

The Home Circle.

Remembrance.

Say, shall we meet? Long years have flown since we two wandered side by side.

The stern, dark years that bore me on. They have not turned my heart to stone.

With thee, I can remember still The mountains in their grandeur dressed.

And thou art bound, as once bright link, Amidst the chain of those young dreams.

Unanswered yet into my soul Is that fond wish of mine.

And still unanswered is the wish, That I should see you once more.

Answer to "Flora." An unknown correspondent writes to me as follows: "Please tell me through the Press how to manage about my work—the easiest and quickest way of doing it—I am very slow and it is sometimes as late as three or four o'clock in the afternoon before I can sit down—not then to rest and read, but to darn stockings—

can nearly, if not quite, prepare breakfast for the following morning, and before retiring tidy up the room a little—put the chairs in their places, fold up the newspapers and put them away—adjust this and that and so much time will be saved the next morning.

Edeavor to finish your work by dinner time, of course I mean after the dishes are washed and put away, and the house tidied up—and never commence washing, ironing or baking in the afternoon—far better to rise early the next morning and do it. Then you have the afternoon to yourself. A good plan is to read—say an hour—and while sewing think over what you have read. That will help your memory wonderfully. Alternately read and sew, and you will be surprised to see how much you can accomplish in that way. Always have a place for everything and everything in its place. That proverb is old but will bear repeating.

It is just as easy to put your garments in their proper places as it is to toss them around the room, and they will not soil as quickly. The night before you iron your clothes, fold them neatly and evenly, dampen and lay carefully in your clothes-basket, with a large towel on top of all, and you will be delighted to see how easily they will iron.

Have separate places for your sheets, towels, stockings, collars, etc., instead of jumbling them all in together. Now for some hints: A good dish cloth can be made of an old stocking—cut the foot off and use the other part. Some prefer to crochet them loosely of cord, but we are not partial to them.

Empty your flour into a large barrel, which will hold three or more sacksful, which is far preferable to having the flour in the sacks to be spilled and wasted as it generally is.

To prevent a teakettle from rusting, boil a double handful of bay in it, then fill the kettle with cold water and boil again.

If you will sprinkle flour on your pie plates before using, you will never use lard again, as it answers the purpose so much better. I have not half exhausted my subject, but fear I have used more than my share of space, so will answer your other questions some other time, and if there is anything that I have omitted, or that you wish to know, call on me again.—Eliza E. Anthony.

Why Men Will Not Marry Now-a-Days.

Says a New York paper: New York is crowded with rich, unmarried men, afraid of the expense of supporting these gilded butterflies. There is a bachelor at the Sixth Avenue Hotel, whose income is \$20,000 a year, and still he says he can't afford to get married. He is a proud fellow, and says as a single man he can have the best horses, best rooms and best box at the opera.

"If I should get married," he said, "I would have to stint myself or overdraw my income." "How is that?" asked a friend.

"Well, now, come into the parlor and I'll show you. You see ladies are extravagant now-a-days. They dress so much more in Europe. I mean they don't wear rich diamonds like the women of Florence and Milan, but they wear such rich dresses, laces, shawls and furs. Now, I'm proud, and I would not want my wife to be outdressed, so I have to keep out of the marriage business."

"Do you see that lady there?" he asked, pointing to a fashionable caller.

"Yes." "Well, she has on a \$400 panned, watered, polonaised, brown, gross-grain dress, and I wear a \$60 coat. She wears a \$1,200 camel's hair shawl, and a \$500 set of shawls, while I wear a \$70 overcoat. She wears a \$70 bonnet, while I wear a \$3 hat. She wears \$200 worth of point applique and point aigle, while I wear a \$6 shirt. Her shoes cost \$15 and mine cost \$12. Her ordinary morning jewelry, which is changed every year, not counting diamonds, cost \$400, mine cost \$50."

