COOKING UTENSILS.

Great Simplicity of Those Found Among Mexico's Poor.

The cooking stove of the Mexicans was a model of cheapness and simplicity. It consisted of an earthen jar, or pot, in which was placed charcoal, their universal fuel. Upon this was placed the pot, or jar, they cooked in, of either iron or earthenware, containing the articles to be cooked. Fresh meat can be kept in its natural state in that climate only for a very short time—salt having no effect upon it. It is therefore cut into strips and dried, or "jerked," as we term it, in the sun. Thus prepared, it will keep for an indefinite length of time. In its appearance it is similar to our dried beef, but to an American taste is rather insipid, or, to speak more clearly, leathery. The meat in sufficient quantity is placed in the pot, as is also the vegetables desired. To this is added the native chile pepper, the extreme pungency of which to the uncultivated taste takes away the breath, our best cayenne pepper being as mild lemonade, in comparison. But it seems mild enough to these children of the sun, and they relish it highly.

Each family, and I speak of the poorer classes, have their mill by which is prepared the meal—corn—of which their bread is made, when required, and this is a pattern of that described in Biblical history. It consists of a slab of stones about two feet square, made smooth on the one side and slightly concave from outer edge to center. This is elevated upon stout stone pegs to an angle of about forty-five degrees. A piece of hard, fine-grained stone, about the length and size of the ordinary rolling-pin in modern use, thick in the middle and tapering to the ends furnishes the "upper millstone," as it were. The corn to be converted into meal is first soaked in water. The earthen jar containing this is placed alongside of the mill, the female who supplies the motive power rolls up her sleeves, if she is so encumbered, kneels down in front of the slab, and taking a handful of corn out of the jar, throws it with a deft hand across the surface of the slab, and then, with a graceful up and down movement, reduces it with the stone rolling-pin to a paste. When this is ground fine enough it is taken between the hands and made into thin cakes known as tortillas, and these are cooked upon a piece of sheet iron placed upon the fire. This apparatus, we learned, was the same in general respects as that used by the Aztecs. Wheat was raised to some extent, and they have mills for preparing it, but the one I have described is the mill of the poor.

The goatskin, pitched inside, also described in the Bible, we found in frequent use as receptacles for water, milk and the fiery mescal, aguardiente and that most potent of all Mexican intoxicants, pulque. The filled goatskin is slung over the shoulders with a broad strap, and at the end of one of the fore legs tied with a thong is used as a spigot to draw off the contents. It takes one some time to get accustomed to the pitchy taste of the contents of these primitive vessels, yet it was rather a novel experience to take a drink out of one of them.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

WORKERS IN MINES.

The Two Great Dangers to Which Coal Miners Are Exposed.

This mine, while one of the largest, was also one of the most dangerous in the valley. In order to keep the workings supplied with pure air, in quantity sufficient to render harmless the explosive gases released by opening the coal-seams, an immense fan had been constructed which, during every minute that it was in action, drew forth from the mine over two hundred thousand cubic feet of impure air. Even with this great air-current, there were still very dangerous parts of the mine, requiring the utmost vigilance from the miners. To hear of some miner or laborer firing the gas in his chamber and being burned thereby was a matter of almost weekly occurrence. In pits of this character, where there is a plentiful air-current, it is often a custom with miners to "fire" the gas in their working-places before a quantity sufficient to render its combustion dangerous accumulates. When this is done, the gas will take fire with a noise not unlike that made in lighting a common gas-jet. There is such an excess of air that the explosion of the gas is very weak and harmless. The flame, often three or four feet deep, will travel along the uneven roof, showing beautiful colors varying from a deep, dark blue to a brilliant crimson; and in it shine stars of dazzling white light, showing that fine particles of coal-dust suspended in the air are burning in the great heat of the gas. Sometimes this flame will travel clear up against the roof, slowly to and fro, several times, until all the gas has been burned away.

When the flame dies out, the burnt gases (the "black" or "after-damp"), being heavier than the air, fall to the floor. So the coal miner is ever exposed to two great dangers: the first, that of being burned; the second, that of being suffocated after he has escaped the fire.—*Roy McTavish, in St. Nicholas.*

A Curious Marine Monster.

Not long ago a curious marine monster was captured near Tampico. For several days a school of unknown creatures were seen disporting in the gulf, a short distance from the shore; but all efforts to capture any of them proved futile, till one was caught by accident in a fishing seine. Ropes were then thrown around the struggling monster, and by the aid of horses it was dragged to land. It was a *cephaleptera vampyrus*, also known as the "devil fish," or ocean vampire. It measured fifteen feet long and seventeen feet wide from the edges of the pectoral fins, and its mouth was five feet across.—*City of Mexico Letter.*

—Peking ducklings at three or four months old make a desirable dish, if they are well fed from the swell and fattened on cooked ground oats and corn, with potatoes added. They are also very hardy if not inbred, and stand our cold winter weather remarkably well. They are early layers, and continue with only short intermission until late in the summer. They thrive rapidly and when matured will ordinarily weigh from **twelve to fourteen pounds per pair.**

—In Pennsylvania rabbit hunting with ferrets is forbidden by law. A Cochranton boy evades the law by catching a rat alive, tying a string to its neck, taking it to a rabbit's hole, and letting it go into the hole, he holding the end of the string meanwhile. The frightened rat usually scares out the rabbit.

