Legend of White Cap Mountain.

A young and beautiful girl, the belle of all the country round, went up the mountain with her country lover to gather the favorite berry, and enjoy the beauties of the view. He had long sought to disclose to her his attachment, and ask her hand. Fear of a refusal had deterred him until this occasion, which had so loosened his tongue, that despite all the young maiden's saucy little capers, he succeeded in bringing her to the most satisfactory terms. Upon reaching the summit of the mountain (they had of course strayed from their party), the betrothed determined (true to nature), to plague her lover, on that day to her heart's content. So, while he stopped to cull the finest branches of berries for Mary Lawson, she ran like a frightened doe, beyond a large rock of granite, at some distance from him, and awaited in her concealment the effect of her absence.

He shortly perceived it, and commenced calling her. Receiving no response, he rushed away in an opposite direction from the rock behind which Mary lay concealed. For a long time his voice might be heard, as he wandered hither and thither in his search. In vain—she was securely hidden. Finally he disappeared. The sun was sinking below the lofty mountains before her. She rose, now thoroughly calmed, and the horrid thought came on that she was left alone upon the mountain. She now wandered frantically about, calling upon her lover's name. Alas! empty echoes mocked her. Night came upon her, and with sable mantel, wrapped the rugged crest.

Wearied and exhausted, she had attained at length the pinnacle—precipitous on the southerly side. In the darkness, she lost her foothold and fell into a deep chasm, hundreds of feet below. There, the next day, she was found by her frantic lover, who supposing she had joined the rest of the party, after vainly searching for her, followed after the others, who had already commenced the descent. To his utter despair, she was not among them. A few of his comrades returned with him to the mountain. In the darkness they could do nothing but call for Mary. No Mary answered, for they were many a weary hour's walk from her. At dawn of the following day, dragging through the bitter hours of that long night, they stood upon the pinnacle, and saw fluttering on the verge of the precipice a scarf. The dreadful story was told full soon, to the seekers. Mournfully and slowfully they bore the shattered remains of the once beautiful Mary Lawson down that mountain path, to her bereaved parents, and a stricken band of companions followed her to the grave. A simple mound marks the spot where she was found. And to this day the story is told with tears, and choking accents, by the children of those who knew and loved her.

The Scrap Book.

Every farmer should keep a scrap book. Many valuable receipts, useful suggestions and beautiful thoughts are floating around in the various newspapers that may be preserved in this way for convenient reference. Magazines should not be mutilated, but bound and placed upon the library shelf year after year. Newspapers, however, are usually destroyed—thrown aside and forgotten—but if what is either interesting or useful to you is first cut out, and pasted in a scrap book, a valuable volume containing a vast amount of miscellaneous information, is rapidly completed, and always accessible. The matter may be arranged under different departments—the scientific, the floral, the horticultural, the live stock, the ornamental, the household, veterinary and the miscellaneous. If every article is placed under its proper heading, no index will be necessary, and you can readily turn to the article you wish to refer. The value of such a book must be apparent to every intelligent farmer, and its compilation a most pleasant amusement. The lives of valuable animals may be saved by a reference to its pages; grain and vegetables may be cultivated more successfully, or other and better varieties obtained. Useful instruction may be found in vineyard and orchard, meadow and lawn, the barnyard and poultry house. Many a pleasant evening may be passed by the winter fireside reading its pages, for if the selections are good, it will be an interesting and valuable encyclopædia. It is a book in which all should take an interest—the husband, the wife, the child—and it should contain selections suited to the wants of all. Let the children have a department all their own, devoted to rabbits, pigeons, canaries and other pets. You will thus instill in their minds a love of nature, a desire for study and methodical habits. The cost of such a book is trifling, and those who commence the compilation of one will soon be surprised at the amount of pleasure and profit afforded them. Unlike any other book in your library, this is one of your own making, and you alone are responsible for its contents, like an author who writes one. It would have a value all its own and become a treasured heirloom for your children when you are dead.

The Khedive's Million of Acres.

When his Highness succeeded Said Pasha, his private estate did not exceed 30,000 acres. At the present moment the Khedive, in his own name and that of his mother and children, owns upwards of 1,000,000 acres—that is, fully one-fifth of the whole cultivable soil of Egypt. This extraordinary accumulation of property has been effected in a little over a dozen years. Egypt, in proportion to her cultivated acreage is one of the most densely populated countries in the world, as well as one in which property in the soil is held by the largest number of petty proprietors in proportion. This sub-division of the land is due partly to the traditions of the country, partly to the instincts of the race, still more to the conditions of Egyptian cultivation. But be the cause what it may, the passion for land is universal. The fellaheen are, and have been from time immemorial, a race of peasant farmers. Large proprietors are the rare exception, and such a transfer of proprietorship, as is involved in the accumulation of one-fifth of the cultivable soil into the hands of one land owner in the course of a little over dozen years, could not have been effected without grave disturbance and detriment to public interests, even if it had been brought about simply and solely by the action of economical causes.

