

FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE.

Latest Cooking Recipes.

COCOANUT PUFFS.—Powered sugar one cup, two cups desiccated cocoanut, beaten whites of two eggs, two table-spoonsful of flour or cornstarch. Drop on buttered paper on tins. Bake quickly.

MOLASSES CANDY.—This is simply made with a cup of molasses, and one of sugar, half a cup of vinegar, and a little butter. Some people prefer the juice of a lemon to vinegar in this recipe. Our little ones are very fond of butternuts mixed in the half cooked candy, and prefer this to any store confections that can be bought.

ANGEL FOOD.—Whites of 20 eggs, beaten stiffly, two tea cupsful of flour with two tea-spoonsful of cream-of-tartar. Sift flour and cream-of-tartar five times, three cups of granulated sugar, cups not quite full. Sift the sugar into the well beaten whites of eggs, moving it in the sieve with a fork that it may pass through evenly and gradually. Bake on unbuttered pans one hour or one hour and a quarter in a well-heated, but not scorching, oven. Cut out of pans when cool. One-half this quantity may be made, but I succeeded best when I prepared the whole.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.—A pound of sugar, half a cup of chocolate grated fine, a large tea-spoonful of butter, and a table-spoonful of cream. Boil all the ingredients without the chocolate, adding that when the rest is partly cooked. Boil till brittle, pour into buttered pans and when nearly cold, cut into squares.

ONION AND SAGE FRITTERS.—Twelve ounces of onions, six of bread crumbs, a tea-spoonful of dried sage, and four eggs. Peel and slice the onions, put them in a deep dish, pour boiling water over them, and let them remain a few minutes; then pour off the water and fry the onions, or put them in the oven with a little butter, pepper and salt, and when nicely browned, mix the sage with them. Put about four ounces of the onion to the bread crumbs, add the eggs, well beaten, season with pepper and salt and fry in fritters; put the remainder of the onions on the dish round the fritters, and serve with brown sauce and apple sauce. If fresh sage is used, it should be boiled a little and chopped.

Farming Notes.

Make up your minds that you will farm a little better this year than ever before, and begin now. You who do not need these hints may not think they mean you, but there are enough who do need them.

Get your early potatoes up where they will warm and get ready to sprout when planting time comes.

A Minnesota farmer raises sunflowers for chicken feed and fuel. An acre of the plants produces seed enough to pay the cost of production as food for his chickens, while the stalks and seedless heads make abundant fuel for six months' use.

The state of California has about 170,000 acres in vineyard. The total wine product is now about 14,000,000 gallons for the state. This will increase with the age of vineyards lately planted in two years to 50,000,000. The soil and climate are peculiarly adapted to grape growing and the finer flavored varieties are hardy. Forty thousand people find employment and the state received last year for the crop sold nearly \$5,000,000.

March is one of the most important months of the year for stock farmers. The effects of the long winter will show on the weaker animals by this time. Lice will breed on cattle and ticks on sheep very fast these warm days, and must be killed. Lose no time about this. It costs too much to feed such pests, beside the suffering of the animals. Remember that these little jobs are often neglected because they "can be done any time," and these same things make the difference between profit and loss.

The Business Gait.

A good walking gait for a horse is best. Few farmers think of this; most of them want the colt to be a trotter. The trotter craze has been an awful curse to the country. It makes me sick to think of it. How many young men have gone to the bad on account of it; and what good does it all do? The horses of to-day are not the equals in endurance of those of the fathers. The horses of earlier days did more and harder work, lived longer and kept sounder than ours. They trot faster now, but what of that? It is a virtue, if it is, which makes vice. Teach the colt to walk, to start on a walk, and to keep on walking till it is bidden to go faster; such a colt will make a pleasant driver and last longer, and will be worth a great deal more to a sensible man.

