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WAPENTAKE.

TO ALFRED TENNYSON.

Poet! I come to touch thy lance with mine:
Not as a knight, who on the listed field
Of tourney touched his adversary's shield,
In token of defiance, but in sign
Of homage to the mastery, which is thine
In English song; nor will I keep concealed,
And voiceless as a rivulet frost-congealed,
My admiration for thy versed vine.
Not of the howling dervishes of song,
Who craze the brain with their delirious dance,
Art thou, O sweet historian of the heart!
Therefore to thee the laurel-leaves belong,
To thee our love and our allegiance,
For thy allegiance to the poet's art.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

—Atlantic for December.

TRODDEN FLOWERS.

There are some hearts that like the loving vine,
Cling to unkindly rocks and ruined towers.
Spirits that suffer and do not repine—
Patient and sweet as lowly trodden flowers,
That from the passers' heel arise,
And bring back odorous breath instead of sighs.

But there are other hearts that will not feel
The lonely love that haunts their eyes and ears:
That wound fond faith with anger worse than steel,
And out of pity's spring draw idle tears.
Oh Nature, shall it ever be thy will
Ill things with good to mingle, good with ill?

Why should the heavy foot of sorrow press
The willing heart of uncomplaining love—
Meek charity that shrinks not from distress,
Gentleness, loth her tyrants to reprove?
Though virture weep forever and lament,
Will one hard heart turn to her and repent?

Why should the seed be broken that will head,
And they that dry the tears in others' eyes
Feel their own anguish swelling without end,
Their summer darkened with the smoke of sighs?
Sure, Love to some fair region of her own,
Will flee at last and leave us here alone.

Love weepeth alway—weepeth for the past,
For woes that are, for woes that may betide;
Why should not hard ambition weep at last,
Envy and hatred, avarice and pride?
Fate whispers that so low is your poor lot,
They would be rebels; love rebelleth not.

FANCHETTE, THE GOAT OF BOULAINVILLIERS.

AN EPISODE OF THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

When the German army inclosed in its iron grasp the most brilliant and pleasure-loving city of Europe, transforming in a moment its epicurean population into a people of heroes, the environs once so gay and beautiful had experienced a change almost as great. Most of the detached villas were deserted or occupied by the enemy, and the villages, whose regular inhabitants had either taken refuge in Paris or fled to a distance, were repopulated by a singular assemblage of individuals belonging to all classes of society, and bound together by the tie of a common nationality, and the necessity of finding a shelter and providing for their daily wants.

The hamlet of Boulainvilliers, which had been thus abandoned, had received an entirely new colony, and its beautiful avenue, carpeted with turf of the most lovely green, had all the appearances of a camp. As long as the season would permit, cooking was carried on in the open air, and groups were constantly to be seen surrounding the fires and exchanging accounts of their mutual misfortunes.

A painter of Fleurs, bearing the English or rather Scotch name of MacHenry, was among the refugees. He had brought with him from Colombes, where he had before resided, a remarkably beautiful white goat called Fanchette. This creature, to which her master was very much attached, figures in most of his pictures. Light and graceful as a gazelle, she is represented sometimes cropping delicately the green branches of the hedgerows and bushes, and contrasting well with the snowy whiteness of her skin.

Fanchette was a universal favorite; and few there were at Boulainvilliers who would not have deprived themselves of a morsel of the bread sometimes so hard to procure, that they might reserve a mouthful for the goat, which, however, the saucy thing would only accept from her particular friends.

The grace and rare intelligence of the animal frequently relieved the miseries of the siege. All were surprised at the wonderful education her master had succeeded in giving her. He had even taught her something of his art; and it was really extraordinary to see the sensible creature busily employed in arranging pebbles on the ground, so as to form a rude resemblance to a human profile, often grotesque enough, but still such as one occasionally sees on human shoulders; and looking at her work, one could not help thinking that after all the lower animals are perhaps not so inferior to us as we suppose.

The art with which Fanchette selected from a bunch of flowers each one that was named to her was really marvellous. Roses, wallflowers, tulips, camellias, were promptly chosen from the number, and it was rare indeed that she made the least mistake. Two centuries ago they would have burned the poor beast for a witch.

