THE INDEPENDENT

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THE DOUGLAS INDEPENDENT.

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THE INDEPENDENT

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Notice.

Notice is hereby given, to whom it may concern, that the undersigned has been awarded the contract for keeping the Douglas county Paupers for the period of two years. All persons in need of assistance from aid county must first procure a certificate to that effect from any member of the County Board, and present it to one of the following named persons, who are authorized to, and will care for those presenting such certificate: W. L. Butten, Roseburg; L. L. Kellogg, Oakland; Mrs Brown, Looking Glass. Dr. Scroggs is authorized to furnish medical aid to all persons in need of the same who have been declared paupers of Douglas county.

WM. B. CLARKE, Supt. of Poor.

ROSEBURG, Or., Feb. 15, 1880

WITCHCRAFT AND SUPERSTITION.—An ugly old woman at Ipswich, England, taking advantage of her reputation as a witch, obtained $10 from the parents of a sick girl as the price of removing the spell that they believed the invalid was under. A magistrate fined her $5 and made her return the $10. A Normandy hag has just fared worse at the hands of the law. By pretending to cure cattle of all diseases by supernatural means, she swindled the superstitious peasants easily. In court she tried to convince the jury that she was an honest witch. Several witnesses swore that she burned 570 toads in their presence in order to drive the evil spirit out of a cow, and that they distinctly saw a black cat leap from the cow's mouth. The woman was convicted as a swindler, and sentenced to six month's imprisonment.

LATEST NEWS SUMMARY.

BY TELEGRAPH TO DATE.

Further Mexican reports say that cholera is raging in Tobasca.

Pleuro pneumonia has made its appearence among a herd of cattle in East Lancaster, Pa.

Dr. Hamilton, of New York, claims $25,000 for his services during President Garfield's illness.

The annual session of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is being held at Louisville, Ky.

Buzzaeds, it is said, are feeding on the half buried of the poor in Mazatan, Mexico, cemeteries.

Judge Edward Hammond died on the 18th in Howard county, Md., aged 70. He was a member of congress from '49 to '53.

Overdank, the man arrested some time since at Trieste, while manufacturing bombs has been sentenced to death.

Barry Sullivan, the actor, has consented to be nominated to parliament for the Irish constituency on home rule principles.

Eugene Bogardus, eldest son of the famous pistol shot, was fatally injured by being thrown from a train at Talladega, Ala., by a sudden lurch of the car.

John McLaughlin, of Chicago, in the criminal court was found guilty of manslaughter in killing Thomas Carter and sentenced to one year in the penitentiary.

An accident on the Albany and Susquehannah railroad killed one person, fatally injured one or two more and dumped a score of cars into the Susquehannah river.

Benj. Legault of Beauharnois, Canada, has entered action to prevent his widowed sister, 65 years of age, and worth a hundred thousand dollars, from marrying a young man.

A dispatch from Manilia says cholera continues to decrease since the last report. The average of deaths is four daily. The disease still rages on the island Vesaya.

The keeper of the lighthouse on Lonely Island has been called upon to explain his conduct in connection with the alleged robbery of the body of a victim of the Asia disaster.

The steam yacht for Jay Gould will be completed by spring. It will be constructed of iron and steel and have steel boilers, and will be 210 feet long, 27 feet beam and 16 feet deep, and will have 1500 indicated horse power.

The commissioner of the general land office has transmitted for delivery the patent for Rancho la Tursinea in Santa Barbara county, Cal., to Jose Ramon Malo, confirmed. The Rancho contains 14,780 acres of land, and the case has been pending for ten years.

The funeral of Geo. P. Marsh, U. S. minister to Italy, in the Protestant cemetery, was simply, almost private. The only official present was the American consul-general. The ex-secretary of the legation was also present. Flowers encircling the American flag covered the coffin.

