OREGON.

The following article is copied from the Leeds (Eng.) *Mercury*. The writer is well informed, and his statements correct, except that the present season has proved that Eastern Oregon is likely to become an agricultural as well as a grazing region:

Oregon is in some respects a more remarkable State than California. It does not stand before the world with a golden haze over it, and it does not possess a harbor worth mentioning when the magnificent bay of San Francisco is thought of. But it is favored with a climate which, year in and year out, brings to it an abundant and a constantly increasing harvest. Its crops do not show the same extraordinary yield per acre as do the crops in the State it adjoins, when the season there is favorable; but, nevertheless, its soil is marvelously fertile, bearing the burden of non-rotation for many successive seasons without appreciable weakening. In the matter of freedom from atmospheric storms, Oregon is quite as calm as California; in the matter of the political tempest, from which California has a great deal more to dread than from the occasional *tremblor* that visits and cannot be said to affect her, Oregon is, if not altogether free, at least altogether unharmed by it. Even the rainfall in Oregon, which, because it is by no means meagre, has caused this part of the Union to be known as the Webfoot State, comes down there as a rule with exceeding gentleness—copiously enough at times, but very quietly, and with such a gratefully warm touch in every drop, even when the month is December, that one rather enjoys being caught out in it, and has no more to dread from it than from a shower-bath in his own house. There is no show place in Oregon like the Yosemite valley; that great glacier-moulded gaps is one of the sights of the world. But, nevertheless, Oregon is naturally grand. The scenery of the western and best-settled part of the State is the rural beauty of England in magnitude. The Willamette valley is the great central plain of Yorkshire spread out over a hundred and sixty miles of length, and with a varying width of from thirty to sixty miles, with a navigable river fed by many tributaries running through it; with Roseburry Topping rising 11,000 feet above the sea level, its summit crowned with perpetual snow, its sides covered with a privemal forest; and with lesser but wonderfully impressive snow peaks along the line of the Cleveland and Hambleton Hills. The river that runs through this garden valley of Oregon is tributary to a still greater watercourse. It empties into the Columbia, and the Columbia, which forms the northern boundary of the State, extends two thousand miles and more beyond the limits of Oregon before its source is reached. With the aid of the Snake river, it gives a navigable course of something like fifteen hundred miles. In romantic grandeur, no less than in extent the Columbia excels the Hudson. Take away the charm of association from the European stream, and in picturesque effect the Rhine is not to be compared to it. The Sacramento, the greatest of the California rivers, is no more to be spoken of in the same breath as the Columbia than is a Dutch canal. It is idle, however, to compare the two Pacific States. Each is great in territory, great in resources, great in expectations; and that, sooner or later, the expectations of each will be realized, is as certain as that the sun shines.

