

THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER.

Some of the Qualities Which Make Him So Reliable in Time of Peace. The Russian soldier in the field is a man of many virtues. At home in peace, indeed, he has but one vice to speak of. He will get drunk when he can, and keep drunk as long as he can. Drink does not make him dangerous, but simply adds to his child-like amiability. He tumbles about badly, but quietly picks himself up, and staggers on till the next tumble sets in. He is eager to hug every one he meets, and his enthusiasm for kissing and calling all the world brother, when he is in his cups, would be grotesque were it not degrading.

The Russian soldier needs no iron-handed discipline to keep him in order. He is docile by nature; and he obeys his officer, whom, indeed, he addresses as "little father," as if he were a child. He is contented in hardship, heat takes no effect on him, and he has become well-nursed to cold. His weakest point in campaigning is his susceptibility to homesickness.

When the Russian armies were lying in front of Constantinople, in that long weary inaction between the treaty of San Stefano and the treaty of Berlin, thousands of soldiers actually died of nostalgia, or homesickness. Dependence of mind lowered the bodily tone, and they seemed simply to fade away.

The Russian soldier, when the homesickness is not upon him, is a right merry-hearted fellow. All day long the camp re-echoes to the voice of song. Russian vocal music is real singing, not the horrible croak, alternated by ear-splitting falsetto, which the Servians and Bulgarians insanely regard as vocal harmony.

The Russian comic songs are full of "snap" and "verve," and they always have a rattling chorus, in which every one within hearing joins; while the singer accompanies the strains of the chorus with a ludicrously fantastic breakdown, in which he seems to dislocate every joint in his body. The plaintive melodies vibrate with a strange pathos, that swells the heart of the listener, even although he may understand nothing of the words. And the grand chant with which the massive columns move forward into the battle glows with the true fervor of fighting ardor.

There is a vigor of a battle-song so heart-stringing that it strains the throat to violate their tenets, and fight like men possessed. The Russian soldiers are almost wholly without book-learning. Not above twenty-five per cent. can read, and a still smaller percentage have any knowledge of the alphabet, which is so much the more to be regretted, which is so much the more to be regretted, which is so much the more to be regretted.

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CARVING.

Information Which Will Be Appreciated by Most Housewives. Except in the case of very large joints, and a number to carve for, it is a mistake to suppose that carving requires physical strength, and is therefore a man's task rather than a woman's. It requires knack, a little manual dexterity, a slight knowledge of anatomy, which may be very quickly learned, and, above all, a sharp knife.

One of the first duties of a carver is to learn, when possible, the tastes of those he is serving. In carving for a family it is easy to remember that So-and-so likes fat, some one else likes it well done, another does not mind it underdone. In this way a great deal is used that would otherwise be left on the plates. Some people find it very difficult to understand that every one does not like exactly what they like themselves and this is a very annoying fault in a host who makes a virtue of renouncing some tidbit in favor of a guest who would rather be without it.

As a rule, beef should be carved with the mutton, thick veal thin, pork medium. The thinner boiled beef is cut, the tastier it is, but it should be cut in long slices, not in scraps, keeping the joint level from end to end. This should be done in the case of solid joints, but not of those filled with vegetables, etc. You may sometimes see a reckless carver slicing away all on one side, and entirely spoiling the joint for re-appearances on the table. A leg of mutton is very straightforward carving.

It should be cut first on the round, not the flat side of the leg, and in slices about half an inch thick; and when cold turned up the reverse way. A wing rib of beef, or the upper cut of sirloin, requires particularly good carving, and is not to be cut in the round, but the flat side of the rib, and in slices about half an inch thick; and when cold turned up the reverse way.

It is very wasteful to cut a loin lengthwise, and it is rarely done, except with a whole saddle. If less than a clop is required, it is better to cut a slice from a loin of mutton as from a sirloin of beef. A carelessly cut chunk contains more meat really, but looks much less than a deftly cut slice of moderate thickness; and is practically a waste of the meat.

