

MY LITTLE LAD AND I.

I take a little hand in mine,
And walk the village street,
With chirp and chatter as we go,
In mingled converse sweet,
And pleasant salutations
From everyone we meet;
Dear little lad and I.

I take the little hand in mine
To climb a neighboring hill,
To pluck wild flowers, or to trace
A laughing mountain rill,
By which, when weary or athirst,
We pause to drink our fill;
Dear little lad and I.

I take two little hands in mine,
My boy upon my knee;
I listen to a pleasant voice,
Made rich with notes of glee;
I feel a breath against my cheek,
A breath of life to me;
Dear little lad and I.

I take those little hands in mine
I think of other days;
One generation full of years
Between our parting ways,
And yet our souls clasp hands across
The chasm, in close embrace;
Dear little lad and I.

Those little hands, so very fair,
God keep them ever white;
Those little feet, unfettered yet,
May they e'er walk aright;
That little life, so precious now,
May it be ever bright,
Dear little lad, pray I.

Sandorf's Revenge.

A SEQUEL TO MATHIAS SANDORF AND DOCTOR ANTEKIRTI. By Jules Verne.

AUTHOR OF "JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH," "TRIP TO THE MOON," "AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS," "MICHAEL STROGOFF," "TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA," ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER I THE MEDITERRANEAN.

"The Mediterranean is beautiful above all in two respects: harmonious setting and transparency of light and atmosphere. Such as it is, it is an admirable temper of man; it gives him a hard unyielding strength; it produces the most substantial races."
Michelet has said this, and said truly. But it is fortunate for humanity, that nature, in place of Hercules, has separated the rock of Calpe from the rock of Abyla, to form the Strait of Gibraltar. It must even be admitted, in spite of the assertions of most geologists, that this strait has always existed. Without it, no Mediterranean. For, in truth, evaporation carries off from this sea three times as much water as is furnished it by tributary rivers, and in default of this Atlantic inflow, which diffusing through the strait regenerates it, it would have been, these many centuries back, no more than a kind of Dead Sea, instead of the Living Sea par excellence.

It was in one of the deepest retreats and least known, of this vast Mediterranean Sea, that Count Mathias Sandorf—until he wished for hour, until the entire fulfillment of his work, he should remain Doctor Antekirti—had secluded himself, in order to profit by all the benefits which his supposed death had given him.

There are two Mediterranean in the terrestrial globe, one in the old world, the other in the new. The American Mediterranean is the Gulf of Mexico; it covers not less than four million and a half kilometers. If the Latin Mediterranean having but an area of two million, eight hundred eighty-five thousand, five hundred and twenty-two square kilometers, be but the half of the other, it is more varied in general design, richer in harbors and distinct gulfs, in large hydrographical subdivisions which have greeted the name of seas. Such as the Greek Archipelago, the Sea of Crete above the island of that name, the Libyan Sea below, the Adriatic, between Italy, Austria, Turkey and Greece, the Ionian, which washes Corfu, Zante, Cephalonia and other isles, the Tyrrhenian, in the west of Italy, the Aeolian around the Liparis, the Gulf of Lyons hollowing out Provence, the Gulf of Genoa indenting the Ligurias, the Gulf of Gabes hollowing out the Tunisian shores, the two Sytes of such profound depth between Cyrene and Tripoli, in the African continent.

What secret place in or about this sea, of which many a landing is still but little known, had Doctor Antekirti chosen as a dwelling place? There are islands by hundreds, islets by thousands on the periphery of this immense basin. One would seek in vain to count its capes and coves. How many people of different race, customs and political state throng forward to this sea-board, where the story of humanity has left its imprint for more than twenty centuries past—Frenchmen, Italians, Spaniards, Austrians, Ottomans, Greeks, Arabians, Egyptians, Tripolitans, Tunisians, Algerians, Moroccans, even Englishmen, at Gibraltar, Malta and Cyprus. Three great continents embrace it with their shores; Europe, Asia and Africa. Where then, had Count Mathias Sandorf, become Doctor Antekirti—a name dear to Oriental lands—sought the remote dwelling place, in which the programme of his life should work itself out. This was what Pierre Bathory was bound to learn ere long.