William Dickson, of star route fame, has set for himself a life task. He proposes to sue every paper in the United States that has hinted at what he considers libelous reflections upon him in connection with the star route jury, and has cut clippings from hundreds of papers. It will take a considerable fortune to pay the preliminary fees of the suits if he adheres to his resolutions. Dorsey made similar threats long ago, but no suit has been brought.

Henry S. Slaughter, recently an engineer of Howell & Bros'. wall paper establishment at Philadelphia, Charles Gullery, an ex-employe of the firm, and Samuel Vance, a car driver, were arrested on the 19th upon bills charging them with the larceny of 600 pieces of wall paper. They pleaded guilty. The robbery extended over a number of years, and amounted to $1000. Cases against paper hangers and others, charged with receiving the stolen property, were disposed of the 20th inst.

Inquiry into the alleged insanity of Francis M. Scoville, wife of George Scoville and sister of Chas. J. Guiteau, the murderer of President Garfield, was begun in the county court in Chicago on the 19th on complaint of her husband, who appeared on behalf of the prosecution. The day was occupied in the selection of a jury and hearing the opening statements. Counsel Scoville, in his statements gave the history of the Guiteau family, claiming a streak of insanity had run through it since 1770, and that of 11 children of her father, five died insane and two of disease closely allied to it. Mr. Blanch, Mrs. Scoville's attorney, in his statement, charged Scoville with inhuman treatment to his wife and stated he instead of she should be in the lunatic asylum.

The New York Sun's Chicago special of Oct. 19th says: Bonanza Mackey, of California, passed through this city yesterday en route for New York. He was accompanied by W. S. Hobart, John M. Harper and A. A. Hickox, of San Francisco, and by Col. M. G. Gillett, who joined the party at Lake valley, New Mexico, for the purpose of escorting them through the cow boy infested region between Lake valley and the Santa Fe railroad, a distance of about thirteen miles. The cow boys have established a brigandage to kidnap wealthy men and hold them to ransom. Whenever Senator Jones, who is interested in mining property in New Mexico, visits that region he always assumes an incognito in order to escape the notice of brigands. Mackey failed to adopt this precaution and Col. Gillett, getting wind of the fact that a reward had been offered for the capture of Mackey by the captain of the cow boys, he volunteered the service of himself and a strong party to escort the bonanza king and his friends to the railroad. Although no effort was made to capture the millionaire a number of small bands of outlaws was encountered and Mackey expresses himself as satisfied that nothing but the presence of his escort prevented them from holding him up at least. He says that they would have secured nothing but a $5 note and a nickel watch for their trouble, but he congratulated himself on disappointing them to that extent.

Hog cholera of a new and virulent type has broken out near Iowa City. Jacob Seller has lost over four hundred head. Animals seem almost rotten from a cancerous source.

The trial of Turkas, for the murder of his wife and then firing his residence in Vicksburg, on the 2d of July last, to burn her body, resulted in a verdict of guilty on the 10th.

The jury in the case of Chas. H. Houghton, charged by the government with making false returns while collector of the port of Perth Amboy, returned a verdict of guilty with recommendation to mercy.

In the Universalist convention at Philadelphia on the 20th a resolution was adopted condemning the death penalty and recommending more humane punishments, declaring strongly in favor of constitutional prohibition and asking a stringent law to prevent cruelty to animals.

The New York Tribune says of the Knoxville tragedy: The bank building seems to have been a perfect arsenal, and the community is no worse off for the suppression, of such elements of barbarism. There is a completeness about this affair at Knoxville that will commend it to the public.

Mayor Law of Brooklyn has issued a good-natured proclamation to the boys of the city asking them not to build bonfires on the night of the election, as the custom is a silly one, and, while it may do for country villages, it is out of place in a great city, and also against the law.

The Turkish government has made a demand upon the Providence, R. I., Tool Company for 48,617 rifles, with bayonets and scabbards, manufactured by the Tool Company for the Turkish government, and held, as alleged, in store by said company for the government.