Turkey is an easy bird to carve, as the breast, which is often sufficient for the first day, has simply to be cut into long level slices. The legs are usually broiled or roasted on the spit. A goose is begun in the same way, and the legs and wings taken, if necessary. With fowls, the two wings are taken off first, the liver being considered the greatest delicacy. For the turkey, which lies between the wings, the breast, unless in a very large bird, is only sufficient to supplement other parts. The great thing is to learn exactly where the joint of the wing is, and divide it with a good sweep of white meat attached; and so with the merry-thought, which the carver knows where to give that touch.

Young birds the legs may be taken off simply pressing them outward with your knife, steadying the bird meanwhile with your fork; a touch will then separate the sinew of the joint. The backs of birds are very succulent, and divide into two or three nice little home consumption, but are not generally used for company. With a rabbit the legs are taken off first, and the back divided into three or four pieces. This is easily done by placing your fork firmly on the joint, and cutting with your knife as a lever, to bend a portion upward. The front legs or shoulders have but little on them, the hind legs are good and meaty, but the back is the best part. A hare, being a larger animal, may be carved in the same manner, but the back, before being dismembered.—Harper's Bazar.

BERGEDORF.

An Interesting and Picturesque Seaport of Hamburg. Notwithstanding the modernization since the great fire of 1842, is more interesting and picturesque than any other seaport of Germany, except Lubek. The tortuous streets of the old quarter, the maze of narrow canals that intersect the town in all directions, the imposing rows of Hanseatic houses, give it a character which generations of modern improvement will not obliterate. In the arrangement of its parks, and of the great water basins, which add so much to the attractiveness of the town as a place of residence, the inhabitants have displayed a spirit of enterprise quite unattainable in scope. Indeed, signs of American influence are prominent on all sides. Even the center-board cat-boats has been imported to decorate the numerous lakes with its swan-like hull and spotted sails. The American visitor is continually surprised by the use and luxury of various objects of modern life, which the Hamburgers have readily adopted as their own.

In the market-place, where we had seen the picturesque peasantry of yesterday on our previous visit, we readily found plenty of communicative country women, who supplied the guide-book deficiencies with voluble descriptions in Platt-Deutsch of the natural charms of their province. We had been on a wild goose chase for weeks during our stay, and were anxious to settle down and browse awhile. We therefore followed the directions of a talkative old flower-seller, and took the

HOME AND FARM.

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TRUTHFUL WILLIAM.

He Visits His Birthplace in Maine, "Where He First Met His Parents." Last week I visited my birthplace in the State of Maine. I waited thirty years for the public to visit it, and as there didn't seem to be much of a rush this spring, I thought I would go and visit it myself. I was telling a friend the other day that the public did not seem to manifest the interest in my birthplace that I thought it ought to, and he said I ought not to mind that. "Just wait," said he, "till the people of the United States have an opportunity to visit your tomb, and you will be surprised to see how they will run excursion trains up there to Moosehead Lake, and visit you in person." It will be a perfect picnic. Your hold on the American people, William, is wonderful, but your death would seem to assure it, and kind of crystallize the affection now existing, but still in a nebulous form.

A man ought not to criticize his birthplace, I presume; and yet, if I were to do it all over again, I do not know whether I would select that particular spot or not. Sometimes I think that I should have chosen some other place, but I don't know. There was the place where I first met my parents. It was at that time that an acquaintance sprang up which has ripened in later years into mutual respect and esteem. For the reason I might be termed a casual meeting, took place, that has, under the alchemy of restless years, turned to golden links, forming a pleasant but powerful bond of union between my parents and me. For the reason I hope that I may be spared to my parents for many years to come.

Many old memories cluster about that old home, as I have said. There is, also, another old brick-arch which has stood for many years, and which I took a small stone from the front yard as a kind of "memento" of the occasion and the place. I do not think it has been detected yet. There was another old building, also, yet may be weeks before any one finds out that I took one of them. How humble the home, and yet what a lesson it should teach the boys of America! Here, amid the barren and desolate hills, it occurred to me that, the last place in the world a great man would select to be born in, began the life of one who, by his own unaided effort, in after years rose to the proud height of Postmaster at Laramie City, Wyo., and with a few years more, resigned before he could be characterized as an offensive partisan.

