The Philosopher's Baby.

I had been considering for about a year whether I should marry Winfred Hanway, when I heard that she was engaged to the Philosopher. Why did she accept him? It is true that he is both imaginative and critical, but faculties exercised in the formation of psychological hypothesis and the laborous destruction of those of one's neighbor do not usually rouse the sympathy of a bright and beautiful girl, who is more fit to live than to think about life. He is certainly handsome, but as certainly his clothes are barbarous. His trousers cannot keep their shape for a day, and his his hats are never new. If he notices the rain he opens an umbrella which might have served as an ineffectual protection at the time of the Deluge; if he finds out that it is cold, he assumes a garment which might have been the everyday coat of Methuselah. His manners are as strange as his appearance. He may often be seen walking in the park at the fashionable hour with a far-off look in his eyes, and his hat thrust back as if to lessen the external pressure on his active brain; more rarely you may hear him bursting into enthusiasm in Picadilly, to the last place in which a man should allow himself to be enthusiastic. In short, though he is a true friend, he is an uncomfortable acquaintance; and his volcanic utterances, after long periods of calm contemplations, cause such shocks to one's nerves as would be conveyed to the Sunday citizen by the eruption of Primrose hill. But if it was odd that the beautiful Winifred Hanway should marry my friend, it was yet more odd that he should marry any one. There were no topics more certain to excite an explosion in the philosopher than the excessive population of the country, and the wholesome solitude of the Thinker. "How," he would fiercely ask, "can a man think effectually on fundamental subjects, who is compelled by the despicable circumstances of his life to exhaust his analytical faculty in considering how to pay his butcher and when to buy his coals? I tell you, sir, it's better to starve with cold and hunger than to debase one's noblest part to a game of skill with a grasping grocer." Again and again I had heard him declaim in this preposterous fashion; and after all, he was going to the altar like any other victim, and would doubtless take a horse upon his back with the docility of a snail.

I could not solve the problem; I would not give it up. So, full of the determination to drag Diogenes, I stepped round the corner to offer my congratulations. My friend was in his study apparently writing, really eating a quill pen. He rose at me with a rush, wrung my hand till it ached, and blushed rather uncomfortably. Congratulations are the curse of the Briton. Whether he is offering them or receiving them, he is generally obliged to take refuge in intermittent handshaking, and most of his sentences tail off into grunts and groans. But on this occasion it was evident that the philosopher had something ready to say, and was nervously anxious to say it. Indeed I had hardly said more than "My dear fellow, I don't know when * * I really am so awfully glad, I * * it's in every way so, such a satisfactory, you know * * I really do wish all possible, and all that sort of thing, you know"—when he burst in with a speech so fluently delivered that I knew I was not his earliest visitor that morning. "Of course it's taken you by surprise," he said, "as I knew it would; but the truth is that I have been thinking of it for a long time, and I am sure I am right." Here I tried to get in an expression of wonder at his new notion of duty, but he was bent on getting rid of the matter, and hurried on to his reasons. "In the first place," said he, "I am sure that instead of increasing my domestic worries, my marriage will transfer them in a body to my wife; and, secondly, when I consider the vast number of fools who are every day born into the world, I am terrified by the picture of what the next generation will be, if the thinkers of this are to be without successors." Having discharged his reasons in this wise, the orator stood blinking at me as if he feared dissent, but I was too astounded by his magnificent audacity to reply. Slowly a look of peace stole back into his eyes, and the promise of a smile played at the corner of his mouth. His remarkable fluency was gone, and indeed his voice sounded quite choky when he said, "Johnny, you don't know what an angel she is."

A light broke in upon me.

"Philosopher," I said, "I believe you are going to be married because you fell in love?"

"Perhaps you are right," said the hilosopher.

After the wedding, the philosopher and his wife went abroad for an indefinite period, and their friends heard but little of them. He wrote to nobody, and she did not write to me. Yet there were occasional rumors. Now they were breathing the keen air of the Engadine, now sinking to the vines and chestnuts of Chiavenna; now he was lashing himself to frenzy over the treasures of Rome; now he was gazing with sweet northern eyes across the glowing splendor of the Bay of Naples. Then they were in Germany, and about to settle for life in a university town; but anon had fled from it in haste after a long night's dispute, in the course of which my learned friend had well-nigh come to blows with the university's most celebrated professor.

