Only one former Vice-President survives—Hannibal Hamlin, the first of the six Republican Vice-Presidents. He was elected to that office in 1860, and is now nearly seventy-eight years old.

A shrewd merchant says that the money expended in labor to keep a brass sign properly scoured could be more profitably invested in newspaper advertising. He does not believe in brass ornaments of any kind.

In the West, two-cent a mile railroad lines are being agitated, on the strength of the general demand for cheaper rates, now that the railroads are making more money than ever under the Inter-State Commerce act.

Sunshine has become a great exporter of honey. The amount sent abroad last year was valued at more than $4,000,000. The Swedish Lapps are now worked upon the most improved systems. Only skilled hands are employed in removing the milk, separating and straining the cream, and churning the butter. The work is performed with the greatest care and cleanness. The dairymaids receive a practical and theoretical training at dairy schools.

Tyler is the only President whose wife died while he was in office, but that was his first wife. He was a widower not quite two years, and marriage has there been two widower Presidents, the others being Jefferson, Jackson, Van Buren, Fillmore and Arthur, these five remaining unmarried while in the White House, and but one bachelor President, Buchanan, who was single throughout his term. Cleveland being the only other who began a term as a bachelor. Fillmore married his second wife after his term as President expired. He and Tyler are the only two of our Presidents who have had two wives.

Consumption is the cause of nearly fifteen per cent. of the whole number of deaths, or about three in 1,000 of the whole population each year of the world over. Impure air and bad hygiene are potent factors in its production. The disease is most prevalent in temperate climates, but exists in a modified form in the tropics. The influence of altitude is very marked. There is almost complete immunity from the disease among the higher Alps, the Andes, the Himalayas and other extremely elevated regions; while among the Tennessee and North Carolina mountains, a case of true pulmonary consumption was unknown, if ever, known to originate. In seeking a new location immigrants are wise who settle where pulmonary sufferers might obtain.

A plan contemplated as long ago as 1873 is about to begin realization for the construction, in New York city, of a Pantheon, near Synagogue Cathedral, which will compare in size and grandeur any similar building on this continent. The project is being aided by others than Egyptians, as the architect is Prof. Gustav Lange, of the University of Jena, Germany. The estimated cost of the structure will be $5,000,000. The construction of the cathedral will be done in sections. The choir, which will probably be completed first, will, it is said, be large as Trinity Church in the metropolis. The site has not been selected, but it will be a commanding one or can be secured. The name will be the Cathedral of John the Divine, and the work of building will be commenced at an early day.

The following statistics have been compiled by the American Steam Boiler Insurance Company of New York of the boiler explosions during the last twelve months:

Four-inch and grain elevators	2
Sugar refineries, dye works, sugar houses and paper cutting establishments	2
Sugar mills, distilleries, etc.	2
Boilers made and sold over seller	4
Sawmills, gas machinery	2
Cotton, potato, hollow and ordinary mills, etc.	4
Cotton, lumber, flour, flouring elevators and other mills	2
Planing mills and other wood-workers	3
Miscellaneous including two pressure boilers	7
Total	28
Persons killed	1,00
Persons injured	1,200
Total	1,200

Average explosions per month, nine. Average killed and injured per month, one hundred.

There are thirty-seven stereotype foundries in the United States, two either east of the Mississippi river, eleven in Chicago, six in the State of New York, five in Philadelphia, four in Boston, four in Cincinnati, four in Indiana, and one in Massachusetts. All but one are in cities. There are 600 stereotypers who have paid special use, and the whole number of hands employed is 2,200, in thirty-six foundries. With one's hands in the lead caught, those who prefer the lead cutter's occupation, rather than have an office in processing some stuff. It is stated that the chemist of the Internal Revenue Department at Washington—an office created under the law of 1868—should be a practical brewer, preferably an expert of the experimental brewer in hand, with a well filled with specimens of alcohols, farmer and others, which have been sent for official analysis. He and his assistants are kept busy, and have as good a practice work before them. There is also a newspaper in the "artificial palate" department, who, with the chemist, is employed to report on such and many articles sent them on which an effort has been made to make it appear of a different substance than it really is.

