

THE CART TRACK.

A rough, uneven way streaked deep with wheels,
 Forming the barn's green lane and leading toward
 The living farm-yard; jangling thence it makes
 The meadow road o'er which the gray green mound
 Of hay slow totters to the left, up then,
 Leaving the meadow, the straight timber track
 Glambers the orchard for the ponderous loads
 Of apples to the cider mill, then on
 Through upland pastures to the ridge's crest.
 All the farm realm in boundless smile is seen,
 With the red rustic homestead in the midst
 Of clustering sheds; then leading to the woods
 That open a smooth vista rich in grass,
 Fern-fringed, and plump in moss, the road is lost
 In tangled thickets and dense pillared trees.
 A peasant track? In summer the broad lane
 Is margined with great splashes of gray dock,
 With velvet mallards and short nibbled eard,
 Where knots of yellow butterflies break out
 Of damp, deep rats, and bees peep thistle-tufts,
 And in the sunset posture to the low
 Of homeward kine, whose polished skins throw back
 The level rays that paint beyond silhouettes
 Upon their sides, and gild the red tails poised
 On the trim farm-girls' heads, which soon will brim
 With foamy steers. Down the twilight-track
 From the dim fields, a shape of India ink
 Shows Roughwood in the cart, with here and there
 Crumple and Crookshorn grazing likewise down
 And the dark ghosts, old Maggie and her colt,
 Gliding along the margin. Now and then
 Stead Ponto breaking from his steady trot
 Under the cart, into a canter, jerks
 Hoarse at the lagged kine; Crook tumbles forth
 Into a straining gallop; Crumple stops,
 Swinging her front; then Ponto turns his charge
 Towards the port colt that jerks his slender heels,
 Shrift neighing, while the spectral dam strikes out
 Her fore feet at the foe. Pale, moving blots
 Show the massed flock that all day long has lain
 Upon the pasture crest, now streaming back
 To the nooked farm yard. A rale, usual scene
 Of country life, and yet a picture full
 Of olden joys and youthful memories.

—Country Gentleman.

MUD PIES.

Two merry wee faces,
 Four laughing blue eyes,
 With hands all bejabbered,
 But making mud pies.

Such fun they were having,
 These dear little tots,
 A building up houses
 And queer looking grotto.

Their houses and churches
 They builded so tall,
 That they quickly came down
 With a crash and a fall.

Then with a merry laugh
 And a clap of the hand,
 They viewed their fallen towers,
 And their ruins of sand.

And gaily at building,
 Again did they go,
 And soon were operating
 Their castles laid low.

Many men in this world,
 Not nearly so wise,
 Might learn from these children
 A making mud pie.

And when low in the dust
 Their hopes are blown down,
 Go straightway to building
 For conquest and crown.

—Albert R. Brustner.

A BRIDGE MADE OF OLD RAILS.—A correspondent of the *Railroad Gazette* informs that journal that at the workshops of the Prince Edward's Island railway a bridge is being constructed from old iron rails. The plan of the bridge is a lattice girder, 31 feet span. The top chord is formed of three rails laid parallel; the bottom chord is formed in like manner, the lower rails being placed in an inverted position. The diagonal bracing is formed of short pieces of rails, bent at the upper and lower ends and twisted with a half turn in the middle, so as to cause the flanges to come in conjunction with the flanges of the top and bottom chords. The flanges are then riveted together with three-eighth-inch rivets. At each place where the braces and counters meet the chord a half-inch iron plate is introduced, which binds the three rails of the chord together. The rails used are 60-lb. iron of the Sandberg pattern. The bridge is designed by Mr. G. C. Cunningham, engineer of the road.

PACIFIC COAST ALGÆ.

The richness of our coast in alga is becoming generally known at the East, through the efforts of local scientists like Dr. Anderson, of Santa Cruz, and others. Mrs. Prof. Gunning devoted much time during her recent visit to this coast in making a collection of these plants, and her work is attracting much attention at the East. At a recent fair in Boston this collection was shown, and the notes which the *Boston Journal* makes of it will contain much news even to our own citizens who have never studied vegetable life on our sounding shore: In making the collection Mrs. Gunning was aided by resident botanists, especially by Dr. Demmick of Santa Barbara and Mr. Cleveland of San Diego. The entire order of sea plants is of great general interest to the botanist, and of especial interest to many others, because of their use in the arts or adaptation for food. The nereocystis represented on the Atlantic coast by the huge, leathery, horny laminaria, is to the Pacific waters what the *Sequoia gigantea* is to the Sierras. Growing in deep water, their huge length, sometimes of 1,500 feet reaches the surface, where it is floated by means of cysts or bladders, and often interferes with the navigation of vessels. In severe storms it is up-rooted and driven on the shore in such masses as to form, with other seaweed and sand, staunch breakwaters. In Mrs. Gunning's volume there is a young plant, *Nereocystis Lutkeana*, measuring a few inches, which shows the hold-fasts by which it anchors (having no root) and the cyst which gives it its generic name. The plant at this stage may be looked for in July and August. The *Macrocystis Pyrifera* is represented in the collection only by a fragment of a frond, which is sufficient, however, to show a very curious mode of leaf or frond dissection. If one wants to delve in the very portals of the botanical world, they may read some lessons from this Pacific collection. The Atlantic coast has rich and lovely varieties of alga, but the Pacific exceeds her by far, if one may judge by the collection on exhibition, which claims to show nearly all the species that have yet been discovered on the Western coast.—*Pacific Rural Press*.