At last I heard that they were again in London, and full of enthusiasm, darted around the corner to welcome them home. Nobody was with them but Mrs. Hanway, Winifred's mother. I would enter unannounced and surprise the philosopher. I entered unannounced and was surprised myself. Was this the effect of matrimony or of foreign travel? Each occupant of the room was engaged in an exercise wholly unconnected, so it seemed, with those of the rest. My friend's wife, the lady whom I had almost loved, queen of all grace and beauty, was appearing and disappearing like a flash of light behind the day's *Times*, showing at the moments of disclosure a face flushed with excitement; the lustrous coils of hair tumbled into the wildest disorder, while she accompanied the whole performance with strange and inarticulate sounds. Her mother, the same Mrs. Hanway, who was so perfect a model of her dress and carriage that many of her lady friends were wont to lament among themselves that she gave herself such airs, was seated on the floor dressed for walking but without her bonnet. Yes, she was certainly drumming on an inverted tea-tray with the wrong end of the poker. And the philosopher? It was perplexing, after three year's separation, to meet him thus. The philosopher was cantering around the room on all fours, wearing on his head his own waste-paper basket. Briskly he cantered around, ever and anon frisking like a lamb in spring time, until he reached my feet, which were rooted to the spot with astonishment. He glanced up at me sideways, rose with a cry to the normal attitude of man, and grasped me by the hand. At the sound of his voice, his wife dropped the paper from her hands, raised them quickly to her hair; and his mother-in-law, with as much dignity as the effort would allow, scrambled on to her feet. Then in an instant the cause of their eccentric conduct was made clear. Throned upon the hearth rug, and showing by a gracious smile a few of the newest teeth, sat a fine baby of some fifteen months. In one dimpled fist was tightly clenched the brush, which had so neatly arranged the mother's braids; while the other was engaged in pounding the grandmother's best bonnet into a shapeless mass.

We were all somewhat embarrassed except the baby. The ladies knew that they were untidy, and I that I was an intruder. As for the learned father, he stood now on one leg and now on the other, while he shifted the waste-paper basket from hand to hand, and continued to smile almost as perseveringly as his amiable offspring. Yet it was he who at last put an end to our awkward position by expressing a wild desire to have my opinion of the new curtains in his study. Rather sheepishly I said good-bye to the lady of the house, trying to express by my eyes that I would never call again unannounced. I knew that Mrs. Hanway had not forgiven me, as I humbly took the two fingers which she offered; and felt like a brute, as the most important member of the family condescended to leave a damp spot by edge of my left whisker.

When, however, I had been swept down stairs by my impulsive friends, and was alone with him in his den, my courage returned, and, with it some indignation. I confronted him, and sternly asked why I had not been told that he was a father.

"Not been told?" echoed he; "do you mean to say that you did not know about the baby?"

"Not so much as that it was," I replied gloomily.

He was overwhelmed; of course he had supposed that every one knew it, from the Queen downward. Of course fifty people ought to have told me, who, of course, had told me everything else. At last my curiosity got the better of my indignation, and I cut short his apologies by beginning my questions—

"Does the shape of its head content you?" I asked.

"The shape of whose what?" cried the philosopher, apparently too surprised for grammar.

"Of the baby's head, of course," I replied tartly; "I merely wished to know if the child is likely to be as intellectual as you hoped."

"Isn't the hair lovely?" he asked inconsequently.

This was too much, and assuming my severest manner I delivered myself in this wise—"I thought, though no doubt I was wrong, that the use of a baby to you would be partly to furnish you with raw material for a philosopher, partly to enable you by constant observation to gain further evidence bearing on such vexed questions as, whether the infant gains its ideas of space by feeling about, whether it is conscious of itself, etc."

"Well," he said, laughing, "I don't expect much help from my infant in those matters, unless I can get inside her and think her thoughts."

"Her thoughts?" cried I, in amazement; "you don't mean to say it's a girl? Good gracious! you are not going to educate a female philosopher?"

He looked rather vexed. "Of course it's a girl," he said.

"The father of a female philosopher!" I gasped.

"Dear me!" said he, somewhat testily; "Isn't it enough to be a father of a noble woman?"