In size, Oregon takes the third place in the Union. Texas ranks first, and California second. Measuring, with tolerable uniformity of outline, 275 miles in length, and 350 in breadth, Oregon has thus an area of 96,250 square miles, or 61,000,000 acres. The Cascade range divides the State into two great sections—Eastern and Western. Broadly speaking, Eastern Oregon is the grazing portion of the State, and Western Oregon the grain growing division. The distinguishing physical features of Western Oregon are the three great valleys of the Willamette, the Umpqua and the Rogue rivers, each following the others in a southerly line. Leading into each are numerous smaller valleys, and on the coast line, on the outer westerly edge of the great basins, is much fine country, nearly all of it beautiful, and some spots bordering on growing ports, very attractive for settlement. Eastern Oregon is also subdivided into valleys, each embracing vast tracts of prairie land. Spread over this great territory is a population about half that of one of our great English towns. Making allowance for a steady increase from other States and from foreign countries, the number of souls in Oregon at present will not exceed 160,000. The developed resources of the State are mainly agricultural, and, small as is the population, that it is made up of a busy and productive people may be judged from the fact that the exported produce and merchandise of the State last year exceeded $14,000,000 in value. In 1868 the exports of Oregon were estimated at less than $2,000,000. At that time the population was about one-half what it is now. In 1872, when a series of articles on the State appeared in the *Leeds Mercury*, the population was under rather than over 100,000. From that period up to 1875 there was no great increase under the head of immigration. Since then the number of new-comers has amounted to about ten thousand annually. This is a remarkable showing. It must be remembered that Oregon is isolated—that, although it has interior railroads, it has as yet no inter-State lines, and that practically the only channel through which it can draw immigrants is overland to San Francisco, and from thence by steamer to the Columbia river. It is a Promised Land also, not at the confines of a Wilderness. To reach it, States and Territories have to be passed through which have many temptations for the settler, and on going to it one has to turn his back on the great harvest grounds and the teeming fruit gardens of California. That Oregon should under such circumstances be in a fair way to cover her land with the population for which she has room may well be a matter for wonderment. It has all been done through the spirit of self-help. A few of the leading inhabitants have given of their means freely to make the advantages of their State known to the world. The State Legislature with public funds has done a little in the same direction. The work, however, has been essentially a voluntary one. There was no competing with that magnificent display of natural products which the people of Oregon sent to the International Exhibition at Philadelphia, and it was a display to which all who could do so helped to contribute, either in money or in kind. The exhibit appealed to the very class Oregon is in need of. It was an illustration which was irresistible to the agricultural mind, and the consequence has been that the bulk of the recent immigrants in the State are to be found scattered over the valleys, and the towns have not had to bear a much greater acquisition than their commercial or manufacturing importance justifies. One feature in favor of this flow of immigration is the fact that farming in Oregon is conducted on a small rather than on an extensive scale. No man there can make it his boast that his possessions are broad enough for a principality. Many of the settlers who came to the State before 1850 hold under what is called the Donation Law, 360 and 640 acres (single men got the smaller share), and the beneficiaries by this enactment took care to settle where the soil seemed richest, and where they had simply to plant and not to clear. The majority of them were unskilled in agriculture. Many of them were content with what a fraction of their claims yielded them, and cared nothing about improvements. They found that cattle were safe enough without attention or shelter. They had come to dreamland, and they settled down into an easy, indifferent, comfortable state of existence, out of which it has been difficult to rouse them. There was a few years during which the State made no progress, and this period of stagnation had something to do with producing amongst some of the older residents a condition very much akin to thriftlessness. Even to-day there are a good many farms in Oregon in excellent situations which ought to show indications of brightness and prosperity, but which show only dreariness and neglect. Seven years ago there was more of this tumble down, indolent look about Oregon homesteads than there is now. Several of the old settlers have been tempted to sell out, or to part with a portion of their holdings, and others have been stimulated by the healthy flow of a new life in their midst to bring their homesteads into that orderly and improved state which are characteristic of a people who are well-to-do, and do not care to be behind their neighbors. A few years more, and a farmer's house in Oregon, with the clapboards loose to the wind, the fields around it only half cultivated, and the garden in front in a state of nature, will be a sight worth searching the valleys of the State to see. Perhaps if very many of the men and women whe profited by the Donation Law had been anxious to sell out, their lands would long ago have fallen into the hands of speculators, and there would have been a few rich men owning much of the best and a good many poor men owning very little. As it is, an Oregon farm a mile square is a large possession; and if the whole of that area is clear of obstruction, it is a possession of great value. Generally speaking, it is more profitable to buy farms in Oregon even at $25 an acre than to clear land. Timber is all very well in its place. Spruce, ash, oak, pine, and cedar—a man may have noble trees of those woods on 80 or 160 acres of Oregon land for which he has paid but a nominal price, but unless he be close to a navigable stream they are of little value to him. His object is to destroy them, and the work of destruction is costly and laborious. There are tracts of available land, however, where great forest fires have materially lessened the difficulty of making clearances, and there are other tracts where the soil has only to be freed from brush to be ready for the husbandman. Land of this character abounds in the foot hills of the Cascade and coast ranges, and belongs either to the State and Federal Governments or to the railroad companies. No difficulty is experienced in finding heavily timbered lands under the Pre-emption and Homestead Laws, but they are not now to be had close to towns. In Eastern Oregon, the choice in settlement goes the other way. There the desire is to find spots where there is a growth of timber. Information regarding the Federal land may be had at four different points in the State—Oregon City, Roseburg, The Dalles and La Grande. The State Land Office is at Salem. The Railway land offices are at Portland, and in one of the rooms is an interesting exhibit of products grown on farms bought from the company.