Queer Fuel.

A correspondent of a Los Angeles paper, speaking of fuel, says that it is very scarce in Los Angeles county. In chilly weather, when necessary, to keep a fire all day, he uses what is called "bois," it is a circle contraction, which runs out of the Aztec in many places in the southern country. The fuel can compare the cypress fuel, in the central, burning the things, in the wind fuel, on the surface, which can be bought from chamber wares collected in you supply for me. A lot of wood is made and some of the "bois" go on, which, when it gets hot, spoils and crumbles away, causing it to burn very quickly. Where would the "bois" come from? Well, I don't know, but I think it would be worth one dollar per load. One year of wood and one year of "bois," which only cost $1 per box, will last as long as from cords of wood.—*Sacramento Bee.*

HOME.

Home's not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded;
Home is where affection calls,
Filled with shrines the heart hath builded!
Home! go watch the faithful dove—
Sailing 'neath the heaven above us;
Home is where there's one to love!
Home is where there's one to love us.

Home's not merely roof and room;
It needs something to endear it.
Home is where the heart can bloom,
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it!
What is home with none to meet?
None to welcome, none to greet us?
Home is sweet, and only sweet,
Where there's one we love to meet us!

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

BY F. E. H. RAYMOND.

"Hurry up, Trixie, dear, and finish your sewing! Kate Merrill has just run over to say that we are all to go a-Maying this afternoon."

"Oh, that's lovely!" answered a girlish voice from the top stair.

"But I didn't know there were any flowers out yet."

"Well, there are, then. Tom Taylor's been for a ride over 'Break Neck,' and reports them in quantities."

"Did he bring you any?"

"Not one. He said if arbutus was worth having, it was worth going after; and it is he who is getting up the party."

Down came Trixie, dimpling each stair as she did so, and looking as pretty in her white muslin cap as ever she did in a new spring hat.

Beatrice Morgan was certainly a charming girl. One couldn't define her beauty—maybe she had none. Still the dark eyes were bright with intelligence, and the saucy little nose had a piquant prettiness of its own. The skin at least was perfect; and if the hair did have to be crimped to make those becoming little waves, why, so did that of many another.

Some critics found fault with the mouth. It was rather large and decided; but it certainly was very womanly as well, and the tender lips parted over a perfect set of teeth. Added to this a trim little figure, whose tenderness still held a suggestion of hidden strength, and Trixie certified to Tay'or's opinion: "Just a bonnie, wholesome, lovable girl."

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"Every lassie had her laddie." Tom Taylor drove with laughing Kate beside him. A brace of jolly spirits they. There were Lucy Mills and Ned Mitchell, Anna Turner and William Pomfret; lastly Trixie Morgan and Reuben Reeve.

The road was good to the foot of the mountain. There the steady old team was fastened, and the real fun began.

Who does not remember just such a party? The warm spring sunshine; the delight over discovered treasures; an exhilarating sense of the bursting, throbbing life all around?

By and-by, Beatrice, who had been interested in the search grew tired and sat down to rest on a great boulder.

Reuben had wandered a little away in search of water, for the trip had made them all athirst.

As he returned, with his tin cup filled, his face suddenly blanched under its tan.

Trixie, the girl he loved above everything on earth, sat gazing dreamily out over the valley beneath her, and only a few feet from her, ready to spring, was a huge rattlesnake. The unusual warmth of the sun had drawn it from its lair, and some unknown disturbance had roused its anger; may be Trixie's little boot-heel had unknowingly bruised it.

On the instant came the ominous sound of the rattles, and the hoarse cry: "Don't move for your life!" And the girl awoke from her reverie to see Reuben beating and threshing to its death the reptile whose fangs had just now threatened her own life. With a sickening shudder she closed her eyes, and opened them only when a low "Thank God!" reached her ear.

She put out her hand, and Reuben took it, each face still pale with the fright, in such a moment disguises drop. All the love which he had felt, but for his poverty's sake kept hidden beneath his own breast, shone in the young man's eyes, and before their earnest gaze Beatrice dropped her own.

A delicate color crept into the pale cheek, and two great tears welled out from the drooping lids.