Break the colt before it is harnessed to any vehicle. It will make a safer and more easily managed animal. I have such a horse, and the other day he saved the team because he would not run away with his mate. He walked, and turned in at home all right, with a big load of coal. The driver carelessly left them without tying, and it was cold. A fast-walking horse will go further and faster than one broken to go by spurts, and do it easier, and last longer. When a working horse is pushed to a trot it will walk every chance it gets and walks slow to get its breath and rest. A driving horse with a light draft can trot with more ease, but a good walker on a long heat will make the time much sooner than one could suppose.—Franklin D. Curtis, Kirby Homestead, N. Y.

Country Roads, Sample Cases.

An instance of the bad way in which country roads are managed was cited at a recent meeting of Wisconsin farmers. The soft ground just below a steep hill

was annually ploughed and piled up in the center of the track. And lest drivers might choose to pass on the smooth sod by the roadside, that was ploughed too. Just above, on the hill, was plenty of hard earth and gravel which could have been placed below by a few rods hauling, greatly to the benefit of both parts of the road, but it was never thought of.

Another instance shows the disregard of distance and grade. A much used road near Madison, travelled from the earliest settlement of the county, over forty years, ran diagonally to the section lines forming the hypothenuse of a triangle. The owner of the farm through which it passed requested the board to change it so as to combine a little poor land into one piece, and they did so, relaying the road over the section line, and over a high hill, at great expense to the town. So now, all teams no matter how heavily loaded, are cruelly compelled to climb that hill taking the two sides of the triangle instead of the old easy level and short cut.

Eggs Under a Hen.

The number of eggs that should go under a hen depends upon the season. Those set in January or February should not have more than seven, while in May the number for the same hens might be increased to thirteen, or for a Cochin, even to fifteen, if the eggs be of the same breed. We have to consider not only how many chickens the hen can hatch, but also how many she can well protect after they have reached a size twice as large as the size of the eggs. Many early chickens are lost every year because of insufficient protection from the mother during the first few months. Such as are not fairly covered in cold weather, even if they do not die, will in most cases be puny little things that will never add profits to the grower's purse. Better hatch and raise but five or six early chicks to a hen, and have them healthy and strong, than twice as many poor little things. In April eleven eggs to a hen will answer very well, provided she be well feathered.

Some Questions in Everyday Life.

From the Ladies' Home Journal.
What is one's social duty? Often we hear one friend ask this question of another. Is one's social duty by accepting and giving invitations. What do we bind ourselves to in accepting the hospitality of a friend or acquaintance? Is our duty by her done when we have entered the portal of our hostess and have given her greeting? Do we owe anything to her guests? If we are a man, do we owe our duty when we neglect speaking to the ladies whom we know? If we see a chance when we can be of service to our hostess in making things pleasant and agreeable for her, is not that our duty to be ready and happy to do her bidding or even to anticipate it? If we are a woman our power to do more than to make ourselves as agreeable as we may be limited. We can then only be kind, generous and considerate of other women as it comes in our way. We cannot seek the opportunities of being polite and making the happiness of those about us as men can. Selfishness, alas that we see so much of it where there is the least excuse for it.

How French Women Dress.

The chief point to note about the dress of a Parisian woman, observes the fashionable Philadelphia Telegraph, no matter what her station in life may be, is its appropriateness. She does not wear as costly garments usually as the American of the same social class, but they are always thoroughly suitable to her position and to the occasion on which they are to be worn. A French elegant, for instance, will neither go shopping in a velvet costume nor to a wedding or official reception in a cloth jacket and cashmere gown. She never goes out on foot in superb and showy apparel, or appears at a ball in a dark silk made high in the neck and with long sleeves. Etiquette forbids her receiving even the most intimate of her gentlemen friends in her morning dress though this rule has been relaxed of late in favor of the very superb morning toilets of brocade and satin and lace which have been concocted for morning wear by the leading Parisian dressmakers. These, however, are simply reception toilets for morning instead of for afternoon wear. If she desires to go out on foot she dons the simplest of costumes in dark cloth or cashmere. Her visiting costume may be as magnificent as her purse or her desires may make it, and the same may be said of the dress in which she receives callers on her "at home" day. Her theater bonnet is much more showy and dressy than her visiting one. For street wear she dons a bonnet in very dark velvet or felt. In the matter of gloves and chassure she is always irreproachable. For evening dress she wears slippers and silk stockings precisely match the toilet with which they are to be worn. There was an attempt made at one time to introduce the wearing of scarlet hose and black slippers with white evening dresses, but it proved a total failure. Neither were black slippers and stockings ever worn in Paris with white or pale tinted ball dresses. That fashion was not French, it was possibly English, and unfortunately it was American.

