"ONLY."

Only a trifle, yet broken
Are seals that were heavy and strong;
Only a word, lightly spoken,
Yet the soul bursteth forth into song.

Only a dew-drop, yet brighter
The verdure of meadow and lawn;
Only a sunbeam, yet lighter
And fairer the rosy-hued dawn.

Only a day, a mere glimmer
Of time, as it vanishes fast;
Only a day, growing dimmer
'Mid shadows and gloom of the past.

Only a day, yet forever
Its impulse shall with thee remain;
And the fruit of its labors shall never
Be given to ripen again.

Only a day—just the ripple
Of a leaf on life's stream flowing fast;
Yet bearing an argosy triple:
The future, the present, the past.

Time was, when it glittered before thee,
A part of futurity's dream,
And brighter the heavens were o'er thee
With hope-star's Utopian beam.

Time is, when it hovers around thee,
And lingers an hour by thy side;
While spells of fair promise that bound thee
Go drifting away with the tide.

Time will be, when dawneth the morrow,
When vanished for aye it will be:
A token of pleasure or sorrow,
Its only remembrance for thee.

Only a day, nor yet ever,
Its moments forgotten shall be,
Till bubbles of time-stream forever
Are whelmed in eternity's sea.

—*W. F. Johnson.*

TWO MRS. HATHERLYS.

We were dreadfully poor that winter.

My work from the shop was slack, and the prices of fuel and provisions were going up at a rate that was frightful to people possessed of scanty means.

I felt myself growing sour and common-place every day.

My old black cashmere was beginning to look positively shabby.

I had trimmed my hat for the third season.

As for my boots, I could not bear to put them on for fear of wearing them out.

I made some such remark to mother; whereupon she suggested if I were tempted to parade Main Street in my stockings, I might at least take my boots in my hand in order to let the world know that I owned a pair.

Mother and I were always good company for each other.

In those days we laughed and made more jokes than common in the desperate attempt to crowd off some of the anxiety which weighed heavily on both our hearts.

Three years before everything had seemed so pleasant and hopeful.

I had plenty of work, for which I received a remuneration sufficient to cover our modest expenses.

And then Philip Hatherly was at home.

Philip with his handsome face, broad shoulders, and generous heart.

Somehow after I became acquainted with him everything seemed brighter and easier.

He had such a manly and masterful way of grappling real or imaginary difficulties that it gave one courage just to see him.

No, we were not lovers then; at least Philip had never said in so many words—

'I love you.

'Will you marry me?'

It had come to be so natural to look for him of an evening—for he always came in—or for him to act as my escort when I went out anywhere, that I did not realize how dear he was to me until he went away.

You see, Philip was one of the firm of Hatherly, Winston & Co., bankers on Broad street.

Old Mr. Hatherly was a widower, very stately and very aristocratic and I always thought he sent Philip to Australia on purpose to get him away from me.

There was some business complication out there which needed the personal attendance of one of the firm, and Philip was posted off in a great hurry.

He had only time to pack his valise, and run in and bid me good-by.

He looked very solemn, and drew me out into the entry when he went.

As for myself, I couldn't help the tears in my eyes, although I did try my best to smile.

'Good-bye, dear Minnie,' he said, looking at me wistfully; 'I never expected to go away from you in such a hurry.

'There is something I would say to you, but have no time.

'Heaven bless the man who first invented the postal system—I will write.'

And then like one in a dream I felt myself drawn nearer, and Philip bent down and kissed me for the first time in our acquaintance.

The next moment he was gone, and I was sitting on the back stairs, crying disconsolately.

But I had the promised letter to look forward to, and I used to wonder, with a little thrill of rapture, how it would be written—into what words he would put the love which I was sure he felt for me.

Well, the days, weeks, and months went by, and no letter came.

I thought at first that he might be sick or dead; and I used to make it in my way up from the ferry to pass the big banking-house on Broad Street, hoping to get a glimpse of old Mr. Hatherly, thinking to judge from his appearance whether any ill had befallen Philip.

But although I often saw him passing up the granite steps, his face always wore the same stately and complacent expression, and I dared not inquire for the one of whom my heart was full.

One day, when Philip had been absent about a year, I saw Mr. Hatherly in the street, talking with another man. As I passed them I heard the gentleman say—

'And how is Philip? Still in Australia?'

I slackened my swift pace in order to catch the answer.

It came in Mr. Hatherly's slow and precise tones—

Philip was quite well and still in Australia.

He would not return for the present.

Then all hope went out of me.

Philip was alive and well, and had not written.

I had made a horrible mistake.

He did not love after all.

I felt hot with mortification when I recalled the hasty kiss in the entry.

Why did I permit it?