YOUTH'S COLUMN.

The Beggar Boy.—"Please give me a penny?"

You would expect from such an appeal as that, to see a pale, wasted, ragged and desolate child, who begged because he was hungry.

But, on the contrary, it was the rosiest, plumpest, most dimpled-cheeked little fellow, you would care to meet anywhere, somewhat dirty, it is true, as to hands and face, but looking as if he had never had a wish ungratified.

Such a boy it was who begged for a penny, and that boy was Teddy!

The reason for his begging was, to begin with, his papa's friends were in the habit of dropping into his hands pennies for candy. It was very nice to have pennies, and when they did not come without, he asked for them.

From that he got into the way of asking the first person he happened to meet, and he was usually successful.

When his mamma found this out she reproved, shamed him, and finally punished him, but all to no purpose; he could not see the harm or disgrace in it.

At last his aunty devised a plan which cured him at the first trial.

She told him if he *would* beg, he might as well have a basket, and go about as other beggars did—little freckled-faced Mary McCarty for example. This idea did not please him. But one evening just before tea, when she discoverad that he had a new kite, bought with two pennies which strangers had given him for the asking, she felt it was time to deal with him in earnest.

So she said, "Now, Teddy, you may just as well beg for your supper as for a kite."

So she put a little old sunbonnet on him, and pinned a little shoulder-shawl about him, gave him a basket, and told him to start.

He burst out of the door, for he felt obliged to obey, and fled wildly down the street, sobbing as if his heart would break.

He threw the basket from him in a perfect passion of anger and shame, and it would be hard to tell where he might have gone, had not his aunty ran after him and brought him home.

The hateful bonnet was taken off and his tears dried, but he never after that said to anybody, "Please give me a penny?"

A Child's Heart.—The other day a curious old woman, having a bundle in her hand, and walking with painful effort, sat down on a curb-stone to rest. She was curious because her garments were neat and clean, though threadbare, and curious because a smile crossed her wrinkled face as children passed her. It might have been this smile that attracted a group of three little ones, the oldest about nine. They stood in a row in front of the old woman, saying never a word, but watching her face. The smile brightened, lingered, and then suddenly faded away, and a corner of her old calico apron went up to wipe away a tear. Then the eldest child stepped forward and asked:

"Are you sorry because you haven't got any children?"

"I—I had children once, but they are all d—dead!" whispered the woman, a sob in her throat.

"I'm awful sorry," said the little girl as her own chin quivered. "I'd give you one of my little brothers here, but you see I haven't got but two, and I don't believe I'd like to spare one."

"God bless you, child—bless you forever!" sobbed the old woman, and for a full minute her face was buried in her apron.

"But i'll tell you what I'll do," seriously continued the child. "You may kiss us all once, and if little Ben isn't afraid you may kiss him four times, for he's just as sweet as candy!"

Pedestrians who saw three well dressed children put their arm around that strange old woman's neck and kiss her were greatly puzzled. They didn't know the hearts of children, and they didn't hear the woman's words as she rose to go:

"Oh! children, I'm only a poor old woman, believing I had nothing to live for, but you've given me a lighter heart than I've had for ten long years!"

Children's Sayings.—Little Mamie went to grandma's to dinner one day. After looking over the table, she suddenly exclaimed, just before grace—

"H'm, I don't like Yankee Doodle!"

"Grandma's laugh was contagious; but grandpa couldn't see the point, until we explained she meant macaroni, and could not remember the name, only as associated with our national song, which she had heard the children sing.

The same little girl once said, "Grandma, only little children tell stories. Big people only make *mistakes*, but it sounds to me like stories sometimes."

During the cold days we had a geranium blossom out beautifully. My little three-year-old and his mother, stood looking at it, whe she exclaimed, "Mamm I guess God thinks it is summer."

A Greenfield, Iowa, child has said its prayers regularly every night since it was taught to lisp "Now I lay me down to sleep." Hearing that its parents were about to move to Creston, it closed its Friday evening's prayer thus: "Dood-by, Dod; we's doin' to live in Creston."

"*Mamma*, I don't think the people who make dolls are very pious," said a little girl to her mother, one day.

"Why not, my child?"

"Because you can never make them kneel. I always have to lay my doll down on her stomach to say her prayers."

Little four-year-old Mary complained to mamma that her button shoes were "hurting." "Why, Mary, you've put them on the wrong feet." Puzzled and ready to cry, she made answer: What'll I do, mamma? They's all the feet I've got!"

"*Mamma*," said a little boy who had been sent to dry a towl before the fire, "is it done when it is brown?"

Singular Scene at a Funeral.

