DE COTE HOUSE IN DE SKY.

Now, I's of a notion in my head dat when dis 'am'nation in de clote House 'gin to close,
You'll be 'stonished at de questionsed de angel's gwine to ax,
When de gits you on de witness stan'ing you to de fence,
'Cause he'll ax you, mighty closely 'bout your deeds in de night-time,
An' de 'examination's gwine to be bolder'n high 'n 'sky.
Den your eyes 'll open wider dan dey ebber done before,
When he-she's you bout a chicken scrape dat happened long ago,
De angel on de picket line es long de Milky Way,
Keeps a watchin' what you're drivin' at, an' he hears it 'way down de line;
No matter what you wish's to do, no matter what you say,
Dey's mighty apt to find it out an' pass it long de line,
An' on'n at de meetin', when you make a fuss an laugh,
Why, dey send de news a-kitin' by de gosh, on telegraph,
Den de angel in de orfis, what's a settin' by de gate,
Jes' reads de message wid a look dat slops it on de slate,
Den you better do your jolly well, an' not be 'spectin' nuffin',
An' keep a lookin' straightahead an' 'tendin' what you 'sputer,
Cause ter a while de time 'll come to journey 'way up in de air,
An' dey'll take you way up in de air an' put you on de solar
Den you'll hab to listen to de clerk an' accountant angel, 'fore he settles
Ef you shed 'spec to trabble from de silver basket gate!

The Century.

HANNAH

BY HARRON HARLAND IN SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

Mrs. Cherihew was a good neighbor at all times, and one of my children falling sick, I was made to appreciate true neighborliness as had never been before. Daily potions of delicate and nourishing food, daintily dished and garnished, came from her house to the sick room, always accompanied by some timely and gracious message. Now and then a "leaflet" of prose or verse, breathing the pious sunshine and unfailing trust that were the atmosphere of her soul, was slipped beneath the snowy napkin covering the tray, or among cut flowers. Her christian love solaced soul and body with equal tact and tenderness. In her life, deeds and words met together; benevolence and beneficence kissed each other.

When the little one was out of danger I went over one morning to thank my ministering angel. After sending up my name, I was invited into her own sitting room on the second floor. In my brief waiting below I had time to note the evidences of neat and tasteful order that had succeeded to the hurly-burly of housecleaning. The first glimpse of the room, in the open door of which stood my hostess, brought a quotation to my mind:

"A large upper chamber whose window opened toward the sun rising. The name of the chamber was Peace."

The carpet was in mingled grays, the walls were faintly clouded pearl; the chairs and sofa were covered with gray cretonne. A low chair was set near a clear little wood fire, for the morning was raw and misty. On a stand close by was an open Bible, a white ribbon marking the page. Another, apt quotation rose to my lips with the salutation.

"I understand now how poor Nixy (you have not read Hedged In, of course!) —why the poor outcast began," along of the grayness of the room, "to comprehend what she might have been if she had had chances," I said.

"I scarcely could think that in which the rest of us women strive and toss and torment ourselves."

Anything more harmonious than the boudoir and its mistress could scarcely be imagined. She wore the invariable black silk, but in fleecy morning shawl was about her shoulders; a cap, simple in fashion, composed of tulle and white ribbons, crowned the soft braids that lay in each side of the exact parting of her still abundant hair. Her eyes smiled peace and good-will as she met and outstretched hand and inquiries after the health of the "dear little ones."

"I am thankful!" she answered, quietly, as I assured her of his convalescence, a far off look in the limpid depths, a sweeter smile touching her lips. "I asked the Father many times each day to spare him to us. He is the heart and arms if it were consistent with his holy will. I knew that I was heard."

It was much to be remembered by her in her talks with the beloved. Happy tears suffused my eyes; the worsted nameless reverence, with its strange undertone of pain, oppressed me. I recurred to the theme of my first remark.

"You never wander far away from the 'Gates Ajar.' Now, my robes are spotted with machine oil and the mud of the street crossings. The petty cares of the household, the annoyances of the nursery, the vexations of servants and gossips, are a swarm of mosquitoes that must be fought with one hand, even when I am upon my knees. Teach me your secret."

