THE HOME CIRCLE.

Newspaper English of 1884.

Picked up a paper here to-day, And, by my conscience, I must say, That they do write in the funniest way!

Some time ago, over my cup, Went sound saleep—just woke up; Must have been—well, let me see— Eighteen hundred fifty-three, Cow came along—bell wuld tinkle; Roused me up—second old Winkle; Roused me up—second old Fell asleep, by their may so, One and thirty years ago.

Bont that paper? I was struck
All in a heap, Sir—just my luck;
"Miss Susan Smiler 'Il elocute
Thursday evening." I stood mute;
Never, in all my life, had heard
Of such an outlandish, barbarous word.
Elocute! I do declare
—Bit my whiskers; pulled my hair;
Looked in my Webster—'twam't there;
Gave the thing up in wild despair—
Said to myself, it's mighty quair!

Preity near choked myself with rage,
Paper set forth on another page
— Wonderful piece of local news—
"People up town are going to enduse
And then the thing gct worse and worse,
"To morrow the people aniverse;
"July 4th—happy to state—
People are going to declarate;
Think I'd better shut up shop,
"Mr. A. B. is a philanthrep;
And then, look here, why bless my eyes,
What in the world is Bismarchise?

Eyes of mine you can't be trusted!
"Cosl-oil factory all combusted;"
"Circumtrenck your favorite fruits;
"Mexican Empire revolutes;"
And, since the days I went to school,
What sort of thing is a perpendicule!

Reading along—why, bless my fate! Here's a man who's going to orate! iere's a man who's going to orate!
Why, what on earth's this paper about?
io stark mad if I don't find out,
fust be French, and yet I vow,
fever heard of the word till now.

Folding paper undecided—
Dear mel soms one's homicided.
Laid down paper right away;
For, my conscience, I must say
That they do write in the funniest way.
—R. W. Lovine, in Boston Transcript.

Conservatism in Dress Reform.

(From the Pacific Rural Press.)

"Variety is the spice of life," and I fancy even Mary Mountain would not care to see all men dressed in black cloth or all women in brown waterproof. Nature is prodigal in coloring and tasteful in all things; and because the pansy is an humble flower seems no reason that she should not wear a purple and golden

The world would be all too sombre a place if we did not have many colors to enliven it. And I should not like to have all the flowers cut by the same pattern either. Even nature follows fashions and presents us with pleasing variety. Did your ever notice a bed of petunias, portulacas, or annual pinks, and note the almost endless marking and beauties they each day present and in spite of Dame Fashion's freaks and frailties I confess to a sligibt liking for her devious ways. Perhaps it is a lingering remnant of that total depravity with which modern reformers love to accuse all woman kind, in this day and generation. And yet I have not thought it worth while to consult a miliner on the "perch" of my hat, but wear it on the top of my head where it was intended to be worn, nor do I need to wear "pointed heels" when there are so many kinds of comfortable shoes

there are so many kinds of comfortable shoes and slippers to be found.

Paul says something about "using but not abusing things," and although not a great favorite with me in some things, I think his idea might safely be applied to fashion in dress. We all know how some people will abuse very good things. I have thought that some people even abused religion. They talked about it at all unseemly times. They croaked at sin and wickedness. They quoted platitudes by the score. And yet I never blamed religion. We may deplore their want of taste; and their idea of the fitness of things may seem incongruous and out of place, but we cannot consistently blame religion. The fault is in the person, in his temperament and his education. And I am sorry to say that these people cannot be reformed in a day either. It must be a gradual education. So it is with some women, they can't exercise good tast in dress, because it is not a part of their nature to do so. Their innate vulgarity or a commendable ambition prompts them to excell in everything they undertake, whether it be in cut, color or material and it will take many years yet to educate and it will take many years yet to educate and his special gifts which receives and his special gifts which receives these three boys to the same curriculum of study, and expect in this way to make the most of them as men. Not what we put into a boy's head educates them, but what we draw out of it. Education is a process not of cramming, but of development, and wise are those parents who, understanding the abilities of their children, suit the training each receives to his special requirements. It is not easy in a multitude of cases to tell exactly what particular talent a boy or a girl possesse. We must wait for time to develop his or her special gifts, and while so doing give the best general training in our power, shaping the child's course in the direction in which it with the child's course in the direction in which it were considered to the child's course in the direction in which i they undertake, whether it be in cut, color or material, and it will take many years yet to educate them out of these lingering remnants of barbarism. But how will it be done. By abusing fashions? No, I think not; but by improving their taste, by educating their heart and mind; by placing other and wiser objects before them for competition, by presenting a nobler ambition even if it be to reform the world in politics. And I don't consider it necessary that they altogether reform themselves first either. they altogether reform themselves first either, seeing that the other reform is needed so much

