People will Talk.

You may go through the world, but 'twill be very slow,
If you listen to all that is said as you go;
You'll be worried and fretted and kept in a stew,
For meddlesome tongues must have something to do,
And people will talk.

If quiet and modest, you'll have it presumed
That your humble position is only assumed—
You're a wolf in sheep's clothing or else you're a fool;
But don't get excited—keep perfectly cool,
For people will talk.

And then, if you show the least boldness of heart
Or a slight inclination to take your own part,
They will call you an upstart; conceited and vain,
But keep straight ahead—don't stop to explain—
For people will talk.

If threadbare your dress and old-fashioned your hat,
Some one will surely take notice of that,
And hint rather strong that you can't pay your way;
But don't get excited, whatever they say—
For people will talk.

If your dress is in fashion, don't think to escape,
For they criticise them in a different shape;
You're ahead of your means, or your tailor's unpaid,
But mind your own business—there's naught to be made—
For people will talk.

Now, the best way to do it is to do as you please;
For your mind, if you have one, will then be at ease.
Of course you will meet with all sorts of abuse;
But don't think to stop them—it sin't any use—
For people will talk.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Domestic Recipes.

MUFFINS.—A pint of sour milk, two eggs, a lump of butter half as large as an egg, a small teaspoon of soda; bake in gem pans in a hot oven fifteen minutes.

"HOME PYRAMID OF KISSES."—Make a pasteboard frame, and stick the kisses together as fast as they come from the oven; as soon as cold remove the form carefully.

SOFT BREAKFAST WAFFLES.—One quart of milk, one pound of flour, half pound of butter, five eggs, two tablespoons of yeast. Mix them over night and bake in the morning.

LIQUID OR SOFT SAUCE.—One cup and a half of sugar, one-half a cup of butter, and yolk of one egg beaten together; add the well beaten white of the egg with a teaspoonful of boiling water.

BAKED CUSTARD.—Pour a quart of hot milk over five well-beaten eggs. Add a teaspoonful of butter. Season with vanilla, rose water, or nutmeg, and sweeten to taste. Bake in cups or pudding dish.

HASH.—Take cold pieces of beef that have been left over, and chop them fine; then add cold boiled potatoes chopped fine; add pepper and salt and a little warm water; put all in a fryingpan and cook slowly for twenty minutes.

FRIED TOMATOES.—Take cold stewed tomatoes well seasoned, add to them sufficient rolled cracker to enable you to form into cakes, fry in butter to a light brown. Fresh tomatoes sliced and rolled in fine cracker crumbs (first salting them) and fried in the same manner are very nice.

PUMPKIN PUDDING.—Pare the pumpkin and put it down to stew, strain it through a collander; two pounds of pumpkin to one pound of butter, one pound of sugar, and eight eggs; beat to a froth; half wine glass of rose water, one teaspoonful of mace, cinnamon, and nutmeg all together.

TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Soak one-half teacupful of tapioca over night. In the morning scald one pint of milk, stir the yolks of one or two eggs with one-half a cup of sugar. Put this mixture into the milk and stir until thick. Flavor to taste. Beat the whites of the eggs to a froth and stir into the pudding when cold.

MILK TOAST.—One quart milk; when it comes to a boil thicken with one tablespoonful corn starch; add salt. Toast the bread a light brown; butter each slice, and put layers of toast in a covered dish, and pour on the thickened milk; then more toast and milk, and so on till the dish is full; cover and let stand five minutes, and serve.

HOMINY FRITTERS.—Two full teacups of cold boiled hominy, add to it one scant teacup of sweet milk and a little salt, stir till smooth, then add four tablespoonfuls of flour and one egg, beat the yolk and white separately, adding the white last. Have ready a pan with hot butter and lard (half of each), drop the batter in by spoonfuls and fry a light brown.

GENUINE SCOTCH CAKE.—Flour, one and a half pounds; powdered sugar, three-fourth pound; butter, three-fourth pound; lard, one-fourth pound. Warm your flour and sugar together, then whip butter and lard to a cream, and mix with the flour and sugar. It will be in crumbs, which must be pressed together with the hands into small cakes and laid on a paper (without buttering) on a sheet tin. Sprinkle a few comfits on top before baking.

VEAL CHEESE.—Take a shoulder of veal, take out the bone, cut it in small pieces, with just water enough to cover it; stew until tender; take out all pieces of gristle; mince it fine, and return it to the liquor it was boiled in; then add one pound of cold boiled pork chopped fine, one tablespoon of salt, one teaspoon each of pepper and mace, some sweet herbs, and two well-beaten eggs; put all into an earthen dish, with a plate on the top, and bake one hour; to be eaten cold.

CURRIED FOWL A L'INDIENNE.—One fowl, one pint stock, three dessertspoonfuls of curry powder, six onions, four ounces butter, one gill milk, three tomatoes, three cloves of garlic, half a lemon, one ounce raisins, weighed before stoning. Rub curry the day before to a paste with a little milk, adding the rest by degrees; let simmer very slowly next day; fry onions, garlic, tomatoes, sliced, in butter, then fry pieces of fowl brown; put all to stew half an hour—except the lemon—and add that last before seasoning.