There was no need for words. In their great thankfulness, heart spoke to heart. The white hand still clinging tremblingly to his own, was reverently lifted to the lover's lips; and this was their unspoken betrothal.

Presently, as they strolled slowly down the mountain side toward their waiting friends, Reuben broke the silence.

"Darling, will you give me a sprig from your bonnet?"

Beatrice gathered a few flowers, the sunnest and sweetest of her store, and gave the prize to her lover. In that simple act she felt that she had also given her pledge to trust and wait.

With a tact understanding neither mentioned the episode through which they had passed, but it required an effort to join in the mirth of their comrades.

"Why, Trixie Morgan, what a lot of flowers you have!" cried Lucy, running to meet them. "Reuben must have helped you to advantage!"

"He did, dear," answered the girl, casting a grateful look at her deliverer.

"Well, you must be awfully tired, to make you both look so pale; and, Trix, you are as white as if you'd seen a ghost." Beatrice shivered, and Kate's curiosity was fire aroused.

"Reuben Reeve," she demanded, with tragic fierceness, "what have you been doing or saying to that girl up there? If you've been reciting any of that horrid poetry or alone blood-curdling stories you write, you shall never go Maying with us again."

"I deny the charge, Miss Merrill. Miss Beatrice will bear me out in the assertion that I have not spoken above a dozen sentences since we all separated. But, look at your empty basket! You are the one who wastes time in talking, that is evident."

The laugh was against the accuser now, for Reuben, assuming her own indignant air, arraigned her accuser.

"Tom Taylor, give an account of yourself. What kind of a lazy servant are you, to let the basket fall, and lady fair return to empty of the spoil?"

"Well, I'd as soon tell you now as ever that I did talk, and to some purpose. This little girl here has just promised to climb another hill with me—the long one of life. Jolly good times we mean to have, too, spoils or no spoils to show for it, when the journey's done."

It was a frank announcement, and love had made the lighthearted fellow for the once a bit poetical.

They were all old friends and schoolfellows, and well knew that Tom's suit had long been espoused by blue-eyed Kate, because the old doctor had been opposed. Tom's mother had been a trifle frivolous, enough to make her studious husband's life a burden to him. It was in memory of this, and because he feared Kate Merrill was another of the same sort, that he objected. But all these young people knew better, and that under a laughing manner lay a true and faithful heart.

So it was with warm congratulations they gathered around the open-hearted young couple, and in the midst of much harmless hilarity the homeward ride was taken.

Alas, for the "shadow and shine" of life!

Beatrice Morgan had no mother, and her old father was an invalid. Spring wild-flowers had scarcely given place to the June roses when Mr. Morgan sickened and died. The day of his funeral was the one fixed for Tom and Kate's wedding; and instead of acting the pleasant part of bridesmaid for her friend, poor Trix knelt sobbing by her father's grave.

Change followed change. It was impossible for a young girl to live alone. The Morgans were well connected, and an aunt just going abroad insisted upon taking Beatrice with her. Reuben had tried to be of use in this time of trouble, but officious relatives, who had heard the village rumors, and who thought the match with a poor man unsuitable for their niece, snubbed him so politely, yet decidedly, that he refrained from offering more.

He sought an interview with the girl he loved. She, knowing nothing of the insult which had been offered him, and hurt, on her side, by his apparent want of sympathy, received him coldly.

In the abandon of her grief, her aching heart had longed for the solace of his love. He had failed her! and she recalled, with burning cheek, how easily she had given herself to one who cared so little!

The pain and constraint of both sides were unbearable, and the meeting was brief. But Reuben was not the man to submit tamely to injustice.

"Beatrice," he said, at parting, "you are dearer to me than life or honor, or anything the world holds good. On that May afternoon upon the mountain, I believed that you loved me. Some reptile has come between us. When I have conquered and killed it, I shall ask you to redeem your pledge. Till then, farewell."

He was gone; and Trixie Morgan lay down that night with a greater sense of desolation than before; yet with a renewed belief in the truth of her lover, which she resolved should find an answering truth in her.