Mrs. Walter Dixon, of Patterson, N. J., died recently, and her body was placed on ice. While the preparations for the funeral were going on, her husband, who was mourning over the body suddenly began to embrace it, and joyfully declared that his wife was not dead, that her hand, which he had been pressing, was still warm. The face of the corpse was soft and of a roseate tinge, and the two sons of the woman, sharing their father's belief, at once embraced the body with every expression of joy. The physicians however, who were at once summoned, decided that the woman was dead beyond all question, declaring that having been packed in ice for forty-eight hours would have killed her if she had not been dead before. It required, however, much persuasion on the part of the friends present before Mr. Dixon and his two sons would consent to have the ceremonies proceed. Mrs. Dixon it appeared, had expressed a fear of being buried alive, and had exacted a promise from her husband not to bury her body until he was entirely certain that she was dead. At the grave he demanded to see the body, and the coffin was opened. After feeling her hands and face he at last consented to the burial but as he turned from the coffin he fell to the ground insensible. The body was buried and Mr. Dixon was removed to his home. He is still of the opinion, however, that his wife was buried alive.

AGRICULTURE.

Growing Roots Quickly.—The common garden radish furnishes an excellent example of the advantages of raising an esculent root as quickly as possible. If the seed is sown on poor soil early in the spring the growth of the plants will be very slow and as a consequence the roots will be tough, stringy and rank flavor. If, on the contrary, a rich, warm soil is prepared for them, the seed soon after the cold spring rains are over and the young plants cultivated as soon as they are of sufficient size the roots will be juicy, crisp and of a mild and agreeable flavor. Unless radishes have attained a sufficient size for the table within five weeks from the time the seed is sown they will scarcely be fit for eating. In France and Holland where great attention is devoted to raising radishes, special pains are given to maturing them as quickly as possible. Sand, pulverized earth and fine, well rotted manure are mixed together to form a soil, while the best temperature for hastening growth is obtained by the employment of glass as in a hot bed. As the radish is almost the only esculent root that is eaten raw, there are special reasons for raising it in such a manner as to insure its being juicy and tender. But roots that require to be cooked before they are eaten, as turnips, beets, parsnips and carrots, are superior almost in proportion to the shortenesss of time in which they are raised. If turnips and beets keep up a slow growth during several months they will be tough and stringy, and the former will have a rank taste. If a growth occurs during their period of growth, these roots will be composed in part of fibre so hard that it will not be rendered sufficiently soft to be digested even if boiled for several hours. Long cooking tends to destroy the flavor and nutrient qualities of all vegetables. The quicker any vegetable can be cooked by boiling, the better and more nutritious it will be. Vegetables that have been grown quickly may be quickly cooked, and will accordingly be of fine flavor and of great value for human or animal food. What is true of edible roots is also true of those kinds of vegetables whose edible portions consist of stalks, leaves, head, bud and seeds. The quicker asparagus, lettuce, cabbage, string beans, shell beans and peas are grown the more excellent they will be. Cabbage which is quickly grown is crisp and of agreeable flavor, and is delicious when eaten raw in the form of cold slaw. If it is slowly grown, however, it will be tough, of somewhat rank flavor, and a considerable amount of cooking will be required to render it digestible. The excellence of green peas and beans largely depends on the shortness of time in which they are grown. The sweet corn grown and canned in a high northern latitude is preferred to that produced far her south, probably for the reason that it is matured more quickly. If green corn, peas and beans are quickly produced they may be readily cooked by steaming, which is better than boiling as a means of preparing them for the table, as it extracts none of the soluble matter they contain.

To prevent corn from being taken by birds. Farmers are often subject to considerable inconvenience, and loss by birds taking up corn when it first makes its appearance above ground. The following simple and inexpensive method of preparing the corn before planting will be found effectual in preventing this loss. To a gallon of hot water add three or four tablespoonfuls of tar, stir until the tar is completely dissolved, then pour in as much corn as the water will cover, stir the corn until it is slightly coated with the tar, then drain off the water by holding a board against the top of the vessel and turning it to one side; add lime or plaster-paris to dry it, otherwise, it will stick together, so that it will be difficult to drop speedily. This will prevent domestic fowls from taking the corn also.

How to Grow Geranium Cuttings.—Take coarse, clean sand, about three inches in depth, insert the cuttings about one to one and a half inches deep therein; press the sand firmly around them, and water freely at first; afterwards use water sparingly. One cause of geranium cuttings turning black is the keeping of them too wet. No kind of cuttings are better adapted for sending by mail than geraniums, as the drying of the cut end is conducive to rooting them easily, and they universally give satisfaction.

A most valuable remedy for heaves and said to be a sure cure: Forty sumac buds, one pound of resin, on pint of ginger, half a pound of mustard, one pint of unslacked lime, one pound of epsom salts; four ounces of gum guiacum, six ounces of cream tartar. Mix thoroughly and divide into thirty powders, give one every morning in their feed before watering.

Colman's *Rural* advises against setting out willows for wind breaks, as the trees will appropriate all the substance and moisture for two rods on either side to themselves.

