MORNING CALLS.

Come, Lou, will you never be ready?
I'll button your gloves for you: there
Your new hat is very becoming;
It suits you—pale blue—you're so fair.
Now for me; I'm as dark as an Indian.
And so I wear red and old gold.
We'll drive first to old Mrs. Jones's;
If we don't go there Papa will scold;

So we might just as well have it over,
"Not at home"—well I'm thankful, indeed!
Now the Grers's. Out again—we are lucky
Who's next on the list—Mrs. Sneyde
She's a bore, but her parties are pleasant,
Then her brother is such a nice beau!
Now mind, we can't stay but ten minutes,
We've so many places to go.

(Well, John, drive to Mrs. Van Upstart's)
It isn't her day to receive,
And so we shall probably miss her;
If we do, I am sure I shan't grieve.
How are you, dear Mrs. Van Upstart!
So glad you are in! Nell and I
Are outmaking calls this fine mourning
And felt that we couldn't pass by.

(John, drive to the Blairs's and De Rusters's.)
They're all in deep morning, and so
We need only leave cards—give him mamma's
They'll think she was with us, you know
And now to the Devin's; Jule told me
They're going to give a grand ball;
The cards are not out, so they'll think it
Mere courtesy in us to call.

Look! there's Fannie Harris; I saw her;
She just turned the corner: Let's go
And leave her our cards while she's walking;
It won't take five minutes, you know.
We've a party call due at the Graynors's;
It's one that we really must pay;
And then we must go home to luncheon;
There's company asked for to-day.

CARROL'S FATE.

BY ANNABEL DWIGHT.

Carrol Lindsay stood at the window of Aunt Nabby's tidy sitting-room, and flattened her pretty nose against the pane disconsolately.

There was the great village street with a double row of sedate-looking houses guarded by prim little trees whose bare boughs were sternly outlined against a wintry gray sky.

A few wandering snowflakes hovered in the air. Within the sitting-room where Carrol stood, a coal fire burned softly in the grate, and a bright, yellow canary fluttered in an old-fashioned square cage, and executed ecstatic trills.

Carrol was suffering voluntary exile. She had been educated with the expectation of one day becoming the wife of Mr. Wilton Jeffers, who was some ten years her senior.

Now she had never seen Mr. Jeffers, but he was expected at her home in Boston, to spend the Christmas holidays, and Carrol had declared that she would rather die than meet him, and had worked herself up into a fine state of heroics over a young dry-goods clerk in the city, with whom she imagined herself to be desperately in love, and had finally actually run away from home to Aunt Nabby's in Vermont, from whence she had sent a little willful letter over which the family laughed, and then settled down to receive Wilton Jeffers, wisely concluding that a visit at Aunt Nabby's in December would be a good thing for their madcap.

Carrol had been there four weeks, and she was heartily weary of it, but as letters from home still alluded to Mr. Jeffers' presence, she would not return. To tell the truth, she was rather disappointed that her escapade was taken so quietly at home.

She had imagined herself quite a heroine, and had exchanged sentimental notes with her dry goods clerk, in which she anathematized Wilton Jeffers as a "hateful tyrant," who would "force her into a distasteful marriage," and it was rather humiliating to find the "tyrant" was evidently not at all anxious to see her, and that she was being most decidedly let alone.

She was rather taking, was Carrol; slender and graceful, with an arch, brunette face, laughing hazel eyes, a quantity of soft, brown hair called low at the back of her head, and good teeth in a very kissable mouth.

This afternoon as she stood absently pulling the little curl over her forehead with, as I have before stated, her pretty nose flattened against the window-pane, a gentleman, moving very deliberately through the falling snowflakes, looked at her in approval. He was a young man, and a stranger Carrol decided at a glance. None of the young men of the village had that easy, self-assured gait, or that lordly carriage of the head. He was fine-looking, too, with bold, dark eyes, and a curling beard of reddish brown.

Carrol was a born coquette; she was bored half to death with her four weeks, uneventful life at Aunt Nabby's. She caught the stranger's lingering look of admiration, and utterly forgetful for the moment that she had vowed eternal fidelity to her dry goods clerk, she smiled so sweetly and archly that the gentleman—he was a gentleman—may be forgiven for lifting his hat and smiling in return.

The next day on her way to the post-office Carrol lost her veil. The wind which whisked it off blew it against the breast of this strange gentleman, who was coming from the opposite direction. Of course he returned it and received another smile accompanied by Carrol's thanks.

After that there was rarely a day in which they did not meet, until it became a common matter for him to join her on her way to the postoffice.

His name he informed her, was Will Harris. He was stopping at the hotel for a few weeks, and appeared to have no particular business, and Carrol came to the decision that he was wealthy.

For a time this acquaintance progressed famously. Will Harris made himself very agreeable, and foolish little Carrol, who had begun the flirtation out of sheer desperation, began to wish that she had never met him, or at least that she had been introduced to him in the orthodox fashion.

She was quite sure that she admired the dark-eyed Harris more than any one she knew. She quite neglected her dry-goods clerk, who after penning one or two approachful letters to his fickle love, returned all his cream-tinted epistle's, demanding his own in return, and renouncing her forever.

Devoutly thankful for the turn of affairs, Carrol bundled up all the youth's tender billet-doux and sent them off.

About this time she received a letter from home stating the factthat Wilton Jeffers had left Bosto n, ore sh might return as soon as possible.

Singularly enough Carrol didn't seem to care about going home. Hillton seemed a charming little spot to her, and when she spoke to Will Harris of leaving it, her dainty chin quivered suspiciously, and she winked two bright drops from her eyes.

It was just dusk and they were crossing the windy little common together, where the colored lights of the village drug store made a broad pathway, and shone full for a moment on Carrol's troubled countenance.

"Don't cry, my little Carrol," said the young man tenderly, as he pressed the slender hand upon his arm.

"Why! I'm not crying!" asserted Carrol, stoutly; and Harris wisely refrained from contradicting, although a tender and amused smile lingered in his eyes.

