SLATE HEAD-STONES.

They Are Superior to the Granite and Sand-Stone Article.

Whoever visits the cemeteries of the land—and there are few of us who are not brought thither from time to time upon the saddest of errands—can not but be struck by the unfortunate results which have attended the efforts of sorrowing friends to do honor to the dead. Most cemeteries are to the eye mere collections of unhappy specimens of the stone-cutter's art, or rather of his want of art. They are uncouth where they should be graceful, oppressive where they should be soothing, aggressive and conspicuous where they should be simple and inconspicuous; they in one way or another violate all the principles of symmetry and of artistic propriety, and only too often they are vulgar monstrosities of stone, which serve to advertise the stone-cutter and to disfigure the graves of the dead. Indeed, it has come to the place where it is far more appropriate to speak of the cemetery as the monument-maker's advertisement than in the old sweet and homely phrase as "God's acre."

When one considers that all these stones are put here to mark an affection which death could not conquer; that they stand for so much love and sorrow, it makes the heart ache to feel the incongruity between the hard, vulgar monuments and the thing they are meant to signify. There was never a stone which could be more fitly spoken of as unsympathetic than the marble which has served as the common material for grave tablets. It is cold in color and in texture; it is quickly discolored, so that it is unsightly and offensive to the eye, the effect of time being less pleasing than in the case of almost any other stone that could be chosen. Granite is coarse and of unpleasant texture if unpolished, while the high looking-glass surface that results from polishing it is the most vulgar in effect that the ingenuity of the stone cutter has thus far been able to compass. Bronze is very expensive, and it does not well stand the climate, while it offers to the thief a temptation which there are too many instances of his having yielded to. Sandstone is pleasant to the eye, but it so quickly loses the words which affection has committed to its keeping that it is hardly to be counted among the materials available for this purpose.

In view of these facts there seems nothing better to do than to return to the custom of our fathers, and go back to the use of slate. There is nothing which more satisfactorily stands our climate, both in respect to durability and to appearance. To the eye the soft, low tone of the stone is always pleasant, and the material is one which has the great merit of not seeming to lend itself readidly to those ornate and abtrusive structures, of which the State of Maine produces some beautiful examples, fine and velvety in texture, are capable of receiving carvings of delicacy and intricacy, and of preserving them through the trying weather of our destructive winters. On the whole, there is no other stone so satisfactory for this use, and it is a pity that it should not be more generally adopted. There is at some cemeteries, of which we think Mount Auburn is one, a foolish regulation forbidding the erection of slate tablets, but the rule is fortunately not a general one, and so thoroughly is the public tired of the use of marble and granite that there is every reason to believe that it will soon return to the old custom of the early days of New England, when necessity and common sense combined to hold people to a fashion which was the best that has ever obtained in the matter of gravestones in this country. —Boston Courier.

NEW ENGLAND ENGLISH.

Gems of Yankee Speech, Collected by a Boston Paper.

Your challenge reminds me of a remark overheard by a visitor at a farm-house at early dawn on a summer morning: "Ye ain't got a whetstone you hain't a-goin's to use to-day, be ye?"

If this did not give the hearer an appetite for breakfast he must have been beyond the reach of tonics.

Two or three packages inclosing grammatical gems have also reached me from down East. One brings the somewhat familiar phrase: "He done splendid," in this case said to have been spoken by a woman of "some wealth and more pretension," with regard to her son's proficiency at school. The other specimen is thus presented by my correspondent:

A woman called upon a friend who was recovering from a long illness and the following conversation ensued:

"Well, 'Gusta, how be you to-day?"

"Better."

"Be? Glad you is."

Other gems must "stand over," as editors say, until a more convenient season, but I shall find room for the following—also in the form of a dialogue:

Scene, a farm-house by the roadside. D——, calling to Captain B——, who is driving past:

"Captain B——, stop! I wanted to have seen if I could have got your horse to have went to Fitchburg to-morrow?"—Boston Post.

—At the house of a family in Williamsport, Pa., a large extension table, which had repeatedly baffled the attempts of several men to get it through a door in an adjoining room, was found, after the late flood had subsided, to be all safe in the other room. And how it got through that door is a mystery.

SILLINGS' PHILOSOPHY.

Some of the Wise Sayings of the Lamented Josh.

The way to git ennything iz to ackt just az tho yu did'nt kare whether yu got it or not.