"Well, how does it foot up?" "Why, the clothes she has on cost \$2,225, and mine cost \$206, and that is only one of her dozen outfits, while I only have—say three. The fact is," said he, growing earnest, "I couldn't begin to live in a brown-stone front with that woman and keep up appearances to match—carriages, church, dinners, opera and seaside for \$20,000. I'd have to become a second-rate man, and live in an eighteen-foot house, or withdraw over to Second avenue, and that I'd be hanged if I do!" and he slung his fists down into a nice silk hat in the excess of his earnestness.

OUR FACES—OPEN BOOKS.—The mysteries of the schools, or the learning of the ancients cannot be studied by all, but pages from the great book of human nature are scattered all around us in ever-changing diversity. There is no repetition, no sameness there; but all are original copies, for the author is Omnipotence. Enter the schools where the "coming man" is being prepared for his high destiny, and we note the open eye, the unrefined brow, and the undeveloped features, all denoting innocent childhood and immaturity. Into another, of a different class of children, and oh, how forcibly does the care-worn brow, the sharpened and pinched features speak of poverty and suffering, oft-times of crime!

LOITER IN PLACES where business men congregate, and there may be seen character displayed in its most selfish aspect, all eager for gain, many plotting how to emulate certain Tammany leaders, and yet elude the penitentiary. Has it any influence on features, do you ask? Let lynch eyes, corrugated brow, hooked nose, and compressed lips answer.

VISIT the library of the scholar, or the sanctuary of the poet, and strikingly do the spacious head, lofty brow, and thoughtful face of the one, as the dreamy, absorbed, spiritual face of the other, reveal their inner life and their profession also. Walk along Broadway, and mark the expression and look of the elegant, refined lady, and then visit the dingiest tenement-house that New York contains, and note the difference in the look of its inmates.—Annual of Phrenology.

A DEER KILLED BY A YOUNG GIRL.—The annexed incident illustrating the courage, skill and coolness of a Santa Rosa girl is strictly true and well worth public notice. Miss George Anser, a young girl about eighteen years of age, was visiting her sister, Mrs. Perry Hudson, at the old Hudson place. A German was in pursuit of a deer in the hills back of the house; he got one shot but missed the game. The deer a noble buck, came dashing down the hill. Miss Anser saw it coming, got a Henry rifle from the house, took a favorable position, and, as the deer, at full speed, came in range, with unerring aim she put a ball just back of its fore shoulder, and then and there terminated the hunt. The hunter came up soon after and proposed to divide the game. Miss Anser, who is as generous as she is brave and handsome, acceded to his proposition and the sportsman went off with half the spoils, but all the honors of the hunt were with Miss Anser, who so cleverly doubled up, and so generously divided the prize.—Sonoma Democrat, Feb. 15th

Mrs. ABRAHAM LINCOLN is spending the winter in Florida. A Chicago correspondent of a Louisiana Journal says the lady has refused numerous eligible offers of marriage since her husband's death.

ALL bachelors are not entirely lost to the refinement of sentiment, for the following toast was lately given by one of them at a public dinner: "The ladies—Sweethearts in the garden of life."

TEARS is everything in the man, nothing in the chance, for the right kind of a man makes his own chance.

Your word should be as good as your bond.

Jerking the Reins.

Referring to a recent work, entitled, "The Perfect Horse: How to Know Him, etc.," Rev. E. N. Pomeroy, in The Independent, considers that it is quite as important to find a "perfect driver," as says:

A horse of average intelligence may be controlled in good part—at least on ordinary occasions—by the voice; in this way, without the use of the whip or reins, he may be made to go faster or slower, or to stop at once.

The horse also knows whether he is going away from the stable or toward it; he knows also the places where he has been accustomed to stop; and, although he wears blinders, he sees everything before him and on each side, and much that is behind him. He is the most sagacious of animals. The reins and whip might, I believe, be dispensed with altogether; and that they are used is owing rather to timidity and stupidity on the part of the man than to lack of docility or tractability on the part of the beast.