"My dear little girl," he began.

"Hush! You must not speak to me like that," interrupted Carrol hastily, with quivering tones. "I have been very weak and silly, Mr. Harris, and I know you cannot have much respect for me; but, indeed, I meant *no* harm; I was so dull at auntie's, and I never thought to carry this flirtation so far

"Carrol, is this nothing but a flirtation to you? Answer me truly!"

He had halted, his face looking pale, and his eyes stern and cold in the dusky light.

"you love, it is useless to deny it Carrol. I am your fate, nothing can divide us," and he laughed outright with an air of mingled amusement and exultation that puzzled the girl.

"Something will divide us," she said, despondently. "I have told you of Mr Jeffers. My parents hope, in time, to bring us together. They will not receive you."

"Will they not? We will see, my dear. Now listen to me. You just pack up your trunk and go home like a good child, and in just one week from to-night I will call at your house in Boston with a mutual friend to properly introduce me, and you will see what you will see. Only, whatever comes to pass, you truly love me, Carrol?"

He detained her gently for a moment. She met his smiling gaze with two tearful eyes, and nodded silently, not daring to trust herself to speak.

He raised her hand to his lips and walked away, while she ran on to Aunt Nabby's little cottage.

When Carrol reached home, she found that Ned, her older brother, was absent.

She had been at home three days when they received a telegram stating that Ned had met Wilton Jeffers in New York, and would bring him back with him on Wednesday.

Carrol remembered that Wednesday was the day of Will Harris' promised visit, so she could not run away from the dreadful Mr. Jeffers this time.

Wednesday evening came. Carrol fluttered up and down the long parlor restless and feverish.

She was charming and dainty enough to please either suitor, in an exquisitely fitting dress of wine-colored cashmere, relieved at throat and wrists by frills of soft lace.

She listened nervously for the ring of the bell which should announce the arrival of Will Harris.

But she heard instead the sound of footsteps in the hall as the door closed, and Ned's laughing voice calling:

"Come on Jeffers! We shall find Carrol in here!"

Carrol stood still in sudden dismay. That hateful Wilton Jeffers had come.

The door opened and Ned sprang forward and kissed her, then stepping aside announced with a flourish:

"Our dear friend, the best fellow in the world, Wilton Jeffers!"

And the tall gentleman who came forward with outstretched arms, and laughing, tender eyes, was Will Harris himself.

Carrol looked from one to the other, then back to her parents, who stood in the doorway.

"Was it a plot?" she faltered, holding Jeffers back with one hand.

"Yes, honey, it was!" confessed Ned, falling on his knees. "Do forgive us. Wilton is such a jolly fellow, and you were so determined not to meet him. He went up there on purpose to get acquainted with you, and succeeded. His name is Wilton Harris Jeffers, but you didn't know that."

"You cannot run away from fate, Carrol," but she allowed him to kiss her.

Training the Voice in Conversation.

Youth's Companion.

The charm of a sincere, sweet voice never fails to influence us, though we are often unconscious as to what it is that has touched us. Madame de Maintenon is said to have maintained her power over Louis XIV. when she was old and ugly, by her strong sense and exquisite voice. Madame de Stael, on the contrary, croaked out her sentences, alive with genius, in the tones of a crow.

It is strange that while young people are so careful to improve every advantage which nature has given them to make themselves attractive, they neglect this, probably the most powerful of all. Voices, it is true, differ naturally in sweetness and range of tone, but they may be trained as thoroughly in speaking as in singing. The first aim should be to rid the voice of all affectation. It may be hopelessly harsh and unmusical; but it can always be made clear and natural; your own, not a lisping imitation of that of some other person.

Be careful, too, to speak from the throat and not through the nose. A high nasal tone betrays an uneducated American all over the world. A throat voice is easily controlled and subdued to the quiet, distined tones used by well-bred people. Discordant voices are often due to the neglect of parents. Children's voices insensibly attune themselves to those of their companions.

A child banished to the society of ignorant servants will inevitably echo some of their tones throughout its life; while one whose ear is accustomed from infancy to hear the language of educated, well-mannered people will possess, like Cordelia, a "voice ever soft, gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman."

Chickens vs. Ducks.

A citizen called recently at the Water Registrar's office in Boston, and introduced himself and his business by saying: "I'm Mister Jerry Muldoon, and I carries fifty votes. My cellar is full of water, and my hins will all be drowned if it isn't fixed; so I want you to fix it." Mr. Muldoon was informed that nothing could be done for him there, when he again remarked: "I carries fifty votes, d'ye moind, and I want the water out of my cellar." "But we have nothing to do with such matters," said the official; "you should employ a plumber to attend to it, Mr. Muldoon." This suggestion did not appear to strike the caller favorably, for he again declared: "I want you to understand that I carries fifty votes—fifty votes, you see—and I want you to fix my cellar. The water is in it and my hins will be drowned if it isn't got out." There was some further conversation of this kind, and Mr. Muldoon was finally recommended to see the Mayor in regard to the cellar, when he departed. Two or three days later he reapdeared. "I come again to see about that cellar," he said; "I'm Misther Muldoon, you know, and I carries fifty votes. My cellar's worse than ever." "But we told you the other day, Mr. Muldoon, that we can do nothing about it here." "Yes. But I carries fifty votes, and my cellar must be fixed or my hins will all be drowned." "Well, Mr. Muldoon, did you see the Mayor about the matter?" "Indade and I did" replied Mr. Muldoon. "And what did the Mayor say?" "What did he say, is it? 'Misther Muldoon,'" says he, 'why don't you kape ducks?'"

An Address to a Barber.

Chicago Herald.

"I want a close shave. I am in a hurry. Do not put any oil or grease upon my hair. I never use bay rum or cosmetics. Please comb my hair up and back. I do not wish my hair trimmed or cut. I do not want any hair tonic or skin medicine. I do not want any shampoo or any bath. I have not heard the latest news from Egypt, nor do I want to. I care nothing for politics, or crime or society. I do not care for stock or market reports. I am not a stranger in the city and I am not going to the ball this evening. I am a professor in a deaf and dumb institute and I am glad of it. Go ahead and shave me."

