THE SILVER LINING.

Through gloom and mists and mournful rain
The winds cry merrily from the main—
"After the storm sunshine again!"

When frosts of winter whiten all,
Strewing abroad their flaky pall,
The springtide utters its magic call.

Then, on the fresh and crispy air,
With nature icicled and bare,
Blooms cheerily the morning fair.

Fleet to the wild-wood song-birds fly,
And buds peep out on the branches high,
While wavelets whisper and cloudlets sigh.

Close by the lone one, sad and drear,
A smile stands ready to kiss each tear—
The broken hearted to heaven are near.
—David Graham Adee.

MAKING A SOLDIER.

The Young Recruit's First Day in Barracks—Corporal and Captain—"Hurrah for Perrier!"

Translated freely from the French of Edmund de Amicis.

It was a lovely Sunday evening. The barracks were well nigh deserted, as nearly all the soldiers had gone a pleasuring in town. With them had gone the conscripts who had joined the regiment only the day before, in bands of ten or a dozen, their caps awry, their coats wrinkled, their hands imprisoned in sprawling white gloves.

In the remotest part of the barrack-yard sat alone—all alone—on a doorstep, a poor conscript, his chin in his hands, his elbows on his knees, following his fellows who went out with wistful eyes, or when no one was in sight gazing fixedly on the ground. He looked like one of those good boys who feel like the hand of death the summons which tears them from their families, but who finish by becoming the best of soldiers, with minds resigned, calm, willing. On his face, however, there was more than the expression of dreaming and surprise such as a conscript usually wears during his first days of barrack life—there was positive melancholy. Perhaps he was regretting that he had not gone out with his fellows.

A corporal in fatigue dress, who happened to be crossing the yard, espied the conscript and strode up to him sharply.

"What's that fellow doing there with his hands crossed?"

"Who? I?" said the conscript.

"Who? I?" cried the corporal. "He's a nice fellow! And whom is he speaking to—to the moon? Here, stand up when you are addressing your superior! Who are you? What company do you belong to?"

"What company?"

"Yes, what company, cabbage-head?" and seizing him by the skirt of the coat he shook him until he reeled. "Look at that—see how you have vexed your coat squatting on a doorstep like a beggar."

The conscript dusted it with his hand.

"And your shoes—pretty shoes, those!" The conscript stooped to clean them with his handkerchief.

"And your cravat up round your ears —and your cap—ugh! Come, draw up those trousers if you don't want them to be in rags inside of a week, button up your tunic, and don't stick there with your head sunk on your breast like a monk, or staring at everybody like a stupid stuck pig."

The poor lad had his trembling fingers over his clothing, but the more he hurried the less he succeeded; indeed he knew not what he was doing. At that moment the pretty young cantiniere of the regiment paused before them. To appear ridiculous and stupid before a pretty woman—what could be worse, and the conscript utterly lost his presence of mind, fumbled with his fingers at his buttons, then let his arms fall dejectedly by his side, drooped his head and stood silent.

The cantiniere laughed and tripped away.

"Baby!" said the corporal, shaking his head with an air of scornful compassion; then lifting his voice, he went on: "You'll have to wake up, my boy, and promptly too, or else we'll wake you up. Fatigue drill, bread and water; bread and water and fatigue drill—we won't let you feel homesick, take my word for it. Now, off to your room and clean up your traps. March!"

"But I"——

"Hold your tongue when your superior addresses you, or else—the guard room is over yonder! Do you see it?" and the corporal turned away, growling. "Fine stuff this for an army—poor Italy!"

"I say, corporal—sir!" the conscript called after him timidly.

The corporal wheeled round and glared at him, pointing toward the guard-room.

"I wanted to ask you one thing," said the lad in a tone so gentle and humble that it was impossible not to listen to it.

"Well, ask it—that one thing."

"I wanted to ask you if there was in the regiment an officer who comes from where I come from, there ought to be, but I don't know for certain."

"If the people where you come from are all like you, you may depend on it you're the only man from the place we have." And, shrugging his shoulders, he swaggered off.

"But why are we treated thus?" sighed the lad, as he sank down again on the stone step.

"What have we done? What are we—dogs? and five years of it to come!" He buried his face in his hands.

