THE DAILY RECORD-UNION.

OUTDOOR AMUSEMENTS.

ITEMS OF INTEREST TO THE LOVERS OF FIELD SPORTS.

[In this department, as the head indicates, we propose to make record of current sporting events. Communications to the paper concerning such matters should be addressed to the "Outdoor Amusement Department."]

CARP CULTURE.—Levi Davis, Forestville, Sonoma county, the carp culturist, sends the RECORD-UNION another interesting letter: Since last writing to you I have had about forty letters of inquiry to answer, and I now propose to answer the most prominent ones through your columns. First question: "How do you build your ponds?" Answer: My ponds are on a narrow spring branch, and I make them by placing two stringers across as far apart as I want my dam thick, boarding it up, and then excavate from where I want my pond, and filling in between the two as high as I want my dams. Before filling I place a sluice-box at the bottom through the dam, with a a floodgate at the upper end, so I can draw all the water out of the pond, and when the dam is high enough I place another box across the top to carry off all the surplus or waste water. The upper end of this box I keep well screened, so that no fish can get out. If the situation required a long dam, I would throw up a levee with the aforesaid boxes. A good breeding pond wants to be about four feet deep in the deepest place, with a considerable portion only from six inches to a foot deep, and that covered with grass and water-weeds. But for older fish the ponds might be six or eight feet deep.

Second question—"Will they do in different temperatures of water?" Answer—I will refer you to the United States Fish Commissioner's report, page 877: "There is no other fish which will with proper management be as advantageous as the carp. Its frugality in regard to its food; its easy adaptability to all waters, in rivers, in lakes and in ponds, and even in salt water estuaries; its regular, rapid growth, and its value as a pond fish, are its best recommendations." I think this is enough.

Third question—"What is your price for carp?" Answer—For good breeders, 6 fish for $12; 12 for $20; 25 for $37 50; 50 for $50; 100 for $80. For young fish, 25 for $12 50; 50 for $20; 100 for $30; 1,000 for $250.

Fourth question—"What and how do you feed your fish?" Answer—I will quote again from the United States Fish Commissioner's report, page 896: "The carp likes, above everything else, vegetable matter, such as boiled cabbage, lettuce, corn, turnips, pumpkins, melons, etc. The refuse of malt from breweries and distilleries is also very good food for carp, and whenever such refuse can be had it should be given to the fish." I generally feed my young fish with the scraps from the kitchen, or bread baked of middlings. The curd of sour milk is splendid. Chopped feed of any kind, and in fact anything in the vegetable line that a hog will eat, is good, thrown in promiscuously. I might continue at greater length, but I fear this is rather long now. The whole subject is interesting to me, and especially when it comes to the eating part, then I can hardly quit as long as there are any fish in sight.

RACE-HORSE SUPPLY.—In the course of an article reviewing the past racing season, B. G. Bruce writes as follows concerning the future supply of race-horses: "We do not believe there is any speculation that would pay better than the formation of an importing company to send to England and import a number of brood-mares, colts and a few high-class stallions. Thoroughbreds are very low in England, and brood-mares, with colts at their side, and in foal again to a good sire, could be purchased at such prices as would pay a handsome dividend and improve the stock of the country. With the increased number of courses for 1880, the demand for race-horses will far exceed the supply, and without an importation we cannot see how the deficiency is going to be made up. We did not breed in 1878 more than 600 thoroughbreds, and we doubt if 1879 did exceed it. There will be fully 800 to 1,000 horses trained west of the Alleghanies, and nearly as many east of the Alleghanies. The programmes are being so arranged that there will be a demand for any kind of a horse that can gallop, and we expect to see prices, from the scarcity of horses, to be high. There is nothing that will pay so handsomely for the next ten years as to breed thoroughbreds, and farmers should provide themselves with a few brood-mares, if they know their own interest."—[New York Sportsman.

MORE WHITE DEER.—The San Diego *News* says: Only a short time ago we described the skin of a white deer brought into this place which was killed in Pine mountain, and now we have the following from a Virginia paper at Richmond: It is well known that white deer have been killed in Dinwiddie county for two years past. The first seen was considered a freak of nature, but this year a number have been seen. Last season one was killed on the land of C. J. Cabanis. Recently another was shot by Samuel Jefferson. The shot put out the deer's eyes, hurting him but little otherwise. Mr. Jefferson, in his efforts to secure him, mounted him as he would a colt, but the deer threw him off with great violence, and he had to shoot him again to secure him. The skin, with hair on it white as snow, has been dressed, and is preserved as a memento of a rare species of the deer genus. Can sportsmen and naturalists tell us if this white species is found elsewhere?