It has been said that the man who talks of himself deals with a subject he knows something about, and should, therefore, be able to give some information worth listening to; but the trouble is, his information is generally worth less, and almost all of it is apt to be un true.

She turned away, a sudden sob shaking her from head to foot.

"Darling!" he whispered, drawing her hand once more within his arm,

THE FARM.

A Family Fruit Garden.

Rural Home.

The editor of the rural department of this paper has, for many years, urged its readers to avail themselves of the luxuries within reach of every land owner in a family fruit garden. Such a garden planted with a judicious selection of species and varieties, carefully, thoroughly, and intelligently cultivated, will afford the weaker members of society—the women and the children—a great deal of wholesome, agreeable, outdoor employment, and the entire family a great deal of wholesome, delicious food. In fact, we regard the possible gardens of the rural homes of our country, and especially of western New York as agencies calculated to carry us nearer to a realization of our ideal of a terrestrial paradise than any other means.

We have just paid a visit to a former neighbor in the northern portion of this city, Mr. W., who has between one and two acres of land around his home and does business in the central portion of the city. Probably three-fourths of his lot is occupied with buildings, meadow, and vegetables, and the remainder with fruits, ornamental trees, shrubs and vines, and with choice flowers.

We have been somewhat acquainted with the gradual growth of this family garden during the last twenty years, and we are confident that the moving force which brought it about, was Mr. W's wife and daughter. True, they had the muscle of man to help plant, cultivate, prune, etc., and one who had worked in a nursery to graft and bud, but they searched papers, fruit-books, catalogues, and other sources of information, and informed themselves as to the most desirable varieties, and when promising new varieties were introduced, took measures to procure them, either in trees, plants, or vines; or buds, grafts, or cuttings. Frequently, they allowed seedlings to grow up and fruit, and then, if the fruit was unworthy, had buds or grafts of good kinds inserted. Some seasons they have quite a surplus of some kinds, above what they can consume or give away to their friends, but their team going to the center of the city daily, can take it to their grocer, who pays cash for it. Last summer their cherry trees produced more than they needed for family supply and they sold from one tree of Napoleon Biggarreau forty-one dollars worth of cherries.

They have strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, currants, grapes, plums, peaches, quinces, pears and apples, and a good many varieties of every species. They have quite a number of varieties of peaches, but when they see a new variety commended in horticultural journals, they make haste to procure it. They have raised a seeding, large, yellow peaches of considerable merit. In plums, they have a number of the best known varieties, some excellent seedlings, and one, once known among fruitmen, but which for many years has passed from public view, for some unaccountable reason, while many much less meritorious are retained and disseminated. It is called the "Vermont;" is a large, blue plum, uniformly very productive, a remarkably free stone which facilitates preparations for drying, and is of excellent quality. It has been so loaded with fruit this season that it was necessary to prop up their branches to prevent their breaking. I was sent out about a quarter century since by Mr. Elon Huntington, a nurseryman then in the northern part of the city. A number of trees of the Blue Damson present a wonderful spectacle. They are loaded down with plums so thick upon the branches that it seems as if it would be impossible for man to pack them thicker than nature has done. Those plums are now worth four cents a pound, or $2.40 a bushel.

They have a number of varieties of pears and, although the recent high wind blew off many of them we noticed that the lower limbs of the Seckles, sheltered by other trees, were heavily loaded with very fine fruit.

In the flower garden, or rather the flower section (there are no division fences), are choice ornamental flowering shrubs, rare roses, and many kinds of choice perennial and annual flowers, which have kept this portion of the garden radiant with beauty throughout the entire season. Trellises and dead trees are covered with honeysuckles, clematis, Bignonia grandiflora, Ampelopsis, etc., some of which are still covered with bloom. In fact, the entire garden is an example of how much of beauty and luxury can be concentrated on a small piece of land, and is described herein as an encouragement to farmers' wives and daughters to be severe in attempts to surround their homes with gardens.

SWEET APPLES.—Feed all the sweet apples that are not marketable to the pigs and horses. They are healthful and especially relished by those animals.

SHEEP.—This is an important and critical time with sheep. If allowed to fall off in condition now the wool will be injured. Good food and pure water in abundance, ample ventilation and due attention to avoid overcrowding and heating in pens will secure a healthy condition.

DAMP POULTRY HOUSES.—See to it that your poultry house does not leak. Fowls confined in a damp place are certain to be troubled with colds and inflammation of the stomach.

FRUIT TREES.—A coat of whitewash applied to the trunks of fruit trees now will destroy insects and eggs that they are apt to be infested with. Add a gill of crude carbolic to each pail of whitewash.

THE GARDEN IN WINTER.—The garden should be manured and ploughed in winter so as to give time for the fresh manure to be changed into plant food and to kill the eggs of insects. It is a prime necessity to a good crop of garden vegetables.

WELLS AND CISTERNS.—The bottom of every well and cistern should be examined at least twice a year, especially if not easily covered. Sticks, filth, worms, toads, also fall in and injure the water. A mirror or piece of common looking glass held so as to throw the sun's rays to the bottom will show everything very plainly, even through a dozen feet of water or more. In some situations, as in a cellar cistern, two or more mirrors may be needed to carry in the light, by double or trible reflection of the rays.

FARM IMPLEMENTS.—The open fall is affording farmers a good opportunity or cleaning up and otherwise improving their farms. Old walls can be reaid, stones dug and piled up, fence rows cleaned of bushes and briars, and, where it necessary, new fences built. Be sure to strengthen all weak places in the old fences. It is poor management to be obliged to give a day to such work in the spring in order to keep cattle out of the young corn.