SOME ENGLISH IDEAS.

Should Women Enter the Field as the Competitors of Men?

In our anxiety to find remunerative employment for women, we seem to lose sight of the fact that we are injuring the prospects of England's young sons, who, after all, are the legitimate supporters of the national prosperity. Surely there are sufficient occupations to employ our surplus population of women, without entering them in the labor market as the rivals instead of the helpers of men. On every side we hear of the scarcity of domestic servants. Would it not be well if women, who have the time at their disposal to develop this industry, would use their efforts to persuade their sisters of the working class to send their daughters to service instead of into factories? Many would gladly do so if they only knew how to obtain the situations, and would welcome warmly ladies who would find good, comfortable homes for their girls. There are thousands of good situations in England, and in Canada a girl is, without doubt, at a premium, either as a servant or a wife. For women of the educated classes there is hospital nursing (which should be undertaken entirely by them), taking charge of charitable institutions, various kinds of parochial and philanthropic work, teaching in families, middle and upper class schools, national and board schools; and for the lower middle class there is dressmaking, mantle-making, millinery and many other light occupations, unsuited to men. Among women workers teaching has not hitherto taken the position which is its due. A lady will undertake the life of a governess in a private family at a stipend which a cook or housemaid would flout with scorn; but she has, as a rule, considered teaching in a national or board school, with a comfortable stipend, as quite beneath her dignity. Therefore, this most important factor in our national life is relegated to the working classes, who are the least fit for the work. If the girls of the educated classes who are obliged, from adverse circumstances, to earn a living for themselves, would go into training to fit them for teaching in church or board schools, they would receive a remuneration which would make them independent of their friends and confer an incalculable boon on the nation. The refinement and culture of their life and manners would do more to raise and refine the life of the masses than any other agency which could be employed.—*Woman's World.*

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION.

How Boys and Girls Are Benefited by the Knowledge It Imparts.

Thanks to several courageous men and skillful women, industrial education is here to stay. It has its place, well taken and strongly maintained in the kindergarten, primary, grammar, high and special technical schools. Hereafter no child will go out into life from any well-regulated city or large town without knowing some new things, the delay in teaching which makes the schools of yesterday look strange. Industrial art is certainly to be a permanency. Little children will hereafter know form and color as no grade of public school ever taught them in olden times, and they will know how to criticize, measure, estimate, describe and draw them. Of this there can be no question. Sewing, and all that is indispensable in the needle-work accomplishment of every woman, will be taught the girls as thoroughly as numbers and language. Of this there can be no doubt. There is every philosophical and practical reason for the former, as there is every sensible reason for the latter. It now looks as though the girls would be taught the science and art of cooking, and the boys the art of handling tools in wood-work. Both of these, however, are thus far experimental, so far as the public schools below the high-school grades are concerned. * * We frankly confess that we very greatly hope the experiment will be so universally successful as to lead to their thorough engrafting upon the school system as low down as the upper two classes of the grammar school. We do not believe the intellectual work would suffer; we think the moral gain would be great.—*Journal of Education.*

Disposing of a Nuisance.

Emile Augier called on Jules Sandeau one day, and had hardly taken a seat when an organ-grinder posted himself under the window. Sandeau, who was very nervous, threw him a half-franc piece and begged him begone. Augier considered this a bad way of disposing of a nuisance, and told him how he had cleared his neighborhood of organ-grinders. One day an Italian played before his house. Augier opened the window, listened attentively, and applauded. Another piece was played and applauded, and still another; but when the musician took off his hat and held it under the window, Augier quickly shut it and pulled down the blinds. The Italian looked first amazed, then angry, and never played again before his house. The same experiment was repeated with other organ-grinders, until all had noted the number of his house and tabooed it.—*N. Y. Post.*

The Old Lady Caught Him.

A patrolman who was going up Macomb street the other night was joined by a resident of that street who was on his way home. When the two reached the house it was nearly midnight, and the citizen jokingly said:

"I guess I can get in without the old lady hearing me. Some wives are mighty particular, you know."

He passed around to the side door with a key in his hand, but in about a minute the officer heard a terrible yell, followed by shouts for help. A chamber window was thrown up and a head thrust out and the officer asked what was the matter.

"Oh, nothing much," answered a woman's voice; "I wanted to know just what time he got home to-night, and so I set a steel-trap on the door-step. I think it caught him. You can go on about your business and I'll go down and let him in."

The officer obeyed the suggestion and was heard to say as he promenaded his beat:

"It beats all how many pointers a feller can pick up after ten o'clock at night!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

—It is a well-known fact that a deaf person can tell you what you are talking about by the motion of your mouth. Therefore the deaf are thrice blessed when the brakeman opens the door and fiendishly shout his message.—*Puck.*

NOVELTIES IN FAIENCE.

Flowers and Leaves of Gold and Colors to Take the Lead.