Years passed, and the simple Gleeham girl had changed much. With native tact she had readily adapted herself to her new surroundings; had enjoyed, with heartiness, the "goods the gods gave her," yet kept throughout it all her own strong individuality.

Some advantageous offers had been made her; and her aunt, who had daughters of her own, began to be anxious that her attractive niece should "settle."

This worldly-wise woman wholly disapproved of the severe course of art study to which Beatrice had applied herself; and quite failed to understand the severe indifference with which she dismissed a wealthy suitor, or the feverish anxiety with which she awaited the reception of her first picture at the Salon.

During the first months of their life in Europe, a few letters had come for Trix, directed in a masculine hand; but with the same motherly care she exercised over the love affairs of her own girls, Mrs. Morgan had retained the missives in her own possession. Her conscience was satisfied—for it was of the good-natured, obliging sort—that they were not destroyed, only kept back for a time.

So the poor girl never knew that Reuben had written; and he, receiving no replies, accepted the fact that his darling wished to ignore him. He gave himself, almost fiercely, to hard work, and gained a steadily advancing position on a leading daily journal. In his leisure hours he wrote magazine articles; and just now had published his first book. The volume proved a success, and with the proceeds of its sale he determined to go abroad.

He said to his friends that he "needed rest, and the education of a foreign tour." To his heart, that he needed, and would find, Beatrice.

But before he went he would run down to Gleeham, say good-bye to old companions, and see that the dear, white haired mother had everything provided for her comfort.

Among other places, he dropped in at Tom Taylor's and found Kate down on the floor, playing with her twin boys. She had grown stout in the years that had come and gone since her May-day betrothal, and anxiety about her precious, rickety babies had brought a few puckers into the sunny face. But Kate Taylor's heart was quite as warm as Kate Merrill's had been; and in the plenitude of her young motherhood she longed to take care of and be good to everybody. She had a vivid remembrance of the old days, when Trix and she, Tom and Reuben, had all been young lovers together; and she could not bear that this other pair should miss the sweet completeness of her own life.

She was ready with a bit of news for Mr. Reuben—she hoped it would be good news.

"The Morgans have come back, I hear. They are probably in Boston now, and we hope to see Beatrice very soon."

Her visitor's surprise was as manifest as his eagerness to hear more.

"Yes, and they say Trix has become a fine artist. There was always more in her than the rest of us girls."

"Is she married?"

Reuben tried to be quite cool, but for the life of him couldn't help blurting out his uppermost anxiety in his own fashion.

"Oh, no; I have a letter, which, maybe you'll like to hear;" and she read:

"DEAR KATE: Will you be glad to hear we are coming home?

"My cousin Joe has become engaged in a manner highly satisfactory to Aunt Maria, and we are coming to America for the wedding. Louise, you know, married an Englishman, and will tarry abroad, to eat roast beef at her leisure.

"But Joe's fiancée is a cultured Bostonian, and only the sacred surroundings of the modern Athens are fitted for their nuptials!

"Don't mind my nonsense, dear. I am so glad to be coming that I don't know what I write.

"Poor aunts has given me up as a cut-and-dried old maid, the black sheep of her flock; so after the fuss of the wedding is all over, I'm going to find some respectable, motherly body, and come down to my father's house at Gleeham to live and work and be content. You have no sister; so just think how handy I will be in case of the measles, or such!

"I wonder do you ever go a-Maying now? Maybe I'll be home in time for the arbutus; and if so, I'll shoulder one of your fat babies, and you the other, and we'll have a long, delightful day on the mountains. TRIX."

On the 12th! and this was the 3d of May. Even now Beatrice Morgan must be in America, only an hour or two distant from him.

Thackeray says that "all good women are match-makers." Kate was a good woman, and she certainly felt a pleasant sense of satisfaction watching her guest's face while she refolded her letter.

How the stern lines had faded out of it, and how much like the old-time Reuben he began to look!

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POPULAR SCIENCE.

A system of weather observations on a small scale has been established in Brazil, records from fifteen stations now being regularly communicated to the observatory of Rio Janeiro.

Two astronomers of the Grand Ducal observatory, Carlsruhe, have made the remarkable observation that the disc of the planet Uranus appears distinctly elliptical instead of perfectly circular.