LIVING TOORTHER.-The art of "living to-Elvino Toorther.—The art of "living together" pleasurably is greatly promoted by the
habitual exchange of the little courtesies of life;
they are never unimportant, never unacceptable, are always grateful to the feelings, and are
a constant well-spring of agreeable feelings in
every household. Shall brothers and sisters
be less careful of the feelings of one another
than of those of a stranger? And, between
husband and wife, should there be less effort at
gentleness of deportment, of snavity of manner husband and wife, should there be less effort at gentiences of deportment, of snavity of manner and contrest of expression, than is extended to outsiders, who have no special claims and may never be seen again? Shame upon any member of any family who neglects those affectionate attentions and those suavities of deportment toward the members of the household and even to the lowest servant, which cannt fail to elevate the giver, and to draw from the receiver those willing and spontaneous reciprocities

White Lies. [By RLIZA B. ANTHONY.]

You, young man, who part your hair in the middle, and perfume your mustache, why did you lure Irene to confess that he regarded you with a feeling warmer than affection, and then tell your boon companions that she was "a gushing girl." You thought we did not hear about that little episode, but we see and hear more than is supropeed and where do not more than is supposed, and what we do not know, others tell us, so we keep well informed.

Blooming maiden, who with eloquent glances, winning smiles, and dulcet voice, encouraged Adolphus to declare his manly love for you, to which you listened with flushing cheeks, downcast eyes and heaving breast, and then cooly declined his love, because he was not cooly declined his love, because he was not wealthy enough to support you in luxury— have you ever thought that you acted, a worse than white lie, a deliberate falsehood, a syste-matic course of deception? You may dimple, blush and smile at another's

agony now; but the time may come when you will experience the same pain which you meted

out to others without remorse.

The beauties of truth have been sung and lauded countless times, but can never be exhausted. If people would speak the exact truth, scorn exaggeration and white lies, society and morals would be elevated and purified, and individuals would be far happier.

THE HEAD OF THE TABLE. - In Queen Elizabeth's time the fashion came into vogue of placing the principal joints and pieces of meats at the head of the table above the salt, in order that the chief guests might regale their eyes with the promise of good cheer be-fore them, and also be conveniently served to choicest cuts. This custom involved the necessity of carving the meats after they had reached sity of carving the meats after they had reached the table; therefore, the ladies were invited to sit at the head of the board, that they might perform the services which had heretofore been delegated to the professional carver. It was thus from no desire to compliment the fair sex that woman in the beginning, promoted to the most honorable place at the table. It was for the selfish convenience of her lord, and not for her own dignity, that the position was accorded to her, and as in medieval society, she minis-tared to her grants her acceptance dish to her, and as in medieval society, said interest to her guests by preparing dishes for their enjoyment, often bearing them to the table herself, so she now, in the capacity of carver continues in the rank of a servitor. But with the tact which is her distinguishing characteristic, she has gradually converted the carver's stool into a throne of state, and asumed the right to preside over the company through an office which originally authorized only her to help them to food. help them to food.