The new designs in faience ware will be decorated more beautifully than anything ever produced in this ware by American manufacturers. Some of the new patterns were seen by a reporter through the permission of the manager of a leading manufacturing company. He said the new feature of the trade is that the American production has become so well known that the retailers have no difficulty in selling it. It is observed, also, that the taste of the people is more cultivated than formerly. In the common or "printed" ware there can be no artistic work. One of the pieces of faience recently made cost $275. It is a bowl-shaped vase, thirty-eight inches high, of Pompeiian design. The entire body is covered with a heavy coat of bronze and on this is traced pond lilies and leaves in heavy gold work. The cover bears the shape of a Turkish fez and both cover and handle are perforated.

A novel ground work is malachite green. It is a deep shade and shows to best advantage under a strong light. It is decorated only in gold. In the new decorations beautiful flower patterns will prevail and colors and gold will take the place of the bronze and gold of last year. An exquisite effect is produced by a wild rose pattern in pink and pale blue, set off by gold and shaded by gold and medium brown. Another decoration is a thistle in full bloom, in gold, with foliage in pale brown. Pond lilies form another new design, the blossoms being red, with leaves in deep and light green, the whole on light yellow ground. There are also bunches of wortleberries in raised gold on a groundwork of pale cream color, or berries in red against a white ground, with foliage to match.

There is a new craze for lamps made of faience ware. An extremely handsome design is a lamp which stands 16½ inches high; it is vase-shaped. The body is formed like a bowl and the neck is nearly as long as the body. The latter is covered with wild rose decorations in red and gold, and the body decoration consists of five trumpet flowers in heavy raised gold on cream groundwork. It is worth $60. A new feature is the making of Easter novelties, among which are swans, full-harnessed elephants, a boat-shaped shell, bell-shaped olive jars and fanciful bonbonnieres. All are decorated in flowers of gold and bronze.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

CABBAGE RATIONS.

An Excellent Food For Cows When Given in Moderation.

In reply to the question: "To what extent cabbages may be given to cows without proving hurtful, I would say that, having fed with cabbages for many years, I never knew of them "proving hurtful;" but, then, they were always given—as every kind of food should be—in moderation. This I would consider to be two large cabbages, or three smaller, if given once a day; and if given twice a day, two middle-sized ones night and morning would be sufficient. A good cabbage will weigh from 5 to 7 or even 8 pounds, so that the ration would stand thus: Once a day, from 16 to 18 pounds; twice a day, 9 to 10 pounds each serving. There are two good reasons for not over-feeding with cabbage. They are generally a limited crop, and, if used sparingly it goes without saying they last longer, and so tide off the necessity of having recourse to less innocuous substances; and also they are in themselves so nutritious, and contain so high a percentage of gluten, that they are better given as a mixed ration than as a sole or even a preponderating food. Of the value of cabbage either for man or beast there is little doubt. Paterson, in his book on gardening, says: "Nothing on either garden or farm will make a better return. The late cabbage is the most valuable crop for cows which can be produced. All summer the leaves are inexhaustible, and then the huge, solid, and savory bolls cause the brutes in very gladness to overflow with milk." But it is in the autumn and early winter, when the pastures begin to give out, that they come so conveniently to the front, keeping the cows in heart and health, without spoiling the flavor of the milk, as is too often the case when root feeding is resorted to. Therefore by all means feed with cabbage, if you have them, but see that you take due care of them, for there is nothing so good to take their place when they are gone.—*Cor. Agricultural Gazette.*

THE SULTAN'S FAVORITE.

Abdul Hamid's Pet Workman Who Measured the Sultana's Foot.

Besides collections of stuffed birds and impaled beetles, of modern arms and costly mouth-pieces, one of the Turkish Sultan's favorite "fads" is a passion for art carpentry and wood-carving. He has a regular workshop, in which he practices both these handicrafts. A Mecklenburg German, Carl Jenssen, owed his great favor to Abdul Hamid's taste for fancy upholstery. Jenssen was an artisan, employed in the workshop which belonged to Abdul Hamid when heir apparent to the throne, and his Highness sole confidant—the most influential personage in the household. Jenssen gradually developed a variety of other talents—fitting up looms, looking after the Prince's wardrobe, grooming horses, cleaning carriages, etc.; in short, he became quite indispensable. One day when Carl, as the Prince always called him, had made an unusually lucky hit in his purchases, Abdul Hamid resolved to confer an unprecedented favor upon him. The Prince opened one of his wardrobes with his own hands, took therefrom some "Frankish" clothes and gave them to Jenssen. Let any body acquainted with Oriental etiquette just reflect for a moment what an astounding condescension it was for an Osmanli heir presumptive, upon whose beck and nod hundreds of slaves were always waiting, to give a pair of Paris-made breeches with his own hands to a Giaour journeyman carpenter.

Such trust, however, had Abdul Hamid in the honest Mecklenburger that he even allowed him to enter the apartments of her Highness, the chief wife. Jenssen had one day bought some shoes for the Princess which did not exactly fit, but were so well cut and finished that the illustrious lady could not bear to send them back. She sent for her husband, and, after a long discussion, Carl was called in and requested to see for himself where the shoes did not exactly suit the Princess' feet, so that he might have them altered for her.—*From Beattie Kingston's Book.*

GOOD SECTION CASES.

A Brief Description of the Best Way to Make Them.