It iz az diffikult to define a sickness az it iz to ackount for the meazles.

It is dredful eazy for a man to dispize ritches who haz got about two hundred and 50 thousand dollars well invested.

If fortune haz enny favorites, it iz not the indifirent, but it iz thoze whom we hav to pay to git rid ov their teazing.

Luv iz like the meazles; if we hav really got them, they are sure to sho.

When a man iz puffed up with a harmless kind ov pride that don't do any hurt, it iz a krewel piece of bizzness to take the konsait out ov him; it iz az krewel az to pull the feathers out ov a pekok's tale.

Every one who trades with the devil expekts to git the best ov him, but I never hav seen it did yet.

One reason why advise costs so little iz bekause every one haz sum of it to spare.

We are so avarishus that even when we trade with ourselfs we go for gitting the best end ov the bargain.

My philosophical kreed iz—"Giv a bear the whole of the road if he will take it."

The harte iz a misterious thing; we kan almost allways find out what iz in a man's bed, but the things that sleep in the heart are often unknown even to the possessor.

My sentimental kreed iz—"Strawberries and kream if they are handy; if not, kream anyhow."

It may be diffikult to decide which men persew the most eagerly, interest or fame.

Yu kan find men who will sumtimes repent ov a sin, but seldum ov a blunder.

There iz nothing so natral az to lie, and then dodge behind it.

Mankind kan be divided into two heaps, and not wrong them mutch—a heap ov geese and a heap ov ganders.

I observe more phools among the old men than i do among the old wimmim.

I think I am honest when i say there iz no man who luvs to be praised more than i do, or who hates to be flattered worse.

I would rather watch two raskals than one phool

To kno *how* to talk iz a grate art, but to kno *when* iz a grater.

The only sure way to keep a skeret iz to forget it.—N. Y. Weekly.

JAPAN'S CROWN PRINCE.

The Pleasant Disposition of the Mikado's Oldest Son and Heir.

Compared to his imperial father, even at the present day, Prince Haru is much more emancipated, and none of the old traditions seem to have any weight in regulating his conduct. There was no precedent to follow in the education of a Japanese Prince in the modern way, and Prince Haru has made many laws for himself. He is a wonderfully bright and precocious little fellow, and his small, twinkling black eyes are full of mischief and see every thing. He is hardly taller than an American boy of six years of age, but he has at times the dignity, the pride of birth, and consciousness of station and power, of a man of sixty. His eyes are not slanting, nor indeed does one often see in a Japanese face the wonderfully oblique eyes beloved of the caricaturists. The peculiarity in the expression of their eyes is given by the eyelids being fastened in either corner, as if a few stitches had been taken there. This makes it impossible for them to lift the eyelids as high as we do, and gives the narrower slits, through which they gaze, the peculiar Oriental look. One often sees Japanese with as round, wide-open eyes as those of our race, and it gives an especial beauty to their countenances.

Prince Haru has the exquisitely smooth, fine yellow skin that is one of the points of greatest beauty in Japanese children, and a bright color sometimes shows in the pale-yellow of his little cheeks. He has the rank of a Colonel in the Japanese army, and wears his military uniform and his cap with the gold star all the time, his clothes being dark-blue cloth in winter and white duck in summer. He is fond of riding, and, when mounted, the miniature Colonel trots along at a fine gait, giving and returning the military salute as he passes an officer or a sentry, like a young martinet.—Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore, in St. Nicholas.

The Cases Different.

"Mr. Skinnphlint," exclaimed the driver of that gentleman's delivery wagon, as he rushed into the store excitedly, "my wagon was run into by a heavy-loaded truck a little while ago at a street crossing, and—"

"If my property has been injured in consequence of your carelessness, James," said Mr. Skinnphlint, sternly, "I shall, of course, expect you to make the loss good."

"Injured," replied the driver, "my wagon wasn't hurt a bit. The truck just grazed it. But the fellow that was drivin' it turned so short that a box of fancy candies tumble off his load into my wagon and I didn't find it out till he got out of my sight. I don't know who he was, and the box ain't marked. In a case like this I suppose there would be no harm if I kept—"

"James," said Mr. Skinnphlint, "you may give me that box of candies."—Chicago Tribune.

MRS. DRUMMUP'S LIST.