Sand for Bedding.—In Holland, where sand is more plentiful and cheaper than hay, it is used for bedding cows. This keeps the animals always entirely clean, and the milk never takes the odor of the stable.

Gas tar is recommended as a remedy against the depredations of the curculio. The smoking should be commenced by the time the young plums are as large as peas, and continued through the swelling season.

Vanilla Beans.

The vanilla is a parasite, growing on the trunks of old trees, and obtains its nourishment from other parasites and cryptogamous plants also growing there, but never feeds upon the sap of the tree itself. It is found in Mexico, Peru and other countries, and is cultivated in Brazil and the West Indies, but the most perfect plant grows in Mexico. The fruit is cylindrical in form, and when fresh, pulpy inside, and usually gathered before it is ripe; then it is strung in festoons and dried in the open air, or, when the weather is rainy, in an oven. The color of the bean then changes from green to a deep purplish brown. Then the beans while still warm, are packed into blankets and put into large tin cans to undergo a sweating process, after which they are dried again. This sweating is sometimes repeated, and finally the beans are assorted into fifteen different sizes, packed in tin cans holding about 3,000 each and sealed. The old way of treatment was to smear the beans with oil, to prevent the escape of the odor, and when dry to pack them in tinfoil. In regard to their value, they used to be $60 per thousand, but within a few years the price has risen to $150, and will soon be $200 or more, as the demand surpasses the supply. This high price may stimulate cultivation, or the chemist to supply an artificial flavor as a substitute; the latter is more likely to be the case than an increased cultivation, as the semi-civilized nations that produce it are not sensible of the stimulus which the demands of commerce excite in an enlightened country.

A Clear Complexion and a Healthy Skin can never be obtained while the pores of the skin are obstructed, or the blood is in an impure condition. Dr Jayne's Alterative will, however, restore the purity of the skin, and will thoroughly cleanse the blood. It will also remove the obstinate state of the pores, and free the perspiration from all impurities and gross particles. A trial will establish its efficacy.

SCIENTIFIC.

Leatheroid.—A new chemical product has just been brought out under the name of leatheroid. This name was selected by its inventors on account of its resemblance to leather. It is made of two varieties, one being soft and flexible like leather, the other hard like gutta percha or vulcanized rubber, resembling those materials in its density, strength and hardness, and like them is susceptible of a high polish. The leatheroid is manufactured from vegetable fiber by a chemical process, which is patented. It is made in sheets of twelve feet in length by four feet in width, and can be made of any desired thickness, from one-hundredth of an inch to one inch. The leatheroid has been thoroughly tested as a substitute for leather in the manufacture of trunks and washers; for gutta percha in combs, napkin rings, &c.; for whalebone in whips; for copper in shoetips; for wood in chair seats; and also used in the manufacture of friction pulleys for machinery cams, and in fact there seems to be no end to the uses to which it can be applied. Leatheroid can be made any color, though it is usully made brick-red, to imitate vulcanized rubber; black, which is used in the manufacture of combs and canes, and walnut, which is used in chair seats. One great advantages claimed for leatheroid is that it is cheaper and better than any of the materials which it is intended to replace.

The Heliostat.—The heliostat is an apparatus which, through some slight modern improvements, carries on an idea whose origin is lost in antiquity. It is an arrangement of mirrors through which the reflection of the sun's rays is made by a code of signals to convey notes of military movements to distant points. The plan of working is very simple. The mirror of the heliostat is placed so as to reflect the sun's image to a distant station, and when the instrument has once been set the clockwork arangement suffices to maintain the mirror in its proper position. In this way the distant station in question always sees the dazzling ray reflected from the mirror, except when the latter is purposely obscured. The appearance and disappearance of the bright spot or flash constitutes the signals. The ordinary Morse alphabet supplies an intelligent code, and no one out of the line of signals can read or understand the message. As a substitute for the dot and dash, which go to make up the ordinary written Morse code, the light is shown for short and long intervals. The appearance or nonappearance of the light can be noticed at ten or twenty miles distance without the aid of a glass.

An ingenious method of mending broken castings is thus described: To insure its success, it is necessary that the parts to be re-united should be broken entirly across, so that the two parts shall be independent. It consists in heating the two pieces together by a stream of molten cast iron until the surfaces of the fracture and the parts immediately adjacent to it commence to melt. Exactly at this point, the flow of cast iron should be stopped, when the softened surfaces left behind will unite in chilling, and if the operation has been properly conducted, the new seam will be quite as strong as any other part of the piece. It is obvious, in addition to the precaution above named, that the melting should extend over the whole of the fractured surfaces, and to prevent the actul running down of the pieces, the thickness of the casting must not be too small.

It has been impossible heretofore to use nitrous oxide in protracted surgical operations, for the reason that the patient finally dies for want of oxygen. This has been obviated by causing him to inhale, in place of the pure gas, a mixture with air in a very compressed form. He then obtains the full supply of air, and the vital process goes on. The disadvantage of this is that there is required a chamber especially adapted. The expense of this will prevent general use, except in hospitals. Nitrous oxide possesses some advantages over chlorotorm.

