

A Mysterious People.

Among the results that had been hoped for from the Afghan war was an accurate knowledge of Kafiristan, the land of mystery, which lies within the late kingdom of the Amers. Military operations, however, have not brought us within reach of "the black-clad people," as the Kafirs are called, or brought any of them into our camp, so the campaign bids fair to end leaving this truly wonderful country quite unexplored.

The Misionary Herald for July contains an article of much interest, by a missionary in Turkey, on the proverbs of the Turkish people. These proverbs show that human nature is about the same all the world over, and that no people is outside of the pale of humanity.

Other proverbs of a more general character show that Turkish wisdom is about as shrewd as Yankee wisdom, and that the experiences of life are about the same as to the world.

Some of these proverbs indicate a high moral sense that would do credit to any Christian people.

Strengthening the Voice.

Signor Alberto B. Bach has recently devised and introduced in London a simple appliance called a resonator, for increasing the volume and power of the human voice when singing.

Barrels Made From Pulp.—Mr. M. Howard Webster, whose office is below the Second National Bank on Griswold street, has recently become State Agent for a new invention in the barrel line, which seems to be a very valuable article.

PICKLING BEEF.—The Yorkshire (Eng.) lung beef has long been deservedly famous, and is thus easily prepared: Cut into the ribs or a round of beef, or even a fine thick flank, about twenty pounds weight of either, for example. Finely beat in a mortar, for this quantity, half a pound of salt, a quarter of a pound each of saltpetre and salt prunella, and two handfuls of juniper berries; mix them with three pounds of common salt and one pound of coarse sugar, and thoroughly rub the beef all over for a considerable time.

NOVEL USE OF WOOD SHAVINGS.—From wood shavings and paper Herr Heilemann makes plates, dishes, etc., as follows: Selected plane shavings are bound into bundles, and steeped in a bath of weak gelatine solution about twenty-four hours, then dried and cut into suitable lengths. Plates are cut of strong paper or thin pasteboard, of the size of the objects to be produced.

Bret Harte's Latest Sketch.

He was also a pioneer. A party who broke through the snows of the winter of '61 and came upon the triangular little valley afterwards known as La Porte subsisted for three months on two biscuits a day, and a few inches of bacon, in a hut made of bark and brushwood.

"I played a part in the piece," says Edwards, rolling out the words in his sonorous voice, which is perfectly distinct and delightful over all the noise and clatter of the street.

"I reckon ye see a great deal of the best society yer," sez Bill Parker, starrin' at the hat and gloves and winkin' at the boys.

"Injuns," sez he. "Yes. Very quiet, good fellows in their way. They have once or twice brought the game, which I refused, as the poor fellows have had a pretty hard time of it themselves."

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Funny Sayings of Funny Men.

Leaving Mr. Carleton's store I came out in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel again, and here I met Welsh Edwards, a well-known physiognomy in the New York theatrical world.

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THE HOUSEHOLD.

Sandwiches (New York Cooking School).—Chop half a pound of boiled ham, and season it with one tablespoonful of olive oil, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, a little cayenne or mustard, and rub it through a sieve.

Potato Soup.—Slice six onions, fry them brown with two ounces of drippings, then add two ounces of flour and brown it; add three quarts of boiling water, and stir till the soup boils; season with a level tablespoonful of salt, half a salt spoonful of pepper, one quart of potatoes peeled and cut fine, and boil until they are tender; then stir in four ounces of oatmeal mixed smooth with a pint of cold water, and boil fifteen minutes.

Gumbo Soup.—One large chicken, one and a half pints of green gumbo or one pint of dried gumbo, three pints of water, pepper and salt. Cut the chicken into joints, roll them in flour, and fry or saute them in a little lard.

Roast Lamb with Mint Sauce.—Choose a plump, fat forequarter of lamb, which is quite as finely flavored and less expensive than the hind quarter; secure it in shape with stout cord, lay it in a dripping pan, with one sprig of parsley, three sprigs of mint, and one ounce of carrot sliced; put it into a quick oven and roast it fifteen minutes to each pound.