After opening his eyes for an instant, he had fallen back completely exhausted, as insensible as when the doctor had left him for dead in the house of Ragusa. It was then that the doctor had succeeded in one of those physiologic

experiments in which the will plays so important a part, and of which the phenomena are no longer open to doubt. Gifted with a singular power of magnetism, he had been able, without the aid of magnesium light or even a brilliant point of metal, simply by the penetration of his look, to cast the dying man into a hypnotic state, and substitute his own will for Pierre's. Pierre, enfeebled by the loss of blood, had lost the very look of life, and had fallen asleep to wake when the doctor wished. But his life was well nigh spent, and now it had to be revived. It was a difficult task, and required the most minute care, and all the resources of the medical art. The doctor must not fail.

"He will live. I must have him live," he repeated. "Ah, why at Cattaro did I not act on my first idea. Why did the arrival of Sarcany at Ragusa prevent my snatching him from that accursed town. But I'll save him. In the time to come Pierre Bathory will be Mathias Sandorf's right hand."

And for fifteen years to punish and reward had been the constant thought of Doctor Antekirti. He had never forgotten what he owed to his companions, Stephen Bathory and Ladislas Zathmar. The time has come now to act, and that was why the Savarena had gone to Ragusa.

During these long years the Doctor had so altered in appearance that it was impossible to recognize him. His hair, worn short, had become white, and his complexion had turned deadly pale. He was one of those men of fifty who have kept the strength of their youth and acquired the coolness and calm of ripe old age. The bushy hair, full complexion, and Venetian moustache of the young Count Sandorf, would never recur to those who looked at Doctor Antekirti. But more rigidly refined and more highly tempered, he remained one of those natures of iron of whom it can be said that with them the magnet swings only as they near it. Of Stephen Bathory's son he wished to make what he had made of himself.

For a long time Doctor Antekirti had been the sole representative of the great family of Sandorfs. It will be remembered that he had a child, a daughter, who after his arrest had been entrusted to the care of the wife of Landeck, the steward of the Castle of Ardenak. This little daughter, then only two years old, had been the Count's sole heiress. To her when she was eighteen was to come the half of her father's goods, in accordance with the sentence which enjoined the confiscation and the death penalty. The steward Landeck had been retained as manager of that part of the Transylvanian domain put under sequestration, and his wife and he remained at the castle with the child, intending to devote their lives to her. But it seemed as though some fate pursued the Sandorf family, now reduced to this one small individual. A few months after the conviction of the Trieste conspirators, and the events which succeeded, the child had disappeared and it had proved impossible to find her. Her hat had been found on the bank of one of the numerous rivulets that run through the park. It was only too obvious that the little girl had fallen into one of the ravines into which run the torrents of the Carpathians, and not a vestige of her could be found. Rosina Landeck, the steward's wife, took the loss so much to heart that she died a few weeks afterwards. The government made no change in the arrangements entered into at the time of the sentence. The sequestration was maintained, and the possession of Count Sandorf would return to the state if the heiress, whose death had not been legally proved, did not reappear to claim them.

Such was the last blow that had reached the Sandorf race, now doomed to extinction by the disappearance of the last representative of the family. Time was gradually accomplishing its work, and oblivion was throwing its shade over this event, as well as over all the other facts of the conspiracy of Trieste.

It was at Otranto, where he was living in the strictest incognito, that Sandorf heard of his child's death. With his little daughter there disappeared all that remained to him of the Countess Rena, who had died so soon, and whom he had loved so much. Then he left Otranto, as unknown as when he arrived there, and no one could tell where he began his life anew.