After trying nearly all the section cases advertised in our bee papers, and many not so advertised, I have come to the conclusion that wide frames, holding but one tier of sections, give the best results with the least work, trouble and annoyance. Wide frames, two or more tiers of sections high, to be used in the upper story of a two-story hive, do not work at all satisfactorily with me, so I have discarded them entirely. However, I find them very handy when hiving very large swarms, where such frames of sections are placed at each side of the hive to take the place of dummies in contracting the hive from an eight-frame hive down to five frames. These wide frames are hung in the hive with separators towards the combs, and it is a rare instance that I get either brood or pollen in them. These wide frames are left in the hive for twenty-four days, when they are taken out to give place to four empty combs, which are used to fill out the hive so there will be stores enough for winter, and when taken out are generally filled. If all are not so filled, that portion of them is placed on top, in the one-tier wide frames and left to be finished. This makes some work, but as such are only used on very large swarms, but little of this changing of sections is required, as they are generally complete at the end of the twenty-four days, so that it is no more work to handle wide frames of sections than it would be dummies. Some one may ask, How about tiering up? I do not like tiering up, nor never did, for by this plan I am liable to have too many partly finished sections at the end of the season, especially should the season be a little poorer than we expected. However, the wide frames, as I use them can very easily be made to tier up.

A brief description of what I prefer is as follows: Make wide frames to accommodate the number of sections you desire, consistent with the top of your hive and size of section. I use four sections in a frame. Next make two boards the same length and height of the wide frames, cleating them to prevent warping. Drive a nail into each end of one of these boards, letting it project one-fourth inch, and a large headed tack into each end of the other, driving it in so that by winding a string around once or twice it will hold the board as in a vice. Now procure some coil wire springs, about three-sixteenth inch in diameter, and tie a short string by making a slipnot or otherwise to the spring and to the nail driven in the first little board, and then tie a longer string to the other end of the spring. I use one eighteen inches long. Put your wide frames on the hive, two, three, five, seven or ten as you wish, set one of the little boards up on each side, draw the springs at each end till a strong tension is made, and wind strings around between head of tack and board to fasten, when you have an arrangement that you can enlarge or contract, invert or tier up, as you please, and one which I consider superior to any thing yet brought before the public in the shape of a surplus arrangement for comb honey. For practical work I use it as follows: When the honey season opens I put from two to five wide frames on each colony according to size, being careful not to give too much room at first, so as to discourage the bees on the start. In a week or more add two more wide frames, one at each side, and so on, until the full capacity of the top of the hive is used, putting the empty sections on the outside always. As I use chaff hives largely, this gives me room for twelve wide frames, should occasion require—as a rule from six to eight are all that are used. As soon as the first are completed they are taken off, the other wide frames crowded to the center, and the empty sections put on the outside as before. As the season draws toward a close, calculations are made so as to get all as nearly completed as possible, and to accomplish this no empty sections are put on to take the place of the full ones taken off, so that at the end of the season the number will be about the same as it was at the beginning, all of which are generally finished.—*G. M. Doolittle, in American Rural Home.*

THE COWARDLY CYCLONE.

It Never Tackles Any Thing of Its Own Size and Strength.

"I see," said the old fellow who is much acquainted with the ways of the West, "that the cyclone has been taking a turn in the South. Do you know that there's nothing more cowardly than a cyclone?"

"Cowardly!"

"Yes, cowardly. Did you ever know a cyclone to tackle any thing of its size? Did you ever know a cyclone to make a dash at a great city? No, for that's not the nature of a cyclone. When is a cyclone happiest? When it can slip up on some little weather-boarded town that has just gone to sleep. Then it dances a jig of furious glee. It dashes at the court-house and scatters it about the public square; seizes the Methodist church and slams its life out against the town hall; wrenches the groaning windlass from the town well and kills the mayor with it, and then enters upon the frolic of general destruction. But how does it act when it strikes a great city? It is like the cowboy who, having shot out the lights of a frontier saloon and made himself master of the place, goes to a big town and piteously begs for a drink. It gathers up dust and throws it in the eyes of the people, but it does not demolish the chamber of commerce. It howls with cowardly rage, and then dozes in a vacant lot. 'Never mind,' it says to itself, 'I know what I am doing. Yonder is a countryman with a blanket about his shoulders. He lives in a little village out in Iowa. I'll follow him out home, and, after he has gone to sleep, I'll pick him up and beat his life out against the ground. Then I'll go into the village park and tangle the maple trees 'like ocean weeds heaped on a surf-beaten shore.' No, sir," the Westerner continued, "there is nothing more cowardly than the cyclone."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—New hansom cabs in London are provided with small silver whistles for the use of lady passengers to direct the driver. One whistle signifies turn to the right, two to the left, and so on; something like the pilot signal of a steamboat.

—There is a tailoring academy in Berlin at which public examinations are now going on, and which was attended last year by 912 students of all nationalities including Japan. Medals and prizes are awarded to those who contrive to give the most artistic shape to trousers or waistcoats.

TROUBLES OF TOURISTS.

The Difficulties in the Way of Obtaining a Parcel in Naples.