A striking analogy between animal and plant life has been discovered by M. Van der Harrt, of Utrecht. When the common garden bean begins to sprout, it is found to contain a ferment very closely resembling pepsin, which can be extracted by means of glycerine. This ferment has the power of changing albuminous into peptonic substances, and starch into glucose. It is found exclusively in the cotyledons. In the case of flesh-eating plants, all the steps of digestion seem to take place in a manner as in animals.

Dr. Percy Smith has made a spectroscopical investigation of the cause of the blue flame given off by common salt and other chlorides when thrown into a hot fire. It is not due to either carbon or sulphur, but simply to hydrochloric acid.

The use of opaque glass globes with the electric light has been condemned as wasteful in England The opaque glass is not used, so far as we have observed in this country.

In order to keep pace with quadruplex telegraphy and other American improvements, the English have succeeded by manual skill in sending 130 words per minute. This is said to be unprecedented.

The Lotus of Egypt.

Americans are accustomed to regard the rare blossoms of the lotus as bearing their flagrance only in the air of distant climes. There are however, two spots in the United States where this plant blooms. Selden Cove is a little bay on the Connecticut river, near the sound. Here the lotus is thriving. The blossoms bear a general resemblance to the yellow pond lily, but are much larger and of a delicate, pale buff color, and their texture and general make-up are free from the coarseness of their little American imitations. They grow in about 4 feet of water, and are consequently mounted on long stems, while the leaves are like great elephant's ears. How these lotus plants happened to take root and manage to flourish where they are is one of the mysteries of Connecticut. Every sort of effort has been made to transplant them, but all fail. Even in Hamburg Cove, below on the same river, though the plants have been set out there at all seasons of the year, in the hope that some time might prove the proper time, it has been impossible to persuade the plants to take root at all. An attempt to plant them in Bushnell Park, Hartford, failed like the rest, and so did one at Cedar Hill Cemetery. New York parties have carried off the plants often, but only to see them die. The blossoms are much sought after, a dozen boats being out at the same time after them, and as high as $2 has been paid for a single flower; while rumor has it that the Lorillards from New York have put in their yacht and bid $10 for them. There is no explanation of how the plants happened to start in Selden's Cove, though it is a tradition that the seeds of the Egyptian lotus fell there or blew there from some shipload of Egyptian rags that was bound up the river, and that from this little beginning the rest came. Except at one spot on the North Carolina coast, the plant does not grow anywhere else in the country.

DOMESTIC.

Dyeing Blue and Green.—For five pounds of goods, take one ounce of prussiate of potash, three cents' worth oil of vitriol, one-quarter pound of copperas; dip your goods first in the copperas water, then in the potash; then pour in the vitriol, part at a time; prepare the copperas in porcelain, and heat it boiling hot; the potash in brass; now put as many of your blue goods as you want green into the sugar of lead water, and from that to potash the same as the yellow, and rinse in cold water; thus you have a beautiful green.

Corn Cake.—One pint of new milk, one pint of Indian meal, one pint of flour, half a cup of sugar, three eggs, one teaspoonful of saleratus, two of cream tartar, salt. Measure the meal and flour after they have been sifted, and put into the sieve with the saleratus, cream tartar, sugar and salt. Mix well together and sift. Break the eggs into the pan in which you intend mixing the corn cake, and beat lightly; then turn in the milk and stir in the meal. Bake in tin plates in a quick oven.

Haunted Me.—Debt, poverty and suffering haunted me for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring, which did no good. I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I procured Hop Bitters and commenced their use, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have been sick a day since; and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost.—*A Workingman.*

Roll Jelly Cake.—Take four eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, a pinch of salt; this will make two cakes. Spread thin on tins; as soon as baked turn from the tin, flavor your jelly, spread over the cakes and roll it up immediately; this will not break in rolling if there is not too much flour in it, will keep some time, and is acknowledged by all who try it to be the best they ever tasted.

Cure for Corns.—Take one measure of coal or gas tar, one of saltpetre and one of brown sugar; mix well. Take a piece of an old kid glove and spread a plaster on it the size of the corn and apply to the part affected; bind on and leave for two or three days and then remove, and the corn will come with it. But if you will wear boots that are long enough you will not be troubled with corns.

French Slaw.—To one head of cabbage take eight hard-boiled eggs, rub the yolks with three-quarters of a cup of melted butter, one and a half tablespoons of strong mustard, half a tablespoon of salt, same of black pepper, one teaspoonful sugar. Cut the cabbage as fine as you can on a cutter then cut across with a knife; cut whites of eggs very fine, mix with the yokes, and add vinegar to moisten, like chicken salad.