LOSS OF FEATHERS.—Loss of feathers in fowls probably proceeds from deficient or unclean dusting arrangements. Fowls must have dust baths, and a pound of sulphur now and then mixed with the rubble or sand is excellent for keeping feathers in good order. A few grains of carbonate of potassa in water twice daily and the application of petroleum ointment will produce a cure. Proper food is also necessary for the preservation of plumage. Food without husk, as Indian corn or soaked bread, if given exclusively, will bring on loss of feathers. Barley, buckwheat, barley meal and shorts should be added. If the skin is bare and shows no growth of feathers rub in oil and turpentine in proportion of three to one till the feathers commence a new growth.

PRESERVING BEANS.—The bean crop has been an important one in this country. New England has taught us to eat beans, and they have become a staple diet. In ordinary times vast quantities are consumed by the poorer or more economical classes. During the past year, however, those who have been looking for a cheap dish have been compelled to cast their eyes in some direction other than "beanward:" and as some people judge the quality of a thing wholly by the price, we suppose that the high price of beans has recommended them to many who thought little of them before. However that may be, they will always enjoy a large patronage, and will form a substantial diet. A correspondent, doubtless fully impressed with the truith of these remarks, inquires how best to preserve beans. They heat easily and are greatly damaged by heating. Consequently they should be thoroughly dry when put away. For this purpose have them thoroughly dried before preserving, and if this is done the whole problem of preserving is solved. They should be permitted to stand until frost comes, but not later, even if they are not fully grown, for if they are carefully cured beans may be pulled when quite green. If they are intended for the market all the defective beans should be picked out. Running through a fanning mill will clean them pretty thoroughly, but there will likely remain some discolored beans, and these hurt the sale. As with everything else that is marketed, beans, to bring the best price, must look well.

Clean Stables.

There is possibly nothing more repulsive than a filthy cow-stable, and one in which dairy cattle are housed is especially offensive. It has been demonstrated that cows who are neglected in this respect fail to yield a perfect flow of milk, and it is reasonable to suppose that such is the case. The richest of food may be given them, but if their condition in the stall is neglected they will not thrive. The foul odors of a filthy barn must necessarily permeate not only the animal's hide, but it has been proven that the meat of stall-fed steers, who have been fattened under these circumstances, will when put upon the block and cut up taste of the stable impurities. It would seem, therefore, that owners should appreciate the force of the old adage that "cleanliness is next to Godliness" and beyond the fact that they are enabled to receive additional profits by closely watching their stock and providing clean quarters for them, advance even one step higher, and from the standpoint of the humanitarian at least treat their stock with common decency. City consumers often detect to a greater or less extent the presence of the barn-yard odor in their milk. Barns for the accommodation of dairy cows should receive the same care as those devoted to the average horse. Their health depends largely upon their surroundings, and reeking piles of manure with the foul air which naturally arises therefrom are not conducive to health nor is it possible under these circumstances to furnish good, pure, wholesome milk.

English Journalism.

The retaining of a leader-writer on a great London journal, such as the *Times*, the *Telegraph* or the *News*, is a peculiar feature in English journalism. If a writer shows marked evidence of merit, or if he has the ability to write exhaustively and in a graphic manner on some special class of subject, he is retained, as it is termed; that is, he is paid a stipulated amount each year. With the papers referred to, this is commonly £1,000 ($5,000). In receiving a retainer, he binds himself not to write for any other publication on the topics for the treatment of which his employer has engaged him. In his leisure hours he can write on other subjects as much as he pleases, but the implied understanding is that he must keep himself thoroughly informed on every phase of the particular question the *Times* or *News* wishes him to write upon, and must be in readiness whenever called upon to furnish an editorial leader. It may happen that weeks and months will pass by and no call will be made for his service, and at another time his pen will every day be in demand. His retainer is not to pay him for what he writes, but simply to reward him for keeping himself thoroughly informed, and to secure, when needed, the command of his services. For the actual writing he does for the paper to which he is attached he receives additional pay. The London *Times* pays for its first or leading editorial article $50, and $25 each for the following articles. In the *Times* office it it sometimes the case, on an important subject, that two and even three leader writers are asked to cover the same ground, and it has frequently happened that the article when it appears, is formed out of the contributions of all three, skilfully dovetailed together by the revising editor, who has selected the best and most striking portions of each article submitted to him. When this is done each writer is paid precisely as though his leader had been printed in its entirety. Hence the cost of some of the *Times'* leading editorials is $150. In the other large newspapers, the writer of the leading article commonly receives $25, and the writers of following ones $15 each. These rates, it may be added, are in excess independent of the retainer—of what is paid for editorial work by our American journals.

Eat Your Breakfast First.

Dr. Hall is authority for the following thoughts upon breakfasting before much exercise in the open air, particularly in districts where fever and ague are abundant. Breakfast should be eaten in the morning before leaving the house for exercise or labor of any description; those who do it will be able to perform work with greater alacrity than those who work an hour or two before breakfast. Besides this, the average duration of life of those who do work will be a number of years greater than those who do otherwise. Most persons begin to feel weak after having been engaged five or six weeks in their ordinary avocations.

A good meal revigorates; but from the last meal of the day until the next morning there is an interval of some twelve hours; hence the body in a sense is weak, and in proportion cannot resist deleterious agencies, whether of the fierce cold of midwinter or of the poisonous miasm which rests upon the surface of the earth wherever the sun shines on a blade of vegetation or a heap of offal. This miasm is more solid, more concentrated, and hence more malignant about sunrise and sunset than any other hour of the twenty-four, because the cold of the night condenses it, and it is on the first few inches above the soil in its most solid form; but, as the sun rises it warms and expands and ascends to a point high enough to be breathed, and being taken into the lungs and swallowed with the saliva into the stomach—all weak and empty as it is, it is greedily drunk in, thrown immediately into the circulation of the blood, and carried to every part of the body, depositing its poisonous influence at the very fountain-head of life. If early breakfasts were taken in regions where chills and fever and ague prevail, and if, in addition, a brisk fire were kindled in the family room for an hour, including sunrise and sunset, these troublesome maladies would diminish in any one year not ten-fold, but a thousand fold, because the heat of the fire would ratify the miasmatic air instantly and send it above the breathing point. But it is "troublesome" to be building fires night and morning all summer; it being no "trouble," requiring no effort to shiver and shake by the hour, weeks, and months together.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A Chapter on Soups.