Scattered over Oregon are some very pretty towns, and there are none prettier than Portland, the chief city of the State. The streets of this metropolis are clean and well kept; its public buildings are in good taste; the dwellings of its richer citizens, elegant in design and surrounded by neatly laid out grounds, are in the very heart of the city; trim cottages, with trim gardens, owned or rented by the less well-to-do, are all round about. The reservation of blocks for public parks adds to the garden-like appearance of the town; but the chief charm of Portland to the new comer are the regular lines of maple, locust, and other shade trees which make of every street where men and women live and children play, a delightful avenue. The site of Portland was hewn out of a forest, but the early authorities of the place were wise in their day, and while they cut down remorselessly they planted with care. The dense growth of the forest is gone; in its place are the beauties of light and shade, the sun glinting on white painted houses through a protecting screenwork of greenery. The river that flows through the city has ten miles to run before it reaches the Columbia, and the Columbia from that point has a hundred miles to run before it loses itself in the ocean. Although so far from the Pacific, Portland is practically a seaport. Was ever a seaport so Arcadian? The fleet of wheat ships that come thus far into the interior of the State gives to Portland a great deal of its commercial importance. The city has also some manufactories to make good its stability. Within the last five years its population has increased from 12,000 to about 20,000. To get to Portland, Astoria is passed by; and, truth to tell, Astoria has been passed by in a sort of cold-shoulder fashion for a very long time. It is a town with a history. Perhaps it is the oldest settlement in the State. John Jacob Astor founded it in 1811 as a trading post, but the venture was a failure, and two years after the British raised the Union Jack over the place, and Astoria became Fort George. Subsequently, under the American occupation, the old name was restored, but for many years the place was nothing better than a post. Within the last few years the population of Astoria has nearly trebled itself. The town now contains about 2000 souls. Comparatively that is a small number, but the increase from six or seven hundred has been made by sheer determination. The town seeing vessels go down the stream went out to meet them. It brought down great logs from the forest and drove tham through tide water into the bed of the river. Then it went out further into the Columbia until it got frontage and dock room for the largest vessels. The streets of the business part of Astoria are simply long lines of piers placed at right angles, with the salt sea flowing under them. One may drive up to the front entrance of the stores of the town, but you must reach the back entrance as you reach the houses in Venice. Flocks of sea-gulls, protected by ordinance, and tame as barn-door fowls, cluster on exposed timbers on these back water yards. The land at Astoria is hilly, and the merchants prefer level lines, even on framework. Some of these days, the mountain will be graded down, and the sea-gulls will be driven back with the water, from which they pick up an easy living. Astoria is twelve tailes from the bar. In front of the town the river is wide enough and deep enough to accommodate the vessels that shall go to Oregon when the commerce of the State reaches its maximum. Long before then Astoria will be a place of maritime importance. It is its progress in this direction which has given it threefold strength in half a decade. It owes a good deal to a hopeful, persistent voice which it possesses in a sprightly daily paper. Down the coast are one or two shipping ports of minor importance, of which Coos Bay and Yaquina Bay are the chief. At Coos Bay there is a rich coal field, and several fine vessels, including two clippers, have been built there. Salem, the capital, is on the flat part of the Willamette valley. At Albany, further south, the valley may be seen at is widest stretch; and from the cupola of the Court House of this town a magnificent panorama is spread out.