Here on the banks of the raging Piscaquis, where winter lingers in the land, and a predisposition to premature baldness and a bitter hatred of rum; with no personal property but a misfit suspender and a stone brace, began a life history which has never ceased to be a warning to people who set their feet on credit. It should teach the youth of this young land what glorious possibilities may be concealed in the rough and tough bosom of the reluctant present. It shows how steady perseverance and a good appetite will always win in the end. It teaches us that wealth is not indispensable, and that if we live as we should, draw out of politics at the proper time, and die a few days before the public absolutely demand it, the matter of our birthplace will not be considered.

Still, my birthplace is all right as a birthplace. It was a good, quiet place in which to be born. All the old neighbors said that Shirley was a very quiet place up to the time I was born there, and when I took my parents by the hand and gently led them away in the spring of '53, saying, "Parents, this is no place for us," it again became quiet.

It is the only birthplace I have, however, and I hope that all the readers of the Globe will feel perfectly free to go there any time and visit it, and carry their dinner as I did. Extravagant cordiality and overwilling hospitality have always kept my birthplace back.—Bill Nye, in Boston Globe.

—The etiquette of hand-shaking is simple. No man should assume to take a lady's hand until it is offered. A lady extends her hand, and the gentleman to take it. On introduction in a room a married lady generally shakes hands; young ladies not often. In the ball-room, where the introduction is for dancing, not for friendship, never shake hands. More public the place of introduction the less hand-shaking takes place.—Boston Journal.

A SINGULAR BOOK.

Scintillating With Sarcasm and Brilliant With Truth. [New York Correspondence American Rural Home.] Chap. I. "Has Malaria?" goes to Florida. Chap. II. "Overworked?" goes to Europe. Chap. III. "Has Rheumatism?" goes to Kansas. Chap. IV. "Has a Row with his Doctor?"

The above chapters, Mr. Editor, I find in a book recently published by an anonymous author. I have read a deal of anything equal to the sarcasm herein contained. I suspect the experience portrayed is a personal one; in short, the author intimates as much on page 51. Let me give you a synopsis: "Malaria," as it states, is the cloak with which superficial physicians cover up a multitude of ill feelings which they do not understand, and do not much care to investigate. It is also a cover for such diseases as they cannot cure. When they advise their patient to travel or that he has overworked and needs rest, and is probably suffering from malaria, it is a confession of ignorance or of inability. The patient goes abroad. The change is a tonic and for a time the fever subsides. Home, fickle appetite, frequent headaches, severe colds, cramps, sleeplessness, irritability, tired feelings, and general unfitness for business are succeeded in due time by alarming attacks of rheumatism which flit about his body regardless of all human feeling.

It is muscular, in his back. Articular, in his joints. Inflammatory, my! how he fears it will fly to his head. Comes he goes to the springs. The doctor sends him there, of course, to get well; at the same time he does not really want him to die on his hands! That would hurt his business! Better for a few days. Returns. After a while neuralgia transfixes him. He bleats, can not breathe; has pneumonia; he can not walk; can not sleep on his right side; is fretful; very nervous and irritable; is pale and flabby; has frequent chills and fevers; everything about him seems to go wrong; becomes suspicious; numbers up strength and demands to know what is killing him! "Great heaven!" he cries, "why have you kept me so long in ignorance?" "Because," said the doctor, "I read your book, and I saw that you were suffering from malaria, and I thought you would be cured by giving them a small dose of turpentine two or three times in their feed. It nauseates the worms so that they lose the grip on the intestines and pass through with the excretions of the stomach."—Rural New Yorker.

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The first trial of a reaping-machine was made in Augusta County, Virginia, in 1831. It is said that many of the eye-witnesses on that occasion laughed at the idea of gathering the golden grain by mechanical means. They were, and some of the more plain-spoken intimates that the insane asylum was the proper place for the inventor of the machine. —Farmers should have a large variety of fruits, such as peaches, plums, cherries, pears, plums, nectarines, apricots, grapes, grapes, raspberries, strawberries, etc. These should be planted on a northern slope, and should be mulched with rotten straw, coarse manure, litter, sawdust, etc. It makes the ground hold moisture and keeps it from getting dry. It will be about the value of an apple. It will be a good policy for farmers to set out a wind-brake on the north and west side of their orchards, composed of Norway spruce, to protect their trees from the north winds and storms.—San Francisco Chronicle.

