Wellsboro Agitator.

VOL. XIX. WELLSBORO, TIOGA CO., PA., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1872. NO. 46.

The Agitator.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY

BARNES & ROY,

[illegible] BARNES, ... M. ROY.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING:

	1 in.	2 in.	3 in.	4 in.	7 in.	12 in.	25 in.
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	2 00	4 50	5 00	6 00	8 00	13 00	18 0
	2 50	4 00	6 00	7 00	9 00	15 00	20 0
	4 00	6 00	9 00	10 00	12 00	20 00	28 0
	5 00	8 00	12 00	13 00	15 00	25 00	35 0
	8 00	12 00	14 00	20 00	22 00	35 00	60 0
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ANNOUNCEMENTS of MARRIAGES and DEATHS inserted free; but all obituary notices will be charged 10 cents per line.

SPECIAL NOTICES 50 per cent above regular rates.

Business Cards, 5 lines or less, $5,00 per year.

Business Cards.

...CHELDER. F. L. JOHNSON.

Batchelder & Johnson,
Manufacturers of Monuments, Tombstones, Table Tops, Mantels, &c. Call and see. Shop, Main st., ... Foundry, Wellsboro, Pa.—July 3, 1872.

A. Redfield,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.—Collections promptly attended to. Office over the Postoffice ... Wellsboro, Pa., Apr. ...

C. H. Seymour,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tioga Pa. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.—... 1872.

Geo. W. Merrick,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office in Bowen & Cone's ... Agitator Office, 2d floor ... Wellsboro, Pa.—Jan. 1, 1872.

Mitchell & Cameron,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Claim and Insurance Agents. Office ... Converse & ... Osgood's store, Wellsboro, Pa.—Jan. 1, ...

William A. Stone,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, over C. B. Kelley's Dry Goods ... Block on Main street. Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1872.

Josiah Emery,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office opposite Court House ... Block, Williamsport, Pa. All business promptly attended to.—Jan. 1, 1872.

J. C. Strang,
ATTORNEY AT LAW & DISTRICT ATTORNEY.—... Wellsboro, Pa.—Jan. 1, '72

C. N. Dartt,
...—with the NEW IMPROVEMENTS ... satisfaction ... Wright & Bailey's Block. Wellsboro, Oct. 15, 1872.

J. B. Niles,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Will attend promptly to business entrusted to his care in the counties of Tioga ... Office on the Avenue.—Wellsboro, Pa ... 1872.

Jno. W. Adams,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Mansfield, Tioga county, Pa. ... promptly attended to.—Jan. 1, 1872.

C. L. Peck,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. All claims promptly collected. ... Tioga Co., Pa.

C. B. Kelly.
Dealer in ... Glass ware, Table Cutlery ... and House Fu... 1872.

Jno. W. Guernsey,
... entrusted to him ... 1st door south ... Tioga county, ...

[illegible] & Linn,
... Jan. 1, 1872

[illegible]

[illegible] C. Wheeler

[illegible] & Roy,

W. D. Terbell & Co.,
WHOLESALE ... Wall Paper ...

D. Bacon, M. D.,
...

A. M. Ingham, M. D.,
... Office at his residence on the A... Jan. 1, 1872.

Seeley, Coats & Co.,
... Tioga Co., Pa.—Receive money ... and sell drafts on New ... Osceola. VINE CRANDALL, ... DAVID COATS, Knoxville ... 1872.

J. Parkhurst & Co.,
... Elkland, Tioga Co., Pa. JOEL PARKHURST, JOHN PARKHURST, C. L. PATTISON.

Yale House.
... Proprietor.—This ... to accommodate the traveling public in a superior manner.—Jan. 1, 1872.

Petroleum House,
... Geo. Close, Proprietor.—Good accommodations for both man and beast. Charges reasonable, and good attention given to guests. ... 1872.

Wellsboro Hotel,
COR. MAIN ST. & THE AVENUE,
Wellsboro, Pa.
SOL. BUNNEL, Prop'r.
This popular Hotel lately kept by B. B. Holiday ... Livery ... 1872.

THE OLD PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE
... M. R. O'CONNOR. ... old friends ... M. R. O'CONNOR.

TO THE FARMERS OF TIOGA COUNTY.
... at my manufactory, in Lawrence... FANNING MILL, ...

RAILWAY TIME TABLES.

Wellsboro & Lawrenceville R. R.

Time Table No. 4.

Takes Effect Monday June 3d, 1872.

GOING NORTH. 12	2	4	Stations.	GOING SOUTH. 1	3	9
p.m.	p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.	a.m.
1 50	7 35	10 00	Ar. Corning, Dep.	8 00	7 35	5 00
12 23	4 30	3 55	L'v'lle	9 00	8 40	6 18
12 13	4 23	8 44	Dep Dunning	9 11	8 46	6 26
a.m.						
12 03	4 19	8 40	Lathrop	9 15	8 50	6 32
11 43	4 05	8 20	Tioga Village	9 29	9 04	6 53
11 23	3 52	8 12	Hammond	9 43	9 18	7 13
11 15	3 45	8 05	Hill's Creek,	9 52	9 27	7 23
11 07	3 40	8 00	Holliday	9 57	9 30	7 29
10 57	3 32	7 52	Middlebury	10 03	9 38	7 38
10 49	3 27	7 47	Niles Valley	10 08	9 43	7 47
10 36	3 10	7 30	Stokesdale	10 16	9 51	7 59
10 25	3 10	7 30	De. Wellsboro, Arr.	10 25	10 00	8 10
	2 48		Charleston,	10 52		
	2 03		Summit,	11 12		
	1 30		Antrim,	11 45		

A. H. GORTON, Sup't.

Blossburg & Corning & Tioga R. R.

Time Table No. 82.

Takes Effect Monday June 3d, 1872.

DEPART FROM CORNING.	ARRIVE AT BLOSSBURG.
No. 1..........8 00 a. m.	No. 1..........10 45 a. m.
" 3..........7 35 p. m.	" 3..........10 20 p. m.
" 13..........2 20 p. m.	" 15..........6 25 p. m.
DEPART FROM BLOSSBURG.	ARRIVE AT CORNING.
No. 2..........2 45 p. m.	No. 2..........5 35 p. m.
..........7 05 p. m.	" 4..........10 00 a. m.
No. 8..........7 20 a. m.	No. 8..........11 45 a. m.

