[FOR THE RECORD-UNION.]

SET IN A SILVER SEA!

A ROMANCE BY B. L. FARJEON.

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CHAPTER XV.

RANF MAKES A RECORD.

"Come, Ranf, set upon paper a sign that shall remain when you have passed away. Those who are too quick of speech, if they are not overburdened by folly, have often reason to wish that they had been born dumb. It is otherwise with me. I am by habit slow with my tongue, having learnt to choose my words by having but rare opportunity to use them. That has been my fate, and I do not care to grumble at it; but having a sense, it is necessary to exercise it if you wish to retain it. Who keeps his eyes closed for a year will be blind when he opens them. One day I may have need to use my tongue to some purpose. This white paper is a companion, this pen my tongue; I can hear the words I trace.

"It is good I had some sort of education. I had time for it, and I acquired it in a singular way. No one to interrupt or vex me. I had one grand master, Nature, whose book is never shut to those who would read its wonders. My other masters were my own wits.

"While I live no eye but mine shall see what I write. When I am dead, it is Evangeline's, with all that I possess. It is not that I believe I shall die to-night or to-morrow, but it is as well to think of things. It is right that Evangeline should know something of my inner life, so that she may give men the lie who speak ill of me. There are plenty of them; let them have their way, but do not let them step into mine. A spirit within me might cry 'Strike!' and they would not live to rue.

"No, I shall not die to-night, but I will be prepared. Only up to a certain point are we our own masters; though steadfastness and determination will achieve most human desires, we are at the mercy of outward circumstances, which at any unexpected moment may snap the mortal thread. This morning I slipped upon a stone and fell to a depth of a thousand feet before I recovered myself by catching at a branch of a tree which grew out of the rocks for my preservation. As I slid down over the sharp stones which cut my hands when I endeavored to clutch them, I was certain that Death was not waiting for me in the depths below. Scores of years ago a seed was blown into a crevice, and a tree grew and forced the rocks asunder that I might be saved for my life's purpose. Those who pretend to study the science of Divine things, and who really understand them as well as a beetle, would raise their hands at this, if it paid them to do so. One man's belief is enough for a man, and I have mine. If in the world's scheme there is any sort of design, all things possible must be admitted. Even the unseen agencies by which we are surrounded, and whose mysterious power we can as easily control as circumvent, play their direct part in our lives. Sometimes they drive men mad. Human judgment has passed such a verdict upon me; that is no concern of mine; I have long learnt to accept with scorn the judgment of mankind.

"I am quite calm, though I am sorely wounded. Bodily pain does not distress me; I can trifle with it, argue with it, laugh at it, defy it, and conquer it. I have in my time suffered torments, but it has been the anguish of the soul that has conquered me and made me groan. I am bruised and cut, and shall not be able to descend the mountain for two or three days at least.

"I saw a flower that shone like gold, with a dusky mellow lustre such as I see in some of the autumn sunsets as I stand upon the highest peak of this mountain of snow. Its peculiarity was that its inner cup reflected a light of burnished silver. It was not within easy reach, and I could only hope to obtain it by stepping on a large stone which projected from the outer surface of the precipice. I established a foothold, with a firm grasp of the earth behind me, leant forward to detach the flower by its root, when the stone slipped from beneath me. I slipped with it, and was saved by the tree. Wounded as I was, I could not possibly have reached the mountain's top by climbing the surface of the rock, but to my surprise I found in the rear of this tree an easier path to safety. It could not have been made by human hands——

"I am arrested in the current of my thoughts by a notch. Why could this hidden path not have been made by human hands? There can be no doubt that the islanders speak the truth when they say that no man but myself has ventured into these strange regions for generations. But two hundred years ago there lived upon the mount a man, self-banished, whose life was cursed by love and jealousy. He grew old here, and passed his days in loneliness, without human or other visible companionship. The mountain was his then, as it is mine now. He essayed a wonderful task, and may have cut this path to assist in its accomplishment. It is not an unreasonable idea. When I am able to move about I will convince myself whether the narrow way has been made by Nature or man.