The settlement of this State has some interest to English readers. For a very long period Oregon was simply a hunting-ground for the Hudson Bay Company. From 1816 to 1846 the point whether it belonged to Great Britain or America remained unsettled. Its white residents during that time were not numerous, but they were very largely subjects of this country. Even when the decision was given in favor of America, the majority of the Englishmen and Scotchmen there decided to remain. It was probably a concession to the English interest in the State that when the organic law was drawn up and adopted it included a section giving to aliens, as well as to citizens, whether resident or not, the right to acquire and hold lands in the State. The servants of the Hudson's Bay Company were the first farmers in Oregon, and doubtless also the first who introduced anything in the shape of religious and educational advantages. Americans and English, in 1843, were agreed upon the necessity of organizing a provincial government. Two years afterwards, and one year before Great Britain signed the treaty giving Oregon to the United States, such a government was formed. Then came the era of territorial rights (1848), and eleven years afterwards, with a population of 52,465, Oregon was admitted a State. The British interest in this part of America has not died out. Two of the banking institutions there are incorporated under British laws—the Bank of British Columbia and the Bank of British North America; while another, the Oregon and Washington Trust Investment Company, was started on capital supplied by Scottish shareholders. The last-mentioned institution has done a great deal of good to the State since 1873, when it was formed, in furnishing loans for the purchase and improvement of property. It began with a capital of a quarter of a million dollars, and it has proved so profitable to the stockholders that the capital has been increased at intervals until it amounts to $1,000,000. An offshoot of this company is a Scoto-American Savings Bank (formed in 1876), with a capital of $300,000. More recently (1878) an organization has been formed, known as the Oregon Agricultural Company, for the sale of land in Benton county. In the success of this company many Englishmen are interested. Benton county is on the coast line, about midway down the State. Its soil exceedingly fertile, and the climate is that of Oregon—a State with a death-rate of 0.69. This rate was the percentage to the population in 1870, when the last Federal census was taken. The annual rainfall in Oregon ranges from 45 to 55 inches. The winter months are wet. In summer there are long spells of unbroken weather, and the happy farmer can always sing "Harvest Home"—the crops of Oregon never fail.

A good deal has been said about wheat in this article. The salmon of Oregon ought not to be forgotten. It is in all our shops, in cans of about a dozen different brands. Last year 345,000 cases of these cans were exported from the Columbia river. In the same year the State exported over 3,500,000 centals of wheat, including flour.

Is it Education or Accident.—Technical education supposes that a child must be educated for the sphere he is expected to occupy in life. Advocates of a purely technical education use frequently such phrases as "laboring classes," "station in life," "educated classes," "cultured society," "upper classes." Whether this is wise in republican America as in monarchical Europe remains to be seen. Experience has shown that it is exceedingly unwise to suppose that a certain boy is to make a Congressman, while another will peg boots. The issue usually shows that the young lawmaker makes a cobbler, while the predestinated bootmaker becomes a foreign minister. Some of our very best and most learned men were not intended by their parents to occupy very high stations in life. It is dangerous to "suppose" very much in reference to any boy in this enlightened age.

"Put out your tongue a little further," said a doctor to a fair invalid. "A little further still, if you please." "Why, doctor," do you think a woman's tongue has no end?" said the gentle sufferer. "An end, perhaps, madam," replied the physician, "but no cessation."

A Private Detective's Method of Work.

A. J. P. Garesche is still hard at work obtaining testimony with which to secure commutation of the sentence of death passed upon Joseph Degonia for the murder of Jules Polite. He had secured the names of several well-known physicians who are of the opinion that Polite died from the effects of a fall which he received on the night of his death instead of from the injuries inflicted by Degonia's knife. The other day, while Mr. Garesche was seated in his office, there entered an individual whom Mr. Garesche had often met, but to whom he had never had the pleasure of being introduced.