A. H. GORTON, Sup't B. & C. R. R.
L. H. SHATTUCK, Sup't Tioga R. R.

Catawissa Railroad.

Depot, Foot of Pine Street, Williamsport, Pa.

EASTWARD.

Mail dep. Williamsport..........9.00 a. m.
Accommodation dep. Williamsport..........5.00 p. m.
Mail arrive at Williamsport..........6.10 p. m.
Accommodation arrive at Williamsport..........9.25 a. m.

An additional train leaves Depot at Herdic House, Williamsport, at 9.05 a. m.—for Milton, Philadelphia, New York, Boston and intermediate points. Returning, direct connection is made at Williamsport with trains for the west.

No change of cars between Philadelphia, New York and Williamsport. GEO. WEBB, Sup't.

Erie Railway.

TIME TABLE ADOPTED JUNE 3D, 1872.

New and improved Drawing Room and Sleeping Coaches, combining all modern Improvements, are run through on all trains between New York, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Suspension Bridge, Cleveland and Cincinnati.

Westward.

STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 5.	No. 7.†	No. 3.*
Owego, Lve	9 10 am	11 00 am	5 30 pm	7 00 pm
Wav'ly, "	4 34 pm	9 15 pm	2 52 am	3 25 am
Elmira, "	6 25 "	11 50 "	5 05 "	5 25 "
Corning, "	7 02 "	12 45 am	5 42 "	6 01 "
Pai. Post, "	......	12 38 "	......	......
Rochest'r, Arr	10 35 "	......	10 20 "	10 20 "
Horn'lsv'e, "	1 35 Sup	2 05 "	7 05 Bft.	7 20 Bft
Buffalo, "	11 50 pm	5 20 am	11 20 am	11 20 am
Niag. Falls, "	12 45 am	7 00 "	12 10 pm	12 10 pm
Dunkirk, "	1 43 "	7 32 "	12 30 "	12 50 "

ADDITIONAL LOCAL TRAINS WESTWARD.

5 a. m., except Sundays, from Owego for Hornellsville and Way.

5 15 a. m., except Sundays, from Susquehanna for Hornellsville and Way.

6 00 a. m., daily from Susquehanna for Hornellsville and Way.

1 10 p. m., except Sundays, from Elmira for Avon, to Buffalo and Way.

2 30 p. m., except Sundays, from Binghamton for Hornellsville and Way.

Eastward.

STATIONS.	No. 12.*	No. 4.	No. 8.†	No. 2.
Dunkirk, Lve	1 10 p m	....	10 00 p m	....
Niag. Falls, "	1 45 "	5 45 p m	10 12 p m	7 30 am
Buffalo, "	2 30 "	6 20 "	11 25 "	8 00 "
Horn'lsv'e, "	6 15 Sup.	10 10 "	3 05 a m	11 00 "
Rochester, "	4 00 p m	6 30 "	....	8 00 "
Corning, "	7 25 "	11 38 "	4 32 "	12 18 pm
Elmira, "	8 03 "	12 15 am	5 13 "	12 47 "
Bing'mtn, "	10 10 "	2 15 "	7 11 "	2 38 "
New York, "	7 00 a m	11 00 "	3 30 pm	9 40 "

ADDITIONAL LOCAL TRAINS EASTWARD.

5 00 a. m., except Sundays, from Hornellsville for Owego and Way.

5 35 a. m., daily from Hornellsville for Susquehanna and Way.

7 00 a. m., except Sundays, from Hornellsville for Binghamton and Way.

7 00 a. m., except Sundays, from Owego for Susquehanna and Way.

1 05 p. m., except Sundays, from Painted Post for Elmira and Way.

1 50 p. m., except Sundays, from Hornellsville for Susquehanna and Way.

*Daily.

†Mondays excepted, between Susquehanna and Port Jervis.

Through Tickets to all points West at the very Lowest Rates, for sale in the Company's office at the Corning Depot.

This is the only authorized Agency of the Erie Railway Company for the sale of Western Tickets in Corning.

Baggage will be checked only on Tickets purchased at the Company's office.

JNO N. ABBOTT,
Gen'l Pass'r Ag't.

Northern Central Railway.

Trains arrive and depart at Troy, since June 9th, 1872, as follows:

NORTHWARD.	SOUTHWARD.
[illegible] Express. 4 07 p m	Balto. Express. 3 15 p m
[illegible] .... 5 15 p m	[illegible] Express, 9 15 p m
[illegible]	[illegible] .... 6 52 a m

[illegible], Gen'l Sup't.

Cyrus D. Sill,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

Foreign and Domestic Liquors

WINES, &c., &c.

Agent for Fine Old Whiskies,

Jan. 1, 1872. CORNING, N. Y.

Houghton, Orr & Co.,

STONY FORK, PA.

Manufacturers of

Buggies, Sulkies,

PLATFORM SPRING, TRUCK AND

LUMBER WAGONS,

CUTTERS,

SLEIGHS AND BOB SLEDS.

We are prepared to do anything in our line on short notice and in the best manner.—Satisfaction guaranteed. HOUGHTON, ORR & CO.

HASTINGS & COLES, Agents Wellsboro.

Stony Fork, July 1, 1872.

E. B. YOUNG. WM. WHITING.

E. B. Young & Co.,

(Successors of Hugh Young & Co.)

Booksellers and Stationers,

and Dealers in

Wall Paper,
Window Shades,
Window Fixtures,
Musical Instruments,
Yankee Notions,
Picture Frames and Glass,
Pictures, all sorts,
Picture Cord,
Law Blanks,
Justice Blanks,
Blank Books, all sizes,
Newspapers, Magazines,
Writing Desks,
Artists Goods,
Law Books,
Medical Books,
Religious Books,

and every article in our line of trade.

—New York Dailies at One Dollar a month.
—Elmira Dailies at 75 Cents a month.
—Subscriptions for a week, or month, or year.
—Orders for books not in stock promptly attended to.
—An Express package received from New York every day.

—We are Agents of the Anchor Line and the Guion line of U. S. Mail Ocean Steamers. Passage tickets to and from any point in Europe at the lowest rates.
—Sight Drafts sold on any Bank in Europe at current rates of Exchange.

Jan. 24, 1872–1y. E. B. YOUNG & CO.