"Poor child!" she said, "you might pity her hurt baby. It is in one word, 'Trust.' The dear Lord can make you insensible to worries, and show you the *real* pettiness of domestic cares as easily as you can smooth out the crease in the pillow that is rough against your boy's cheek. Look away from them all and unto Him. I am ashamed to remember how many times in my cloudy days my mind wandered, while my lips prayed, distracting suggestions as to what I should have for breakfast! Our Lord will not be satisfied with a divided heart. We cannot bustle and fret with Martha, and also sit with Mary, in rapt receptivity, at his feet. We must tread under foot belittling solicitudes before our souls can grow. 'There is sin—and danger—in allowing these to become as truly as are our bodies hewers of wood and drawers of water.'

When I arose to go she took a volume from the table and wrote my name in it; beneath, this: "*I would have you without carefulness.*"

"I have just been reading this with great delight. It is 'The Rest of Faith.' May it be yours, my dear!" solemnly, in kissing me "Good by."

"I dropped in the basket-mat, on behalf of an invalid friend, for the receipt for some tapioca jelly she had sent my sick child. In the interest of our conversation I had almost forgotten it."

"Hannah made it," returned the mother. "I consult all such things to Hannah. She is in the kitchen this forenoon. We are expecting five clergymen this evening, delegates to the great Second Coming Convention to be held in the — Avenue church. And the dear daughter will oversee all the preparations for them. I cannot convince her that so much forecasting and management are superfluous. Housewifery is her passion."—a gentle sigh.

"Will you walk this way? That is, unless you object to the heat and odor of her realm."

She led me to a door at the end of the lower hall.

"Daughter, I have brought a visitor. I know you will not leave the room to welcome her any where else."

The range fire roared lustily. One table was laden with bread, cookies and pies, ready for the oven; another heaped with poultry and vegetables. An Irish girl was drawing a turkey at the sink; a second, beating eggs. Hannah, in a dark gingham wrapper, her hair strained back from a snowy, old forehead, was rolling the pie-crust on the kitchen table. The air was redolent of spices and hot sweets, with a grosser flavoring from a bubbling boiler of soup stock.

In similar circumstances I should have flamed up indignantly. Hannah smiled cordially.

"I am always glad to see you" she said, without embarrassment. "I consider it a special compliment when my friends brave a foretaste of purgatory in order to drop at me. We are making ready for a houseful of divines, you know, and, as I know from previous experience, many had severe, they must be fed on the fat of the land, and plenty of it."

"My love!" from the mother. "The charity that thinketh no evil!" Reproach never was more twinkled—and hardened.

"Mrs. Cherihew has not gone through life with her eyes shut," she retorted, shrewdly. "She understands that the *sentimentalities* of religion must be done *secundum artem*, and that the order that all may run easily, fuel must be supplied and the wheels kept well greased. I am one of the stokers on the Celestial Railway."

The similes struck me as remarkably "nonsensible." One of the Irish girls tittered; her mate kept her head down over her turkey, but her shoulders quaked. Hannah rolled her pie-crust energetically. The calmness of the mother's face did not change as she shook her head, never so slightly, as a lily might sway on the stem. She was used to her daughter's brusqueness.

"Mrs. Cherihew will like to have your receipt for tapioca jelly, dear. And you will be glad to hear that her sweet baby is quite well again."

Hannah's face was all womanly on the instant.

"Good!" she ejaculated. "He is a fine little fellow. I have a little that I mean to send to him in a day or so. The receipt you shall have at the same time, for it is my mother and their flesh pots are it is manna and quails?—don't put it out of my head."

The next day brought a cold rain storm. Seated not far from my front window, about the middle of the afternoon, sewing in hand, my boy on the carpet at my feet, I saw a figure ascend the porch steps. It was enshrouded in a water-proof cloak, and bore a small bundle in one hand against the whipping blast. As this careened hopelessly to one side, I recognized Hannah Cherihew and ran to admit her before she could ring the bell. She was pale with the exertion of stemming the storm resolutely, but she tried to laugh. "I have brought the receipt—and I was afraid—I thought you might have spoken of Kitty to the boy," she panted, "and he might be expecting it." She drew a small covered basket from under her cloak. "No! I cannot—ought not to come in! I should ruin your carpet, I am so wet!"