ANOTHER IGNORAMUS.—Another shooting accident and an inexcusable one. A sportsman (?) hunting last Sunday near Oakland sees the eyes of a wildcat in the bushes, fires and shoots a child and a young lady. Now this thing is altogether too frequent. The true sportsman will make no such blunders. He does not shoot at eyes without other indications of game. A little wholesome punishment would make these ignoramuses more careful. This blazing away at eyes and dark forms which can be seen sufficiently clear to draw a bead on, is in our opinion unpardonable, when the form is that of a human being. Men who cannot tell a wildcat's eyes from those of a blue-eyed baby (as in the Oakland case), ought to be prohibited by law from handling a gun or going into the woods alone. They are careless killers of human beings and ought to be punished for manslaughter—at the least.

THE SPORTS OF MOUNTAIN LADS.—Some boys were playing "follow the leader" along the flume a couple of miles beyond Town Talk recently. The foot-board was icy, and several times some of the party narrowly escaped falling off the thread-like structure. Finally, one of them named Wilkins, who possessed more hardihood than the rest, endeavored to run at the top of his speed over a chasm where the walk was about 35 feet above the ground. As he reached a point midway, he slipped and went whirling over in the abyss below. The snow happened to be quite deep there and he sank into it nearly out of sight. His playmates thought at first he was surely killed, but a moment after he clambered out and "dared" them to equal his performance. He was not hurt beyond receiving a few slight scratches from the crust of the snow.—[Nevada Transcript.

FALLEN THROUGH.—Owing to the lack of representation and want of co-operation of the more influential clubs, the proposed National Yacht Racing Association has fallen through. This was to have been foreseen, as the composition of the committee having the preliminary arrangements in charge was in some respects not such as to meet with approval.—[Forest and Stream.

BLACKBIRDS.—Utah sportsmen propose to use blackbirds instead of pigeons in future matches. Good idea.

LARGE BUCK CAPTURED.—A very large buck recently jumped down off a bank into the claim where Pullen & Kennedy were mining at Hamburg Bar, near the mouth of Scott river, the buck not seeing the miners there when he jumped. The buck fell on striking the ground, when Pullen immediately seized both hind legs, grasping the ham-strings, so that he could not move, while Kennedy made a dash at the same time for the buck's head, and cut his throat with a knife. The success in killing the buck was due to the hold gained by Pullen, and the capture of such a large buck in the manner stated is considered a great feat in the way of activity, as the least delay to let the buck recover from his fall would have foiled the effort.—[Yreka Journal.

ACONITE IN DISTEMPER.—Let me say a word for aconite in distemper. My setter pup, 8 months old, was drowsy, had running at the nose and eyes, had cough and vomited; would eat only at times, then ravenously; very affectionate; seemed to know that I pitied him. I had read of aconite for distemper in your paper, and preserved the article for future need. I had a druggist put a bottle of four ounces of water and four drops of aconite. (Cost me five cents for bottle.) Commenced at noon giving a teaspoonful every half hour, and before night the cough had stopped. Next day my wife gave the same, except that she forgot it three or four times during the day. The third day the puppy seemed as well as ever, and has not shown any symptoms since.—[J. H. B., in Chicago Field.

HUNTING.—The hunting fever seems to have abated; or maybe it is because everybody is so busily engaged in other pursuits that they can't find time to indulge in field sports. It cannot be because game is scarce, as we learn it is quite plentiful; so much so in the open districts that we have heard some farmers complain that geese were causing damage to grain, which has just begun to sprout. In some localities "geese-herders" are employed to keep the fowl off the grain. Some of our sportsmen, who are not able to capture game, ought to secure such a position and try their hand at frightening it away; but then the geese would soon learn not to fear them.—[Woodland Democrat.

CAUTION.—Four and five dollar guns are freely advertised. Good sense ought to guide every one in this matter; but there are some who will buy these suicidal weapons. They are utterly unreliable, are extremely dangerous, or else are old models for which no ammunition can be found. Beware of cheap guns. Buy of a reputable dealer and demand a guarantee. Sacramento dealers can supply reliable guns of any desired worthy quality. Don't waste money on the pot-metal things advertised to be forwarded from the East for a mere song.

EXTERMINATE THE PESTS.—For the benefit of hunters it is stated that a reward of $5 apiece is offered for coyote scalps and $1 apiece for wild-cat scalps. Add the $2 offered by the county, and a pretty good price is gained by the trapper for his trouble. We know already of quite a number who intend to go to work, and no doubt a large number will follow in their tracks. The sheep men are troubled to a considerable extent with the inroads of coyotes and wild-cats, and were compelled to adopt the course described to protect their property.—[Red Bluff Sentinel.

DOMESTICATING.—A. J. Smith, of Mendocino City, has a lot of mountain quail which he is domesticating, and right pretty little fellows they are. He has them in a large roomy cage, and occasionally shifts one to another room so as to have the lonely one to call to his mates and hear their answering notes. Smith's pets bid fair to adapt themselves to their new home, and go on prospering and happy.

AMEND THE RULE BY ALL MEANS.—A great many breeders are in favor of amending the rules of the National Trotting Association so as to permit horses, young ones especially, to show their speed at county fairs for nominal purses, without obtaining a bar record. Almost every owner has a desire to help along the local fair, but he does not care to do it at the expense of his property.

