

Minor Trials of this Life.

Trying to recollect number of store or car you left umbrella in. Losing penknife. Losing cane. First grease spot on new pantaloons. Shirt buttons found wanting on cold mornings. Mosquitoes. Flies. Bugs. Flea in trousers. Uncut books and magazines. Getting shaved. Full barber shop when you are in a hurry to get shaved. Or when not in a hurry. "Next? Not you, sir. The other gent first." "Bay rum?" "Hair's getting thin, sir." "Tonic?" "Hair's rather long. Trim it a little for you?" "Shampoo?" House hunting. Piano practice in next room. Accordion, flute, violin, next room. Readings and recitations. Newspaper with five supplements. Trying to interest the girl who wants the other man. Hand organs. Trying to talk to an "Oh, dear!" "Oh my!" and "Oh, isn't that nice!" girl. Trying to save money. Remembering what a fool you made of yourself when tight last night. Reading your own love letters when it was very bad and you were not expected to recover. Tumbling up stairs. Tumbling down stairs. "Shut the door!" "What, never?" Bananas and orange peelings on the pave. Sea sickness. Conundrums. Puns. Rickety chairs. Leather steak. Old bill against you forgotten. Toothache. Trying to write home because it's your duty. Waiting outside for wife while shopping at Hale's. Only to be there five minutes, which means an hour. Atmosphere of stove-heated railroad cars in winter. Cold feet. Making a purchase at one shop and seeing same article marked fifty per cent. cheaper at the next. Having your ash box stolen. Salesman or woman who argues that you ought to like this or that pattern. Four friends giving you directions to some place all at once. Same old yarn you've heard forty times before. "That reminds me of a little anecdote." India rubber shoe stuck in the mud. Umbrella turned wrong side out by wind. Firecrackers a month before and after the Fourth. Waiting for your change at one of our big stores. Salesman or woman who seems in a hurry for you to buy and clear out. Dogs and cats at night. Holes in pocket discharging ten cent pieces down trouser leg to pavement. Corns. Tight boots. Dull penknives. Bad cigars. Remark of friend: "Gettin' old like the rest of us." Man who will talk behind you all through the play. Door bell that won't ring. Taxes. Crowded steamboat without seats. Third class hotel with first-class charges. Railway station coffee. Pog in a shoe. Man you owe. Man who owes you and does likewise. If a Republican a Democratic speech. If a Democrat a Republican speech. Coal dealer's tons. Slippery front door step. Pen won't when you want it. Miserable pen when you get it. Thick ink. No envelopes. No postage stamps. Musty eggs for breakfast. Long sermon. High wind blowing hat off. Street car that won't stop. Too late for train or boat. Getting up cold mornings. Trying to sleep hot nights. Counting week's salary after jamboree. Fly in coffee. Fly in tea. Fly in soup. Crying babies on car or boat. Enlarged shirt button-hole at neck, letting neck-gear down by the run. Sight of steamboat smokestack moving off when ninety seconds too late. Or rear of train when ninety seconds too late. Man who chews and spits in the car or boat. Person who calls while you're out and leaves no name. Old friend who calls when you're out and leaves no address. Very interesting story in stray magazine: "To be continued." Slamming window blinds. Trying to think of man's name you've forgotten. Trying to recollect where you put it. Restaurant with "all the delicacies of the season" on the programme. Ten minutes choosing dinner. Waiter after ten minute's absence: "We're out of them articles."

The Choice of Food.