The exercise which she preferred to all others consisted in catching on her horns a series of brass rings which her master threw up in the air. This she did with the greatest address; and when she had got a dozen or so encircling her brow like a diadem, she would begin jumping and galloping and shaking her head to make them jingle, till over excited by their rough music, she would end by dancing in the most fantastic style on her hind feet, till tired at length with her exertions, she would bound towards her master and throw the rings at his feet.

Among those who had found refuge in the hamlet was a child of five years old, called Marie, the daughter of a peasant whose farm had been burned by the invaders. She was an object of general interest in the little colony on account of her gentle manners, and the sweet but suffering expression of her pale infantine features. A year or two previously she had been so severely bitten in the arm by a vicious dog that the limb had to be amputated, and her constitution had never recovered the shock. Fanchette soon took a great fancy to the little girl; and the doctor having advised her to be fed as much as possible on milk, MacHenry offered that of the goat. It was beautiful to see the pleasure with which the affectionate creature took upon herself the office of nurse, and the avidity with which the child sucked in the grateful nourishment which was giving her new life. Fanchette became every day more and more attached to Marie. She rarely left her, except when wanted by her master for some new study; and when it was ended, and MacHenry set her at liberty, saying: "Now, be off to Marie," with what joy the creature bounded away, and how rejoiced was the little one to have again by her side her darling Fanchette! Nestling her head under the child's hand, a world of loving things were interchanged in their mute caresses.

It once happened that a lady having in her hand a crown of artificial ivy which she had picked up somewhere, probably the *debris* of a school *fete* during happier times placed it on the head of little Marie. Fanchette, rising on her hind legs, examined it with comical curiosity; and having made up her mind on the subject, scampered off to an old tree close by, around whose trunk the real ivy twined in thick and glossy wreaths, butted it with her horns, twisting it round them; and tearing off long trailing garlands. She then ran back in triumph to throw her treasures at the child's feet, saying clearly as if she had the gift of speech: "Look! This is better than the coarse imitation they have decked you with; this is the real thing!"

Another day the child was looking at herself in a mirror, and Fanchette immediately began to do the same. The expression of sadness and wonder in her eyes seemed to say so plainly: "Why are Marie and I so different? If I were like her I could speak to her, and then we could love each other still better!"

One evening Marie, who was sitting by her mother's side, began to fidget and complain of an uneasy sensation in her back. Her mother, busily engaged with some work, and thinking the child was only disposed to be troublesome, examined it slightly and told her to be quiet; but the poor little thing continued to complain, when the mother, getting out of temper, gave her a sharp slap. Fanchette, who was present at this scene, presented her horns in a threatening attitude to the woman, and gently stroked the shoulders of her little friend with her foot. At the sight of the dumb animal's eloquent appeal, the woman began to relent, and calling the child to her, examined more carefully the state of things, when she found to her horror, one of those large and poisonous caterpillrrs called in French *processionnaires*, which had painfully irritated the delicate skin of the child.

It was about this time that MacHenry, continuing his artistic labors in spite of all the difficulties of the situation, resolved on taking for the subject of a new picture his goat Fanchette nursing the little Marie, Fanchette lent herself with her usual intelligence and docility to his wishes; and Marie was represented lying among grass and flowers with her four-footed friend bending over her. This picture, which was afterwards regarded as one of MacHenry's best works, obtained the most signal success at the Paris Exhibition of modern art—the truthfulness of the design, the freshness of the coloring, and the grace of the composition being equally striking.

But these bright autumn days soon passed away, and many may recollect the bitter cold of the sad Christmas of that dismal winter. Poor little Marie suffered so severely from it, that after a vain attempt to recall some warmth by lighting a fire of brushwood, the only fuel that could be procured, her mother, as a last resource, put her on to her little bed, in the hope that by heaping upon her all the clothing she could procure, the child might regain a little heat; but it was in vain; no heat came; and the blood had almost ceased to circulate in her frozen limbs. At this moment Fanchette arrived, and without waiting for an invitation sprang upon the bed. It was in vain they tried to drive her away; she only clung the closer to her nursling, and covering the child with her body, soon restored her to warmth and animation.