In Eastman, Ga., on the 20th Ridgley Powell, Simon G. Quinn, Joe King, Bob Donaldson and Ella Moore, negroes, were hanged in the jail yard for complicity in a riot at a camp meeting, in which a young white man named Jas Harvard was set upon by an infuriated mob and after being shot by one of the men was beated almost to a jelly by others. Women raised the howl which excited the mob to desperate work.

Henry Clay Mayard, who for the past eight years manager of the Western Union telegraph office at Chicago, died at Geneva Lake, Wisconsin, on the 20th. Since the death of his wife last spring he has been much broken in spirits and health, and was obliged to leave his office two weeks ago, since which time he has rapidly failed. He suffered from a puzzling complication of disorders and died in a congestive chill. He was widely known and respected by all.

Thirty-six horses and mules were stolen from Williams, Arizona, on the 15th by four horse-thieves, and they with their plunder started the same night overland for Texas to dispose of the same. The owners, all freighters, to the number of eight men, started in pursuit. The horse-thieves were surprised early on the 16th at Tijera canyon, thirty-five miles east of Williams and all were killed at the first fire. The stolen horses and mules were all recovered.

Students of Monmouth college and the faculty are at war. They had arranged to hold a reception in the chapel in honor of Mr. Ross, who recently won the oratorical prize in Chicago. The faculty tried to stop it, but the proceedings were conducted in spite of them, and they suspended Mr. Mitchell, master of ceremonies, indefinitely. On the 20th 200 students absented themselves, giving notice that they would not recite until Mitchell was taken back. Only a few students remained in the classes, and much interest in the contest is manifested.

Mary McCarty, of Canton, Mass., a prisoner in the woman's reformatory some weeks ago, brought suit claiming $20,000 damage of Justice Walbridge A. Field, of the supreme court, because he refused to grant her a writ of habeas corpus after having, as she alleges, illegally transferred a suit against her from the supreme court the the superior criminal court. The woman's attorney attached the judge's property to the amount of $20,000 on the 19th. This anomalous action came into the superior court before Judge Knowlton on the demurrer of defendant. The points made by the defense are exceedingly brief and were that plaintiff's remedy was by a writ of error and that the suit could not be maintained against Judge Field for the act done in his judicial capacity.

An organization known as the Maccabees has been started in Cincinnati. Its purpose is to encourage and assist in the promotion of agriculture among the Israelites. The plan is to enroll in sections all Israelites over 13 years of age who shall pay an annual due of one dollar each, the sections in each state to constitute a division, and representatives of divisions constitute a grand division. The latter will have an executive council which shall control and disburse funds. A provisional council to act until the executive council is organized has been chosen. It consists of M. Loth, Moses Krohn, M. H. Marks, Henry Stix, Joseph Abraham, Joseph Trounseline, Alex. Strauss, and Max Henry Towenstein.

In the Scoville insanity case at Chicago on the 20th the court was crowded with cranks and sightseers. Mr. Scoville testified to traces of insanity in Guiteau's family, from the grandfather down. Mrs. Scoville first showed signs of insanity when their son became sick. She fell in love with the physician and confessed it. Subsequently she denied the confession was made. She soon became violently nervous and irritating and attempted to leave the house. She confided all her grievances to others and lost all affection for her family except to him and within the past six months she had deserted him too. He related in detail his recent well known troubles with her. She formed a friendship with Geo. W. Earlie, an alleged newspaper man, and confessed to witness that she loved Earlie. They wrote and sent letters to Mrs. Garfield and others. Mrs. Scoville was very intimate with George Francis Train in New York. She was very sly now, though formerly frank. She was lately changeable, fickle and often provoked him.

GOLDEN ROD.

WILLIS B. ALLEN, IN "OUR CONTINENT."

O'er the dusty roadside bending,
With its wondrous weight of gold,
Can it be the rod enchanted,
Midas used in days of old?