Mint sauce cold.—Melt four ounces of brown sugar in a sauce boat, with half a pint of vinegar, add three table spoonfuls of chopped mint, and serve cold with roast lamb.

Hot mint sauce.—Put one pint of vinegar into a saucepan with four ounces of white sugar, and reduce by rapid boiling to half a pint, stirring to prevent burning; add a gill of cold water, and boil for five minutes; then add three table spoonfuls of chopped mint, and serve with lamb.

Scalloped Oysters (one shell for each person).—Blanch one quart of oysters by bringing just to a boil in their own liquor, then strain, them, saving the liquor, and keeping it hot; wash them in cold water, and drain them; mix one ounce of butter and one ounce of flour together in a saucepan over the fire; as soon as it is smooth, gradually stir in one pint of the oyster liquor, which must be boiling; season the sauce with a tea spoonful of salt and a quarter of a tea spoon each of white pepper and nutmeg; put the oysters into it to heat while you thoroughly wash eight or ten deep oyster shells with a brush; fill them with the oysters, dust them quickly with bread crumbs, put a small bit of butter on each one, and brown them in a quick oven.

CHASTE BUT NOT VIRTUOUS.—A shrewd lady writer has this to say of her own sex: "There are women holy and virtuous who are in other respects bad caricatures on our sex; women who hold up their own skirts and go about strewing garbage to defile others with; women who feed and thrive upon distrust and suspicion, who gather up carefully and with untiring zeal all the bits of scandal floating about, to turn over, add something to, and send forth again in the germinating air, like a deadly miasma to destroy. Women who are never under any circumstances by anybody heard telling good of anyone; but who, meet them when you will, can always make you miserably uncomfortable, and doubtful even of a just Providence. Women need not condone or conceal the faults of their sisters to be charitable or womanly; by simply being silent or leaving unspoken opinions which can do no good and much harm, they can do themselves great credit and the sex honor. Unless a man is totally depraved and base, he will keep disgraceful tittle-tattle to himself, and shun companions where small talk is at a premium. But women who call themselves ladies, and whose position in society entitles them to be such, lend themselves to this unworthy means of killing time—to give it no mear name—and repeat slanders which, once gone forth, can never be recalled."

THE WAY HUMMING BIRDS ARE CAPTURED.—The following is an account of the method in which humming birds are caught: Let us follow little Dan, the oldest and sharpest of the humming bird hunters, as he goes out for birds. First he goes to a tree called the mountain palm, which replaces the cocos palm in the mountains, the latter growing only along the coast. Beneath the tree are some fallen leaves fifteen feet in length; these he seizes and strips, leaving the midrib bare, a long, slender stem tapering to a point. Upon this tip he places a lump of bird lime, to make which he had collected the inspissated juice of the bread fruit and chewed it to the consistency of soft wax. Scattered over the savanna are many clumps of flowering bushes, over whose crimson and snowy blossoms humming birds are dashing, inserting their beaks in the honeyed corollas, after active forays resting upon some bare twig, pruning and preening their feathers. Cautiously creeping toward a bush upon which one of these little beauties is resting, the hunter extends the palm-rib with its treacherous coating of gum. The bird eyes it curiously but fearlessly as it approaches his resting-place, even pecking at it, but the next moment he is dangling helplessly, beating the air with buzzing wings in vain efforts to escape the clutches of that treacherous gum.—[From Nature.]

Tender-Hearted.

Yesterday a big-boned Texan, something over six feet high, with an enormous broad-brimmed hat, and a sweeping mustache reaching nearly to his shoulders, stood at the Laclede Hotel office, carelessly examining the register. A slight twitching at his coat skirts was passed by unheeded, but a more vigorous pull caused him to look around, expecting to greet a joking friend or something of that sort. He saw nothing, and was turning back to the register leaves again, when his glance fell upon such a wee mite of a girl, whose head was such a short distance from the floor that it was no wonder he had not seen her. The wild-looking face bent down to the little one, and a deep bass voice asked: "What is it, little girl?"

"Please, mister, won't you buy my matches?" came in weak, childish tones, so low that the words could not have been understood had the appeal not been reinforced by the holding up of a box of matches, the corners of the paper box all dog-eared and miserably soiled. The little figure was barefooted, and the one calico garment rent, faded, and torn.