MRS. A. J. SOFIELD

IS now receiving from New York, a fine assortment of

Millinery

AND

FANCY GOODS,

which she offers to the public at low rates. Every thing usually found in a

Fancy Store,

will be kept on hand and sold low for cash. The W... ... MRS. A. J. SOFIELD.

Jan. 1, 1872.

GEO. O. DERBY. JOHN FISHLER,

DERBY & FISHLER,

HAVE just returned from the city with the largest stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES

ever brought into Wellsboro, consisting of

Ladies' Kid and Cloth Balmorals and Gaiters,

Ladies, Misses, Children and Baby's Shoes.

Gents' Cloth Boots & Shoes Prince Albert Calf Boots, Boys' Calf & Kip Boots Youths' Boots.

In fact, all kinds of Mens' and Women's wear kept in a first-class Shoe Store. The best sewed Women's Shoes ever offered in this market. We defy the world.

CUSTOM WORK.

If you don't believe us, try us. We buy only the best stock, and have as good Cordwainers as money can hire.

REPAIRING done neatly, and with dispatch.

Leather and Findings

of all kinds constantly on hand.

Cash paid for Hides, Deacon Skins, Pelts and Furs.

Having just filled up our shelves with a choice stock, personally selected for this market, we respectfully solicit a fair share of trade. "Small profits and quick returns," we believe to be a good business maxim; and we hold the best goods, to be the cheapest. We keep no shoddy. Our assortment is sufficient to meet all sizes and tastes. We invite our patrons and the public generally to call and examine our stock. No trouble to show goods. Always to be found, one door north of C. B. Kelley's Store, Main Street, Wellsboro, Pa.

May 1, 1872. DERBY & FISHLER.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

ALL kinds, styles and sizes of Pictures taken and executed in artistic manner at D. H. Naramore's Gallery, opposite Cone House, Wellsboro.

Portraits on Porcelain Plates,

Nothing finer can be offered than these beautiful Porcelain Pictures in a velvet case or frame. Their softness and delicacy are superior to anything produced on iron or paper. If you want a

Good Picture

of yourself, go to Naramore's.

If you want the very best that can be had, go to Naramore's.

If you want something that looks like you, go to Naramore's.

If you want an old Daguerreotype, Ambrotype, or other Pictures copied and enlarged, he can do that as reasonable as any other man. They will be finished in India Ink, Oil or Water Colors when desired.

Persons wishing pictures of groups and children, will receive especial attention.

A large assortment of Frames and Framing Material constantly on hand. All kinds of

Pictures Framed to Order

N. B.—Don't mistake the place, over A. B. Eastman's Dental Rooms.

April 24, 1872.—tf. D. H. NARAMORE.

New Boot, Shoe, Leather

AND FINDING STORE.

C. W. Sears

IN THE FIELD AGAIN.

New Shop, New Stock, and first-class Work!

ANYTHING from a Hand Cack to a Kid Gaiter. Best line of

Ladies' Kid and Cloth Balmorals and Gaiters, Ditto Children's and Misses.

Gents' Cloth, Morocco, and Calf Gaiters. Oxford and Prince Albert Ties.

A good line of OVERSHOES, and a full line of

FINE BOOTS,

ranging in price from $4,00 to $7,00, pegged and sewed.

CUSTOM BOOTS

from $6,00 to $15,00, and worth the money every time.

Leather and Findings

at the lowest rates, as usual.

The undersigned having spent twenty years of his life in Wellsboro—much of the time on the stool of penitence, drawing the cord of affliction for the good of soles, believes rather in hammering than blowing. Wherefore, he will only remark to his old customers and as many new ones as choose to give him a call, that he may be found at his new shop, next door to B. T. Van Horn's ware rooms, with the best and cheapest stock in Tioga county. C. W. SEARS.

Wellsboro, April 24, 1872.

NEW GOODS

FOR

EARLY BUYERS

Who wish to make Money!

The Subscribers are now receiving daily large stocks of

Staple Fall & Winter Goods!

Bought at present Low Prices,

Which are sure to be much higher as soon as Fall Trade begins.

VERY LOW PRICES!

Flannels,
Cloths,
CASSIMERES,
DRESS GOODS,
PAISLEY SHAWLS,
BLACK SILKS,
Domestic
Cottons,
Of all desirable makes.

IN GREAT VARIETY!

We shall sell these Goods CHEAP, and give Early Buyers Good Value for their money.

J. A. PARSONS & CO.
No. 3. Concert Block, Corning, N. Y.

Sept. 17, 1872.—tf.

General Insurance Agency,

NELSON, TIOGA CO., PA.

J. H. & J. D. Campbell,

ARE prepared to issue Policies in first class Companies on all kinds of Insurable Property against Fire and Lightning at reasonable rates. We travel and examine all risks personally in the counties of Tioga and Potter. J. H. CAMPBELL,
Nelson, Feb. 7, 1872—ly. J. D. CAMPBELL.

The Footsteps of Decay.

FROM THE SPANISH.

Oh! let the soul its slumbers break—
Arouse its senses and awake,
To see how soon
Life in its glories glides away,
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.

And while we view the rolling tide,
Down which our flowing minutes glide
Away so fast,
Let us the present hour employ,
And deem each future dream a joy
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind—
No happier let us hope to find
The coming day.
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,
Like them the present shall delight—
Like them decay.

Our lives like hast'ning streams must be,
That into one engulfing sea
Are doomed to fall—
The sea of death whose waves roll on
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble rivulets glide
To that sad wave;
Death levels poverty and pride,
And rich and poor sleep side by side
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting place;
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal;
There all our glittering toys are brought—
The path alone of all unsought
Is found of all.

See, then, how poor and little worth
Are all these glittering toys of earth
That lure us here!
Dreams of a sleep that death must break;
Alas! before it bids us wake,
We disappear.

Long ere the damp of earth can blight,
The cheeks' pure glow of red and white
Has passed away.
Youth smiled, and all was heavenly fair—
Age came and laid his finger there,
And where are they?

Where is the strength that spurned decay,
The step that roved so light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone?
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows wearisome, and wo—
With age comes on.

The Present Pope and the Next.