Fifteen years later, when Sandorf had reappeared on the scene, no one suspected that he was playing the part of Doctor Antekirti. Thenceforth Sandorf could devote himself entirely to his work. Now he was alone in the world with a task to perform. A task regarded as sacred. Many years after he had left Otranto, powerful by all the power that immense wealth gives, acquired under circumstances which will soon be ascertained, forgotten and concealed by his incognito, he had put himself on the track of those he had sworn to punish and reward. Already in his thoughts Pierre Bathory had been associated in the work of justice. Agents were stationed in the different coast towns of the Mediterranean. Well paid and sworn to secrecy, they corresponded only with the Doctor either by the swift launches we know of, or the submarine cable which joined Antekirti to Malta, and Malta to Europe.

It was in verifying the statement of his agents that the Doctor had discovered the traces of all those who directly or indirectly had been mixed up in Sandorf's conspiracy. He could then watch them from afar, and let them have their run, as it were uninterfered with for four or five years. Silas Toronthal he knew had left Trieste and settled at Ragusa with his wife and daughter. Sarcany he traced to the principal cities of Europe where he wasted his fortune, and then to Sicily, to the eastern provinces where he and his companion Zironne were meditating some new scheme to again put them in funds. Carpena he learnt had left Rovigno and Istria, to do nothing in Italy or Austria—the florins he had gained by his information permitting him to live in idleness.

Andrea Ferrato he would have helped to escape from the prison of Stein in the Tyrol—where he was expiating his generous conduct toward the fugitives of Pisino—had not death delivered the honest fisherman from his fetters a few months after he was sent there. His children Maria and Luigi had left Rovigno, and were now probably having a hard struggle for life. But they had disappeared and he had not yet been able to come upon any trace of them. Of Madame Bathory at Ragusa, with her son Pierre, and Boris, the old servant of Ladislas Zathmar, the Doctor had never lost sight, and he knew how he had sent them a considerable sum of money which was not accepted by the proud courageous woman.

But the hour had come for the Doctor to begin his difficult campaign. Assuming himself that he would never be recognized after his fifteen years absence, and his supposed death, he arrived in Ragusa, and found Stephen Bathory's son in love with Silas Toronthal's daughter. It will be remembered how Sarcany had intervened and thrust them apart, how Pierre had been taken to his mother's house, how Doctor Antekirti had acted when he was on the point of death, and how he had called him back to life to reveal himself to him under his real name of Mathias Sandorf. Now his task was to cure him, to tell him what he did not know, how treachery had delivered over his father and his companions, to acquaint him with the names of the traitors, to win over his help in the work the Doctor had set himself to, of dealing out justice far beyond that ordinary justice of which he had been the victim.

In the first place then, Pierre had to be restored to health, and it was to the restoration that he entirely devoted himself. In the first eight days after his arrival in the island Pierre literally hung between life and death. Not only was his wound very serious, but his mental state was even morose. The thought of Sava being now Sarcany's wife, the thought of his mother grieving for him, the resurrection of Count Mathias Sandorf as Doctor Antekirti—Sandorf, the most devoted of all his father's friends—all was enough to unsettle a mind already sorely shaken. Day and night the Doctor did not leave him. He heard him in his delirium repeat the name of Sava Toronthal. He learnt how deep and true was his love for her, and how her marriage was torturing him. He asked if this love would not prove resistless even when he learnt that Sava was the daughter of the man who had sold and killed his father. The Doctor would tell him nevertheless. He had made up his mind to do so. It was his duty.

Again and again Pierre almost succumbed. Doubly injured, in mind and body, he was so near to death that he did not recognize Sandorf at his bedside. He had not even strength to whisper Sava's name.

But skillful care prevailed and the reaction began. Youth gained the mastery. The sick man was cured in body before he was cured in mind. His wound began to heal, his lungs regained their normal powers, and on the 17th of July the Doctor knew that Pierre was saved.

That day the young man recognized him. In a voice still weak he called him by his true name.

"To you my son I am Mathias Sandorf," was the reply, "but to you alone."

And as Pierre by his looks seemed to ask for explanations which he was naturally anxious to hear— "Later on," added the Doctor, "Later on."