"What kind of life did he live upon this mount? He was utterly alone; not a living being, not even an animal, to hold converse with! Removed from the world by an impassable gulf, dreading the future, seeking to propitiate it by tears and supplication, and self-abasement. Both fool and coward!

"A handsome man, they say, a hero in form and purpose, wise and strong, and capable. That is how men judge of others—by outward signs; so do they judge of me. But I have taught them something already, and may teach them more. A new character for you to play, Ranf—a braggart. Although you are deformed and a hunchback, although your limbs are at odds with one another and you are in hight but half a man, I know under what conditions you could elevate yourself into a god to be worshiped by the crowd.

"There is a sound at my door of scratching and tearing, and now as of a body pushing with strength and violence. The door flies open.

"It is my dog Leontine. I left her in the lower hut two days ago, and she has sought me out. She lies now at my feet, devoted and tame, as handsome and as strong as a lioness. Had she found me dead, she would have licked my body, and perchance have shed tears over me. She has in her higher qualities than animate some humans I know. I do not say this because Leontine loves me; I say it out of the depths of my life and experience.

"She thought I was in pain; she looked up at me with her great soft eyes, and when I smiled at her to assure her that I was at my ease she nestled down comfortably in satisfaction. What would you do for me, Leontine? fight for me, die for me? Were you a woman would you love me? If you could speak, and answered yes, I would stab you where you lie.

"If I had been born straight, Leontine could not love me more. It is perhaps fortunate for me that I came into the world crooked and misshapen. Something is mine. The love of goats and birds and dogs is worth having—when you can't get the love of a woman.

"Leontine, I will confess to you. You will not betray me. It is long, long ago in the past since the sunlight, peeping in upon me, stole away to flowers and blades of grass better worth ripening, and left me in the dark to thrive as best I could. I was born in the dark, Leontine, and lived in a forest, in the very depths of it, farther away from men then I am now. I have kept no count of the years. About me was a woman who said she was my mother, and gave me my name, such as no other man ever bore. You see, Leontine, I had nothing in common with humankind. I was much alone; often for weeks together. We lived in a wretched hut, and I was left to do pretty much as I liked. Certain rules, however, were set for me. I dared not wander beyond a defined boundary; frightful stories were related to me of awful creatures prowling within a mile of our hut, and of what they would do to me if I ventured within their reach. I had no desire to do so; I made acquaintance with bird and beast, but not with man. I had no reason to believe that there was another child in the world besides myself. My mother, who was as hideous as myself, and who never gave me a kind word, bade me, on pain of torture and death, not to show myself if any human creature came in view. When she left me, saying she would return to-morrow, or next week, or next month, I felt no regret. Leontine, I kiss you; you are grateful; you know it is a sign of love. I do love you, my dog, else I should not embrace you. I do not remember this woman ever placing her lips upon my face.

"It was no loss. I felt no need of kisses. There was always plenty to eat in our hut; as a child I learnt to snare birds and prepare them for the table; we had a bit of land where vegetables grew. I lived the life of an animal.

"It is almost a wonder how I learned to speak; for this at least I can thank my mother. When she was away I talked to the trees, and fancied I knew their language as their branches bent and their leaves rustled in the wind. Then I could bark like a dog. I have not done so since I have been on the isle. Listen, Leontine.

"Ha! I startled you. Here is something more. I can send my voice outside this hut, and can make you think we are surrounded by your species. Listen again.

"I have done a fine thing. Leontine is gone, searching for the bodies that gave forth those sounds. I cannot continue without her companionship. I will wait till she returns.

"She is here, standing by my side, with a listening look in her eyes. I will fool you no more, Leontine. Go, shut the door, and rest in peace.

"The voices and songs of birds I also learned to know and imitate. I was entirely a woodland creature, and I cannot say with truth that I was unhappy; but I was conscious of a void in my life. Define it I could not. I seemed to be waiting for a sign, and even, at times, to be yearning for it. That was because I was human.