How lightly he must have esteemed me to venture on such a familiarity!

Mother tried to comfort me, but in vain.

That night my pillow was wet with bitter tears. but in the morning I arose and began my day's work with the firm determination to live down that miserable feeling of pain and despair.

Some wretched days followed—days of weariness and heart-ache that there was no help for; but after a while some of my old courage came back to me.

After all mother and I got a good deal of comfort out of life.

She was the only sweetheart left to me; and when we had an extra dollar to spend for any little luxury we are quite jolly.

But the winter which I mentioned at the opening of my story, our prospects are anything but encouraging.

Mother's health was not very good, and although I tried and tried to obtain more remunerative employment, my efforts were fruitless.

One day coming in from a disheartened search for work, I found mother in the middle of the floor, looking disconsolately at the stove.

The long pipe which ran up and entered the chimney near the ceiling had tumbled down, and lay amid a sprinkling of soot upon the floor.

Mother's hands were quite black, and her face wore a look of desperation comical to behold.

Despite my weariness and anxiety I sat down on the lounge, and laughed and laughed, until mother was half-provoked with me.

'It's no laughing matter, Minnie.

'The pipe is down, and a stove man will charge a dollar to reset it; and we haven't but ninety-six cents in the house.'

That sobered me.

'Mamma,' said I, throwing down my hat upon the table, and drawing off my cloak with an air of resolution, 'I will set that stove.'

'You?' said mother, laughing a little; 'your father never could set a stove, and I don't believe you can.'

'I will, or die in the attempt!' I exclaimed.

Accordingly I doffed my dress for an old wrapper, tied up my head in a red cotton handkerchief, and with my hands covered with a pair of mother's old gloves, I went to work.

I pushed the table close to the chimney, and placed a footstool upon the table, and clambered to the top.

Mother steadied the pipe while I endeavored to put it where it belonged.

I was in a state of grim determination.

Mother was convulsed with laughter because of the smudges of soot across my face, and the red turban which bound up my dark locks, and which she declared made me look like a chimney sweep.

Just at that moment the door bell rung.

'You'll have to go, Minnie,' said mother, 'because if I let go this pipe it will come down again.'

'It is only an agent for something or other,' said I crossly, bending from my elevation to peer out of the window at a man who stood upon the steps, his long beard white with the swiftly driven snow, and a small valise in his hand.

'If he knew that our sole capital consisted of ninety-six cents, I don't think he would ring again,' I added as a second impatient appeal rang through the hall.

Then I took a flying leap to the door, and went to answer the summons.

'We don't want anything,' I said shortly, before the man could speak.

'We have no money to spend, and we are very much engaged.'

'To whom are you engaged, Minnie?' queried a familiar voice shaking with suppressed laughter.

Then he pulled off the soft felt hat which had shaded his eyes, and stepped into the hall, closing the door after him, and I knew, in spite of the magnificent beard which had so altered him, that Philip Hatherly stood before me.

I could not articulate a syllable.

Philip drew me into the sitting-room, and went up to mother.

'Mamma,' he said, 'do you know me?'

Down came the stove-pipe with a crash, and both of mother's smutty hands went into Philip's; while with a tender and respectful gesture, he bent and touched her forehead with his lips.

The next minute he picked me up in his arms and was kissing me and laughing at me, while I sobbed hysterically upon his shoulder.

'Why didn't you answer my letter Minnie?' he queried at length.

'I did not get any letter,' I replied, lifting my head to look at him.

He burst into a little irrepressible laugh, and mother exclaimed—

'Oh Minnie, you look ridiculous!

'How can you bear to touch her Philip?'

Philip led me to the looking-glass.

My red turban was pushed askew, and my happy tears mingling with the soot had streaked my face like an Indian warrior's.

Philip took out his handkerchief, and began gravely to wipe my dirty cheeks, while he explained that, not hearing from me, he had written to his father.

The old gentleman had sent back a curt note to the effect that he didn't know anything about me, and that Philip had better make up his mind to look elsewhere for a wife.

Philip rightly guessed that his letters to me had miscarried, and his first thought on arriving home was to call at the old place.

What a happy day was that!

Philip pulled off his overcoat, and in fifteen minutes that stove was properly set and a brisk fire burning away cheerily within, while my hero washed his hands at the kitchen sink, and laughingly advised a free use of soap and water in my own case.

Yes, we were married in the following week, and went to housekeeping in the city.

Old Mr. Hatherly was terribly angry at first, but Philip finally persuaded him to take tea with us one night.

And mother so delighted him with her quiet pleasant lady-like manner, that three months later he make her an offer of marriage, and, reader, to-morrow there will be another Mrs. Hatherly.