There was one among the temporary inhabitants of Boulainvilliers for whom Fanchette entertained an unmitigated aversion; this was a knife-grinder of the name of Massicault. His appearance was certainly not calculated to produce a favorable impression, for his features were repulsive and his expression disagreeable. A low forehead, a scowling eye, and a short, thick-set figure were the principal physical traits of this personage; nor were they redeemed by those of his moral character. He had for his constant companion a large ill-favored bull-dog with a spiked collar, who seemed to share all the evil instincts of his master. Every one wondered how the knife-grinder managed to feed this animal at a time when it was so hard to find the merest necessaries of life for human beings—and that too without ever seeming to do a hand's turn of work; for all day long he was lounging about, and it was rare indeed to hear the noise of his wheel. When any one alarmed at the threatening aspect of the brute—who never failed to growl and show his fangs when approached—asked his master to call him off, Massicault used only to reply with an ill-natured laugh; "He has not begun yet to eat such big morsels as you; but there's no saying what he may do one of these days!"

MacHenry was sorry that his goat partook of the general dislike to this man. He would have rather wished that she should have tried by her winning caresses to soften his rugged nature and bring him to love the gentle creature that had gained all other hearts; but as we shall see in the sequel, things turned out very differently.

On one of the last fine days of that sad year, a crowd having gathered round her while her master was amusing himself by exhibiting her intelligence in the selection of the fruit and flowers he named, in which she had acquitted herself with her usual sagacity, MacHenry bade her fetch an apple. There were some still hanging on a tree in a neighboring garden; but instead of running off as usual to the well-known place, she went right up to the knife grinder, and pushing aside with her paws the skirts of his coat, displayed two pockets stuffed with something, which the crowd, amid shouts of laughter, declared to be stolen apples. The artist tried to call off his goat, and the man drove her away with curses; but two vigorous peasants immediately laid hold of him, and insisted on seeing the contents of the suspicious pockets; which proved to be, as all had supposed, apples stolen from the tree in question. The discovery only increased the rage of Massicault, who swore with the most fearful oaths that he had never touched one of them, and that the apples found in his possession had been given to him by a friend. Though none believed him, several, in order to get rid of a disagreeable affair, feigned to do so, and he was finally let off; but many thought they had thus got a clue to the authorship of several robberies recently committed to the prejudice of different members of the little community.

This misadventure excited in the knife-grinder a violent hatred against Fanchette, which was heartily shared by his worthy companion, the bull-dog. The latter was an object of special terror to poor little Marie. Fanchette seemed to understand the fears of the child, and whenever the dog approached her she would lower her horns, as if to protect her nursling, and defy her enemy. These demonstrations of valor were generally successful, the dog slinking off with glaring eyes and drooping tail.

One day Fanchette nestled up close to her master, putting her foot upon his arm, and having succeeded in gaining his attention, ran off to a particular spot, where she stopped to sniff the grass, and then trotting back she renewed several times the same manœuvre. MacHenry, persuaded that something extraordinary must be the matter, rose and followed her. When she reached the spot, putting aside, like a terrier-dog, the lose herbage with her feet, she displayed to view a leather pocket-book which the artist picked up and examined. An instant sufficed to show that it belonged to the knife-grinder, and its contents proved that this man was one of the numerous spies the Germans had constantly and everywhere in their service. He found besides in this pocket-book, pushed under the covering, the picture of a child, one of those common photographs which have no other merit than a certain resemblance.

The very day that the pocket-book was found a frightful scene took place. Little Marie was sitting on a low stool eating a morsel of bread, which she was sharing with Fanchette, when the bull-dog chanced to pass. The animal stopped for a moment, and looked at her; then as if overcome by the temptation, he suddenly darted at her and snatched at the bread. He was prevented, however, by the goat, and with a toss of her horns she sent the ferocious beast sprawling to some distance; but he was only stunned, not seriously hurt; and furious at his repulse, he sprang upon the poor goat, seized her by the throat, and shook her with rage. Marie uttered a piercing shriek, and MacHenry, having got hold of a stick, ran to the rescue. A sharp blow on the head caused the dog to lose his grip of poor Fanchette, and turn against his new enemy, seizing him by the shoulder, but a peasant coming to the assistance of the artist, forced the dog again to let go; and limping off and growling, he at last took refuge beside his master, who all the while had been an unmoved spectator of the scene.