A Perfect Marriage.

Theodore Parker writes: Young people marry their opposites in temperament and character, and such marriages are generally good ones. They do it instinctively. The young man does not say, "My black eyes require to be wed with blue, and my over-vehemence requires to be a little modified with somewhat of dullness and reserve." When these opposites come together to be wed they do not know it, but each thinks the other just like himself. Old people never marry their opposites, they marry their similars, and from calculation. Each of these two arrangements is very proper. In their long journeys

these opposites will fall out by the way a great many times, and sharm the other back again, and by-and-by they will be agreed as to the place they will go to, and the road they will go by, and both become reconciled. The man will be nobler and larger for being associated with so much humanity unlike himself, and she will be a nobler woman for having manhood beside her that seeks to correct her deficiencies and supply her with what she lacks, if the diversity be not too great, and if there be real generosity and love in their hearts to begin with. The old bridegroom, having a much shorter journey to make, must associate himself with one like himself. A perfect and complete marriage is, perhaps, as rare as personal beauty. Men and women are married fractionally, now a small fraction then a large fraction. Very few are married totally, and then only, I think, after some forty or fifty years of gradual approach and experiment. Such a large and sweet fruit is a complete marriage that it needs a very long summer to ripen it and then a long winter to mellow and season. But a real, happy marriage of love and judgment between a noble man and woman is one of the things so very handsome that if the sun were, as the Greek poets fabled, a god, he might stop the world in order to feast his eyes with such a spectacle.

Ammonia for Plants.

Last year I was induced to try an experiment in chrysanthemum growing, and for this purpose purchased one pound of sulphate of ammonia, which I bottled and corked, as ammonia evaporates very rapidly. I then selected four plants from my collection, putting them by themselves, gave them a tea-spoonful of ammonia in a gallon of water twice a week. In a fortnight's time the result was most striking; for though I watered the others with liquid cow manure, they looked lean when compared with the ammonia watered plants whose leaves turned to a very dark green, which they carried to the edge of the dots until the flowers were cut. As a matter of course the flowers were splendid. The ammonia used is rather expensive as I bought it from a chemist's shop. This year I intend getting agricultural ammonia, which is much cheaper. I have also tried it on strawberries, with the same satisfactory result, the crop being nearly double that of the others. It is very powerful and requires to be used with caution.—London Garden.

Butter-Making a Wasteful Business.

Next to milk butter is by far the costliest product of the dairy, and the most wasteful of intrinsic value in its production. Twenty-five pounds of milk—the average weight acquired for making a pound of butter—would sustain a man's life well nigh half a month, while the butter would supply bodily waste for hardly half a day. The life-sustaining matter in the form of casein and albumen in the milk for a pound of butter, would be just about equal to ten pounds of meat, all of which is sacrificed as a direct human food, and is only indirectly utilized as a by-product, to be fed to animals and after sacrificing nine-tenths of its life-supporting ability, will return one-tenth in a new form fit for human use—all for one pound of butter which is little else than a luxury, and not an indispensable one. It is but a pound of hydrocarbon, an effective equivalent for which science at a profit can replace for ten cents. When thousands of the laboring poor in our towns and cities, in whose veins a kindred blood is flowing, are pinched and suffering for the want of just such food, to keep soul and body together, is it a Christian work to occasion so large a sacrifice of useful food for a little luxury? No one will say nay, for we "all do it!"—Professor L. B. Arnold.