Washing Butter.—I never wash my butter, as I think it deprives it of its fine flavor. If it should be too soft to work when first taken out of the churn I might possibly be tempted to plunge the lump into cold water in order to harden it, but I should prefer almost any other expedient. I would sink the tin vessel containing the butter into the spring, or let it down the well by a rope to the surface of the water.

Prune Pie.—Wash the prunes through several waters. Put in a preserving kettle in the proportion of two pounds fruit to one pound sugar. Pour a quantity of boiling water over them and let them boil at least two hours. When they are thoroughly done and the syrup thickens, take from the fire and pour into tin plates, lined with paste. Add one teaspoonful of butter. Cover with a rich paste and bake.

Albany Cake.—One and one-half pounds flour, one and one-half pounds brown sugar, one and one-half pounds butter, one tablespoonful lard, four tablespoonfuls powdered cinnamon, one tablespoonful soda dissolved in a cup of milk. Roll on extra flour very thin. Dip the face of each cake in granulated sugar. Bake slowly in greased pans.

Superior Pudding.—Four eggs, one quart of milk, one cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour. Beat the sugar, flour, and yolks of the eggs together, with one cup of the milk; scald the remainder of the milk and put the above into it. Flavor with lemon or vanilla. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and add a little sugar; spread on the top of the pudding and brown slightly.

Apples and Bacon.—Cut some nice sweet bacon into thin slices and fry almost to crispness. Have prepared some greenings, pared, cored and sliced, and fry in the fat left in the pan from the bacon. The bacon should be kept hot until the apples are ready, when they should be taken and placed upon the meat.

Sweet Crackers.—One pound of flour; one-half pound of butter well rubbed in; one-half pound powdered sugar; mix with the yolk of one egg, well beaten, and a glass of sweet wine; roll out the paste very thin, and cut out in any small shape you please.

Molasses Doughnuts.—Take one cup of molasses, two-thirds cup of milk, one egg, and a piece of butter half the size of an egg, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar and one of soda; grate in some nutmeg and use flour enough to roll out.

A thick flour bag that will hold twenty-nve pounds of flour, is excellent to put hams away in for the summer. Wrap the hams first in brown paper, several thicknesses; tie the bag tightly and hang up. No flies will disturb the hams.

Soup for an Invalid.—Cut in small pieces one pound of beef or mutton, or a part of both; boil it gently in two quarts of water; take off the scum, and, when reduced to a pint, strain it. Season with a little salt, and take a teacupful at a time.

A Dish for Breakfast.—Take six good cooking apples, cut them in slices one-fourth an inch thick, have a pan of fresh, hot lard ready, drop the slices in and fry till brown; sprinkle a little sugar over them and serve hot.

500,000 Persons Cured

is the glorious record of "Anakesis" and none but those afflicted with piles, that most painful and persistent of all diseases will fully understand or appreciate the significance of such an announcement. Only those who have wasted time, money and health on ointments, lotions, electuaries and the innumerable worse than useless nostrums and catch-pennies, put forth to deceive the ignorant, or what is even more unsatisfactory, suffered from the empirical and routine practice of careless or ignorant doctors, can realize how great a boon an infallible remedy for piles must be or how great a benefactor to the human race the discoverer Dr. Slisbee is. Anakesis is not the chance blunder of inexperience, but the result of 40 years practice and study of piles by an accomplished and scientific physician. It is now endorsed by the most intelligent physicians of all schools and admitted to be the nearest to an infallible remedy known. It is simple, safe and easy of application, relieves pain at once, holds up the sensitive tumors, soothes, compresses and medicates the diseased parts and ultimately cures the worst cases and any one who will follow the advice of Dr. Slisbee in the printed circular need never have piles again. It is the only proprietary medicine we ever saw that not only *cures* but tells its customers how to *prevent* the disease. Sufferers with Piles should write to P. Neustaedter & Co., Box 3946 New York for a sample of "anakesis" which will be sent *free.*

HUMOROUS.

It was "Morphane, Yer Wurshup."—Mrs. Maloney was in excellent spirits when an officer brought her to the bar of the police court and charged her with intoxication.

"I found her staggering along Bleecker street about nine o'clock, and she couldn't stand."

"Thrue for you, I couldn't shtand."

"She claimed there was something the matter with her foot but she would not show it."

"Bedad, but it's a foine time o' day whin I'd be afther showin' me fut to the lolkes of you."

"What was the matter with you, madam?"

"Morphane, Yer Wurshup."

"Morphine! That's pelson."

"Is it?"

"Yes, certainly; sure death."

"Wud Yer Honor be kind enough, thin, to sind word to me frinds, an' tell thim I lave all me things to me brother?"

"Why, what are you doing—making your will?"

"Begob, I might as well."

"What for?"

"Didn't you say morphane was pizen an' ain't I been takin' the devil's own dose av it. Hands off now, officer, and lave me die in peace."

"You're not going to die yet. How did you get the morphine?"