"Good morning," said the visitor, "Mr. Garesche, I believe?"

"You are correct in your belief, sir. Be seated."

The stranger took a chair. He informed the attorney that he was a private detective, and that he had called on the Degonia business. He offered to clear the condemned man for $100.

"How would you do it?" said he.

"I would go down to Potosi," said the detective, "dig up Polite's body, break his neck; then you could insist upon a *post mortem* examination being held on the remains, which would of course result in the exoneration of your client."

"Indeed," said Mr. Garesche, "do you often do business in that way, sir?"

"We do, indeed, sir; operations of this character belong to our regular line of business."

"I am astonished to hear it, sir. Leave me your card, sir. I would like to advertise you."

The detective saw that Mr. Garesche was getting angry, and thought best to leave the premises at once without leaving his card.—*St. Louis Republican.*

The Treasure of Ivan the Terrible.—At Wjasma, in the Government of Smolensk, there arrived, a short time ago, a Prussian named Filiner, who sought out the two leading tradesmen of the place and informed them that he was in possession of an ancient document wherein stood recorded the interesting circumstance that the imperial treasure of Ivan the Terrible lay buried in a forest between the villages of Solowiczy and Borzcy, the said treasure consisting of two golden horseshoes, a golden crucifix weighing eighty pounds, and several casks containing gold and silver to the amount of some fifty millions of rubles. Filiner and his confidants, Kustareff and Nononoff, forthwith concluded a contract, the two latter undertaking to defray the expenses of excavation upon condition that each should take a third share of the treasure, after deducting 15 per cent. of the gross value, to be paid to the priest of Solowiczy, who owns the ground in which Czar Ivan's pretiosa were by that gruesome monarch hidden away. More than a hundred peasants of the two above named hamlets were then hired by the partners and set to work digging in the forest. Shortly after they had commenced operations the Golden horse shoes came to light, and the news of their discovery spread like wildfire throughout the district of Wjasma. The population poured into the scene of the investigations in such numbers that the authorities of the chief city were compelled to send strong detachments of infantry and gendarmerie in order to put a stop to the tumults that had already arisen between the peasants employed by Filiner & Co. and those who had commenced unauthorized researches upon their own account. We are unacquainted with the Russian law of treasure-trove, but should imagine that the crown is not very likely to forego its claims to undoubted imperial valuables, even if disinterred from land belonging to the orthodox pope. Seven or eight millions sterling would be a welcome windfall to a State suffering from a depleted exchequer and a depreciated currency!—*London Telegraph.*

Anecdote of an Old River Gambler.—One time he was accused of swindling, the charge being made in the heat of play by a man from whom Watt's accomplice had just won $10,000. "Is that your opinion?" he quietly asked. "Yes, sir; that's what I think," roared the loser; "you swindled me, and I stigmatized you as a scoundrel." The hour was late, and only the watchman and a party engaged in playing heard the charge, but all of them drew back and held their breath, for they were sure Jack would take a life to wipe out the insult. It is said that he has done that thing. "I will give you $5000 right here if you will not make that opinion any further public," said Watts, drawing forth his pocket-book. "No, sir, I do not want the money; you cannot buy my silence with money." Then Watts smiled in his wicked way and held a pistol in one hand and the money in the other, and said quietly, as before: "My friend for the suppression of your opinion I offered you $5000. You refused. Now I offer you that amount of money and your life. Do you accept?' The man looked into Jack's cold, steel gray eye and what he read there was convincing. He took his money and his life and kept silent.—*St. Paul Pioneer.*