The Man of Few Words.

Old Anecdote Book.

To prove the garrulity of some travelers we state the following facts: A young man some time back, arrived at an inn, and after alighting from his horse, went into the travelers' room, where he walked backward and forward for some minutes, displaying the utmost importance. At length he rang the bell, and upon the waiter's appearance gave him an order, nearly as follows: "Waiter!" the waiter replied "Sir." "I am a man of few words, and don't like continually ringing the bell and disturbing the house. I'll thank you to listen to what I am going to say." The waiter again replied "Yes, sir." "In the first place bring me a glass of brandy and water, cold, with a little sugar, and also a teaspoon; wipe down the table, throw some coals on the fire and sweep up the hearth; bring me a couple of candles, pen, ink and paper, some wafers, a little sealing wax, and let me know what time the post goes out. Tell the ostler to take care of my horse, dress him well, stop his feet, and let me know when he is ready to feed. Order the chambermaid to prepare me a good bed, take care that the sheets are all well aired, a clean nightcap and a glass of water in the room. Send the boots with a pair of slippers that I can walk to the stable in; tell him I must have my boots cleaned and brought into this room to-night, and that I shall want to be called at 5 o'clock in the morning. Ask your mistress what I can have for supper; tell her I should lika roast duck or something of that sort; and ask your master to step in, I want to ask him a few questions about the drapers of this town." The waiter answered "Yes, sir," and then went to the landlord and told him a gentleman in the parlor wanted a great many things, and among the rest he wanted him, and that was all he could recollect.

They were discussing an elopement, and one lady, turning to her friend, said: "Don't you believe it would kill you if your husband were to run away with another woman?" "It might," was the cool reply, "Great joy sometimes kills."

A New England physician says that if every family would keep a box of mustard in the house three-fifths of the doctors would starve. No instructions as to whether it should be kept in the pantry or down cellar.

"Oh, Pat!" "What, sor?" "Did yez iver see a winter loike this?" "Yes, sor." "Whin?" "Last summer, sor."

THE FARM.

THE FARMER'S FIRESIDE.

Around the fire, one wintry night,
The farmer's rosy children sat;
The fagot lent its blazing light,
And mirth went round, and harmless chat.

When, hark! a gentle hand they hear
Low tapping at the bolted door,
And thus to gain their willing ear,
A feeble voice was heard implore:

"Cold blows the blast across the moor
The sleet drives hissing in the wind:
Yon toilsome mountain lies before,
A dreary treeless waste behind.

"My eyes are dim and weak with age:
No road, no path can I descry;
And these poor rags ill stand the rage
Of such a keen inclement sky.

"So faint I am, these tottering feet
No more my palsied frame can bear;
My freezing heart forgets to beat,
And drifting snows my tomb prepare.

"Open your hospitable door,
And shield me from the biting blast;
Cold, cold it blows across the moor,
The weary moor that I have passed."

With hasty steps the farmer ran,
And close beside the fire they place
The poor half-frozen beggar-man,
With shaking limbs and pale-blue face.

The little children flocking came,
And chafed his frozen hands in theirs;
And busily the good old dame
A comfortable mess prepares.

Their kindness cheered his drooping soul,
And slowly down his wrinkled cheek
The big round tear was seen to roll,
And told the thanks he could not speak.

The children then began to sigh,
And all their merry chat was o'er;
And yet they felt, they know not why,
More glad than they had done before.

The Senses of Bees.

Sir John Lubbock lately read to the members of the Linnæan Society an account of his further observations on the habits of insects, during the past year. The two queen ants which have lived with him since 1874, and which are now, therefore, no less than eight years old, are still alive, and laid eggs last summer as usual. His oldest workers are seven years old. Dr. Muller, in a recent review, had courteously criticised his experiments on the color sense of bees, but Sir John Lubbock pointed out that he had anticipated the objections suggested by Dr. Muller, and had guarded against the supposed source of error. The difference was, moreover, not one of principle, nor does Dr. Muller question the main conclusions arrived at or doubt the preference of bees for blue, which, indeed, is strongly indicated by his own observations on flowers. Sir John also recorded some further experiments with reference to the power of hearing. Some bees are trained to come to honey which was placed on a musical box on the lawn close to a window. The musical box was kept going for several hours a day for a fortnight. It was then brought into the house and placed out of sight, but at the open window, and only about seven yards from where it had been before. The bees, however, did not find the honey, though when it was once shown them they came to it readily enough. Other experiments with a microphone were without results. Every one knows that bees when swarming are popularly, and have been ever since the time of Aristotle, supposed to be influenced by clanging kettles, etc. Experienced apiarists are now disposed to doubt whether the noise has really any effect, but Sir John suggests that even if it has with reference to which he expressed no opinion, it is impossible that what the bees hear are not the loud, low sounds, but the higher overtones at the verge of or beyond our range of hearing. As regards the industry of wasps, he timed a bee and a wasp, for each of which he provided a store of honey, and he found that the wasp began earlier in the morning (at four a. m.,) and worked on later in the day. He did not, however, quote this as proving greater industry on the part of the wasp, as it might be that they are less sensitive to cold. Moreover, though the bee's proboscis is admirably adapted to extract honey from tubular flowers, when the honey is exposed, as in this case, the wasp appears able to swallow it more rapidly. This wasp began work at 4 a. m., and went on without any rest or intermission till 7:45 p.m., during which time she paid Sir John one hundred and sixteen visits.

