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Idola.

White winged birds in the sunset heavens,
White sailed ships on the sunset sea;
But neither the birds that fly above us,
Nor ships, wherever their haven may be,
Are meant for me.

The bamboo laughs at the zephyr's wooing,
Tossing the sheen of her sea-green hair;
While a low-voiced lover leans to the lotus,
'Till her blushing cheek is yet more fair;
But eastward going, or westward blowing,
The wind that speaks to blossom or tree
Are dumb to me.

I turn my face to the "matchless mountain,"
Queenliest queen in the world below;
Crowned as with crown of pure white lilies,
Flowers of the winter frost and snow,
The stars and the clouds are in her secret,
And her beauty shines on the wondering sea,
But not on me.

Out from the hush of the brooding twilight,
Sweet as the breath of the rose in sleep,
Soft as the flush of the summer sunset
Fading away on the purple deep,
Dawns in a dream the shore of the silent
Washed by the waves of an infinite sea;
This is for me.

Shadowy sails that are set to seek me,
Shadowy pinions that beat the air,
Shapes of beauty that rise to greet me,
Are ye but phantoms, and yet so fair?
Breaking the bands of the dusk asunder,
Tremulous stars in their mystery
Now shine for me!

Stars that illumine my soul serenely;
Wonderful stars, unknown to the skies
Wistful and tender, veiling your splendor,
Are but visions, oh, radiant eyes?
Beautiful shades on the shore of the silent,
Washed by the waves of an infinite sea,
Ye are the real—the living are phantoms
Fading from me!

—*From the Japanese.*

THE OLD WORK-BOX.

"I shall say no more; you may take your own way, all of you. I shall never interfere with you again, for good or bad, so good-bye to you!" and Aunt Paulett hobbled off on her ebony crutch like the offended old fairy godmother.

The family looked at one another with blank faces as the door clapped smartly after her.

Aunt Paulett was a woman of her word, and if she said she would go back to her husband's people, go she would undoubtedly, and then, what would become of them all?

From that day—twenty years ago—when she, a childless widow, entered her sister's scambling, out-at-elbows household, to yesterday evening, she had ruled them all with a rod of iron, by the might of a strong will and a long purse.

Easy-going Mr. Hilton and his fair, stupid, good natured wife, who spent a placid existence doing wool work on the sofa, her ideas seemingly bounded by the requirements of the last annual baby, were mere ciphers in their own house, under her stern, yet wholesome sway.

If Mr. Hilton, after one or two cutting remarks from her ladyship, had sadly resigned his ancient and comfortable fashion of spending the evening in his greasy old dressing-gown and down-at-heel slippers—if the servants shook in their shoes at the sound of Lady Paulett's bell, and a hint of "Aunt Arabella" quelled the wildest nursery riot—yet the handsome premium which was to start clever Jack on the road to glory as an engineer, the allowance which sent studious Pierce to college and saved him from filling a stool in his father's office. Dora's pretty gowns and trinkets, Emily's singing lessons, and the new piano, the summer trip to the sea side, the winter pantomime and Christmas party—in brief, all the comforts and luxuries of the family from the pony carriage to the last baby's christening robe, came from the generous hand of the same beneficent old despot; and now, now all were melting away before their astonished eyes like summer snow, and Aunt Arabella was off to spend the rest of her days with the George Pauletts—and why? Because, forsooth, pretty Dora, instead of carrying out her aunt's intentions and waiting till, in the fullness of time, Spencer Paulett should return from the sea, fall in love and marry her, had gone and engaged herself to the parish doctor's long-legged Irish assistant, with nothing in the world to offer her but a warm Irish heart, a decent share of brains under his shock of red hair, and an income which he modestly described as being on the wrong side of his account book as yet.

There was an appalled silence, broken only by the sound of the old lady's crutch tapping off into the distance.

Mr. Hilton retired behind his newspaper with the air of a man who had much to say on the subject presently.

Mrs. Hilton sniffed feebly on her sofa. The smallest Hilton but one sat under the table sucking his thumb, and vaguely conscious of evil to come, prepared for a wail. In a distant window Dora wept and wept impervious to all her Cornelius's vigorous whispers of consolation.

Pierce had withdrawn discreetly when the storm broke, through the window into the garden, where he was seen walking up and down in dismayed meditation; and Jack, surreptitiously shaking his fist at the unconscious back of his would be brother in-law, followed Pierce. Meanwhile, up the staircase and down the corridor went Aunt Arabella briskly enough despite her lameness and her eighty years. She had two little rooms in a remote corner of the house sacred from the intrusion of the most audacious of Hiltons. She entered the first of them, where a pale, meek young female sat sewing.

"Parker?"

"Yes, my lady."

"I want my trunks. Find them at once and pack up everything that belongs to me."

Long attendance on her imperious mistress had deprived the gentle Parker of the power of expressing any sentiment but that of meek acquiescence.

"Yes, my lady."