DIVERSITY OF GIFTS .- One of the most diffi cult questions parents are called on to settle concerps the particular training each individual child requires. No two of a dozen children in the same family agree in disposition, in ability, in taste and inclination. Each has his idiosyncracies and his special gifts which render special treatment, pressure. One how here

"THE OLD MAN AND OLD WOMAN."-HOW often do we hear young men speak of their father and mother as the "old man" and the "old woman." Shame on you, young man, to speak thus of your honored parents, who have in their breast a love for you which no other can feel; who would brave their life for you and give their last dollar to save you from disgrace; and yet you speak of them as the "old man" and the "old woman," instead of giving them the honored title of father and mother. As a general thing, when one speaks of the old man or woman, it is only of those who have never lived a life of usefulness, nor navar by nature the stable seathly seathly as who have never lived a life of usefulness, nor never by nature bore the noble name of father or mother. When we hear a young man speak of his parents in this way, we generally find him to be a fast young man, who is unto himself a law sufficient and who gives his parents much trouble and pain, and who, sooner or later, brings them in sorrow to the grave. My advice to young women is to discard a young man who speaks of his parents in this disrespectful way, for he who has no respect for spectful way, for he who has no respect for father or mother will have but little for a wife, "For a young man according to his ways, even whou is old he will not depart from it," and it gives us pain to hear young people speak so lightly of their parents.

those willing and apontaneous reciprocities which make of family associations a little heaven below.

The Right Kind.—In speaking of the death of that great and good man, Gerrit Smith, an exchange has the following: "In religion Mr. Smith was extremely liberal. He gave in his adhesion to no creed, but framed one of his own, based on that fundamental principle of all religion, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." His charity was broad. Catholic, Christian and Pagan, bend and free, white and black, were alike brothers to him, and had a claim upon his generosity which he never gainsaid. That a human being was in want was all he desired to know; the questions of creed or color never suggested itself to his mind. His was the noblest of all phlanthropy—a philanthropy based upon a broad humanity's sake—have an existence." Such were also Mr. Lincola's religious traits of character. His creed was the golden rule under any and all circumstances.

Women's Work.

There are many people who would scorn to tell a deliberate falsehood, but who are adepts in fibbing sometimes unintentionally, no doubt; and when remonstrated with, will reply with a toss of their heads: "Oh! that was only a white lie; everyone tells those."

When Claudine asks her friend's opinion of her new bonnet, and Victoria answers: "It's periectly divine, and so becoming to you, my love;" she knows that she is uttering a white lie, for in her heart she thinks the bonnet is infdeous.

Even you sir, admire Jones' horses to his face, and then tell a confidential friend that you never saw such "sorry-looking anim ls."

And you, madam, tell a white lie, when you press your friends to prolong their visit, telling them that you cannot live without them, etc.; when in reality, you are congratulating yourself on their departure.

You, young man, who part your hair in the middle, and perfume your mustache, why did you lure Irene to confess that he regarded you with a feeling warmer than affection, and then tell your boon companions that she was "a gushing girl." You thought we did not hear tell was disadvantage continues throughout. The avenues of employment it is generally at beggarily wages. The man who cleans the gutters can command better wages than women of intelligence of wages. The man who cleans the gutters can command better wages than women of intelligence of wages. The man who cleans the gutters can command better wages than women of intelligence of wages. The man who cleans the gutters can command better wages than women of intelligence of wages. The man who cleans the gutters can command better wages than women of intelligence of work for a living in the East. Very frequently they are of more than ordinary education and intelligence, yet they can rarely make it avail them. It is not, after all, to be greatly wondered at that so many young wondered, who have it avail them. It is not, after all, to be greatly wondered at that so many young wondered, who have it avail them. It is not, after all, to be gr In the great labor contest that is always and that cannot be done without money. They are compelled to live in more expensive places than men, because a man can live anywhere without affecting his reputation, whilst a woman has to exercise the greatest discretion in this respect. So of employment; a man can do anything on a push without hurting his future, but for a woman to do certain work, thereas it has been a supplement of the control of the con though it be honest work honestly done, would injure her entire future prospect. At every step she is surrounded by temptations to exstep she is surrounded by temptations to exchange her life of weary work and worry for one, the dazzle of which in the present perhaps hides the certain misery which lies in the future. When to all this is added the fact that masculine labor is organizing in some quarters to elbow women out of the labor field entirely, and that a large class of women, less intelligent and refined than the working women themselves, regard contemptously the young woman who "works for her living," the way of the girl who seeks to maintain herself by the labor of her hands or brain, rather than eat the of her hands or brain, rather than eat the bread of dependence or of shame, is sufficiently

An Encouraging Rumor.