Keeping Potatoes Through Winter.

American Cultivator.

It is not by any means necessary to have a cellar to store potatoes, and if one is used to store several hundred bushels it should be almost any other place than under the house where the farmer and his family reside. It is best not to store the potatoes in the cellar too early. If dug while the weather is warm, they should be allowed to dry out with a covering of straw only. As wet or cold weather approaches the heaps should be covered over with earth thinly at first, and leaving a wisp of the straw sticking up through the centre for ventilation. Potatoes may be left in pits all winter, provided they are sufficiently protected against frost. This is best done not by a continuous layer of earth, but by alternating earth or stable manure with coarse straw. The object of such protection is to form a space of confined air, which is the poorest conductor of heat, and consequently best in excluding the frost. Great care should be taken to see that the earth is piled up well on the west side of the pit, that being the side upon which the coldest winds blow. In a very cold time additional stable manure may be used.

There is an important advantage in storing potatoes intended for seed in out-door pits. They are kept cooler than is possible in most cellars, and retain their firmness until ready for planting. Many of the seed potatoes kept until late in cellars have their vitality so exhausted that they are utterly unfit for seed. If the potatoes are already stored in cellars some of the advantages of out-door pitting may be obtained by shoveling over them a little moist earth, or covering them with sods.

In the spring, so soon as the weather is safe from hard frosts, potatoes for seed may be got up into a light, dry place, and spread thinly. In the light the eyes will start slowly, but they will be putting forth strong shoots to push vigorously so soon as planted under ground.

If potatoes are threatened with rot, the disease may sometimes be checked by placing them in close cellars and thoroughly fumigating with burning charcoal. How this checks the rot has not yet been satisfactorily explained, a theory prevailing that deficiency in carbon in the potato is the cause of rot. The fact, however, is well attested that this remedy has saved potatoes in some instances, and this result is of more practical importance than the theory of its performance.

Grape Grower's Maxims.

The Vine Dresser.

1. Prepare the ground in fall; plant in spring.
2. Give the vine plenty of manure, old and well decomposed; for fresh manure excites growth, but does not mature it.
3. Luxuriant growth does not always insure fruit.
4. Dig deep, but plant shallow.
5. Young vines produce beautiful fruit, but old vines produce the richest.
6. Prune in autumn to insure growth; but in the spring to promote fruitfulness.
7. Plant your vines before you put up trellis.
8. Vines like old soldiers, should have good arms.
9. Prune spurs to one developed bud; for the nearer the old wood the higher flavoured the fruit.
10. Those who prune long must soon climb.
11. Vine leaves love the sun; the fruit the shade.
12. Every leaf has a bud at the base, and either a bunch of fruit or a tendril opposite it.
13. A tendril is an aborisive fruit bunch—a bunch of fruit, a productive tendril.
14. A bunch of grapes without a healthy leaf opposite is like a ship at sea without a rudder—it can't come to port.
15. Laterals are like politicians; if not checked they are the worst of thieves.

Notes.

When it is desired to protect some particular plant that has attained considerable size it may be done by surrounding it with rye straw, tying the top of the straw well to keep out the rain.

The Nergennes grape is a novelty because of its long-keeping qualities. With ordinary care, in a cool room or dry cellar, the fruit will be as fresh in January as in September. It is also a remarkable grower, extremely hardy, a good bearer, handsome bunch and berry, and of real good quality.

When the ground becomes frozen, or no other work offers, preparations can always be made for advancing prospective work when it arrives. Bean poles may be made; and if the ends are charred, and then dipped in coal-tar, the commonest material will be rendered nearly equal to the best cedar.

Every one interested in potatoes should try on a small scale new varieties till they find something adapted to their cultivation, etc., and by being a little careful, can double their yield on any of the old kinds with but little additional expense. Money spent for good seed is well invested, and will be very certain to pay a large dividend.