Dairying vs. Wheat Growing.

The farmers of Iowa were among the first to break away from the one-crop system, and to diversify their grain growing with dairying. There are now 400 creameries or cheese factories in that State, and their patrons find the industry much more profitable than raising wheat at 60 to 70 cents a bushel on land that is worth from \$15 to \$100 per acre. The St. Louis Republican reports that the farmers in northern Missouri have begun to turn their attention in the same direction, and says that if one-half the money and labor expended last year in raising Missouri's crop of 35,000,000 bushels of wheat had been given to dairying, the net result would have been double. It argues that "the markets of the world are glutted with wheat, but the more butter and cheese produced, the more there is consumed—the demand keeping pace with and even outstripping the supply." There is commonly a market for good dairy products at remunerative prices, but it is doubtful if the average profits have been greater than those gained from wheat, taking a period of ten years together. The production of good butter is not altogether a matter of disposition. Much depends upon the pasturage, the water, and climatic conditions. The dairying belt is as restricted as the wheat belt, taking the whole country together. The sections adapted to it can make the industry profitable. It is doubtful if the other sections can do so. The older settled portions of the West are experiencing from the cheap and virgin fields in the Northwest the stress of the competition by which they forced the farmers of the Eastern and Middle States to abandon grain growing as a reliance, and diversify their productions. History is repeating itself in compelling them to adopt a similar policy.—Boston Herald.

The Object of Eating.

We eat for warmth and strength; hence almost all articles of food have both these elements; have carbon to warm, and nitrogen to strengthen, to give power to work. Butter, sugar and oils are almost all carbon. All breads

and grains are mainly carbon. Meats, flesh of all kinds, abound in nitrogen. Food which has most nitrogen is most "nutritious." Butter has eighty-three per cent. of carbon and no nitrogen; an egg has no carbon and twenty per cent. of nitrogen. Milk contains two parts warmth and one of strength. Bread contains one part of nitrogen and eight of carbon. It is thus seen that in reference to eating, carbon—which is charcoal fuel—and warmth are one and the same thing; while nitrogen—which is in effect salt-petre—gives flesh or muscle, which are one and the same thing in substance with strength. It is also seen that most articles of food have more carbon or warmth than nitrogen or strength, showing that it takes more to keep us warm than to keep us strong. A sedentary person requires, in round numbers, about one pound of food a day, while a hard-working man requires two pounds; this two-pounds of food gives out power enough—as steam in an engine gives out power—to raise a man of average weight eleven miles high. But calling the two pounds 5,000 grains, only 300 grains of it are nitrogen, the remainder that is sixteen times more of warmth is required than of strength-producing food. One practical result is, that as the world becomes more thickly populated, the necessity increases of economizing food; of adapting it to the various needs of the system as modified by age, sex, occupation and season. Persons living indoors should not eat more than half as much as those who work hard. Less warming food should be eaten in hot weather than in cold. If we eat an excess of warming food in hot weather we have to work it out of the system at a great expenditure of strength; and until it is worked off we feel full and feverish and oppressed; on the other hand, in winter we require an additional quantity of warming food, hence our instincts lead to eat heartily of pork, and buck-wheat cakes, and butter, and molasses, which are almost purely carbon. In warm weather we need cooling food, as providence sends us in profusion the fruits, and the berries, and the green things, which have no carbon at all; and while our appetite for them is ravenous the very idea of fatty food is nauseating. Hall's Journal of Health.

Spring Suits.