There has lately been current a rumor so improbable and yet so delightful that most men fear to investigate it lest it may vanish in the proce: s. It is asserted, perhaps in quarters too sanguine to be trustworthy, that ladies are seriously thinking of wearing dresses which they can walk in. For the last year, the promenade has been a torture to any weman who has any respect for her-elf. Her dress drags all these pernicious baits, will choose sall the way around and the train thereof follows menade has been a torture to any weman who has any respect for her-elf. Her dress drags all the way around and the train thereof follows her for a foot or so. She must either make it loathsome by dragging it through the filth, or she must hold it up with both hands. If she attempts this delicate and fatiguing office with one, tired nature soon asserts itself, and some-one, tired nature soon asserts itself, and some-where or other a fold of the idiotic garment drops into the mud. It is generally known that the female human has but two hands, and if both of these are filled with superfluous raiment, the management of the parasol, the portemonnaie, the half dozen bundles of dry goods, and pround of confestioners with goods and pound of confectionery, without which a street costume is incomplete, becomes a matter of some difficulty. The unassisted male intellect can see no way out of this trouble except the shortening of the peccant skirts. But we do not envy the fa'e of the rash man who should suggest it. He will be told he has who should suggest it. He will be told he has no taste, no perception of style, no regard for the pure intuitions of woman. If he shall say that a few years ago women wore lovely short dresses and looked like angels in them, he will be met with the crushing reply that "a few years ago" is not to-day. None of these severe votaries of Fashion, however, seem to see that they are evading her decrees in holding up their dresses. The milliners compelithem to wear these long robes, so that they ing up their dresses. The milliners compel them to wear these long robes, so that they may get muddy and wear out sooner, and it is disloyal to try to save them from this fate.

N. Y. Tribune.

Ideas of Woman.

A recent work published at Brussels contains, among other interesting matter, a col-lection of aphorisms by various authors, mostly French, of which we append a few: CHAMPERS.—In the choice of a lover a woman

such naturally endearing charms that even their presence is generally beneficial. MADAME DE STARL.—Love in a woman's life

is a history; in a man's, an episode.

CATALANI.—Only he who has nothing to from a woman is truly sincere in her

DIDEROT.—There exists among women faith. They hate each other, yet protect each others interests.

STABL.—No woman, even the most intellectual, believes herself decidedly homely. This self-deception is natural, for there are some most charming women without a particle of

LONDON journals have for a long time had articles on the subject of "A Third Sex," and a writer in the Womans' Journal thus alludes to the matter: "There is growing up in Eugland a large class of women who do not marry, but who apparently wish not to marry. They deliberately devote themselves to literature, to teaching to some trade, generally an artistic one: at any rate to some occupation that gives a livelihood and tends to culture, and this they choose for life. The marrying instinct seems dead, or rather never to have been born in them. They do not seem to be thought out of place, but, on the contrary, they move in fit places in the great social organism easily and naturally and are accepted without remark."

A Hoo with a Wooden Leo.—A hog with an artificial leg must be a touching and picturesque object. The cow-catcher at Dunleith took off the hinder leg of Mr. Smith's hog, and his benevolent owner made a wooden succedancum and strapped it to the stump. The creature shows its gratitude by accumulating fat with great rapidity, the only drawback being that when killing and curing time comes, one of the hams will have no handle.

The quaintest thing of late in baby talk—A little girl seeing a dog scratching to be let in at an opposite door, promptly knocked at the window and called out, "Ing e bell, doggy, ing e bell."

The property, when the clid has a rose, and the language, even in Michigan, is totally indequate, and one of them was the other day, when a carpenter named Johnson put his finger through an auger hole to remove a sliver, and his fellow workman seeing the digit projecting from the orifice took it for another sliver let fly with his chisel and took it of clear up to the knockle.

Little Talk to the Boys and Girls.