"A task was given me to perform. Beyond the boundary was a forest of deer, which gentlemen amused themselves in hunting. When a deer strayed within our boundary I was to chase it over the border. Of these events I kept a record in a small book, and it was by this means I learned to form written characters, and, imperfectly, to read. The records were simple, and ran thus: On such a day, in the morning, afternoon or night, there appeared a deer, of such an age. I knew the age of the deer by its antlers. It was an easy task to frighten these gentle animals away; but one day a deer turned and evaded me, and, when I hurt it with a stone, attacked me. I was gored and wounded badly, but the victory was mine. Then I knew that I was strong.

"My mother was terribly angry with me, and said that if the gentlemen knew I had killed a deer they would take my life.

"'Or I should take theirs,' I answered. 'I am ready for another fight. It is rare sport.'

"'You are a fool,' my mother said; 'if you crossed the path of a gentleman, he would kick you aside.'

"'Why would he do that?' I asked, in curiosity.

"'Look at yourself in clear water,' replied my mother, shaking her fist at me; 'you are neither beast nor human.'

"I laughed at her anger; there was nothing in it to frighten me. As to looking at myself in a clear pool, it was a thing I had never thought of doing; no fair stream of water lay within our boundary. But when my laughter ceased, I became thoughtful and moody, and my mother's words, carrying in them a sting I did not rightly comprehend, rankled in my mind a long time afterwards.

"Growing bolder with years, and less willing to be told I must go here and must not go there, and still less willing to obey, I plunged beyond the boundary, and came upon a building of stone, surrounded by a neglected garden. There were fruit trees in it, still bearing, and as I ate some of the fruit, I looked admiringly at the stained and painted windows and at the beautiful house, the like of which I had never seen before.

"'Who lives here?' I asked myself; 'one of those gentlemen who would kick me from his path if I crossed it?'

"I knocked at the doors, without receiving an answer. I tried both doors and windows and found them fast. There were pillars in the principal entrance, reaching to a verandah stretching out from some of the handsomest windows in the building. Determined to see the inside of the house, I climbed up one of these pillars and stepped on to the verandah. One of the windows was loose; without breaking it I managed to open it, and by that means obtained entrance. The house was entirely deserted; not a sign of life was visible, with the exception of spider-webs in all the corners. The walls were hung with beautiful pictures; the furniture was gold and velvet. I could not hear my footfall as I walked on the thick pile of carpets. I strolled through the rooms in a kind of dream, and came to one into which the full sunlight was pouring. It was a bedroom, with delicate fripperies in it, which I handled with care. There were two pictures in this room which fixed my attention; one of a gentleman dressed in court fashion, the other of a lovely young girl. The faces in both the pictures singularly affected me; the features of the girl were faultlessly beautiful; the handsome mouth of the gentleman was opened, and showed his regular white teeth; his hands were delicately shaped, and there was an air of distinction about him which was new to me. I passed my hand over my face, and was seized by a longing to look at myself in clear water, as my mother had bid me do. I turned to a table upon which stood a mirror, the first I had ever seen, and in the glass I saw a reflection of myself.

"What kind of a monster was it that peered eagerly forward to look into my face? Could it be the hideous and faithful likeness of one who was 'neither beast nor human;' or a juggle created by some fiend to madden me? I dashed my fist into the mirror, and cut my fingers to the bone. I did not feel the pain of my wounded flesh. My soul was quivering with the keener torture of the indignity which had been fastened upon me by Nature. Why was I sent into the world in this shape, a horror to all that beheld me? If I could destroy myself as I had destroyed the reflection of myself, would it not be a good thing done? The idea held me for an instant only. No. Why should I take my life? Better to think myself other than I was, transformed to beauty, in the likeness of the handsome gentleman whose portrait I was again examining. Without any absolute direction of my will I aped the graceful posture of this fine gentleman, aped the motion of his dainty hands, aped his smile and the pose of his head. In this disguise I gazed at the portrait of the lovely girl, and kissed my hand to her; and the next moment, with some sudden notion of the truth, I burst into a passion of tears, and staggered from the room. Down the stairs I stumbled with but one thought stirring in my mind—despisal of myself. I found myself now in a room which, but for the dust that lay heavily about it, might have been supposed to be quite recently occupied. Bottles and glasses were there; in the glasses were the crusted dregs of wine, and thick stains of spilt liquor were on the table; two chairs lay overturned on the ground, and by their side a rusty rapier. I took no conscious mental note of these objects, but they imprinted themselves upon my mind. I was in a paroxysm of rage at my deformity. On a sideboard were some bottles which had not been uncorked. I knocked the necks off two, and pouring the contents into a huge silver goblet with double handles, I drank the wine with greedy enjoyment. It exhilarated me, and changed my mood to one of passionate hope and exultation. I shouted, I sang, I danced, and drank more wine, until I fell to the ground and slept like a log.