I had the unmerciful in one hand, her arm in the other, and she was too tired to struggle.

"Come and see Boy," I urged, "and let him thank you!"

I pulled off the drenched cloak and sent it to the kitchen fire; brought forward a rocking chair and made her put up her feet on a fender stool to dry. The kitten escaped from its new quarters in the basket—a small tortoise-shell creature, with a small covered basket from under her cloak. "No! I cannot—ought not to come in! I should ruin your carpet, I am so wet!"

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"You toss sunshine like two team darts," observed Boy.

Hannah laughed. "They are my locomotives, dear, and my steppings-stones."

"You never wander far away from the 'Gates Ajar.' Now, my robes are spotted with machine oil and the mud of the street crossings. The petty cares of the household, the annoyances of the nursery, the vexations of servants and gossips, are a swarm of mosquitoes that must be fought with one hand, even when I am upon my knees. Teach me your secret."

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THE FARM.

DIALOGUE OF THE TWO HORSES.

FIRST HORSE.

We are the pets of men.
The pampered pets of men!
There is naught for us too gentle and good;
The grassiest land is our feeding-ground,
We frisk and caper with childish glee—
Oh, none so well-cared and petted as we!
They cheer and cherish us in our play,
And none so gentle and kind as they.
And when a little our lives have grown,
Each has a stable and soon his pair.

And the waiter to fill his bill of fare,
A barber to clip and comb his hair:
Yes, we are the pets of men!
The pampered pets of men!
They show us, gaily dressed and proud,
In the eager eyes of the clamorous crowd!
They champion us in the rattling race,
They praise our beauty and matchless pace;
They keep for us our family trees—
They trumpet our glories to the seas.
They hang our portraits on their walls,
And paint and gild and gild our stalls.
Yes we are the pets of men—
The pampered pets of men!

SECOND HORSE.

We are the servants of men—
The menial slaves of men!
They ride us down with murderous loads;
They bind us down with iron goads;
They think that we cannot answer back
And line of whip or spur or rein
Is wonder or thrill is never done.
And when our limbs are stiff and lame,
And we are stiffened, and bowed with shame,
And hard of motion, and poor of sight,
They turn us out in the world to die!
Yes, we are the servants of men—
The victims of selfish men!
They flick us with their merciless whips,
They drive us bleeding into their fights;
They lash us through the deadly massacre
That rages as into a storm of fire,
And when the fight is done we are driven and beat,
And take the dull fat for them was meant.
Along with the dogs to grunt and growl,
And dash their spurs in another steed!
Yes we are the servants of men—
The slaves of brutish men!

Walt Whitman, in Forum Essays.

State Agricultural Society.

The annual meeting of the executive board was held at the Russell House in Detroit on the 10th inst. President Phillips called the meeting to order and made a short retiring speech. Henry Brick, Jackson county, followed with a lengthy address, with important suggestions. Delegates were present from the Michigan Sheep Breeders' Association, the State Horticultural Society, the sheep breeder's, the wool grower's, and short horn cattle association. A communication was received from the American Berkshire Swine Association, urging a uniform list of prizes for swine by the various fairs, and insisting the competition of animals eligible to registry in the "Herdbook Record." Referred to committee on revision of the premium list. A letter was read from the Illinois State Board of Agriculture, inviting co-operation in sustaining the fat stock show in Chicago. The president announced the following standing committees for 1882:

Finance—Wm. M. Ball, E. W. Rising, M. P. Anderson.

Rules—C. A. Harrison, G. W. Phillips, J. Q. A. Burrington.

Premium list—Henry M. Sterling, W. J. Baxter, W. L. Webber.

Programme—W. H. Cobb, A. D. Hyde, F. Y. Smith.

Transportation—Pablo Parsons, H. G. Wells, M. Shoemaker.

Printing—A. J. Dean, J. C. Sterling, John Lesseter.