First, as regards butcher's meat, attention to the following directions will aid the housewife in deciding upon that all-important point—its freshness. All lean meat, when fresh, shows a deep purplish red tinge with a bloom on the outside of the muscle, and a paler vermilion red with just a shade of purple in the cut surface. Lean mutton should be quite even in hue, and have no flavor whatever of tallow; lean beef may be a little marbled with fat, but it must have no flavor of suet. The surface of the meat must be quite dry, even a cut scarcely wetting the finger, and the substance moderately soft, but at the same time so elastic that no mark is left after a pressure from the finger. Keeping the meat for a day or two in the larder should make no difference as regards this. Then, there should be very little odor in a single joint of meat; it should not waste much in cooking, and when brought to table roasted, should retain its gravy well, until the knife causes it to gush out in a rich, appetizing stream, full of inviting scent and flavor. This is particularly the case with mutton, and, for ascertaining its value, is the easiest test we know of. But generally, for all meat, a good test is to push a clean knife up to the hilt into its substance. In good, fresh meat the resistance is uniform, but when some parts are softer than others we may be quite sure that putrefaction has set in. The smell of the knife is a good aid—and this, by the way, is always useful in choosing a ham; for, by pushing a knife deep in, withdrawing it and smelling it, one can tell whether the flavor is very salt or the contrary. As regards fat. The raw fat of beef should be of a light yellow color, like fresh butter; mutton should have also very little white and translucent fat, whilst the lean of both should be pale, but perfectly even tinted. The various internal parts of an animal are more difficult to choose, and great care is necessary in seeing that they are perfectly fresh; when decomposed they are very unwholesome. Generally speaking, liver, kidneys, etc., may be safely eaten when in their uncooked condition they show a bright even color throughout, and are quite free from marks of congestion or bruises. But a special word of advice is needed as to the selection of sweetbread, which is the thymus gland of the calf, for butchers will sometimes send the pancreas or stomach bread instead. This may be recognized, however, even when cooked and chopped up by large veins and arteries; and, as it is very inferior in digestibility to the more delicate gland, it is as well to be quite sure about the real article before buying it. A young and therefore tender fowl may be known before plucking by the largeness of the feet and leg joints; and after plucking a thin neck and violet thighs may be taken as invariable signs of age and toughness, especially in turkeys and fowls. The age of ducks and geese is tested in a different manner—i. e., by their beaks, the lower part of which breaks away quite readily when they are young. One of the most objectionable drawbacks to an old fowl, duck or goose, is the rank and disagreeable odor. Young birds of the gallinaceous tribe may be known by their undeveloped spurs, and young partridges by the long pointed wing feathers, which grow rounded at the tip with age. In the case of fish many people trust to the sense of smell; but this is not always to be depended upon, as it may be deceived by the use of ice. The best tests of freshness are the fullness of the eyeballs and the bright pink hue of the gills when raw, and when cooked the firmness of the flesh, which in the case of stale fish is flabby and stringy, even if preserved by cold from visible putrefaction. The cheapest kind of fish are best to buy, for when any kind is cheapest it is sure to be the most plentiful, in fullest season, and therefore most wholesome. Great care is necessary in purchasing caviare—the roe of the sturgeon—which should always be obtained straight from a fishmonger, and as fresh as possible. Fresh caviare is soft, pale in color, and exhibits the ova quite distinctly; but when it is old and out of season it is black, homogeneous in texture, and is very indigestible in fact, none but the very freshest is to be recommended for digestibility. The preserved sorts are to be avoided, for very often they are extremely unwholesome—indeed, almost unfit for human consumption.

The Pronunciation of "U"

Ninety-nine out of every hundred Northerners will say institoot for institute, dooty for duty—a perfect rhyme to the word beauty. They will call new and news noo and noos—and so on through the dozens and hundreds of similar words. Not a dictionary in the English language authorizes this. In student and stupid, the "u" has the same sound as in cupid, and should not be pronounced stooudent and stooipid, as so many teachers are in the habit of sounding them. It is simply vulgarism to call a door doah—as we all admit—isn't it as much of a vulgarism to call a newspaper a noospaper? One vulgarism is Northern, and the other Southern; that's the only difference. Then the London Pouch wishes to burlesque the pronunciation of servants, it makes them call the duke dook, the tutor tooter, and a tube a toob. You never find the best Northern speakers, such as Wendell Phillips, George William Curtis, Emerson, Holmes, and men of that class, saying noo for new, Toosday for Tuesday, avenoo for avenue, or calling a dupe a doop. It is a fault that a Southerner never falls into. He has slips enough of another kind, but he doesn't slip on the long "u."

GRANDEUR, PAST AND PRESENT.

Noted Traveling Companions and Their Reception in New York.

The steamer *Amerique* lately landed in New York, bringing from Europe among others two women, each noted in her circle and time, each widely commented upon, and each more or less severely censured; Mrs. Lincoln, belonging to a past epoch, wrinkled, faded and gray, who made her way unattended through the crowd, and Sara Bernhardt, blooming, self-possessed, a creature of the present, and borne to a waiting carriage amid the loud acclaim of the multitude; the one once mistress of the White House, first lady of the greatest Republic on earth and honored wife of its most beloved and subsequently martyred President; the other, queen of the French drama, the unwedded mother of four children, triumphant even in her

OPEN DEFIANCE OF MORALITY.