"I did not awake till early morning, and I opened my eyes to the singing of birds. The sounds came from my own lips, inspired perhaps by a woodland dream. I rose to my feet, and thought of all that had passed; the wine had not affected me otherwise than to make me sleep; my head was perfectly clear.

"I made a further examination of the deserted house, and walked through the rooms from the top of the house to the bottom. The doors that were locked I opened with ease, even the cellar doors, which led to vaults where rare old wine lay buried, ripening to rarer perfection.

"There remained but one room still unexplored; it was locked, and had not yielded easily to my pressure. I returned to it, and using all my strength, forced it open. Leontine, it was full of books. The walls were lined with them; protected by glass cases from dust, they reached from floor to ceiling. The windows were emblazoned with richly-colored pictures; beautiful groups in bronze were set about; the ceiling was carved into quaint faces, whose eyes looked down upon me with solemn import, whose features were instinct with life. Figures of armed men stood in niches, mute guardians of the rich treasures of the room. I approached them in fear; I touched them, and they did not strike me down; the armor encased no forms of living flesh. These figures, the models in bronze, the carvings, the subdued light, the eloquent books, impressed me deeply. In a corner stood a large case of wood, the outer surface of which was inlaid with figures of birds and beasts and objects unfamiliar to me. I raised the lid, and saw a long row of ivory tablets. I pressed my fingers upon them, and a deep voice issued forth, which floated through the walls, and died gradually away in the distance. When the sound fell upon my ears I started back, fearing that I had released a spirit; but presently, the sound being gone, I touched other keys, and produced notes of sadness, of joy, of solemnity. Now came the sound of wedding bells, now the sound of a funeral dirge. It was the first time I had heard music different from the natural music of field and forest.

"I was in another world; I heard voices; I saw visions; a new spirit was born within me. I was no longer Ranf the deformed! I was a human being, with a soul to be moved by passion.

"Leontine, I believe you have a soul. In another state of being we shall wander side by side in friendly communion, thinking of our life in the Silver Isle. You will be faithful and true, I know; we shall understand things better then.

"Perhaps then, Evangeline still living, will be reading these lines, and will send a tender thought into the air for the cripple who would yield up his life for her. You see, my dog, there is nothing else that binds me to this world—not even you. I was growing into the spiritual likeness of a savage, my case a fitting one for a world of evil thought, and she brought back to me my better self. I was ready so to hate myself and all mankind that no deed would have been too black for my mind to conceive and my hands to perform. It is no slight service, Leontine, to have your sense of self-respect restored to you, to be made to feel, through the love of a little child, that, twisted out of all proportion as you are—through no fault of your own—your nature is in kinship with much that is beautiful and bright in earth and air. The clouds, the flowers, the balmy air, the sweet sounds of forest life, and I, are of one family. The clouds shine upon me, the flowers incline towards me, the balmy air kisses me, the harmony of nature is not less sweet when I am by. It is only man that is unkind. And I, knowing the world, know that to bend and fawn and lick the hand that wrongs you, destroys within you the spirit of manhood, and brings you to the normal level of the snake, that crawls upon its belly and lives in slime. So I give scorn for scorn, and make the best of what I was not able to avoid.

"I took possession of the deserted mansion, and no soul disturbed me for years. During all that time not a human being but myself entered the house. I haunted it in secret, and my mother was not able to discover where I spent the days. She followed me, and I tricked her; led her over marsh and water-field, and through the prickly intricacies of the bush; I ran, and walked, and lingered, with her behind me, and never turned to see; then I led her a dance back to our wretched hut, laughing to myself at the knowledge that I had a palace of my own, whose treasures of art had opened the windows of my soul and let in Heaven's light.

