

HERMES TRIMEGISTUS.

H. W. LORELL.

As Solon narrates, Hermes described the principles that rank at wholes in two myriads of books, or as we are informed by Manetho, he perfectly unfolded these principles in three myriads, six thousand five hundred and twenty-five volumes.

Bill through Egypt's desert places Flow the lordly Nile, From its banks the great stone faces Gaze with patient smile;

Where are now the many hundred Thousand books he wrote? By the Thaumaturgus plundered, Lost in lands remote.

Was he one, or many, emerging Name and fame in one, Like a stream, to which converging Many streamlets run?

Who shall call his dreams fallacious? Who has searched or sought All the unexplored or spacious Universe of thought?

Things, O priest of Egypt, lately Found I in the vast Weal, unnumbered, somber, stateful, Graveyard of the Past.

Si Terwilliger's Cow.

LACKAWAXEN, JANUARY 21.—"I tell ye, it's a snowin' like th' very ol' Nick," said old Jerry Greening, as he came into Shannon's store the other night to get a paper of tobacco.

"D'ye remember that ol' yaller cow Si Terwilliger had eight 'n nine year 'ago?" queried Jerry of the venerable Judge Westfall.

"That's jes' zactly what I've a gettin' at," exclaimed Jerry. "Why, I knowed somebody must a rememb'ed that thar cow. Wall, seen't Pete Carlu'f's widd'er jest now, which has got one good eye an' one glass eye, reminded me o' th' cow 'Si' ussey hev when he lived up 't Rowland's, and what a darn cute trick ol' 'Si' played onto a Jarsey cattle dealer.

"That ended the gunning, and Hal crept down stairs, crying to his mother. When his father came home and saw the red streak across Hal's face, still swarting from the burn, he said he guessed Hal was punished enough for stealing the powder."

At the Porter's Neck Plantation, on the Sound, the salt spray from the ocean, wafted in showers across the intervening banks and Sound by the great storm, killed every living thing in the fields except the peanuts, which, curious to say, seemed to have benefited by the briny shower bath.

an 'Si ussey to tell her how he seen the cow a couple o' days arter he buyed that eye, carryin' a lookin'-glass which she stole offen th' back stoop, in her mouth into the barnyard, so she could admire herself an' her new eye.

"Wall, one day 'long come th' Jarsey cattle-dealer an' he offered Si \$40 in cash an' a keg o' Paupaek cider for that cow. The cider inducement were too much for Si and he sold her. Arter th' Jarseyman had gone a nidee struck Si and he went b' railroad straight 't Milford.

"Wall, as I were a tellin' of it 'Si, he played that trick unto five or six Jarseyman an' I guess he made more'n enough offen that thar cow 't pay all his lection expenses 't next fall, when he run fer Sheriffs—an' didn't get lected. But I haint told ye th' com'c'est part o' th' whole shebang yet. Now, mebbe ye won't b'lieve this what I'm goin' to tell ye, but I hope 't swaller this hull paper o' tubacker 't once if 'taint just true's preachin'."

"Wall, no, this is th' remarkable part of it, th' ol' cow had a calf— "Well, I don't see anything particularly strange nor yet remarkable in that, Jerry," interrupted Judge Ridgeway, mildly.

"Ef ye'll just keep yer clothes on a minute, Mr. Sucker-Fisherman, perhaps you'll hear the strange part of it, but ef I'm going 't be interrupted by some dern busted galoot ev'ry time I open m' head, they's no use 't tellin' of it," and the old man arose and began putting on his wraps.

"Fimish it, Uncle Jerry," exclaimed a chorus of attentive listeners. Pulling his old slouch hat over his eyes, with his hand upon the door-knob, the old man said, solemnly, "Well, the calf that this cow had were th' livin' image o' th' ol' cow, an' th' strange part of it is that th' calf had a glass eye jest like its mother's. Ef ye can account for it it's more'n I kin do. Good night."

More than thirty years ago there were two little brothers named Joe and Hal. There was a large shed-chamber full of all manner of old rubbish, where they used to play, and they found there one day a couple of rusty old flint-rock muskets.

Who ever saw a boy that could let a gun alone? They played with those guns by the hour together, and because they had nothing else to load them with, they broke corn-cobs into small pieces, and filled the guns completely, full, ramming them in as tight as they could with the rusty old ram-rods.