TO COOK SWEETBREADS—PLAIN.—For every mode of dressing they should be prepared by half boiling and then putting them into cold water. This makes them whiter and thicker and firmer. Dip them in egg and then into bread crumbs; pepper and salt, and fry in lard; serve with peas or tomatoes. Another way is, after they are parboiled and cold, to lard them with fat pork; put them into a stewpan, with some good veal gravy and juice of a small lemon; stew them till quite tender, and just before serving thicken with flour and butter; serve with the gravy; garnish with sliced lemon.

WHITE MOUNTAIN CAKE.—Five eggs, beat whites separately, three cups of granulated sugar, one cup butter, one cup sweet milk, three cups flour, one-half teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, a pinch of salt. Beat the butter, sugar and yolks of the eggs to a cream; mix the soda in the milk, and cream tartar in the flour, add the whites of the eggs just before the flour. Bake in jelly cake tins, browning lightly. Take the white of one egg, a little sugar and water, beat together and with a knife spread over the top of each cake; grate one cocoanut and mix it with sugar, sprinkle it over the cakes, and pile them one on top of the other, finishing the top in the same way. This is delicious with ice-cream.

RECIPE FOR CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—First, line your molds with sponge lady-fingers; you can get them at any bakery, and, if fresh, are very nice and save much trouble. Pack them around the sides of the mold, which should be about as deep as the fingers are long, so that they will keep in place firmly. Second, pour a teacup of boiling water over one-half box gelatine and dissolve it thoroughly and leave in a warm place until ready for it, but don't keep it boiling, only warm. Then take one pint of thick cream from the ice, stir it until it thickens, then pour in briskly the gelatine, two teaspoonfuls of vanilla, the whites of seven eggs beaten to a froth, and one teacup of powdered sugar; fill the molds to the top of the lady-fingers and put in a cool place. This will fill two good sized molds and is delicious.

Cure for Scab on Sheep.

F. W. S., Mechanicsburg, Ohio, writes to the New York *Times*: To cure scab in sheep, make a decoction of four pounds of tobacco stems or coarse plug tobacco in five gallons of boiling water. The tobacco should not be boiled, but steeped only in the boiling water until it is cool, that its volatile properties, which are most effective, may not be dissipated. The strained liquid is then brought to nearly boiling heat, and one pound of flowers of sulphur is mixed with it. If the whole is affected, a sufficient quantity of the mixture should be made to enable the sheep to be dipped in it bodily. If not, the liquid, brought to a heat of 120 deg., should be poured upon the scabs and the surrounding skin from a spouted can, and rubbed in with the hands or a cloth until the scabs are broken up and removed. The raw surface is then soaked thoroughly with the solution, and then dressed with an ointment of raw linseed oil, pine-tar and sulphur, rubbed up together smoothly. The whole of the sheep should be gone over carefully in this way every week, and every new red spot that appears upon the skin treated with the tobacco solution, followed by the oil mixture. The buildings and yard fences where the sheep have been kept, and the places against which they have rubbed themselves, should be washed with hot lime wash. The scab is a parasitic disease similar to the itch in mankind, and caused by an insect which burrows in the skin. The insect must be killed before a cure can be effected.

A Time for Care.

Serious danger lies in the unhealthfulness of an unusually mild winter, with its dampness and sudden changes of temperature. This will undoubtedly be felt both by man and beast. The health of the farmer and his family should be guarded by the utmost care and the most unscrupulous cleanliness. No foul surface water should be permitted to ooze unnoticed into the well or the spring. Fouled drinking water, emanations from decomposing, moist, unpleasant collections of vegetable or animal matter, pools of stagnant water in the pathways or around the dwellings, leakage into the cellar beneath the house, and other such unwholesome influences, affect the health of country residents more than any other evils. Where pure air and water are supposed to be the rule they are, on the contrary, the exception. There could be no better season than the present for the exercise of care in this respect, and no worse one for the discovery of abundant opportunities for it. The majority of those farmers who know the need for the drainage of their fields, and spend money liberally to keep their crops in good health, will leave their houses and yards undrained and endanger the health of their most precious harvest—their children.

The Spring Fashions.

Overskirts, still much worn, are made longer than ever, which partly means that dresses without overskirts will soon be the fashion again. Already misses' dresses are seen without them, having instead an arrangement of scarfs or other trimmings. These are made after the princesse model, and show the very long back, which is extended to form the deep plait of the skirt. Other models which promise to be popular for spring costume are the Marguerite polonaise and the long Juive overdress.

Cream color will remain popular through the coming season, and will be brought out in the various fabrics in three shades, very light, medium and deep cream.

Black grenadines will be brought out in a variety of designs, among which that having bars with thin spaces between will be popular. Black grenadine, checked with silver or gold threads, is to be one of the novelties, but it remains to be seen if it becomes a favorite.