The apartments of the former, when in the zenith of her prosperity, were hung with regal trappings at the expense of a great nation. Suddenly hurried from place, in the first flush of a victory that promised another reign of four years as "Mistress of the Nation's Manse," misfortune has pursued her, dwelling with her in the ward of a private asylum for the insane, hawking her splendid wardrobe before the public at auction, and pursuing her into a banishment that has been little less than oblivion from which her landing in New York, as above stated is a

TEMPORARY EMERGENCY

Noticeable chiefly because of the notoriety of her traveling companion. While comment and comparison are busy, and the gray and faded widow of President Lincoln is resting from her journey in obscure lodgings, a glance at the Albatross Hotel, on the corner of Twenty-fifth street and Broadway, to which Mlle. Bernhardt was conducted, will complete the sad comparison between present glory and departed grandeur. This suite consists of

SEVEN APARTMENTS,

All located on the first floor. The parlor is quite large, commanding a fine view of Madison Square and Fifth avenue. The ceiling has just been decorated in blue, purple and red, and the floor is covered with a heavy Axminster carpet of yellow, blue and crimson. The furniture, of the style of Louis VII., is upholstered in crimson and gold. Dark purple silk lambrequins, with fine maroon tapestry adorn the four windows of the room. The sleeping apartment adjoins the parlor, and is furnished with walnut furniture of the style of Louis XIII., upholstered in pale blue. The two remaining rooms on the Twenty-fourth street side are to be used, the one as an apartment for one of her suite, the other as a private dining-room. The remaining apartment are on the opposite side of the hall. The studio is a perfect marvel of beauty, containing tropical plants, busts, luxurious chairs, lounges and curtains of rich colors. The bedstead is of rose-wood, and is adorned with richly lined coverings. Near the window commanding a view of Broadway, is an elegant divan where the great actress can recline at her ease and study life as pictured daily upon that noted thoroughfare. The apartments were engaged by and fitted up under the personal supervision of K. Nilsson, the correspondent of the *Figaro* of Paris.

The Story of "Cinderella."

The story of "Cinderella," which is now being told nightly at one of the New York theatres, has connected with it much curious folk lore, some of which it may be worth while to collate from the London newspapers, which hunted the stories up apropos of the general interest aroused by the presentation there of the little cinder-lass's touching story as a Christmas pantomime two years ago. According to the French version of the story, a woman had two daughters, only one of whom she loved. The other, named Cendrousette, she once directed to spin some cotton. Now, Cendrousette could not spin, and would certainly have been beaten if a cow to which she had been kind had not done her task for her. Next day the other sister tried to get the cow to spin, but the cow, which knew its friends, played her a trick. The mother then ordered the cow to be killed, but before its death it bade Cendrousette to gather its bones into its hide and to wish over them for anything she desired. The wishes brought to Cendrousette three beautiful dresses on which shone the sun, the moon, the sky, and the sea. In these she captivated a prince, who traced her by means of the familiar slipper, which, by the way, scholars say was not of gold, nor yet of glass, (*pointe de en verre*) but of fur, (*pointe de en cuir*). In the Scotch story a dying queen gives her daughter "a little red calfy," which is killed by the cruel step-mother. From the calf's bones Rashin-coatie, as she is called from a coat woven of rushes, gets "braw claes" very much as Cendrousette did. In an Italian version, also, a cow plays the good fairy's part. In the modern Greek story two daughters boil their mother and make a meat of her, but the youngest sister prefers to go hungry, and when she goes to mourn over her mother's bones she is rewarded by finding three beautiful dresses. One dress is as beautiful as "the sea and its waves," another as "the spring and its flowers," and the third as "the heaven with its stars." In Sicily and the Hebrides a sheep takes the place of the good and wonder working cow. The story can also be traced to the remote East, to Germany, and to Egypt, and it is indefinitely old.

How to Build a Log House.