"'Where do you hide?' asked my mother.

"'In a cave,' I answered.

"'Alone?'

"'No.'

"'With whom, then?' she cried, suspiciously.

"'With shadows,' I said, laughing in her face, 'that have life, but cannot speak.'

"She asked me whether I was a fool, a knave or a madman. I asked her in return whether she was really my mother? She aimed a blow at me, that struck the air.

"'You can tell me one thing,' I said composedly; 'who owns us?'

"'A great lord.'

"'A man, do you mean?'

"'No; a gentleman.'

"'A gentleman, and not a man; then he is in bad case. And all this land is his?'

"'Aye, for miles around.'

"'Why does he not come here?'

"'You had better ask him when you see him.'

"'I will. When will he come?'

"'When the whim seizes him; then you will be whipped.'

"'I think not. I would fling the man into the air who dared to touch me with hand or weapon.'

"It was her turn to laugh now.

"'You are a slave,' she said, 'as I am. You do not know what great men can do.'

"'I will wait and learn,' I said calmly.

"I saw that she was regarding me with curiosity.

"'You are changed, Ranf.'

"I glanced over my shoulder at my hump. 'It has grown larger,' I said; 'it is big enough for a man.'

"'You are one in years.'

"I was glad to hear that.

"'So,' I said commandingly, 'mother or no mother, treat me as a man.'

"I compelled respect from her. It was a poor triumph, Leontine, and it shames me now to think I felt proud of it. * *

"I am interrupted. There is a tapping at my door, as of some gentle creature desiring shelter. Leontine's head is inclined towards the door, and her soft eyes are fixed upon mine. Go, my dog, and discover who it is that seeks admittance in manner so gracious. * * * *

"It is one of my white doves from the lower hut. What brings you here, my bird? Have you a message from spiritland tied under your wing? Am I summoned? No, my dove, not yet. I shall live my time, I believe. But it is kind of you to come to see your wounded master, though I must have taught you badly that you should come without being bidden. This time I forgive you. Fly to your dovecote and find your mate.

(To be continued.)

FOR CHIVALRY.

He donned his armor, girt his sword,
His steed was standing at the gate,
To-day he vowed unto the Lord—
To-day his love must wait—
And then with raven's plume afloat,
And keen lance shining bright and grim,
He strode across the castle's moat
While watching eyes grew dim.

The level plain ran far away,
The river through the orchards flowed;
The hawthorn hedge's blooming spray
Made sweet the winding road—
But subtle beauty could not hold
His soul from struggles fierce and grand;
Unheeded was the wheat-field's gold,
The sun-lit meadow land.

Nor look nor smile he backward cast;
The portal echoed with his tread;
And soon his charger galloped fast
Where boughs met overhead—
Then up the slope of rounding hills
He heard the wild dog's savage bark,
And rode among the windy chills
Of valleys, shadow-dark.

He saw the crimson banner wave
That marked the stronghold of his foes;
He bared his bright and ready glaive,
To meet their bitter blows—
Then dashed against the serried spears
That barred the downward path,
Sending his loud, defiant cheers
Among their cries of wrath.

The sunlight faded in the west,
The stars shone out in trackless space;
And cold the fallen night-dews rest
On one white, listless face.
A shivered lance, a dented shield,
The scattered fragments of a plume,
Were all the battle-ground would yield
To lay upon his tomb.

Above the castle's moat, fond eyes
Watch through the mist of burning tears,
And only see the purple skies,
And silence of sad years.
Who from the present gladness strays,
He tempts the strife of vengeful fates—
And vows are paid with many days,
And love forever waits.

—[Boston Transcript.

Of more than 1,200 families in Oregon and Washington Territory who were without the Bible, 900 have been supplied by an agent.

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.]

Sunlight at Home.