"We go by the first train to-morrow, so be ready. And let some one take two letters to the post for me to-night."

"Yes, my lady."

Lady Paulett seated on to the next room, a bedroom furnished with a magnificent erection of mahogany and satin damask large enough to accommodate ten little old ladies like herself. Lady Paulett seated herself in a tall old arm chair by the fire, while Parker lighted a large silver-branched candlestick and drew a table near to her.

"My writing desk, Parker, and you may come for the letters in half an hour."

"Yes, my lady," and while Parker hurried off to rummage out her mistress' long-forgotten traveling equipments Lady Paulett, in her neat old-fashioned hand, indited two short notes, addressed the one to "Mrs. George Paulett, Eastholm Hall, Wilmington, Yorkshire;" the other to "R. J. Blackett, Esq., Lincoln's Inn, London." She had finished before Parker reappeared, and after sitting thinking for a few moments, drew from her desk a folded paper. It was headed "Memoranda for my will, 1869," and contained sundry notes, over which she pondered.

"There are the letters, Parker. Let them go at once—but first bring me my dressing-case and jewel-case. They shall have what I have bequeathed to them now, before I go. I'll make no difference, and then I've done with them all forever—ungrateful set!"

Parker placed a gorgeous inlaid dressing-case and a massive brass-bound coffer before her mistress and departed. Lady Paulett drew the latter to her with some difficulty. "It is time an old woman like me should be rid of some of these burdens," she said, smiling grimly as she turned the key and disclosed case upon case of morocco and velvet snugly stowed away. She turned them out and laid them all open before her—a brave show in the bright fire and candle light.

Parker meanwhile stepped noiselessly to and fro in the background, emptying the big wardrobe of its con ents and bearing them away to pack in the next room

"Let me see. Dora? She's the eldest. She was to have my emeralds. She'll take it as a delicate compliment to the nationality of the man of her choice. Bah! he'll pawn them; what else can one expect? Well, well, it doesn't matter. I always hated them, though they are the handsomest set I possess. How well I remember Sir Josiah bringing them home the day before I was presented at court, and I had thought he meant to give me pearls, and had ordered a pale amber dress! One feels those things when one is young. Well, I hope Mrs. O'Shane may be happier in wearing them. O'Shane? pah! I dare say, though, she'll be as proud of the name as I was at that time of being Lady Paulett—ah me!

"What next? Emily—my diamond brooch? Yes, here it is." It was one of those quaint, old-fashioned ones in a silver setting—a large spray of flowers and leaves. "Pretty little gentle thing, it's too grand for her now, but she'll be a fine woman some of these days. They say she's something like what I was, but without my high spirits. Dear! dear! what a gay young thing I was at her age, and what fine things I expected were to happen to me in my life!—and what a dreary time I had had of it. I must keep an eye on little Emily wherever I am; they are all too apt to overlook her. Yes, she shall have the diamonds. Paulett gave them to me on my wedding day, and I wore them at the grand ball his company gave when the duke came into the city to be made a cheesemonger. I can see myself now in my white Canton crape with the French fringes and the myrtle sprig embroidery and the Prince of Wales plume in my hair. Josiah said I looked quite elegant, only very young (he was sensitive about the difference in our ages, poor man)."

Lady Paulett laid by the brooch in its case after carefully rubbing it with a silk handkerchief.

"Arabella, my god-daughter, must have the diamond earrings. I got them when I was too happy to care about them, when our little son was born. How kind Sir Josiah was then! There was nothing he would not have done for me or baby. He gave them to me for the christening dinner, and little Joe took notice of them and laughed when he was brought down to have his health drunk. Such a noble little fellow he looked; dark curly hair and blue eyes like my dear father's, taking notice of everything, and only six weeks old! And that very day he was put in his coffin. My poor little son!" The old lady snapped the case and pushed it away from her with a trembling hand.

"I had just begun to think that after all I might be going to have some happiness in this world when he was taken from me. Sir Josiah never seemed to care for anything but his business after that.

"When I came here and saw Jack in his cradle he looked so like my boy I thought he was given back to me. Dear, good, loving Jack! I never can cast him off—I must speak to Mr. Blackett about that. Now. My dressing case? Ah! that must be Mrs. George Paulett's, her initials are the same as mine. Sapphire necklace. Cameo set. Pearl cross and earrings for her three daughters. They're rich enough to have as much jewelry of their own as they want; and the rubies I must keep for Spencer Paulett's wife, when he gets one.

"Why, that's the end of my list excepting Cecilia, and there are Olivia, Maria, Grace, the little boys and the baby—all come since I made it out. Well, I daresay I can find some remembrance of their auntie for each—not that they'll ever remember me. Cecil must have my work-box. She has my pretty taste in needlework (with a complacent glance at the patchwork and tentstitch in which the golden threads in Ruth's gleanings and Rebecca's earrings still faintly glimmered). The new crewel work isn't so bad. I could have taught her something if I hadn't been going away, Parker!"