It was in a beautiful room with the windows opening to the fresh sea breezes beneath the shade of lovely trees which the running streams kept evergreen, that Pierre swiftly and surely grew convalescent. The Doctor was untiring in his attention, he was with him every moment, but as the recovery became assured there was nothing strange in his calling in an assistant, in whose kindness and intelligence he had absolute confidence.

This was Point Pescade, as devoted to Pierre as he was to the Doctor. We need hardly say that he and Cape Matifou had kept profoundly secret what had taken place at the cemetery of Ragusa, and that they had revealed to none that the young man had been snatched alive from the tomb.

Point Pescade had been rather closely connected with the facts which had been brought out during this period of several months. In consequence he was seized with a lively interest in his patient. This love-affair of Pierre Bathory, thwarted by the interference of Sarcany—an impudent fellow, who had inspired him with justifiable antipathy—the meeting of the funeral procession and the wedding carriages before the hotel of Stradone, the exhumation in the Ragusa cemetery, all these had deeply affected this good being, and the more because he felt himself associated, without understanding their purpose, with the designs of Doctor Antekirti.

Each. "Yes, that is it, and the devotion of Cape Matifou has been a stroke of fortune for us! But what we owe to the Doctor should not cause us to forget what we owe to you!"

"To me?" "To you, Mr. Pierre, to you, who that day just missed becoming our public;—that is to mention a sum of two florins, we had not earned, since our public was missing, well as he had paid for his place!"

And Point Pescade recalled to Pierre Bathory how, at the moment for entering the Provençal arena, he had suddenly disappeared.

The young man had lost recollection of this incident, but he answered Point Pescade with a smile. A sad smile, for he also remembered that he had only mingled with the crowd in order to once again meet Sava Toronthal!

His eyes closed once more. He reflected upon all that had occurred since that day. In thinking of Sava, whom he believed, whom he had to believe married, a bitter anguish seized him, and he was tempted to curse those who had snatched him from death!

Point Pescade saw quickly that this fête of Ragusa recalled sad memories. He did not therefore persist, he even remained silent, saying to himself, "A half-teaspoonful of good humor, to be administered every five minutes to my patient; yes, a very good doctor's prescription, but not easy to follow!"

It was Pierre, who opening his eyes again, some moments later, re-began conversation.

"And so, Point Pescade," he said, "before the trabacolo affair, you did not know Doctor Antekirti?"

"We never had seen him, Mr. Pierre," replied Point Pescade, "and were ignorant even of his name."

"Since that day, you have never left him?"

"Never, unless upon errands with which he has charged me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Bad Memory. "How is this Martha?" said a woman addressing her washerlady.

"How's what?" "Why you are short a table-cloth and two pairs of pillow-cases."

"Is dat so?" "Yes, and last week you were short two sheets and one shirt."

"Of course it is." "Wall, rubbing her knuckles," "its mighty strange."

"I don't think it is strange." "How does yer 'count for it, den?" "Who, yer kept them, that's how."

"Who, me?" "Yes, you, and if you don't bring them back I'll send a policeman after you."

"Who, me?" "Wall, now, heah, I doan mine washin' fur portickler folks but yess'er is too hard ter please. I see der mer bes' an' heah yer is er blamin' me. Dar ain't no sich thing ez pleasin' some folks, an' er body moult ez well be in torment ez ter try. I see wasin' fur many er veah an' yess'er is de first pun son dat wa'n't satisfied. Wall, I kain't he'p it. Good-bay." As she passed out the gate she muttered: "Didn't think o' dem fo' tovels. Ef I didn' hab no better mem'ry den dat 'oman's got I quit."

Arkansas Traveler.

Tried To Do His Wife's Work. "It's all right for a woman to talk," Markus Meyer said at Essex market a week ago, when he was arrested for abandoning his wife.

"All she has to do is dress the children, do the cooking, and her work for the day is over. Then she can sit down and read a novel. A man has to work like a slave all day, I wish I was a woman."