The president John Gilbert, W. H. Cobb and A. O. Hyde as business committee for the ensuing year. Messrs. Parsons, Phillips and Wood were appointed a committee to confer with the horticultural committee as to a union exhibition at the annual fair. The subject of sales at fairs was referred to Messrs. Harrison, Sterling, Sanford and Beckwith, committee. Mr. Parsons, of the committee on relations with the horticultural society, recommended that the proposed union be sustained. Other reports, which were read and referred, were as follows: On agriculture, D. W. Howard; machinery, H. Hanford; on horses, Mr. Hanford; police, Mr. Sterling; cattle, J. H. Butterfield; swine, John Lesser; miscellaneous, A. P. Wood; children's department, Minnie Brow; manufactures, F. Y. Smith.

Wintering Cattle and Sheep.

At a recent meeting of the Lenawee County Farmer's Club, the subject for discussion was the best method of wintering cattle and sheep.

H. H. Hall thought to get information in regard to sheep, as he had been out of the business for some years, and had bought some for Kelley, and thought quite highly of real importance in wintering cattle. It had been a question whether to feed hay when he had plenty of bright straw and when straw was the cheaper feed. A grain, He would stable milch cows during the night, and let them out days when pleasant. Give plenty of water. Use salt freely. Had sold this season, and hoped to furnish water in abundance.

Mr. Russel yards day time and stables milch cows nights, feeds corn stalks and gives plenty of water. Would not feed store sheep until past spring, but would feed hay at night and stalks in morning.

The expense of oilcake is $20 per ton, and it is good economy to feed it with other feed, as he considered one pound worth 1 cent. He would feed linseed oil cake to other feed. Would not feed much corn-meal, as he considered it pork economy.

Mr. Thompson stables everything, feeds calves hay twice a day, also fattening cattle; feeds stalks in stable and straw in the yard during the day. Feeds sheep hay out of manger in the morning, under shelter. Thinks stalks and straw, with grain, will give as good results and as good as wool. He commenced feeding oilcake to his lights in the beginning of winter, and increased to a ard spring. Would keep them yarded from the commencement of winter, and shelter lights, and always when a storm. Give water to water in the sheds at all times, but this winter was going to salt them twice a week. Thinks it a good plan to feed sulphur quite often with the salt.

Mr. Benedict said Mr. Kies told him that he had obtained that many theeses per ton for light and fine straw, while sheep fed upon corn gave heavier and stronger wool, and were also healthier sheep. He did not consider oats as good feed for sheep.

A Generous Diet for Cows.

Professor L. B. Arnold says in the Weekly Tribune:—

Cows which are made to live chiefly upon meal do not last as long as those which live on grass. A highly stimulating diet for any animal shortens the duration of its life. Over exciting any part of the system wears out its functions prematurely. But a generous diet—one that fully sustains all parts of the body—contributes to health and longevity. Cows which are made to live chiefly upon meal while grazing will give more and better milk, and hold out longer than those which live exclusively on grass. This is more especially true with large milkers. So large a share of their food is converted into milk that their bodies fail to be properly supported. With such cows a moderate feed of meal daily while at grass gives a fuller development of vigor without undue excitement, and contributes to the duration of the milk-producing function as well as to an improvement in the quality and quantity of milk. Exhaustion, or a failure to fully sustain vital functions, is as fatal to duration as over-excitement or over-exertion. And from this cause more cows have their time of profitable milk-producing shortened from the lack of meal than from getting too much while at pasture.

Texas Cattle.

The scarcity of Texas hides is getting to be a source of anxiety to tanners, who want to get heavy leather to supply the increasing demand. The improving of herds has been going on for some time on the cattle ranches, and the long-horned, scraggy Texas steers are getting scarcer every year. There is more system pursued in raising. Crossing the breeds, gives finer stock and better meat, at the expense of the hide, which in beef breeds is finer, and does not make so thick leather. New ranches are stocking, and as the facilities for the business are practically limitless, both in the line of territory and the readiness with which stock can be marketed, the future of the trade is a bright one. There is also a marked improvement in prices for the spring drive, as compared with prices paid a year ago, in all the classes from yearlings to three-year-olds, the advance being nearly 50 per cent. At points on the Missouri river, where range cattle are marketed, dealers have experienced great difficulty in supplying good stock, and cattle which are fit, that are peculiarly adapted for ranging, are being received at points remote from the usual markets. All these encouraging indications of prosperity conclusively prove the utility of exercising judgment in selecting stock, by which a high grade of beef cattle can be produced, and also demonstrate that Texas will retain rank at the head of the beef producing States.—American Cultivator.