Soup will more quickly refine the wasted muscular tissue, or in other words the uneasiness of hunger can be more quickly removed by "a hasty plate" of soup, than by any other kind of food. Then let us have a good soup for dinner—not every day—at least two or three times a week. A good piece of flesh, whether of beef, mutton or fowls is the best base for soup, a small quantity of each, indeed a variety of meat gives the best flavor. Remnants of all kinds of meats can be added, by breaking the bones, and mincing the meat fine: gravy left from yesterday's dinner is also an improvement. A pound of fresh meat to a little more than a quart of water is the true proportion.

MANNER OF PREPARATION.

To have the best success in soup making, have a soup kettle, which shall be used for nothing else. Cut the meat up in small pieces, and put it in soft tepid water; if hard water must be used, a little soda added is an improvement, apply heat gradually to extract juices. Add a small quantity of salt—occasionally—to cause the scum to rise. Soup must be thoroughly skimmed and often, for the first two hours. Salt, pepper and savory should be cooked in it from the first; tapioca, macaroni, or dumplings added at the last, to thicken. If vegetables are used they should be nicely sliced. Soup is much better to be made the day before using as then all grease can be removed (which clarify and save for drippings) and it is ready to heat and serve. Of course the vegetables or thickening should be added the day it is used. Legs of all meats are rich in gelatine and are therefore the best for soup. Always strain the soup through a sieve or soup strainer. Small scraps of meat or sediment look slovenly in soup.

A soup-kettle, or soup digester, as it is sometimes called, should be found in every kitchen where it can be afforded. There are different kinds,—one is so constructed that the water within may be raised to a much higher temperature than 212 deg. without the heat escaping into space; and the cooking is thus accomplished more effectually and in a shorter time. An automatic arrangement provides for the escape of steam when certain pressure is reached, thereby removing all danger of explosion.

To make caramel for coloring soups, put into a porcelain sauce-pan a half pound of sugar, and a table-spoonful of water. Stir it constantly over the fire until it is a bright, dark-brown color, being careful not to let it burn. Then add a teacupful of water and a little salt,—let it boil a few minutes longer; cool and strain; put it away in a close corked bottle, and it is always ready for coloring soups.

The following rule for making a thickening called "Roux" for soup, is excellent: Bring a piece of butter to a boiling point in small stewpan, and sprinkle in flour till quite thick, beating well with an egg-whisk, until the flour is well cooked, then drop in a little hot soup from the kettle to thin it, sufficiently to add to the soup. This makes the soup much better than adding the butter and flour uncooked.

A nice addition to beef soup just before sending to the table, is to drop in poached eggs which have been cooked in salted water, and neatly trimmed, one for each person. Some add slices of lemon, or yolks of hard boiled eggs, one for each plate, just before sending to the table. Bread dice is also a very nice addition to soup, and should be prepared in the following manner: Cut bread into dice an inch square, and fry a handsome brown in butter. They should be prepared several hours before dinner and left near the fire to crisp and dry—adding just before sending soup to the table. Force-meat balls are also very nice—and make a good variety, when you have soup often.

Take some of the meat used for making the soup; chop it fine, season it with pepper, salt, and a little parsley; break in a raw egg, add a little flour and roll into balls size of a large hickory nut. Brown them in a little butter, and add to the soup just before sending to the table.

Professor Blot gives us the following rules for combining flavors, and if our friends will take the trouble to prepare them, we feel sure that they will feel amply repaid for all their trouble. Any lady can easily raise her own herbs by planting the seeds in little boxes on the window sill or in a sunny place.

RULE FIRST—One fourth ounce each of thyme and bay-leaf, and one eighth ounce each sweet-majoram and rosemary. Dry the above when fresh, mix in a mortar, and keep them corked tight in a bottle.

RULE SECOND—Two ounces each of parsley, summer-savory, sweet-marjoram, thyme, and one each of lemon peel and sweet basil. Dry, pound, sift and keep in a tight corked bottle.

RULE THIRD—One half ounce each of nutmeg and cloves, one fourth ounce black pepper and one eighth ounce cayene pepper; pound, mix and keep corked tight in glass.

Add these flavors to suit the taste, taking note of the quantity required, and make this quantity the rule for future use.

The excellence of cooking is the combination of flavors, all so delicate in force and quantity that no one is allowed to predominate.

Bean porridge is made by cooking dried beans in plenty of water till they are quite boiled to pieces, and thickening the broth with Graham flour or Indian meal, in a batter with milk.

POTATO SOUP.—Pare and cut potatoes into small pieces; clean one-third as many onions, and slice thin; put both into a kettle, add water sufficient for the consistency of soup when done, and boil well three-fourths of an hour.

SPLIT PEA SOUP.—Split peas are prepared and found in the market. Look over, wash, and soak over night one quart of peas in four quarts of water, and boil very slowly five or six hours. This can be varied. Wash and soak over night half a pint of pearl barley, and let it cook with the peas. They can be rubbed through a fine colander, and bits of toasted bread, a little sugar and milk or cream added; also, tomatoes or onions, for those who like them.

Vegetable soup is made by boiling two parts of potatoes, one part of cabbage, one of onions, one of carrots, and one of turnips, in water sufficient for soup. The cabbage, carrot and turnip should be put in a half hour before the onions and potatoes. Sweet potato is also an improvement to this soup.

The Duty of Dressing Well.