Much has been said and something has been done of late to prevent the too frequent use of the whip, both as a persuader to more rapid motion and as a gratification of an evil temper by those having charge of these noble creatures; but, for my part, I have always had as great sympathy as well for those unfortunate, unoffending horses whose drivers—too kind-hearted, too absent-minded, or too indolent to use the whip—are continuously jerking the reins. If the end in view were to destroy the temper or break the spirit of the animal, to make of a good racer, roadster, carriage or saddle-horse a poor, dispirited, aimless hack, this would be just the means used for its accomplishment.

Horses, however, are not the only creatures that are afflicted in this way, and horse-drivers are not the only persons who so afflict.

Among employers there is often a tendency to jerk the reins. Many a man who would scorn to be unjust in payment of services rendered, even to the amount of a mill, or who would not use violence if he had the opportunity and provocation of a plantation overseer, does great injustice to the conscientiousness and general faithfulness of those whom he employs, and injures their feelings; perhaps twenty times a day, by his quickness of manner or bluntness of speech.

Teachers are too much inclined to jerk the reins. They have smiles and smooth words for the scholars who learn easily, who have few difficulties to overcome, and need little sympathy or encouragement; and reserve their frowns and maledictions for those luckless wights to whom a ladder is like an oakplank, who are always striving and never achieving, and who are poorly enough off with, all the advice and good-natured incitement that a teacher can command.

Ministers, like the rest of mankind, occasionally jerk the reins. They sometimes show an inclination to lord it over God's heritage. They say and even do sharp things now and then; not for the good that may be accomplished thereby, but for the sake of saying and doing them. They seem to be fearful that some may not be aware or may forget that they have the "oversight of the flock of God." Now this jerking the reins by those in authority is not a determined and deliberate sin. There is no "malice prepense" in it. It is rather a habit that grows little by little, until at length it may become intolerable.

I have an idea that if a horse, habitually tormented in the manner we have been considering, were like Balaam's ass, for a few moments, endowed with the gift of human speech, he would discourse somewhat on this wise: "Good sir, [or madame], I am not a stone nor a post to be jerked in this way, nor am I a wild animal. I am a horse, the most faithful, intelligent, affectionate servant man has in all the brute creation. I am ready to do your bidding at any hour of the day or night, to eat what you give me, and to live where you may please to stable me. You sometimes leave me without a blanket, exposed to the cold or wet; you sometimes forget to feed and water me at the proper time; you often give me nasty hay, or sour meal, and sometimes give me post-meal. I have even known you, when I am going fast enough. All these afflictions and indignities I have borne and can bear again; but do not, I beg you, do not keep jerking the reins, for the iron bit to which they are attached passes through my mouth, and when you jerk it does you no good, for I go no faster than if you were to speak to me never so gently, for my hearing is good, and it does me harm; it hurts and irritates me, and makes me an ambitious spiritless creature."

The human expostulation, if utterance were given it, would be essentially the same.

MANKIND NOT SO BAD, AFTER ALL.—It is a curious fact, which ought to have its proper weight, that the man whose duty is to know most about crime, (the head of the police of London,) has been heard to say, that he finds more and more to excuse in men, and thinks better of human nature, even after tracking it through its most perverse and intolerable course. It is the man who has seen nothing of life who is intolerant of his fellow-men. Misanthropical people have, in most cases, been made misanthropes by hoping too much. But go on, thinking the best you can of mankind, working the most you can for them, never scolding them because they will not be wise your way; and even then, being sure that, think as gently and as lovingly as you can, you have dealt but a scant measure of tolerance to your fellow-man.—Arthur Helps.

AN ENAGUING MANNER.—Politicians is to man what beauty is to a woman. It creates an instantaneous impression in his behalf; while the opposite quality exercises as quick a prejudice against him. The politician who has this advantage, easily distances all the rival candidates, for every voter he speaks with instantly becomes his friend, the very tones in which he speaks for a pinch of snuff, are often more potent than the logic of a Clay. Polished manners have often made second-rate successful, while the best of men, by their hardness and coldness, have done themselves incalculable injury—the shell being so rough that the world could not believe there was a precious kernel within it. Had Raleigh never flung down his cloak in the mud for the proud Elizabeth to walk on, his career in life would scarcely have been successful in life by pleasing manners alone. A trait of character is well worth cultivating, lady. Never forget the value of true civility.

