

THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.

We are indeed living in a day of small things. The world of philosophy is engaged in constantly sharpening its wits to discover the causes of the depression, the low values, and the small return for honorable efforts of nearly all kinds. And while philosophy is poring over this or that fact or deduction, industry is down on its hands and knees in dust and despondency striving to wrest a livelihood from the grasp of Hard Times. It would indeed be well to know just what cause, or group of causes, forced the world down upon the grindstone and has held it there so long; for to know the cause is sometimes almost equivalent to learning a remedy. We do not propose, however, to add another to the hundred theories already spun to account for the existing state of affairs, but rather to name some attendant circumstances, and to make some suggestions which seem pertinent. It is a curious fact that the hard times have well nigh belted the planet. It may be seen in the unrest in Russia, in Prussia, and in other European nations, and its result is the outcropping of socialistic ideas—ideas which, like pestilential miasms, multiply and attack the body politic where signs of weakness are disclosed. It may be seen also in the depression of industrial pursuits in England, and attendant hardship, which is driving a tide of emigration of English workers toward the colonies or toward the United States. It is seen in this country in the obligations which have crept upon our farming lands, and in the microscopic methods which have installed themselves in manufactures and trade—methods in such marked contrast to those which prevailed a few years ago. So long as a contrary position cannot be demonstrated, it is just as well to believe that the present stringency in this country at least is merely the sign of a transition period from the glamour of a false and unenduring prosperity, to the more moderate but truer light of a permanent well-being. All transition periods are marked by confusion and disturbance of existing affairs, and industry is depressed because of the mal-adjustment of its constituent parts. In the past such conditions have been but temporary, and when matters have formed themselves in consonance with the keynotes of the new regime there has ensued a period of prosperity and progress. The transition has been grievous to bear, but the advance on the new plane has won men away from the memory of hardships. Such, it is to be hoped, will be the order which will come out of the present disorder.

THRESHING machines remind us of our boyhood days, and bring one particular occasion distinctly to mind. We thought we would play truant, and we did. The first day was so serene that we tried it again. This time we were troubled. There came up a heavy thunder shower in the afternoon, and we were scared, badly scared, and when we arrived at the maternal mansion late in the afternoon we were met with a request for a private interview. It was granted. The slipper had a good heel on it, and we are not sure but what the imprints are on our person yet. Tears, huge tears, chased each other down our cheek. When we departed for school the next morning we were given a sealed envelope for the teacher. We were suspicious. We were always kind, and we gave that envelope to another little boy who wanted an excuse for being late. He was late—the clock marked 9:15 when he arrived. The teacher read the note, and followed the instructions therein contained to the letter. We were sorry for that boy, but rejoiced that it was not us. The note read thus: "Please whip the bearer, and whip him hard." That little boy and us were never more friends. —E.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

MUSKMELON PRESERVES.—Take ripe muskmelons, remove seeds and peel, and cut in pieces. Put into a stone jar and cover with scalding vinegar; let them stand until the next day and pour off the vinegar; heat it and pour on them again. Do the same every day until the fourth day. Weigh the melon, and to every five pounds add three pounds of white sugar, and one quart of the vinegar, and spice to suit. Put all together and simmer till tender. The next day but one, pour off the syrup and boil it down so there will be just enough to cover the melon. You may think it will be a tiresome job, but if you try it you will be well pleased with it.

SPICED GRAPES.—A writer in the *Farm and Fireside* says: In canning grapes, they are better if the seeds are removed. This may be done by slipping the pulp out of the skins and scalding them; then press through a colander and return to the kettle with the skins sweetened to taste, and as soon as boiling hot put in cans and seal. Spiced grapes are nice to eat with meats. Remove the seeds the same as for canning; then to seven pounds of fruit add three and one-half pounds of sugar, one pint of vinegar, one tablespoonful of cloves, one of cinnamon and one of allspice; boil until as thick as marmalade. It is better to tie the spices in small bags made of thin muslin.

GREEN CORN.—Last summer, in cooking green corn, I tried steaming it instead of boiling, and we thought it an improvement. A delicate pudding may be made from green corn after the following recipe: Allow one long ear of sweet corn for each person. Take half a pint of milk, one egg, a dessert spoonful of white sugar, one of butter, and a little salt to every two ears of corn. Split each row of corn down the middle, then cut from the cob with a sharp knife and scrape the cob. Add the milk and other ingredients, and bake in a hot oven in custard cups or a pudding dish until the top is nicely browned but not hardened.