Old fashioned organdies and lawns, in border patterns, to be self-trimmed and made up with flowers, are numbered with what will be known as the "Centennial" goods.

Coarse chip braids and straws, in the cream tints, will furnish many of the spring bonnets. These, it is believed, will not be any larger than those of the present season. In their trimmings Cashmere laces will play a conspicuous part. The cream tint will pervade silks, flowers, and other garniture used on bonnets.

Metal galloons are to be replaced in the spring with Cashmere lace, which will be worn alike on silk and woolen fabrics.

Ecru silk net, after the style of the old fashioned Grecian net, is being introduced for overdress as well as scarfs. It comes some twenty inches wide, and costs from $2.50 to $3 per yard. Another novelty for overdresses is given in a black lace or net that comes in alternate thick and thin blocks.

A new belt for evening wear, called La Juive, is made of black velvet, embroidered with real bullion that will not tarnish; the gold and silver threads form an effective pattern in long stitches placed closely together. These belts are intended to be worn with quaint gold or silver jewelry and black dresses.

Shoes for evening wear are made of faille, to match the dresses with which they are worn. They are ornamented by two bows, one on the foot and the other on the strap that passes over the instep. They are also made with pointed toes.

The Agricultural Exhibition.

The only prizes offered by the Centennial authorities are medals and diplomas. It is suggested and hoped, however, says the Philadelphia *Times*, that other parties will offer special cash prizes for meritorious displays. The agricultural bureau suggests that the various cattle clubs, agricultural societies, dairymen's associations, poultry fanciers, fruit growers and seed merchants offer such prizes for the best representations in those several interests. It is also recommended that cash prizes be offered for the most masterly essays on agricultural subjects, veterinary science and farriery, bee and fish culture, forestry and pomology, and to the owners of farms of special merit. Several societies and private individuals have already acted upon these suggestions. The Jersey cattle club will pay $1,000 to the exhibitor of the best herd of Jersey bred cattle; the Produce Exchange of Philadelphia, $150 to the exhibitor of the best cheese; B. K. Bliss & Sons, $200 for the best display of potatoes in pecks; D. Landreth & Sons, $100 for the best display of vegetables at a stated period; Henderson & Sons, $100 for the best display of tomatoes at a stated period, and $50 for the best essay on the cultivation of the cauliflower; Chief Landreth, $75 for the best essay on the subject of forestry, and the Pennsylvania agricultural society proposes to distribute $1,000 in special prizes. All animals taking premiums at the annual exhibition of the New York agricultural society, on the twelfth of next September, will be given free transportation by the society to and from the exposition, together with care and support while there, and should any of these animals take Centennial prizes they will receive other special ones from the New York society.

The Merchant of Venice.

A Venetian merchant who was lolling in the lap of luxury was accosted upon the rialto by a friend who had not seen him for many months. "How is this?" cried the latter, "when I last saw you your gaberdine was out at elbows, and now you sail in your own gondola." "True," replied the merchant, "but since then I have met with serious losses and been obliged to compound with my creditors for ten cents on the dollar."

MORAL.—Composition is the life of trade.

BATTLING WITH THE OCEAN.

A Village of Heroes—Men and Women Saving Lives—Bravery of a Little Girl.

The following account is quoted by the London *Times* from the Stockholm paper, the *Dogens Nyheter*, of a courageous act performed by the people of the fishing hamlet of Cresswell, on the coast of Northumberland, in rescuing the crew of the Gustave, Swedish steamer:

On the fifth of January last, at two in the morning, the steamer Gustave, Capt. A. O. Anderson, went ashore, in consequence of the fog and the set of the current, at the little fishing village of Cresswell, on the coast of Northumberland, five English miles north of the town of Newbiggin. The sea was breaking heavily, and the vessel struck violently at every wave. The discharge pipe burst very shortly, and the vessel drifted helplessly among the breakers, which now broke over her. Two of the boats were stove at the outset, and the third, which it was contrived to launch, and in which three men were lowered, was injured, and carried away by a sea and cast ashore in the midst of the breakers. Every one in this little village—men, women, children—hastened, on witnessing the misfortune, down to the lifeboat station, and at three o'clock the lifeboat was got afloat, and manned by thirteen out of the fifteen male inhabitants of the village. Only two old fishermen were now left on shore, and the women, who had to wade well into the water to get the lifeboat afloat.

After an hour's fruitless endeavor to get on board, the lifeboat had to come on shore again, and a message was sent to the nearest lifeboat station, Newbiggin, to fetch a rocket apparatus, with which to attempt the rescue of the crew. The tide was rising, and at half-past four the lifeboat was launched once more, and at last succeeded in getting alongside of the steamer and saving the crew. Several of the men had by this time been more or less injured by the breakers, but all were able to get into the lifeboat, and the last of all the master, who left his fine and hitherto fortunate steamer with deep emotion. On shore the shipwrecked men were received in the most friendly manner; whatever the poor people had they placed at their disposal; the crew were sheltered in the fishermen's huts, and the owner of a neighboring estate, Cresswell Hall, invited all the crew to dinner. Later in the day the crew's things were also saved, but much injured by the water.