A correspondence of the *Canada Farmer* writes: Select straight trees, say one foot diameter at the butt, trim limbs and knots closely; cut the logs sixteen and twenty-six feet long, or eighteen and thirty feet long. Buildings of these dimensions can be divided to better advantage than the usual 18x24 house. Divide when building, and then it will be done—with logs, if sawed lumber cannot be obtained, for a partition. Let the bedroom occupy about one third of the house; no hall, but a stairway in one corner of the largest room, a landing at the bottom, say two feet wide, and one or two steps high. If two steps, one must be placed sideways to the landing. The stairs should be close to the end of the house to economize space, and slant across towards, or beyond, the middle of the chamber floor. Place a post or railing at the head of the stairs. If it is nothing more than two or three saplings or poles.

Choose a building spot where there is a little rise of ground (not a hill or small mountain to travel up and down "forty times" a day) where there is, if possible, another elevation some six or eight feet higher than where the house is to stand about twenty feet distant. If there is no such elevation then build "Skidway" and draw your logs to it. If there is not a rock foundation, dig down to solid ground and place the most durable timber at the bottom, or place posts or large stones under the walls; for because it is only a log house little or no attention is often paid to the underpinning, consequently much inconvenience and trouble is experienced by settling, deranging doors, breaking windows, etc. Roll your logs upon a couple of skids, or long poles, until the walls are too high to do so. Then attach a strong rope about an inch thick, in the middle of the building, next the top log, and bring the other end over the top log, and after rolling another log on the poles, give the rope one wind or half wind around the middle of the log, having placed two beside each other like temporary beams inside the house, for one of the men to stand upon; then let him "pull away" while the other men, one at each end of the log, assists with light "bulls" (these are made by wiles or strong bark tied across near the end of a forked pole) until the log touches the building, when by simultaneous effort the log can be rolled on.

If too heavy, the men must ascend each with a light hand pry, one of them at each end pry up, when it will roll on easily; another should then be rolled up in a similar manner, or if it is end logs, roll three (one for partition) before commencing to "notch down," while this is being done the third man can be getting other logs ready, etc. Thoroughly "dovetail" or "saddle" notch the corners, particularly the top logs, or plates upon which the rafters and roof rest. Only the top log of the partition need be dovetailed to prevent it from springing outward on account of weight of roof resting thereon. The wall should be twelve feet high, for one and a half stories; between lower and upper floor, eight feet at least for height.

Considering the roof I need not speak in particular, as there are several kinds of material to construct it of in a new country, such as "scoops," bark, hand-made shingles, etc., but do not put on a "shanty roof." Build a peaked roof—a pretty sharp one too. This kind affords good chamber room (which is lost by a shanty covering), and looks so much better. Do not build on a low, flat surface, if you don't wish to live in a mud hole. Small log bars and other out-buildings can be raised by three men. Moss, taken from standing trees, thoroughly forced into the cracks and crevices, is an excellent substitute when mortar for plastering cannot be obtained.

The American Girl.

The defects of the American girl may be done away with by giving less prominence to the purely intellectual or purely practical side of her education. For while one class of men are striving to solve the problems of life by educating women intellectually, there is another class which are shouting for education in domestic matters. While the professors at Harvard are rejoicing over some girl who can take in their philosophies or their mathematics, the newspaper editor sings the praises of her who can roast turkey, bake bread, or make her own dresses. Neither gives the poor girl any chance to exist, but only to work, with either hand or brain. No one says to her: "You are not only yourself, but possibly the future mother of other beings. Do not, therefore, allow yourself to be driven by either school of apostles beyond what you may do easily, comfortably, or pleasantly. The healthy balance of your nervous system is far more important to you and your future family relations than all the mathematics or dressmaking, or even roasting of turkeys. Occupy yourself steadfastly, but without strain, without hurry, and without emulation. Find out first what you can do best, and, even if it does not come up to somebody else's standard, learn to content yourself with that."—Atlantic Monthly.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.—He writes to the Russian Ambassador on the occasion of the death of the Empress Anne: "It would be impossible to express the loss of this great Princess, for she was endowed with every virtue, was the delight of the people and of her numerous friends, among whom I hardly dare to assume even a modest place." The day before he had written to his own minister: "The Empress of Russia is dead. The Lord favors us, and luck is on our side."

As to Putting on Airs.