"Why, he's talking like a lunatic," said his wife. "I'll tell you what I'll do," she continued. "If it's so easy to manage a household, why, you remain home and do a woman's work and I'll work to support the family."

"But you may not get any work," anxiously said the husband.

"O yes," the wife replied; "I can get a position as saleslady any time."

"The man was all smiles when he left the court-room. There was a complete metamorphosis in his appearance when he returned to the court-room yesterday. He looked sad and gloomy, while his wife was all smiles."

"Well, I was all wrong, judge," he said. "A man has it much easier than a woman."

"How did you like being a housemaid?" Justice Duffy inquired. "It's tough work, judge. I don't want any of it again. It's cooking, scrubbing, washing, ironing I had to do, and the children didn't let me have a moment's peace. Do you see that bald spot on the top of my head? That was caused by the week's worry. I gave up the contest on the first night, but my wife wouldn't change with me until the week was out, and then she said I must come before your honor and confess that I was wrong."

"You haven't told the judge yet how many novels you read during the week," the wife said smilingly.

"Not one. How could I? The children would tear the book from my hand. If I touched one of them they would drive me frantic with their screams. A woman's lot is a hard one after all, judge; a man has it much easier."

"I secured a position in a Grand street store," the wife said, "and at 6 at night my work was done. Then I would take my mother or sister to a theater, leaving my husband home to mind the children. Last night when I brought him my week's wages he said that if I did not keep the money and let him do the supporting again he would leave the house and I would never see him again; but I would not consent until he came here and confessed his error."—New York World.

Atlanta, by the devastation of the war, has gained such vigor and progress that it has the most thankful memory toward Gen. Sherman and the army that left it in ruins. "He cleared the way for the new and greater city and gave it, when half-grown, a chance to build from the ground up in the light of experience," says a Georgia writer.

ON THE PLAINS.

A Cattle Raiser Relates His Experience. Frank Wilkeson, in Harper's Magazine.

During the winter of 1871 and 1872 I engaged in the handling of Texas cattle in the semi-arid belt of Kansas. I had provided no food for my stock. I knew that cattle could not winter on the plains far north and west of where I was; but I did not know that there was a difference in the nutritious qualities of the different prairie grasses. I did not understand the peculiarities of the climate of the semi-arid belt, nor the effects of rain falling on dead grass. Stupid of me of course, but I had plenty of company. My neighbors were bright Germans, intelligent Englishmen and keen Americans from almost every State in the Union. We were a hopeful band, young, strong and eager. When we gathered into our wretched hovels of nights, and the pipes were glowing, our talk was of cattle, cattle, cattle. The sales of steers of the range at six cents per pound, live weight, made the previous spring, were strongly dwelt upon. I was repeatedly assured that the Kansas winters were so mild that I would not need a coat. The height of the new prairie grass would surely be on the 1st of March was measured on table legs by outstretched and dirty index fingers for my instruction and encouragement. There was not one of all the band of eager men who rode the Kansas plains in those days who did not firmly believe that our fortunes were made. The country was full of cattle. November came in with a blizzard, and, with slight interruptions, kindly allowed by Nature for the purpose of affording us opportunities to skin dead cattle, the blizzard lasted until March, and the cold, stormy weather for two months longer. There was no new grass until the middle of May. In all the Texas herds held in Kansas the losses were heavy. Hardly a herd lost less than 50 per cent., and 60, 70 and 80 percent losses were common. By spring we learned that the great herds of heavy beef cattle, held on the Smoky, Cottonwood and Arkansas rivers, had been frozen on the range, and that the Texans had saddled their horses and gone home. The creek was dammed by the decaying carcasses of cattle. The air was heavy with the stench of decaying animals. The cruelties of the business of starving cattle to death were vividly impressed on me. Every wagon sent from the cattle ranges to the railroad towns was loaded with hides. The next summer, bankruptcy stalked over the Kansas plains and struck me down. Our trouble was that none of us knew that the tall blue-joint grass was worthless for winter feed unless it were made into hay, none of us knew that the fall rains had washed the nutriment out of it, and none of us knew that about once in ten years there is a hard winter in the far West, during which the mercury modestly retires into the bulb of the thermometer, and blizzard chases blizzard over the plains in quick succession. Some of us learned the lesson once; others, who claimed that the cattle needed protection, not food, erected sheds, which proved to be death traps, the cattle "stacking" under them during cold weather, and tried it again, and went into bankruptcy promptly after the second venture. As it was in Kansas, so it is, in a less degree, in the so-called "cattle country." A wet autumn, followed by a hard winter, kills the cattle held on Northern ranges by the thousand.