A touching incident of the shipwreck deserves especial mention. The writer of this heard of it on the following day, and was attracted to the spot by cries for help and of pain. On hurrying to the place whence the cries proceeded, he was received by a venerable couple—the steersman of the lifeboat and his wife. "It is poor Bella," said he; "she was not satisfied with being in the water like the others; at night she was wet through for six hours, and has now got one of her attacks of cramp on returning from Newbiggin." It was this little pale fisher girl who, wet through on a cold night in January, had rushed along the beach, wading through several bays by the way, and at length had reached the next lifeboat station to obtain assistance for the shipwrecked people, and to accomplish this feat she had been compelled to go ten English miles. Who those shipwrecked people were was unknown to her; to what country they belonged was all the same to her; it was a question of human life that might be rescued by her means. I opened the family Bible, the sole ornament of that unassuming room, and there read the name "Isabella Brown, born 1853." On the wall hangs a silver medal, awarded to the father for saving life. Everything in that little hamlet bore witness to a long struggle against the ocean.

Fortunate the country which possesses men and women like those who on that icy January night flew to the rescue of the Swedish steamer Gustave and its crew.

How he Feels.

The Rev. Mr. Lee asked before the Plymouth Church (Brooklyn) advisory committee why there had not been a voluntary investigation by the church of the scandal on the strength of the supposed new testimony. Henry Ward Beecher answered that none of the alleged testimony could be traced back to anything. "You can't hunt a stench; you can an arrow. Must I run up and down hunting every leech, every worm, and every poisonous insect? As long as God knows and my mother knows, I don't care for anybody else. You know I don't mean that. I don't care, then I do, then I don't, then I do—all just as I feel. But I am tired of the world. I am tired of men who make newspapers, and the men who read them. I am tired of a community without a reacting moral purpose. I am tired of it all. Yet I am going to bear it all. I am going on preaching here, and when I am shut up here—well, I don't know where I will preach—but I don't think that I will live long after I stop preaching. I have been trusted with the tidings of salvation to dying men, and I mean to carry them. There is a name that is dearer to me than my own, than that of my family, and God's honor and delicacy have never seemed so sweet to me as when I have found how much such qualities were needed in other folks."

The Black Hills.

An interesting discussion took place in the United States Senate on the bill extending the jurisdiction of the United States courts over the Indian reservations. The principal object of the bill, as developed by the debate, was to vest the United States courts with power to punish, by fine and imprisonment, the persons who are now in the Black Hills country in violation of the treaty stipulations with the Sioux. The bill was introduced by a Western senator—Mr. Ingalls, of Kansas—and has the sanction of the judiciary committee. Other Western senators, however, exhibited intense opposition to it, and argued that it was a matter physically impossible to prevent or to punish the trespassing on the Black Hills country. They held that all the power of the government could not restrain the adventurous spirits who, to the number of thousands, are prospecting for gold in that region. It was also charged that the Sioux were entitled to no consideration, as they had violated the most solemn treaty obligations. The rather startling statement was also made that Congress would be called upon to face the question whether it would appropriate several million dollars to feed the Sioux.

Remorse.

Mrs. Mehlings, the confessed accomplice in the murder of her husband, says the Huntington (Va.) *Advertiser*, is beyond doubt the most wretched prisoner ever incarcerated in the jail at Barboursville. By day gory-stained phantoms flit before her gaze, while her sleep is accompanied with dreams of skeletons, and fiends dance around her bedside, their mocking laugh deriding her for the assassination of her husband. When asked a few days ago what troubled her the most, the past or the future, she answered: "The horrible past." She paces up and down her strongly barred room wishing for death, and occasionally dashes her hands into her eyes, as if to keep from her gaze the awful scenes attending the inhuman butchery of her husband. She has wasted in flesh to such an extent since her imprisonment as to present the appearance of an animated skeleton, and the physicians think she will go raving mad.

After a Panic.

After the panic at Robinson's opera house, Cincinnati, the following articles were picked up on the floor: Forty ladies' hats, thirty-six other hats, fifteen muffs, four boas and four fur capes, twenty-eight India rubbers, two boots and one boy's shoe, five shaws, twelve boys' overcoats and capes, two ladies' capes and scarfs; switches, gloves, veils, and handkerchiefs without number. The heroine of the occasion was a young girl who, after fighting her way out of the fatal press, discovered that she had lost her mink cape, and thereupon fought her way back and recovered the article.

THREE-CARD MONTE.

A Noted Player Tells a Reporter all About the Game and the Manner in Which it is Played.

"So you don't know anything about three-card monte, eh? Now, just wait a minute and I'll show you something. Here are three business cards, all alike. I'll take the plain side of them, and on this one I'll mark a large round spot with a pen. Now, watch close. I take this card so, and place it on the table. This is the one with the mark on it. I put the two others on either side of it, and you can turn it up now and look for yourself."