SCIENCE NOTES

The Indiana State Board of Health have prohibited all persons who have not been successfully vaccinated, from entering any public or private school in either its pupils or teachers. They also require all persons moving into the state to be vaccinated, within sixty days after their arrival. This order went into effect, Jan. 1st, 1882.

Esculapius, the god of the healing art, is believed to have been the son of Apollo and Coronis, and is fabled to have been struck and killed by the thunderbolt of Jupiter. The cause of his destruction was that Jupiter became alarmed lest he should put men in possession of the means of triumphing over death and thus allow them to usurp divine honor to the gods. The god of medicine is fabled to have had a telluric as well as celestial power, and to have caused mineral springs, the sources of health to spring from the bosom of the earth. He also bestowed slumber and repose upon the race of mortals. The temples of Esculapius were often near mineral springs and rivers, and the one at Athens was provided with a source of warm water. The worship of Esculapius had for its object the occupying and exciting of the imagination of the sick persons sufficiently to produce the desired result.

Lake Superior, 430 miles long and 160 miles wide, is the largest body of fresh water in the world.

According to the Bay City *Tribune* 2650 telephones are in use in the state, and in each of these the Bell company receives an annual rental of ten dollars making an income of $26,500 a year. The business was formerly supposed to be caused by an evil spirit taking possession of the sick person. The individual was passive in the matter. The spirit which dwelt in his body caused its malignancy by injuring and torturing his body. In the progress of science this idea has been cut-gyzed. One of the results of medical research has been the disdetying of disease, we still hold to the old form of expression but the thing we have been shaken of, but trace that sickness, not to demoniac action, but to natural causes. Instead of believing in the agency of evil spirits, we understand that a man makes himself sick by a sin of omission or commission against the laws of health.

Andrew Knight expressed the view that variation in animals and plants under domestication was partially due to excess of food.

Small things in nature are capable of producing great results. A gallon of water sometimes stings a plant insensibly, a minute quantity of poison and an extraordinary outgrowth or excrescence appears.

The old Romans had an excellent maxim and one worthy of application in the present, viz: "salus populi, suprema lex." The safety of the people is the highest law.

At the last Paris exhibition M. Mouchot, mathematician in ordinary of sunshine, but this heat has been surpassed by M. Salamac who has been cooking by electricity. An enthusiastic admirer of the latter gentleman says that he broils steaks by lightning and warms coffee with the aurora borealis. As a matter of fact it is believed that the same machines used for lighting the house by night, may be employed by day for warming, cooking, feeding a sewing machine, or other utilitarian purposes.

Try.

Try popcorn for nausea.
Try cranberries for malaria.
Try a sun-bath for rheumatism.
Try ginger ale for stomach cramps.
Try clam broth for a weak stomach.
Try camphory poultices for erysipelas.
Try sawet towel to the back of the neck when sleepless.
Try buttermilk for removal of freckles, tan and butternut steins.
Try a hot flannel over the seat of neuralgic pain and renew frequently.
Try a hot flannel over the eyes when ready to catsup if you want to make it palatable.
Try taking a nap in the afternoon if you are going to be out late in the evening.
Try a cloth wrung out from cold water and about the neck at night for sore throat.
Try snuffing powdered borax up the nostrils for catarrhal cold in the head.
Try an extra pair of stockings inside of your shoes when traveling in cold weather.
Try walking with your hands behind you if you find yourself becoming bent forward.
Try a silk handkerchief over the face when obliged to go against a cold, piercing wind.
Try planting sunflowers in your garden if compelled to live in a malarial neighborhood.
Try a saturated solution of bicarbonate of soda (baking powder) in diarrhoeal troubles; give freely.
Try a newspaper over the chest, between your coat, as a chest protector in extremely cold weather.

The plumber, unlike the water pipe on which he thrives, never busts up.—*Breakfast Table.*

THE HOUSEHOLD.