Whether your home be large or small, give it light. There is no house so likely to be unhealthy as a dark and gloomy house. In a dark and gloomy house you can never see the dirt that pollutes it. Dirt accumulates on dirt, and the mind soon learns to apologize for this condition because the gloom conceals it. "It is no credit to be clean in this hole of a place," is soon the sort of idea that the housewife gets into her mind; the "place is always dingy, do what you may," is another similar and common idea; and so in a dark house unwholesome things get stowed away and forgotten, and the air becomes impure, and when the air becomes impure the digestive organs become imperfect in action, and soon there is some shade of bad health engendered in those persons who live in that dark house. Flowers will not healthily bloom in a dark house, and flowers are, as a rule, good indices. We put the flowers in our windows that they may see the light. Are not our children worth many flowers? They are the choicest of flowers. Then again light is necessary in order that the animal spirits may be kept refreshed and invigorated. No one is truly happy who in waking hours is in a gloomy house or room. The gloom of the prison has ever been considered as a part of the punishment of the prison, and it is so. The mind is saddened in a home that is not flushed with light, and when the mind is saddened the whole physical powers soon suffer; the heart beats languidly, the blood flows slowly, the breathing is imperfect, the oxidation of the blood is reduced, and the conditions are laid for the development of many wearisome and unnecessary constitutional failures and sufferings. Once again, light, sunlight I mean, is of itself useful to health in a direct manner. Sunlight favors nutrition; sunlight favors nervous function; sunlight sustains, chemically or physically, the healthy state of the blood. Children and older persons living in darkened places become blanched or pale; they have none of the ruddy, healthy bloom of those who live in light. We send a child that has lived in a dark court in London for a few days only into the sunlight, and how marked the change. We hardly know the face again. Let us keep, then, this word in our minds light, light, light; sunlight.

The Bed-room.

As a rule I regret to record that from want of appreciation of what is most healthy, in opposition to a keen appreciation of what is most fashionable, the bedroom is too often the part of the house that is least considered. It may be in any part of the house. There is no room too much out of the way or too little cared for that may not be a bed-room. "This is only a bed-room" is the commonest observation of the woman who is deputed to show you over an empty house that stands to be let. "We can turn the dressing-room into a bed-room whenever we like," is not unfrequently a housewife's, and even a good housewife's, expression. "Give me a shake-down somewhere," is the request of the unexpected traveler or visitor who wants to stay with you all night. "Anywhere will do, so long as it is a bed." "This is only an attic; but it is large enough for one servant, you know, and two have slept in it many a time before now." These are the kind of ordinary terms that are applied to bed-rooms as apologies for something that is confessedly but observedly wrong about them. The language itself implies error; but it is far from expressing the whole of the error that really exists. When we enter the bedroom we too often find it, though it may be a good-sized room, altogether unsuited as a sleeping department. It may be situated either at the back or the front of the house; it may or may not have a fireplace, and if it should have a fireplace the register may or may not be open. The windows may be large or small, according to mere caprice of the builder, or of accident, or of necessity; and whether the window will open or shut from the top or the bottom sash, or from both, is a matter of smallest consequence. As a rule the bedroom windows that have a double sash open only from the bottom, and it is the most usual occurrence to find the sash-lines out of gear altogether, or the frames in a bad state, so that the sash has to be supported with care, or "humored," whenever it has to be opened or closed. Then to the window, that the room may look snug and comfortable, must be muslin blinds (half blinds), roller blinds, and very often heavy curtains. When the window is opened the roller blind blows out like the sail of a boat, or blows in, at the risk of knocking down the looking-glass. Some Venetian blinds, which are never in order for two months together, take the place of the roller blinds, and it becomes quite an art to manage the laths, though these blinds are on the whole the best. Then the walls of bed-rooms are in most instances covered with paper, and of all rooms in the house they are least frequently papered. "The lower rooms must be papered, they look so very dirty; the bed-rooms are dingy, but they may stand over another year; nobody sees them." To carry out further the idea of snugness, the bed-rooms are carpeted, it may be over their whole surface right up to the walls of the rooms, and the carpet is nailed down, so that it may be swept without being dragged out of its place.—[Dr. Richardson.

A Receipt for Curing Hams.