Let us suppose that on reaching home the visitor hears that a parcel from England awaits him at the railway station. Unable to go himself, he sends his servant with the money, the official receipt, and a written request to the station master to hand the parcel to the bearer. That ought to suffice, he thinks; but no one accustomed to Neapolitan ways will be surprised to learn that it does not. The bearer of the note is unknown personally to the station master, and he must be identified. Fortunately this is not a difficult task, and a mutual acquaintance is unearthed close by. But a new difficulty is at once forthcoming. The parcel is declared to be of value, (though obviously only a suit of clothes,) and the signor must either present himself in person or appoint an accredited agent to deliver the parcel at his house. Next day, accordingly, the signor presents himself; but here again identification is required, and this time it is attended with so much trouble that in disgust he accepts the services of an accredited agent. The following day this gentleman presents himself with the parcel, and the satisfaction is tempered by the little account produced with it. There is, first of all, the cost of the carriage; then the ordinary customs; then the town dues; then a charge for every day that it has been lying at the station; then the agent's charge, his tram, an extra sou or two because it is a warm day, and a glass of wine to wash it all down. On the next occasion when a parcel is sent from England, our visitor determines that it shall not be sent as a thing of value, and that it shall take its chance, but only to find that it makes no difference. A new set of excuses is framed, and it is not until the authority has made his little profit that the parcel reaches its destination. We have ourselves never yet been able to discover whether this is legalized or illegal robbery, but on one occasion we endeavored to escape the blackmailing by directing the parcel to be sent on by post. This was no advantage; the gain appeared to be transferred from the station-master to postmaster, though perhaps they went halves. This latter was almost a gentleman in appearance, but he was not above accepting an extra three sous, which the steepness of the hill had given him the excuse to ask for.—*Murray's Magazine.*

THE TYPICAL AUSTRALIAN.

Hospitality of the Well-to-Do Graziers or Squatters of the Antipodes.

No man is more hospitable than the well-to-do Australian. A visitor arriving well introduced will be passed on from villa to villa, from country house to country house, and from run to run, sharing everywhere the most profuse kindness. In a few weeks he will hardly know who first started him on the progress he is making.

There is little snobbery in the country, but as most of the people are "self-made," the parvenu is, of course, not an unknown personage, though the circumstances of the country and of the people prevent him—or her—becoming quite so objectionable as he or she would be in an older condition of society.

The squatters or graziers are the aristocrats of the country, though some of the successful of them have been butchers and drovers, possibly even of humbler or less reputable antecedents. They are imbued with extremely territorial instincts, and will refer to the small farmer, "who selects" under the colonial land laws a bit of the run he leases from the Government, or the irreverential gold digger, as an English 'squire would speak of a poacher, or a many-acred peer of the "city man" who builds a "snug box" overlooking his park wall.

Yet while the English 'squire is likely to talk of every thing rather than of his rent roll or the balance he has at the banker's, the squatter will hardly fail to tell his visitor of what he has got last summer for his wool, or what he expects to get this winter for the fat oxen which are grazing in the pretty but roughly kept paddock you can see from the veranda surrounding the country house, which he built when he got beyond the "hut" stage of brush-struggling existence.

The ladies are well educated, but though charming company for a visitor they are as a rule somewhat "loud" and inclined to exact the utmost deference from all the male world around them and to repay it by as little veneration as possible. Nobody awes them. As are the mistresses so are the maids, who have much of the pertness of such young persons, as exhibited in plays and on the stage generally.—*Countries of the World.*

He Took It Coolly.

A Chicago traveler tells the following on a Philadelphia man:

They were sitting together on the front steps of the Philadelphia man's residence when a fire engine dashed by, leaving in its wake a train of smoke and sparks. Horses and wagons were turned out to the curb with as much speed and dexterity as could be commanded, to make room for the big horses as they dashed down the street. In a few minutes a hose reel came hurrying down, the horses fairly leaping to reach the conflagration which was now reddening the sky. Next the hook and ladder wagon came thundering down the street. The Philadelphia man watched it till it was out of sight and then turning to his companion quietly remarked:

"There must be a fire somewhere.

—*Merchant Traveler*

—The father of a family, becoming annoyed at the fault finding of his children over their food, exclaimed in a rage at the table: "You children are intolerable; you turn up your noses at every thing. When I was a boy I was often glad enough to get dry bread to eat." "Poor papa," said Rose, the pet of the family, "I am so glad you are having such nice times now living with mamma and us."

—Women are curious creatures. A wife who will insist that her husband shall not go out of the house without two undershirts, a liver pad and a muffler on—in addition, of course, to his other clothes—will rush out of a hot kitchen on a Monday morning, bareheaded and barearmed, and paddle around half an hour hanging out clothes, trying to get ahead of the woman next door.

—The desire of more and more rises by a natural gradation to most, and after that to all.—*L'Estrange.*

—Be thyself blameless of what thou rebukest. He that cleanses a blot with blotted fingers makes a greater blot.—*Quarles.*

THE POWER OF LOVE.

How Dr. Johnson, Goethe and Others Wrote to Women They Admired.