Now I have often put up with a great deal from my learned friend, and am quite aware that I have been spoken of as "Bozzy" behind my back. But there is a turning point even for the worm, and nobody will sit forever at the feet which are constantly kicking him. I had been snubbed more than enough by this illogical parent, and assuming my most sarcastic manner, I inquired, with an appearance of deference—"Is it not rather early to speak of your daughter as a noble woman?"

"Not at all," said the philosopher.

I had kept aloof from the philosopher for some weeks, nursing my wrath, like Achilles I said to myself—cross as a bear, I overheard my landlady saying the passage—when I received a hasty note begging me to come to him at once. I fancied myself summoned to a council of chiefs; so, having donned my shining armor, I left my tent with fitting dignity, and descended with a clang into the plain. Yet I could not but be aware of my landlady's eye piercing me through the crack of the parlor door purposely left ajar, and of the hasty flapping of loose slippers which told of the startled slavey's flight into the abyss below.

An unusual silence held my friend's house that morning. The door was opened, before I had time to ring, by a melancholy footman, who, walking before me with the elaborate delicacy of an Agag, noiselessly ushered me into the study. It was my lot to be again rooted to the spot with amazement. By the book-case, in a shaded corner of the room, with his head bowed low upon his hands, knelt the philosopher. Here was a long step from the siege of Troy, from the simple wrath of a childlike hero to the most complex embarrassment of an heir of all the ages. What should I do? The dismal menial had fled to the shades, without a word, without even a glance into the room. If I retreated, I left my friend unaided, and remained ignorant of the cause of his strange conduct. If I advanced, I was again the intruder on a scene not prepared for my inspection. In an agony of hesitation I fell to brushing my hat with my elbow; but not finding the expected relief in the occupation, I was about to desist, when my hat decided what my head could not, by falling with a crack on the floor. The effect was electrical. Without one glance at the intruder, the philosopher made a grab at the nearest book-shelf, dragged out a volume which had not been touched for half a century, and hunted for nothing in its pages with frantic eagerness. He was still at it, when I stood over him and noted without wonder that he held the book upside down; then with the poorest imitation which I have ever seen, he rose and grasped my hand. "You found me on the track of something," he said; "I was looking it out in—in—"

Here it occurred to him that he did not know the name of the venerable tome which he had so rudely disturbed; and with a heightened color and a sudden change of manner he turned quickly to me and said: "My child is ill." I felt positively guilty. I had been angry with that baby for making my wise friend foolish, for not being a boy, for being called "a noble woman." Was it not shameful that a great hulking brute should sneer at a weak thing that could not even answer with a taunt? Were not my clumsy sarcasms enough to crush so delicate a plant? The little "noble woman" was in danger, and I could do nothing to help her. There were tears in the eyes which were looking into mine for comfort; but I had nothing ready to say.

"I could not stand being alone," he muttered, after a short silence; "the doctor is with her now, and in a moment I may hear that my little daughter must—in fact I may hear the worst."

While he was speaking, I seemed to have fifty consoling remarks to offer; but when he stopped, no one sentence would disengage itself from the rest. What I blurted out at last seems almost ridiculous as I look back on it.

"You must hope for the best," I said; "you know she has youth on her side."

The words were scarcely out of my mouth when I heard a measured step upon the stairs; presently the door was opened by the noiseless footman, and the most famous of London doctors entered the room. My friend leaned heavily on my arm, but looked at the man of science with seeming calm.

"I am happy to say," said the physician cheerily, "that our little friend is going on as well as possible."

"And she is out of danger?"

"She never was in it."

"Never in danger?" cried I, almost disappointed.

"She has nothing the matter with her," he replied, "but a slight feverish cold. I have seldom seen a finer and more healthy child. Good morning."

I never was more annoyed. Here was a waste of my finest feelings. Here was I stirred to my depth, well-nigh moved to tears by a baby's feverish cold. Of course I was very glad it was no worse; but my friend was too absurd, and I would not spare him.

"Won't you resume your studies?" I asked sarcastically, pointing to the disturbed book, which was lying on the ground at our feet. His humility might have disarmed me. "I am afraid I've been a fool," he said; "but if you had seen her all flushed and breathing hard; and then she is so small and fragile."