An occasional correspondent of the New York *Times* sends an interesting letter from Rome, from which we extract the following relating to the condition of the present Pope, Pius IX., and speculating as to his probable successor:

It is well known at Rome that the days of poor Pius IX. are numbered, and every Minister has long since begun to send daily bulletins to his master at home. The bent shoulders, the drooping head, the feeble gait, and, above all, the failing memory of the good old man speak but too eloquently of the approach of the day on which he is to be freed of his burden. Nor does he flatter himself—as he used to do till quite recently—any longer with visions of long years of life, of great deeds yet to be done, and of thorough changes to be accomplished.—His brother's recent death has made a deep impression upon his mind, and the spirit that once held up and strengthened the decaying frame is no longer there. He knows his end is coming, and he shares with all his faithful ones the great anxiety to know who is to be his successor on the throne of St. Peter. It is even said that the dread of the last hour is weighing heavily on his mind.

He will not be blamed for this terror by those who know the nature of the last scene which is enacted at the Vatican when a Pope leaves this world. As soon as all hope is given up by the attending physician—and good care is taken to ascertain the precise moment—all ties of respect or affection are broken in an instant, and the lowest passions are unchained without shame or reserve.—Prelates and priests rush away to gather around their patrons, and to worship the rising sun. Officers of the Noble Guard, State officials of every rank, and all the employes of the palace collect in haste their property to secure it against new comers, and carry away many a costly souvenir from the deserted apartments. The very servants, from the Pope's "own man" to the scullion in the kitchen, join the general *sauve qui peut*, but only after having loaded themselves with all the money, jewels, or other valuable things on which they can lay hands. Such was the case in 1846, when Gregory XVI. was abandoned by all his friends and followers. A poor under-gardener, who had often received a kind word or a modest gift from the Pope when walking in his garden, heard of his illness, and felt prompted in his heart to see him once more in life. He found the outer door of the palace open; not a person in the halls, on the stairs, in the passages. He knocked at a door, and as no one answered, opened it; the room was empty; he ventured into a second and third; not a soul was to be seen. At last he enters a dimly-lighted, magnificent apartment, and to his amazement sees there a bed, on which a huge pile of pillows and bolsters is raised on one end, while the Pope himself lies on one side of it, his head hanging down and looking deep purple.—The poor gardener rushes up to his benefactor; with tender, trembling hands he places him on his bed, and then sinks reverently on his knees, asking the Holy Father's blessing. As he receives no answer, he starts up in terror, touches the body, and finds it cold! Once more he kneels down, saying a *De Profundis* for the deceased, and is thus found by a servant who enters with a pile of garments and gowns on his arm, and threatens him with dire punishment if ever a word escapes him as to what he has seen.

Not even when death has thus taken pity on the abandoned sufferer, is rest at once granted the poor body. The Cardinal Chamberlain, having been officially informed of the death of the Pope, appears with other prelates at the bedside and calls the deceased three times by name; receiving no answer, he takes from a silver salver, offered him by a high official, a silver hammer with an ivory handle, and with this instrument knocks three times against the forehead of the deceased. Only then is the Pope officially dead. The Senate of Rome takes formal possession of the palace, the fisher's ring is solemnly broken, and the bell set ringing which is only heard at the death of the Pope, and—the beginning of carnival!

Then begins that most exciting of all scenes which Christendom knows, upon the earth—the conclave of the Cardinals for the purpose of electing a new Pope. What fearful passions, what subtle intrigues, and what cunning devices those narrow cells have witnessed, in which the electors are held prisoners until the choice has been accomplished! There are the so-called Crown Cardinals, who belong, by race or by family connection, to one of the reigning houses of Europe, and naturally favor the election of one of their own race, or at least of a man pledged to the interests of their country. Among these the German Empire will, after a long interval, appear once more at the approaching conclave, and, like Brennus, throw the victorious sword into the scales. Opposed to these are the *Zelanti*, who represent the Italian elements desirous of having a native on the Papal throne, who will take good care of friends and followers and faithfully adhere to the traditions of former Popes.

The approaching election will no doubt be one of the most exciting in the annals of the Church. Although the Pope is no longer a secular Prince, he has, in the estimation of many sound thinkers and experienced statesmen, the chance of becoming all the more powerful in his capacity as a purely spiritual master of millions of souls. He will no longer be hampered by political embarrassments, his government will not be open, as heretofore, to strict criticism and loud condemnation on the score of feebleness or partiality; even his finances will be bettered, and his position be infinitely higher and safer than it was ever before. But the interest of the continental powers lies mainly in having a Pope to deal with in the delicate questions of State and Church who shall be liberal and enlightened. Germany, and perhaps France, will do all in its power to influence the election in this spirit; Italy and Spain, perhaps also some foreign countries, will as eagerly press the choice of a man pledged to continue the policy of Pius IX. While the Emperor of Germany will try to intimidate the Conclave, France will no doubt again have a cunning diplomat on hand who may rival his predecessor, and, like him, receive from the witty Roman people the title of "Knight of the Holy Ghost," in sly allusion to the form which declares the Conclave to be under the direct control of the Holy Spirit. The liberal powers of Europe will certainly see to it that the tiara be not placed upon the head of a man like Leo XII.; (1823,) who built another wall around the Ghetto, the prison of the Jews, deposed a Roman magistrate because he had permitted vaccination, and canonized a Spanish monk whose special proof of sanctity consisted in the frequent miracle of stripping half-roasted birds from the spit and ordering them to fly away alive.

Hence it is that all Rome is busy building castles in the air. There is not a man from the highest Monsignore to the humblest menial servant who has not his favorite candidate for the throne, from whom he hopes preferment or alms. Patriotic Italians are again on the side of those who wish for a truly enlightened head of the Church, energetic enough to fight the great battle of the Church against the State, and yet wise enough not to risk an utter downfall of Papacy.

All their speculations, however, may come to naught yet by one of two probabilities. Either a man may be chosen, like Pius IX. himself, whom even the bitter Romans only called the Good—of whom a satirical Cardinal sneeringly said that in his family even the cats were liberals—and who yet was forced to break every promise and abandon every purpose he had formed when he was chosen. Or the Pope and his advisers may avail themselves of the last resort left in such cases—a secret council may be called together by Pius IX., and a successor may be chosen by them in anticipation of his death. The measure is warranted by dogma and precedent alike, and can only miscarry by the determination of foreign Powers not to acknowledge the choice thus made, because the ancient right of exclusion, which belongs to them, has not been admitted. Even as these lines are being written, the rumor is heard in many a palace that such a meeting has taken place, and that Cardinal Panebianco has been chosen.