At that moment three of the soldiers on guard came strolling past.

"Poor boy!" they cried, with a shout of laughter, "he must be in love! he's thinking about his little sister—thinking about his girl! she's got another fellow by this time. Look at the eyes he makes! Po-o-o-r boy!"

"Who can they be making fun of now?" said the officer of the guard to himself, as he strolled to the window with his newspaper in his hand. The soldiers saw him coming and made off discreetly; the conscript looked up and caught his eye. "Who can that idiot be? What can he want?" said the officer, angrily, as he saw the lad beckon to him and laugh, first in surprise then with satisfaction.

"What is the matter with you, eh?" he asked, striding out into the yard; "what makes you chuckle so and rub your hands? Answer me, will you?"

"You see, you see," said the conscript, nervously fingering the hem of his tunic "I knew you were in this regiment, and they sent me here. You don't remember me, I know, but I remember you And you were home three years ago—I knew you and knew your people too, but I dare say you don't know me, but I used to see you ride past our house every morning, and we are both from the same place—that's what I wanted to say."

"Hum, I understand!" said the officer scanning him closely, as if to recall his face and name.

"I knew you were an officer, "continued the conscript, "and since you were home last they've rebuilt the front of the church opposite your house, and on the square there's a cafe, as big as—half as big as this yard, and it's full of people all day long."

"Hold on, I remember you now—your name is Renzo, isn't it?"

"Yes, Renzo."

"And you used to live in the little stone-house by the church down in the lane?"

"Yes, exactly; in the little stone-house by the church down in the lane!" The boy could hardly speak for delight.

"Well, and how do you like soldiering?"

The conscript's face fell; he lowered his eyes and remained silent.

"Why aren't you off with the rest of them, enjoying yourself?"

Still no answer, but an answer was to be read in his face.

"Come," said the officer, "what's the matter? Out with it."

"The matter is captain, stammered the lad, "that is to say, I don't know what it is, but the way they treat us here isn't fair—at least it isn't pleasant. If we ask any one anything he doesn't answer, and when any one says hard things to us we have to swallow them or else it's 'There's the guard-room!' I know that we ain't soldiers yet—that we don't know everything, but then we only came here yesterday, so how can we? They ought to understand that we came here to learn, and have some patience with us as it seems to me. Then they make fun of us before people, and scold us and haul us around, and we have to stand it and they laugh. Why do they? I came here willingly to be a soldier, for I said to myself, 'I'll do my duty, whatever it is, and my superiors will like me,' but instead of that.—Perhaps when we are more used to it we won't care, but just now it isn't easy to bear it. It was different at home, you know; we were used to the ways of the house, and everybody liked us, and here they make fun of us and our people. I tell you, captain, it is hard to bear—very hard to bear!"

The officer made no reply for some moments, but lit a cigar and went on carelessly as if he had heard nothing of all the lad had said. "Here, fix that necktie of yours properly." (He arranged it himself.) "There, that's much better! Now, there should be no folds or creases in your coat—it isn't soldierly." (He pulled and patted the tunic into position.) "Tip your cap over on the ear—so! It gives you a more rakish aspect."

The conscript smiled.

"Carry yourself like a man, with your shoulders back and your head up, and when you walk step out resolutely, boldly, just as you did when you played tenpins in the yard of our house and had made a ten-strike. Do you remember?"

The lads face showed that he did.

"And," continued the officer, leaning against the wall, "look every man you meet squarely in the eye, because you should be afraid of nobody and have nothing to blush for. If it was the king himself whom you meet, lift your head and look him in the face, as much as to say, 'Here I am!' Don't forget that. And remember that in the army you must change your way of speaking. Few words, and those to the point. No matter who it may be that speaks to you, answer 'Yes' or 'no.' When you are in the ranks, be as quiet as if you were at church; but once you have broken ranks, you are at home and your own master. If the others are making a noise, raise more racket than they do, but don't sit gazing at them enjoying themselves, it will only make you feel down in the mouth. Love your comrades; you will find friends among them—friends who will love you like a brother. Many things are lacking here, but not good fellowship—remember that."