Harper's Bazar says: The general designs for spring suits is that of short basques, with long drapery and plain lower skirts, and this suggestion is given alike in dresses of one fabric or combinations of two materials. The upper part of the dress will be of plain goods, with figured stuffs for the trimming and for the lower skirt. The short plain basque of bison, serge, or of camel's hair, will be inlaid with velvet in front and back alike; sometimes the velvet forms a short curved or pointed plastron, while in other dresses it extends to the waist line like a vest in front, and this is repeated in the middle forms of the back. Revers or bretelles of the wool goods edge the inlaid velvet, and these revers are sometimes covered with braid. Polka basques for the house are very similar in shape to the jackets used over them for the street; they extend plainly over the hips, but are quite short, reaching only three or four inches below the waist line in the back, where they are shortest, lying smoothly on the turtleneck without pleats. Very narrow vests are preferred when velvet is used, especially if it is of a contrasting color. The deep pointed aprons are now made of a separate breadth of cloth and disappear entirely on the sides next the belt, leaving in view all the underskirt, which may be of a velvet or of the plain cloth stitched in clusters, or tucked, or else braided. The straight full back drapery may hang plain its entire length, or it may be laid in large pleats, or, if it must be more bouffant, it is pleated in a single puff, and these pleats are clearly defined, both in the puff and in the cloth which falls below to the foot.

A New Story of Gen. Grant.

The Cleveland Leader prints the following extract from the manuscript notes of Col. A. H. Markland, who was at the head of the army postal service during the war:
"The first time that General Grant left Cutperter Court-house, Washington headquarters then were, for Washington city the quartermaster made up a special train to accommodate the sick and such as might have leave of absence, the road being taxed to its utmost capacity to bring forward supplies. One passenger car in the train was reserved for General Grant and such officers as might accompany him. Only two or three officers were with him, and they did not attract any special attention as they passed into the car. The General was always the plainest and least ostentatious man in the army. All the cars of the train except the one reserved for General Grant were soon crowded, and many soldiers were standing on the platform of the station. General Grant was sitting alone on the side of the car next to the platform and near the door, and was told by the guard that he could not come into that car. General Grant asked the guard what the man wanted, and was told that he wanted to go to Washington. The General then asked why he was not permitted to come into the car and was answered that 'this car is a special car for General Grant and his staff.' The General quickly replied, 'Let him come in. I only occupy one seat in this car.' This was the first intimation the guard had that General Grant and his staff were in the car. The General then asked what the other men were doing who were standing on the platform, and being told that they wanted to go to Washington, he said, 'Let all who can crowd in get in.' The car was soon filled, one private soldier taking a seat beside the General and engaging him in conversation nearly all the way to Alexandria, not knowing with whom he was talking."

MARRIED TO A SPIRIT.

The Strange Story Told by a Widow to a Georgia Justice.

"You are an attorney as well as a magistrate?" said a lady yesterday morning in Justice W. A. Poe's office, as she glanced nervously around the room.

"Yes, madam; how can I serve you?" said the justice.

"Do you keep a record of the marriage ceremonies you perform?" she inquired, after some hesitation. Her manner was excited, and her fingers played rapidly with a handkerchief that she held.

"Only a partial one; it is not very accurate."

"Get the book and look at this date two years ago," she demanded.

The order was obeyed, and the following entry read from the record: "Married, 23d March, 1883, Fannie Howard and James F. Sterling."

"Yes, yes," said she, "I am now convinced. The man, sir, to whom you married me was my dead husband. You may not believe it, but so sure as I am a living woman the ceremony you performed bound in wedlock's live woman and a man who had been dead for three years. Here, swear me to speak the truth," she said, grasping a bible lying on the table.

With an expression that spoke plainly his astonishment, Judge Poe took the holy book and administered the oath. It was a most peculiar proceeding, and one that the reporter watched with awe and trembling.

"You have sworn me to speak the truth, and nothing but the truth, and I will, so help me God. Listen to what I say. You married me to a materialized spirit. I see you do not believe in spiritualism. I do, and on oath I declare that in this room, on the twenty-third day of March, 1883, you married me, Fannie Howard, to James Franklin Howard, and not to J. F. Sterling; that there is not, nor never was, a J. F. Sterling who married me in this room on the 23d of March, two years ago."