CORRUPTION IN HIGH PLACES.—Mr. Wendell Phillips gives utterance to another sentiment that will find a response in the intelligence of that great middle class now being ground and crushed between the upper and nether millstone, wealth at the top, vice, ignorance, and idleness at the bottom. Mr. Phillips says: "If corruption seems rolling over us like a flood, mark it! It is not the corruption of the humbler classes. It is the millionaires who steal banks, mills, and railways. It is the defaulter who live in palaces and make way with the millions. It is the money-kings who buy up Congress. It is the demagogues and editors in purple and fine linen who bid \$50,000 for the Presidency itself. It is greedy wealth which invests its thousand millions in rum to coin money out of the weakness of its neighbors. These are the spots where corruption nestles and gangrenes the State. If humble men are corrupted, these furnish overwhelming temptations. It is not the common people in the streets, but the money-changers who have intruded into the temple that we most sorely need some one to scourge. If the hills will cease to send down rottenness, the streams will run clean and clear on the plains."—*Argonaut*.

LOCOMOTIVES FOR THE ELEVATED RAILWAY.—The *Railroad Gazette* gives the following dimensions of the four-wheeled locomotives built for the New York elevated railway: Cylinders, 10x14 in.; driving wheels, 38 in. diameter; distance from center to center of driving wheels, 6 ft.; length of fire-box, 5 ft. 6 in.; width of fire-box, 2 ft. 10½ in.; depth of fire-box, 2 ft. 8 in.; diameter of boiler, 2 ft. 10 in.; 100 flues, 1½ in. diameter; height of smoke-stack above rail, 10 ft. 10½ in.; weight of engine with boiler and tank filled, 23,740 lbs.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

LEMON CUSTARDS.—One large lemon; one quart of new milk; quarter of a pound of white sugar, and seven eggs. Grate off the rind of the lemon; put it with the sugar in the milk, and boil quarter of an hour; strain, and let it remain till cool; then stir in the eggs, well beaten and strained, leaving out three whites; pour it into cups with half a teaspoonful of fresh butter, melted, in each cup; set them in water, and bake in a moderate oven; color them when done, by holding a hot salamander over, and serve cold, with sugar sifted on the top.

BARLEY SOUP.—Three ounces of barley, one and a half ounces of stale bread crumbs, one ounce of butter, quarter of an ounce of chopped parsley, and half an ounce of salt. Wash, and steep the barley for twelve hours in half a pint of water, to which a piece of soda, the size of a pea, has been added; pour off the water that is not absorbed; add the bread crumbs, three quarts of boiling water, and the salt; boil slowly in a well-tinned covered pan for four or five hours, and add the parsley and butter about half an hour before the soup is ready to be served.

BREAD MUFFINS.—Take four slices of baker's bread, and cut off the crust. Lay them in a pan, and pour boiling water over them, only just sufficient to soak them well. Cover the vessel with a cloth, and when it has stood an hour draw off the water, and stir the soaked bread till the mass is quite smooth, then mix in two tablespoonfuls of sifted flour and half a pint of milk, and stir in, gradually, two well-beaten eggs. Butter some muffin rings, set them in a buttered bake-pan, and fill each two-thirds full. Bake brown, and send to the table hot.

SPINACH WITH EGGS.—Wash the spinach leaves in several waters, and keep in cold water until time to cook it. Then put in boiling water enough to cover it, and add a little salt. Cover the pan, and boil the spinach briskly until the leaves are tender; they will sink when done. Then press the water out, cut the spinach fine, put it in the pan, season with butter, and serve hot. Have the eggs ready poached, lay them on the spinach, and mix well with it. This is a delicious dish, and seasonable in the spring of the year.

CORN MEAL BREAKFAST CAKE.—For two baking tins take one and a half pints of coarsely ground corn meal. Add water nearly boiling, but not enough to wet quite all of the corn meal; add cold water, a little at a time, stirring thoroughly between whisks, until you have it so thin that it has a tendency to settle as you pour it into your pie tins. It should not be more than half an inch deep in the tins, and it should bake quickly in a hot oven.

RUSK.—Beat three eggs thoroughly, then beat in a cupful of sugar, and a little flavoring, to taste, of lemon or nutmeg. Add a tumbler and a half of rich cream which has first been mixed with a little flour; use no more flour than will give it consistency enough to be molded. Let it rise all night or all day, and when very light put it upon tins to rise again before baking. Bake in a quick oven 15 or 20 minutes.

A SIMPLE CORNMEAL PUDDING.—Stir into a quart of boiling milk the yolks of two eggs, three heaping spoonfuls of meal and a half a cup of sugar, well beaten together. Cook five minutes, stirring constantly; remove from the fire, and add the whites, beaten to a stiff froth. Pour into a pudding dish, and bake one hour in a moderate oven. Serve with cream and sugar.

GRAHAM CUP CAKE.—Unbolted wheat meal, two cupfuls; buttermilk, one cup; molasses, half-cup; butter, quarter of a cup; eggs, two; soda, half a teaspoonful. Bake half an hour.

INTROSPECTION.—A chemist of Prague is said to have invented a form of mirror by the assistance of which the interior of wine or other casks can be thoroughly inspected without the necessity of removing their heads.