Experiments by careful breeders give some valuable facts for estimating the cost of producing pork. It is conceded that one bushel of corn should produce ten pounds of pork, but everything depends on the management. With good weather, a good breed, sound corn and regular feeding this average may be reached, but not otherwise.

It is of the greatest importance that milk be placed only in vessels that are scrupulously clean, and they need cleaning after milk as much as after anything else. By putting milk into a vessel that has been more or less soured with old milk the new is at once introduced, so to speak, to the old leaven that will turn it all sour in a very short time.

Corn will shrink from the time it is husked from the field or shock, in the autumn, in well-protected cribs, from 20 to 30 per cent. by spring; that is, 100 bushels will shrink to 70 or 80, according to how dry it was when husked and put into the crib. Sound corn will shrink 20 per cent., so that 40 cents per bushel as it comes from the field is as good as 50 cents in the spring says an observer.

The *American Farmer* says: "If a field be set in grass and then regularly fertilized with the elements that chemical analysis shows to be the constituents of the plant, the grass will hold the soil to the exclusion of all foreign vegetation, as far as human science can produce the analysis of the plant, and if foreign vegetation should appear, it may be attributed to some deficiency in the fertilizer."

Dry food is not the best, even when concentrated. There are many vegetables that may be very cheaply grown which will make the young stock grow as well as any other kind. Fat is not required in growing stock, and turnips, parsnips, carrots, potatoes and pumpkins should be fed freely. Melons have made hogs grow until ready for corn, and cabbages are a luxury to stock when green food is scarce.

Floating Specks in the Eye.

Youth's Companion.

Many persons are troubled with such specks, called by the doctors "muscae volitantes"—flitting flies. They pass across the vision while one is reading, or rise when the eye is turned quickly upward, to descend slowly again as the eye resumes its ordinary position. They are always in motion.

Notwithstanding their name of "flies," they generally appear as minute beads, or string of beads, or bits of thread, or transparent globules. When one attempts to hold them before his direct vision, they immediately float away.

People who are subject to them often suffer from needless fears on their account. But such may be reassured by the following from Williams' work on "The Eye," its author being an eminent professor in Harvard University.

"The former idea that these appearances are to be regarded as promonitions of amauroris"—loss of vision from paralysis of the retina—"is still so preserved as a tradition, that it is often very difficult to convince those who have become alarmed from perceiving them, even by the most positive assertion, that they have no important significance."

Most studious people observe them when their eyes are fatigued, or they are suffering from indigestion. They are frequently quite troublesome to persons looking through a microscope, but they are then exceedingly distinct, and are interesting phenomena to examine, provided the mind is at rest about them.

The opthalmoscope can detect no cause for them in the eye.

Prof. Williams says: "That they are not the result of important structural change is evident from the fact that they vary from one time to another and in different circumstances, being seen, for instance, more numerously and distinctly after congestion from fatiguing use of the eye, or when looking at a surface, such as the ceiling, a cloudy sky, the page of a book, or the snow covered ground.

A drunken man was swaying unsteadily in a Virginia street, when a dog, with a tin pan tied to his tail, ran between his legs. The collision was so forcible that the man was upset, and the dog ran on minus a piece of his tail. The man got up bewildered, rubbed the bruised end of his spinal column, picked up the dog's tail and thus soliloquized: "This is (hic) unfortunate! Never before knew or suspected I had such a thing as a tail till I go and fall down and break it off. Might made a (hic) 'ortune 'zibiting myself as man with tail. There'd been millions in it—millions (hic) in it! Just my luck! Whenever I get a good thing it's always gone before I (hic) find it out."

A lady stood patiently before the receiving teller's window in a Broadway bank the other day, but no one took any notice of her till she attracted the attention of the money-taker by tapping with her parasol on the glass. "Why don't you pay attention to me?" she said, petulantly. "I'm very sorry, ma'am, but we don't pay anything here. Next window, please," was the polite response.

He stood on the postoffice stoop, says an exchange, and everybody knew him as a newly-married man. He had a far-away look in his eyes and a bit of yarn on each of the last two fingers of his hand, and kept muttering to himself, "Chopping bowl, eggs, clothes-line—that's the thumb and first two fingers. Now what did she want on the other two fingers?"

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Utilizing Skim Milk and Whey.