AFTER 'EM.—Those chaps who trap quail in this county had better look out, as they may soon be playing checkers with their nose behind the prison bars unless they have an abundance of coin to pay the fine imposed by law. Such wholesale destroyers of game ought to be informed on, in order that such unlawful practices be stopped.—[Yreka Union.

FIRST THOROUGHBRED FOAL OF 1880.—The Brookdale stud, Monmouth county, N. J., property of D. D. Withers, has the honor to report the first thoroughbred foal this year. On the 7th inst. a bay filly was dropped by imp. Macaroon, dam imp. Faverdale, by The Palmer, out of Georgiana, by Touchstone.

USE OF TAR.—Seth Green, the experienced fish culturist, says he has always used tar, thinned by one-third of turpentine, and put on hot with a brush, for the outside and sieving of his shad-hatching and all other hatching boxes.

OYSTER PLANTING IN WASHINGTON TERRITORY.—The Olympia *Transcript* says: "The Steilacoomites are planting large beds of oysters—one just above that town will have 2,000 bushels, and another is to be planted near Fox Island."

YACHT.—A new schooner yacht for the use of the members of the Pacific Yacht Club during the coming season is nearly completed at South San Francisco. She is a little larger than the Ohispa.

PROHIBIT THEM. — The New York authorities propose to prohibit female walking matches. It is time. Such exhibitions are disgusting, and ought to be utterly stamped out.

COURSING.—The spring meet of the Pacific Coast Coursing Club will take place at either Merced or Modesto the last week in February.

PIGEON SHOOT.—Preparations are on foot for a grand wing match at San Francisco, with some $1,500 in prizes.

BASE BALL.—"The only Nolan" is to return to California in March and bring a catcher named Kelly.

SATISFIED.—Just before sundown the other evening a young farmer came in on the Grand river road with horse and buggy, and meeting a policeman near Twentieth street, asked him to drink. The officer explained that it could not be done, and the farmer contined: "All right, no harm done. The harvest is over, the crops are safe, and I've come to town to get drunk and lick a man!" About two hours later a horse and buggy obstructed the car track near Twelfth street, and when the conductor got down he found the young farmer lying round loose in the bottom of the buggy, feet and hands sprawled every which way. His face was so badly pounded up that it was first thought that he was dead, but after being lifted out and straightened around he opened his eyes and called out: "The harvest is over, the crops are safe, and I've licked a man all I want to for fifty years to come!"—[Detroit Free Press.

CONVERTING A HEATHEN.—Mirambo is a Central African chief whom the missionaries are trying to win over to Christianity. One of them writes: "I gave two muskets, two pound tins of powder, two boxes of caps, my own camp chair, one woolen blanket, five colored cloths, and ten rupees, and £1 10s. in gold, which he asked for specially. He sent for two head men, and told them to tell me that he loved me very much; but now he saw that I did not love him, or I would not have kept the good guns to myself and give him the poor things. He said he was not a pagazi to use such guns. I sent back to him that we did not measure a man's love by what he gave. But the chief did not see it, and nothing would please him till I had given him my own good rifle."

An old farmer, whose zeal at grace was hardly sufficient to repress his appetite, used to end his prayer in the following unpunctuated manner: "And bless us all for Christ's sake Joe pass the potatoes!"

THE QUIET HOUR.

THE "TANGLER'S" PARADISE OF CHARADES, ENIGMAS, ETC.

[Contributions to this department should be addressed "Quiet Hour," RECORD-UNION. Write upon but one side of the sheet. Accompany all contributions with the answers, the true name, and postoffice address. The object of the department being to cultivate wit, encourage patient inquiry, and afford compensating mental recreation, contributors will receive the advice and assistance of the department, and are privileged to engage in courteous criticism of the productions published.]

Answers to January 10th.

516. "Hedged In," Phelps; "Foul Play," Reade; "Peculiar," Sargent; "The Early Dawn," Schonberg Cotta; "The Talisman," Scott; "The Convalescent," Willis; "The Monastery," Scott; "Little Foxes," Stowe; "My Wife and I," Stowe; "The Twins," Tupper.

517.
R H U S
H E R E
U R E A
S E A M

518. Courtship....519. Bright, dight, fight, light, might, night, right, sight, tight, wight....520. Penmanship....521. Bahia, altar, Cenci, Clara, humid, union, Seine (initials and finals spell Bacchus and Ariadne.)....522. Convey, cognate, lonely....523. Mite, item, teem, Emma.

524.
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525 (1).
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L A T H E
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526. Ladies ab. lib., no duties on matches, premiums on children....527. China, Asia, Turkey, France, Italy.....528. Goodrich, Peutstemon, asundered, poverty.

Correct Solutions and Answers to Correspondents.