AN OLD-FASHIONED COLORED COOK.—Rosannah was cook in Auton House for nearly 30 years. She wore one plain thin gold ring on the third finger of her well-formed, long, left hand, but we never knew whether she was married or single. We like the young youth who linked his faith to hers, because she, who thoroughly believed in the old adage that "too many cooks spoil the broth," could surely dispense with masculine suggestions in regard to the matrimonial pottage. It is safe to predict that if Rosannah ever was a bride it must have been for a brief and sanguinary period. she was what might be termed a cross cook; but ah! wasn't she a good one, though! If we had her manipulate a Rhode Island turkey, going round doing good," in the bright kitchen grate one an appetite for dinner. Once on the skewer and before the roaring wood fire, it was a mere question of time that separated it from an Irish stew. Basted with the air of an expert she roasted the rooster to inspect the savory process. Then, when done, she "basted" the specimen in the other, she "basted" the blistered bird with the flour, and poured the sputtering gravy over its magnificent breast, with all the dignity of a queen. When the turkey was ready to be served a fragrant cloud enveloped it which penetrated to the dining room. The great mountain of breast was blistered and browned with half an inch of aromatic dressing. No laugh, yet "satisfaction" was written before you, but lovely, bulging drumsticks, dripping with gravy, and folded together in peaceful satisfaction. Its liver and manly gizzard were huddled together, just under the sides of the bone where they lived, and a sumptuous wish was expressed that Rosannah would cook for us to-day. The subsequently prepared a liquid sufficiently strong to corrode every kind of glass. But never decreased considerably an area of prevalency.

Up to date, small-pox is reported at Detroit, Bay City, Grand Rapids, Kalamazoo, South Haven and Monroe. A new case of small-pox was brought to Grand Rapids from Chicago Jan. 9. Vaccinations are general in many parts of the state.

HENRY B. BAKER, Secretary.
Lansing, Jan. 12, 1882.

HEALTH IN MICHIGAN.

[BULLETIN 15]

Reports to the state board of health, Lansing, by 65 observers of diseases in different parts of the state, show causes of sickness during the week ending Jan. 7, 1882, as follows:

DISEASES, IN ORDER OF GREATEST AREA OF PREVALENCE.	Number and per cent of observers by whom each disease was reported.
	Number.	Per cent.
1 Bronchitis	48	74
2 Inflammation of lungs	43	66
3 Neuralgia	43	66
4 Consumption of lungs	39	60
5 Intermittent fever, (ague)	37	57
6 Influenza	37	57
7 Rheumatism	32	49
8 Pneumonia	31	48
9 Remittent fever	27	42
10 Diphtheria	14	22
11 Diarrhea	21	32
12 Typho-malarial fever	11	17
13 Scarlet fever	4	6
14 Erysipelas	3	5
15 Typhoid fever	2	3
16 Whooping-cough	9	14
17 Inflammation of Bowels	4	6
18 Inflammation of Brain	4	6
19 Measles	3	5
20 Dysentery	3	5
21 Membranous Croup	3	5
22 Puerperal fever	2	3
23 Cerebro-spinal Meningitis	2	3
24 Congestion of lungs	2	3
25 Small pox	2	3
26 Dysenteries	2	3
27 Inflammation of Kidney	2	3
28 Anæmia	1	2
29 Chicken-pox	1	2
30 Epilepsy	1	2
31 Catarrh of stomach and bowels	1	2
32 Gangrene	1	2
33 Spinal meningitis	1	2
34 Inflammation of Liver	1	2
35 Cholera infantum	1	2
36 Disease curialgia	1	2
37 Dropsy	1	2
38 Quinsy	1	2
39 Chicken-pox	1	2
40 Epilepsy	1	2

Reports for the week ending Jan. 7, 1882, the reports indicate that bronchitis and influenza increased considerably and that erysipelas, tonsilitis and pneumonia never decreased considerably

Fashion Notes.

A very excellent way of finishing the opening in the back of the large wraps worn this winter is to fill up with row upon row of chenille fringe. That which costs $6 a yard is good enough, and four or five yards is all that will be needed.

Some new and very choice toilet mats are of strips of fine embroidery and Valenciennes lace, handsomely turned by Valenciennes lace. The beautiful Fayal handkerchiefs with drawn and wrought borders are used for toilet mats and for dressing covers and are found to be very beautiful in effect.

Irish point collars and cuffs require great skill in the laundress, and have to be sometimes (as formerly supposed) ironed if not properly treated. In fact, washing lace of any kind is ladies' work, and is done by the ladies or by the hands of any one but the owner.