"I know how to fix it," he said, so he stole slyly down into the kitchen and got a match, his mother, busy at work in the pantry, never seeing him. Up into the chamber again, where he stood the gun against the wall, then lighted the match, and stooped down to touch it to the powder.

Well, the gun didn't go off, nor burst; there was not powder enough inside for that, so the two little boys were not killed; but the powder flashed in the pan, flin' puff' right into Hal's face, singeing his eyebrows and eyelashes close.

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THE NEW GIRL.

"Now, Charlie, you'll be sure to remember." "To remember what?" said Mr. Mederith with a hopeless expression of insanity on his countenance.

"Charles!" she exclaimed, "you don't mean to say that you have forgotten already?" "My dear," said Mr. Mederith, fumbling in the depth of his overcoat pocket for a missing glove, "I may not have forgotten, but I don't just exactly remember."

"The oysters," suggested his wife. "Oh, yes—the oysters," said Mr. Mederith. "And the two ounces of double zephyr wool." "Exactly."

"And the depot hack to be waiting at two o'clock for your cousin from Philadelphia." Mr. Mederith slapped one hand on the table. "She is coming to-day; I declare to goodness!" he ejaculated.

"A girl, you goose; for general housework. Phebe went home this morning with a face-ache, and I can't be left here alone with company coming and all. Mind she's a good cook and understands waiting on the table."

"Well, I don't know what you are talking about," said the lady, with some asperity. "Yes I do, too. Onions, potatoes, celery, pearl barley, with a pinch of salt—"

"Nonsense!" interposed Mrs. Mederith. "Go pick that lobster out of its shell, and leave off romancing. You are a deal better at poetry and newspaper sketches than you are in the kitchen; though, to be sure, with a twinge of conscience, 'goodness knows what I should do without you just at this particular emergency, you dear old darling."

"Who is there?" she demanded in a high contralto. "Does Mrs. Mederith live here?" retorted a woman's voice. And at the same instant the young mastron caught sight of a neat, black leather bag, a black alpaca dress and a shawl of the plainest Highland plaid.

"It's the new girl, thank Providence!" said Mrs. Mederith, as she ran down the stairs, thanking honest Charlie in her heart for his unexpected promptness. "Come in," said she, opening the door wide, "I am so glad that you are punctual, my good girl. From St. Clair's intelligence bureau, I suppose? No, don't take your things off here; the servant's room is down stairs; so you might just as well come immediately down to the kitchen."

"What is your name?" she asked patronizingly. "My name? Oh, it's Martha," replied the stranger, in still greater confusion. "Martha?" critically repeated Mrs. Mederith; "what an ugly name! I think I shall call you Pattie. Have you good references?"

"I-I believe so." "I think," said Mrs. Mederith surveying her from tip to toe, "you are a little over-dressed for your situation, Pattie; but of course you have some plainer clothes in your trunk, when it comes?"

ask my sister if I am not a handy sort of a fellow around the kitchen." Kate shook her head surreptitiously at Tom behind the screen, but he resolutely affected not to perceive the warning gesture.

"Kate, she is a jewel. A gem of the first water. Depend upon it she has not always worked in a kitchen. I quoted Shakespeare, apropos of something or other, I do not remember what, and she recognized the grand old words at once—her eyes brightened, and you should have seen the color come into her cheeks."

"Quoting Shakespeare to a common kitchen girl!" cried Mrs. Mederith, in amazement. "But I tell you she is not a common kitchen girl."

"I don't believe in high life below stairs," said his sister, disdainfully. The lunch came up at 2:30 in perfect order, but no cousin from Philadelphia arrived, no hack rolled up to the door.

"Where is she?" "Where is who?" cried Kate. "My cousin from Philadelphia." "Oh! she has not come," "Not come?"

"But you did not forget," remonstrated Mrs. Mederith. "She is here now in the kitchen." Mr. Mederith started. "I have seen no one. Never thought of the girl from that moment to this. I give you my word and honor."

"Why, it is Martha Mederith!" shouted he. "It is my cousin from Philadelphia." And he clasped her in his arms with a shower of kisses which made honest Tom's hair stand on end.

If the excellence of a newspaper is not always measured by its profitability, it is generally true that if it does not pay its owner it is valueless to the public. Not all newspapers which make money are good, for some succeed by catering to the lowest tastes of respectable people, and to the prejudice, ignorance and passion of the lowest class; but as a rule the successful journal peculiarly is the best journal.