The best receipt two hams to cure:
With three handfulls of salt, be sure
To scrub them well—but scrub no more
Till two days pass—then as before,
With fresh salt you may scrub again.
When two days longer they have lain
In leaden or in earthen trough,
As chums in pickle, snug enough,
Three ounces of black pepper take,
Three ounces of saltpeter's cake,
Bay salt, three-quarters of a pound,
Which separately rub all round.
Then, wrapt like mummies in cloth case,
Upon them a great weight you place,
For thus the brine squeez'd out, d'ye see,
Shall give them more solidity.
After nine days rubb'd, turned and press'd,
They'll want another nine days' rest.
(Some folks would turn them ev'ry day,
If so, the brine won't clear away.)
Then from their swaddling clothes release 'em,
Dry-wiped, two days together dress 'em,
With a full pound of treacle-jelly.
When six months hung, they'll please, I tell ye,
So that whoe'er shall cut them then,
Shall wish to "cut and come again."

—[*Caterer.*

Receipts.

OYSTER-PLANT SALAD.—Scrape and boil the roots in water, slightly salted; when sufficiently cooked, if any of the skin remains, rub it off when cold. Make an ordinary French dressing, pour over, and let it stand about an hour before using.

TAPIOCA CUSTARD.—1. Soak three large tablespoonfuls of tapioca over night in a pint of cold water; the next morning add one quart of milk, a little salt, and boil; four eggs, one-half cupful of sugar; flavor with lemon or vanilla; a meringue can be made from the whites of the eggs by adding a little powdered sugar, and browning it in the oven. 2. One teacupful of tapioca dissolved in water over night; beat three eggs and one cup of sugar together, and stir into the tapioca; then add one quart sweet milk; stir well; bake in pudding-dish until custard thickens.

TURKEY STUFFING.—Boil the livers until perfectly tender in just water enough to cook them, with half a salt spoonful of salt; take the crumb of a five-cent loaf of stale baker's bread, crumble it in the hand, and mix the well-chopped liver with it; add a table-spoonful of butter, half a grated nutmeg, a salt spoon of salt, the same of white pepper, as much cayenne as will go on the end of a pocket-knife blade, and about a gill of milk—just enough to make it hold together. The general fault of stuffing is that it is too soft. Try the turkey stuffed with Jerusalem artichokes, and you will find it excellent.

POLENTA.—About a pint of water was put into a stew-pan to boil, in which a pinch of salt was added. The Indian meal, ground coarser than we use it, was stirred into it until it was thick. As soon as it puffed up, the bubbles of steam escaping from it, it was taken from the fire and poured into a thick cloth on a table and made into a big ball. When cold it was cut in slices, sprinkled with grated Parmesan cheese, and fried in oil or butter. If sausages are fried, slices of polenta are cooked with them.

BAKED DRIED PEAS.—Three pints of dried peas; seven quarts of cold water; three pounds of bacon or salt pork; pick over the peas; wash and soak them over night in cold water; drain and pour them into a pot with the bacon or pork, the latter previously cleansed; cover and boil gently; remove the scum as it rises; when the peas become soft drain and mash them, put them into a baking dish, smooth the top, place the bacon or pork on top, put the dish into the oven and bake brown. The liquor from the peas may be strained, put into a pot, thickened over the fire with Indian meal (about four or five tablespoonfuls to a pint), and boiled gently about one hour. When cold it may be sliced and fried.

BREAD AND BUTTER PUDDING.—Slice a stale loaf of baker's bread rather thin, crust and all, and butter lightly on both sides; butter a baking dish and flour it lightly; lay a single layer of the slices of bread all over the dish, sides and all; wash and pick one-half pound of currants, pick and stone one-half pound of raisins, and slice very thin two ounces of citron, and mix thoroughly, and scatter thinly over the bread and butter. Then build it up in this way: Make a mixture of four eggs, a quart of milk, and one-half pound of sugar, and pour cold into the dish which has the bread, currants, etc.; put the baking dish in a pan of water, and let it cook for three-quarters of an hour in a moderately-heated oven. Eat hot or cold.