Hush! perchance it is a princess
In the sunlight nodding there,
Spell-bound by the wicked fairy—
Sleepy little Golden-Hair!

Nay, it is Belschazzar's banquet,
Where the drowsy monarch sups
With his swarm of courtiers drinking
From the sacred golden-cups.

See, I pluck his tiny kingdom—
Long ago it was decreed—
And divide it, dear, between us,
You the Persian, I the Mede.

WOOED IN THE DOCKS.

There were twenty-seven persons charged with various offences before his honor that morning. It was only about eighteen months ago.

One of the accused was a young girl about seventeen, who was weeping very bitterly. The usual crowd of hangers on the police court was leering eagerly at the misfortunate tramp, the irreclaimable drunkard, the foreheadless petty larcenist, and the burly burglar.

But there was something in this young girl's sobs, in this sorrow of the fair haired maiden who had passed the night in the same cell with drunken prostitutes, female dive theives and women of the worst class that was heart-breaking.

Even the bailiff of the court—accustomed to criminal misery and inured to the scenes of suffering from the suicide of a wanton to the execution of a murderer and his parting with his mother and sister—even the bailiff felt touched, and walking up to the railing, whispered some kind word in her ear.

And next to her sat a young man pale as death. The humiliation of his position stood out in bold bas-relief in his attitude and in every feature of his face, in the nervous clutch of his hands, in the shifting of his feet, the disarranged hair, and the silently expressed suffering.

The judge was late that morning and kept the prisoners waiting.

His face was whiter than ever, but his mouth was firm and resolute, and after he had said the word that made him a convict, he faced the magistrate and said:

"Your honor, I have said guilty because I should be a liar if I said anything else; but, your honor, I have this to add to my plea: I never drank wine in my life until last Friday night, and I was utterly under its influence when I took that gold."

At this juncture an elderly man stepped forward and said, in a voice choked with emotion—

"Your honor, I am this young man's employer, and I am sorry that I have taken these steps now. With your permission I will withdraw the charge."

But his honor only looked a little dimly through his spectacles and said—

"Too late; complaint sworn to, arrest made, prisoner pleads guilty."

And it came to pass that Hugh Murray expiated the one criminal act of his life by six months in the house of correction.

But before he left the dock he managed to whisper to his neighbor—"Tell me your name, won't you. I have been so bad and I am sure you are so good; and perhaps when my punishment is over, you who are so gentle, will let me come and see you and call you my friend."

And she, with her great eyes all bleared with tears, said faintly—

"My name is Isabel—Isabel Daly. I hope you won't be bad again, and that they won't be unkind to you."

And he passed out of the dock with these words ringing in his ears—

"I hope you won't be bad again, and that they won't be unkind to you."

And when he reached the cell from which they were to take him away to the house of correction, the firmness that kept him up so far all left him, and crouched on the stones he burst into a passionate fit of weeping.

He was not long alone, for his employer had followed him, and the once severe master was now as badly broken down as the clerk whom he had caused to be punished so severely. The old jeweler put his arms around Hugh's neck and for several minutes could not speak. And at last said:

"My poor boy, I wish I could undo this. When I saw you standing in the dock, you made me think of a boy of my own who was ruined by the wine cup, and left me for I don't know where. What can I do? How can I undo this?"

There was no reply, for both hearts were too full to speak for a moment; but the young man at last raised his head and said—

"I am not crying like a baby for my punishment, and I have nothing but good will to you. If you have been harsh to me, I don't know it. Let me be candid with you. I was a thief, and I was a drunkard—a thief for the first time and a drunkard for the first time; but still I was both. If you think you have been harsh, then, when my punishment is over, help me to get somewhere where I can get work—a long way off, where my story is not known, and as I live, I will repay your kindness tenfold. And there is a young girl," he continued, "charged with stealing some lace, up stairs. Will you see her? I am sure she is innocent, and in the dock she forgot all her trouble for a moment, to ask me never to be bad again. It was that, Mr. Belden, which made me give way so weakly."