Dr. Johnson was not a letter writer in the true sense of the word. His balanced style lacked flexibility; his strong nature abandon; but his epistles breathe the sincerity of his piety, the loftiness of his spirit, the dependence of his heart on human affection. He could write with picturesque, somewhat ponderous vivacity, as may be seen by the group of letters addressed to Mrs. Thrale during his journey through the Hebrides, which the lady thought were more delightful than his books. How pathetic and solemn is the glimpse we have of the sick man in the following, written to his friend, Mrs. Boothby: "It is again midnight and I am again alone. With what meditation shall I amuse this waste hour of darkness and vacuity? If I turn my thoughts upon myself, what do I perceive but a poor, helpless body, reduced by a blast of wind to weakness and misery?" How touching is this request to Miss Porter: "I shall take it very kindly if you make it a rule to write to me once at least every week, for I am now very desolate, and am loth to be universally forgotten."

Mr. Lewes has thrown discredit upon the correspondence of Bettina; he treats it as a romance of Bettina's, adding that: "How much is true, how much exaggeration, and how much pure fiction. I am in no position to explain." The book when it appeared two years after the poet's death threw Germany into a ferment. It was the story of the passionate feeling with which Goethe, at sixty years of age, had inspired a young girl of twenty, and of the half-tolerant, half-encouraging response he had made to it. The poet seemed a god to Bettina. This orphan girl, half German, half Italian, sentimental, mystic, ardent, loved the poet with all the strength of her soul before she saw him, and when she knew him she worshiped him like a votary in an abandonment of devotion. "I lie on the ground on the spot where thy feet rested; I am well there and nowhere else," she writes. Goethe answered letters full of such outbursts in a manner that showed that his vanity was flattered, his imagination stimulated, his intellectual curiosity (which was ever on the alert for manifestations of character) aroused. "Thy letters," he writes, "are like a braid of a thousand colors which I unbind in order to classify its beautiful wealth." He bids her go on confiding her feelings to him so that he may translate them, put them into rhyme, use them. Another time he writes: "Thy letters are read and reread with a great deal of pleasure; what my pen could answer fails to convey the immediate impression they produce, and to which one allows oneself so willingly to yield; feeling, notwithstanding, that those are all illusions, for who could reasonably believe in so much love? It is best to accept it all as a dream." Another time he writes: "Thou art like a lovely light, softly brightening the evening of my life." Did the great man tire of his votary? Did Goethe's wife cause the sudden rupture that at the end of four years rid the poet of Bettina's rapturous devotion? Long afterward they met again, just once, a short time before the poet's death.

Of the love letters of illustrious men, none are more exquisite or tragically pathetic than those of Keats to his "leopardess," as the boy-poet called the woman he loved. There is no playfulness in those letters. They are written from the shadow of the tomb with the despair of an all-absorbing love, making life a rapture.

Balzac's letters to the Comtesse Hanska, the lady whom he afterward married, are marvels of expression of the sway of love over a rich nature. "I have in the treasure of your letters, in the no less incomparable one of my recollections of you, in my grateful and constant thought of all good you have done my soul by your advice, your example, sovereign remedies against all misfortune; and I bless you often, my dear and beneficent star, in the silence of the night and in the stress of my torments." Balzac had written a few years before to a woman friend: "Friendship goes further than love; for to me it appears to be the last stage of love, quietness and security in happiness." When love touched his heart he wrote no more of the superiority of friendship.—*London Queen.*

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—A highly-important discovery has been made at Athens. In the southeastern corner of the Parthenon a large statue has been found, which scientists think may belong to one of the missing figures which formerly occupied positions on the eastern pediment of the temple, about which many volumes of learned conjecture have been written.

—A powder is used in the German army for sifting into the shoes and stockings of the foot-soldiers. It is called "Fusstreupulver," and consists of three parts salicylic acid, ten parts starch, and eighty-seven parts pulverized soapstone (Speckstein). It keeps the feet dry, prevents chafing, and rapidly heals sore spots. It is to be recommended to mountaineers.

—Father Matthew Ryan, the Catholic priest of Herbertstown, Ireland, who was recently sentenced to a month's imprisonment for supporting the Plan of Campaign, was carried away to jail amid a scene of excitement seldom witnessed. Women cried and kissed the hem of his cloak, and held up their children to be blessed by him. It was with the utmost difficulty that a collision with the immense force of police and military was avoided.

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—General S. D. Lee, the president of the Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical College, at Starkville, says that fifty-six per cent. of all the graduates of that institution, up to date, have become tillers of the soil.

—I say when a person becomes a Christian that he loses nothing that he should not be afraid to keep. If ever you are going to be a Christian, don't set out to be a gloomy-eyed, twilight-faced, bat-like Christian.—*Beecher.*

—Morality apart from religion is but another name for decency in sin. It is just that negative species of virtue which consists in not doing what is scandalously depraved and wicked. But there is no heart of holy principle in it, any more than there is in grosser sins.—*Horace Bushnell.*

—To a mind which justly estimates the weight of eternal things, it will appear a greater honor to have converted a sinner from the error of his ways, than to have wielded the thunder of a Demosthenes, or to have kindled the flame of a Cicero.—*Robert Hall.*

HOW TO MAKE JELLIES.

Helps and Hints for Young and Inexperienced Housekeepers.