The peacock is a majestic biped. Whether we contemplate the gaudiness of his plumage, the proud way in which he carries his head, or the stately style of his footsteps, there is much in his general walk and conversation that compels attention. When he lifts up his voice in a shrill scream whose notes reach as far as the ear can reach, we are attracted, even if we do not admire. He struts about with an air of importance, as if he owned the whole neighborhood and could impart information as to the value of every piece of real estate therein. From his personal appearance he might be supposed to be both wealthy and talented, for his feathers are gilded and his dainty demeanor betokens a certain kind of culture. If he were only shrewd enough to hold his tongue, people might not discover what an empty headed creature he is. His speech betrays him. He tells his story with such mock dignity as to expose the shallowness of his pretensions. And yet he is happy because he is all unconscious of the fact that he is as easily seen through as if made of green glass instead of being clad in those gorgeous green feathers. To go on dress parade this biped has no equal. It is in the performance of solid duty that he is found lacking. For regular usefulness the ordinary barn-yard hen is his superior. While he lives the peacock is of no particular use. When slain there is but little of him, and that little makes a not very savory meal. The common duck, who waddles through the mire and quacks as he waddles, is, whether alive or dead, a far more desirable bird than the peacock in all his pomp and pride.

We must not blame the poor peacock for his apparent vanity and airiness, for circumstances beyond his control have made these traits a part of his being. For him to strut is as natural as for the duck to waddle. He comes as honestly by that high-toned screech as the canary by his tuneful song. The gay feathers grew in his tail by the same decree of Providence that provided bristles for the pig's back and wool for that of the sheep. If the bird does his best it is not for us to find fault with him. But if human beings of whom better things might be expected find no higher aim than to ape the bird of brilliant plumage and stately mien, they may justly be made to serve as targets for the arrows of the critic. There are some human beings who are born with golden spoons in their mouths, and for whom there is no special mission in the world except to count their spoons and strut on dress parade. Happily these people are few; so few, indeed, that the world can afford to feed them in pay for the sport and the instruction they afford. The sport is mingled with instruction, for as the world amuses itself by looking at these good people and watching their antics while on dress parade, it learns from them a wholesome lesson, namely, to be as little like them as possible. When men and women of whom the world expects service neglect their work to put on airs and to play peacock, the sport ceases and the display becomes in the highest degree melancholy.

One of the saddest sights is a peacock caught in a storm. A common barnyard fowl looks sorry enough as he stands on one leg in the rain, with dripping feathers closely adhering to his stalwart form. But such a wet fowl is beauty itself compared with the forlorn appearance of the draggled and disastrous peacock when soaked with rain and stuck up with mud. His proud head droops, his tail trails in the mire, and each step seems a misereere. Thus it is with the Irish person from under whom the stilts of pomposity are knocked, and who, having for some time been appraised at his own estimate, suddenly finds himself marked down to what the world considers his actual cash value. The world makes some mistakes, but it has a fashion of marking values of this sort with a reasonable degree of accuracy.

A SHREWD OLD VALET.—The greater part of the stories which relate to the gains and the losses of gamblers are tragic rather than comic. One which belongs to the category of the latter is reported from Monaco. A certain German Baron, belonging to one of the best families in Mecklenburg, was one day so lucky as to gain 300,000 francs. He left the tables, hastened to his hotel, and at once locked up his enormous sum in a cash box. On awakening next morning what was his dismay to find that it had disappeared, as well as his old valet Jean, who on a hundred occasions had given proofs of his fidelity and his affection for his master. As it was, the Baron found himself short of money, and telegraphed to his father for assistance, acquainting him, at the same time, with his adventure. This was the answer he received: "Don't disturb yourself. Jean is here with all the money which you think you have lost. He feared that your louis would go the way they had come, and, little liking the anticipation, he has come here to keep the treasure safe. You come too."

THE statue of Jeanne d'Arc, recently unveiled at Compeigne, the town where she was taken prisoner by the English, is equestrian, and represents Jeanne holding a standard in one hand and pointing to the enemy with the other. The sculptor is M. Leroux. The Government cast the work in bronze and presented it to the town of Compeigne, which has had it erected in front of the belfry, almost on the spot where "Jeanne" was taken prisoner by the Picardy archer who was in the service of the English.