Catching Wild Mustangs in Texas.—The long-continued heat has dried up the country. The Chiltepin creek, at the Consado ranche, was as dry as a powder-horn. At the Stockley Ranche, in the Cruz Lake pasture, where resides the hospitable family of J. M. Doughty, with whom we put up for the night, Mr. Doughty and all hands busily engaged in catching mustangs and wild cattle from the Brasada. The only water in the entire pasture for his stock was that in the the Cruz Lake, about three miles from Mr. Doughty's residence, except two or three water holes in the bed of Chiltepin creek. These are watched night and day and wild horses and cattle are kept away from them. This necessitated their coming to the lake for water. This lake is enclosed with a fence, enclosing some 200 acres of land with a gap of 50 yards. This gap is watched at night, and when the mustangs and wild cattle come to drink they are retained within the enclosure. Up to the time when we were there, about eighty head of mustangs and about forty head of cattle had been caught. *Rockport (Texas) Transcript.*

"O, cheese it!" is an American phrase, yet few Americans are aware to what extent we do cheese it. Last year we ate 400,000,000 pounds of cheese, and made 180,000,000 pounds more than we needed. New York City alone sent abroad 130,000,000 pounds of cheese. England makes only about 312,000,000 pounds of cheese a year, while she eats 504,000,000 pounds. We eat more butter than cheese, and last year consumed 800,000,000 pounds.

The Indian Temple at Amritsar.

As to the golden temple at Amritsar, called Hari-mandir, or sometimes Durbar Sahib, it may be said to rank next to the Taj at Agra as one of the most striking sights of India. To form an idea of the unique spectacle presented by this sacred locality one must picture to oneself a large square sheet of water, bordered by a marble pavement, in the center of a picturesque Indian town. Around the margin of this artificial lake are clustered numerous fine mansions, most of them once the property of Sikh chiefs, who assembled here every year and spent vast sums on the endowment of the central shrine. One of the houses is now occupied by Sirdar Mangal Sinh Ramgharia, a well known and much esteemed member of the Sikh community. It has two lofty towers, from one of which I enjoyed a grand panoramic view of the lake and its vicinity—one of those rare sights seen at intervals during life which fix themselves indelibly on the memory. In the center of the water rises the beautiful temple with its gilded dome and cupolas, approached by a marble causeway, and quite unlike any other place of worship to be seen throughout India. In structure and appearance it is a kind of compromise between a Hindoo temple and a Mohammedan mosque, reminding one of the attempted compromise between Hindooism and Islam, which was once a favorite idea with both Kabir and Nanak.

In point of mere size the shrine is not imposing, but its proportions strike one as nearly perfect. All the lower part is of marble, inlaid, like the Taj, with precious stones, and here and there overlaid with gold and silver. The principal entrance facing the causeway looks toward the north. The interior is even more gorgeous than the exterior. On the ground floor is a well proportioned vaulted hall, its richly gilded ceiling ornamented with an indefinite number of small mirrors, and its walls decorated with inlaid work of various designs, flowers, birds and elephants. Four short passages, entered by carved silver doors, one on each of its four sides, leads to this vaulted chamber, giving it a shape not unlike that of a Greek cross. All around on the outside is a narrow corridor. In the interior, opposite the principal entrance, sits the presiding Guru—his legs folded under him on the bare ground, with the open Granth before him. He is attended by other officials of the temple, who assist him in chanting the sacred texts. And be it observed, that although the temple is conspicuously free from images, and is dedicated to the one Supreme Being (under his name Hari), a visible representation of the invisible God is believed to be present in the sacred book. The Granth is, in fact, the real divinity of the shrine, and is treated as if it had a veritable personal existence. Every morning it is dressed out in costly brocade, and reverently placed on a low throne under a jeweled canopy, said to have been constructed by Ranji Sinh at a cost of 50,000 rupees. All day long crowries are waved over the sacred volume, and every evening it is transported to the second temple on the edge of the lake opposite the causeway, where it made to repose for the night in a golden bed within a consecrated chamber railed off and protected from all profane invasion by bolts and bars.—*Contemporary Review for August.*

SELECTED MISCELLANY.

He that gets out of debt grows rich.

Light burdens long borne grow heavy.

Where the will is ready the feet are light.