"Eleven years ago, in the county of Monroe, in this state, I, Fannie Westbrook, married James Franklin Howard, my husband. We lived together twelve months, when he was taken sick and died. Shortly afterward I went north. In my distress I visited the celebrated Mr. Foster, of New York. There I saw my husband, a materialized spirit. I talked with him, and enjoyed the happiness his presence gave me. I left the medium room with new life and hope, and in a short time returned home."

"The quiet neighborhood of a country is seldom broken by the appearance of a visitor. One day, however, there came to our house a stranger. He had been in the neighborhood several days, and his striking resemblance to my husband had been noted by many of my friends who had seen him. He came to our home at the invitation of my father, who had requested him to dine with us. I did not enter the dining-room until all had taken seats around the table. My eyes rested upon the stranger, and in a moment I saw before me my dead husband as distinctly, sir as I see you. I do not know what passed afterward; memory deserted me. I seemed to be under the influence of some spiritual power."

"Mr. Sterling came to our house often afterward. I was never so impressed in my life as I was at our first meeting. His resemblance to my dead husband was startling. In time he addressed me, and I accepted his offer, against my father's wishes. We came to this city, and in an hour after we arrived you married us. We left your office for the hotel. My husband left me at the room door. I partially closed the door and instantly opened it. He was not in the hall, as he was a moment before. Nowhere could he be seen. He had not entered the office, and no one saw him leave the hotel. It was a mystery. He never returned. I was advised by the proprietor to consult the police. I did so, but never afterward heard of him."

"You were cruelly deserted, madame, by a cowardly villain," suggested the justice.

"Deserted!" she repeated with an incredulous smile. "No; let me tell you, a man of flesh and blood could not cover two hundred feet of a hallway in the short space of five seconds. No one saw him pass. Besides, is it likely the police force could have failed to find him if he had been in the city?"

"From the facts, sir, I have stated to you, I firmly believe that I married the materialized spirit of my husband, that his spirit came back to earth, and assumed a form like that he wore on earth, and that for a season he made me happy, and that forgetting his spiritualized life, he over-stepped the bounds of that existence and was recalled peremptorily to the spirit-land."

The strange visitor glided out of the door as if she herself might have been a materialized spirit.—Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

Suffering Camels.

A correspondent of *The London Standard* writing from Gakdul says: The marches of Stewart and the going to and fro of convoys, during which many of the Camels were occasionally four and six days without water and food, except the dry, reed-like sabs grass growing upon the desert, told fatally upon hundreds of the poor brutes. The stamina was gone out of the survivors, and protracted rest was necessary, with good feeding for all of them. The situation admitted of neither, and with huge gapping wounds and terrible sores from packs and girths, the wretched animals continued to be driven out. An awful effluvia, noxious as a pest-house, exhaled from the wounds of the miserable animals, and has lately filled the air whenever a camel convoy marches. I say nothing of the stench from the countless dead victims which line the route from Abu Kru to Korti. Even as I write the odor from hundreds of these lying outside the entrance to Gakdul makes the approach to this place a sort of running the gauntlet of smells insufferable.

Benefits of Travel.

As a boy is pleased with a whistle or knife, and in youth finds delight with either a horse or a bicycle, so in manhood come the changes of taste and ambition. The pleasures of twenty are out-lived at thirty, and at forty we are looking through the tunnel to the light at the other end, and not until very much older, I believe, do we long for the lost days of boyhood.

The years that seemed slow in passing at twenty go by like fast coaches before forty, and startle us like a night express at fifty.

The longing to keep young is an average desire in so many, that one who could tell of a land where youth is renewed, would be hailed as a leader with a spendid following. An yet, to one inured to bleak and inclement climates, a simple change to the milder weather of Southern Missouri, Kansas, New Mexico or California, will work wonders in the renewing of youth.