New Points About Tomatoes. "There are Spring novelties in vegetables as well as in bonnets," remarked a prominent seed dealer in the hearing of a reporter for the Mail and Express recently. "The latest style or newest variety in tomatoes is the Mikado. It is of immense size, perfect solidity and unsurpassed quality. It is of an altogether different character from the varieties introduced of late years. The color is purplish red, and it is not unusual for single fruits of this variety to weigh from one to one and a half pounds each. The foliage would alone show the distinctiveness of the variety, for it is different from that of any other. Another new variety is the tree tomato, a fruit naturalized in the island of Jamaica. It is of shrubby habit, growing five or six feet high, and the leaves are large, often a foot long; the flowers are fragrant and of a pale fresh color, with yellow stamens, and the fruit is the shape and size of an egg, at first of a purplish tint and generally assuming a warm, reddish color as it ripens. Even in Jamaica it is not generally known, but Morris, Director of Public Gardens in that island, who calls attention to the plant, says that it should be largely cultivated, as it answers in every respect the purpose for which the ordinary tomato is esteemed. While raw it has a gooseberry flavor and when stewed with sugar it resembles the apricot."

"Are there many varieties of tomatoes?" "No less than twenty-three besides those I have named. There is the General Grant, which is a superior fruit, large, of good quality and ripens rapidly and thoroughly, and the Cardinal, which is a brilliant cardinal red when ripe, appearing as if varnished with the flesh of almost as bright a color. One of the largest and most perfect-shaped varieties in cultivation is the Livingston's favorite. It ripens evenly and early, and holds size to the end of the season. The earliest large tomato grown is the Mayflower. The shape is perfect globular, slightly flattened and perfectly smooth, and it is of a glossy red color. One of the earliest and handsomest ever introduced is the Heaume. It is of crimson color with a pinkish tinge, of medium size, regular in shape, perfectly smooth and solid."

Ocean travelers who dread the dense fogs that have caused so many collisions and wrecks will welcome the probability that the board of three naval officers appointed to test the fog-gun echo will report favorably upon it. In this device, from an ordinary gun having a funnel on its muzzle, blank cartridges are fired, and a funnel-shaped receiver, mounted on a tripod, catches the echo. One of the experiments performed during the recent trials at Baltimore was firing at spar buoys about eight inches in diameter. They gave back a well-defined echo, unlike those produced from the sails of a ship or from a rock. It seems clear that the echo fog-gun will in time prove a source of safety to vessels in fogs, since echoes will be given back at long distances, not only from a shore, but from another ship or from a floating bulk and from icebergs.

HERE YOU HAVE IT.

A Complete Directory of French "As She Is Spoke" in Cooking.

Catherine Owen in Good Housekeeping. Aspic—Savory jelly, for cold dishes. Au gratin—Dishes prepared with sauce and crumbs and baked. Bouchees—Very tiny patties or cakes, as name indicates—mouthfuls. Baba—A peculiar, sweet French yeast-cake. Bechamel—A rich, white sauce made; with stock. Bisque—A white soup made of shell fish.

To Blanch—To place any article on the fire till it boils, then plunge it into cold water, to whiten poultry, vegetables, etc. To remove the skin by immersing in boiling water. Bouillon—A clear soup, stronger than broth; yet not so strong as consommé, which is "reduced" soup. Braise—Meat cooked in a closely covered stew-pan, so that it retains its own flavor, and those of the vegetables and flavorings put with it. Brioche—A very rich unsweetened French cake made with yeast. Canneloni—Stuffed rolled up meat. Consomme—Clear soup or bouillon boiled down till very rich, i. e., consumed. Croquettes—A savory mince of fish or fowl, made with sauce into shapes and fried.