The Aurora Borealis.

No phenomenon is more beautiful, and none, in many respects, more mysterious than the Aurora Borealis. To tell what has been conjectured about it would fill a book; to tell what we know "for sure," as children say, will not require much time or space. In the first place, then, the Aurora is in, or *on*, our atmosphere; it is a terrestrial, not an astronomical phenomenon.—This is evident from many considerations which need not be dwelt upon here. It is enough to say that, in many cases, the position of an auroral streamer can be pretty accurately determined by observations from two or three stations on the earth, some fifty miles or more apart, and we usually find the base of the streamer to be at an elevation ranging from thirty to fifty miles, while its summit attains a hight of from 150 to even 600 miles. It has been claimed by some that they have seen auroral streamers descend between them and a building or a hill. This however is so improbable, in view of many other circumstances, that it seems more likely the observers were victims of some illusion. At any rate, we wait for further evidence before accepting the fact. Sometimes the auroral matter drifts through the sky in bands and arches of light. More commonly, when there is any great activity, it collects itself into streamers, as they are called, columns of light, which stand parallel to each other like so many forest trees. But they do not stand vertically; each places itself as if it were an enormous compass-needle floating free in air. Hence, when the display is perfect, and the observer stands directly underneath, these pillars of fire converge by perspective to one point in the sky, and there form the eye or crown of the Aurora. This is situated at that point in the sky to which the dipping-needle is directed—a point about fifteen degrees south of the zenith in our latitudes. This fact of itself proves a connection between the Aurora and the earth's magnetism. Moreover, every important auroral display is felt at all the magnetic observatories as a "magnetic storm," which puts all the needles of the different instruments into a state of tremor and excitement.

An aurora in New York disturbs the instruments at Rome, and does it instantly. The English observatories feel the effects of Australian auroras at the very hour and minute of their occurrence. Generally, the magnetic disturbances are too small to be noticed with an ordinary compass; but sometimes the deviations amount to several degrees, vastly to the disconcertment of any unlucky surveyor who may happen to be running a farm line at the time—for auroras occur as often by day as by night.

When we inquire into the cause and nature of the connection between magnetic storms and auroras, we get no certain answer yet; nor is it even settled which is cause and which effect, or whether both series of phenomena, the magnetic and the luminous, may not be the simultaneous effect of some far-off action. Here are questions squarely proposed by science, and the probability is that before the century is finished, she will have tortured nature into some reply.

As to the cause of the light, the most probable view, and the one almost universally adopted, is that it is produced by some form of electric discharge through the rarefied gases which form the streamers. This supposition agrees well with the facts observed, such as the flashing and dancing of the light, the magnetic direction of the streamers, and especially the effects upon the telegraph lines, through which, during an aurora, powerful currents pass and repass in the most capricious manner. But the supposition is not without its difficulties. An electric discharge implies *two* charged bodies, with a medium between them. The earth is one of the bodies; the streamers form the medium of communication—but with what? The question is by no means unanswerable, but of the many answers yet proposed no one is wholly satisfactory. It may be noted, in this connection, that if we regard the auroral streamers merely as huge magnets drifting over the country, all the telegraphic effects wo'd be accounted for.

As to the nature of the luminous matter we are as yet ignorant, but not hopelessly so. The spectroscope has done its best; it informs us that the matter is gaseous, and gives us, *so to speak*, its signature, but as yet chemists cannot decipher and read it.—Its spectrum is characterized by a bright line in the greenish yellow, which can be seen under all circumstances when the least auroral light of any kind is visible. This line is *not*, as has been often stated of late, the same with the bright line which characterizes the spectrum of the sun's corona.—When the aurora is very bright and strongly colored, then several other lines and bands, mostly very faint, appear in its spectrum.—It is one of the faintest of three faint lines, which seems to coincide with the corona line, and the observations of this aurora line have been so few and so difficult that no great confidence is to be placed in the result. As regards the matter of which the streamers is composed, we must then for the present limit ourselves to asserting that it is gaseous, and is not probably the same as ordinary air. Probably, before many years elapse, we shall know more about it.

One remarkable and suggestive fact remains for notice. Remote as is the sun, it is certain that auroral manifestations are to a certain extent connected with disturbances of the solar surface. A numerous array of facts points to a most curious, direct, intimate, and as yet inexplicable relation between the state of affairs at the sun and the magnetic condition of the earth. Professor Loomis and others have shown that just when the solar surface has been most broken up by spots, then, precisely, auroras have been most numerous and brilliant, and *vice versa*. There is a regular period in the number and frequency of the spots, and this same period is observed by the aurora also. Then, of late, many cases have been recorded in which remarkable outbreaks on the sun have been immediately followed by bright auroras on the earth, and the instances have become so numerous and of such a character as to quite preclude the idea of accidental coincidence. To ascertain the cause and nature of this coincidence is one of the most interesting problems now proposed to science.—*N. Y. Times.*

Prime winter apples are selling in Kent, Conn., for 75 cents a barrel and cider at $1 50.

A Providence paper talks about "animated fragments of shattered rainbows." The writer means ladies.

Mr. Seward's Religious Views.

The religious views of Mr. Seward are quite a topic of discussion just now, and in that connection it may be proper to give the *Herald* readers the experience of one of his most intimate clerical friends, who says that Governor Seward firmly believed the doctrine of immortality of the soul or spirit, and its ultimate reunion with some form of immortalized body after the interval of separation called death, according to the intimation in the fifteenth chapter of St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians. It was his manner of expressing his ideas upon the subject to say that there is not any real death; that the life with which a human being is invested at his birth is an emanation from the Deity and is immortal; that the first clay body in which it is tabernacled wears out and perishes; that the spiritual life still continues to exist henceforward in a disembodied state until the occurrence of the greatest of all the marvels, the great consummation, viz., the resurrection and rehabilitation of the body, its union again in some form with the life or spirit, and the creation of a new heaven and a new earth, when man ascends to a higher sphere of existence. Hence it was his habit to speak of what we call death as a temporary sleep of the body, and of the future state, so called, of the soul or spirit, as the two future states of existence. The first time the Governor mentioned his views at length upon this subject was at the burial on Fort Hill of Judge Miller.