"The docthor gev it to me for to perform an operation on me toe."

"Which toe?"

"The big wan on this roight fut. I had a shwellin' an' it an——well jisht come over beyant an' look at it. Seein' is belavin', an' ye can judge for yersel' thin."

"Oh, never mind, madam. I don't want to be to(e) inquisitive, I'll believe you this time, and let you go home."

"Thank Yer Honor, an' may ye nivir have corns."

Wanted to See It.—Recently two men met in Detroit and began threatening and calling each other names. One finally called the other a liar, and the two were about to grapple, when a woman opened the door and said:

"Gentlemen, are you about to fight?"

"We are!" they answered in chorus.

"Then have the kindness to wait a moment," she continued. "My poor husband has been sick for weeks and weeks, and is now just about able to sit up. He is very down-hearted this morning, and if you'll only wait until I can draw him up to the window I know he'll feel very grateful to both of you."

She disappeared in the house, and after one look into each other's faces the men smiled, shook hands and departed together.

Prejudice Kills.—"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery under the care of several of the best (and some of the worst) physicians, who gave her disease various names but no relief, and now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had poohed at for two years, before using it. We earnestly hope and pray that no one else will let their sick suffer as we did, on account of prejudice against so good a medicine as Hop Bitters."—*The Parents.*

It's bad enough," said the eldest Miss Crabapple to her seven sisters; "it's bad enough for pa to talk about marrying again at his time of life, but when he excuses himself by saying that that pert, made-up young thing will help us girls out by attracting men to the house, it's a little too outrageous to stand, so it is." And they passed a resolution to enter a nunnery in a body.

Two countrymen were looking at a watch "marked down" In a show window, which, among other virtues, showed the day of the month, day of the week and the phases of the moon. "Pooh! you call that much of a thing?" said one. "Where I live you can buy a watch and the hour hand will mark the daily stock quotations, the theatre programme and your wash list."

Lady to French governess: "I am shocked to find that my daughter has been receiving letters in French from a young man." Governess: "Pardon, madame. It is only my little ruse to cheat mam'selle into study. When she would reply to an unknown lover—a Frenchman—mon Dieu, how quickly she will learn my language!"

A Western boy thought his mother was praying overlong the other morning, and he said: "Oh, mother, there's a hawk over the hens." The old lady brought her devotions to a poultry standard of measurement in double-quick time, and sprang to her feet with "Amin! Out wid yees, Thomas, and save thim hins."

There had been a great work among the brethren, and the good deacon was much impressed. Said he: "I don't want to take no credit to myself. I feel very humble; if there's a man here that feels more humble than I do, I'd—I'd just like to see him."

Flower vender: "Buy a bunch of violets for a penny?" Crusty old gent: "No, no, get away; I want no violets." Flower vender: "Then p'raps yer'd 'low me to prezent yer wi' one for yer 'andsome civility."

An Oil City boy who had run away from home and at last returned, was asked if his father killed the fatted calf for the prodigal. "Not much," he replied, "he didn't kill the fatted calf, but he wanted to kill the prodigal."

The ladies will find Dobbins' Electric Soap, (made by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia,) the best of all soaps for general washing, from blankets to laces. It is pure, uniform, saves time and clothes. Try it.

Bumptious old gentleman (in a dictatorial tone): "What are we-ah-waiting for?" Guard (with unconcern): "Waiting for the train to go on, sir." Old gent retires.

The fighting roosters are always game. They inherit the hen's disposition to come up to the scratch.

When one literary fellow calls another a liar, a polite rejoinder would be "Sir, your an author."

It used to be rather bluntly put, "Wine and Women." Now it is liquor and ladies."

A Word to the Corpulent.

Instead of regarding obesity as an abnormal condition, many people have erroneously considered it as an evidence of health, and any agent that reduces fat is therefore at once suspected of being injurious. Starting to reason from the false position that fat is an evidence of health, it is not surprising that they should, very naturally, fall into the error of supposing that an agent possessing properties capable of reducing corpulency would prove injurious to the health. Reasoning, however, from the rational basis, that an undue deposition of fat, constituting obesity, is not a healthy but a morbid condition, it is quite as natural for us to arrive at the opposite conclusion, which is sustained by experience and observation, *i. e.*, that the reduction of fat in cases of corpulency is invariably followed by an improvement of strength, spirits and physical comforts. Allan's Anti-Fat will reduce a fat person from 2 to 5 pounds a week. Sold by druggists.

"Chalk Your Bobbins."

In the early days of the cotton-spinning machinery, a great deal of trouble was caused by filaments of cotton adhering to the bobbins, or tapes, which then formed portions of looms. These filaments soon clogged the wheels and other parts of the machinery, and rendered it necessary that they should be cleaned, involving much loss of time.