Do not disdain dress and the little niceties of the toilet; you may be a very clever woman—perhaps even intellectual; but for all that you cannot afford to be careless in these matters. No woman with any sense of self-respect should allow herself to sink into a dowdy; but whatever be her trials, vexations, and disappointments, she should dress as well as her position will allow. Do not imagine that we are advocating extravagance; on the contrary, simplicity is our motto, which, if united to good taste, will be found more effective in the eyes of husband, father, brother, or lover, than the most costly attire which the milliner's art can invent. A simple bow in the hair ma look quite as coquettish and fascinating as a diamond algrette; and a cotton dress, if fresh and prettily made, may be as becoming a cotton eclipse a silk. We mention this to illustrate the fact that riches are little compared with taste, and that every woman may dress well if she chooses—that, in fact, it is her duty to herself and those around her to dress as well as her position will allow. Those who accuse us who write of the fashions, and you who read, of frivolity and triviality, forget that it is just as easy to dress well as it is to dress badly, and that to dress out of fashion requires as much expenditure of thought and care as to dress in it.

Household Furnishing.

Boston Traveller.

It is little wonder that the topic of "Modern Extravagance" suggests itself as an eminently practicable motive for a lecture in these days of luxury. To people who are not the inheritors of a vast fortune life resolves itself into a system of bondage to earn the magnificence that a certain standard of living entails, and one is led to question seriously if the game can be worth the candle. Two extremes meet in this irrepressible struggle for the household luxury, for the magnificence of material things too often implies intellectual poverty. To those who, from the standpoint of unlimited wealth, can give carte blanche orders to the upholsterer, the decorator, the possession of beautiful things does not imply a sacritice of time and thought to that end alone. But for the great middle class of people this is impossible. Yet their demands are similar, and when the woman of wealth orders her elaborately embroidered portieres and window draperies, her exquisitely decorated napery, or hand-painted satin upholstery, the woman who has not wealth at command substitutes her time, her energy, her thought. The mornings that would otherwise go toward intellectual refreshment are stitched into wonderful devices of outline embroidery, or are consumed in painting the dinner set, or working elaborate devices on napery, pillow cover or towels. The current rage for decoration is impoverishing the intellectual life of women. In material beauty we ignore the higher possibility, and life is set to the dead level of manual decoration. The fact involves a problem of the social life of to-day. Beauty is desirable, beauty in the household is essential, but we fail to discriminate in what constitutes its attractions. "I pray you, excellent wife," wrote Emerson, "do not set a supper at too great a cost, nor decorate the chamber for the guest, for for these he can get at any village inn," but to give him of household joy and welcome and peace, things he could not buy, ran as the admonition. The rites of hospitality are made burdensome by this over-adornment of detail in the household. The remedy is not to come from a less æsthetic taste, but from a deeper and finer perception of that which constitutes true beauty in decoration.

Marvels of the Human Body.

While the gastric juice has a mild, bland, sweetish taste, it possesses the power of dissolving the hardest food that can be swallowed. It has no influence whatever on the soft and delicate fibers of the living stomach, nor upon the living hand, but at the moment of death it begins to eat them away with the power of the strongest acids.

There is dust on sea, on land, in the valley and on the mountain-top; there is dust always and everywhere; the atmosphere is full of it; it penetrates the noisome dungeon and visits the deepest, darkest caves of the earth; no palace door can shut it out, no drawer so secret as to escape its presence; every breath of wind dashes it upon the open eye, yet that eye is not blinded, because under the eyelid there is incessantly emptying itself a fountain of the blandest fluid in nature, wich spreads itself over the surface of the eye at every winking and washes every atom of dust away. But this liquid, so mild and well adapted to the eye itself has some acridyity, which, under certain circumstances become so decided as to be scalding to the skin and would rot away the eyelids were it not that along the edges of them are little oil manufactories, which spread over their surface a coating as impervious to the liquids necessary for keeping the eyeball washed clean as the best varnish is inpervious to water.

The breath which leaves the lungs has been so perfectly divested of its life-giving properties that to re-breathe it un mixed with other air, the moment it escapes from the mouth, would cause immediate death from suffocation, while if it hovered about us more or less destructive influence over health and life would be occasioned. But it is made of a nature so much lighter than the common air that the instant it escapes the lips and nostrils it ascends to the higher regions above the breathing-point, there to be rectified, renovated, and sent back again, replete with purity and life.

How rapidly it ascends is being fully exhibited every frosty morning.

But, foul and deadly as the expired air is, nature, wisely economical in all works and ways, turns it to good account its outward passage through the organs of the voice, making it the whispers of love, the soft words of affection, the tender tones of human sympathy, the sweetest strains of ravishing music, the persuasive eloquence of the finished orator.

If a well-made man be extended on the ground, his arms extended at right angles with the body, a circle making the naval its center will just take in the head, the finger-ends and the feet. The distance from top to toe is just the same as that between the tips of the finger when the arm is extended. The length of the body is just six times that of the foot, while the distance from the edge of the hair on the forehead to the edge of the chin is one tenth the length of the whole statue.

Of the sixty-two primary elements known in nature, only eighteen are known in the human body, and of these seven are metallic. Iron is found in the blood, phosphorus in the brain, limestone in the bile, lime in the bones, and dust and ashes in all. Not only these eighteen human elements, but the whole sixty-two of which the universe is made, have their essential basis in the four substances of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon, representing the more familiar names of fire, water, saltpetre and charcoal.

An Indian Mother's Fierce Defense.

Virginia City Chronicle.

It is the "good old custom" of the Piutes—who believe in the survival of the fittest only—to kill off all the children that are deformed or idiotic. Near Dayton lives a squaw who has a deformed and idiotic boy. Last Thursday night a delegation of braves went to her hut to kill the boy. But the mother, ever on the watch, fought so valiantly with tongue, teeth and nails, that she held the executioner and his assistants at bay until some of her white neighbors, aroused by her outcries, went to her rescue and drove off the attacking force. The Indians now say it was an attack made by some drunken Washoes, but the mother of the boy insists that it was a party sent to stone her child to death.

In every age in every country have the greatest minds set themselves to solve the greatest problems which beset us in life. Where the flee hides during the daytime, and what becomes of the organgrinder in wet weather, have, however, yet to be discovered.