In no part of the preserving does the inexperienced housewife have as many discouraging failures as in the making of jelly. She follows the rule explicitly given her by a woman who is famous for making clear, firm jelly, but even then does not succeed, and she wonders why it is. The experienced housewife comforts her with: "I had just such a time when I first undertook to make it; don't get discouraged; you'll get the knack of it by and by; it needs just so much practice." This is poor consolation to her, after wasting time, labor and fruit, to be told, that if she lives long enough, and throws away enough of time, labor, etc., she will succeed in the end. The housewife told her to boil it probably ten or fifteen minutes, and is surprised when told that by following this rule, she does not succeed. The neighbor here says: "I'm not so sure about the time, for you see I never go by time; I am so used to making it that I know when it is done by looking at it." A few more consoling remarks.

A young housekeeper writes to one of our household publications: "Will some one tell me what is the matter with my jelly, which isn't jelly at all," and received in reply, from one housewife: "You haven't boiled it enough;" and from another, "You have boiled it too much." Now she knew that one or the other of these two things she had done, and her object in asking the question was to try and find out which; but she is no nearer the truth than she was before asking, and the would-be jelly is very likely long ere this thrown away as a miserable failure. She evidently expected that they would tell her just how long she ought to have boiled it, which they, not knowing the kind of fruit she had used, could not do, but gave her their answers according to their own individual judgment.

Some housewives contend that the chief art in making jelly is to boil it continuously, slowly and gently, for half an hour, while others aver that the best jellies are boiled about five minutes. It is hard for the housewife having such rules before her to know which to follow, and the most sensible thing for her to do is to follow neither. There can be no rule as to the boiling time of jellies, as it must depend upon what kind of fruit is used. The juice of some fruit, such as the quince, coagulates in much less time than the juice of others, consequently it requires less boiling. Then, again, some housekeepers use more sugar than others, which also makes a great difference in the time of boiling. The only reliable rule to follow, and one that never fails, is the old-fashioned molasses-candy test, of dropping a spoonful into cold water, or upon a cold plate, and if it "jells" it is done, but if it doesn't it requires more boiling.

In extracting the juice some use a little water to hasten the process, and with the larger fruit, such as apples, etc., this is very good, but with the smaller fruits (with the exception of the gooseberry, which is said to be better with a little water) no water should be used. Pick the berries over carefully, put in an earthen or crockery dish, mash well, cover, place in a kettle of boiling water, and keep it boiling until all the juice is extracted. Remove from the fire, strain through a fine sieve or flannel bag. The best authorities say that to have clear jelly it should be allowed to drain slowly through a flannel bag without squeezing it, as the squeezing is apt to make it muddy. In the amount of sugar to be used, housewives differ, but the majority agrees that a cupful of sugar to a cupful of juice is the right proportion, though in the case of blackberries and whortleberries, a little less sugar can be used. Put juice and sugar in a kettle, and boil, removing carefully the scum as it arises, until it is done. Place in jars or tumblers and put away to cool. The old way of putting a piece of paper soaked in brandy on top of the jelly, and pasting over the top of the glass a paper cover, is fast going out of use. Cotton batting is an excellent thing for covering these tumblers, used in the same way as for preserves. Melted paraffine is used with good success for the covering of jellies, and for durability and cleanliness should commend itself to all house-keepers. Melt the paraffine, and when the jellies are cold, pour it over the tops, and in a little while it will form a thin crust. Over this, across the mouths of the tumblers, tie paper covers, to keep out the dust, and put your jellies away. When they are wanted for use the paraffine can be very easily removed, and can be put away for use again, for the same paraffine can be used a number of times.

Perhaps many housekeepers do not know that green grapes make a much nicer jelly than riper ones. They should be picked just before they commence to turn. They make a beautiful, clear jelly, and have a delicious flavor, that the ripe ones do not possess. Another nice jelly is made from one-half whortleberries (huckleberries) and one-half green grapes.—*Boston Budget.*

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FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The Archbishop of Gran, the Hungarian primate, has an income of $400 000 a year.

—The damage from the phylloxera in France so far is estimated at $2 000-000,000.

—The Spanish Government will set apart $100,000 yearly until 1892 to create a fund for the Christopher Columbus celebration.

—The Volunteer returns for the year 1887 show the total enrolled strength of the British Volunteer army to be 228 038. In Scotland the enrolled strength is 51,272.

—The so-called "American" trout is thriving in Norwegian waters, and attempts are to be made to acclimatize black bass obtained from America.

—The Prince of Naples, only son of the King and Queen of Italy, is to pay visits to the principal European courts next year, and it is probable that he will be in London in June.

—Baron Hirsch de Gereuth, who has been raised to the Austrian House of Peers by the Emperor Francis Joseph, is the first Hebrew to receive such an honor. It cost him $30,000,000 in charity.

—Tennyson has a large dairy, personally managed by Mrs. Hallam Tennyson, and the butter, cream and milk produced therein are in great demand in the markets of the Isle of Wright.

—Miss Tattleton (entering suddenly) —"It's raining, girls!" De Spoonville (hastily rising)—"You will excuse me. I want to be outside, don't you know, if it's raining girls."—*Life.*

BISMAROK'S WIFE.