PUMPKIN PIE.—The less water you use to boil your pumpkin in the better. Slice the pumpkin, and don't scrape it too much inside—the inside is the best; stew with water, in which you put a pinch of salt, until the meat is tender; mash it and pass it through a fine sieve while it is hot; after straining add an eighth of a pound of butter, if you have about two quarts of stewed pumpkin; now, to every quart add a quart of milk and three eggs, beating up your whites and yelks separately; use white sugar, and sweeten to taste, with cinnamon and nutmeg; I don't use any ginger; when you bake your pies you want a hot oven; pour it on thick; a thin pumpkin pie is not right.—[Old Housekeeper.

CRULLERS.—Noticing that you give dates for your receipts—not that they are better for that, but only because people think so—here is one for crullers, taken from an old manuscript receipt-book written in New York in 1878: "Take of buttermilk one-half of a cup, and two cupfuls of Muscavado, a piece of sweet butter as large as a walnut, a teaspoonful of salt and a table-spoonful of ground cass (cinnamon?), just as much wheaten flour as will make a running dough; roll it even, not above a pie thickness; cut in strips, which tie over in lover's knots; have a skillet with sweet home-made hog's fat, and when the fat is hissing hot fry your crullers." I tried this receipt with some hesitation, as there was no salaratus in it, and was surprised to find it made a light cruller.—[Historical Mary, in New York Times.

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TIGHTNESS OF THE CHEST,

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INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION,
WHOOPING COUGH

AND ALL DISEASES OF THE

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Symptoms of a Diseased Liver.

PAIN in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increases on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; the bowels in general are costive, sometimes alternative with lax; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight, dry cough is sometimes an attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled, his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low; and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it In fact, he distrusts every remedy Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred where few of them existed, yet examination of the body, after death, has shown the LIVER to have been extensively deranged.

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A SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE NASAL CAVITIES, THROAT AND LUNGS,

Viz.: Pneumonia, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, Diphtheria and Croup. Will also cure Miasmal Fever, and any disease which arises from IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

The vapor of the Inhalant being volatile, fills all cavities of the lungs, thus permeating and cleansing the blood. This vapor, through the circulation reaches all parts of the system, thus removing diseases of organs with which it does not come in immediate contact. In many cases, it has removed diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder.

CURES GRAVEL.

The inhaling exercise is invigorating; increasing the force of circulation, while the medicinal properties of the Inhalant are freely absorbed throughout the system.

Diseases of the Throat and Lungs

Can in no way be treated with such success as by applying the remedy directly to the parts diseased, viz., BY INHALATION.

NAMES OF SACRAMENTANS CURED OF the Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Consumption, Miasmal Fever, Diphtheria and Pneumonia, by the use of Hewes' Balsamic Inhalant:

A.S. Hopkins, Fifteenth and M streets, bronchitis; Grace Hopkins, catarrh and diphtheria; S. F Hopkins, gravel and diphtheria; E. C. Hopkins (salesman in Houghton's book store, 75 and 77 J street), diphtheria; Mrs. Frazer, corner Fourteenth and Q streets, asthma (a chronic case of 40 years' standing, cured in two months); J. Hatch, Third street, between L and M, pneumonia; A. Conner, alley, between Second and Third, L and M streets, asthma; M. Barber, merchant, corner Eleventh and J streets, intermittent fever; Robert Hornbach, corner Fourth and M catarrh; Miss L. Kerr, Sixth street, between L and M, miasmal fever; Mrs. S. Emory, corner Second and K streets, consumption; J. L. Blitch, Pastor of Baptist Church, clerical sore throat; Mary Thompson, M street, between Fifteenth and Sixteenth, pneumonia; Nellie Thompson, M street, between Fifteenth and Sixteenth, croup; Mrs. Haven, Washington, consumption; W. H. L. Haven, Washington, catarrh (a chronic case of nine years).

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After a faithful trial, and upon a full investigation, I state with confidence that I have used the Inhaler of Mr. Hewes, and find it a sure and speedy remedy for any throat troubles, and I believe it is valuable in many of the complaints of humanity. Let all sufferers try it.

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I had a severe attack of Miasmal fever, which was broken up in twenty-four hours, by the free use of Hewes' Balsamic Inhalant.

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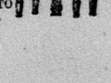

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