Parker, a moving heap of brocades and furs, gave a faint, inarticulate reply:

"My work-box!"

Parker staggered off and returned with a queer little Chinese box with an inlaid landscape, a pagoda with two Celestials walking in the skies above it on the lid.

"You're dreaming, Parker! When did you find this? I've not seen it these ten years."

Parker skurried away like a frightened rabbit, to return this time with a magnificent article—ebony and gold without, quilted satin, pearl and yet more gold within. A turquoise studded thimble, crystal smelling bottle in case the fair worker should collapse under her arduous labors, a pearl framed mirror by which she might refresh herself by occasional glances, curious implements apparently constructed to support the largest possible amount of gold chasing, without a point that would pierce or a blade that would cut among them; a receptacle for work, satin lined, padded, perfumed and empty, except for a half-made boy's cap, with the rusty needle still sticking in it.

"What was there to work for when he was gone?" said the poor old lady, looking at the morsel of discolored cambric. "What had I left in the world to care for then? What have I now, for that matter?"

She began with nervous impatience to open and close some of the cases almost at random. "I would have put them away forever, long, long ago, and been a faithful nurse to my husband, if he would have let me, all through those last, long, weary years of his life; but he never loved me well enough to wish for me—he cared more for his old housekeeper. 'My lady is young and should have her pleasure,' I heard her say once. He had married me for my good looks, and was not to be defrauded of his bargain, and I must dress and visit and entertain in our large, dull and splendid house—weary, oh, so weary of it all. He was proud of me, in his way, and gave me all he promised when he asked me to marry him. Much good it was for me—father and mother dead—sister Sophia married and gone—no one left to admire my splendor or profit by my wealth." Here entered Parker, and began noiselessly to make up the fire and put out her lady's dressing gown and slippers as a gentle reminder of bedtime. "Ah! it's late, Parker. Well, I've finished. No; go and finish your packing and then come. What am I to do with this?" This was the little Cham Chinese box—a sadly battered and shabby little thing. The pink sarcenet lining was frayed and gone, disclosing the bare wood and cotton-wool foundation. In the compartments were odds and ends of miscellaneous rubbish. The pocket in the lid bulged out with yellow scraps of paper, old-fashioned patterns for marking letters tied with faded ribbons, scraps from newspapers. There were curiously cut silk winders of cardboard with silk of dim and long-forgotten tints wound in fancy patterns, a half-made hair chair, a string of amber beads; pervading all a faint, sweet smell of roses.

"I should like to have it put in my coffin, my dear old box! No one will care for it, and I cannot have it thrown away, or kept just to please the children. I had better look it over and burn all these poor little treasures." The yellow papers dropped one by one steadily into the fire—old valentines on huge square sheets of colored paper wonderfully embossed and sealed with tender mottoes in tinted wax, school friends' epistles crossed and recrossed in colored inks. One she kept to the last. "Cornelia Clarke, what a dear sweet creature she was! Dead and gone this many a year. We were neighbors, and I used to go with her to dancing parties to practice the new steps. Why, here are the very garnet clasps I loaned her the night she came in early to put up my hair in the new giraffe bows. We both wanted to look well that night, I remember. How we joked one another about Mrs. Lowder's fine London cousins who were to be at her house for the party, and I would put on my old purple satinette gown, just to show how little I cared for any one noticing me. (I knew very well how it became me though.) After all, Mr. Paulett, the rich London merchant, didn't come, only the sailor cousin. Hugh Lowder. He had been in the Levant, and we were all wild about the East and my Lord Byron's new poem just then, and expected something romantic—a hero with a big black beard, and stories of corsairs and veiled beauties of the harem, and murdering despots of pashas.

"It was a disappointment to find only a big, blue-eyed north countryman, so shy and awkward that the girls all turned up their noses at him for a partner till I taught him the figures, which he picked up in five minutes, and then he wouldn't ask any one else to dance with him.

"He came to call on us next day and brought mother a little Turkish bag and Sophia some amber beads. She lost half of them and I saved the rest. He had a present for me too, but was so shy about giving it to me. It wasn't good enough, he said, yet it was worth all the rest, that dear little crystal and gold flask of attar roses. How it has scented everything!"

She went over the tiny box, tenderly touching the shabby old odds and ends, and the rose scent seemed to rise and fill the room. "And Josiah threw it in the fire! said he hated the smell, and would like to have thrown my little box after it. He was angry, all because he found me crying over poor father's wristbands. I had been stitching them the very day he was taken ill with the fever that killed him. It was unkind of Josiah, and I think he felt ashamed of himself afterward, for he brought my fine new work-box home the very next day. If he had known all I was crying about! Not poor father only. I was thinking of Hugh Lowder. How handsome he looked and how kind, when he came to say good-bye before he went away to sea again! He took my hand, sewing and all (I could see the marks years after, where I had pricked my finger when I heard him come in), and he said, oh! so tenderly, 'Bella, have you courage to marry a poor man, or patience to wait till I come back a rich one?' and I had neither. God forgive me, as he has punished me!" She held the little box tightly in her hands, her whole figure shaking with emotion. "God forgive me," she cried again, and sank forward on the table sobbing among her diamonds.