The parting was a very sad one, but the inevitable had to come, and Hugh Murray was for six months to come only "No. 137," in the western corridor.

A few days after he had been in prison he received a trunk full of new clothing from his late employer, some luxuries in the way of food, etc., that were specially permitted by the warden, and the following letter:

"My dear Hugh: Please accept the accompanying little gifts from me, and keep up a good heart. I send you some useful books wherewith to employ your time. Your friend, who was in such trouble, was perfectly innocent, and was discharged, her arrest having been a conspiracy, and she is now head saleswoman of the house where she was accused of theft. I called and told her yesterday how bitterly you suffered from her sympathy, and the noble girl burst into tears and bade me tell you to be of good courage and never be bad again."

* * * * *

A year after this there was a little quiet wedding in Toronto, Canada, and the bridegroom was a successful young jeweller, just started in business, and the president of one of the total abstinence societies, while the bride's name was Isabel Daly. And as he held her to his heart after the ceremony he whispered:

"Darling, do you remember that you were wooed in a prison dock?"

The one strange thing about the wedding, was however, that when they got to their new little home there was a letter addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Murray, and it had a smudge on it just as if an old-fashioned salt tear had fallen on it, and all that was inside of it was a check for one thousand dollars signed by Everett Belden.

Concerning Rugs.

When an American buyer arrives in the heart of the rug-making country in Asia, he selects the best agent he can find, and gives him an order for, say 100 rugs, of about the colors and sizes of certain samples which he may find in the bazaars. The Turkish agent then employs natives of the villages, where the kind of rugs selected are wanted, giving to each a bag of gold, and instructions to order four rugs. The sub-agent then goes among the families and talks with them, drinking many cups of coffee and discussing the price for days at a time. When a bargain is concluded some money is furnished the family for wool, dyes and food, and the agent goes away sure that in the course of a few months the rug will be ready. Upon a carpet eight feet by twelve a whole family will work for months. The cotton or woolen threads which form the groundwork or warp of the fabric are stretched upon a huge frame the width of the rug, and the family, or such members of it as are able to work, sit on the floor and tie knots in the warp threads with the colored wool tufts, tightening the finished fabric now and then with a rough comb.

Each worker takes about twenty-seven inches of the rug, and works along this strip. From two to four inches a day is the speed at which the rug advances if the family is large enough for the whole width of the rug to advance at the same time. A rug eight or nine feet wide requires four persons who work side by side. The finishing of the rug, smoothing, clipping, etc., is a work requiring skill and judgment. The wages are very small and the payment is according to the number of square feet. The workers know certain paterns by heart and dye their own wools. The old dyes have in some instances been supplanted by aniline colors which do not keep their tones, and fade without giving to the rug the softness of tint which is the chief glory of a fine Eastern rug. So many merchants have refused to buy the carpets in which aniline dyes have been used that the use of them may eventually be stopped.

The rug-makers as a class are poor in money, very ignorant and religious, but live comfortably. Especially around the borders of the Caspian sea, in the country watered by the rivers of the Caucassian mountains, are the people in comfortable circumstances, although about three centuries behind the rest of the world. The rugs and carpets are brought in from Persia and the neighboring districts on camels' backs, the arrival of a camel train being one of the curious sights of the town.

No Chance for Honor.

We were all at the depot in Macon, waiting for the train to go, when a colored man with a head as round as a bullet, came bustling in and picked up a friend and brother and jammed him against the wall and slammed him on the floor and bestowed upon his cocoanut some blows which must have made that organ ache in a lively manner. The victim was a tall, serious-looking man, wearing a plug hat and carrying a small satchel. He made no resistance, and when it was all over he sat down and rubbed the kinks out of his hat as coolly as if a pounding was an everyday occurrence.

"Rather sudden?" I remarked, as the crowd thinned out.

"Werry sudden, sah, an' altogether beyan' precedent," he replied.