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'Cos He Sang So.

Leaning idly over the fence a few days since we noticed a little four-year old "lord of creation" amusing himself in the grass watching the frolicsome flight of birds which were playing around him. At length a bobolink perched himself upon a drooping bough of an apple tree which extended to within a few yards of where the urchin sat, and maintained his position apparently unconscious of the close proximity of one whom the birds usually consider a dangerous neighbor. The boy seemed astonished at his imprudence, and, after regarding him steadily for a minute or two, obeying the instinct of his baser nature, he picked up a stone lying at his feet, and was preparing to throw it, steadily himself carefully for good aim. The little arm was reached backward without alarming the bird, and Bob was within an inch of damage, when lo! his throat swelled, and forth came nature's plea: A-link-a-link, bob-o-link, bob-o-link! a-no-wee! a-no-wee! I know it, I know it! a-link-a-link, don't throw it! throw it, etc., and he didn't. Slowly the little arm subsided to its natural position, and the despised stone dropped. The minstrel charmed the murderer. We heard the songster through, and watched his unharmed flight, as did the boy, with a sorrowful countenance. Anxious to hear an expression of the little fellow's feelings, we approached him and inquired:

"Why didn't you stone him, my boy? You might have killed him and carried him home."

The poor little fellow looked up doubtfully, as though he suspected our meaning, and, with an expression of half shame and half sorrow, he replied:

"'Couldn't, 'cos he sang so!"

Don't stone the birds.

THE ROTHSCHILD WOMEN.—The Jewish Messenger says: "We take pleasure in referring to the merits of the Rothschild family, not because they are wealthy, but for the simple reason that in spite of their wealth they strive to be useful to their kind. The men are immersed in business; they are charitable, but the people will say that it is easy to be charitable if you are rich. The women are public-spirited, intelligent and warm-hearted, founding hospitals, reformatories, children's homes, endowing scholastic institutions, encouraging struggling professionals, and taking a personal interest in the poor. Baroness Lionel makes weekly visits in the meanest portions of London, brightening the home of the Jewish artisan, giving her good counsel to the earnest teachers of the free schools, the matrons and assistants of the various charities. The daughter of Alphonse, of Paris, teaches a good lesson to her sisters in faith, and to rich young ladies of creed, by receiving a well-earned diploma as teacher. Anselm's daughter, in Vienna, is prominent in music, not only composing songs that attain popularity, but aiding struggling musicians by pen and purse.

WHAT AM I GOOD FOR?—Remember the parable of the talents—one had ten, another five, another two and another one. So it is among men to-day. Our "talents" may be compared with money, with education, acquired art, natural gifts, or with an opportunity to do good. If we use our one, two, five, or ten talents to do the best of our ability, we shall be accepted, and earn the approval of Him who judges righteously. Are we living so to-day that we can ask or hope that God's blessing on the course we are pursuing? This is our right, our privilege and our duty, we may count our passing moments as unimportant, as they appear to be uneventful. But "time flies," and we must fly to keep up, or be left behind; each second, like the tick of a clock, makes its record. We do not realize this until we come into middle life or old age, when if our time has been frittered away, we are punished in a "hell" of regrets, for "lost time and lost opportunity."—Annual of Phrenology.

In a late letter from London Joaquin Miller writes very strikingly concerning the death of Tom Hood the younger, and is led to speak of his first meeting with that genial and accomplished gentleman. The first evening he passed with Hood he brought out a scrap basket containing the relics of his father's manuscript. They looked for some time, hoping to find a copy of the "Bridge of Sighs," but their search proved unavailing, except that it brought to light the following lines which, written on a small scrap of paper, were evidently intended for a portion of that most sadly beautiful of all the authors efforts:

Cover her, cover her, Throw the sod over her, Hide her from God.

As a literary curiosity, it alone their pathetic lines are worthy of preservation.