It Covered Considerable Ground, But One of Her Victims Didn't Know It.

It seems that the business of collecting subscriptions is no exception to the rule that there are tricks in every trade. A man or woman with a gift for the business may collect of the same men at least twice as much as another would. A little incident will illustrate.

They were getting up a subscription a little while ago for the Home for Decayed Apple Women. There is no more deserving institution, as every body knows, than the Home for Decayed Apple Women; and moreover, an influential coterie of Back Bay women, headed by Mrs. Charity Drummup, had become interested in the home, and were pushing the subscription. When Mrs. Charity Drummup sails into a counting-room with a subscription paper in her hand, the bankers and men of business know perfectly well that it is of no possible avail for them to turn her a cold shoulder, unless they are anxious to lose caste or custom among the wealthy circle which revolves around her.

Down town there are two solid men, in business, one as a retailer in a large way, and the other as a financier, who are very good friends. The financier is mercurial, excitable, and passes for a free-handed, generous sort of person. The merchant is phlegmatic and slow, and has the reputation of being very shrewd and close in money matters.

Well, when Mrs. Charity Drummup came down in behalf of the Home for Decayed Apple Women, she made one of her calls upon the financier and promptly showed him a paper, already signed by at least a dozen bankers, merchants and other wealthy men; and upon this paper there was not a single subscription for a less amount than $50.

"You see what they're all doing," said Mrs. Charity Drummup, with an engaging smile.

The financier gave a low whistle.

"Nothing but fifty dollar subscriptions, eh?" he said. "Well, I'm afraid this is a little too steep for me. You are quite right, Mrs. Drummup, in assuming that I should not care to lead the break-off into smaller figures; but, see here, is this the only paper you have got, Mrs. Drummup?"

"The only one," said the lady, with a little confusion. "Why, this is *the* subscription paper, sir."

"But is it the only one you have got?"

Pressed for an answer, Mrs. Drummup produced from her reticule a paper, upon which there were several $25, $10 and even $5 subscriptions.

"Ah! this looks more like it," said the financier. "You may put me down there, if you please, for $25." And he went down there, high up on the list.

That night the financier and the merchant met at the club.

"Well," said the merchant, "did you have a call from Mrs. Drummup to-day?"

"Yes."

"Stuck you for $50, I suppose?"

"Oh, no; I only gave $25."

"What? Why, there wasn't a single subscription on her list for less than $50."

"Not on the list she showed you, my friend; but you should have called for her other paper."

He explained the scheme to the close-fisted merchant, who became fairly black in the face with chagrin. He felt that he had been overreached; and the financier, who seemed to have come in for a share of his wrath, is of the opinion that he did not sleep that night, and that it was, indeed, several days before he regained his usual calm.—Boston Transcript.

THE RATTLESNAKE'S BITE.

No Sure Cure for the Venom Known to the Medical Fraternity.

Speaking of people bitten by rattlesnakes, Mr. J. H. Estill, of the Savannah News, says: "Out of a thousand people bitten by rattlesnakes I do not think a dozen recover. There is no known cure, in spite of the fact that many people have said that they were cured by whisky. You may depend on it when a man says he was cured of a rattlesnake bite, though necessarily not a liar, he is at least laboring under a misapprehension of the facts. There is a small snake similar to a rattlesnake in appearance, whose poison is not so venomous, and negroes bitten by it place line upon the spot or less drink enough whisky to counteract the poison. Whisky if taken in a large quantity, goes directly into the blood and counteracts the poison of the snake. But the regular Georgia rattler, from five to seven feet in length, is a deadly customer to meet. It does not give any warning, but strikes the moment it is disturbed, and it can strike an object as far distant as it is long. A friend of mine was riding along in the saddle one day and a big rattler lying in the road leaped at him as he passed. It closed to his bootleg, driving one of its fangs clear through the thick leather of his boot and through his trousers, just escaping the flesh. It required considerable kicking to shake that snake off, and when he was finally got rid of he started in pursuit. My friend faced bullets in the army with nonchalance, but his hair stood on end when he saw that snake coming, and he jammed spurs to his nag and didn't stop until he had gone a quarter stretch. My plantation is full of rattlesnakes, and only last week my hands killed twenty-six in a field of twenty acres."

A COURAGEOUS WOMAN.

How She Got the Best of a Villian Who Was Bent on Robbery.