"I noticed that you didn't resist."

"No, sah, I didn't get ober de commoshun soon 'nuff."

"Were you not expecting something of the sort?"

"No, sah, I am sellin' a powder dat makes a pint of kerosene ile go as fur as a quart widout it. I sold dat pusson some yesterday, an' I reckon he might have tried it fur toothache or liber complaint, an' become disgusted."

"He gave you some hard knocks."

"I 'spect he did, sah, an' de worst of it am I can't get eben wid him. De proper way would have been fur him to send me a challenge. We should have met on de field of honah, an' I should have killed him. He didn't do it. He rushed in heah, an' widout de leas' regard fur my sense of honah he banged me into a box an' walks out widout axin' fur my ca'd or leabin' his. Dat's one fing dat am keepin' our race down in dis kentry—want of honah. I don't say dat I 'prove of duellin', but I mus' insist dis way of walkin' in on a pusson who kin speak fo' languages an' has been to Niagary Falls an' moppin' him on de flo', am not only painful to de wictim, cut casts a slur on de archives of de hull African race."—[Detroit Free Press.

England has a blind Postmaster-general who fills the position with unprecedented success, and last year a blind ascended Mount Blanc. What seems almost as remarkable as that, according to the Wolverhameton Chronicle for 1702, "One Brisioe, manager of a small theatrical company, though stone blind, plays all the heroes in his tragidies, and the lovers in all genteel comedies."

Women are in the moral world what flowers are in the physical.—S. Marechal.

What Napoleon Ate.

The supply of fresh provisions was derived from Brazil and the Cape of Good Hope, and as the sheep and cattle had to endure a long voyage, they arrived at St. Helena lean and out of order, and never fattened after landing, as the the island furnished no means of restoring them to condition. The flesh was invariably tasteless, sometimes even quite unwholesome. St. Helena furnished no game. A few red partridges and pheasants arrived twice or thrice a year. Chinese pigs alone arrived fat and lovely, and M. Chandelier reports favorably of them. He says that their flesh was delicious, and that it gave him infinite pleasure to prepare pork griskins, sausages and black puddings, of all of which Napoleon was very fond. Fish was scarce, none of the European kinds visiting the island. Oysters, crabs, lobsters or any kind of shell fish were not to be had. Only two kinds of fish were at all tolerable; one is what the French called the "bonne femme," and the other, which is long like an eel, but not thicker than the little finger, is called the needle-fish. The only fruit of any value was the banana; this he utilized in fritters, or iced with rum. The climate was so variable that neither citron nor oranges could ripen; grapes and apricots never came to maturity; apples, pears and peaches were as bad.

Napoleon's breakfast consisted of sorrel pottage, or any other refreshing pottage, breast of muton boned and well grilled, served with a clear gravy, a roast chicken or two griskins, and sometimes a plate of pulse. For dinner he had a pottage, a remove, two entrees, a roast and two dishes of sweetmeats or pastry, of which he was very fond. This was always served on plate. The removes always used to puzzle M. Chandelier, for he often had nothing for the purpose but large pieces of beef, mutton, or fresh pork, with sometimes (by a happy chance) a goose, a turkey or a sucking pig. Madeira, Teneriffe and Copstantia were the wines supplied to the suite of the Emperor. His own drink was claret, and of that he drank very moderately.

Napoleon's cook is particular to record in these "Reminiscences" what dishes his master preferred: Roasted fowl, pullets minced "a la Marengo," "a l'Italienne," "a la Provencale" without garlic; fricasseed fowls sometimes done in champagne, which was very dear in the island, as much as twenty shillings a bottle. He liked puddings "a la Richlieu," but above all, he preferred sweet things and pastry, such as "vols auvent," "petite bouchees a la reine," and little cakes of maccaroni prepared in various ways.