Amy—542, 541, 540, 538. This correspondent is visiting at Santa Cruz, and writes: "The RECORD-UNION reached me through the kindness of a friend. I would like to solve more of the puzzles, but want to send my letter to-night. Santa Cruz is delightful in summer, and in winter charming. As yet, the desire of my heart to see old Ocean in all its fury has not been gratified."....Amethyst writes: "Will the Quiet Hour do Amethyst the kindness to send the inclosed note to Hattie Heath? I send a lot of puzzles and things; they are all original, and I hope F. M. S. won't accuse me of stealing any of them. Please say to H. E.-P. that I hope she is better by this time, and will come among us again."....Amethyst answers 501, 502, 504, 505, 507, 508, 509, 511, 512, 514, 515, 516 (in part), 519, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528 (in part)....Gus—515, 519....C. H. S.—526....L. L.—No, sir, 507....Star-gazer—Send it on....B. B. H.—504, very good.....F. M. S.—540, 541, 542, 543 (No; but it is a good answer), 534, 530, 535, 537....Hattie Heath—519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524 (nearly), 525, 526 (nearly), 517 (no), 518 (no), 527, 528, 529, 531 (nearly), 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538.....Hattie Heath says: "Please say to Trinity:

"If my home were a pen, I should not love it.
The lot of a vassal no man would covet.
Some authors pen tangles old and new.
We dispatch when we ship, and we man a ship, too.

"I have half a mind to criticise Soltaire's Charade 509; but as I only answered part of it (Palindrome), and received no credit for that, I will say nothing about it—only that I thought of castles and of Ayr as the birthplace of Burns, but was not cute enough to put the whole together, as there was nothing to indicate the word "the," and in summing it up he did not make the two sentences clear."

New Tangles.

544. Enigma, by Amy:

My whole is a word of four syllables. My first is a part of my third. My fourth is used in addressing my third. Put all four into my second and you have one skilled in magic.

545. Charade, for Crooks, by Amethyst:

If second first we hear my last,
We shudder at the fearful blast;
If second first we hear my whole,
It sends delight to every soul.

546. Double Diamond, by Amethyst:

Read across: In Sihyl; something wet; a heathen; to free; contested; a fatner; in Maybell.
Read down: In my wife and I; by thee; a relish; clear; laid with stone; a boy's nickname; in Rose.

547. Square Words (5 letters), by Trinity:

(1). An onion; incensed; to cudgel; aromatic principle; braids.
(2). Progressive half-square word: A letter; an abbreviation of a State; a fish; an animal; a Chinese vessel like a junk; to absolve.
(3). Receding half square word: A lost horse; a lost cow; a waiter; perception; ever; a letter.

548. Charade, by F. M. S.:

I am a pupil, conning o'er and o'er
The laden lessons of school-book lore;
Whenever I fail in the task assigned,
I'm kept quite late, in school-room confined.

Again, I have arrived at man's estate;
In polling the vote I an interest take;
For doubling this interest, mostly en mask,
I'm kept in jail, not in at my task.

Again, I was once a simple machine—
T'look in my face was t' read what I mean;
I now wear a veil—a very hard case;
Even loose but my tongue, I'll *beat time* and SPACE.

Again, I'm a dangerous weapon indeed;
The danger's increased by quick, rapid feed;
Yet, fed too much, or by morsels too large,
I blow up myself and the person in charge.

My last, when reversed, is with first the same;
My middle is a delicate man
(Just where a coquette would delicate be);
You've got me—I'm moss from swamps set free.

549. From Rose. Letter and Charade:

SAN RAFAEL, Cal., January 12, 1880.

Dear Quiet Hour: I inclose a charade which would slip into my mind even when on a visit to my old home. San Rafael is a lovely little town, nestling among the hills of Marin county, which are even now putting on their spring garments of tender green. It is a relief to my eyes to "lift" them "up into the hills." Yours, etc., ROSE.

When winter comes with storm and cold,
The Church, each year, a day still keeps
To my first, a saintly man of old,
Who with the holy martyrs sleeps.

Of my next, historians tell
How he, the talented and brave,
Once through a false ambition fell,
And filled at last a traitor's grave.

My last a name that's handed down
By soldier, priest and Scottish clan;
By it a California pine is known,
And seaport town in Isle of Man.

My whole by perseverance climbed
To high positions in the land,
And on the pages of his time
Inscribed a record grand.

550. Hidden Books, by Hattie Heath:

1. A house all the world has heard of. 2. Companions not always prized. 3. A modest flower. 4. What all would like. 5 Froth and foam. 6. Homesick. 7. Substantial people. 8. A comfortable place in cold weather.

551. Conundrum, by Sol Taire:

Why is one who appears at rest, though really uncomfortable, like a kind of goat?

552. Hidden States and Territories, by May:

Ella is ill in no island cottage, but is at home with her ma in East Boston. Ida, hold my hat while I carry the washing to Nelly. Dick wants you to tell Louis I analyzed the soil, and an Indian amazed him by asking him if he had made a "riz" on amber.