'His dust merely sleeps there temporarily,' he remarked; 'but the Judge himself is still alive.' Then in a measured and very impressive manner, he repeated a few lines from the hymn to Death.

'Such,' he continued, 'is the doctrine, the faith and the hope of the Christian religion. It is the appointed destiny of man.'

In the month of June, 1865, when the sexton was preparing the grave on Fort Hill for Mrs. Seward, the Governor went there, in company with Baron Stoeckel, Gen. Hancock and Dr. Norris, to give the required directions, and sat for a while with them upon a rustic seat on the ground, when the Baron remarked that he was unable to realize the fact that Mrs. Seward was dead.

"She is not," replied the Governor; "she still lives. She lives in the condition which the Church styles the 'place of departed spirits.' There is no such thing as death of the soul or life. It is the body alone which sleeps, and that only for a limited but unrevealed season. So we read and so we believe."

"That," returned the Baron, "is a very comfortable reflection."

"It is not only a comfortable reflection," continued the Governor, "but it is the consolation afforded by an enlightened view of the Christian religion."

The same idea was advanced by the Governor at the time of the burial by the side of her mother of his daughter Frances.—*Cor. N. Y. Herald.*

The long and affectionate friendship between Mr. Seward and Mr. Thurlow Weed is well known. No statesman had ever a more disinterested counselor, and the relations between them were never interrupted. How intimate the companionship was is shown in the following letter, for a copy of which we are indebted to Mr. Weed:

"WESTFIELD, Chautauqua County,
Sunday, March 26, 1837.

"*My Dear Weed:*—I have yours of the 19th. It was written in answer to mine of the date of a fortnight since.

"Frederick was very ill, and was much reduced, but, thanks to the mercy of God, is spared to us. You can have no conception how much my heart is bound up in the life of that blessed boy.

"I have to-day, not without fear and trembling, but I trust in sincerity and firmness of purpose, discharged a duty unknown before. For years past I have struggled against prejudices of early education which rendered religion a mystery, and yet carried about me a conviction that it was in reality a simple and beautiful system, the profession and practice of which were obvious duties. After what, I trust, has been a proper self-examination, I presented myself this morning for baptism, and was received into the visible Church, and for the first time enjoyed the Communion Supper. I mention this fact, which will be inharmonious with your daily thoughts and occupations, because it is an important event in my life, and one which, therefore, it is best you should know directly from me, instead of hearing it by report. If, in one of those seasons (which seldom occur) when you are alone and free from the pressure of immediate care, you remember this circumstance, your intimate knowledge of my recent experience of human events will, I doubt not, enable you to trace the causes and manner of my becoming more serious than heretofore in regard to religion. If that or other course of thought should lead you to the conviction that what I have done is an obvious and proper duty devolved upon yourself as well as me and all others, it would be a source of great happiness to me. You will not be likely to fall into the error into which others will in respect to myself. But I may as well be explicit with you. I profess not to have experienced any miraculous change of heart, or to have in any way gone through that ordeal of despair so commonly supposed to be the entrance, and the only entrance, upon Christian life. I have always been sensible that I was an offender, and a grievous one, against the duty I owed to God and my fellow men. I have endeavored now to repent, and resolve, with God's grace, to live more in the fear of and under the influence of love and gratitude to God, and to that end to study His revelation. I do not anticipate that it will make any considerable change in my habits of life, but I humbly trust that it will gradually elevate and refine my motives of action. Commend my love to Mrs. Weed and Harriet.

"Ever yours, WM. H. SEWARD."

—*Harper's Weekly.*

At the Philharmonic.

I went to hear that music, in order, if it might be, to rid my mind of an absorbing, irritating, personal annoyance, which I knew it was unworthy to ponder over, having graver and nobler anxieties, but could not for the life of me dismiss from my tho'ts for more than a few moments. The ignoble *worry*—for it deserved no other name—perpetually reappeared, more exasperating and more persistent after each enforced banishment from my mind, and—as the French say of *le naturel*—every time I chased it away, *il revenait au galop*.

It chanced that the piece was a quintette by Mendelssohn, and one which was new to me. It opened with a long-drawn *sotto-voce* from the violoncello, instantly responded to by a rapid, irritable, indignant little phrase from the first violin, which plainly exclaimed, "*God bless my soul, how is it possible you don't understand!*"

This roused the four other instruments, all of whom endeavored to soothe and explain; and matters appeared to be getting less agitating, when the viola—who, to speak the truth, had merely been repeating, without much earnestness and in a sort of mechanical way, the explanations of the others—suddenly caught up the first violin's point of view, and exclaimed: "*God bless my soul, how is it possible you don't understand!*" This produced a general protest: "But we do understand! Don't you hear what we say? why don't you listen!" etc., etc.; to which the first violin added: "Why that's precisely what *I* say; '*God bless my soul, how is it possible you don't understand!*'" The viola was somewhat confused at this, and declared that the violin had no occasion to be angry for that; after all, she was supporting his view of the case; and the two continued for a short time agreeing very amicably together, murmuring, "just so," "exactly," "of course," in quite friendly fashion, when the second violin burst out indignantly in his turn, scornfully remarking that it was all very well to go on flattering one another in that way ["They always do!" put in the double-bass,] but the real fact of the matter was, that not a single one of them really understood——

"Not understand!" shouted the first violin and viola together, "why we understood from the very first that—" "And so did I," said the double bass, "I saw at the beginning that—" But here the second violin grew quite desperate, and fairly shrieked out, "*God bless my soul, how is it possible you don't understand!*"

To describe the fury with which all turned upon the second violin at this, would be impossible. The violoncello tried hard to interpose, and even declared with some asperity that matters need never have gone so far if, instead of interrupting him at the very first word he uttered, they had only heard what he had to say; he even made what seemed to be an attempt to say it, sufficiently loud to be heard above the clamor of the others, but in vain; and his voice sank at last into a monotonous, grumbling protest, which he kept up until the other four, who, with ever-increasing violence, continued asking each other, all at once, "*God bless my soul, how is it possible you do not understand!*" suddenly came to an abrupt close, evidently from sheer exhaustion and want of breath.

A moment of silence ensued, and the violoncello then repeated his first sigh, more softly and still more sadly than before, and as none of the others had energy left to quarrel with him, remained mournfully master of the situation.