According to *Engineering*, of London, M. G. A. Cassagnes, of Paris, has invented a system of stenotelegraphy by which he can transmit a despatch in shorthand along a single wire and print it at a distant station in stenotelegraph characters with a rapidity exceeding that of any telegraphic apparatus.

M. Gavol has ascertained that the absorption of atmospheric oxygen by coal dust usually produces the rise in the temperature to which spontaneous combustion is due. Lignite is ignited at the low temperature of 300°, anthracite at 575°, and other varieties of coal in a powdered state, at intermediate temperatures.

M. Stanislaus Meunier of Paris has been for many years busy with the reproduction of artificial minerals. His latest work is in the formation of the red balas ruby, and he has succeeded in the attempt. By taking well-crystallized aluminate of magnesia and colored a rose tint by traces of chromium a stone is produced the exact counterpart of the natural product.

An interesting series of experiments has been made by Dr. J. W. Fraser on the influence of our common beverages on digestion. Among these drinks he finds that water is usually the best. Of infusions, tea or cocoa acts most favorably when bread is eaten, and coffee is the best for use with meats or eggs. Eggs are the best animal food with infused beverages, and should be soft-boiled when tea is the beverage, and hard-boiled with coffee or cocoa.

It is generally supposed that pneumonia is due to the accidental penetration of specific microbes into the system, but the observations of M. Jaccoud, a French student of the subject, show that the disease really results from the development under favorable conditions of microbic germs permanently present in the system. A chief condition of such development is a sudden chill, which explains the frequent coincidence of lung affections with abrupt changes of temperature.

A communication to the London Meteorological society, by Capt. Toynbee, states as his conclusion that clouds of not less than 2,000 feet in thickness are seldom accompanied by rain, or, if they are, it is very gentle, consisting of minute drops; with a thickness of between 3,000 and 4,000 feet, the size of the drops is moderate; with increasing thickness of the clouds comes an increasing size of the drops, and at the same time the degree of temperature becomes lowered. When the thickness amounts to more than 6,000 feet hail is produced.

Killed by an Orange Seed.

Henry Chatfield, of Brooklyn, died recently of the effect of the lodgment of an orange seed in his intestines. He had been ill for several weeks with inflammation of the intestines, followed by ulceration. Dr. Emerson, his physician, called in Dr. William Gillfillan for consultation, and they, having decided that an operation was necessary, procured the assistance of Dr. F. H. Colton. The three doctors made an incision, and after removing a quantity of pus found the source of trouble and removed it. The patient, however, was unable to rally from the shock, and died about four o'clock. Dr. Gillfillan said to a *Sun* reporter:

"The operation was a desperate one, and was undertaken only as a last resort. There was no possibility of saving the patient otherwise. The orange seed was found lodged in the appendix vermiformis. This is a small sac attached to one part of the intestines. What purpose it serves is not exactly known. It is, however, a sort of trap, always ready to catch and hold hard substances passing through the intestines. The lodgment of such substances in it is not invariably fatal, but the exceptions are rare. Seeds of oranges, raisins, and similar fruits are peculiarly liable to be caught in this way. Is it dangerous to eat oranges? Well, I suppose in a city of this size there is one case a year of death from such a cause. Very frequently it is an orange seed, but not always. There are about 600,000 people in Brooklyn, all eating oranges right along, and with one death a year from this cause it would seem to be about as dangerous to eat an orange as to sit in the house and wait for a stray pistol ball to kill you. Still, it's just as safe, and a good deal nicer, not to swallow the seeds when you eat oranges."

A Singular Circumstance.

"The most singular case of deafness I've ever had anything to do with," said the family physician, "is that of a woman up on Fremont Place. She has such a frightful noise in her head that she can't hear a thing except when she's in a hardie, when the rattle of the vehicle sort of drowns the noise in her head, and she can then hear as well as ever. She observed this peculiarity of her affliction, and what did she do the other night but bring home a watchman's rattle and a pair of cymbals. She didn't say anything until her husband came home and sat down to dinner. He began to ask the blessing, and she, wishing to hear his remarks, began to bang away on the cymbals. He stopped right in the midst of his devotions, and asked her wrathfully if she was crazy, to which she responded by whooping it a little louder, whereupon he rushed over to my house and said his wife was a raving lunatic. I went back with him to try and fix up matters, but just as soon as I opened my mouth, she let fly with the watchman's rattle. The outcome of it is that my friend gets all his meals down town and spends his evenings at the City Club, while his wife, armed with her orchestra, goes calling on her neighbors, and fools the children into believing that the circus has come again."—*Buffalo Courier.*

Choked By a Black Snake.