Great was the general grief at the sight of poor Fanchette motionless on the grass, bleeding profusely from the wound in her throat; and strong the indignation excited by the ferocity of the dog and the conduct of his brutal master. Many were the threats muttered against both; and there is little doubt that the dog at least would soon have paid the penalty he deserved had Fanchette's wound been mortal; but on examination it was found to be less serious than it appeared, and her master's care of her soon effected a complete cure. The inhabitants of the hamlet, however, resolved not to let slip the opportunity for getting rid of the obnoxious knife-grinder. This ill-favored individual was received whenever he showed himself with cries of "Be off, and quickly, too, and be thankful we do not throttle your wretch of a dog first."

Unable to resist the general storm of indignation, the man and his worthy companion were about to take their departure; but they had hardly reached the entrance to the village, when they were met by a party bringing along with them an orphan boy of about six or seven years of age, whose parents had been murdered some days previously in one of the detached cottages of the neighborhood which some still ventured to inhabit. The child, at the sight of the knife-grinder and his dog, uttered a loud cry and covered his eyes with his hands.

"What is the matter, my poor little fellow?" asked one of the by-standers. At length he was able with difficulty to reply, his words interrupted with deep sobs: "That man! that dog! It was they that killed my mother! I saw it all from behind the curtain in which I was hid."

Every one looked in astonishment of his neighbor, not knowing whether to believe the strange assertion of the child; When MacHenry produced the pocket-book and informed those around him of its contents. The child immediately cried out that it was his mother's; and had any doubt remained it would have been dispelled by looking at the portrait that was contained in it, for its resemblance to the poor little boy was striking.

In presence of such proof, there could be no hesitation, and two men immediately set off in pursuit of the fugitive; but he had already got a considerable advance, and fear lent him wings, so that before they could reach him he had gained the protection of the German outposts. He did not succeed, however, in evading the fate he merited, for shortly after the news arrived that the wretched man had fallen into the hands of a detachment of French *francstireurs*, and having been convicted of being concerned in the burning of a barn was immediately condemned and shot.

MacHenry adopted the orphan boy, and never had cause to repent of his generous action. "I have now two children," he used gaily to say: "for my gentle, intelligent Fanchette is almost as dear to me as if she were a human creature."—*From Chambers' Journal.*

How the Czar Confers Honors.

Two hundred officers of all ranks breakfast and dine daily at his table, writes the *London Times'* war correspondent in Bucharest, referring to the Czar. From the youngest to the oldest every eye is fixed on him. Before the meal, in the assembled circle, as the Czar appears, it is seen one day that an aide-de-camp behind him carries a cushion with crosses on it, and perhaps, half a dozen sword knots of honor—the riband of St. George, orange and black—to be worn attached to the sword hilt. Instantly expectaiton is at its height. The Czar's voice calls the chosen name, all make room for the envied man to pass, he comes blushing and flushed, receives the prize, bends low to kiss the imperial hand, and retires bowing at every step, a made man for life, the admired and courted of all beholders. Then he has to go through the usual embracing and kissing on both cheeks of his friends.

The effect of the system is like magic; it is to concentrate all the power and authority absolutely in one center. The Czar is the earthly providence of the soldier and officer, as well as the embodiment of the military power and glory of his country. I have seen old officers so overcome with the mark of distinction that they went about for ten minutes after like children, weeping, with the prized decoration in their hands, showing it around half dazed. No system can be imagined more calculated to stimulate individual efforts to the utmost. Yet, with all this spurring, there is something wanting. It is the individuality and the habit of spontaneous action, which only the education and modes of thought of a free people can supply. Whether it be the long-standing taint of serfdom, whether it be too much imperialism, the initiative is wholly absent. You tell the Russian what to do, and he will spring to it like an obedient child. In a year it never would have occurred to him to do it of himself.

A Wonderful Sight.