Croustades—Fried forms of bread to serve minces or other meats upon. Entree—A small dish, usually served between the courses at dinner. Fondue—A light preparation of melted cheese. Fondant—Sugar boiled, and beaten to a creamery paste. Hollandaise Sauce—A rich sauce, something like hot mayonnaise. Matelote—A rich fish stew with wine. Mayonnaise—A rich salad dressing. Meringue—Sugar and white of egg beaten to a foam. Marinade—A liquor of spices, vinegar, etc., in which fish or meats are steeped before cooking. Miroton—Cold meat warmed in various ways—and dished in circular form.

Puree—This name is given to very thick soups, the ingredients for thickening which have been rubbed through a sieve. Poulette Sauce—A bechamel sauce, to which white wine and sometimes eggs are added. Rogout—A rich, brown stew, with mushrooms, vegetables, etc. Piquante—A sauce of several flavors, acid predominating. Quenelles—Foremeat with bread, yolk of eggs, highly seasoned, and formed with a spoon to an oval shape, then poached and used either as a dish by themselves, or to garnish. Remoulade—A salad dressing differing from mayonnaise, in that the eggs are hard boiled and rubbed in a mortar with mustard, herbs, etc. Rissole—Rich mince of meat or fish, rolled in thin pastry and fried. Roux—A cooked mixture of butter and flour, for thickening soups and stews. Salmi—A rich stew of game, cut up and dressed, when half roasted. Sauter—To toss meat, etc., over the fire, in a little fat. Soufflee—A very light, much whipped-up pudding or omelette. Timbale—A sort of pie in a mould. Vol au vents—Patties of very light puff paste, made without a dish or mould, and filled with meats or preserves, etc.

The Wit of Women. Collected by Kate Sanborn: Steamers are named the Asia, the Russia, and the Scotia, why not call one the Nausea?—Louisa Alcott. We shall be perfectly virtuous when there is no longer any flesh on our bones.—Margurite de Valois. One likes to talk of one's self so much that one never tires of a tete-a-tete with a lover for years. That is why a devotee likes to be with her confessor. It is for the pleasure of talking of one's self—even though speaking evil.—Mme. de Sevigne. When you wish to affirm anything, you always call God to witness, because He never contradicts you.—Queen of Roumania. Her neck and arms were as naked as if she had never eaten of the tree of knowledge of good and evil.—Jane Carlyle. Judge no one by his relations, whatever criticisms you pass upon his companions. Relatives, like features, are thrust upon us; companions, like clothes, are more or less of our own selection.—Kate Field. Marryin' a man ain't like settin' alongside of him nights and hearing him talk pretty; that's the fust prayer. There's lots an' lots o' meetin' after that.—Rose Terry Cooke. No! I ain't one to see the cat walking into the dairy and wonder what she's come after.—George Eliot. "What would you do in time of war if you had the suffrage?" asked Horace Greely of Mrs. Stanton. "Just what you have done, Mr. Greely; stay at home and urge the others to go and fight," replied the lady.

The Fog-Gun Echo. Ocean travelers who dread the dense fogs that have caused so many collisions and wrecks will welcome the probability that the board of three naval officers appointed to test the fog-gun echo will report favorably upon it. In this device, from an ordinary gun having a funnel on its muzzle, blank cartridges are fired, and a funnel-shaped receiver, mounted on a tripod, catches the echo. One of the experiments performed during the recent trials at Baltimore was firing at spar buoys about eight inches in diameter. They gave back a well-defined echo, unlike those produced from the sails of a ship or from a rock. It seems clear that the echo fog-gun will in time prove a source of safety to vessels in fogs, since echoes will be given back at long distances, not only from a shore, but from another ship or from a floating bulk and from icebergs.