There was a timid knock at the door, but she could not hear it—then another. She rose from her chair, looking strange and bewildered as the door softly opened and Dora stole in. Her poor little face was all flushed and swollen out of its prettiness by hard crying, and her hair in a woe-begone touzle.

"Auntie, I've come to say—please forgive me if I was rude to you this evening; and please don't leave us! Cor—cor—nelius and I are not going—going to be engaged any more!"

Here came a breakdown and a burst of stormy sobbing.

"Every one says—I'm s—sacrificing the whole family in my selfishness, so I've given him up, oh! oh! oh!—forever?"

Lady Paulett made no sign—only looked with a half-terrified air at her niece, her old lips working nervously.

"But I won't marry any one else. Never!" broke out Dora with sudden energy. "I'll do anything else I can, to please you, auntie. I can wait and wait, and perhaps, he says, if some day he comes back rich enough to please you—"

"You little fool!" broke in Aunt Arabella in her own sharp tone; then suddenly changing to a piteous shaky little voice: "Why are you all so quick to take up an old woman's hasty words? I'm sure I've never been unkind to any of you yet. Don't let him go, Dora. Can't you trust your old auntie? 'Rich enough to please me.' Child! child! to think that some day I might have had to answer for two more spoiled lives."

Dora looked all wonderment.

"There! there! go to bed, and if the others want to sacrifice you to their own interests, never you mind them. I'll let them know to-morrow what I think of such wicked selfishness?"

She gently pushed her amazed little niece out and shut the door.

"Parker, are those letters gone?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Then let some one take two telegrams first thing to-morrow."

"Yes, my lady."

"And Parker! Have you finished packing for to-night?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Then put everything back in its place directly. I'm not going."

"Yes, my lady."—*Temple Bar.*

Whipping a Biloch.

From a governing aspect the Biloch is infinitely to be preferred to the Afghan. Though physically inferior in bulk and weight of body, he is the Afghan's equal in courage and his superior in endurance and intelligence. One especially good trait in his character is that he never sulks or bears malice long, whereas the Afghan does both. Here are illustrations in point. I never remember having an Afghan whipped in jail without the fellow showing by his sullen looks and scowling face that he bore the stricker, if not myself, a grudge for it. But here, in the Derah Ghazi Khan jail the punishment over, the Biloch is as frank and pleasant as he was before. One man, I remember, who was a bad character, would not work. He was warned that he would be whipped. He merely laughed, and said: "That won't make any difference, sahib." He was shown a man being whipped; he only looked grave. Finally, he was whipped himself. He was taken out of his cell, stripped naked, tied wrists and ankles to the triangle, and given twenty or thirty—I forget the exact number—strokes with a ratan. During the operation he bit at the wood, bit almost through his tongue, but never either groaned or winced. The punishment over, he threw himself on the ground on his face, when the usual skin of cold water was dashed over him, and then the commiserating water-carrier stood upon the beaten parts to deaden the pain. Still he would not work. I saw him a day or two after in his cell, looking happy and unconcerned, though he still must have been very sore, and for days would not be able to sit down. He was pleased to see me. He seemed to have an idea that not being in jail for any specific and proved offense, it was not right to give him hard labor, and so put him on the level of a convicted felon. I remonstrated with him for his obstinacy, to no effect.

One day I observed his splendid curls shining with oil or ghee. I asked how he had got it. He had saved it from his food, was the answer. I cut his ghee; still no effect. At last as his example was becoming infectious, I warned him that if he did not work I should have him transferred to the Multan jail, where I believed his Absalom-like hair would be cut short. That threat frightened him—his ringlets being the glory of the Biloch; he said he would try to do work. He made a pretense of trying, and failing, was sent off to Multan, where, I have no doubt, he is now, though prison-cropped, as smiling and light-hearted a do-nothing as he was here. Now, it is not in the Afghan nature to behave as that Biloch did, and that Biloch's case is typical. Similarly circumstanced the Afghan would have sulked, worked, fallen ill from fretting, and some day after his release perhaps killed the human instrument who had beaten him. I have known that happen in Bannu.—*Blackwood.*

An Odd Fire Escape.