Agreeable counsels are rarely useful counsels.

Talking comes by nature; silence by understanding.

Open your mouth and purse cautiously.—*Zimmerman.*

The greatest scholars are not the wisest men.—*Rabelais.*

No man ever yet looked on the dark side of life without finding it.

It is only for innocence that solitude can have any charms.—*Leczinska.*

Flattery is a false coin which has circulation only through our vanity.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Conscience is the voice of the soul; the passions are the voice of the body.—*J. J. Rousseau.*

Manner is one of the greatest engines of influence ever given to man.—*Sunday Afternoon.*

Hidden virtues is often despised, inasmuch as nothing extols it in our eyes.—*Massillon.*

Men seldom improve when they have no other models than themselves to copy after.—*Goldsmith.*

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.—*Froude.*

Modesty is to worth what shadows are in a painting; she gives to it strength and relief.—*La Bruyere.*

There are many men whose tongues might govern multitudes if they could govern their tongues.—*Prentice.*

If a man have love in his heart, he may talk in broken language, but it will be eloquence to those who listen.

Don't despise the small talents; they are needed as well as the great ones. A candle is sometimes as useful as the sun.

"Will you always trust me, dearest?" he asked, looking into her great blue eyes with unspeakable affection. She was a saleswoman in an up town store, and she told him business was business, and he'd have to pay cash every time.

Quit brooding over troubles, misfortunes and losses. A brave man, wtih a heart in him worth anything, gets over such pitiful ruts and laughs at discouragements—rolls up his sleeves, whistles and sings, and makes the best of life. This earth is not Paradise—you are only on the road there, if you take the right direction.

An absent-minded man in Monroe, Conn., went to church the other morning with his coat as he supposed, on his arm, but the laughing people in church directed his attention to the fact that he had taken up his every day pantaloons, and that the suspenders attached to them were dangling about his legs.

"There," said the shopman, pointing to a beautiful epergne, "there's a fine center-piece." "Cent apiece?" gasped old Mrs. Bagster, who stood near; "cent apiece?" You may wrap up two of them for me, if you please, Mr. Smith"—adding, sotto voice, "I'd no idee them things was so cheap."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Green Corn Pudding.—Take a dozen ears and grate them; add a teacupful of milk, a spoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of salt and some grated nutmeg; mix well together; put in a pan, place in an oven and bake for an hour.

Icing.—The white of an egg not beaten, one teaspoon of cold water and a pint of powdered sugar stirred together with make icing for one cake. Less sugar makes the icing seem as bakers' cake.

An Ice Pocket.—Make a bag, coat of any kind of thick woolen cloth, with a space of two inches or so between the inner and outer pockets; fill the outside one with clean feathers. One thus made and kept closed at the top will keep ice for many days.

Mead.—One gallon of water, one pound of loaf sugar, one half-ounce of race ginger, one lemon, sliced, take out the seeds, one teacupful of yeast; let it stand over night to ferment, then pour off without stirring, add to each bottle one raisin; cork tight.

Stewed Cucumbers.—A seasonable dish may be prepared by paring cucumbers, cutting them in half lengthwise, boiling them gently till tender in salted water, laying them on toast, and pouring over them white sauce or drawn butter, to which a cup of milk has been added.

To Preserve Ham.—Take off the rind; slice it as for the table; partly cook it by frying on a spider; put in the jars in layers; pour over it the fat which fries out of the meat; when the jar is nearly full cover with lard to keep from the air. It can be kept a long time in this way.

Apple Preserves.—Take some pleasant sour apples, remove the core from the bottom and leave the stem at the top. Make a syrup of white sugar and water to cover them half way up. Bake or boil them until they are just done through, and serve up whole with sugar and cream.