"Yes, for a noble woman," I remarked; he received the dart meekly. "Philosopher," said I, suddenly, determined to rouse him at any cost, "when I entered this room, you were engaged in prayer." His color certainly deepened. "May I ask," I inquired with an appearance of deference, "whether you were addressing yourself to the "Personal First Cause, or to the Unknowable—but perhaps you were merely bowing to the rational order of the Universe?"

He made a gesture of impatience, but answered still with studied moderation, "I was alone and in trouble."

"And the efficacy of prayer?" I asked.

"For heaven's sake;" cried he, bursting into excitement, "Stop your jargon! Nothing shows shows such ignorance of a subject as having all its cant phrases on the tip of your tongue. Can't I speak to God without expecting to be paid for it?"

This was turning the tables. If he was going to take to questions, I knew I should end by admitttting myself a fool. So to avoid a Socratic dialogue I put my hand on my friend's shoulder and said: "You are a good man, philosopher; may you and the 'noble woman' live a thousand years."

"Thank you," he said simply; "and now you must let me go and sing a paean with the nobler woman, my patient Penelope, my sweet wife."

So he went with long strides over the asphodel meadow, and I betook myself to my tent, full of pleasant thoughts.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

A Blind Crowd.

The subject of color blindness came up at a ferry dock saloon the other day, and an old ex-captain offered to test the eyes of several sailors present. He got off his stool, laid down his pipe, and began:

"Now, boys, what's the color of my nose?"

"White!" they replied in chorus. It was as red as a beet, but they were after a drink."

"Correct!" said the captain. "This convinces me that your eyes are all right as to the color of white. What is the color of my hair?"

"Gray."

"Correct again, except the sandy spots. You'll all pass on on white and gray. What is the color of that dog out there?"

"Black."

"So it is. And the color of this chair is—what?"

"Red."

"And of this?"

"Blue."

"And what what is my general appearance? That is, if you saw me forty rods off how would you describe me?"

"As a perfect gentleman," was the ready reply.

They thought they had him then. He started for the bar, but halted and finally sat down and had no more to say for a long ten minutes. After they had despaired of getting any beer at his expense, and were about to go out he suddenly said:

"Ah! boys, one more question. If I should treat this crowd, what would be the color of the liquid?"

"It would be the color of beer," they hopefully shouted.

"Blind as bats—worse I never saw!" he mumbled, as he took his hand from his pocket." It would be exactly the color of ice-water!"

Saqui, the Rope Walker.

The most famous rope-dancer of recent times was undoubtedly Mme. Saqui, and her long career would seem to show that if the practice of rope-dancing brings some of its profession to a sudden end, it must in itself be far from unhealthy. We may fairly infer that in her case it was conducive to longevity; for she had already made her reputation at the end of the eighteenth century, and was still dancing less than twenty years ago, when she had attained the age of 76. According to some authorities Mme. Saqui was born of French parents. Her father, Jean Baptiste Laianne, was himself a distinguished acrobat, and he introduced his daughter to the public at a very early age in a melodrama on the subject of "Genevieve de Brabant," the part of Genevieve's child being confided to the debutante. It was as a dancer on the ordinary boards that the youthful Saqui made her first appearance in public; but she soon aspired to higher things, and after the troupe of the "grandes danscuses du roi" had been broken up at the time of the revolution, she took a regular course of lessons in rope-dancing from a friend of the family, who divined the bent of her genius. The counsellor and instructor who discovered and fostered her talent for balancing herself on the tight-rope was, or had been, a medical student, who, to escape the tediousness of lectures, had turned acrobat; and it was through his earnest representations that the parents of the future rope-dancing celebrity were prevailed upon to allow their daughter to quit the regular stage for a less dignified arena.

The child practiced with ardor, and was scon able to maintain herself firm and erect upon the rope without the assistance of the balancing-pole. Her debut was attended with the most brilliant success, and for upward of half a century this prima donna of the dancing art traveled from capital to capital, applauded and feted wherever she performed. There was no town in France, no country in Europe, which she did not visit. After a time she established a theater of her own in Paris. The Emperor Napoleon, who appreciated her talent, and was personally much pleased with her, named her "first acrobat of France"—a title which so pleased her that she had it inscribed on the wagon containing her costumes and apparatus by which her traveling coach was followed. Napoleon used to engage her for all public fetes, and frequently invited her to perform at his own private entertainments. She was the spoiled child, moreover, of all the princes and dukes, all the marshals and generals of the empire; and she was as great a favorite with the people as with the members of the imperial court. No Italian singer, even in our own day, enjoyed such popularity as fell to the lot of Mme. Saqui.