"Did you ever hear of Perrier," said the officer, "Perrier, that threw himself between his officer and the enemy and fell with three bullets in his body, crying: 'Remember me, lieutenant, I die happy in saving your life?' Nor of that granadier who, rather than surrender his wounded captain, was bayoneted to death, shouting: 'Take him when I am dead, not before?' Nor of the eight or ten others who at Rivoli went under a hail of bullets to rescue their commander's body from the Austrians, so that they could see it buried in camp with all the honors? And there are hundreds of others whose names and deeds have been written down in all the big books, who are remembered and beloved as if they were with us still. Have you a match?"

The conscript, who had been gazing at him as if in ecstasy, his mouth and eyes wide open, drew a box of matches from his pocket and handed them to the officer.

"When one remembers all this," said the officer, "and when one has a little philosphy, one overlooks the little hardships and worries of a soldier's life. You must remember everything you are taught, and as you are a sensible fellow you will. Keep them in your head and little by little you will take a liking to everything—your arms, your uniform, this yard, this staircase, these walls, and when your time of service is up and you have said good-by to your officers and your sergeants, and when all the other soldiers come to see you off and wish you good luck and bid you remember them, your heart will feel as it felt when you left home; and when from the road you take your last look at the windows of your barrack room, you will turn and say,—if you can say anything, 'good-by my second home, where I have loved so many friends, where I have passed so many happy days with a quiet conscience, where I have so often sighed for my loved ones! Good-by to my poor hard little bed; good-by, sergeant; good-by captain.' Why, what's the matter with you."

The conscript was standing rapt, motionless, his features working, his breast heaving, his eyes wet with tears.

"What is the matter with you?"

The lad endeavored to find his voice, drew a long breath, as if about to speak, but could only whisper hoarsely:

"Nothing!"

The officer smiled. "Now, to please me, you will go and drink one glass of wine to good luck for all conscripts. Here, take this!"

"Oh, sir," stammered the lad, reddening, and declining the coin.

"What?" said the officer sharply.

The conscript took the coin and strove to stammer something.

"Not a word. Off!"

He rushed into the yard, dancing, rubbing his hands, laughing, talking to himself. He entered the canteen and drank his glass of wine, which the cantiniere poured out for him with her sweetest smile. On his way out he met the corporal, who accosted him in a much more gentle fashion.

"Say, is that officer that has been talking with you for the last hour any relative of yours?"

"No."

"But you know him?"

"Intimately."

"So he's the officer from your place you were looking for? If I had known that, I would have answered you, but I didn't understand you."

"That's all right! He isn't half a bad fellow, that corporal," said the conscript to himself, as the former walked away.

Meanwhile the soldiers were straggling back into barracks; among them a group of conscripts, flustered with liquor and joyfully noisy.

"'If the others are making a noise raise more racket than they do,'" said the conscript to himself, and he plunged into the group, shouting: "Hurrah for—for Perrier!"

"Hurrah for Perrier!" echoed his fellows, without the remotest idea of who Perrier might be, and singing and skylarking they passed up the staircase.

The officer, who had been looking on from his window, smiled as he said to himself, "That fellow will make a good soldier!"

It was night and the sky was blazing with stars. There was a merry clamor in the barrack-yard, and in the streets outside the sweet, clear bugles were sounding. Unconsciously, he lifted his eyes and leaning out, said softly.

"Perrier! Where are you, Perrier? Did you hear them?"

A Story of a Nihilist.

An extraordinary story is told by the St. Petersburg correspondent of the Voltaire, of how a young nihilist called upon the chief of police at St. Petersburg, a short time ago, avowed himself a member of the revolutionary party and stated that he had been sent to warn the emperor that if he granted a constitution he need fear no conspiracy, but that if he persisted in his reactionary policy nothing could save him. "At this point of the interview the police officer seemed anxious to call in assistance, but the young nihilist stopped him and added, 'I do not wish to be subject to the indignity of torture. In coming here I have sacrificed my life. I could have killed you, but we do not commit murders uselessly.'" With these words the youth stepped back a few paces and knocked two large buttons, with which his cuffs were fastened, against his forehead. The buttons being full of an explosive substance, burst, and inflicted such wounds on the young man that he expired in a few moments, leaving no trace as to his identity.

Captain E. D. Ellsworth, U. S. A., father of the famous IlsEworth has been retired.

Pain from Severed Limbs.