Appearance and Character of the German Chancellor's Better Half.

A friend who, during a visit to Homburg, has met and frequently dined with Bismarck's wife, kindly sends me an interesting description of her. Princess Bismarck, who alone enjoys the privilege of telling the master of Europe that he needs to change his collar or to be more careful about his personal appearance in general, was originally Fraulein Von Puttkamer, a member of a noble Pomeranian family, and she is a most interesting woman, although probably not one in a thousand readers has ever heard any thing about her. She can not be called so lovely. She is past sixty, very tall, and very gray. Her face is very strong, with large cheek bones. She is rather what a character of Dickens describes as "a fine figure of a woman," inclined perhaps, to be bony. Her acquaintance with the people at Homburg and Frankfort dates from the time long ago, when Bismarck, not in the least a great man then, was simply an official at Frankfort. She made friends then to whom she has always remained true, and whom she goes every year to see.

Wherever Mrs. Bismarck is she rules. When she enters a house every window must be closed tight, and no door can remain needlessly open, as she shares with the French their morbid dread of currents of air. At the table she is fond of talking, and speaks very loud and decidedly. She gets very much excited in discussion, and to contradict her is not safe. She is very fond of music and discusses it learnedly, although she really knows very little about it. This causes many wordy battles between her and her old friend, Baroness Willie Rothschild, one of the friends gained in Bismarck's less important days. The Baroness is old, and, like most Rothschilds, not remarkable for beauty, but she is bright, really knows something about music, writes French songs and composes a great deal. She plays and sings her own work, and she and the Princess Bismarck do a great deal of talking about it.

The Princess shares her husband's digestive troubles, and relies, like him, upon the advice of the expert Dr. Schweininger, but, like her grand husband and the old Emperor, she quite refuses to be governed in her living by medical advice, and my correspondent writes me how she drinks champagne almost frozen, in spite of the entreaties of her lady companion.

"The only unfavorable thing about Princess Von Bismarck," says my correspondent, naively, "is that she neglects to consider how youth should be talked to, and even at tables, where young girls may be, does not repress her tendency to relate tales with a taint of Boccaccio."

Princess Bismarck has brought her boys up in the way they should go, and, although she lived a long time in a little hotel on Kiselegstrasse, they came frequently to see her. Herbert, from Koenigstein, and William, who calls himself and likes to be called "Bill" Bismarck, from Hainau, not far from Frankfort, where he is Laudrath. Neither of the boys resembles his mother, but they take after their father, especially William, who is a wonderfully exact, though mentally ill-used, reproduction.—*London Cor. N. Y. Herald.*

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DURATION OF LIFE.

The Stage to Which Manhood Has at Present Attained.

Compared with the period 1838–1855 (the earliest for which there are trustworthy records), the average of a man's life is now 41.9 years, instead of 39.9, and of a woman's 45.3, instead of 41.9 years—an addition of 8 per cent. to the female life and 5 per cent. to the males. Of each thousand male born of the present day, 44 more will attain the age of 35 than used to be the case previous to 1871. For the whole of life the estimate now is that of 1,000 persons (one-half males and one-half females) 35 survive at the age of forty-five, 26 at fifty-five, 9 at sixty-five, 3 at seventy-five, and one at eighty-five. To put the case in another way, every thousand persons born since 1870 will live about 2,700 years longer than before. In other words, the life of a thousand persons is now equal in duration to that of 1,070 persons previously; and 1,000 births will now keep up the growth of our population as well as 1,070 births used to do. This is equivalent in result to an increase of our population, and in the best form, viz.: not by more births, but by fewer deaths, which means fewer maladies and better health. What is more nearly seventy per cent. of this increase of life takes place (or is lived) in the "useful period," namely, between the ages of twenty and sixty. Thus of the 2,700 additional years lived by each thousand of our population, seventy per cent. of 1,890 years will be a direct addition to the working power of our people. It is to be remembered that there might be a great addition to the births in a country with little addition to the national working power—nay, with actual reduction of the national wealth and prosperity—seeing that, regarded as "economic agents," children are simply a source of expense; and so also are a majority of the elderly who have passed the age of three-score. On the other hand, as already said, only one-quarter of the longer or additional life now enjoyed by our people is passed in the useless periods of childhood and old age, and more than one-third of it is lived at ages when life is in its highest vigor and most productive alike of wealth and enjoyment.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

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—The Berlin *Volkszeitung* complains about the extraordinary high prices of school-books, which is due to their multiplicity, discrimination in favor of certain publishers being made by the teachers. The old and tried school-books, says the *Volkszeitung*, have been crowded out by new ones which are very dear, a thin little grammar often costing three marks (seventy-five cents); and it is high time for the Prussian Minister of Public Instruction to bring system into this matter.

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—Never in one season was there such a demand for oak to go into house finishing and furniture as the present. Red and white oaks are particularly wanted.

—A lady of Greensboro, Ga., in one night killed eighty-nine snails which had crawled into her kitchen. It wasn't a good night for snails—at least not for those that she found.

—"I hear that General Lightfoot is going to run for Governor," said the Judge. "Glad he's going to run for something," said the Major, with feeling, "he run from everything all through the war."—*Burdette.*