One day recently, in the rotunda of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, a number of men were discussing the question of pluck and bravery frequently exhibited by persons advanced in years. General Dan Macauley, now a resident of this city, but formerly of Indiana, related the most remarkable instance, as follows:

"Dr. Walker, about sixty years of age, and his wife, a few years younger, together with two grown sons, resided in Indianapolis after the war. One night Mrs. Walker retired late, but not to sleep, for she expected her husband to come in from the next room every moment. A light was burning, and lying on her bed she could see the floor at certain angles. Instead of her husband coming in she saw a villainous-looking man, with a bowie-knife between his teeth, crawling through the door on his all fours. In a second he disappeared under the bed. Her husband then came in, blew out the light and got into bed.

"Mrs. Walker said nothing for a few minutes, for she was thinking of a scheme to capture the robber and save herself and husband from being murdered. Finallys he said aloud to her husband: 'I am thirsty; I'll go and get a drink of water.' She got out of bed and went to the room where her two sons were sleeping. Putting her hands over the mouth of one she whispered in his ear that a man was under her bed and that she wanted his pistol. The son told her that he gave her the pistol a few days ago, because she objected to having one around loaded. Then she remembered that she had hid it in the basement-room, on top of a shelf. 'Wait, boys, I'll get it,' she said. Going down stairs she passed another robber, the pal of the one under her bed, though she was unaware of it at that time.

"After stumbling around in the dark she managed to find the pistol and hastily rushed up stairs with it. In the meantime her husband suspected that something was the matter, because she had consumed too much time in getting a drink of water. The robber became suspicious also and was pulling himself from under the bed, and had almost assumed a sitting position, his face toward the bed and the knife still clutched between his teeth, when the old doctor was in the act of springing to the door. Without a moment's hesitation the doctor tumbled right on the robber and at the same time dealt him a powerful blow in the face. They both fell on the floor, the doctor on top and gamely punching him at every opportunity. It was a short and desperate struggle. The robber attempted to cut the doctor, but the latter knocked the knife out of his hand. In tumbling around the robber got out his pistol and pulled the trigger, but the old doctor seized his wrist in time and the ball struck the ceiling. With a strong effort the robber extricated himself from the doctor and ran for the door.

"The son, who had the pistol his mother brought him, thought that his father was dead and resolved to kill the murderer at all hazards. He met the robber face to face in the door and fired point blank at his breast. Instead of falling the robber rushed out. The doctor, hearing the report of his son's pistol thought the robber had shot his wife in going out. In a few seconds the brave old couple were safe in each other's arms, and the next morning the body of the notorious robber and desperado, 'Hoosier' Bill Rodifer, was found in the back yard with a bullet through his breast. Now, gentlemen, don't you think that old woman had pluck in a wonderful degree, and that her husband was worthy in every way to be her mate?"—N. Y. Mail and Express.

PUNISHING A THIEF.

How He Was Compeled to Return an Umbrella to Its Owner.

"I saw an attempt to steal an umbrella that amused me the other day," said a gentleman last evening. "I was coming home on the train and got into conversation with a friend in a seat opposite me. To make it more pleasant he crossed the aisle and sat with me, leaving his umbrella, a very beautiful one, standing in the seat he vacated.

"At the first station a man came in and, though there were other vacant seats, seated himself in the one where the umbrella was standing. My friend quietly nudged me and we kept on talking. Pretty soon that umbrella lost its upright position in the corner and leaned affectionately against the well-dressed stranger, who felt the texture of its silk and the carving of the handle with evident relish. Another station was reached and the stranger rose to leave the train. Under his arm the umbrella found a resting place, and as he walked down the aisle my friend followed close at his heels. He had reached the depot platform when the owner of the umbrella tapped him quietly on the shoulder and said: 'Please return my umbrella to the seat you took it from.'

"One glance at the speaker's eyes convinced the would-be-thief that he meant what he was saying, and he mounted the coach steps and walked to the seat and set the umbrella in the corner without a word. Those in the car had by this time become aware of the nature of the difficulty, and, as the fellow turned shame-facedly to leave, he was aided on his way by lively hand clapping and roars of laughter. I think it will be several days at least before he makes a similar attempt.—Utica (N. Y.) Observer.

UNCERTAINTY OF WEALTH.

In Wall Street a Man May be Rich To-day and Poor To-Morrow.