The reporter did so. Sure enough, the middle card had the spot.

"Now, again, I take up this card slowly, and throw it over in the place of the other, and transfer the one on the left to the place of the one on the right, and the marked one is now on the left instead of being in the middle, isn't it?"

The reporter thought that such was the case, and remarked that there was no doubt about it.

"Pick it up and see," said Slippery Ned.

The reporter turned over the card. It was a blank. He also turned the middle, with a like result, and found the marked spot on the last card to the right.

"There," said Ned, "you see if you'd had $1,000 bet on that, you'd been left, wouldn't you?

"I'll show you," said he. "I take this card with the spot on it, and bending it like the others, put it in my fingers. I make a motion as though I were throwing it out, but I merely shove it quickly down, and throw out the next card to it. You keep your eye on the one thrown out, thinking it is the one which is marked, or in a regular way, the ace, and there you get left again. Now let me show you." And in a few moments it was so well explained that the reporter had hardly any trouble in picking up the proper card. Then the operator smutted the corner of a card a little and gave an illustration of that proceeding.

When all this was fully explained the reporter proceeded to get some information concerning the mode of living by these operators.

"You see," said Ned, "I used to be pretty well up in the business, although I was young in years. Red John first got hold of me in New York, where I was playing marbles on the street, and he, thinking I would make a good subject, started out with me. I suppose I've attended nearly every county fair in the country with that fellow. He first had me into business as a capper, and I worked into his hands well, I can tell you. He always whacked up, too, you bet. Always honor among thieves, you know, and honor among the chaps we were, too. Had to be, or we couldn't have run the business. But finally I concluded to go in on my own hook; so one season I left New York in July, to work up the farmer fairs from that time on. I had two cappers, and right good fellows they were. They would drive me in hundreds of greenies, and then I used to soak 'em. Tell you how we used to do it. We'd go into a fair ground, and get license from the officers to run a jewelry case. Receiving permission, we'd set up a jewelry case with a little brass jewelry in it, and under pretense of shouting for sales brought up the crowd. Soon as we got them together, out came a board, and down I went on the ground, pretending to have a little fun all to myself. Pretty soon a country fellow would sit down near me and ask:

"'What you got thar?'

"Of course I answered him in a way to lead him on.

"'Oh, just a little game with some fun in it.'

"His curiosity being excited, his next request was to see a little of it, and as that was just what I wanted, I drove my opening wedge by throwing the cards a little, letting him pick out the ace every time. When convinced that I had him on my string, I remarked:

"'Boss, I'll bet you a quarter you can't pick out the ace.'

"'Done,' says he, and he threw down a twenty-five cent shinplaster.

"He wins, of course; I allow him to win again, and again. Then he feels elated; puts down $10, and wins again; $20, and still wins. If I think he has any more down goes $50. This time I win, and the man is busted. Two years ago I got hold of an old preacher, who had just married a couple, and got $5 for it. I got his money, and he went about through the grounds all day looking at the watermelon stands and lemonade booths so longingly that towards evening I returned him his money and told him to pray more and gamble less in the future."

"I suppose you have had adventures in your time," suggested the reporter.

"I just have. About as lively a time as I can recollect was on the Chattanooga and Nashville railroad. Two or three of us were together and were working a train out to a little place from Chattanooga. We struck a greeny, and soon fleeced him out of a thousand dollars. When the train came to the first station after this we jumped off, and thought we'd run back to Nashville on the next train. Unfortunately for us, the man we had skinned lived there, and he made such a fuss that the citizens got after us and ran us into the mountains. We staid up there waiting for the next train, and at last got so cold and hungry that we ventured to go to a cabin in the hills. When we got to the door we heard voices. Finally we knocked and went in. By Jerusalem! There sat the very fellow we had confidenced in the morning, his gun across his knee. He had been out hunting for us and was determined to find us if possible. He leveled his gun and threatened to shoot us dead if we moved; and we didn't move, but stood there while he made us fork over every cent we had got in the morning. Then he kicked us out in the open air."

"Pleasant!" remarked the reporter.

"Yes, pleasant, if one looks at it in that light, but that wasn't what made me quit the business. There's too much of a fellow getting beaten at his own game. There are men so old at the business that you'll think that you've got a guy, but when it comes to guessat the card he picks it up every time. He can run on in this way and burst the bank. I know a man who is now a merchant in Middlebury, who had his bank broken in this way, and went into a more certain business."

"Where did you make your last venture, Ned?" asked the reporter.

"It was on the Ohio and Mississippi road, near Olney. I used to work that road back and forth pretty thoroughly. One day I got an old fellow's watch and chain, all his money, and even his plug hat, and he squealed. The passengers went crazy. They locked the doors, jerked down a section of the bell rope, and were going to hang me, whether or no. They had the cord around my neck, but I begged so that they changed their mind, and, stopping the train, took me out, tied me to a sapling, and let me remain there. If it hadn't been for some hunters passing that way, I don't know how I ever would have got out. Since that time I've been out of the business, and mean to stay out."