Mr. Karl Kramer, who is now at work frescoing the interior of Mr. Joseph Bryan's residence, after getting through with his day's work went to the brook a short distance below Mordecai's pond to fish. While standing on the bank he noticed a large black snake coiled up on a log. Mr. Kramer struck at the snake with his pole to frighten it off, but the snake didn't move. He then threw a rock at it. The snake sprang at him and fastened its fangs in his trousers. Mr. Kramer seized the snake just below its head and jerked it upward. Instantly the snake coiled its body around Kramer's neck and began tightening its folds until Mr. Kramer was nearly suffocated. He endeavored to break the hold but failed. Seeing that unless he was released from the deadly embrace he would be killed, Mr. Kramer, who was growing weak from the struggle, staggered up to a large rock which was a short distance off and beat the head of the snake against it, until it was killed. The snake measured eight feet long and six inches around the body.—*Richmond State.*

The First Mention of Ice Cream.

The first mention of ice cream that is found in our history is in the account of the festivities following Washington's first inauguration as President, in the City of New York in 1789. Among the ices used on that occasion was ice cream, which is said to have been prepared, or at least suggested, by Dolly Adams, then the brightest star in social and diplomatic circles.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

The Difference—Incompatibility of Temper—Fond of the Vegetable—Neither Went—She Studied to Please.

Middle Aged Lady in Market—"How do you sell berries?"

"Two quarts for a quarter, ma'am."

"I guess I will look a little further."

Same Lady to (next dealer)—"How do sell your berries?"

"Two quarts for a quarter, Miss."

"I'll take four quarts."—*Merchant-Traveler.*

Incompatibility of Temper.

"Have you spoken to my daughter yet?" asked the old man.

"No, sir; I wanted your consent first."

"Well, I advise you to give up the idea. I don't believe she would marry you, and if she did, neither of you would be happy."

"Why do you think so, sir?"

"Because you part your hair in the middle and she parts hers on the side."—*Puck.*

Fond of the Vegetable.

A young physician of small practice noticed a man buying some cucumbers, and he followed him home and waited outside for developments.

Four hours later the front door opened and the man came hastily down the steps.

"Want a doctor?" gasped the impecunious physician. "No," responded the man, "I'm going around to the grocer's for some cucumbers."—*New York Sun.*

Neither Went.

Two mothers sat opposite each other in a car on a Michigan Central train going to Toledo the other day. Each had a baby about a year old, and each baby came in for a share of the admiration of the passengers. This seemed to make the mothers jealous, and after thinking the matter over for awhile one of them leaned across the aisle and said:

"I feel it my duty to tell you to go into the car ahead with your child, as mine has the whooping cough."

"Oh! has it? Thanks for your kindness, but mine is all over the whooping cough and is now coming down with the measles. Perhaps you had better go into the car behind!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

She Studied to Please.

Speaking of Washington society, Mrs. Gen. M——planned a series of receptions, and allotted her friends in such manner as to form congenial circles and prevent crowding her salon. Colonel ——, a crusty old bore, attended the first one, and the following conversation took place:

"Very pleasant lot of people here this evening, ma'am; but one misses a good many familiar faces!"

"Yes, my dear Colonel," the hostess replied; "but I shall give another reception next Friday evening, and then a good many familiar faces will miss you."—*Philadelphia Record.*

The Official and the Bull.

There was once a very important state official in California, who thought that everybody knew him, or ought to know him. He was one day walking through a field, when a bull addressed him in an undertone and made for him with its head down and horns in a position to raise him. He was a state official, a man of dignity and political power and natural pomposity, but he ran. He ran surprisingly well. He ran even better than he did for office, and he got to the fence first. He clambered over out of breath and dignity, and found the owner of the bull calmly contemplating the operation.