—*St. Pauls.*

English Ivy.

The use of English ivies for the purpose of decorating living rooms is more extensive every year, and cannot be too highly commended. Being very strong, they will live through any treatment; but study their peculiarities, and manifest a willingness to gratify them, and they will grow without stint. Most houses are too hot for them, as indeed they are for their owners. Neither plants nor people should have the temperature over sixty five degrees, Fahrenheit.—Take care and not enfeeble your ivies by excessive watering or undue heat, and you will see they will not seem to mind whether the sun shines on them or not, or in what position or direction you train them. Indeed, so much will they do themselves to render a room charming, that we would rather have an unlimited number of them to draw upon than anything else in nature or art. Do you wish the ugly plain doors that shut off your tiny entry from your parlor to be arched or curved, like those of the drawing rooms of your rich neighbor? Buy a couple of brackets, such as lamps for the burning of kerosene are sometimes placed in, and screw them in the sides of the door. Put in each a plant of English ivy, the longer the better; then train the plants over the top, against the sides, indeed any way your fancy dictates. You need not buy the beautiful but costly pots the flower dealer will advise; common glazed ones will answer every purpose, for by placing in each two or three sprays of coliseum ivy, in a month time no vestige of the pot itself can be discerned through their thick screen. The English ivy growing over the walls of a building, instead of promoting dampness, as most persons would suppose, is said to be a remedy for it, and it is mentioned as a fact in the *Paper Hanger's Companion* that in a certain room where damp had prevailed for a length of time, the affected part inside had become dry when ivy had grown up to cover the opposite side. The close overhanging pendant leaves prevent the rain or moisture from penetrating to the wall. Beauty and utility in this case go hand in hand.—*Journal of Horticulture.*

Bayard Taylor's Revenge.

The joke of the inauguration of the Shakespeare statue has just come to light in the New York correspondence of the Cincinnati *Commercial*. Chief Justice Daly, commonly called Justice Delay, was the manager of the affair. It was he who got Bryant to deliver the oration, Booth to recite the poem, and took charge of things generally. In casting about for a poet to write an ode for the occasion he first settled upon James Russell Lowell, who however was sorry he could not undertake the job. Daly then applied to Bayard Taylor for a poem, and after some time and correspondence, Taylor agreed to furnish one, to be recited by Booth. In due season it was forwarded to the Chief Justice, who didn't like the poem, and sent it back to the author suggesting a great many changes and improvements, which if properly made would render it acceptable. Taylor was of course tremendously indignant, and refused to have anything more to do with the affair, and Daly was then compelled to use an old poem by Stoddard, written and recited seven years ago. Taylor was evidently determined to have his revenge on Daly, or Delay. The day when the statue was inaugurated, his poem was published prominently in the *Tribune*, and the knowing ones found that he had made but one change in it, which was not by any means such an improvement as Judge Daly had suggested. He had in fact caricatured Daly himself with shocking severity. In giving the roll of Shakespeare's dramatic characters—*Shylock, Cassius, Iago* and so forth—he described the unhappy Justice in these cruel lines:

"Here Justice SHALLOW, famous for delay,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Opes with portentous menace to the day
The mouth so seldom shut!"

To those who know Daly, or Delay, in his appearance and traits, the lines will be perfectly understood in all their malice.—There has of course been a deal of laughter about the thing among the small number who have heard of it.

A State Ruled by Women.

Among the Holland possessions there is a remarkable little State which, in its constitution and the original customs of its inhabitants, surpasses the boldest dreams of American emancipation ladies. Upon the island of Java, between the cities of Batavia and Samarang, lies the little kingdom of Bantam. Although tributary to Holland, it is an independent State; politically without importance, yet happy, rich, and since time immemorial governed and defended by women. The sovereign is indeed a man, but all the rest of the Government belongs to the fair sex. The king is entirely dependent on his State council, composed of three women. The highest authorities, all State officers, court functionaries, military commanders and soldiers are without exception of the female sex.

The men are agriculturists and merchants. The body guard of the king is formed of the female elite. These amazons ride in the masculine style, wearing sharp steel points instead of spurs. They carry a pointed lance, which they swing very gracefully, and also a musket, which is discharged at full gallop. The throne is inheritable by the eldest son, and in case the king dies without issue, a hundred elected amazons assemble in order to choose a successor from among their own sons. The chosen one is then proclaimed lawful king. The capital city of this little State lies on one of the most picturesque parts of the island, in a fruitful plain, and is defended by two well-kept fortresses.—*Galaxy.*

The Serenity of the Dying.

It has so happened that I have seen many men and women die. Without design or disposition on my part, I have very many times been present when sick persons were ebbing to eternity. I have seen men and women, young and old, cultivated and ignorant, orthodox and heterodox, in their last moments; and, as a rule, all of them passed away, if not without regret, at least with entire resignation. None of them showed dread of the future. Their thoughts were fixed on what they were quitting, not on what they were going to. I observed that some of them were troubled, perhaps distressed, when they first thought they could not recover, but that the nearer their end came the less apprehensive and calmer they grew. Having once banished hope, tranquillity seemed to descend upon them as a substitute, and afterward, if free from physical pain, there was unruffled peace. If encouraged to believe they might get well, or if they had a favorable turn, the old anxiety, with something of the former apprehension, reappeared—proving that their mental disquietude was born of their expectation of life, not of their fear of death. Thus was established a clear analogy between material and spiritual anguish under the same circumstances. As we have seen, those who are badly hurt, or seriously ill, experience suffering in going back to life, while the downward path to death, both for the body and the soul, is paved with smoothness and serenity.—*Galaxy.*

The sunshine and the gloom of life are of our own making. Happiness springs from a contented nature; sorrow from the chafings of a petulant spirit. Our enjoyment and our suffering are chiefly from within us, not from the world without and beyond us. A good conscience is better than a beautiful dome filled and ornamented with the creation of art, and is the only pure and enduring fountain of happiness.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

Care of the Eyes.