Destroyed the Glass.

A gentleman of distinguished presence appeared at a fashionable restaurant in Paris, the other day, and asked to be shown to a particular room. He ordered a dozen oysters on the half shell, and the waiter retired. Immediately afterward a peculiar noise was heard, and the attendants on rushing into the room found that the gentleman had just demolished the mirror with his cane. "Put that on my bill," he quietly remarked, "I will pay for it." The keeper of the restaurant said that even though he were willing to pay for the damage he had no right to break the mirror. An explanation followed, and it transpired that the gentleman had on a former occasion had the imprudence to cut his own name on the mirror with that of a lady, and having recently married, he found it advisable to destroy the obstrusive evidence in a room where it might chance to meet the conjugal eye.

Poetry is truth dwelling in beauty.

Agriculture in China.

Chinese agriculture is of the most primitive kind. A one handled plow, making a small furrow and penetrating but a few inches below the surface, is drawn by a cow to which it is harnessed. But the most work is done with the tined hoe of large size, and the earth is thoroughly prepared for planting and sowing. Every foot of available ground is worked like a garden. The side plain of the Yangtse, embracing an area of about three hundred by six hundred miles, and with an estimated population of twenty-five to thirty millions of souls, is one of the most fertile sections on the globe; it has been worked thousands of years, and by means of thorough irrigation and fertilization the strength of the soil is fully maintained, yielding two crops a year, almost invariably in abundance. Rice and cotton are the principal products, but some wheat and other cereals are also grown, a variety of vegetables and the various fruits of semi-tropical regions. The Chinese get all that is possible from mother earth. The tea sections are mostly upon higher lands, but the culture is carried on extensively upon the uplands which appear in different localities in the midst of this great plain. Silk culture is also a great industry in some sections. There is no labor saving machinery; everything is done by the most toilsome hard work, and the rudest implements are employed for that purpose in all the processes of agricultural and manufacturing industry. The ownership of all lands is vested in the government; they are leased to tenants for a long period at stipulated rates, their rental averaging, perhaps, three to five dollars an acre per annum. Few horses are seen excepting those owned by foreigners. The Chinese buffalo is employed largely for the transportation of the products of the soil and articles of merchandise. They are larger than ordinary bullocks, their large flat horns running backward from the head, reaching nearly to the neck. They are harnessed to great carts, and draw very heavy loads; often they are packed like camels and led by coolies.

Buying a Farm.

When business is depressed and times are hard, city people are apt to wish themselves settled in the country, and seriously think of buying a farm. It is the universal panacea for pinched pockets and metropolitan misfortunes. Let a merchant fail, and the first thing he proposes is to save money enough out of the wreck to buy a farm. If a broker suspends, if a financier's pretty bubbles break or float away in the air, if a lawyer's clients withdraw their patronage and leave him without briefs—in short, if anybody experiences a business collapse, he immediately turns his thoughts countryward, and as the last and unfailing resource proposes to buy a farm. It is assumed that anybody can run a farm, as anybody can edit a newspaper, and it is also taken for granted that a farm is a sort of horse that not only takes care of himself but feeds and clothes his rider. It does not seem to occur to any of these men that farming is a business requiring special knowledge, experience, and skill for successful management, and that the average city man is quite as much out of place and at his wits' ends on a farm, after he has bought it, as he would be at the head of a manufactory or in command of a man-of-war.

Injury to Wheat.

The present season is exceptionally mild, and although those who dwell in towns and cities may congratulate themselves upon what they may term a favorable winter, yet the farmer views it with apprehension. The usual protecting covering which shields the wheat from constant changes of temperature, so detrimental to the tender plant, is entirely wanting. A succession of frosts and thaws in place of a steady moderate cold may result in the destruction of our most important crop, and one which cannot be replaced or replanted as a spring crop can. While the farmer is powerless to avert the evil, he may at least moderate its effects to some extent. The greatest injury may be feared upon undrained and wet lands. Standing water is utterly fatal to the wheat crop, while upon dry soil it will resist much unfavorable weather with impunity. The farmer should therefore see to it that surface drains are kept open, and the fields relieved of any accumulations of water. A top dressing of coarse manure, or even coarse litter, marsh hay or straw, will afford much protection to the plants.

Thoughts for Saturday Night.

Pleasure and sorrow are twins.

Earthly pride is like a passing flower, that springs to fall, and blossoms but to die.

As the Greek says: "Many men know how to flatter, few men know how to praise."

Said Lord Nelson: I have always been a quarter of an hour before my time, and it has made a man of me.

There is no future pang can deal that justice on the self-condemned he deals on his own soul.

He who reforms himself has done more toward reforming the public than a crowd of noisy, impotent patriots.

Nothing exposes religion more to the reproach of its enemies than the worldliness and hardheartedness of the professors of it.

Praise never gives us much pleasure unless it concur with our own opinion, and extol us for those qualities in which we chiefly excel.