A air bath by travel and a new surrounding, provided one is employed and contented, is one of the surest means of reviving lost energy and increasing vitality. The wine-like winds of travel—for nothing is so much like it, in stimulating vigor, as the swift draughts of air one inhales by contrast with the air of all things intoxicating to the senses. We feel the world is larger, we know the earth is beautiful, and of all things to the debilitated, travel is the key to happiness.

Travel breaks up our narrowness, enlarges our love of enjoyment, increases our belief in improvements, revives our recollections, and enlarges our view of others. It does more. It adds a new life to the old one and brings to the newer the right to live over the other, and fulfills the longing to be a boy again, for travel in a strange and romantic country is to begin life anew; and settling for a season in some fair valley ("where the smile of the Creator has crystallized on the landscape"), or in some city of refinement, is a world that before was undiscovered.

As an aid to conversation and a theme of general use in business or pleasure, it is broad and instructive; as a means of learning history it is beyond all books, maps and teachers; for acquiring knowledge it is a rare experience. "He is a wise man who has known many men, seen many cities."

The influence of travel on reading, love of learning, and general advantage over information gained in books, need not be urged to enforce its meaning. We all know that the more one learns the more he will learn, and a fact once outlined of fields well known will outlast all descriptions.

From the chances of trade and the changes of business, we often meet men and women who have seen better days, whose ample fortune once afforded the luxury of ease and comfort. Notably is this true of the once wealthy planters at the South, who have lost in the vortex of commerce, and the tide of affairs, the means that had furnished many a feast of enjoyment, whose present chief solace is in the fond recollection of what was theirs so long in reality and is now only cherished in memory. From these we may learn that next to our nearest friendships will ever be the gain and profit of strange lands visited, fortunes enjoyed, and fond scenes remembered.

And what, after all, is life but a little journey in a strange land, with a few companions, less friends, flying train, a halt at the little stations, a rest and a recollection of what we have seen, known and enjoyed most as we traveled, even though they may be unpossessed of like impressions and surroundings.

The chief gain of travel is that means of making one at home with the many classes of associates who read from the start that one of easy manners has at least some superior knowledge of the world. Then, too, the pleasures of contemplation must ever be a source of companionship, and one that has traveled many miles with attention will have a mind well stored with natural paintings and pleasant places, to recall at leisure and enjoy when alone.

The enlargement of the mind on seeing the growth of great cities, the progress of vast improvements in mechanism and arts, with the still greater wonder at the works of nature as seen in rivers and mountains, valleys like Harper's Ferry and the Yosemite, falls like Niagara, the grander sights of the Yellowstone, are all themes to contemplate, enlighten and inspire. Books and paintings can never wholly define them.—J. W. Donovan, in *The Current*.

London Stenographers.

A knowledge of shorthand is fast becoming an essential in the mercantile service of London. Without it a young man, however capable in other respects, stands at a serious disadvantage; with it he commands an ampler salary, and occupies an immensely superior position in the great race. It is astonishing, nevertheless, that of the many thousand who make the art an object of study, so few are really competent and trustworthy writers. Speed is beyond all evil the sole and guiding desideratum of the art; but where every one man qualified to follow every syllable articulated by such a notoriously, "easy" speaker as the premier, there are crowds who, though approaching the task with "every confidence," would discover that they had not enough of that wholesome commodity, backed up by a modicum of ability, to carry them through. If, as is insisted, the average rate of public speaking is 120 words per minute (and this is under the mark), two thirds of that figure about represent the record of the fourth estate. Verbatim reporting is manifestly on the decline, chiefly by reason of its not being required except for private and official purposes, and to some extent on account of forshorthand, whatever its perfection as an art, has not kept in the front in the matter of speed.—*All the Year Round*.

Jackson Hart, a full-blooded negro in Chattanooga, is rapidly turning white.