BETTER THAN GOLD.—We often hear little boys telling of the wonders they will do when they grow to be men. They are looking and longing for the time when they will be large enough to carry a cane and wear a tall hat; and not one of them will say he expects to be a poor man; but every one expects to be rich. Now, money is very good in its place; but let me tell you little boys what is a great deal better than money, and what you may be earning all the time you are waiting to grow large enough to earn a fortune. The Bible says "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver or gold." A good name does not mean a name for being the richest man in town, or for owning the largest house. A good name is a name for doing good deeds; a name for wearing a pleasant face and carrying a cheerful heart; for always doing right, no matter where we may be.

A GOOD CUSTOM.—Mechanical employments of various kinds are gradually coming more and more into fashion as a source of amusement amongst the young of both sexes. Small printing-presses, tool chests, turning lathes, scroll saws, etc., are now manufactured in large quantities; and are eagerly purchased by those who desire pleasure and instructive employment for their leisure hours. The introduction of these mechanical occupations, serves a more important end than the mere production of a few pretty toys and ornaments, and the keeping of young people out of mischief. They educate the eye, and the hand, and impart a general dexterity, which is of the utmost value in every department of life. Moreover, they give a self confidence in regard to mechanical matters which will often prove of great service.

A LITTLE girl had seen her brother playing with his burning-glass, and heard him talk about the word "focus," she referred to the dictionary, and found that the focus was "the place where the rays meet." At dinner, when the family was assembled, she announced, as grand as could be, that she knew the meaning of one hard word. Her father asked her what it was. She replied that it was the word "focus." "Well, Mary," said he, "what does it mean?" "Why," she replied, "it means a place where the rays meet." This, of course, caused a great laugh. But she stuck to her point, and produced her dictionary to prove that she was right. "There," she said, triumphantly. "Focus—a place where the rays meet; and if they raise meet, they raise calves. And so I am right, ain't I, father?"

Domestic Economy.

Salads and Dressings.

"Daisy Eyebright" always writes well and always tells her readers things true and useful, whether her subject be flower gardening, cookery, or domestic economy. She says, for instance, of salads (in the Country Gentleman) that if we would use them, as the French do, as an article of daily food, we should not engender so many disorders of the blood as we do by eating so much fat meats, and butter and sugar in its varied forms of cakes, pies, puddings, etc. She offers the following recipes, which we hope our fair housekeepers will try for themselves:

MAYONNAISE DRESSING.—This is for lobster or chicken salad, and is made as follows: Break the yolks of three raw eggs into a salad bowl, add a little salt and white pepper; stir it with a wooden spoon with the right hand, while with the left you add, very slowly, about half a pint of pure salad oil, poured from the bottle held in the left hand. Beat it for twenty minutes, and add pepper and salt to your taste. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, and stir rapidly into the dressing. Now add about two large spoonfuls of vinegar, more or less, according to its strength, and blend all thoroughly together until it is as smooth as glass; if not so, add a few drops of cold water to mingle the whole mixture. Take the lobster from the shell; leave the legs and the "coral" to be used as garnish; cut the remainder into small dice and place in a deep bowl; add to it small heads of ool lettuce (which is the light green variety, and very tender, but the common kinds will do), garnish the dish with capers and lobster claws and "coral," sliced hard-boiled eggs and olives, first, turning the mayonnaise all over the lettuce.

If you desire to make chicken mayonnaise, roast the fowls, basting them frequently with butter dissolved in water; when roasted tender, remove the flesh from the body, wings and legs; cut in small mouthfuls, and add either celery, lettuce, or chopped cabbage—the first, if well blanched, is preferable. Garnish with slices of boiled beets, hard-boiled eggs, and olives.