STEWED PIGEONS.—Truss and season the pigeons with pepper and salt, and, having stuffed them with a mixture of their own livers, shred with beef suet, bread-crumbs, parsley, marjoram, and two eggs; sew them up at both ends, and put them into the jug, breast down, with half a pound of butter; cover up the jug so that the steam cannot get out; then set them in a pot of water to stew. They will take two hours and more in doing, and they must boil all the time. When stewed enough take them out of the gravy; skim off the fat, put in a spoonful of cream, a little lemon-peel, an anchovy shred, and a few mushrooms; add a little white wine to the gravy, and, having thickened it with butter and flour, and dished up the pigeons, pour the sauce over them. Garnish with sliced lemons.

Question—Why are there not so many bad characters in a country town as there are in a large city? Answer—Because it is a smaller place.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

HOME ADORNMENT AND DOMESTIC ECONOMY—ALL AROUND THE HOUSE.

[Correspondents of this department will not be limited in their epistles, but conciseness is preferable, and but one side of a page must be written upon. Questions pertinent to this department will be answered in this column.]

Answer to Correspondents.

HARD SOAP.—Can you give me a receipt for making hard soap? MRS. L.

Answer.—Take 6 pounds unslacked lime, 6 pounds sal-soda, 5 gallons soft water; when dissolved and settled pour off, and add 6 pounds of fat and boil until thick, and pour into a tub that water has stood in; when cold cut, and put where it can dry. It is first-class soap. Another—To 4 pails of soft soap add 4 quarts of salt and half pound of resin; boil two hours; let stand till cold; pour off the fluid and add 1 quart more salt and boil 1 hour, and do as above. One pound sal-soda added to this makes it better, and the lye that separates, when it is cold, is splendid for cleaning floors.

WASHING MIXTURE.—Will you please publish in the Household a receipt for washing mixture? JANE C. H.

Answer.—Borax, 1 ounce; bar soap, 1 pound; water, 1 quart; heat slowly, not boil, till all is mixed. Soak the clothes awhile in cold or tepid water; then rub this soap on the soiled parts, using a pint or more, according to the size of washing. In the morning put the suds and clothes in the boiler on top of the stove, pushing them up and down as you get breakfast, then take them into the tub with some of the suds, cooling it, if need be, and rub out, putting, meanwhile, the more soiled garments into the boiler. When all are rubbed through this suds, empty the boiler onto socks or what not that have been soaked in cold water, and fill it up with clear water, and put the clothes in and stir till scalding hot. In cold winter weather they will only need one good rinsing in water a little blue. Washing can be made the same way with soft soap.

SILK.—Dear Household: So much has recently been said about spurious silk being sold, can you tell us how to detect it, or rather how to tell the quality of good silk? E. and S.

Answer.—Take ten fibers of the filling in any silk, and if on breaking they show a feathery, dry and lack-luster condition, discoloring the fingers in handling, you may at once be sure of the presence of dye and artificial weighting. Or take a small portion of fibers between the thumb and forefinger and gently roll them over and over, and you will readily detect in the one the gum, mineral, soap and other ingredients, and the absence of them in the other. A simple but effective test of purity is to burn a small quantity of the fibers; pure silk will instantly crisp, leaving only a pure charcoal; heavily-dyed silk will smolder, leaving a yellow, greasy ash. If, on the contrary, you break the ten strands, and they are of a natural luster and brilliancy, and fail to discolor the fingers at the point of contact, you may be well assured that you have a pure silk, that is honest in its make, durable in its wear.

SKELETON LEAVES.—Will the Household give some simple directions for preparing skeleton leaves, and much oblige OLD FRIENDS.