Passing Union square the other day, says the New York correspondent of the Detroit *Free Press*, I witnessed a trial of a new fire escape of a rather peculiar kind. It was an escape and a water tower in one. At first there was what seemed to be an enormous hoop-skirt lying on a truck. Attached to the truck were cranks and levers, with firemen at hand to work them. In a few minutes the contrivance was elevated to a height of sixty or seventy feet from the body of the truck, on which it then stood like the skeleton of a lighthouse. In the center, and running the full heighth was a tubular iron pole, which could be extended or contracted on the telescope principle. This carried the other parts up with it, as the cranks for raising it were turned. The other parts consisted merely of a number of hollow brass rings, about six feet in diameter, and attached to each other at distances of something over a foot by light iron chains. Three lines of hose were introduced at the bottom and carried to the top as the iron pole in the center kept rising. When it was at full height, and the rings all out, three firemen climbed up inside, the rings answering as the rounds of a ladder, and soon had the neighborhood pretty well deluged with water. With the weight of the firemen at the top, the tower swayed like a tall tree in a storm, and threatened at every moment to fall over. But it did not fall, and the men showing it off said that it could not, as the mechanism on the truck kept it all right. It was curious to see the strange thing lean over from the street to the top floor of a building, and receive a man who crawled out and descended by it, and then straighten itself up again. The action seemed like that of an enormous serpent, with most of its body elevated and swayed by the play of the muscles. I should hardly think a nervous person would be willing to risk his neck on the thing even to escape from a fire, but the firemen who went up and down seemed to feel as safe as a boy in an apple tree, provided the owner of the apple tree was not around.

When a man's business is rapidly running down, it is time for him to think of winding it up.

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Comparative Value of Roots.

G. W. Hoffman, of the Elmira Farmers' club, thinks that roots used in feeding cattle are worth for that purpose not more than ten cents as compared with grain at market rates. The main advantage in the use of roots is in their favorite action in the improvement of condition, not as flesh-making food so much as an appetizer and regulator. With corn at one dollar he would prefer to use it rather than pay twenty-five cents for rutabagas. His estimate of relative values would be not far from five of rutabagas or beets or carrots to one of corn. Potatoes rate higher. They are worth in his feeding nearly half as much as corn—say three bushels, perhaps two and a half, of potatoes to one of corn. Common flat turnips he ranks about ten to one. All these estimates, it must be understood, are for mixed breeding. President McCann would count them worth twenty-eight cents when corn is a dollar a bushel—that is to say, he considers four bushels of rutabagas worth a little more in cattle feeding than a bushel of corn when both are fed together.

Feather Beds.

Our grandmothers of blessed memory were wont to consider that the crowning glory of their household arrangements, the one desideratum for family comfort and respectability, was to have for every sleeping room in the house a nice, soft feather bed—of live geese feathers, if possible—but a feather bed of some sort for every one of the inmates. Otherwise it was impossible to be considered well to-do people, and to receive the prestige which assured wealth gave to the first families in those good old times.

But within the last thirty or forty years a new generation rose up, who declared that most of their worthy ancestors' notions were old fogyisms, which should be discarded by their wise descendants along with the tallow candle and other relics of barbarism with which their unfortunate progenitors blundered along through life. Candid ones among the new lights admitted, indeed, that some of the fathers lived worthily and left a goodly heritage to their children; but then "they didn't know the comfort and healthfulness of our modern mattresses, and the only wonder is that they lived so long and did so well." Softly, good friends! Did it never occur to you that, in the ceaseless revolutions of Fortune's wheel, not only do the low ones go up and the high ones go down, but that, also, many a discarded and obsolete fashion in dress and household furnishing and architecture comes to the fore? And that the present is preeminently a time for the restoration of the manners, customs and habits of the olden time, at which it was once the fashion to scoff and sneer? Do not pictures of our great-grandmothers walk the streets in high-heeled shoes, with frizzled hair and looped-up kirtles that show bewildering checks and colors in dainty stockings on daintier feet? Do we not build "ceiled houses" now (if we can afford it), and consider wood panels finer than unbroken stretches of whity-brown plastering, and that oak and other hard woods, that bear the brunt of life and leave no scar to tell of childish or clownish buffet, are slightly in advance of the painted pine in which we reveled a generation ago?

In this secular "restitution of all things" the feather-bed has not been forgotten. It appears in our best houses, along with the brass andirons and fenders, before whose supernal brightness our dignified grandames dispensed their courteous and bounteous hospitality. Rich people, imitating the European style (for most of these old-new fashions come of travel, and are more or less imitations of the prevailing style of living among the English gentry), have beds of the costly eider-down, lighter than air, and softer than the "flowery beds of ease" against which the austere poet warns us. In Germany the one luxury of that frugal people, after music, seems to be beds of down—down above and down below—for, with the very refinement of luxury, they sleep between feather beds. People of more moderate means pride themselves on live geese feather beds, and so on down to cheap hen and turkey feathers, which are but little better for resting the weary back and shoulders than "the soft side of a plank," or, what is its equivalent in the estimation of people of feather-bed proclivities, the modern mattress. To country people the feather bed is not merely a luxury but a necessity; for though, in city houses, warmed throughout with furnace heat, they do not absolutely need it, it is still impossible for any (except the most robust people), who sleep in cold rooms in winter, to keep comfortable during these arctic months without the elastic feather bed that curls about the shoulders and fits into those unwelcome hollows which that saucy vagrant, Time, delights to chisel when he has once obtained the mastery over youth and plumpness and rounded grace.