A pale blue cashmere evening dress is irresistible unless worn by a very tall girl, when it is quite overwhelmed by one of the new square collars of white plush, with a cascade of Nemours lace fastened by pearl pins, the rage who values his freedom turns and flees.

Point d'Angleterre is Brussels lace, but the name is misleading, being elsewhere, and, accordingly, more than one newspaper has regarded M'lle Grevy's choice of point d'Angleterre for her wedding veil as a patriotic demonstration.

The only $35,000 pearl necklace ever made in this country is on exhibition in New York now, together with a pendent ornament of 1,500 third brilliants, with an emerald for a crest and two rubies for eyes.

The prettiest gown that has been seen this year worn by a young girl in her first season is of white lace and white surah embroidered with white lilies and looped by garlands of the same blossom.

Kerchiefs of Pompadour muslin, and of colored mull, with gold or silver or white dots, are worn in the house; but some new French handkerchiefs made for mufflers are pretty enough to be used for the same purpose. The muslins with pendent lover the temples, the special style those use it is, should be summoned to tell the beauties of those squares of silk, with their wide ruffled borders in solid color, and their centres made up of brocaded squares in which turquoise and ruby and old gold play into each other so beautifully.

A lady's bonnet in blue and white enamel is a novel design for a gentleman's present to his wife, and costs not so much as a real bonnet, and consider how useful it is!

Fayal squares are among the new things in the way of shawls, especially pretty for half-mourning; for they are not lace, although they are as light and as becoming.

The fashionable rule of trimming bonnets so as to bring the feathers close to the face, is used by clever women to call attention to their pompons, in a manner that excites the horror of those not open to the temptation to do anything of the kind.

At a Washington wedding, the other day, according to a reporter, the bridesmaids were, alternatively dressed in pink and white. What they might have to worn had they refused the pink and blue is not stated.

They had a doll's reception in New York the other day for the benefit of the Children's Hospital. A croquet party and a darkey kitchen and a Mother Goose group were among the novelties in arrangement.

BUTTERSCOTCH.—Take one pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pint of water, and set over a slow fire; when done add one and a half table-spoonfuls of butter and lemon-juice to flavor.

DROP CAKES.—Put six well-beaten eggs into a pint of thick cream; add a little salt, and make into a thick batter with flour. Bake it in rings or in small cups three-quarters of an hour. The same may be made with Graham flour.

When a pound of leaves are burnt the quantity of ashes remaining is much greater than when an equal weight of wood is consumed, and are more beneficial in their fertilising properties.

Fortunate Accidents.

It has often happened that an invention is the result of the purest accidents. Men may plan, study and try, but often nature refuses to open up the arcana to their efforts. What students by their earnest labor have thus failed to accomplish has at times been revealed as a result of a gratuitous blunder.

An instance of this may be seen in the discovery of cochineal-scarlet. In 1834, Cornelius Drebble died in London, but before that occurrence he met with a most fortunate accident. Having placed in his window an extract of cochineal and above it a vial of aqua regia, by chance it was broken, and its contents spilled into the cochineal. The latter was instantly changed to a beautiful dark red, and he immediately set about finding the cause of the occurrence. After some searching he ascertained that some of the tin by which the window frame was divided into squares, being dissolved by the acid, had caused the change. He communicated his observations to Kufferlan, a dyer, at Leyden, by whom it was brought to perfection. Within a short time, kept secret and known as Kufferlan's color.

In a similar manner was discovered the art of glass-etching. About 1670, Henry Schwanhard, spilled some aqua fortis upon his spectacles and observed that it corroded the glass. He subsequently prepared a liquid sufficiently strong to corrode every kind of glass. At present the substance to be etched is covered with varnish, the figures traced, and the glass in the uncovered places is eaten away. Schwanhard's method was different. He covered the figures and lines which had been poured on the corrosive. By this means he could be delineated and etched on glass animals, flowers, plants, and human figures. In this case a part of the varnish was left, and the art of glass-etching was made known.