CABBAGE AND HAM SALAD.—Take two small heads of cabbage, well washed, and chop them quite fine; slice off a dozen or more thin slices of tender boiled ham. Mix the two together in a salad bowl. Make a dressing of two raw eggs, mixing the yolks with half a tea-spoonful of mustard, stirred up in boiling water; then add three table-spoonfuls of sour cream; just skimmed from the pan, or one small tea-cupful of salad oil, poured in very slowly, as directed for mayonnaise. Stir for ten minutes, adding a little salt and pepper. Beat the whites of the eggs to a froth, and add to it; also four table-spoonfuls of vinegar. This makes a delicious side dish, or a course at the dinner-table, and the housewife will find it a toothsome substitute for a hot dinner when the mercury mounts high up among the misties, and there is ironing or washing to attend to. Chopped cold boiled potatoes can also be added; and the dish can be prepared out of cold boiled corned beef chopped fine, or from cold roast beef, beef, or mutton. Lettuce can be substituted for cabbage if preferred, and the mustard can be left out.

BOILED CABBAGE SALAD.—Boil a Savoy cabbage until tender; then drain and chop it. Serve with a salad dressing, made out of two hard-boiled eggs mashed very fine, three table-spoonfuls of thick, sour cream, one tea-spoonful of mixed mustard, one tea-spoonful of salt, two table-spoonfuls of strong vinegar. Stir until perfectly smooth, and turn over the cabbage.

TO TAKE OUT BRUISES IN FURNITURE.—Wet the place well with warm water, then take some brown paper five or six times doubled and well soaked in water, lay it on the place, apply on that a hot flat iron all the moisture is evaporated and if the bruise is not gone, repeat the process. You will find after two or three applications that the dent or bruise is raised level with the surface. If the bruise is small, soak it well with warm water, and hold a red-hot poker very near the surface, which is to be kept continually wetted, and you will soon find the indentation vanish.

HOME REPAIRS OF PLASTERED WALLS.—Small holes in white plastered walls can be easily repaired without sending for the mason. Equal parts of plaster of Paris and white sand—such as is used in most families for scouring purposes—mixed with water to a paste, applied immediately, and smoothed with a knife or flat piece of wood, will make the broken place as good as new. The mixture hardens very quickly, so it is best to prepare but a small quantity at a time.

APPLE SNOW.—Pare the apples, halve and core them; put them to boil with a little water and one cupful white sugar. When the apples are cooked, lift them out without breaking; boil down the sirup and pour over. On the top place a few spoonfuls of whites of eggs; beaten to a stiff froth and seasoned with lemon.

WHITE CAKE.—Two eggs, two cups of white sugar, one cup sweet milk, one-half cup butter, beat to a cream; two table-spoonfuls cream tartar, one tea-spoonful soda, three and one half cups flour. When baked, sprinkle the top with white sugar, and place spoonfuls of jelly on the top.

PUNCHING HOLES IN STRAPS.—The punching of holes through the various straps of harness, for buckle tongues, and for attaching the buckles, is a matter of great importance, and does not, as a rule, receive the attention that it should. The old method of punching them from the upper or grain side of the leather, has been generally abandoned by the manufacturers of fine work, it being deemed injurious to the wear of the leather. The principal objection arises from the liability of the grain of the latter to crack from the strain of the buckle-tongue, and to be the cause, eventually, of the leather tearing, as it causes such a crease where the tongue catches that it injures the texture of the leather, and makes it tear the hole more or less. In addition to this, if the leather is very strong, the tongue of the buckle is sure to bend out of shape. All these objections can be obviated by punching from the under or flesh side of the strap, and by using a punch, the long sides being parallel with the length of the strap; the punch should be set at an angle of about twenty degrees, cutting the hole at such an angle that the buckle-tongue will rest in it without throwing any strain on the inside of the leather. Some object to punching the hole from the under side on account of its forcing the grain out, and thus disfiguring the outside edges of the holes. This can be corrected, however, by driving the punch through the hole from the outside, which will cut away the slightly-thinned edge of the grain, and set it down smooth and close. It is not necessary, however, to re-punch any holes except those that will be exposed when the harness is complete. Punches should be as thin as possible, as the extra thickness of the metal strains the leather.—Harness Journal.

OUR JUSTICE McKean, of Utah, has been removed, and David P. Low appointed in his place.