Answer.—The following is from a good Eastern authority: Much care is required to select the leaves when they are just in the fit condition to macerate. If too soft and delicate the maceration will reduce them to a pulpy mass; if too old and hard they resist the process. When the young leaves, as a general rule, have just hardened, their venation appears to be the best time, although some, and especially ferns, can be done at all times. Leaves containing similar chemical constituents require to be done together, and not to be mixed with other leaves. For instance, the leaves of the oak, chestnut, birch, walnut and hickory contain so much tannin that, if mixed with other leaves, they will almost entirely prevent decomposition, acting, indeed, as a preservative. The leaves must be carefully examined, to see that they are not injured by the attacks of insects—in short, none but perfect leaves should be used. From the middle of June until the middle of July the leaves of elms, magnolias, poplars, sycamores, deutzias, pears and maples may be selected to commence with, as they are the first to become fit for maceration; none but the firmest leaves should be taken. The leaves are to be placed in open earthenware or glass vessels, covered with soft water, and placed in a warm, sunny situation. In about two weeks they should be examined, by taking out a few leaves and placing them in a basin of clean warm water; then, immersing the hand in the water, take a leaf between the thumb and finger, and rub the leaf gently, but firmly, and if the leaf is sufficiently macerated the loose cellular matter will part freely from the net-work, which will be exposed to view. Those that are only partially softened should be thrown into a vessel of clean water, and allowed to macerate for some time longer; but care must be had, by frequent examination, not to allow the leaves to remain in the macerating vessel after the epidermis of the leaf can be readily removed, otherwise the net-work will be injured. This is an important point. As the net-work of many species is very delicate, and the pulp cannot be removed without tearing or injuring the net-work, it is advisable to use a soft tooth-brush, or, better, a puna-brush, such as is used in making wax-flowers, and then placing the leaf on the palm of the hand or on a plate, gently brush away the pulp, keeping it continually moist. After the leaves are thoroughly cleansed, they are to be thoroughly dried by carefully pressing them between the folds of a soft towel; and then the skeletons may be laid away in a box to await the bleaching process, which may be done at any convenient time. Care must be taken, in the drying process, not to press the leaves so firmly as to make them adhere to the towel, as it is almost impossible to remove them without tearing them. If any of the leaf-stems should separate or break from the leaves, they are to be preserved, as they can be fastened to the leaves as hereafter directed. Fern leaves should not be macerated, but dried between leaves of blotting-paper, as in the bleaching process the epidermis will be completely eaten away by the bleaching liquid. For bleaching, take one-quarter pound chloride of lime and dissolve it in one quart of water in an earthen or glass vessel; let it dissolve and precipitate; filter through filtering paper (to be had of any druggist), and bottle for use. Of this solution add one spoonful to nineteen spoonfuls of water, or one-twentieth part of whatever quantity may be needed to cover the leaves. Immerse the skeletons in this solution until they are perfectly white, using an earthen or glass jar, covering it, and putting it in a warm place. Leaves and seed-vessels should not be put into the same jar, and the coarse skeletons should be kept separate from the more delicate. If left too long in the bleaching solution they will become too tender to cleanse. When taken from it they are to be thoroughly cleansed by washing them several times in fresh water; then dry in the folds of a soft towel, and keep them between the leaves of a book until wanted for mounting. Some of the more delicate ones are apt to curl in drying; in this case they may be dried between sheets of white blotting-paper. It is very important to have the washing thoroughly done, otherwise they will be apt to become yellow, which destroys their beauty. The whole process requires continual examination and delicate manipulation, as the different species of leaves vary much as to the time necessary for perfect maceration and bleaching, the first process requiring from two weeks to four months in some cases, according to the character of the leaves. In mounting them, whatever may be the design, the base cushion upon which it rests should be of black velvet; but they always show better if mounted on a flat surface, made of soft wood, upon which a piece of black velvet has been glued. They should have a glass shade over them; or, if on a flat surface, they may be mounted in a recessed picture-frame, with glass over them. Dissolve some white gum-arabic in water so as to be quite thick. With this you can gum the stems that may have been separated from the leaves to them again; or, if artificial stems are needed, stiffen some crochet or other coarse white sewing thread with the gum-arabic, having these artificial stems of different stoutness to suit the different kinds of leaves.

Useful Information.

PICCALILLI.—One peck of green tomatoes; quarter peck sliced onions, slice and salt over night; one handful scraped horse-radish; ounce tumeric powder; ounce each of cloves and cinnamon; quarter pound whole pepper; pound each of mustard seed and flour mustard. Put in a large preserving kettle alternate layers of tomatoes, onions, cauliflower, some sliced green pickles, which have been cut up and salted over night, also one or two green peppers, with all the other ingredients; cover the whole with vinegar; boil fifteen or twenty minutes, stirring carefully. Pour off all the water that forms on the pickle when they lay in the salt.

HOW TO SELECT FLOUR.—First, look at its color; if it is white, with a slightly yellowish or straw-colored tint, it is a good sign. If it is very white, with a bluish cast, or with black specks in it, the flour is not good. Second, examine its adhesiveness—wet and knead a little of it between the fingers; if it works dry and elastic, it is good; if it works soft and sticky, it is poor. Flour made from spring wheat is likely to be sticky. Third, throw a lump of dry flour against a dry, smooth, perpendicular surface; if it falls like powder, it is bad. Fourth, squeeze some of the flour in your hand; if it retains the shape given by the pressure, that, too, is a good sign. Flour that will stand all these tests is safe to buy.

RABBIT CUTLETS.—Prepare the rabbits as you would for a stew; cut the different limbs into the size of cutlets—such as the shoulders cut in half, also the legs, with the ends of the bones chopped off. Have ready some bread-crumbs and the yolk of an egg beaten up. Drop each cutlet into the egg, and then cover it with bread-crumbs, as for veal cutlets. Fry them a nice brown, and when you dish them up pour round them some rich brown gravy, which may be flavored with tomato-sauce, if approved, and put round them rolls of fried bacon.

CHEESE STRAWS.—Take one-quarter of a pound of flour, two ounces of butter broken in the flour and rubbed until quite smooth, the yolks of two eggs and white of one; season with a little salt; mix all together; roll out to the thickness of rather less than a quarter of an inch; place on a well-buttered tin, and cut into very narrow strips four or five inches long; bake in a moderate oven for five minutes; pile in a glass dish, laying two one way and two over them, as lumber is piled to dry, and the effect is very pretty.