A Fastidious Tramp.

The "cheekiest" tramp has turned up in New London, Conn. He wanted something to eat. The servant girl cut from a loaf just baked four slices of bread and from a roast two slices of beef, preparing for him a couple of sandwiches. These were tendered him, but he indignantly drew back, asking: "Well, haven't you any hot coffee?" "You don't suppose we keep coffee hot all day to deal out to tramps, do you?" "Then I don't want this," replied the injured gentleman. And he handed her back the sandwiches and moved on.

Ocean Telegraphy.

The Hartford (Conn.) *Times* records two very remarkable feats in ocean telegraphy which came under its notice within a day or two. A Hartford firm sent by the Atlantic and Pacific company and through them by direct cable a message to a business establishment in London. The last word of the message had been sent from the Hartford office at 9:20 o'clock in the forenoon, and at 10:47 o'clock—or in one hour and twenty-seven minutes—the answering message was complete in the same office. Another message was sent at 4:09 P. M., and at 5:20 P. M. the answer was delivered, the time being one hour and eleven minutes. If we stop to consider the number of hands through which the dispatch passed, both in transit between the different offices and delivery in London and Hartford, the extraordinary features of the exploit will be the more readily appreciated. In newspaper offices, where foreign dispatches are constantly received and in the compositors' hands almost as soon as the news can be utilized in London, the feat will not be considered as remarkable, as with the average reader who takes it as a matter of course that foreign news must be in the paper, and never stops to think of the agencies, some of them buried deep beneath the sea, through which the facts are chronicled.

Flogging to Death.

Since capital punishment has been abandoned in Portugal, the worst criminals are often sent to Angola; and some of these convicts acquire wealth and become important traders. But they are very careful not to commit any offense in Angola, for flogging is the punishment for every crime, and if a heinous one has been committed, a sufficient number of lashes is imposed to render the murderer's death certain. A case is mentioned in which two men who had killed another were sentenced to receive a thousand lashes. They died on their way to prison after having been flogged.

A New Way to Fatten a Turkey.

Gath writes: One of the most agreeable entertainments of an epicurean kind which is given at Washington is that of Dr. Ninian Pinckney, who stands second on the list of medical directors, and is the nephew of William Pinckney and brother of Bishop Pinckney. Dr. Pinckney's quarters are at the Washington navy yard, and he is celebrated for feeding turkeys on English walnuts—administered whole, shell and all, without cracking. A few weeks ago I had the pleasure of attending a dinner given by this hospitable Epicurus. A turkey reposed in the center of the table, of remarkable size, and of flavor not equaled by the most delicate capon. Before we put the knives into this dish for Dives, another turkey was brought up to the door, and the process of feeding him was achieved.

Fourteen full, large walnuts, whole, were put in the wonderful fowl's bill, and slipped down the gullet by the fingers outside. As the first walnut went down, the turkey looked up with one eye in a baffled sort of way, as if wondering whether he was assisting a comedy or going to execution. At the third walnut he turned up both his eyes, as if now assured that it was not the intention to kill him by starvation. At the fifth walnut, his inquisitiveness was unbounded, and he wore the look of a man who had been reading a thrilling story, and had suddenly bumped upon the words: "To be continued in our next." Continued it was: and, after the seventh walnut, Sir Turkey gave up the conundrum, closed his eyes resignedly, and when the fourteenth walnut had slipped down his gullet, and they were all rattled by the hand, so as to produce from the bird's interior a sound as of a macadamizing job going on there, his expression was plainly to be read: "Gentlemen, you know what this is for and I presume that your consideration for myself will enable me to reflect upon the performance with the eye of faith." It takes about three weeks to fatten a turkey in this way, for the animal, unlike the mills of the gods, grinds exceedingly small, but very fast. He undergoes considerable digestive wakefulness, but the secretions come to his rescue; the shells are melted down, and the walnuts are assimilated, so that he matures in a fractional part of the life he has been destined to. It seems that this trick has been discovered on the way around Cape Horn, on a certain naval vessel which contained a great many turkeys, and nothing for them to eat. A humorous officer said that sooner than see his turkeys starve he would feed them on the table dessert. A few of the animals died, but the majority survived and proved to be palatable beyond all previous experience. I mention this matter for the edification of gourmands, who want to know what a turkey is capable of. Senator Anthony was delighted both with the docility and delicacy of the respective birds of freedom which had been brought before us. The experiments made with turkeys are said to demonstrate the fact that fourteen walnuts is the limit which a bird can stand, and that less than eight will not produce the flavor attainable.

A Torpedo Story.

During the bombardment of Callao by the Spanish squadron under Admiral Mendez Nunez, in May, 1866, writes an officer of the English navy, we observed from the ship Mutine a large barge laden with coal, which had apparently broken adrift from the shore, floating about among the Spanish squadron, who at the time were sustaining a heavy fire from the shore batteries; consequently, they allowed it to drift away unnoticed. A short time afterward it floated close to her majesty's ship Mutine, and as we were very short of coal we thought of picking it up; fortunately, as you will see in the result, we did no such thing.