"I never saw such a thing in my life," said James Donohue, the night watchman of the Central Park Museum. "On Tuesday, Zip one of Barnum's monkeys, fell suddenly and dangerously ill. He was a great favorite with his companions—their leader in mischief. Superintendent Conklin examined him, and said he would die. We got a bed of straw and cotton for him, and left warm milk by his side."

Mr. Donohue meditated briefly, as though picturing the scene in his mind, and then said: "Yes, in all my experience as a night watchman among beasts, I never saw such a thing in my life. At 11 o'clock I went to the cage. Usually the monkeys at night sit huddled together, sound asleep; but this time they were all awake, sitting silent and moveless, watching Zip's dying agonies. Zip lay in a corner, sobbing and moaning. Jack had Zip's head resting on his bosom, while Pete every now and then dipped his paw in the milk and wet Zip's lips, Wasn't that strange?"

The reporter assented.

"But there's a stranger thing about it yet," Mr. Donnohue continued; "at midnight Zip died. Then came what my partner Reilly, and Barnum's man say they never saw the like of. As Zip's head fell limp in the arms of Jack, he gave a low squeal, and Pete sprang t his side. Pete looked at Zip, lifted up one of his paws, tapped him gently on his breast, put his ear to his heart, raised his head, and then gave a shrill squeal. Jack in answer dropped Zip just as naturally as a human being would at the first intimation that the form he held was dead. Pete was the first to recover himself. Slowly he approached Zip, examined him closely, raised him in his arms, dropped him hard on the floor of the cage, and, as Zip did not move, sprung to the uppermost perch. Wasn't that strange!"

The reporter assented.

"Then sir," continued Mr. Donohue, "came the most extraordinary thing ever witnessed in the Park. The monkeys set up the most piercing screams. The baby monkeys pressed close to their mothers, and the females close to the males. All chattered and chattered, and pointed to poor Zip. Finally Pete and Jake, followed by all the others, sprang to the bottom of the cage. They were all silent now, moving slow, and in form of a circle they gradually came nearer and nearer. Then hugging close, they stopped. All night long they remained watching the body, and I never saw a wake that could beat that one, for earnestness and sympathy."

After a pause, Mr. Donohue said, "He'll be stuffed."

"Who?" the reporter asked.

"Zip, of course," was the reply.

—New York Sun.

THE British tar is, as a rule, a staunch supporter of the established church, and has a lofty contempt for dissenters, which occasionally shows itself in rather an amusing way. For example, on board one of the ships of the Channel fleet, not long since, one of the petty officers was telling off the men for church, on Sunday, and this is the way he gave the *mot d'ordre;* "Reg'lars, stand where you har; fancy religions, fall hout."

HENS have an ambition similar to men They all want to get on the highes roost.

A Youthful Queen Opens Parliament.

Sumner described Queen Victoria's opening of parliament, in her youth, as follows: The Queen entered, attended by the great officers of state, with her heavy crown on her head, the great guns sounding and the trumpet adding to the glow of the scene. She took her seat with sufficient dignity, and in an inaudible voice directed the commons to be summoned. In the meantime all eyes were directed to her. Her countenance was flushed, her hands moved on the golden arms of the throne, and her fingers twitched in her gloves. There she was a Queen; but a Queen's nerve and heart, are those of a woman, and she showed but little nervousness and restlessness, which amply vindicated her sympathy with us all. And yet she bore herself well, and many, whose eyes were not so observing as you know mine are, did not note these pleasing tokens. I was glad to see them, more by far than if she had sat as if cut in alabaster. The commons came in with a thundering rush, their speaker at their head. Her majesty then commenced reading her speech, which had been previously handed to her by the lord chancellor. It was a quarter or a third through before she could get her voice so that I could understand her. In the paragraph about Belgium I first caught all that she said, and every word of the rest of her speech came to me in as silvery accents as I have ever heard. You well know I had no disposition to admire the Queen, or anything that proceeds from her, but her reading has conquered my judgment. I was astonished and delighted. Her voice was sweet and finely modulated and she pronounced every word slowly and distinctly, with a just regard to its meaning. I think I have never heard anything better read in my life than was her speech, and I could but respond to Lord Fitzwilliam's remark to me when the ceremony was over, "How beautifully she preforms."