For some time her star seems to have faded, or perhaps she retired on the immense sums of money which her performances had brought her in. However that may have been, circumstances forced her in 1851 to reappear when she made her tour in Spain, in Algeria, and in the principal towns of France. In 1852 she went to Paris and gave a series of performances at the Hippodrome. The next year she made a sensational ascent of the tight-rope in the Champ de Mars, and the Hippodrome was the scene of a final performance for her benefit in 1861, when, at the age of 76, she went through a series of funambulistic exercises and fantasias, which few, if any, of her rivals could have equalled. Some four years afterward, when she had already completed her eightieth year, this light and most aerial *ballerine* died.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

A Story of Dumas.—Bouffe, the well-known French comedian and friend of Charles Mathews, has just published his Memoirs, which show unabated *verve* and vigor, although the author was born in 1800. The book is charming and would bear translation. Among numberless other anecdotes he tells one of going to see the great Dumas—Alexander the elder, of course—and of the author of "Monte Cristo" suddenly interrupting him after an hour's conversation with, "My dear Bouffe, you must not take it in any way as a reproach if I tell you that this interview has already cost me a hundred francs!" Bouffe turned pale, and rose. "I will explain how," continued Dumas, laughing. "I am writing a novel in two volumes, the first of which I dispatched in four-and-twenty hours, and is now in the press. The second I began yesterday, and it will go to join the first to-morrow morning. I am paid 4000 francs for this book, and, as I wrote half of it in less than four and twenty hours, I lose about a hundred francs every sixty minutes I pass without pen in hand." What astonishes me most on reading this is not only the marvellous facility of the great author, but the absurdity small sums paid in those days to one of the most extraordinary novelists France has ever produced. Four thousand francs is not $1000. Were Dumas *pere* alive now he might possibly keep to the same figure, but instead of *francs* he would command *napoleons*.—[Whitehall Review.

A Valuable Device.—The Milwaukee *Sun* says Sam. Medill has invented a device to prevent market men from palming off old eggs for fresh ones. The invention is thus described: He proposes to arrange a rubber stamp in the nest of every hen, with a movable date. This stamp is arranged with a pad which is saturated with indelible ink. When the hen lays an egg, as is well known, she kicks slightly with her hind leg. An electric disk is arranged so that her foot touches it, when the stamp turns over on to the ink-pad, and then revolves, stamping the date on the egg. The hen then goes off about her business, the farmer's hired girl removes the egg, replaces the stamp, which is ready for another. On each evening, after the hens have retired to their downy roost with the roosters, the date of the stamp is arranged to the following day, and the good work goes on. In this was there can be no cheating. You go to the grocery and ask for fresh eggs, and the grocery man says he has some eggs of the vintage of January 29, 1880, for instance. You look at them, and there are the figures, which cannot lie. With this method it is an object for the man to get rid of his eggs, knowing that to-morrow may be too late.

Duclos: The more woman have dared, the more ready they are to sacrifice themselves still further.

How Bismarck Did Resign in 1877.

It will be remembered that about the end of March, 1877, a report was current that Prince Bismarck had resigned and that his resignation had been accepted by the Emperor William. In M. Hansen's "Coulisses de la Diplomatie" the following account is given of the event: The Emperor William spent the evening of Thursday, the 27th of March, in the house of Prince Anton Radzwill, who is distantly related to the royal family, and there met the Count N., who is also an intimate friend of the Radziwill family. "Well, Count," said the Emperor, "are you going to dine off the Easter lamb with Prince Ferdinand on Easter Sunday?" "Certainly, your Majesty," replied the Count, "unless Herr Falk confiscates the lamb." "In that case," replied the Emperor, "you need not be under any apprehension for your dinner." I am, however, not quite certain," replied the Count; "for how can your subjects feel safe when even Her Majesty, the Empress, has to hide her charitable acts to avoid being annoyed?" "How so, Count?" asked the Emperor. "Why, sire," replied the Count, "the Empress gave officially 200 marks (about £10) to the Ursuline Nuns who had been expelled from Berlin; but secretly Her Majesty sent 1000 marks." Encouraged by the Emperor, Count N. cited a great number of other petty vexatious acts of Herr Falk, acting according to the orders of Prince Bismarck. The Emperor, evidently much annoyed, left early, and next day he sent for Prince Bismark, who pleaded ill health. A second messenger ordered the Prince immediately to appear at the Castle unless he was so ill as to have to keep his bed, in which case the Emperor would call upon him. Prince Bismarck had to obey, and was closeted for more than an hour with the Emperor. On returning home, he at once sent in his resignation. —*Pall Mall Gazette.*

He would Write to their Parents.