"What do you mean, sir?" asked the irate official. "What do you mean by having an infuriated animal like that roaming over the fields?"

"Well, I guess the bull has some right in the field."

"Right! Right! Do you know who I am, sir? Do you know who I am?" The farmer shook his head. "I, sir, I am Gen.——"

"Why the deuce didn't you tell the bull?"—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Romeo and Juliet.

He (languishingly)—I have been hoping that you would in time come to regard me as your company.

She (bashfully)—Company! What do you mean by that?

He (encouragingly—Well, as your beau.

She (blushingly)—O! That's what company means.

He (smilingly)—Yes. And if you consider me as your company I should like to consider you as my misery.

She (wonderingly)—Your misery?

He (triumphantly)—Yes; because, you know misery loves company.

She (demurely)—I see. We'll admit, then, that you are company and I misery. But don't you think misery a very disagreeable name for a girl, and that it ought to be changed—say to company.

Then he popped.—*Boston Courier.*

A Dakota Train.

"Seen a man go along here lately?" asked a Dakota conductor, leaning off platform, as the train passed a farmer at work near the track.

"Yes."

"Red whiskered man?"

"Yes."

"Grip in each hand?"

"B'lieve so."

"When did he pass?"

"'Bout ten minutes ago—he's just 'round the curve. He's walkin' mid'ling fast, though."

"That's just the trouble, but I'll catch him or run every wheel off the engine! I've no objections to his walking if he's in a hurry, but he wants to put up his fare first, and you bet he'll have to if we catch him! Hi, there, Bill, pass the fireman some more of those dry express packages!"—*Dakota Bell.*

Only too Willing.

"Penelope," said the young man, as his frame shook with emotion, "in that rosy cottage, I'm building on Ogden avenue, where you are to be the mistress, you would not object, I'm sure, to my fitting up a snug little room for the occupancy of an aged mother, who may come occasionally to visit us, and who will be glad to know that she has not been forgotten in our happiness—"

"No, Cyrus," impetuously said the fair young girl, "your generosity moves me more deeply than I can express. I have always intended to have ma come and live with me, but I had not thought of fitting up a room for her. Your noble offer will afford her great pleasure. She will come not only occasionally, but will come as soon as we are married and make her home with us always, and—"

"Then, madam," said Cyrus, in an altered tone, "permit me to say that I start for Australia to-night. Henceforth our paths lie apart. You can take the house and we'll call it square. I have the honor, madam, to bid you, in the most respectful manner, ta, ta.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Not Man and Wife.

"There are some queer couples in this world," remarked a Dearborn street real estate agent. "The other day a man and women called to see about renting a flat on the North Side. The women did all the talking, and turned to the man for confirmation or corroboration. He always agreed with her and did it very meekly.

"'Well,' says the women finally, 'I will give you $25 for the flat, won't we John?'

"'Yes'm,' replied the man.

"'And I'll pay my rent promptly, too, won't we, John?'

"'Yes'm'

"'And I'll take good care of the house, won't I, John?'

"'But,' I inquired, as usual in such case, 'are you man and wife?'

"'Man and wife?' exclaimed the women sharply, 'indeed we are not; are we John?'

"'No'm.'

"'What!' says I, 'not man and wife?'

"'Not much. I'll have you know that in this family we are wife and man; ain't we John?'

"'Yes'm.'—*Chicago Herald.*

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

Useful Hints on Pastry.

Butter and eggs for cake should always be beaten to a cream.

In beating eggs beat the yokes until you can take up a spoonful; whip whites to stiff froth and stir them into cake with the flour the last thing before putting cake into tins.

Flour should always be sifted just before you wish to use it.

Baking powder should be thoroughly mixed with the flour dry.

To boil a pudding in a bag, dip bag (which should be made of thick cotton or linen) in hot water and rub the inside with flour before putting in the pudding; when done dip bag in cold water and the pudding will turn out easily. Always put a plate on the bottom of the kettle to keep the pudding from burning.

Preparation of Whitewash.