Estimates of wealth based on manner of living and habits of personal expenditure are by the way, uncertain. Some men spend every dollar they make as fast as they make it, and never have a dollar laid by. To infer therefore, that because they live at the rate of say $20,000 a year they are worth an amount, which at 5 per cent, would yield an income of $20,000 would evidently be fallacious. On the other hand, many thrifty and successful money getters, from their thrift, spend no more on themselves and families after they have accumulated millions than when they had next to nothing. They have become fixed in the habits they acquired in their less prosperous days, and can not get out of them. Every year some man of this kind dies, and astonishes his most intimate friends by the immense estate he leaves behind him. This is especially the case with old men, who in their later years retire from society, and are, as it were, forgotten. While they are vegetating in obscurity their money is rolling over and over like a snow ball, increasing in geometrical ratio. On this point Mueller's weekly advertisements of executors' sales of stocks and bonds and real estate are most suggestive reading. The quantity of stuff that is poured out upon purchasers from this source is something wonderful. The executors of the late Joshua Jones, for example, who was not supposed to be immensly rich, have just distributed among his legatees, as the proceeds of a series of such sales, nearly $8,000,000, and those of the late Samuel Willets, who lived in a modest way, sold through the same auctioneers about three years ago $5,000,000 worth of the best kind of securities.

For another reason, too, men of great fortunes, who do not ostentatiously display them, are much better protected against public knowledge of their affairs than those who have small ones. A man of moderate means has often need to ask for credit, especially if he is carrying on an active business, and, therefore, must make statements of his financial condition. These statements are preserved and remembered, and thus, in his particular circle, the amount of his fortune is tolerably well known. But a large capitalist, or even a small one, out of business, lends money and does not borrow it, or, if he borrows it, borrows upon collaterals, which obviates the necessity of further inquiry, and thus leads to no estimate of his condition. I do not see how the fortune of a man like Jupiter Morgan, for instance, can be appraised. He has certainly never told its amount to me, nor to any one that I know. I doubt much whether he knows it himself within several millions. When he comes to die, to be sure, his executors will find out, but that event, let us hope, is yet far off. Mr. Jay Gould a few years ago did, indeed, make what he declared was a full and frank exhibition of his stock investments, and it was certified to by men of unimpeachable integrity, but, unfortunately, from the fact that it was made so frankly, nobody accepted the statement as strictly correct. Mr. Russell Sage is reputed to be wealthy, and probably is so, but whether he has one, five, ten or twenty millions I would not dare to affirm. Besides, many great fortunes, especially those which are flourished conspicuously before the eyes of the public in well-trumpeted stock operations, are as unsubstantial and evanescent as soap bubbles. Ten years ago Mr. Cyrus Field was reputed to be worth five millions of dollars. He got to speculating in Manhattan Elevated and went on until in a single day he was reduced to comparative poverty. Mr. Jay Gould, even, has repeatedly in the course of his life been brought to the verge of financial ruin. The experience of Jas. R. Keene is still fresh in the recollection of most frequenters of Wall street. I know that he once exhibited to his lawyer a New Year's statement showing a balance in his favor of $15,000,000. The next New Year's the $15,000,000 had all been lost and more, too. Even the late Governor E. D. Morgan, who every body said was worth $20,000,000, actually left at his death only about $3,000,000, and if he had lived a few years longer he would probably not have left that. Hundreds of such illustrations will occur to every one who has been in financial circles here for any length of time. If a monument were set up in Trinity churchyard to every man who has made and lost a fortune in Wall street since 1860, the gravestones there would be mighty crowded.—N. Y. Sun.

The First Chinese Railway.

The first railway in China was constructed by the shrewd and progressive Prince Lin Ming Chuan as a miniature affair, carrying the people on a circle of two or three miles for a small sum in order to familiarize them with the snorting monster. This being accomplished, a road is now laid of about seventy-five miles, on which the Viceroy makes tours without exciting the prejudices of the natives. "The railway is coming," is the prophecy of a high official at Pekin. It is the only way to meet the pressure of outside nations. But what is most interesting is the result in the way of unifying the dialects spoken in China. There are now not less than three hundred dialects, and they differ as much as French from German. There are also five different weights, or scales of weights, and in Pekin alone, while no standard of time whatever exists, foreign clocks are sometimes found. The first step is to facilitate intercourse, in order to unify the vast people.—Globe-Democrat.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The highest peak in New Guinea is to be named after William E. Gladstone.