The cook was unable (he relates with great sorrow) to make these as good as he ought, because the maccaroni, though sent from Naples, grew stale on the passage, as did the Parmesan. As Napoleon's health grew worse, he was more difficult to please, and poor M. Chandelier found his skill and energy taxed to do this.—[New Orleans Times Democrat.

What is Home?

A home is a place where character is formed, education goes on, and where people are impressed for time and fitted for eternity. It is a place to be happy in, to go in and start out from, for all good, honest and earnest living. Very great is her responsibility who is queen of this kingdom. To a very important extent she makes or mars its completeness. A fretful, fault-finding, narrow incapable woman in the position of wife and mother, can cloud a home while she keeps house well, and scrubs the floors till they are as white as snow. But the recording angel surveying her performance will surely say, "This ought you to have done, and not have left the other undone."

In a home there should be liberty without license, time for family intercourse, and space for personal solitude, room for the entertainment of guests and the maintenance of social life; and over all a tender, trusting, daily atmosphere of true devotion and communion with God. All this is not wholly, but largely, in the hands of her who is the central thought and well-spring of pleasure in every comfortable Christain home—the dear, honored, and gracious mother.

Let nobody who is a housekeeper fear to magnify her office. It is a very sacred one, and if she performs her duties faithfully, she is worthy of no stinted praise.—[Christian Weekly.

SPONGE CAKE.—Beat the yolks of eight eggs thoroughly, add one pint of sugar little by little, and the grated rind of one lemon, beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and add them alternately with three gills of flour, beating very gently and barely long enough to mix well; when part of the flour is in, add the lemon juice. Bake twenty minutes in small loaves. To make dominoes, bake the sponge cake in long pie-tins, (two such tins will make twelve dominoes, and if no more are required, the rest of the batter may be baked in a loaf). The batter in the pie-tins should not be more than one-third of an inch deep; spread it even and bake in a quick oven. Have a brown paper nearly twice the size of the case on the table, and the moment one of the cakes comes from the oven turn it upside down in the center of the paper. Spread it with a thin layer of current jelly and lay the other cake on it upside down; cut it with a hot, sharp knife lengthwise, directly through the center, then divide it across in six equal parts, push them with the knife about an inch apart, and ice them with ordinary white icing, putting a large desertspoonful on every piece; the heat of the cake will soften it, and with a little help the edges and sides will be smoothly covered. All of the icing that runs over on the paper may be carefully taken up an used again. It will then dry, which it will do very quickly. Make a horn of stiff white paper about five inches long, one and a half inches across the top, and one-eighth of an inch at the othe end; put it in a desertspoonful of dark chocolate icing, close the horn at the top, and pressing out the icing from the small opening, draw a line of it across the center of every cake, and then make spots like those of ivory dominoes; keep the horn supplied with icing.

USEFUL RECIPES.

Musk and nutmeg melons cut in slices, with pepper and salt scattered over them, make a good beginning at the breakfast table.

White kid shoes can be cleaned by dipping a perfectly clean white flannel cloth in a little ammonia, and then rubbing the cloth over a cake of soap; after doing this rub the kid gently and diligently, and the soiled places will be white again. As the flannel becomes soiled change for a clean one.

Curry vinegar is made by adding thre ounces of curry powder to one quart of vinegar; let it stand in a covered earthen dish or jar near the fire for three days. This gives an excellent flavor to all kinds of sour pickles. Remember when using it that a little goes a great way.

If vegetables that are to be pickled are put into cold salt and water, and are gradually brought to the boiling point, it is not necessary to let them lie the customary three days in cold salt and water. The right proportion to use is one-quarter of a pound of salt to one quart of water. It is sometimes a great convenience to be able to do up the pickles in one day.

Peach fritters, served with cream and sugar, are an excellent substitute for pastry at dinner. Make a batter as for ordinary fritters—of sweet milk, flour, and baking powder—and if you choose to add one egg to each pint of milk it will improve the dish. Peel and quarter as many peaches as you wish to put in—the more the better, as the peaches shrink in cooking. Drop by spoonfuls in hot lard, fry till brown, and serve warm.