TO MAKE THE HANDS SOFT. — Take equal proportions of glycerine and alcohol; mix well; before retiring at night wash the hands in warm water and rub well with the lotion.

SELLING THE FARM.

BY BETH DAY IN THE INTER-OCEAN.

Well, why don't you say it, husband? I know what
you want to say;
You want to talk about selling the farm, for the
mortgage we cannot pay.
I know that we cannot pay it, I have thought of it
o'er and o'er;
For the wheat has failed on the corner lot, where
wheat never failed before.
And everything here's gone backward since Willie
went off to sea,
To pay the mortgage and save the farm, the home-
stead, for you and me.
I know it was best to give it; it was right that the
debts be paid,
The debts that our thoughtless Willie, in the hours
of his weakness, made;
And Will would have paid it fairly, you know it as
well as I,
If the ship had not gone down that night when no
other ship was nigh.
But, somehow, I didn't quit hoping, and ever I've
tried to pray—
(But I know if our Will was alive on earth, he'd
surely been here to-day).
I thought that the merciful Father, would somehow,
care for the lad,
Because he was trying to better the past, and be-
cause he was all we had.
But now I am well nigh hopeless, since hope for my
boy has fled,
For selling the farm means giving him up, and
knowing for sure he's dead.
Oh! Thomas, how can we leave it, the home we
have always known?
We won it away from the forest, and made it so
much our own.
First day we kept house together was the day that
you brought me here;
And no other place in the wide, wide world will ever
be half so dear.
Of course, you remember it, Thomas—I need not
ask you, I know,
For this is the month, and this is the day—it was
twenty-six years ago.
And don't you remember it, Thomas, the winter the
barn was made?
How we were so proud and happy, for all our debts
were paid—
The crops were good that summer, and everything
worked like a charm,
And we felt so rich and contented to think we had
paid for the farm.
And now to think we must leave it, when here I was
hoping to die,
It seems as if it was breaking my heart, but the
font of my tears is dry.
There's a man up there in the village that's wanting
to buy, you say.
Well, Thomas, he'll have to have it, but why does he
come to-day?
But there, it is wrong to grieve you, for you have
enough to bear,
And in all of our petty troubles you always have
borne your share;
I am but a sorry helpmeet since I have so childish
grown.
There, there, go on to the village, let me have it out
alone.
Poor Thomas, he's growing feeble, he steps so weary
and slow,
There is not much in his looks to-day like twenty-
six years ago.
But I know that his heart is youthful, as it was
when we first were wed,
And his love is as strong as ever for me, and for
Willie, our boy that's dead.
Oh, Willie, my baby Willie, I never shall see him
more;
I never shall hear his footsteps, as he comes through
the open door.
"How are you, dear little mother?" were always
the words he'd say;
It seems as if I would give the world to hear it again
to-day.
I knew when my boy was coming, be it ever so early
or late,
He was always a whistling "Home, Sweet Home,"
as he opened the garden gate.
And many and many a moment, since the night that
the ship went down,
Have I started up at a whistle like his, out there on
the road from town;
And in many a night of sorrow, in the silence, early
and late,
Have I held my breath at a footstep, that seemed to
pause at the gate.
I hope that he cannot see us, wherever his soul may
be;
It would grieve him to know the trouble, that's
come to father and me.
Out there is the tree he planted, the day he was
twelve years old;
The sunlight is glinting through it, and turning its
leaves to gold;
And often when I was lonely, and no one near at
hand,
I have talked to it, hours together—as if it could
understand—
And sometimes I used to fancy, whenever I spoke of
my boy,
It was waving its leaves together, like clapping its
hands for joy.
It may be the man that will own it, that's coming to
buy to-day,
Will be chopping it down, or digging it up, and
burning it out of the way.
And there are the pansies yonder, and the roses he
helped to tend—
Why, every bush on the dear old place is as dear as
a tried old friend.
And now we must go and leave them—but there!
they have come from town;
I haven't had time to smooth my hair, or even to
change my gown.
I can see them both quite plainly, although it is get-
ting late.
And the stranger's a whistling "Home, Sweet
Home," as he comes up from the gate.
I'll go out into the kitchen now, for I don't want to
look on his face.
What right has he to be whistling that, unless he
has bought the place.
Why, can that be Thomas coming? he usually steps
so slow;
There's something come into his footstep like twen-
ty six years ago.
There's something that sounds like gladness and the
man that he used to be
Before our Willie went out from home to die on the
stormy sea.
What, Thomas! Why are you smiling, and holding
my hands so tight?
And why don't you tell me quickly—must we go
from the farm to-night?
What's that? "You bring me tidings, and tidings of
wonderful joy;"
It cannot be very joyous, unless it is news of my
boy.
Oh, Thomas! You cannot mean it? Here, let me
look in your face.
Now, tell me again it is Willie that's wanting to buy
the place.

MANHATTANISMS.

WIDE PREVALENCE OF THE DRAWING-ROOM DISORDER.