THE CURRANT.

Enemies of This Most Pleasant and Healthful Fruit. Just as the fruit grower begins to congratulate himself on having conquered the first and second crop of currant worms, he goes into his garden to find that a very large number of the twigs of his currant bushes are laying on the ground, and a considerable number half-broken off, but still hanging to the bushes in a wilted state. He wonders what the trouble is, and if he gives it but a passing thought, concludes that the new growth is so tender that they have been broken off by the wind. He should be slow to examine his twigs and discover that they have been eaten off by some insect; close watching will convince him that the work has been done by a long-bodied and long-winged fly, nearly the shape, as to length, as a winged ant. They are never sluggish and are easily caught. If no further investigation is made, the fruit grower only laments the loss of the new growth of his bushes, but as they soon start again he concludes that the injury is not very serious, and so he turns his attention to more serious troubles, among them the worm that kills whole stalks by eating down through the heart of the stalk. The trouble is not very much because he does not know how to prevent it; when he discovers the dying stalk it is too late to prevent the mischief, so year after year he is compelled to see his bushes die out, with no power to prevent it. He has not the remotest idea that it is the work of the same insect that has done anything to do with it, but the fact is he is the identical rascal that is at the bottom of the trouble.

It is the female fly that cuts the twig partially off that she may prepare a place wherein to lay her eggs, after cutting the twig perhaps half off, she lays an egg which in a short time hatches out and begins to eat its way down in the center of the twig, growing larger and larger as it descends, until when full grown it is large enough to very much injure it if it does not kill the stalk. When this fact is fully understood the remedy is easy and sure. When a twig is found to be eaten off, cut it off at the top, and cut another inch of the twig. It may sometimes be necessary to go over the bushes twice, but as a rule once is enough, if the cutting is not done until four or five days after the flies first appear, but if it should be necessary to go over them the second time, it can be readily seen which twigs have been cut with a knife, and which by the flies. By adopting this practice a few years it will be found that the number of flies will be greatly reduced, so that the work of cutting the twigs will be very trifling.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

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A SINGULAR BOOK.

Scintillating With Sarcasm and Brilliant With Truth. [New York Correspondence American Rural Home.] Chap. I. "Has Malaria?" goes to Florida. Chap. II. "Overworked?" goes to Europe. Chap. III. "Has Rheumatism?" goes to Kansas. Chap. IV. "Has a Row with his Doctor?"

The above chapters, Mr. Editor, I find in a book recently published by an anonymous author. I have read a deal of anything equal to the sarcasm herein contained. I suspect the experience portrayed is a personal one; in short, the author intimates as much on page 51. Let me give you a synopsis: "Malaria," as it states, is the cloak with which superficial physicians cover up a multitude of ill feelings which they do not understand, and do not much care to investigate. It is also a cover for such diseases as they cannot cure. When they advise their patient to travel or that he has overworked and needs rest, and is probably suffering from malaria, it is a confession of ignorance or of inability. The patient goes abroad. The change is a tonic and for a time the fever subsides. Home, fickle appetite, frequent headaches, severe colds, cramps, sleeplessness, irritability, tired feelings, and general unfitness for business are succeeded in due time by alarming attacks of rheumatism which flit about his body regardless of all human feeling.

It is muscular, in his back. Articular, in his joints. Inflammatory, my! how he fears it will fly to his head. Comes he goes to the springs. The doctor sends him there, of course, to get well; at the same time he does not really want him to die on his hands! That would hurt his business! Better for a few days. Returns. After a while neuralgia transfixes him. He bleats, can not breathe; has pneumonia; he can not walk; can not sleep on his right side; is fretful; very nervous and irritable; is pale and flabby; has frequent chills and fevers; everything about him seems to go wrong; becomes suspicious; numbers up strength and demands to know what is killing him! "Great heaven!" he cries, "why have you kept me so long in ignorance?" "Because," said the doctor, "I read your book, and I saw that you were suffering from malaria, and I thought you would be cured by giving them a small dose of turpentine two or three times in their feed. It nauseates the worms so that they lose the grip on the intestines and pass through with the excretions of the stomach."—Rural New Yorker.