Dessert Cakes.—Four eggs, half pound butter, half pound sugar and half pound of flour; mix the butter, sugar and the yolks of three eggs thoroughly, then add the flour and mix again, then the whites of the eggs beaten to a thick froth, grate in a little lemon peel; bake in muffin pans, filling each about one-third full and bake until done

Wine Jelly.—One pint of wine (pale sherry or white), one pint of cold water, one package of Coxe's gelatine, juice of two lemons and grated peel of one, one quart of boiling water, one good pinch of cinnamon; soak the gelatine in cold water an hour; add to this the sugar, lemons and cinnamon; pour over all a quart of boiling water, and stir until the gelatine is thoroughly dissolved; put in the wine, strain through a double flannel bag (without squeezing) into shallow dishes, then cut it in blocks now ready for the table.

Effervescing Soda.—Mix half a teaspoonful of powdered bicarbonate of soda thoroughly with two tablespoonfuls of syrup of any flavor to suit the taste. Then add six or eight times as much cold water; while mixing it mix in a half a teaspoonful of powdered tartaric acid, and drink at once. This is for immediate consumption. For bottling—Mix the syrup, flavor the water in the usual proportions, and fill into bottles; put in each bottle half a drachm each of crystallized bicarbonate of potassa and crystallized tartaric acid, and cork immediately. The above quantity is for soda-water bottles; wine bottles will require double the quantity.

Rye Drop Cakes and Pancakes.—Rye—Three well-beaten eggs, one pint of new milk, one cup of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar and one half cup of rye; half fill earthen cups, put them in an old pan, set in the oven and bake one hour. Pancakes—One pint of milk one small cup of flour, three eggs, one teaspoonful of salt. Beat the eggs well; add salt to them; then beat them into the flour, adding a little at a time. Be sure to beat very thoroughly. Have in readiness a couple of small, hot frypans. Butter well, and just cover with the mixture. Fry a few minutes; roll up the same as omelets, or spread with jelly.

Summer Drinks.—Milk Lemonade—Loaf sugar, one and a half pounds, dissolved in a quart of boiling water, with half a pint of lemon juice and one and a half pints of milk. This makes a capital summer beverage. Still lemonade—The juice of three lemons, the peel of one lemon, quarter of a pound of lump sugar and a quart of cold water. Mix, digest for five hours and strain. Lemon whey—One pint of boiling milk, half a pint of lemon juice, sugar to taste. Mix and strain. In the tropics iced tea is a favorite beverage, and is found to afford an admirable combination of tonic and refreshing qualities. It is usually taken without milk, and many like the Russian addition of a little lemon juice. Even those who are accustomed to the moderate use of alcoholic beverages have been compelled to admit that as "a steady drink" the iced tea was preferable in extremely hot weather.

Woman's Strategy.—"Jack," said a pretty girl to her small brother the other day, "I want you to do something for me—that's a good fellow."

"What is it?" growled Jack, who is the brother of the period.

"Why, you know that wig and mustache you used in the theatricals?"

"Well?"

"Well, won't you put them on and go to the concert to-night? Augustus and I will be there, and, Jack, I want you to stare at me the whole evening through your glasses."

What!—you want me to do that?"

"Yes; and as we come out you must stand in the door and try to slip me a note—take care that Gus sees you, too."

"Well, I declare!"

"Because, you see, Jack, Gus likes me, I know; but then he's awful slow, and he's well off, and lots of other girls are after him, and—and he's only got to be hurried up a little, as it were."

"Man alive," exclaimed the Judge in a heated discussion of a tangled theological point with his friend, "I tell you, you are a free agent. You do not have to obey anyone." "Yes," Mr. Goodman, meekly, "but I do though." "Who?" shouted the Judge, "who?" "My wife, her two sisters and the baby," howled the good man, meekly triumphant. Red lights and a slow curtain.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"You love me?" echoed the fair young creature, as her pretty head oiled the collar of his summer suit. "Yes he said, tenderly, "you are my own sal only——" "Hush!" she interrupted, "don't say that—be original. That sounds too much like Barnum's show bill."