Having determined to spend half of each year in New York city, xe-Gov Stanford offers his San Francisco residence for sale; price, $1,000,000.

What constitutes a revolution of the earth? First comes the spring, then the summer set and the fall. Needless to go

BY A LITTLE CHILD.

$80,000 Church Built With $4.21.

Philadelphia Press.

The dedication Sunday morning of the Memorial Presbyterian church, on the southwest corner of Montgomery avenue and Bouvier street, was an event of more than usual interest, for it recalled to mind the touching origin of the structure. Some years ago, when its pastor, the Rev. S. A. Mutchmore, D. D., was laboring at the Cohocksink Presbyterian church, a little girl presented herself, accompanied by her mother, and asked to be received as a member. She was but 7 years of age, and the session, hesitating to receive so youthful a member, replied: "Don't you think you had better wait awhile?" To this the child answered: "The pastor said last Sunday the Lord's Supper was for those who love and obey him, and I am sure I love Him, and I am trying to obey." Being asked if she had been attending church regularly, she replied: "Mamma and I come at night. We are poor and our clothes are not good enough to come in daytime. The session received the little applicant. She was a delicate child, and in September of the same year the Rev. Dr. Mutchmore was summoned to her bedside. She was dying. He talked and prayed with her, and at the parting she handed the pastor all the savings of her brief life, amounting to $4.21. The money in various denominations she placed in a box that had contained one of the prescriptions she had been taking. "I want you," said the dying child, in a feeble tones, "to build a church for poor people like us." Under the circumstances such a request admitted of no denial. The little sufferer died shortly afterward. That was ten years ago. The child's legacy was divided into 102 pieces, comprising every piece of money from a penny up to a dollar note. With the $4.21 the Rev. Dr. Mutchmore began to carry out the little girl's dying wish. His efforts ended on Sunday in the dedication, clear of all indebtedness, of a magnificent edifice, valued at nearly $80,000. Starting, therefore, with the little girl's legacies, the 102 pieces each brought in $572.75, or a total of $28,-428.50, the total cost of the building, exclusive of the ground, organ and furniture.

After Thirty-Six Years.

From the Montreal Star.

Thirty-six years ago there lived in that pleasant little town down the river called Sorel—very little it was then—a youth and a maiden. The name of the youth was George Beaupre, the name of the maiden Mary Ann Pearce. They belonged to families of modern circumstances. He, with the strength and devotion of honest young manhood, loved this maiden, and wooed her with that earnestness which only such a lover can. He was given every encouragement; was, some say, actually accepted; was congratulating himself, at least, on the smooth coursing of true love, when suddenly a rival appeared and everything for him turned black. The rival was one Jacob Savage of the same town. Pretty soon she and Savage were married and settled down in the place, and then young Beaupre's hope died out. He tried to work on as before, but could not. He closed up his business, settled up his affairs, and started to the far West, toward which so many adventurous spirits were about that time shaping their course.

From that day to within a few weeks ago he had not set foot in this part of Canada. He had worked hard, saved carefully, prospered and laid up property worth at least $200,000. He had never married. He was getting up towards 60 years of age. Several weeks ago he took an idea to come back once more to see his friends and he started east. He searched out relatives in Sorel and Montreal, but found few that he remembered. He enquired for the woman who, as a girl, had so many years before thrown him overboard for a rival. They told him she was widowed; her husband had been dead many years; she had been living several years in Montreal; went to call upon her, met her and G——. He found her getting old, in poor circumstances, with several children, but that made no difference; he only saw the girl of 36 years before. On Saturday they were married.

The Language of the Face.

Phrenological Journal.

The faculty of truth—that is, the love of it—is indicated by the muscles which surround the eye, causing folds and wrinkles. Justice is indicated by the muscles which cause perpendicular wrinkles between the eyebrows. Fullness and wrinkles under the eye, for which some persons are remarkable, indicate the love of mathematical accuracy. Curving upward from the lower angle of the eye and eyebrow indicate probity or personal truthfulness. There are three degrees of the faculty of justice. The first is a kind of exactness or strict accuracy in small money matters, which some people would call closeness, and is indicated by a singular perpendicular wrinkle or line between the eyebrows. The second is a disposition to require justice in others, and is indicated by two perpendicular lines or wrinkles, one on each side of the center—a very common sign. The third degree is conscientiousness, or the disposition to apply the rule of justice to one's self, and is indicated by three or more wrinkles, or lines, especially noticeable, extending above the eyebrow when the muscles are in motion. The love of command is indicated by one or more short, traverse wrinkles across the root of the nose, exactly between the eyes. In may be seen in great military commanders, in masters and teachers, and in those generally who are found of exercising authority. In those who are wanting in the power to command, and have no desire to command, this sign is also absent. The faculty of command frequently acts with that part of justice which reprimands or requires others to do right, and both together produce that frowning and lowering brow which is so terrible to evil doers, or to those who love to be approved rather that condemned.

He Knocked off Four.

Detroit Free Press.

In riding over to Lost Mountain from Marietta, I came across a young man who was digging post-holes for a barbed wire fence, and when I had told him what I wanted, he replied:

"I'll go with you. I was in that foun myself, and I kin point out every position."

When we reached the ground, he began telling where this and that regiment was stationed, and finally he halted beside a huge boulder, and said:

"Right here, stranger, was where I squatted for four long hours. I rested my gun right thar' on that ledge, and I reckon I killed exactly twenty-eight Yanks that day."

"No!"

"Solemn fact, and I know a dozen men who'll swear to it."

"Let's see? This battle was fought in 1864?"

"K'rect you are."

"That's about eighteen years ago?"

"Jist about."

"And you are about 25 years old?"

"I was 25 this spring."

Then I looked at him for a long time, but he never winced. When we were going home, and after a long period of silence, he suddenly remarked:

"Stranger, don't you believe I was thar?"

"Perhaps you were, but you see you were not quite 7 years old on the day of that fight."

"That's what I've been figuring on," he continued in a very serious voice, "and I tell you what I'm willing to do."