Implicit Confidence the Cause of Defalcations—Frank Leslie's Social Ambition—Emerson's Mind a Wreck.

NEW YORK, January 10, 1880.

The present month has been thus far, and will continue to be, devoted to social entertainments. The most fashionable quarter of the town, bounded by Twenty-third and Fifty-ninth streets, Madison and Sixth avenues, is full of gayety—more so than it has been for years. In nearly every block the windows of imposing mansions may be seen all ablaze, evening after evening; the sidewalks canopied, carriages rolling up and rolling away until long after midnight, emptying and receiving their freight of both sexes, the men usually looking as solemn as their sable suits, and the women as radiant as their elaborate attire. Comparatively few men, I am convinced, enjoy what is known in a conventional, restricted sense as Society; while women have, as a rule,

AN INSATIABLE LOVE

For it. They go night after night, from the beginning to the end of the season, to dinners, receptions, parties, musicales, balls, and though they may be of delicate constitution, they seem never to tire. The most robust men get worn out after three or four weeks of such dissipation; but their daughters, wives and sisters keep up the round of pleasure without showing any signs of fatigue. They live on their nerves; they draw on their stock of emotions; you might think that they would be utterly exhausted, but they appear as fresh and as eager for the social fray at the close as at the commencement of winter. One reason of this is no doubt that they thoroughly enjoy society; the labor they delight in physics pain. They can endure much going and coming, endless dressing and undressing, the toils and trials of a fashionable campaign, with hardly any perceptible wear, because they relish the excitement, the variety, the bantering, the talk, the coquetry, the sentimental perils that it involves.

But society very soon bores men. When they are very young they embrace it with zest for four or five seasons; dance the German; escort young ladies with alacrity; are glad to shine in drawing-rooms in perfectly-fitting swallow-tails and flawless gloves. But they are easily cloyed. Ere they are 30 they affect cynicism; pronounce society tedious and stupid; haunt the clubs; evince a love of brandy-and-water, and go to parties reluctantly, persuaded thereto by sister, sweetheart or wife.

Women not only keep the gates of society, they are the inward force that holds it together. Without them it would go to pieces, and they know it. Therefore, they are so resolute and active in drumming up masculine recruits and retaining them in the ranks after they have enlisted. They are busy enough just now. Many have five or six engagements for the same evening, and some try to fulfill them all. It is not uncommon to see ladies at a dinner between 7 and 9 o'clock, at two or three receptions or parties between 9 and 12, and at a ball after midnight. I might name several who seem to have an unappeasable passion for this sort of thing. Go where you may, you encounter them. They seem to be ubiquitous, and to be made of iron. They go out fifteen or twenty times a week. They are forever nibbling, sipping wine, talking, flirting, smiling, posing, and have been doing the same thing for years. They are not the novices, the maidens, the young ladies of a certain or uncertain age. They are the experienced, the veterans, the dowagers. I have one in mind who is

A SOCIAL MONOMANIAC,

If ever there was one. She is indefatigable; she is acquainted with everybody; she is conspicuous in all sets, and there are scores of sets here, each of them the very best, if their own story is to be credited; she knows the old families, the merely rich, the church circles, the musical people, the artistic fraternity, the journalistic and literary folk, and she enjoys them all. She seems never to refuse an invitation; she was never known to decline or send a regret. She is loyal, socially, to the backbone. She can be depended on always for entertainments without number. Her husband, like most men who have seen a good deal of the world, cares nothing for society; indeed, dislikes it, and consequently keeps out of it as much as possible. This, however, does not hinder her in the least from prevalence in all circles. She always contrives to find escorts who are of infinite variety—young men and old men, natives and foreigners, lawyers, journalists, merchants, authors, bankers—all are fish that come to her net.

She is well educated and accomplished, she has traveled, she speaks several languages, and would be a very interesting companion, were she not socially disordered. She wants to see and talk with so many people that no one person can command her attention. While talking to one woman, she is looking at another. She asks a question of this man, and before it can be answered, she is making an inquiry of his neighbor; wherefore, she is prone to mental distraction and oral incoherence. Although she declares that she always has a good time, she appears to be preoccupied, restless and discontented. The reason is that she is ever trying to compress what she should do in a week into a few hours.

One day, at a barbecue party, a friend said to her, "Mrs. ——, I should think that you would die from fatigue and nervous excitement, so continually are you in the whirl of society."

"Die?" echoed the lady. "Not I, indeed! Have you ever heard of anybody dying of happiness? Society is my food, my life, my joy. I love it passionately; it makes me very, very happy."

Just at this time this victim of drawing-room distemper must be on the top crest of delight. She is going out incessantly, and has been sorely distressed the last fortnight, I understand, because she has been obliged, for lack of time and omnipresence, to absent herself from fully a dozen entertainments. One cause of the crowded gayeties of this month is that the Charity ball takes place this year, the 29th instant, and many of the fashionably-pious regard that as the close of the modish season, because