HOW TO WASH LACES.—Now that lace and muslin ruffles are universally worn, the pleasure of the possessors is a little dashed by the knowledge that the pretty varieties will lose their freshness and half, at least, of their beauty in the wash, unless recourse be had to the expensive skill of a French laundress, But if they are washed at home after the following manner, they may hold up their heads with the best of the unwashed: Cover half a dozen wine or porter bottles with old stockings, sewed on to fit as tightly as possible. On these baste the solid laces, carefully catching down every tiny loop in the border. The work is tedious but necessary. When the lace is fastened, cover the bottle in hot suds made of fine soap and change the cooling suds to hot again several times a day. Or, better still, put the bottle in the boiler, and let it boil two or three hours, by which time the lace will be quite clean. Set the bottle in the air, and leave it till the lace is nearly but not quite dry. Then rip the lace off carefully, and press it in a book for a few hours. It will come out spotless, not too white, and with the almost imperceptible stiffness which new lace has. Even point lace emerges unscathed from this process. With half a dozen bottles much lace can be cleaned at once, and the lace can be tacked on at old moments.

STRIPED SILKS.—A Parisian caprice, said to be due to Worth, is of returning to striped silks. Those an inch wide are especially in favor, such as a stripe of black satin alternating with a stripe of black gros grain, or else in contrasting colors for house dresses, as old gold satin striped with garnet, or black velvet, clair de lune with garnet, or pale blue strips with gray, separated by threads of cardinal red. A Worth costume of inch-wide strips of black satin and gros grain has a belted basque with plain satin plastron edged with thread lace, while the postilion black has only a satin piping. The plain silk sleeves are so tight as to need gathers at the elbow, and are slashed across in three places above the wrists to show an inner cuff of the striped silk which extends below the sleeve proper. The skirt has three straight flowing back breadths seen on the newest dresses, trimmed simply with a knife-pleating of silk three inches deep sewed to the edge, not set upon it. The three front gores are of plain silk, with striped panels set down the front breadth, and bound with satin.

THE LOVELY WOMEN INVITED.—A Spanish paper announces as having the approval of the Ministry at Madrid, a scheme for opening at the Paris Exhibition a competition of international beauty. All the lovely women in the world are invited to send photographs of their faces in front view, and in profile, and 61 prizes of awards in money, 100 accessists, and 200 honorable mentions are to be dealt out by a jury composed of a male and female for each nation represented. The winner of the grand prize is to be invited to the French Capital, and is to be carried in procession in a car drawn by six Andalusian or Arab horses of purest breed, and the other successful competitors are to be at liberty to join in the procession. But as the Paris *Dabrts* ask how is an international jury to decide, if the Chinese, Hottentots, Polynesian, etc., who have notions of female loveliness which are not ours, send exhibits to do battle with our particular ideal? At all events, the dilemma is possible, as the proposition is official.

A PLATFORM orator calls his lecture "How to Gain Wealth." There are several ways of accomplishing this object. One is to over-issue stock, another is to "raise" insurance scrip; another is to get elected president of a savings bank; and a fourth is to charge two hundred dollars a night for a twenty dollar lecture.

JOSH BILLINGS says: "There iz no man who needs so much watching az the one who iz always watching some eno else."

Household Hints.

TO PREVENT PIE-CRUST FROM SMOKING.—Glaze the under crust with beaten egg.

TO REMOVE SPOTS OF BLACKING FROM CARPET.—Scrub the spots with hot water and borax, using little soap; rinse with clear water, and rub dry with a clean dry rag.

BREAD MAKING.—We use a two-cent cake of yeast dissolved in three pints of luke-warm water. This makes three loaves of bread and one pan of rolls. Our bread is excellent.

CURE FOR SLEEPLESSNESS.—Eat an onion or two previous to retiring at night. Also a specific for all diseases of the kidney and bladder, if indulged in freely for some time, where other remedies have failed.

FOS DYSPEPSIA.—Burn alum until the moisture in it is evaporated; then take as much as you can put on a dime, about half an hour before eating. Three or four days probably will answer but take it until cured.