Manchester Mirror.

The feet of Josiah West, who met with the terrible accident on the railroad a few days ago, were yesterday taken by his wife to Fremont, N. H., for burial. When the unfortunate man gained consciousness at the hospital on the morning following the loss of his limbs he complained that his toes pained him a great deal, that they seemed badly cramped, and he requested that some one move them for him At that time the feet were tied in a bag, and the hospital people did not know where they were to be found. It seems simply incredible that the position or condition of a severed member of a person's body should effect in the least the sensibilities of the owner; but suffice it to say that the undertaker with whom the writer conversed affirms that he peasonally knows of numerous cases where persons who have lost a limb declare they felt pain from an awkwurd position which the member was in.

He cited an instance of a man who lost an arm in this city last fall. After being amputated, it was sent to the undertaker's for burial. It was placed in a box, the back of the hand being down remaining in this position for several hours. The owner of the severed member, during that time, experienced pain in the arm, which grew so unbearable that at last he asked a friend to go to the undertaker's and see about the limb. This was at 5:45 in the afternoon. The friend was busy, and did not start off for half an hour, and during that time the pain had ceased and the wounded man said he need not go. He went, however, and found that the undertaker had just finished caring for the arm; that it had been placed in an easy and natural position in the box. The time when the arm was changed from he awkward position to the latter coincided exactly with the time when the owner had felt the pain leave him. When the friend reported to the unfortunate man, he (the latter) said he knew just how the arm was placed, that he could feel its position, and correctly described the same.

Another case cited by the undertaker was about a man who lost an arm above the elbow. The member was given to the undertaker and buried. The man subsequently went to Lawrence to live. About a year after the accident he paid the undertaker a visit, and told him his arm for a long time had pained him a great deal; that the fingers seemed cramped, and that he wanted to see the buried member. Accordingly it was dug up and examined, and, strange to say, found to have the fingers tightly turned up toward the palm, as the man had said they felt to him. The fingers were straightened and the arm consigned again to the ground, and no more trouble was experienced from it.

Cracking His Heels at Eighty-Four.

From the Albany Journal.

The other morning, in a grocery store, some one remarked to Mr. Thomas Dunn, one of our wealthiest citizens, now in his eighty-fourth year, that he was "getting old." "Pshaw!" said Mr. Dunn, "I will show you that if I am old I have some life in me yet." Hanging his cane on the railing of the desk and placing his hat on a pyramid of canned fruit, Mr. Dunn stepped to an alcove formed by the arrangement of goods, and suddenly springing into the air with the lightness of a latter day acrobat cracked his heels together twice before touching the floor again. As if this was not sufficient to convince the most skeptical of his agility he repeated the feat. Others present attempted it, but did not succeed.

A Princess in New York.

The New York World says that the Princess Olive Lubin, only child of Faustin I., emperor of Hayti, arrived here on Monday from Port au Prince. She is 36 years of age, and a widow. Her husband was Gen. Amitie Lubin, and married the princess while her family and his own were in exile, his family having adhered to the emperor even after his overthrow in 1859. The Emperor Faustin I. was born a slave, but was freed by the decree which freed all the slaves. He took part in different insurrections, and became commander of a division in the army. On March 1, 1848, he was elected president of the republic, and began a reign of terror. He declared himself emperor in 1849, under the title of Faustin I., and created a nobility among the negroes. In 1859 he was overthrown and exiled. He was recalled in 1857 and soon after died. The princess was educated with great care, and speaks several languages. She and her husband spent several years in Europe, and afterward lived at their country house near Port au Prince. The present government, though republican, has restored much of the estate of the late emperor. The princess has received from this source over $1,000,000. She is at present the guest of the Haytian consul, but will soon start on a tour through the country.

Young Love's Dream.

From the Detroit Free Press.

They are young married people and have gone to housekeeping, and the neighbors who assemble at their windows to witness the harrowing sight of their parting for the day declare that the following is a verbatum account of their conversation:

"Good by, Charlie; now be careful the street cars don't run off the track with you, and—kiss me Charlie—there was something I wanted to tell you—let me see. Was it hair-pins? No, I got them—w-h-a-t could it have been?"

"I am due at the office, pet," says Charlie, bracing up and looking very handsome and manly; "was it something to eat?"

