, and given it constant attention and study during that time.

2.—They have had, and continue to have, cordial business relations with all the newspapers and other periodicals in the United States and Canada.

3.—Their record with all these publications is one of fair treatment, honorable dealing, and prompt settlements.

4.—In consequence of this, they can always have advertisements inserted at the publisher's *lowest rates.*

5.—They are so acquainted with the entire press of the country that they can select the *best mediums* for any given purpose.

6.—Having done advertising for all kinds of business, and noted the results to their customers, they can give valuable suggestions as to the *size, style, and position* which will make the most effective advertisement for the object to be attained.

7.—Having frequent orders for a large number of papers, they can, in most cases, get the work done for *less cost* than the advertiser would have to pay if he sent the order direct.

8.—They examine all papers, note all omissions or irregularities, and secure the strict fulfilment of every stipulation of the order.

9.—They give the advertiser the full benefit of their supervision *without charge*, all commissions being paid by the publishers.

10.—They submit estimates for any given list of papers, or for properly covering any given district.

11.—For a systematic working up of any large enterprise, they assist in the preparation of circulars, pamphlets, and general reading matter, in addition to newspaper advertising.

They invite a call from any parties who contemplate advertising in any way or for any amount.

S. M. PETTENGILL & CO.,
37 Park Row, New York. 701 Chestnut St., Phila. 10 State St., Boston.

RUPTURE,

NO ONE IS SAFE WHO HAS A RUPTURE, no matter how insignificant he may consider it, for every man who has died from it once flattered himself that it was but a trifling ailment, and every man who now suffers from it and the injury of trusses to such an extent that life has no enjoyments once regarded it as unworthy special attention. It is not a standstill affection. It is steadily progressive, even unto death, and he is wise who takes the necessary steps to be effectually relieved of it before the day of suffering and gloom comes upon him.

Dr. Sherman,

By his application, in his method of cure, avoids the injuries trusses inflict, and restores the parts injured to natural vigor and healthfulness.

The cure is effected by Dr. Sherman's method without an operation, simply by external local applications, both mechanical and medicinal, made daily by the patient, who can perform any kind of labor during the treatment with safety from the dangers of inflamed rupture, and without interfering with the cure. References given to gentlemen in the city who have been cured. A large number of original photographs, exhibiting the condition of patients before and after cure, can be seen at the office. Terms moderate. Consultation free. Those from the country