The great desideratum was to find out some plan of preventing this clogging by the cotton, and Sir Robert, or Mr. Peel, as he was then, spent vast sums in experiments. He employed some of the ablest machinists in the kingdom; but spite of all they could do the inconvenience remained, and the evil appeared unsurmountable.

Of course, these delays seriously affected the wages of the operatives, who, on Saturdays generally came short in proportion to stoppages during the previous days. It was noticed, however, that one man always drew his full pay—his work was always accomplished; in fact, his loom never had to stop, while every other in the factory was idle.

Mr. Peel was insormed of this, and knew there must be a secret somewhere It was important that it should be discovered if possible. The man was watched, but all to no purpose. His fellow-workmen tried to "pump" him, but they couldn't. At last Mr. Peel sent for the man into his private office.

He was a rough Lancashire man, unable to read or write—little better than a mere animal. He entered the presence pulling his forelock, and shuffling on the ground with his clumsy, great wooden shoes.

"Dick," said Mr. Peel, "Ferguson, the overlooker, tells me your bobbins are always clean. Is that so?"

"E'es, master, 't be."

"Well, Dick, how do you manage it? Have you any objections to let me know?"

"Why, Master Phil, 't be a saort of secret loike, ye see; and if oi told, tothers' know's much as oi," replied Dick, with a cunning grin.

"Of course, Dick, I will give you something if you will tell me—and if you can make all the looms in the factory work as smooth as yours."

"Every one 'n them, Master 'Phil."

"Well, what shall I give you? Name your price Dick, and let me have your secret."

Cunning Dick grinned, scratched his head, shuffled for a few minutes, while Mr. Peel anxiously awaited his reply. The cotton lord thought his servant would probably ask a hundred pounds or so, which he would most willingly have given him.

Presently Dick said, "Well, Master Phil, I'll tell 'ee all about it, if you'll give me a quart o' beer a day as long as I'm in the mill; you'll save that ten."

Mr. Peel rather thought he should, and quickly agreed to the terms.

"You shall have it, Dick; and a half gallon every Sunday into the bargain."

"Well, then," said Dick, first looking cautiously around to see that no one was near—"this it be," and putting his lips close to Mr. Peel's ear, he whispered, "Chalk your bobbins."

That, indeed, was the great secret. Dick had been in the habit of furtively chalking his bobbins, which simple contrivance had effectually prevented the adhesion of the cotton. As the bobbins were white, the chalk escaped detection.

Mr. Peel was a sagacious man, and saw through the affair at a glance. He at once patented the invention, had "chalking" machinery contrived and soon took the lead in the cotton-spinning department. This was the foundation of his princely fortune. It is but right to add that he pensioned off Dick handsomely.

A Bridgeport three-year-old accomplished a task the other day by tiptoeing, and joyfully exclaimed: "I did it, mamma; but I had to stand on my hind legs."

Dr. Cox's little boy, aged six, thinks God must have a good deal of confidence in his father, or he wouldn't intrust him with so many babies to distribute.

The Vital Energies,

When depressed by fatigue, bodily or mental, by exhausting diseases, or the influence of a debilitating temperature, should be reinforced—physicians tell us—by some wholesome stimulant; and among those which have been tested and administered by them, none has received such hearty recommendation as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It has been preferred by them from the fact that its spiritous basis, which is of the purest description, is modified by, and made the vehicle for, the vegetable medicinal principles incorporated with it. These latter render it conspicuously serviceable in cases of general debility, constipation, and other disorders of the bowels; in dyspepsia, nervous affections, urinary and uterine ailments, rheumatism, intermittent and remittent fevers, which it prevents as well as remedies; and in liver complaint. A household stock of medicines can scarcely be called complete without this inestimable medicine.

Hieskell's Tetter Ointment will cure all ab by or scaly diseases of the skin.

Worms. Worms. Worms.

E. F. Kunkel's Worm Syrup never fails to destroy Pin, Seat and Stomach Worms. Dr. Kunkel the only successful physician who removes Tape Worm in two hours, alive with head, and no fee until removed. Common sense teaches if Tape Worms can be removed all other worms can be readily destroyed. Advice at office and store, free. The doctor can tell whether or not the patient has worms. Thousands are dying daily, with worms, and do not know it. Fits, spasms, cramps, choking and suffocation, sallow complexion, circles around the eyes, swelling and pain in the stomach, restless at night, grinding of the teeth, picking at the nose, cough, fever, itching at the seat, headache, foul breath, the patient grows pale and thin, tickling and irritation in the anus—all these symptoms, and more, come from worms. E. F. Kunkel's Worm Syrup never fails to remove them. Price, $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5.00. (For Tape Worm write and consult the doctor.) For all others, buy of your druggists the Worm Syrup, and if he has it not, send to Dr. E. F. Kunkel, 259 N. Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Advice by mail, free; send three-cent stamp.

E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron.

The great success and delight of the people. In fact, nothing of the kind has ever been offered to the American people which has so quickly found its way into their good favor and hearty approval as E. F. K