DARK STEAMED PUDDING.—To be steamed two and a half or three hours. One cupful molasses, one cupful sweet milk, two cupfuls butter, four cupfuls flour, one teaspoonful soda three-quarters cupful fruit, spice, to suit the taste; to be eaten with flour sauce.

BOSTON TEA CAKES.—One well-beaten egg, two teaspoonful of sugar, one cupful sweet milk, one teaspoonful soda, dissolved in milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar sifted into the dry flour, one teaspoonful of butter, melted; bake in small tins.

CELERY.—Celery can be kept for a week or longer by first rolling it up in brown paper, then pin it up in a towel and keep it in a dark place, and keep as cool as possible. Before preparing it for table, place it in a pan of cold water, and let it remain in for an hour. It will make it crisp and cold.

CORN-MEAL MUFFINS.—Three eggs well beaten, whites and yolks separately; two heaping cupfuls of Indian-meal and one of flour; sift into the flour one teaspoonful of soda and two of cream-tarter; then one tablespoonful of lard, melted, three cupfuls of milk, one teaspoonful salt; bake well and thoroughly; bake in rings or small patty-tins; bake quickly and serve hot.

CORNING BEEF.—For 100 pounds of beef, take seven pounds salt, two pounds sugar, two ounces saltpetre, two ounces pepper, two ounces soda; dissolve in two and a half gallons water; boil, skim, and let cool; when a scum rises after a few weeks, scald the brine over, and by so doing and keeping meat entirely covered with brine, it will keep a year and more.

ONE Maine schoolmistress is thus described: "She is an imposing human structure, not far from seven feet in hight, and weighing not less, I think, than 300 pounds. Her voice is fitting to her size, and her strength is equal to either. She is pleasing to behold—very handsome, the Anakim would probably call her." She was sent for once to reduce a disorderly school to submission. The boys, almost men in stature, had ejected a teacher by force and smashed the desks. The account continues: "She walked the floor, making her exordium. Her ruler was like a weaver's beam. She told the school why she was there, and serenely invited those who designed to make trouble to begin it at once. Not a creature stirred. After some weeks one young fellow of twenty-one years, who considered himself a beau, began to air his pretensions rather obnoxiously. One stride, and she was alongside the dandy; one grab, and the dandy was across her knee—kicks, howls, and scratches were efforts thrown away; and amid the struggles of the boys not to rend the air with laughter and the hysterical shrieks of the girls, Adolphus was disciplined in a style and to a degree that he will remember to his departing days."

A FLY IN THE EAR.—Two curious designs are in great favor for jewelry and brooch purposes. One is the chicken's claw. Such claws as these and chicken hearts are totally distinct. The ornament looks formidable on velvet bows. It is also seen for dress-hooks. Rats and mice are having a fine scramble over ladies' rings and shawl-pins. But the unkindest thing in this line is the real fly. It is simply mounted on a stud and worn in the ear. A lady may take it on her head to put on one only, and a friend is sure to approach with a compliment, fancying it is real. He will soon wonder at the insect's perseverance and endeavor to frighten it off, when the wearer will laugh and say he has been caught. It is rather silly, but the old sticking plaster *mouches* had no more sense in them. There are so many obnoxious buzzing things in the world that, whether two or six legged, it is a satisfaction to catch one now and then, —*Paris Letter.*

FEAR OF DEATH.—It is said of the late Dr. Arnold that, finding one of his children had been greatly shocked and overcome by the first sight of death, he tenderly endeavored to remove the feeling which had been awakened, and, opening a Bible, pointed to the words: "Then cometh Simon Peter following him and went into the sepulcher, and seeth the linen clothes lie, and the napkin that was about his head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself." "Nothing," he said, "to his mind affords us such comfort, when shrinking from the outward accompaniments of death—the grave, the grave-clothes, the loneliness—as the thought that all of these had been around our Lord himself—round him who died, and is now alive forever more."

HOW TO GET THIN.—Take regularly three times a day in a little water 15 drops of hydrate of potassium—always after meals—and a little moderation in eating will help.—AR. S.

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