Prof. Mueller, of Berlin, has recently called attention in a German paper to the great importance of this matter, and has described some improved methods of preservation, devised for the purpose of increasing the use of skim milk and whey in that city. He urges that the chief reasons why so little use has hitherto been made of these products in populous places are the ignorance which prevails in respect to their high physiological value as food; the lack of practical knowledge as to the manifold, useful, and appetizing purposes, which they could be made to serve in cooking and baking; and particularly the difficulty of marketing such cheap and perishable materials, *i. e.* of transporting them cheaply, and of preserving them effectively for periods long enough to relieve both buyer and seller from anxiety as to the risk of spoiling. With regard to the trouble last named, he considers it as good as proved that partial concentration of skim milk, or of whey, by evaporating in vacuum pans, will be sufficient for all ordinary requirements. By evaporating skim milk to one-fourth or one-fifth its bulk a product is obtained which can be kept without special care for a week or a fortnight, according to the season and the temperature. Whey concentrated to one-seventh or one-eighth its bulk, or still further, or even to dryness, if it is to be carried far, is by no means an easily perishable article. It has, in fact, long been prepared, in a somewhat crude way, in Norway, and in Switzerland. As regards the city of Berlin at the present time, the concentration of whey seems to be more important than the preservation of skim milk, since the common practice there is to sell, in its natural state, as much skim milk as there is demand for, and to make cheese of the remainder. The whey thus obtained was formerly thrown away, because of the difficulty of keeping a large number of hogs in the city. The concentrated whey has been found practically, to serve an extremely useful purpose in bread-making. Prof. Mueller remarks that the quality of the bread is surprisingly improved, and that for this particular purpose, whey is decidedly better than fresh milk.

HOME-MADE CRACKERS.—These are more wholesome for children than cookies, and the novelty of having them made at home goes a good way toward making them eatable. Take three-fourths of a cup of butter or lard, one pint of sour milk, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Stir all except the milk in with the flour, and when thoroughly mixed put the milk in. Be careful not to knead them too much; as there is danger of their being tough; roll thin and bake in a quick oven.

In washing scarlet flannel, to prevent the color from changing, mix with the water a cupful of flour, having previously boiled it in a quart of water for ten or fifteen minutes. Do not rub on a board, but squeeze and rinse up and down several times. If greatly soiled wash in three or four waters, and care must be taken to have them all of the same temperature.

Pretty little fancy cakes for the basket, and which are especially adapted for children's parties, and made by mixing three ounces of rice flour with three ounces of powdered sugar; beat three eggs, and add, stirring all thoroughly together. Spread this mixture out smoothly on some stiff writing paper, and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes; then take from the oven, and then cut with fancy cutters in any shape or shapes you choose—hearts, crescents and rings are all pretty. Cover each one with icing; set them back in the oven to harden. This will be accomplished in about two minutes.

OKRA GUMBO.—Take two quarts of tomatoes and one quart of okra cut in rings; put them over the fire with about three quarts of water, and let the mixture come to a boil. Take one chicken, cut it up and fry brown, with plenty of gravy; put it in with the okra and tomatoes; add several small onions chopped fine, a little corn and Lima beans, salt and pepper to taste. Let all simmer gently for several hours. To be served with a tablespoonful of boiled rice to each soup-plate.

RABBITS.—Rabbits, which are in the best condition in mid-winter, may be fricasseed like chicken, in white or brown sauce. To make a pie, first stew till tender and make like chicken pie. To roast, stuff with a dressing made of bread-crumbs, chopped salt pork, thyme, onion, pepper and salt; sew up; rub over with a little butter, or pin on it a few slices of salt pork, add a little water in the pan and baste often. Serve with mashed potatoes and currant jelly.

MAYONNAISE OF CAULIFLOWER.—Put some cauliflowers into just enough boiling water to cover them; add a little salt and butter to the water. When cooked let them become cold; then season them with a marinade of a little salt and pepper, and one spoonful of oil. Let them remain for an hour. When ready to serve pile them on a dish to a point, then mask them with a mayonnaise sauce.

FEATHER CAKE.—Beat to a cream half a cup of butter and two cups of sugar, one cup of milk with a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it; beat well together, then add one cup of flour with two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar rubbed in it, and the well-beaten yolks of three eggs. Beat the whites separately until stiff, add them and two more cups of flour to the other ingredients; beat well, butter two tins, pour in the cake. Carefulness in baking is important.

MOLASSES POUND CAKE.—Take one cup of sugar and one cup of butter and beat to a cream; add three-quarters cup of molasses; two eggs well beaten; one cup of sweet milk; one teaspoonful of best soda, dissolved in the milk; into four cups of flour, well-sifted, mix two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar. Stir all together, then add a teacupful of raisins, well dredged with flour; a teacupful of currants; two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon; one of cloves, and a wine-glass of old brandy if you choose. This will make two round loaves.

GRAHAM CAKE.—One teacupful of sour cream, one cup of sugar, two eggs well beaten, two cups of graham flour, one teaspoonful of soda. Bake an hour. This is a wholesome and very good cake.