It is very hard for boys and girls between ten and twenty to believe what older people tell them concerning the selection of reading matter. It a book is interesting, exciting, thrilling, the young folks want to read it. They like to teel their hair stand on end at the hairbreadth escapes of the hero, and their nerves tingle to his tribulations - and what harm is there in it? his tribulations—and what harm is there in it?

Let us see what harm there may be. You know very well that a child fed on candy and cake and sweetmeats soon loses all healthy appetite for nutritious food, his teeth grow black and crumble away, his stomach becomes deranged, his breath offensive, and the whole physical and mental organization is dwarfed and injured. When he grows older he will crave spices and tobacco and alcohol to stimulate his abnormal appetite and give pungency to tasteless though healthful food. No man who grows up from such childhood is going to have the first positious of honor and trust and usefulness in the community where he lives. usefulness in the community where he lives. The men who hold those positions were fed with milk and bread and meat when they were

young, and not with trash.

Now, the mind like the body grows by what
it feeds upon. The girl who fills her brain
with silly, sentimental, lovesick stories grows up into a sillly, sentimental, lackadaisical woman, useless for all the noble and substanwoman, useless for all the noble and substantial work of life. The boy who feeds on sensational newspapers and exciting novels has no intellectual muscle, no commanding will to make his way in the world. Then, saide from the debilitating effect of such reading, the mind is poisoned by impure associations. These thrilling stories have always murder, or theft, or knayer as an integral part of the or lying, or knavery as an integral part of their tissue, and boys while reading them live in the companionship of men and women, of boys and girls, with whom they would be ashamed to be seen conversing, whom they would never think of inviting to their houses and intro-ducing to their friends, and whose very names they would not mention in polite society as associates and equals. Every book that one reads, no less than every dinner that one eats, becomes part and parcel of the individual, and we can no more read without injury an unwholesome book or periodical than we can eat tainted meat and not suffer thereby. Just as there are everywhere stores full of candy, and cake, and liquor, and tobacco, and spices, so there are everywhere books, newspapers and magazines full of the veriest trash, and abounding in everything however, and city in the liquous trash. ject the unwholesome literature current everywhere, and select such only as is intrinsically good.—N. Y. Tribune.

THE BABY WAKING .- Did you ever watch a baby waking from its morning nap? It is one of the prettie-t sights in the world. There is the crib, with its small preparations and snow white drapery that covers something, round and plump. There is nothing to reveal what it is; not the slightest movement of the pillowed whiteness that is visible—no sound to indicate keenest actual life, until the hour hand of the clock that stands sentinel like yourself, has twice made its circuit. Then, there is a slight pulsing in the white drapery, a small pink tremulous hand, fair as a rose-bud is thrust out, and from the nest thus broken into, appears a round diminutive fees with with thrust out, and from the nest thus broken into, appears a round diminutive face, with wide open eyes that have not much sp-culation in them yet; soon however they cease to stare and become questioning, serious, as if wondering what kind of a world it is they open upon, and the head lifts itself just a little, and two snow-white feet stand up spasmodically with a simultaneous movement each toe of which has simultaneous movement each toe of which has a simultaneous movement. But the head is too simultaneous movement each toe of which has an attendant dimple. But the head is too heavy—it falls back on the pillow with its own sweet weight, the hair all damp and golden—the cheeks peachy—the mouth just pouted, as the angels kissed it in dreams. A first lingering go-o-o comes from its rosy depths, sweeter than any bird's song, for it has a spirit tone and yet retains a thrill of its native skies. The chubby hands are lifted imploringly, persuasively, the baby is awake and ceases to be an angel.—Prairie Farmer.

GROWTH OF MAN .- Observations regarding CHAMPERS.—In the choice of a lover a woman considers more how he appears in the eye of other women than in her own. Love is more pleasing than matrimony, just as romance is more entertaining than history.

BOUGUEART.—If we speak ill of the sex generally they will arise against us; if we do the same of any individual woman, they will agree with us.

Charles Lemesle.—Most of their faults become when full grown. After five years the women owe to us, whilst we are indebted to them for most of our better qualities.