Colonel X., of John Morgan's Cavalry, was not a martinet, but, bearded like the pard, he had a military air. Discipline was his hobby. The soldiers of his regiment were young men from eighteen to twenty-five years old—all of them blue-blooded. To restrain these hot spurs required tact, skill and firmness. It was no easy task to curb this *jeunesse doree*. But the Colonel did it, and this was the way he did it:

An inspection having been ordered, the Brigadier and his staff visited the Colonel's camp for the purpose of conducting it. While the regiment was in line, undergoing inspection, two privates, who had been ranging the night before in search of buttermilk, and had endeavored to sneak into camp unobserved, were detected by the outpost sentinels and brought under arrest to Colonel X. at the head of his regiment. The Colonel, cocking his hat on three grains, sternly ordered them to his tent to await his coming after inspection, remarking to General D. that he would make an example of these rovers. Arriving at the tent with the General and staff, after ranks were broken the Colonel arraigned the culprits before him. "Young gentlemen," said he, severely, "you are aware that you have been guilty of a serious offense against the discipline of my camp?" "Yes, Colonel," was the meek reply. "Well, sirs," thundered the Rhadamanthus, "I desire you distinctly to understand that if this offense is repeated I will write to your parents about it. Go to your company." Turning to the surprised officers looking on, he said: You see how severe I must be with these young fellows. Discipline must be preserved."

A Doctrine of Hell Disavowed.—The Rev. Myron Adams, pastor of the Plymouth Congregational Church at Rochester, surprised many of his congregation last Sunday evening by the utterance of strange doctrine in his pulpit. Before he began he said he had something to say which might affect his standing in the church, and with these words for his text: "Let love be without dissimulation," he boldly denounced the popular notion of hell as a doctrine of the devil, and accepted Canon Farrar's position. He further said he believed the church was declining. Skepticism, he said, was crushing the church, and the church was in fault for preaching a false doctrine about the future condition of the race. A sensation described as profound was the result of this declaration. It is said that the chief members of Mr. Adams' congregation are with him in opinion, and that while others are opposed to him, and declare he has no creed, and is liable to advocate almost any hetrodox belief, there will be no attempt to bring about his resignation.

The Real and Unreal.—Those who get their ideas of French domestic life from scrofulous French novels will be a little startled to learn that the widow of "Cham," otherwise the Vicomte de Noe, the great caricaturist, has killed herself in a fit of despondency over the loss of her husband. Probably even in France, the last place where one would look for conjugal tenderness and devotion even to death, would be in the household of that remorseless and unsparing satirist, who had for years been the Nemesis of French vanity, folly and weakness. But there is no civilized country in the world in which domestic affection is so strong as in France, none in which the ties of marriage and kindred are so potent an influence; and the true life of France is something as different from the boulevard novel as the true life of America is different from the dime novel.

Recipes.

Cream Dressing.—When Oil is disliked in salads, the following dressing will be excellent. Rub the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs very fine with a spoon; incorporate with them a dessert-spoonful of mixed mustard; then stir in a table-spoonful of melted butter, half a teacupful of thick cream, a salt-spoonful of salt, and Cayenne pepper, enough to take up on the point of a very small penknife-blade, and a few drops of anchovy or Worcestershire sauce; add, very carefully, sufficient vinegar to reduce the mixture to a smooth, creamy consistency.

Cocoanut Cake.—One cup sugar, one-half cup butter, whites of four eggs, two cups flour flavor to taste, one teaspoonful baking-powder, one-half cup of sweet milk, yolks the same, making two layers of the whites ane two of the yolks. Prepare the cocoanut as for other cocoanut cakes.

Vegetable Soup.—One and a half pounds of beef to seven pints of water, one-half cupful of rice or barley, seasoned with salt and pepper; put in a pot and boil steadily for two hours; then add parsley, one onion, two potatoes, one carrot, and tomato if you have it; if the water boils down you can add more hot water.