When will those working by lamplight have the sense to understand the use of shades to protect the eyes? We see persons sitting holding their sewing or other work before and near to a lamp, while the light is blazing full in their eyes. It is plain that the object they work upon cannot be seen with so great distinctness while the field of their retina is already occupied by a blaze. But they work on for hours and though the next morning their visual organs tell of the abuse by redness and inflammation, the workers are too dull to learn the lesson of experience offered to them. Circular paper shades can be obtained for a few cents, and those not only protect the eyes from the excess of light, but serve as a reflector behind the blaze, increasing the illumination one half. Besides the above mentioned, there is that of the varying quantity of light thrown into the eye by its being suddenly directed toward the blaze, or obliquely away from it, by which the pupil has not time to adapt itself to the increase of glare; whereas with the use of the shade the illumination would be uniform. The number of persons in the community having spots, light or dark, in their field of vision, and arising from injury to the retina, by the ill-usage which we are mentioning, is greater than is commonly imagined. It must be borne in mind that these spots are a serious step toward amaurosis and gutta serena, such as plunged in darkness the latter years of the great Milton, and many others more eminent for their talent than their caution. Look well to the preservation of your vision.

Jersey Cider and Vinegar.

A correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker* gives his experience in making Jersey Champagne Cider, and mode of converting it into vinegar. He says:

"I get my cider pure, right from the press, as I desire it made the last of the season, in cold, frosty weather. To a barrel of cider, add seven pounds of brown sugar, let ferment until you think it safe to give it a bung perfectly tight. Rack it off into a clean cask in March, (if you wish good cider, the cask that holds it must be as clean as your milk pitcher,) and take about two quarts of the cider and put in one quarter ounce of gelatine, and let it soak two or three hours; then warm and stir it till the gelatine is all dissolved (I use Cooper's.) set away until perfectly cold, and mix with the cider. Stir it well, through the bung-hole, with a stick long enough to reach the bottom of the barrel; agitate it thoroughly, and bung up tight; bottle in April or May. It presses the corks too much, stand it up. The corks must be tied. If it has not life enough, lay it down."

Vinegar.—Sometimes cider is too strong to make vinegar, and it will remain in a state too sour to drink, and not sour enough for vinegar. In such a case, add about one-third warm water, in which stir two quarts of molasses to a barrel, and in two or three months you will have sharp vinegar—as sharp as you want. I cannot say this is the *quickest* way, but I know it makes good vinegar.

The Tea Tree in America.

In 1859 and 1860 a special appropriation of $10,000 was expended by the Bureau of Agriculture in introducing tea culture to the people of the United States. Selections of seeds were made by Mr. Fortune, of England, as the agent of the United States, and these were conveyed in Wardian cases to this country, germinating on the voyage. When further developed in the Government greenhouses in Washington, they were distributed in limited numbers under the franks of Northern and Western Senators and Representatives, and in very large quantities, through various means of conveyance, to the South. They seem to have perished under the frosts of the North, and but few have been heard from in the South. At the time of their reception "the busy note of preparation" for a civil war possessed all minds. Mr. Connelly, of No. 457 M-street north-west yesterday presented to us a cutting from a tree in his garden, with its glossy leaves and greenish-white, and orange-colored blossoms. This tree has never received any protection in all the eleven winters it has lived; and, though not large, is prosperous enough to encourage experiments in more favorable localities and by more practiced cultivators.—*Washington Chronicle.*

REMEDIES FOR STAGNANT WELLS.—The water in wells frequently becomes foul from various causes, sometimes from the soaking into them of surface water from near home, where there is a large amount of vegetable matter and malodorous ... there being too large an amount of water in the well, which if not drawn off, stagnates and becomes offensive. A body of water remaining unstirred for a few weeks is liable to become foul which, if occasionally agitated, would remain good. If stagnant water becomes unpalatable, it may be rendered drinkable by pouring it from one vessel into another three or four times, letting it fall two or three feet. By so doing, it unites in contact with the oxygen of the air which purifies it. Another method of purifying water is filtering it through sand or charcoal. A hogshead two thirds full of sand can be set near the well, the water pumped into it, a hole made in the bottom covered with sponge and the water will percolate through and be purified. A chain pump or bucket is the best for a well, as it agitates the water every time it is used.—*Country Gentleman.*

HOW TO KEEP CELERY.—A correspondent of *Moore's Rural* gives the following hints: "For the benefit of those of our readers who have never succeeded in keeping celery in eatable condition throughout the winter, and I know of several, I will give a rule by which I have preserved celery, free from rot or loss, as late as the last of March. Never work at celery in any way except the plants be perfectly dry. Earth up never before 10 a. m., or after 4 p. m., and then only on a very dry and sun-shiny day. In the fall, as soon as the ground begins to freeze enough to make the slightest crust in the morning, select a dry and sun-shiny day, as near noon as possible, pack your celery in boxes, (I use soap or starch boxes,) placing first a layer of earth, about one inch deep; then a layer of celery; placing the plants just far enough apart to not lay against each other, and thus, alternating earth and celery until the boxes are filled, having the first and last layers of earth. Place the boxes where the celery will not freeze, (but not in a heated room,) and your celery will keep splendidly, and always convenient for use."

A NEW WAY TO WASH LINEN.—A new mode of washing linen has been introduced and adopted in Germany. The operation consists in dissolving two pounds of soap in about three gallons of water as hot as the hand can bear, and adding to this one tablespoonful of turpentine and three of liquid ammonia; the mixture must then be well stirred and the linen steeped in it for two or three hours, taking care to cover up the vessel which contains them as nearly hermetically as possible. The clothes are afterward washed out and rinsed in the usual way. The soap and water may be re-heated and used a second time, but in that case half a tablespoonful of turpentine and a tablespoonful of ammonia must be added. The process is said to cause a great economy in time, labor and fuel.

MEAT BALLS.—Chop the meat fine, as for sausages; then mix a small quantity of crumbs of bread and a seasoning of mace, pepper, cloves and salt, all well pounded; mix these with an egg, and make the mass into balls the size of a goose egg. Roll them in bread-crumbs and egg, and fry them a light brown; dish them up with a gravy flavored with walnut catsup.

COLD WATER SPONGE CAKE.—Three eggs, beat ten minutes; one and one-half cups of sugar, beat five minutes; one cup of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, beat one minute; one-half cup of cold water, one-half teaspoonful of saleratus, one cup of flour, a little salt, beat one minute.

A cut lemon kept on the wash-stand, and rubbed over the hands daily, after washing, and not wiped off for some minutes is an excellent remedy for chapped hands.

A stripped pin-cushion made an excellent ballot-box at a recent Kansas election.