Neat and pretty bureau covers are made of white momie cloth. Trim the edge with antique lace of such quality and width as your purse allows. This will be found to be very servicable, as it looks well after it is washed, and it needs no lining. Srcym also makes pretty covers; these should be trimmed with torchon, and these may be lined with bright colored silesia. Pink the edge of the silesia, and let it come to the scallop of the torchon.

Two rich, somewhat extravagant, but delicious cocoanut pies can be made by the following directions: Grate one pint of fresh cocoanut quite fine; beat one-quarter of a pound of butter and one of sugar to a cream-like froth; add a tumbler (of ordinary size) full of wine, strongly flavored with rose water; stir in the cocoanut, and, lastly, put in the whites of five eggs, beaten to a froth. These pies should be backed in deep plates, with a thin lower crust.

Not to be Discouraged.

At Dalton, Ga., they pointed out an old darkey who was to be married that evening, and I took a seat beside him on the depot platform and:

"Uncle Reuben, is it true that you are to be married to-night?"

"Yes sah—yes, sah, you's hit it 'zactly right, sah."

"Were you ever married before?"

"Why, bress your soul, boy, dis will be my fo'th wife!"

"How long since your last one died?"

"Jist free weeks nex' Saturday."

"Isn't it pretty sudden when you have been a widower only two weeks?"

"I reckon not, sah. I doan' see how I kin help de ole woman any by trabblin' round alone."

"And they tell me you are over seventy years old?"

"Yes, sah—I'ze risin' of seventy-three."

"And you don't even own a chicken?"

"No, sah."

"And the bride is as badly off as yourself?"

"Jist 'zactly sah."

"Don't the future look a little dark to you?"

"See heah, white man," replied the old chap as he slid to the ground and brushed the dust off his coat tails, "I doan' like that sort o' argyment. Ise ole an' poo an' doan' know much, but I ain't de sort of a mule to take a fo'th wife widout making all 'rangements to board wid her fadder an' gin him my note when eber anythin' am due! 'Spose Ize gwine to be sleepin' in fence co'ners an' libbin' on green apples kase my las' ole woman tuk a noshun to die? No sah! I isn't dat sort of a mourner. Ize got to dat aige whar' I'ze got to be tooken car' of if I has to mary tree wives to do it."

TITHE HOLDING IN ENGLAND.—Parishes in England existed in the time of Alfred, but parish churches, with regular clergy to serve them, did not come into existence until long after that date. At first, most churches seem to have been served by a monk from a neighboring abbey. In his history of the parish of Bromhill, Mr. Bowles says that the first presentation by the Bishop was in 1299, but long before the Reformation the spires and towers of the village church were seen all over the land. Yet it was not until 1439 that the parish priest was permanently fixed in his office with a secure salary, and it was specially enjoined that all clergymen should reside on their benefices. The great tithes, however, remained chiefly in the hands of the monasteries up to the dissolution, and then passed to the grantees of abbey lands or those who bought them. In this way the Duke of Bedford is such an enormous tithe-holder.

The proper place to die "respected by all who knew you," and all who didn't, is farther up than Sydney. For instance, who would live another hour when they could secure a funeral notice like the one we now clip from a country cousin's column: "The King of Terrors was busy in our town during the week, having laid his clammy hand on Mrs. E. M., an old and respected resident; and also the infant daughter of Mr. J. G., aged 5 years. Mrs. M.'s illness was durable and painful; but having lived the life of a good Christian—ever striving for that 'tabernacle not made with hands, eternal in the heavens'—the sad message was received with joy, for as the soul winged its flight, a serene expression rested on her departed sister's face that proclaimed the unspeakable happiness that was now its portion." The fact of the sad message being received "with joy," however, clearly proves the deceased didn't dictate very much of that lot.—[Sydney Bulletin.