TO FRY BEEFSTEAK.—Have the frying pan very hot; do not grease it; take a nice porterhouse or sirloin steak; do not pound it, as that process lets the juice escape; place in the frying-pan; let it remain until seared; turn quickly allowing the other side to become seared, repeat several times; when sufficiently done, place the steak upon a hot platter, salt and pepper to taste and put over it small lumps of butter. Serve immediately. Few can tell it from a broil.

ARAGO'S LITTLE JOKE.—A story of E. Arago, the French scientist: One day at the Academy of sciences they had a long and rather tiresome session. Arago thought he would go out and take the air. At the foot of the stairway there was a leather bowl upon which the rays of the sun were hotly beating. Arago turned the bowl around, and rushing up stairs told the distinguished assemblage that he had just met with something which was very mysterious. "That leather bowl," he said, "at the foot of the stairway is cool upon the side which presents itself to the sun, but warm upon the other side." The scientists descended in a body and substantiated this assertion. They took the inclination of the sun, the hour, the minute, the seconds and a vast array of other details. They made calculations, and several weeks afterward each of them presented a paper explaining the phenomenon, Arago himself taking care to send in his explanation with the rest. There is no knowing how far the discussion might have gone had it not been for the concierge: who, having seen Arago turn the bowl, and pitying the worthy gentlemen who were so much worried, cleared away the mystery.

The Digestion of an Ostrich.

Century.

It has commonly been made to appear that ostriches are so stupid or so greedy as to be totally indiscriminate in the matter of food; but this is a mistake. When two kinds of food are placed before them they will prefer the one, and are notably fond of certain kinds, such as mealies and prickly pears. Many of them even show delicate choice. But a hungry bird will eat almost anything. His system requires food in large quantity, but he always prefers the suitable kinds. It is a fact, however, that the ostrich often dies a victim of over-indulgence. On the farms birds also die by the score from apoplexy, brought on by their keepers stuffing them constantly with all they can eat. An incredible number of pebbles are sometimes found in an ostrich's stomach, where they serve the same purpose, in triturating the food, as sand in a pigeon's gizzard. Mr. Tillbrook, a farmer of the Graaff Reinet district, once found a carcass, the gizzard of which contained some nine hundred and thirty stones of sizes varying from that of a pea to that of a walnut. Most of them were bright and hard, and all more or less rounded by constant rubbing. We may see the reason of that instinct which prompts an ostrich to stretch his neck over the fence and pick off a gold stud or a diamond pin from the breast of the unsuspecting visitor; or in default of a jewel so attractive, to attempt to pull a button off his coat.

A countryman stepped into a fruit store and invested in a nickel's worth of chestnuts. In half an hour he returned and handed the proprietor one of the nuts. "What does this mean?" asked the dealer. "Well," remarked the customer, "that is the only sound chestnut I found in the pint, and so I thought you had put it in by mistake. I am an honest man, and don't want to take a mean advantage of a fellow."

An Age of Suspicion.

Truly, this is an age of suspicion. Nevertheless, Capt. F. M. Howes, of the steamer William Crane, Merchants' & Miners' Transportation Line between Boston and Baltimore, who suffered severly from Rheumatism, caused by the exposure incident to his profession, was cured by St Jacobs Oil. This is no suspicion.—*Boston Globe.*

Wise men exhibit wisdom by considering the mistakes of fools.

Valuable information—*Johnson's Anodyne Liniment* will positively prevent diphtheria that most to be dreaded of all dreadful diseases. Don't delay a moment, prevention is better than cure. No family should be without Anodyne in the house.

If one live not according to his knowledge, life is of no avail.

To partially atone for our many sins during the year now closing we wish to expose a fraud. We refer to the *large* packs of horse and cattle powders now sold. Sheridan's are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. This statement is true.

In success there is contentment, and in contentment happiness.

Querious that the Chinese men should have such long hair. Ladies if you would have your hair as long as the Chinese and as beautiful as a Hourí's use Carboline, the deodorized petroleum hair renewer and dresser.

Be on your guard against rushing from one fault to another.

How to Secure Health.

It is strange any one will suffer from disarrangements brought on by impure blood, when SCOVILL'S SARSAPARILLA AND STILLINGIA, or BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP will restore health to the physical organization. It is a strengthening syrup, pleasant to take, and the BEST BLOOD PURIFIER ever discovered curing Scrofula, Syphilitic disorders, Weakness of the Kidneys, Erysipelas, Malaria, Nervous disorders, Debility, Billious complatnts, and Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidney, Stomach, Skin, etc.

BAKER'S PAIN PANACEA cures pain in Man and beast.

DR. ROGER'S WORM SYRUP instantly destroys WORMS.