One of Vivier's favorite performances: Having marked down his prey, an elderly citizen who has ordered a glass of beer and is preparing to assimilate it on the asphalt in front of a cafe, Vivier approaches and salutes him profoundly, then, with mingled volubility and brusqueness, thus addresses him: "Monsieur, I am one of the inspectors of the new Department of Chemical Analysis, established for the purpose of detecting adulteration in articles of daily consumption. I have been detailed to the subject of beer. My face being known to the proprietors of the establishment, if I were to order anything they might take the alarm and serve me quite a different article and thus defame me. Permit me, therefore, to taste your beer."

The stupefied victim offers no resistance and Vivier drains the glass at a draught, and sets it down remarking, "Excellent! excellent! You can drink that beer with impunity! I thank you in the name of science and the municipality for your unselfish co-operation. Good afternoon! Waiter, another beer for this gentleman!" and vanishes.

They were all coming back from Monte Carlo, says the London World, and they played "hazard" with three strangers in the railway carriage. Luck ran against them; and, late in the afternoon, one of them picked up one of the dice, and critically remarked: "Hallo! there are two sixes on this chap!" The senior stranger promptly seized the suspected cube, inspected it, and simply observing, "How unfortunate! another misprint!" threw the bit of ivory out of the window. The tourists did not play any more.

Insects in India.

You have recently arrived in the country, are living in a kutcha house (built of sun-dried bricks and mud-mortar) have made yourself comfortable therein, and are going to have your first dinner party. All your knick-knacks are proudly displayed on your table, and in the centre blazes your lamp just un-

packed. The dinner hour approaches, and you nervously take a look around to see that all is right. One or two insects, new to you, are flitting about the lamp or from the floor. Your guests arrive, and while receiving and marshalling them in to dinner the insect invasion has assumed formidable proportions, so that when you sit down to soup, you find the air around the lamp alive with termites, and your fair cloth covered with them.

Watch the insects outside, and the sight is equally wonderful. From a spot in the ground where you would least expect it, you find one or two termites fluttering in the air; watch them narrowly, and you will find a minute hole, far too minute for the hordes which are squeezing out of it and then rising into the air. Around the hole half a dozen wingless workers are fussing frantically. But let us watch the perfect insects, and return afterwards to the workers. Soon we see a pyramidal cloud of insects in the air, the apex resting over the hole. This becomes denser and spreads wider as the breeze catches their wings. News of the flight have been telegraphed far and wide. Sparrows and crows, fly-catchers and king-crows, kites and minas flock to the scene and gorge on the flyers. (Kites feast laboriously; every termite is individually seized with the talons and then disposed of by the beak.)

The principal thing in curing hams is to get them just salt enough to keep them, and not so salt as to injure the flavor and cause them to become hard. Hams should be neatly trimmed and cut roundings, to indicate as closely as may be the hams of commerce. Trim closely, so that there shall be no masses of fat left at the lowest extremity of the hams. The shoulders may be cut in shape convenient for packing, and they should be salted in separate packages from the hams.

Hams are cured by both dry-salting and brine. When dry-salting is employed the hams are rubbed often with salt and sugar. Between each rubbing they are bunched up on tables or platforms, the surface of which is spread with a layer of salt, and each ham is also covered with salt. When taken up to rub, which is usually done five or six times, a shallow box is at hand in which to do work.

When brine is used, prepare a pickle strong enough to float an egg and stir into a sufficient amount of sugar and molasses to give it a sweetened taste. Some add a little saltpeter to color the meat, while others claim that it tends to harden the meat. In moderate quantity it is commonly accepted as beneficial. Cover the hams with the pickle and place the packages where the temperature is uniform and above freezing. For hams of twelve pounds, four weeks will be sufficient; large hams must remain in the brine a longer time. In general, three to seven weeks embraces the extremes of time required for domestic curing of hams, varying as to the size of the hams, temperature and time when they will be required for use. When it is designed to preserve hams through the summer they must not be removed from the pickle too soon.

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He that leatheth to a tramp giveth to a saloonist.

Captivated by His Own Wife.

"Professor, can you teach me to sing?" asked a lady of a music teacher. "Yes, if you choose to apply yourself earnestly."

"I will, and if you can manage it so that I need not be seen, and that no one knows of it, I will take a lesson every day." The lady never failed to appear promptly at the hour. She was so anxious and so persevering that she made the most extraordinary progress, and her voice was so strengthened and developed as to be almost beyond recognition.