Strang.—Most women are endowed such naturally endearing charms that even their presence is generally beneficial. time the size attained is half that which it is to year; while from eighteen to twenty the in-crease in hight is seldom over one inch. At the age of twenty-five the growth ceases, save in a few exceptional cases. It has furthermore been observed that, in the same race, the mean size is a little larger in cities than in the coun-try, a fact that will be received with doubt by many who have come to regard the rustic as the

> REGARD FOR THE AGED .- A little thoughtfu REGARD FOR THE AGED.—A little thoughtfu attention, how happy it makes the old. They have outlived most of the friends of their early youth. How lonely their hours! Often their partners in life have long filled silent graves; often their children they have followed to the to the tomb. They stand solitary, bending on their staff, waiting till the same call shall reach them. How often must they think of absent, lamented faces; of the love which cherished them, and the tears of sympathy which fell with theirs, now all gone. Why should not the young cling around and comfort them, cheering their gleom with songs and happy smiles.—Selected.

> Honning Stavent.—Mrs. Livermore's blood boils and her spine rises when she comes to this part of her lecture: "Among the Brabmins in Southern India, when the husband takes a wife he binds around her neck the badge of ownership, as you bind your badge of ownership around the neck of your Spitzbergen dog. She cooks her husband's food, stands behind and serves him, and when he has finished his meal she cats what he has left, if he leaves anything, and if he does not she gets along the best way she can."

A Marcu Under the Microscope.—Thos who are fond of investigations with the microscope will find a beautiful object in the head of a parlor match. Strike the match, and blow it out as soon as the head has fused sufficiently to some a second sufficiently to some output. ciently to cause protuberances to form on it; on the part of the head which took fire first, will be found a white, sponsy formation, which, under the microscope and with a bright sunlight upon it, has the appearance of dia-monds, crystals, snow, frost, ice, silver and jet, no two matches giving the same combination or arrangement.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Humbug Food.

A careful observer will not accuse us of exaggeration when we say that thousands, yes, millions of people are daily attempting to supply the alimentary wants of their bodies with compounds which are the veriest humbugs exthe ends of their fingers at his exploits, and tant. Very earnest and just protests are raised their faces burn with passionate sympathy in against the many lottery swindles and numerous other deceptive operations constantly being brought to light; but the majority of us daily allow ourselves to be "taken in" by the savory but innutritious and unwholesome mix-tures which modern cooks furnish us. A mulsavory but innutritious and unwholesome mixtures which modern cooks furnish us. A multitude of shrewd farmers, merchants, lawyers, and even doctors, who pride themselves upon their tact and eleverness, are unwittingly cheated several times a day by their dear wives, although we should in justice say that the latter are in total ignorance of the perpetration of any offense. And yet, although a matter which is so intimately related to life and health as is food and drink is of vastly greater moment than mere material or pecuniary affairs a protest against these wholesale dietetic swindles is seldom heard.

The common terms, "rich" and "poor," as applied to food, are excellent illustrations of the ignorance of the popular mind respecting the real dietetic value of articles of food. Thus we hear, and sometimes curselves speak, of rich pies, rich cakes, etc.; and we talk of poor food and low diet, including in the latter classes articles which are deficient in those elements which would give them rank in the class of twich food, if present. In our setimeter

classes articles which are deficient in those ele-ments which would give them rank in the class of "rich food" if present. In our estimation the terms rich and poor should be applied to articles of diet in exactly the reverse of their present application. If the word "rich" has any proper significance as relating to food, it should certainly be applied to such articles as contain the materials requisite for the main-tenance of the body in the largest proportion, and in the most available condition. This would require us to denominate as "rich," such articles as Graham bread, oatmeal pudsuch articles as Graham bread, oatmeal pudding, and similar delicacies, while the appellation of "poor" should be applied to pies polluted with lard and spices, cake made indigestible with sods, butter, and a profusion of sweets, and all articles of like charcter. So, too, would we be obliged to term "poor" the numerous "fried" dishes which figure so largely in the popular bills of fare. But poorest of all is the diet of the man who allows himself to believe that in taking a glass of est of all is the diet of the man who allows himself to believe that in taking a glass of "bouillon" he is taking a "long drink and a square meal at the same time," as the flaming placards in the saloons assert.—Health Refor-