Thought is valuable property to him who understands its use.

YOUNG MEN If you want to learn telegraphy in a few months and be sure of a situation at good wages, address VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

AGENTS are reaping a harvest selling our Kitchen Queen Safety Lamps and other household articles. The best selling articles ever put on the market. For Samples and Terms, address the CLIPPER M'F'G CO., (LIMITED.) N. E. Cor. 7th & Walnut Sts., Cincinnati, O.

Win good opinions by acting out your profession.

TENNYSON'S "MAY QUEEN."

Who knows that if the beautiful girl who died so young had been blessed with Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," she might have reigned on many another bright May day. The "Favorite Prescription" is a certain cure for all these disorders to which females are liable. By druggists.

Choose those companions who administer to your improvements.

OUR PROGRESS.

As stages are quickly abandoned with the completion of railroads, so the huge, drastic, cathartic pills, composed of crude and bulky medicines, are quickly abandoned with the introduction of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are sugar-coated, and little larger than mustard seeds, but composed of highly concentrated vegetable extracts. By druggists.

He confers a double kindness on a poor man if he gives quickly.

Kidney Complaint Cured.

B. Turner, Rochester, N. Y., writes: "I have been for over a year subject to serious disorder of the kidneys, and often unable to attend to business; I procured your BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS, and I was relieved before half a bottle was used. I intend to continue, as I feel confident that they will entirely cure me." Price $1.00.

Boast not your wisdom; Satan knows more than you.

Facts.

A letter from P. O. Sharpless, druggist, Marion, Ohio, in writing of THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL, says: "One man was cured of sore throat of eight years' standing with one bottle." We have a number of cases of rheumatism that have been cured when other remedies have failed. We consider it the best medicine sold.

If the love of God sets us at work, the God of love will find us wages.

Universal Approbation.

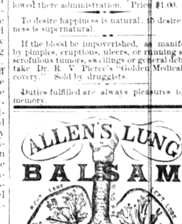
By the community at large has been given to BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. No instance is known where dissatisfaction has been manifested by their use, or where aught but benefit followed there administration. Price $1.00.

To desire happiness is natural; to desire holiness is supernatural.

If the blood be impoverished, as manifested by pimples, eruptions, ulcers, or running sores, scrofulous tumors, swellings or general debility, take Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Sold by druggists.

Duties fulfilled are always pleasures to the memory.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM



[This engraving represents the Lungs in a healthy state.]

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By its faithful use CONSUMPTION has been CURED when other remedies and Physicians have failed to effect a cure.

WILLIAM C. DIGGES, merchant of Bowling Green, Va., writes April 4, 1881, that he wants us to know that the LUNG BALSAM has cured his mother of Consumption, after the physician had given her up as incurable. He says, others knowing her case have taken the Balsam and been cured; he thinks all so afflicted should give it a trial.

WILLIAM A. GRAHAM & CO., wholesale druggists, Zanesville, Ohio, write us of the cure of MATHIAS FREEMAN, a well known citizen, who had been afflicted with Bronchitis in its worst form for twelve years. The LUNG BALSAM cured him, as it has many others, of Bronchitis.

VOLUNTARY EDITORIAL FROM THE DUBUQUE HERALD.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM is a popular remedy in Dubuque and the surrounding country. The druggists whom we have interviewed in regard to the sale of different remedies for Lung Diseases, all speak in high terms of Allen's Lung Balsam, not only as having the largest sale, but of giving entire satisfaction wherever it is used. In relation to its excellent curative properties we can speak from experience, having used it in our family for a long time.

As an Expectorant it has No Equal. For Sale by all Medicine Dealers.

PENSIONS FOR SOLDIERS on any disease, wound, or injury. Parents, widows and children are entitled. Millions appropriated. Fee $10. Increase pensions, bounty, back pay and honorable discharges procured. NEW LAWS. Send stamp for instructions and bounty table. N. W. FITZGERALD & CO., Attorneys, Box 588, Washington, D. C.

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And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 Pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter-stamps. Send for circular. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (For Internal and External Use). CURES Neuralgia, Influenza, Sore Lungs, Bleeding at the Lungs, Chronic Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Chronic Rheumatism, Chronic Diarrhoea, Chronic Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, Diseases of the Spine and Lame Back. Sold everywhere. Send for pamphlet to I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, 1 teasp'nful to 1 pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 8 letter-stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS. MAKE HENS LAY

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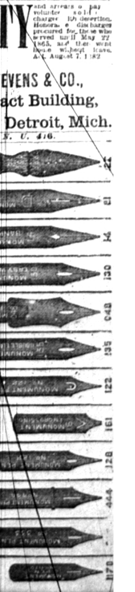

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