Why, of course it was; there isn't a bit of mashed potatoes in the house, nor a mouthful of bread and butter. We want half a yard of beef steak—see and have it cut bias, so it will be tender, and a loaf of sweet bread, Charley, and a strawberry short-cake, dear, and—anything else you think of, dear."

"But, my little wife," says Charley, looking very wise, "these things must all be made before we can eat them."

"Must they? Oh, dear, and I never learned to do fancy work! I never crocheted a biscuit fit to eat, and I couldn't paint a tomato to save my life. Oh, Charlie, go to the ready-made stores, do; there's a darling?"

He did; and they had a picturesque meal of lobster and strawberries with baker's rusk and lemonade, but Charlie has written to his mother to come at once and make them a long visit; they are so delightfully situated they can make it pleasant for her now, he says.

Gen. Stone in Egypt.

Stone Pacha, who is reported as "hampering English action in Egypt" is General Charles P. Stone. At the opening of our civil war, General Stone, then a captain in the regular army, was in Washington, and was of great service in organizing a force for the defence of the city while it was exposed to an attack from Virginia before volunteers from the northern states could be assembled there in sufficient numbers to avert that danger. After the battle of Bull Run he was asssigned, with the rank of brigadier general of volunteers, to the command of a corps of observation on the Maryland side of the Potomac, between Washington and Harper's Ferry, with his headquarters at Poolsville. A part of his command, crossing the Potomac, were defeated in the disastrous affair at Balls Bluff, Oct. 21, 1861. For this reverse General Stone was held responsible. He retired from the army before the close of the war with impaired health and some indications of mental disorder. A few years later he went to Egypt and accepted a commission in the army of the khedive. He was made chief of staff of the Egyptian army, which position he has since retained.

S. S. Foss, a prominent lumber dealer of Detroit, Mich., was killed on Friday by a runaway accident.

FIELD AND FARM.

Mixed Recipes.

STICKY FLY-PAPER.—In a tin vessel melt one pound of resin, and add about two fluid drachms of linseed oil. While the mixture is warm dip a spatula in and spread what adheres on a sheet of foolscap. If it is too soft when cool, add more resin; if too hard, more oil.

FRUIT CAKE.—Two cups of molasses, two of brown sugar, two of butter, one of milk, five of flour, five eggs, one teaspoonful of saleratus; cut up the butter in the milk, warm the molasses, stir it into the milk and butter, then stir in the sugar and let it cool, then add the eggs well beaten, one pound of raisins, one of currants, half pound of citron; bake in a slow oven.

SPINACH.—When washed and picked, place in a sauce pan just large enough to hold it, sprinkle with a little salt, and cover close. Shake well while on the fire. When done add a piece of butter and a tablespoonful of cream.

To cure nursing sore mouth mix together a teaspoonful each of pulverized alum and borax, half a salt spoonful of pulverized nutgalls and a tablespoonful of honey) sugar will answer the purpose); pour over the mixture a teacupful of boiling water; let it settle, and with a clean linen rag wash the mouth four or five times a day, using a fresh bit of linen every time. This will cure sore mouth in mother and child.

To iron a shirt, double the back lengthwise. Iron to the yoke; iron the yoke crosswise. Next the band and front, leaving out the bosom. Have a small board covered with one thickness of flannel and muslin for this. Stretch the bosom lengthwise and iron crosswise, commencing at the top, so if there are many wrinkles you may iron them down. Iron the top of the sleeve first; then the cuff, and the lower part of the sleeve last, not forgetting to go over the shoulders. Polish with laundry iron on the side of the board covered with muslin only.

Farming Notes.

The best time to cut rye for fodder is just when the seed begins to form and is in a milky state. If delayed too long the beard of the rye dries hard and stiff and is sometimes troublesome in the mouths of stock.

The venerable Charles Downing, now eighty years of age, and still active in mind and able to do some walking every day, Professor Budd of The Iowa Homestead speaks of as "the prince of modern pomologists," and justly says that "to him more than to all others we owe the relative perfection of our American nomenclature of fruits."

There is a growing disposition in the Western Reserve of Ohio to concentrate cheese interests, firms who buy milk and conduct several factories extending their conquests year by year, until it now looks as if they would eventually absorb all the factories in that part of the country.