And this somewhat lengthy preamble brings to us the main point of this article, which is to urge upon farmers and poultry fanciers generally the keeping of ducks and geese, which shall not only furnish a dainty roast for the family or the market, but will yield their worth yearly in feathers for your own use or for sale. Geese feathers always command a handsome sum (anywhere from sixty cents to a dollar per pound) and duck feathers are little, if any, inferior. Farms which contain a brook or small pond are the natural forage-grounds of the semi-aquatic fowl, and they obtain considerable of their living for themselves in these natural reservoirs of food. But even these "water privileges" are not essential, as they do nearly as well with a grassy meadow or pasture and a tub of water to drink from night and morning and for an occasional bath. The European method of keeping a young boy or girl to look after the flock in its wanderings might properly be adopted here. It need not be such an unintellectual pursuit here as it is in most foreign countries, for books and the ability to read them are within the reach of all American children; and more or less study while looking after these noisy broods might be accomplished. The child should be allowed also a portion of the income, which will incite him to faithfulness and industry, and promote his interest in larger and more profitable business when years and opportunity favor him. Let the raising of ducks and geese for the feathers become more of an object among poulterers and we are sure that as much, or more, will be realized in proportion to the expense as from any other branch of the poultry business.—*World.*

Recipes.

COCOANUT CAKE.—Cocoanut cake made from this recipe is as nice cake as one need wish to make: Take the whites of five eggs, one small cup of sweet milk, one cup and two-thirds of another of granulated sugar, two-thirds of a cup of butter, one teaspoonful and a half of baking powder, about three cups of sifted flour, flavor with almond extract, bake in layers. Beat the whites of two or three eggs to a frost, add pulverized sugar enough to make rather thin frosting and put between the layers; on this scatter cocoanut; put on enough to make a nice layer; for the top and sides of the cake the frosting should be a little thicker. The best way to get the cocoanut on the sides is to put it on with your hand; you can press it gently upon the frosting and make it stick to it.

ORANGE PUDDING.—Peel and cut fine six oranges; sprinkle a very little sugar over them; make a steamed custard of one pint of milk, one tablespoonful of cornstarch, the yolks of three eggs, one-half cup sugar and pinch of salt; when cool, pour over the oranges. Beat the whites to a froth adding a tablespoonful pulverized sugar, pour over the custard and then set in the oven five minutes to brown. To be eaten cold.

TOMATO SOUP.—Three pounds beef, one quart tomatoes, one gallon water. Boil beef about two hours, until reduced to about two quarts of water; then add tomatoes; boil about half an hour; season with pepper and salt, strain and serve.

How a Mississippi Crevasse is Closed.

A correspondent describes the manner of closing a levee which had broken through on a plantation on the Mississippi. He says: A large supply of material, three by four and four by four joints, inch boards, bales of hay and empty bags having been collected, two men having a reputation for judgment, experience and skill are chosen captains with dictatorial powers. These divide the forces into two gangs, one for each side of the break. First, the broken ends of the levee are protected from further denudation by brasings of lumber and coverings of tarpaulin, and, when the nature of the ground will permit it, a row of stakes is driven outside the levee to prevent driftwood from washing through and hindering the work. Then, starting from points twenty or thirty feet from the break, so as to allow for accidents, four rows of piles made from the joists are driven firmly into the soil. These rows do not project directly across the crevasse, but at an angle of forty-five degrees from the inner side of the levee. Between the first and second row, and between the third and fourth, the distance is about three feet, while from the second to the third row is six feet. The piles themselves are driven three feet apart, and as fast as driven are firmly braced together by boards spiked on latterally and diagonally so as to strengthen them as much as possible, while loose boards laid upon these braces serve as platforms on which the men stand while at work. In this manner they feel their way along until the outer ends of the two cribs are within ten feet of each other, when the line is driven straight across and the two are connected together.

All this time great care is taken to allow free passage for the water between the stakes, and to disturb the bottom as little as possible; nevertheless, it often happens that the treacherous soil gives way and a big section of the crib goes sailing off into the field. In time, however, the circumvallation is completed and holds firm, and the process of filling in begins. First, the space between the first and second row of stakes is filled with armfuls of loose hay that is carefully matted together and weighted down with bags of earth. Through this the water leaks as through a sieve, but the rush of the current is stopped. Next, the broader space between the second and third row is packed solid with bags filled with earth, and rammed down till not a drop of water can ooze through. Finally, loose earth is shoveled and rammed upon the rear, until not only is the third compartment filled, but the bank slopes back fully ten feet beyond the inner row of piles; and not until then is the work declared safe and the crevasse conquered.

HEALTH HINTS.