The United States gunboat Wateree, being close to us at the time, sent her boats and secured it, losing no time in transferring its contents to her coal bunkers, but when about to use it in the furnace the lumps were, luckily, too large, and on being broken disclosed small shells inside some and bottles of explosive stuff inside of others. I had this from an officer of the Wateree, who also informed me that it was not a pleasant sensation, the idea that they might have been "firing up with torpedoes."

Another Joan.

A telegram from a newspaper correspondent in Herzegovina states that a Dutch lady, rich, but very eccentric, has made her appearance in the insurgent ranks, mounted on a magnificent mule. She was received with military honors, the troops being drawn up in battle array and presenting arms to their mistress, who had brought with her an ample supply of banknotes, which she handed over to the chiefs of the movement, promising further pecuniary assistance, by means of which she hopes to secure the defeat of the Turks in less than three months. She is described as a sort of modern Joan of Arc, armed at all points, wearing male attire and carrying with her a Dutch flag, which floats proudly on the breeze.

A Family Journal.

In a certain farmhouse twenty years ago a great blankbook was kept, and labeled "Home Journal." Every night somebody made an entry in it. Father set down the sale of the calves, or mother the cutting of the baby's eye tooth; or, perhaps, Jenny wrote a full account of the sleighing party last night; or Bob the proceedings of the Phi Beta Club; or Tom scrawled "Tried my new gun. Bully. Shot into the fence and Johnson's old cat."

On toward the middle of the book there was an entry of Jenny's marriage, and one of the younger girls had added a description of the bridesmaids' dresses, and long afterward there was written: "This day father died," in Bob's trembling hand. There was a blank of many months after that.

But nothing could have served better to bind that family of headstrong boys and girls together than the keeping of this book. They come back to the old homestead now, men and women with grizzled hair, to see their mother who is still living, and turn over its pages reverently, with many a hearty laugh, or the tears coming into their eyes. It is their childhood come back again in visible shape.—*Scribner.*

Inequality of Sentences.

The governor of Ohio, in his message to the Legislature, speaks as follows concerning the want of equality in the punishment of offenders: My immediate predecessor called the attention of the General Assembly to the matter of inequality in sentences to the penitentiary. I fully indorse his views on that subject, and invite you to consider the great injustice frequently done to men and women who are more unfortunate than criminal, by the unequal sentences pronounced by the courts. The peculiar temperament or condition of the judge, or the attendant influences in a community, as frequently mold the character of the sentence as the circumstances of the case. Men are serving under sentence of thirty years for precisely the same crimes for which other men are serving terms of three years. There should be some mode of amending the errors of courts in this matter. Of course, the pardoning power can rectify the irregularity; but it would be better to remove, as far as possible, the necessity of the interposition of executive clemency. It is a matter worthy of of your earnest consideration.

The Keely Motor.

The bursting of one of the Keely motor machines is the first really practical result we have had of the experiments with the famour motor. The pressure at the time of the bursting of the copper sphere is said to have been 9,000 pounds hydraulic pressure to the square inch. The Keely motor company, however, declare that they are not discouraged. They seem to be very sanguine men, as they need to be, in their effort to overcome mechanical laws. The day when that train of cars is to be drawn from Philadelphia to New York by a teacup of water must now be put still further in the distance.—*New York Sun.*

Suicide on a Good Dinner.

One evening, says a writer, I saw a crowd in front of a Paris restaurant, and learned on inquiry that a man had taken his own life inside. It appeared that he had installed himself in a "cabinet," and ordered a regal repast, dwelling with unction on each course. His repast occupied a couple of hours, and when coffee, cognac and cigars were furnished toward the close of it, he informed the waiter that he would require nothing else, and he need not return until he rang for him. About fifteen or twenty minutes afterward—the time to sip his cognac and smoke a cigar—the report of a firearm was heard proceeding from his cabinet. On opening the door he was found lying on the sofa dead, with a smoking pistol at his side. On searching him, not a sou was discovered in his pockets. The inference was that being nearly starved, he determined to regale himself in a sumptuous manner for once, and then canceled this and all other debts by paying with his life. The proprietor of the restaurant said he would have willingly given him his dinner if he had only killed himself elsewhere than on his premises. This was the practical side of the question. The man who paid such a price for his dinner was evidently a disciple of Brillat-Savarin.

A BRUTAL FATHER.—A boy four years old was burned to death in New York, his brutal father while in a fit of anger seating the little fellow on a hot stove. The poor child lived sufficiently long to tell his mother how he was injured.

Learn to think and act for yourself.

Why should any one buy a soap half rosin or clay, when Dobbins' Electric Soap (made by Cragin & Co., Phila.) is for sale? It costs but a trifle more, and will go five times as far. Try it.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are so compounded from concentrated principles, extracted from roots and herbs, as to combine in each small granule, scarcely larger than a mustard seed, as much cathartic power as is contained in any larger