A very complete filling for open cracks in floors may be made by thoroughly soaking newspapers in paste made of one pound of flour, three quarts of water, and a tablespoonful of alum, thoroughly boiled and mixed. It can be used as thick as putty, and will harden like paper-mache.—N. Y. Examiner.

A recipe for a small cream cheese is given in the Irish Agricultural Gazette, as follows: Take one pint thick cream, mix a little salt, according to taste; put it into a wet, scalded cheese cloth, and hang up for two or three days; then change again into another for a day or two, and put a weight on it, by which time it will be ready for use. —Cranberry Pudding: Cranberry pudding is made by pouring boiling water on a pint of dried cranberries; melt a tablespoonful of butter and stir in. When the bread is softened, add two eggs and beat thoroughly with the bread. Then put in a pint of the stewed fruit and sweeten to your taste. Bake in a hot oven for half an hour.—The Household.

The first trial of a reaping-machine was made in Augusta County, Virginia, in 1831. It is said that many of the eye-witnesses on that occasion laughed at the idea of gathering the golden grain by mechanical means. They were, and some of the more plain-spoken intimates that the insane asylum was the proper place for the inventor of the machine. —Farmers should have a large variety of fruits, such as peaches, plums, cherries, pears, plums, nectarines, apricots, grapes, grapes, raspberries, strawberries, etc. These should be planted on a northern slope, and should be mulched with rotten straw, coarse manure, litter, sawdust, etc. It makes the ground hold moisture and keeps it from getting dry. It will be about the value of an apple. It will be a good policy for farmers to set out a wind-brake on the north and west side of their orchards, composed of Norway spruce, to protect their trees from the north winds and storms.—San Francisco Chronicle.

THE CURRANT. Enemies of This Most Pleasant and Healthful Fruit. Just as the fruit grower begins to congratulate himself on having conquered the first and second crop of currant worms, he goes into his garden to find that a very large number of the twigs of his currant bushes are laying on the ground, and a considerable number half-broken off, but still hanging to the bushes in a wilted state. He wonders what the trouble is, and if he gives it but a passing thought, concludes that the new growth is so tender that they have been broken off by the wind. He should be slow to examine his twigs and discover that they have been eaten off by some insect; close watching will convince him that the work has been done by a long-bodied and long-winged fly, nearly the shape, as to length, as a winged ant. They are never sluggish and are easily caught. If no further investigation is made, the fruit grower only laments the loss of the new growth of his bushes, but as they soon start again he concludes that the injury is not very serious, and so he turns his attention to more serious troubles, among them the worm that kills whole stalks by eating down through the heart of the stalk. The trouble is not very much because he does not know how to prevent it; when he discovers the dying stalk it is too late to prevent the mischief, so year after year he is compelled to see his bushes die out, with no power to prevent it. He has not the remotest idea that it is the work of the same insect that has done anything to do with it, but the fact is he is the identical rascal that is at the bottom of the trouble.

It is the female fly that cuts the twig partially off that she may prepare a place wherein to lay her eggs, after cutting the twig perhaps half off, she lays an egg which in a short time hatches out and begins to eat its way down in the center of the twig, growing larger and larger as it descends, until when full grown it is large enough to very much injure it if it does not kill the stalk. When this fact is fully understood the remedy is easy and sure. When a twig is found to be eaten off, cut it off at the top, and cut another inch of the twig. It may sometimes be necessary to go over the bushes twice, but as a rule once is enough, if the cutting is not done until four or five days after the flies first appear, but if it should be necessary to go over them the second time, it can be readily seen which twigs have been cut with a knife, and which by the flies. By adopting this practice a few years it will be found that the number of flies will be greatly reduced, so that the work of cutting the twigs will be very trifling.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

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