"No; I don't want any to-day, sissy," said the Texan.

"Please, mister, won't you buy my matches?" with a second pull at the coat.

The man turned again, impatiently, and glanced at the little one; then, as if ashamed, and with a furtive glance around as if to see if he was unobserved, put his fingers in his vest pocket, and the next instant a bright half-dollar gleamed in the little grimy fingers. With a half sigh the big-hearted fellow said half to himself: "Poor little cuss."

"Please, mister, don't you want the matches, and I ain't got no change?" "Oh, h—, no; keep the change and matches, too."

Holding the precious coin in both hands, the little match girl vanished like a shadow through the door, and the Texan, with a muttered "what a fool I am," followed.

Around the corner and down Sixth street, pattered the little naked feet, unconscious that she was followed, and up one of the streets devoted to small dealers and a perfect nest of pawn-shops. Into one of the least clean and imposing of these she darted, and whispered something to the woman, who took a paper parcel out of a drawer and handed it to the child. The child tore off the paper with nervous fingers, and there was the sole treasure of her heart, her only possession—her doll. She hugged it to her breast, and kissed it. What was said between woman and child could not be heard, but when the little waif laid the half dollar on the counter the woman shook her head and pushed it back very far toward the child, as if her resolution might not hold out very steadfast. The child looked amazed, but turned to go, hugging her dolly, and at the door stood the Texan with a very suspicious moisture upon his cheek and a big lump in his throat.

"I've got a little girl like you at home," said he. "Come along and show me where you live."

Well, you may be sure that the sick mother and the little girl were rendered more comfortable, for an hour afterward she had a receipt for a month's rent in her hands, and a doctor's carriage stood at the door of that tenement house.

And such was the story that was told to the reporter by the big-hearted Texan, who last night left the Laclede Hotel for his home upon the wide plain where range his broad-horned herds.—Globe-Democrat.

Elements of Popularity in Texas. It was plain to see as soon as he entered the sanctum that he was mad about something. Very likely his name had been mentioned in the proceedings of the Recorder's court in connection with the charge of inebriation. He was laboring under intense mental excitement. It was some time before he could control himself enough to speak.

"I have come to see about—Recorder's—court—business," he gasped painfully.

"It is the rule to publish all the names of those who get drunk and are fined. Can't make any exceptions in your case." "That's not what I am complaining of. I want my name in the paper as having been drunk; but you got my initials wrong. I am going to run for a city office, and I wanted to use that issue of the News as a campaign document. It would have made me popular with the boys, and here you go and get my name wrong, and some other fellow will get credit for it."

"Well, what do you want?" "I want to be vindicated. I want you to come out in a card stating it was me, John Snooks, and not Isaac Snooks, as you have it, who got drunk and smashed a gas-lamp. I want it to be understood by the voters that I was the man whom six policemen took three-quarters of an hour to take to the lock-up, a distance of 150 yards. I've been slandered, and if I am not put in the true light before the public, I'll bring suit for damages. That's what I got drunk for, was to get my name in the paper so people would know I am duly qualified."—Galveston News.

DRY WEATHER WATERING.—The more a garden is irrigated on the surface, the more it seems to require, and the harder the surface, unless stirred, appears to be. Experienced gardeners take a hoe and draw the earth from about the plant to watered, making a basin several inches deep and perhaps two feet across. This is then filled up with water, and left until every drop has soaked into the soil. If it seems best, the hole may be filled again, and again, until the plant has had sufficient. The opening is then left for a day or so, until the sun has dried the surface somewhat. Then with a hoe loosen the soil, but carefully, so as not to cut the roots, and draw the dry earth back into the hole again. This is the best way to stimulate the growth of tomatoes, cabbages, peppers, egg-plants and other late summer vegetables, whose value depends largely upon their being kept in a constant state of growth and health.

"You see," said a lively old Aberdeen bachelor, on being advised to get married, "you see, I can't do it, because I could not marry a woman I didn't respect, and it would be impossible for me to respect a woman that would consent to marry me."