FOR A COUGH.—For a tight, hoarse cough, where phlegm is not raised, or with difficulty, take hot water often, as hot as can be sipped. This will be found to give immediate and permanent relief.

INSTANTANEOUS EMETIC.—Two teaspoonfuls of mustard mixed in warm water. For a child with croup it relieves at once. A tablespoonful of lard warmed and given is said to be an instantaneous emetic.

CURE FOR DANDRUFF.—A preparation of one ounce of sulphur and one quart of water, repeatedly agitated during intervals of a few hours, and the head saturated every morning with the clear liquid, will in a few weeks, remove every trace of dandruff from the scalp, and the hair will soon become soft and glossy.

ANTIDOTE TO POISON.—Stir a heaping teaspoonful of salt and of mustard, one of each, in a glass of water, and drink at once. Repeat the dose if necessary. To counteract the effects, swallow the whites of two or three eggs, and drink one or two cups of strong coffee. Drinking sweet oil freely is also highly beneficial in poisoning cases.

The ventilation of the great Alpine tunnels under Mount Cenis and the St. Gothard so as to free them quickly from the smoke of trains has been a work of much difficulty. It has been proposed to create a current of air by the keeping of large fires at one end, but the expense has been found excessive. A French engineer, M. Pressel, suggests that the same object may be attained by cooling the air at some point in the tunnel by water, which would give the difference in density of the atmosphere necessary to cause a draught. Cool mountain streams are numerous in the Alps, and could be readily applied to the purpose.

FROM POVERTY TO WEALTH.

How a Lieutenant Governor Became Wealthy—Riches and Domestic Unhappiness.

The divorce suit that has been instituted by Mrs. Tabor, wife of the lieutenant governor of Colorado, is another illustration that wealth does not always bring happiness with it. Mrs. Tabor asks for divorce and $50,000 alimony per year. The facts are thus related by the Cleveland *Leader*:

The unhappy couple were married at Augusta, Me., in 1857, and their career since that period has been marked by transitions from domestic felicity to the most violent family jars; from absolute poverty to princely wealth; from the rude hovel of the frontier to the most luxurious home that the purse of a millionaire could command. In 1859 they started for Pike's Peak in a parlor car drawn by two oxen, taking all their property with them, and after drifting about the country for some years they settled down in the place where Denver now stands. He searched in vain for "pay gravel," and while he was prospecting she cooked bacon, made bread and kept up the household expenses by boarding miners. Finally Tabor built a log hut and started a store and boarding-house combined, which was a general rendezvous for the miners. All the hard work of the establishment fell upon Mrs. Tabor. She was the only woman within one hundred and sixty miles, and she did the cooking and washing for the miners, attended to all their wants in the store, weighed their gold dust on the only pair of scales in the neighborhood, making herself the waiter and drudge of every one. In the meantime the husband yielded to the irresistible fever that seldom lessens its grip upon one who has once become its victim, and continued his search for gold. He moved from prospect to prospect, from digging to digging, always believing himself on the brink of fortune, and while he reveled in golden dreams the wife drudged and toiled to procure for herself and her royal dreamer the substantials of life. In 1876 he began to realize some of his grand expectations, and he was soon known as a millionaire.

Tabor continued to prosper at a wonderful rate, and is now considered one of the wealthiest men in the State. His wife's petition says he is worth $10,000,000, and has an income of $100,000 per month. He spent his means lavishly and surrounded his wife with every luxury that money could buy; but, adds the *Leader*:

She says that he grew hard-hearted in proportion as he became rich; that he absented himself from home for weeks and months, and on one occasion he offered to give her a portion of his large fortune if she would apply for a divorce. All he has to say is that he gave her $100,000 a few years ago, which she invested, and which now yields her $14,000 a year; that she is a woman and he hopes she will receive all the sympathy growing out of the case. Both sides of the story will only come out on trial. What is certain now is that their domestic happiness took wings the moment wealth rolled in upon them; that as soon as they ceased fighting with poverty they began fighting each other. Their happiest days were when they were poor, and as they now sit in the midst of luxury and plenty it is probable that their memory holds no pleasanter period than when they sat together behind the ox-team and were being dragged out into the Western wilds to seek their fortune nearer to the setting sun.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

A vein of hot water has been tapped near St. Etienne, France at a depth of about 1,500 meters. This new geyser sends a volume of hot water and carbonic acid to a height of twenty-six meters.

A Frenchman who had an impermeable stricture of the gullet was saved from starvation by having mastigated food introduced into the abdomen by a syringe through an artificial opening in the abdominal wall.

In a paper read by Dr. C. W. Siemens before the English Royal society lately, the ground was taken that all the heat and energy sent from the sun find their way back to the great solar center, which thus suffers no diminution of its forces.

A man, or one of the lower animals, compelled to breathe for half an hour an atmosphere containing 1 779 of carbonic acid, asorbs that gas in such quantities that one-half the red blood corpuscules combine with it, and become incapable of absorbing oxygen.