Another of these fortunate accidents built Moss Valley. While he was examining a fine specimen of agate, the mineral fell and was shattered. Dismayed at his loss the learned savan gathered up the fragments, but in so doing observed that the substance originally crystallized in prisms, now took on the rhombohedral form. Here was a key to the laws of crystallography, and he proceeded at once to break the whole collection into pieces, and the result has been of more value to the world than all the mineralogical museums that ever existed.—*W. H. Smith, M. D., Ph. D. in Michigan Christian Herald.*

Successful Moving of a Large Hotel.

At a recent meeting of the Engineer's Club, of Philadelphia, the secretary read a detailed description of the moving of the Hotel Pelham, at Tremont and Boylston street, Boston, for the purpose of widening Tremont street. This hotel is built of freestone and brick, 96 and 99 frontage. The Boylston street wall is supported on eight granite columns 12 feet 6 inches by 4 feet apart, and times sympathized, to my great disgust above the sidewalk. Height above tramways on which it was moved, 96 feet. Within the building was much of furniture, which was not disturbed during removal, as also were not the occupants of the stores on first floor and side of the rooms. Gas and plumbing pipe connections being kept up with flexible tubes. Careful experiments with models showed that if the lowering of the building was properly balanced, there was no danger of shifting in the parts above. The general arrangements consisted of heavy and substantial timbered bridges, foundations for iron rails and rollers, and the building was forced to its new position by fifty-six screws, 2 inches in diameter, and inch pitch, with ratchet and pawl against timbers arranged to uniformly distribute the pressure against the building. Much care and ingenuity, are displayed in the details of the arrangements and work. Two months and twenty days were occupied in preparation. The moving itself was begun on August 2, and ended on the 22d. Now, 25, but the actual time of moving was but 13 hours and 40 minutes. The greatest speed was two inches in four minutes. The hotel was moved a distance eighth of an inch at each quarter turn of the screws. The whole distance moved was 13 feet 10 inches. Four hundred and fifty-six gills of water were required for the work. The whole cost was about $30,000. This is the largest building that has ever been removed, although others have been raised, which latter is a much simpler and less risky operation. The complete success of this undertaking is shown by the fact that the clock which existed in the walls prior to removal were not changed by the operation. Paper was pasted over every broken or cracked plaster, that any change might be seen.

It has not been many years since systematic efforts to raise poultry as a business were made in the United States. It has rapidly grown, however, and it is estimated that the average annual yield of honey has reached a total of 30,000,000 pounds. Some 40 years ago, I regularly engaged in it on several thousand swarms of bees each. In California, one acre of ground is estimated to be capable of supporting twenty colonies of bees, the yield of each being about fifty pounds of honey per annum. In our climate, where the bees are liable to be killed during severe winters, placing the hives in cellars during the inclement season is recommended. When thus wintered the bees are said to consume less honey, and are healthier in the spring than when exposed to the elements.

The supposition that ducks and geese can subsist if deprived of their feathers is quite erroneous. A New Jersey farmer, who plucked his geese too closely last month, would have lost his entire flock had he not promptly scooped them out of the water with a net, as they disappeared below the surface as soon as they attempted to swim and were quite helpless.

That inveterate region of country in southern Kansas and the Indian Territory watered by the grass Arkansas, Canadian, Cimarron, Chisholm's, and Minnesaka rivers is the great cattle and sheep range of the United States. The territory embraced in the range comprises some twenty-five counties in the State of Kansas, being the southwest portion of the State, formerly known as the "Great American Desert.

Obituary.

Mrs. Lucy Ann Hall, wife of Rev. Dr. Hall, died at her residence in Detroit, Jan. 10th, 1882, aged 70 years. Mrs. Hall was a native of Connecticut, and was married to Dr. Hall in 1833. She was a lady of rare excellence of character, and was highly esteemed by all who knew her. She was a member of the Presbyterian church for many years, and was a faithful worker in the cause of her master. She was a kind and affectionate wife and mother, and her loss will be deeply felt by her family and friends.

Stock should be well sheltered during winter, for when unprotected from the cold winds and severe storms a great deal of the food goes to maintain animal heat, instead of adding pounds of flesh to the animal. The scarcity of grain and the consequent high prices will make this winter a good time to try the experiment of economizing feed by sheltering stock.

The wedding gown of an American lady recently purchased in Paris was of white plush and was made short.