Graham Bread.—Three cups Graham flour, two cups of wheat flour, two cups warm water, into which dissolve a half cake of compressed yeast, one teaspoonful of soda and a half cup of molasses. Beat well and allow it to rise all night. Next morning stir down and pour into pans and let it rise again (a spoonful of salt).—M. F. W.

Corn Meal Puffets.—Four cups corn-meal, one cup wheat flour, one egg, butter size of a walnut, one-half teaspoon salt, three teaspoonfuls baking-powder; mix with milk to make a thin batter, bake in gem-pans or bread-pans in a quick oven. A tablespoonful of sugar or molasses may be added.

Molasses Lunch Cake.—One cup of molasses, half cup of butter sweet drippings, one cup of boiling water, into which put one teaspoonful of soda and flour enough to make a batter not too stiff; teaspoon of ginger and one of cloves.—[M.

Idle Wild.—Two cups of flour, one cup of Indian meal, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half of soda, one cup of sugar, piece of butter the size of an egg, one coffee cup of milk or water, one or two eggs; make stiff as cake.

Suet Pudding.—One cup of suet, half a cup of melted butter, one cup of sugar, half cup of molasses, one cup of milk, three cups of flour, a small bowl of raisins, and citron cut fine, one teaspoon of soda; steam three hours.

A Dangerous Lunatic.

She stood in the effulgent light of a short dip waiting for him at the front door at 1 A. M. He came. He was husky. She didn't mind that. He was drunk—she was used to it.

"Jim," she said softly, knocking him down so as to drag him up to bed easier, "Jem, did you vote?"

"Yesh, dear."

"You've been a long time."

"Yesh, love. Poll didn't close till jes now."

"Where's the money?"

"What?"

"The money."

"My dear, I don't understand."

"Didn't they pay you for your vote?"

"No."

She looked at him playfully, with a boa constrictor tickle in her eye.

"It's time women had the franchise," she muttered; "the men ain't up to it." Then she rolled him under the bed out of the way, and in the morning she got him into an asylum under the new Punch and Judycature Act.

"He gave his vote for nothing," she said to the magistrate.

"Dangerous lunatic," wrote his worship; and at the next election there was a voter short.—*London Referee.*

Is Mars Inhabited?—There is no other planet of the solar system, says *Science for All*, which offers so close an analogy to the earth as Mars. The telescope reveals to us the figures of broad tracts of land and expanses of sea upon his surface. The duration of his day and night almost coincides with our own. His exterior experiences the alternating seasons. His nights are illuminated by two satellites, which present all the phenomena of our own moon, and more frequently, owing to their greater velocity. An atmosphere probably surrounds this planet; in fact, the existence of air is indispensable to his other features. Hence, the inference that Mars is an inhabitable globe appears a very obvious and fair conclusion, and it would be inconsistent to imagine that this planet, provided apparently with all the requisite natural facilities to render life a necessary and desirable feature of his surface, is a sphere of desolation, a mass of interest matter, which, though conforming to the useful end, is the abode and sustenance of animate creatures. It is far more in accordance with analogy and rational speculatien to conclude that Mars is the center of life and activity, and that his surface is teeming with lively beings.

The Passion Play.—The Passion Play at Oberammergau was first made known to the outside world by the ever-popular novel of the Baroness Tautphoeus, the Initials. This, with the telegraph to give the news, and the railroad to give facilities for reaching the play, has caused a constantly increasing attendance at each decennial repetition of the quaint mediæval drama. In 1860 fashion had joined hand with piety in admiring the Passion Play; in 1870 its fame was up, and visitors came from far and near; in 1880 it is the sensation of Europe and of America. The first performance took place last Sunday, and it is to be repeated every Sunday until September, with certain Thursday performances. It is played in the open air, the representation lasting from 8 in the morning until 5 in the evening, and the caste includes some 500 characters. Last Sunday it was estimated that the audience numbered some 8000, not less than 500 of them being Americans. A passing rain-storm was not allowed to interrupt the play, and the representation is said to have been in every way perfect.

Cards are never "sent in" when the persons called on are at home. The gentleman should give his name distinctly to the servant, who will announce him. If only the lady is at home, he should on his departure leave his card in the hall for the master of the house.