Brown Bread.—The sweetest bread ever BROWN BREAD.—The sweetest bread ever made.—Take three pints of coarse yellow corn meal, scald it with three pints and a half of boiling-water, add two pints of coarse rye meal after the corn has cooled. Knead thoroughly with the hands. Take it out into a stoneware crock which is a little larger at the top. The quantity here given will take a vessel which holds five or six quarts. Place it immediately in the oven, after smoothing over the top with a spoon frequently dipped in cold water. Cover with a stone or iron plate, and have but little heat in the oven. It should take three hours to begin to bake, then bake slowly four hours. Leave the loaf in until the oven cools off, if it is several hours longer. It should be dark-colored, light and firm, with a good soft crust. A round-bottomed iron kettle will do to bake in. Try it. made.-Take three pints of coarse vellov bake in. Try it.

SPLIT PEA SOUP .- Put one pint of split peas, which have been previously soaked in cold water four hours, into two quarts of pure soft water. Let them boil for one hour, then add water. Let them boil for one hour, then add one carrot, one parsnip, one turnip, two onions, a small head of celery and a little mint, all cut small, and boil another hour. Strain the soup from the vegetables, and thicken it with a little Indian meal, previously mixed in cold water; boil the whole for ten minutes more, and serve in a tureen with toasted or plain wheat meal bread. Mix the vegetables well, and put them into a mould or basin, and then into a vegetable dish, and serve with steamed or baked potatos. Salt moderately. or baked potatos. Salt moderately.

APPLE BREAD.—Weigh one pound of fresh, juicy apples, peel, core, and stew them to a pulp, being careful to use a porcelain kettle or a stone jar, placed inside an ordinary saucepan of boiling water; otherwise the fruit will become discolored; mix the pulp with two pounds of the best flower; put in the same quantity of yeast you would use for common bread, and as much water as will make it a fine, smooth as much water as will make it a nie, smooth dongh; put into an iron pan and place in a warm place to rise, and let it remain for twelve hours at least. Form it into long-shaped loaves, and bake in a quick oven.

BARKD CUSTABLE.—One pint of cream; four eggs; cinnamon; almond-flavor, and three onness of sugar. Boil the cream with a piece of cinnamon; time a basis, and when of cinusmon; pour it into a basin, and cold add the eggs, well beaten and strained, the sugar powdered, and a few drops of almond-flavor. Bake in small cups, in a cool

KERPING BUTTER. - I desire to pay a tribute to a profound maxim credited to an eminent dairy writer, to wit: "The more aroma in butter the less time it will keep." That is so true! It will not keep in my family. It is consumed about as fast as I can buy it at 50 cents per pound, and more is always wanted.—Nets Yorker.

A New Leger.— A new artificial light of great intensity, particularly rich in photographic rays has been recently invented in France. A quart bottle with a somewhat large mouth, has a cork with two openings. Through one of these a tube passes to near the bottom of the bottle; through the second a large tube packed with iron scale issues. Fragments of pumice fill the bottle, and on these carbon disulphide is poured. A current of nitric oxide gas, prepared by Deville's method—by the action of nitric and sulphuric acides on metallic iron contained in a telf-regulating reservoir—is passed through the bottle, where it takes up the vapor of the disulphide. It is then led through the safety-tube picked with iron scale to the burner. Excellent photographs were taken in five seconds with this light, the object being six feet distant. In photographic power the light is asserted to be superior to the magnesium or calcium light, and even to surpass the electric light itself. The products of combustion are noxious and must be gotten rid of. must be gotten rid of.

The finest coal yet discovered on the Pacific coast, without any exception, is declared by some experts to be that lately discovered in Pierce county, Oregon, in the foothills of the Cascade mountains, near the headwaters of the Tacoma Biver, and from 25 to 28 miles from the town of Tacoma. The deposit there is known to extend over a region at least two miles wide and three miles long, and the seems are from four to eight inches in thickness.