Some months after the close of her tuition she called on the professor and said, "I have come to thank you for making me the happiest woman alive." She then explained that her husband to whom she was deeply attached, was passionately fond of vocal music, and had always regretted that she could not sing to him.

She had never cultivated her voice before marriage, and afterward the children, and claims of society had prevented her attempting it, but the unlucky day came when Mr. B. made the acquaintance of a widow with a charming voice, who was always willing to sing sweet songs to him, and he fell into the way of spending many of his evenings with her.

At heart devoted to his wife, he was unconscious of his gradual neglect of her, and would have been astonished if she had resented his enjoyment at these musical tete-a-tetes. Mrs. R., like a nice woman, did not resent it, but undermined the enemy. Her music lessons she kept a profound secret from her family. In the summer they went, as usual to the country.

The morning after their arrival the local paper contained a notice that the leading soprano of the Episcopal church was ill with a throat affliction, and the congregation was asked to make due allowance for the disabled choir. The next morning Mr. R., with two of the children, wended his way to the church of his belief, Mrs. R. having excused herself on the plea of a headache.

After the opening service the minister announced that "a lady from a distance had kindly volunteered to sing in place of the sick soprano, and in consequence the musical service would be the same as usual." A few moments later a clear, sweet voice rang in the church, and touched the hearts of the people, perhaps even more through the exquisite expression and feeling with which the music was rendered than the qualities itself. Mr. R. was fascinated, delighted, and inwardly made comparisons between it and the witching widow not flattering to the latter. After the services were over he eagerly sought the minister to ascertain the name of the charming soprano, whose face he had not been able to see from his seat.

"Come with me and I will introduce you," said the minister, who knew Mr. R. by reputation. They entered the choir together, and the good man began, "Miss Brown, permit me to introduce—" when he was interrupted by Mr. R. ejaculating, "Great heavens, it is my wife!" And, place and company notwithstanding, he gave her a hearty embrace in his delight and surprise. To cut the story short, he fell in love with her all over again, the singing siren was forgotten, and you could find a happier couple nowhere. To mark the occasion Mr. R. gave his wife a magnificent set of diamonds, which she wears with a great deal of pride. All of which is true.

The King of Siam's Elephant. Some ten weeks ago, says the London Telegraph, the king of Siam received a dispatch from one of his Provincial Governors informing his Majesty that a brand-new deity, in the shape of a snow-white elephant, had been captured in an outlying district of the kingdom, and was actually on its way to Bangkok, the Siamese capital. The joyful tidings were greeted with indescribable enthusiasm at court, and the King at once resolved to start in person, accompanied by his Ministers, grand officers of State, and exalted clergy, upon a processional excursion with the object of meeting the divine pachyderm half way, and of escorting it to Bangkok with all imaginable pomp and ceremony. The cortege, headed by his Majesty, had not proceeded many miles on its road toward the object of its pilgrimage. Approaching the elephant with profound reverence and many humble salutations, the King knelt down at its feet and reverently placed its trunk upon his head and shoulder, imploring its protection and favor. Having thus paid public homage to the large quadruped and received its blessing by the "impositor proboscis," his Majesty drew his sword and took up a position on the elephant's right flank, supported on the animal's left by the High Priest carrying a golden wand. Thus headed, the procession entered Bangkok, where the new god was greeted by salvos of artillery and a general salute of the royal troops paraded on either side of the route leading to the palace. Having escorted the elephant to his apartments the King formally bestowed upon his sacred guest the rank of "reigning monarch," and decorated it with the Grand Cordon of the Siamese Order bearing its own style and title. The household of the new deity has since been organized upon a truly royal scale. Every article dedicated to the white elephant's use and service is of massive gold or rare porcelain, and popular offerings to the value of many thousands of pounds were deposited at its shrine before it had been established forty-eight hours in its splendid quarters, immediately adjacent to the King's own private suit of apartments.

A curious question of parliamentary procedure will arise on account of the disappearance of Mr. Walter Powell, M. P., for Malmesbury, the aeronaut, who is not likely to ever be heard of again. According to the English law, where there is no actual authentic proof of death, an individual for civil purposes is supposed to be alive—at least for a certain number of years. Malmesbury will be thus without a representative until the next general election, which means the loss of a vote to the Tories.

A Philadelphia judge says he can see no difference between gambling in stocks and gambling of any other kind. Probably he has lost in both ways.—N. H. Register.