"I'll call it twenty-four instead of twenty-eight dead Yanks in front of my position! That's fair, isn't it?"

I told him that nothing could be more liberal, and cordial relations were at once re-established.

Unexpert Experts.

From the Boston Herald.

A Boston bank sent a quantity of gold to the sub-treasury a few days ago, and, on the following morning, a curiously-colored $5 piece, which had been discovered in the lot was returned to the bank with the information that it was counterfeit. The clerk who had received the coin was apprised of his error, with an accompanying warning to be more careful in the future. Not relishing this reflection upon his ability, and believing that the piece was genuine, he took it to a number of expert counterfeit coin detectors, all of whom unhesitatingly pronounced it valueless. Still the clerk's faith in the purity of the coin remained unshaken. The services of a jewelry manufacturer were next called in, and the piece cut in two. These were subjected to the severest tests, all of which showed the metal to be of standard quality. The clerk, highly elated with this proof of the soundess of his judgment, called at the sub-treasury, and, much to the surprise of the experts there, detailed his experience with the jeweler. The peculiar color of the coin was said to have been caused by heat, to which it had been at some time subjected.

Temper

Temper imprints its mark upon the countenance and speedily reveals the character of the disposition that lurks behind it. Being a growing and vigorous power, it gradually overcomes every obstacle which stands in the way of its observation. It wrinkles the brow, lowers the eyebrows, bends the curve of the mouth, and pouts the lips whenever it is of a disagreeable and selfish nature. Cultivate beauty of the soul, for the course of feeling engendered by a kind and generous character will always give life and permanent animation to all the lines of the face.

A Burning Lake.

There is in Russia a fountain of naphtha which has formed a lake four miles long and over a mile wide and two feet deep. This sheet of inflammable oil recently took fire, including the central fount, and the effect was most imposing. The quantity of naphtha on fire was estimated at four and a half million cubic feet, and it was feared that the flames would explode the subterranean sources. Even the earth saturated with oil was on fire, but no explosion occurred. The heat was intolerable except at a distance of one thousand yards from the edge of the fire and the trees and buildings within three miles of it were coated with a thick layer of soot.

CÆSAR'S FORTS.—About one hundred years ago some forts were discovered which were supposed to be similar to those described by Cæsar. These were found in Scotland, but were similar to others which existed also in France, Thuringia, Bohemia, and other places on the continent. These forts were constructed both of wood and of stone, the wood being placed cross-wise, forming a circular wall, and then the stones being thrown upon this, the stone protecting the wall, and keeping it from being burned. Recently other forts have been discovered near Bingen on the Rhine. The walls of these forts, as discovered, are vitrified, and the supposition is that the enemy, in attacking the forts, set fire to the wood, burned the inhabitants, and left the walls as a vitrified mass. The vitrifaction of the wall would, of course, preserve it, and so we have visible ruins of those very forts which Julius Cæsar attacked and destroyed.—*American Antiquarian*.

THE WISCONSIN PAPER PLANT.—A curious plant is said to grow in Wisconsin, which produces a kind of cotton and flax from the same stalk. It has been woven into fabrics, and any article that will make as good cloth as can be made from this plant will make good paper; hence it has been called the paper plant. It can be planted in the spring, and cut in the fall or winter. It bleaches itself white as it stands, and will yield at least three or four tons per acre. From a single root that was transplanted there grew twenty large stalks, with three hundred and five pods, (containing the cotton,) with at least sixty seeds in each. From this root were obtained seven ounces of pure cotton, and over half a pound of flax. It is a very heavy plant, and grows from six to seven feet high.

EVERY FIFTEEN MINUTES:—"How often does the ferry-boat start?" asked the lady.

"Ivery fifteen minutes, mum."

"How long is it since the boat left here?"

"Tin minutes, mum."

Lady waits ten minutes, and then says, "Didn't you say the boat starts every fifteen minutes?"

"I did, mum."

"Well, I have waited here ten minutes since you said the boat had been gone ten minutes."

"Yes, mum."

"Then how do you make out that it starts every fifteen minutes?"

"Why, you see, mum, it starrutts from this soide wan fifteen minutes, and from the other soide the nixt."

Capacity of the Chicago stockings: "Papa," said a gushing young damsel of Chicago, "I want you to give me this Christmas, a sealskin sacque and muff, a pair of diamond ear-rings, that beautiful writing desk we were looking at the other day and bushels of French candy. Will you papa?" and the dear thing's eyes danced in glowing anticipation, while her feet beat a tatto on the velvet carpet that sounded like muffled thunder. "Ah, my dear child," replied the proud father, as he gazed at his daughter with a pensive, upward-tendency-in-pork look, "indeed I will. Just hang your stocking up in the back yard, and I will fill it for you, darling, if I have to chuck in a house and lot."

He was positive: "You say you heard both shots fired?" asked an Austin lawyer who was cross examining a witness in a murder case. "Yes, sah, I heard bofe shots. Dey was fired simultaneously, sah." "Are you sure of it?" "Yes, sah, before ob 'em was fired simultaneously. I wasn't more dan forty feet off at de time." "But on the direct examination you swore the shots were fired one after another, and now you say they were fired simultaneously?" "Jess what I said, sah. Bofe shots were fired simultaneously-like, one after anuder."—Texas Siftings.

Safe, anyhow.—Schomburg, upon returning to his store, on Galveston avenue, from dinner, found his clerk very much excited. The clerk said that a stranger came in and after asking and paying the price for a cravat, which was one dollar, picked up the entire box, containing a dozen, and went off with them. "Did he pay you de dollar?" asked Mose. "Yes," responded the clerk. "Vell, then, ve makes, anyhow fifty per cent. profits on de investment,"—Galveston News.

An orator, at a meeting held for the purpose of raising money to endow an asylum for the blind, pathetically exclaimed: "If all the world were blind, what a melancholly sight it would be!"

Pat says he was born on the last day of the year, and congratulates himself that he was born at all: "For if it had been the next day, what would have be-