Whitewash is one of the most valuable articles in the world when properly applied. It not only prevents the decay of wood, but conduces greatly to the healthfulness of all buildings, whether of wood or stone. Outbuildings and fences, when not painted, should be supplied once or twice a year with a good coat of whitewash, which should be prepared in the following way: Take a clean, water-tight barrel or other suitable cask, and put into it half a bushel of lime. Slake it by pouring water over it boiling hot, and in sufficient quantity to cover it five inches deep, and stir it briskly till thoroughly slaked. When the slaking has been thoroughly effected, dissolve in water and add two pounds of sulphate of zinc and one of common salt; these will cause the wash to harden, and prevent its cracking, which gives an unseemly appearance to the work.

If desirable, a beautiful cream color may be communicated to the above wash by adding three pounds of yellow ochre, or a good pearl or lead color by the addition of lamp, vine or ivory black. For fawn color, add four pounds of umber, Turkish or American (the latter is the cheapest), one pound of common lamp-black. For common stone color, add four pounds of raw umber and two pounds of lamp-black. This wash may be applied with a common whitewash brush, and will be found much superior, both in appearance and durability, to the common whitewash.—*Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.*

Recipes.

RICE WAFFLES.—Boil half a pint of rice and let it get cold, mix with it one-fourth pound of butter and a little salt. Stir in one and one-half pints of flour; beat five eggs separately; add yolks, together with one quart of milk, lastly the well-beaten whites. Beat well and bake at once in waffle irons.

TOMATO SALAD.—Cut six ripe tomatoes into slices and remove all the seeds; rub a dish with onion and pour into it a mixture of oil and vinegar (in the proportion of two spoonfuls of oil to one of vinegar), sprinkle on the tomatoes pepper and salt, and leave them in the dressing two hours. They will then be ready to serve.

SYRUP OF CHERRIES.—Procure some fine ripe cherries, take off the stalks; crush the fruit and leave them in this state for twenty-four hours. Then strain the juice through a sieve by squeezing the cherries, and afterward through a jelly-bag. When the liquor is very clear weigh it, and in a pint of juice dissolve two pounds of white sugar; then put it into a preserving pan; boil up once, and take off the scum; strain it and put it into small bottles.

HAM CROQUETTES.—Take one-quarter of a pound of grated ham and mix with it two ounces of mashed potatoes; melt a piece of butter in a saucepan; add the mince, season with a little pepper, a very little stock, a little powdered sweet herbs and chopped parsley; stir until quite hot; then add, off the fire, the yolks of two eggs; lay the mince on a plate to cool; make it into croquettes; roll them in eggs and then in brown bread crumbs, and fry in hot lard; serve with fried parsley.

HOW TO BOIL ONIONS.—To every quart of onions you will need a quart of cold water and half a tablespoonful of salt. Boil slowly for two hours, then drain in a colander and let them get cold. Make a sauce with a tablespoonful of butter, the same of flour and one-half pint of milk; rub butter and flour thoroughly together and add a little black pepper; boil the milk and pour it over the flour and butter, and stir all the time to keep smooth; put the onions in the sauce and let them remain until the sauce boils; the sauce ought to be very thick when served.

SYRUP OF CURRANTS.—Take two pounds of red currants not quite ripe, one pound of cherries rather ripe, and half a pound of raspberries; take out the stones from the cherries; crush the whole together, and when well mixed leave the fruits in a stone or crockery vessel for twenty-four hours. Then put the whole in a wire gauze sieve and squeeze the fruits with the hands; place over the sieve a napkin well rinsed and strain the juice through it; leave it to run itself, without pressure, for it should be very clear. Then take the strained liquor and to each pint of juice put two pounds of best white sugar, pour it into a preserving pan and set it on the fire. After the third or fourth boiling take the syrup off the fire, skim it and pour it into a pan or jug, and when cold put it into small bottles; well cork them and keep them in a cellar or some cool place.

Fish Traveling Overland.

A singular fact in connection with the pike is its habit of suddenly appearing in ponds in which it did not previously exist. Experiments which have been made would seem to point to the inference that this fish, like the eel, will travel over land for a short dist