Whether American salt meat can convey trichinæ was a question lately discussed in a paper by M. Colin and read before the French Academy of Sciences. The conclusion arrived at was that the meat in question, as now imported into Europe, might in very rare cases transmit trichinosis when the animal was but recently killed, the pieces of meat large, and the process of curing imperfectly conducted.

The ground in the Jura mountains is in a state of movement, as is shown by some curious observations pointed out by M. Girardot. Villages that were invisible to each other at the beginning of the century, or even thirty or forty years ago, are now visible. First the roofs appeared, and then the upper part of the walls. Such is the case with the villages of Doucier and Marigny, near Lake Ocalain. Important changes have been noted even within ten years.

CAULIFLOWER. — Unless carefully cooked a cauliflower is a tasteless vegetable, but with a properly prepared sauce it can be made a delicious addition to every dinner table. Wash the flower well in strong salt and water; then tie in a floured cloth and boil for forty minutes, putting it into salted boiling water, and keeping it in the boil all the time. Dish into a deep vegetable dish and pour over it a sauce made with one-half pint of sweet milk, boiled with half a small teacupful of water the cauliflower was boiled in. Stir to a thin paste, with cold water, a small teaspoonful of corn starch; add to the boiling milk and water; put in a piece of butter as large as an egg and one teaspoonful of sharp cider vinegar. Stir till the butter melts. Pour over the cauliflower and serve it at once. There are very few palates that will not be pleased with such a succulent dish. If there be any left, chop it up with as much cold boiled potato and serve very hot, with the sauce mixed in it, for breakfast.

An Echo of Bygone Years.

A song comes back from the bygone years
Whose melody never grows old,
And I listen again, through my smiles and tears,
Though the singer lay dead and cold.
'Tis a song so sweet, by a voice so rare,
Far purer than any other,
And I hear it again, though troubled by care,
The lullaby sung me by mother.

There are times, it seems, when all alone,
The singer is by my side,
And I hear her voice in a monotone,
Like the rise and fall of the tide.
While the days go by till the end of time
And the struggle of life is ended,
May the singer never forget the rhyme
'Till her bliss and mine are blended,

—*N. Y. Mail.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Art is long, but the artist is usually "short."

It goes against the grain to gamble in corn and wheat.

"When sorrow has left its traces," what has become of the rest of the harness?

Some housekeepers are so wasteful that the more flour they have the more they knead.

Sophronia: "Can the weather prophets foretell sudden rain storms in summer?" They could, probably, if they knew the dates on which Sunday-school picnics would be.

A little boy who wouldn't run to the store for his mother until he had had a drink of water, pleaded in extenuation of his disobedience that "even a river couldn't run when it was dry."

A Minnesota girl walks eighteen miles every day, to and from the printing office in which she is employed. Her beau must be working somewhere in the neighborhood of that printing office.

A St. Louis man has composed a new national anthem which he calls "America." The music is described as containing "occasional jolts, suggestive of the occasional bumping of the ship of state on the sands of Mexico, and thundering thumps representing the bombardment of Fort Sumter." This may explain the great exodus of Americans to Europe. If the hand organs get hold of this tune, there is going to be a large increase of sudden deaths among Italian counts in disguise.—*Norristown Herald.*

Robbing Jewelers' salesmen.

The salesmen who travel for jewelry houses, and who frequently carry in their trunks large quantities of valuable goods, used often to be robbed at hotels, or by thieves changing the checks for their luggage. Of course they are liable to robbery now, but the danger of it has been much diminished since the formation, about three years ago, of the Jewelers' Protective union, which has inspired the thieves with a wholesome dread of its powers. This organization, which includes all the principal dealers in the United States who employ travelers, has now about $50,000 in its treasury, and has already been the means of sending eight thieves to State prison. It is supported by dues proportioned to the number of travelers which each firm employs, and it is prepared to spend any amount of money necessary to hunt down and convict the thief who robs one of its members. Whenever a salesman starts out on a business tour, his name and route are reported to the president of the union, who in turn notifies a detective agency, which has branches in all the principal cities.

To protect traveling salesmen who have valuables with them in sleeping cars, alarm watches have been invented which make a startling noise when any package attached to them is disturbed. As a rule, however, such salesmen depend more for security upon "sleeping with one eye open", than upon any artificial aids of this sort. An invention has just been made by a well known scientific man in France that may prove a valuable protection against the robbery of jewelry trunks in hotels. It is a trunk made with a galvanic battery under a false bottom, and so constructed, it is said, that when it is "set" for the purpose, a thief cannot touch the lock or any metal work about the trunk without receiving a terrific shock, by which he will be temporarily paralyzed. He not only cannot continue his attempt at robbery, but will be riveted to the trunk until some one comes and relieves him by arrest. The rightful owner can open the trunk at any time without danger, by using a key which is a non conductor and breaks the electric current.

The Earth as a Sort of