—Under the laws of China the adult who loses his temper in a discussion is sent to jail for five days to cool off.

—The Russian military authorities state that they can in twenty-four hours put 180,000 soldiers in the field prepared for war.

—The Prince of Wales, despite his rank and income, doesn't disdain to turn an honest penny by breeding short-horned cattle, which are sold at private sale.

—Russia has fixed doctors' charges. Physicians making $450 per year will get forty-five cents per visit; others twenty-five cents. In country towns ten cents is the usual charge.

—Taking all London's food together—the fish, the meat, the poultry, the vegetables, the fruit, the groceries, and the bread—there is an annual consumption of close on a million and a half tons a year.

—At the top of the Eiffel tower, for a fee, specially prepared note paper, dated from the summit of the tower, is provided, and the writer can have the letter posted on the spot.

—President Carnot of France is strongly in favor of capital punishment. He is a greater believer in it than was M. Grevy, and the guillotine is much more active in Paris than it was some years ago.

—In Greece it is not yet recognized that women have the privilege of working. An enormous petition has been addressed to the House asking for secondry education for women and for the foundation of lyceums for girls.

—From a report of the Belgian Consul-General in the Congo State, it appears that the efforts made to introduce European vegetables and fruits in that district have been awarded with great success.

—There is a woman in a West-of-England town who makes a good living by killing cats. She advertises that if people who are about to go away for the summer will send their cats to her she will kill them with chloroform.

—"Residential chambers" for ladies have been built in London, consisting of two, three or four rooms, which rent from ten shillings to twenty-five shillings, unfurnished. Only those women who earn their own livelihood are permitted to become occupants.

—The City of Berlin is far ahead of London in telephonic progress, there being 10,000 subscribers. The entire net of wires in the German capital has reached a length of 17,804 kilometers, and the average number of calls amount to 196,691 daily.

—That swallows are disappearing from France is shown by a report laid before the Zoological Society, which also reveals the cause of this decrease, and indicates the remedy. The authors of the death of millions of these pretty birds are the ladies, who wear the feathers, wings and even the bodies of swallows in their hats and bonnets.

—The number of building societies in England and Wales is, according to a recent report, about 944, having a membership of over 320,000 and a share capital of $94,311,600. The receipts for one year were over $80,000,000, and the societies held securities valued at $150,000,000. In Scotland the societies are reported to have a membership of over 11,000, with a share list valued at over $4,045,000, while they held securities to the value of $6,354,105. In Ireland such societies have made less progress, and a membership of only 6,533 is reported.

PERFUMES OF FLOWERS.

How to Produce and Store Sweet Odors for Parlors and Boudoirs.

Boxes of heliotrope, mignonette and pansies, placed in windows, will sweeten the air of all dwellings.

The seamstress and all of the laboring classes should have sweet-scented plants blooming in their windows to keep the atmosphere fresh and pure, and act as a disinfectant. We can also use the petals of roses, violets, pinks, tuberoses, etc, to produce a sweet perfume for the parlor or boudoir; and by the aid of modern science it can be very easily done.

Fill a small, wide-mouthed jar with ether, and use a glass stopper, dipped in glycerine, to thoroughly exclude the air. Fill this jar with the fresh petals of any fragrant plant, cut after the dew is dry; and only the petals should be used; but clusters of heliotrope can be cut off close to the stem. Ether possesses the property of taking up the fragrant particles from the flowers, and every day the old petals must be taken out and new ones added. Quantities of flowers are required, but when the ether is all evaporated it will leave an essential oil of the flower, and three or four drops of it, added to deodorized alcohol, will give a delicious extract.

All delicious odors can be imprisoned in deodorized alcohol, which is made by filtering pure spirits through animal charcoal or boue-black in powder. It can be used over many times, and a thick flannel bag, with a wire run around the top, will make a good filter. Fill it with bone-black and pour in the alcohol, hanging the bag over a bowl, so that the liquid will drop into it. Take jars as described above and fill half full with alcohol, and then fill up with peach leaves, lemon peel, slices of pineapple, raspberries, cherries, strawberries—indeed, any thing from which you may desire to extract essence, and you will have as fine an assortment of essences as the manufacturer can furnish you.—Household.