MAKING TEA WITH COLD WATER.—Did any one ever try making tea with cold water? If you never did, just do so the next warm day, when a cool, refreshing beverage is desired. Place the tea in a pitcher in the morning with just enough cold water to cover it. At dinner time fill the pitcher with cold water from the well and you will have the best cup of tea you ever drank—that is for warm weather. The finer qualities of tea are much more fully retained than when steeped upon the fire. And who wishes a cup of scalding tea on coming in straight from the hot harvest field and the scorching glare of our August sun?

CHOCOLATE.—To each quart of new milk, or half milk and water, allow three heaping table-spoonful of scraped chocolate. It is best to set a coffee-pot, or any convenient dish, into a kettle of boiling water; pour in the milk and as it heats add the chocolate mixed to a paste with a little milk; boil for two or three minutes and serve. Some prefer to boil chocolate only one minute, others 15, while others boil it one hour, setting aside to cool that the oil may be removed, and then reheating when wanted.

PRETTY TABLE COVER.—A small table cover of unique design is made of black satin. On this are sewed three or five parallel strips of maroon, dark blue or black velvet, as preferred, and between the strips (the number of which is regulated by the size of the cover) fans of different colors are embroidered in slip-stitch done with floss silk. The fans follow each other straight up and down in regular succession and colors, blue, green and red.

SPONGE CAKE WITH WATER.—Three cups of sugar, four cups flour, one cup cold water, six eggs, one teaspoonful soda, two of cream tartar; flavor with rose and orange water combined. Beat the eggs light; add sugar and beat again four or five minutes; then add two cups of flour, beat well, and bake in a moderately hot oven.

CHAFF.

TRUTH is mighty—mighty scarce.
RED-PAINT is the oldest theater-gore.
If a man says he lies, and tells the truth, he lies.

A TAXIDERMIST is a man who upholsters animals.

HEADS that have much to account for: Bill-heads.

CAN you tell why a blackberry is always red when it's green?

If matches are made in heaven, where do they get the brimstone.

How does a horse regard a man? As the source of all his woes.

WHICH side of a horse invariably has the most hair on? The outside.

FLIES have so many eyes that it is no wonder they leave their specks everywhere.

A POLITICAL convention has decided that the United States is a nation. That settles it.

BEER drinkers beware! 40,000 pounds of glycerine are used annually in sweetening beer.

THE Butte Co. *Weekly Mercury* has found a stratum of "lumbago" in the old Banner mine.

WHERE is money first mentioned in the Bible? When the dove brought the green back to Noah.

A HANDKERCHIEF flirtation is a very simple thing. It only requires two fools and two handkerchiefs.

A MAN in this city is said to have his heart on the right side. Why not? Would you have it on the wrong side?

THREE THOUSAND barrels of liver pills are consumed annually, and still a man occasionally is left for a railroad collision.

A YOUNG writer wishes to know which magazine will give the highest position quickest. We suggest a powder magazine.

GEORGE WASHINGTON never made but one pun in his life, and that one he forgot before he could tell it, hence his respected memory.

A CITIZEN of Fleming, Ky., tired at a rat, struck a keg of powder, blew his house up, and had to jump in the river to keep from burning up. The rat remains unhurt.

A PARTY met at a public table, when the conversation turned on the subject of transmigration. Mr. K. was a firm believer in the doctrine, and was expatiating largely upon its points, when he was interrupted by a gentleman who was present with, "K., what do you suppose yourself to have been before you were K.?" "I do not know," replied K.; "I might have been a pig, for ought I know." "Well," rejoined his friend, "you have not altered much—only got upon your hind legs."

RECLAIMING A MOUNTAIN VINEYARD.—One of the greatest engineering undertakings of the century, well fitted to rank with many attempted in Holland, not even excepting the projected draining of the Zuyder Zee, is the successful accomplishment of works by which the Apennine lake has become a thing of the past, and some 35,000 acres of the richest land recovered for cultivation. The labor of making the tunnel necessary for the task, and other works, has occupied nearly a quarter of a century, and Prince Torlonia has expended on the work more than ten millions of dollars. All the water has disappeared, except a small basin used to drain the surrounding district. The greatest length of the lake was formerly some 10 miles, and its breadth about seven, while the towns of Avizzano and Pescina are no longer in danger from the sudden rising of the water in this volcanic district. The idea of draining it is not a new one, and the remains of the aqueduct constructed under the reign of the Emperor Claudine were formerly shown to the traveler. This has been made use of in the present undertaking, and after the lapse of so many centuries the people of this Apennine district, some 2,200 feet above the level of the sea, are rejoicing over the completed work. Upon visiting the spot a few years hence it will be difficult to realize that those vine-clad hills were covered with water within so brief a period.