Mr. G. W. P. Jerrard, Caribau, Me., gives in The Maine Farmer these hints on swarming bees:

"Nail a thick spruce bough as large as a peck basket upright on a stake six feet long. Make a hole with a crowbar two rods from the hives and set in the staked bush, so that it may be lifted out without hindrance. Swarms will usually cluster on this and are very readily hived. Take the hive to some shady quarter and carry the swarm to it on the bush. Raise the hive on blocks a couple of inches from the bottom board in front and after turning the bush top end down, give it a quick jerk and dislodge the bees all in front of the hive. Then with a grass brush induce every bee to enter and set the hive at once on its permanent stand. To prevent them from 'lighting' out for the woods give them a box of unfinished honey on their hive, fresh from the parent hive at the time of hiving, and you may be sure they will not decamp."

How to Test Flour.

The following rules to test good flour are given by an old dealer: First, look at its color. If it is white with a slightly yellow or straw colored tint, it is a good sign. If it is very white, with bluish cast or with small black specks in it, the flour is not good. Second, examine its adhesiveness. Wet and knead a little of it between the fingers; if it works dry and elastic it is good; if it works soft and sticky it is poor. Flour made from spring wheat is often sticky. Third, throw a little lump of dry flour against a dry smooth, perdendicular surface, if it adhers in a lump the flour has life in it; if it falls like powder it is bad. Fourth, squeeze some of the flour in your hand; if it retains the shape given by the pressure, that, too, is a good sign. It is safe to buy flour that will stand all these tests, and they are simple.

Obstructed Teats.

The more the udder is stimulated to extra secretion of milk so much the more it is liable to congestion and inflammation. The pressure, too, of a great quantity of milk in the udder upon the circular muscle, (sphincter), which closes the end of the teat, tends to set up more or less irritation, and this will sometimes result in excessive thickening of the walls and hard milking, or even complete closure of the orifice. The simplest and best treatment is to slightly dilate the opening of the teat once or twice a day with a perfectly smooth probe. A silver milking tube, about a twelfth of an inch in diameter, will answer, or, when this is not available, a probe of the same size made of gutta percha. A small size will be necessary at first, and after a day or two when that passes easily, a larger one, until finally the orifice is easily dilatable and milking sufficiently free. In every case the probe should be well oiled, and introduced with caution, so as to avoid injury to the internal parts. A silver tube should be warmed before it is introduced.

Clipping Queens—Italianizing.

In reply to a correspondent who wanted to know how to clip the wings of the queen and when to do it, also how to Italianize his black bees, the American Bee Journal says, "During fruit bloom, or early white clover, we have found the most convenient time for clipping a queen's wing. By lifting a frame gently from the hive so as not to frighten the queen or anger the bees, with a small pair of scissors and a steady nerve, the wing can be clipped off without the queen scarcely knowing it. If, however, you are nervous in movement, better lift the queen by grasping her gently at the fore part where the wings join the body, and deliberately cut off about one-third of one wing. Care must be observed not to grasp her by the abdomen. The great majority of your bees being blacks, you will have to cut out the drone comb very closely from the blacks, then stimulate your Italian colony rapidly, both by stimulative feeding and giving sheets of worker brood from your black colonies; then insert drone combs to get drone eggs and brood as soon as possible. When you have Italian drone brood capped, remove the queen into black colony, and let the Italian colony build queen cells. When these are ripe, remove your black queens or form queen-testing nuclei from your black colonies, and thirty-six or forty-eight hours after graft in the queen's cells. If you have been successful in forwarding Italian drones and suppressing those from the blacks, your work will be easily accomplished; otherwise it will be quite difficult."

Good and Bad Table Manners.

Some people eat instinctively with great elegance; some never achieve elegance in these minor matters, but all should strive for for it. There is no more repulsive object than a person who eats noisily, grossly, inelegantly. Dr. Johnson is remembered for his brutal way of eating almost as much as for his great learning and genius. With him it was selfish preoccupation.

Fish and fruits are eaten with silver knives and forks; or if silver fish knives are not provided, a piece of bread can be held in the left hand. Fish corrodes a steel knife.

Never tilt a soup plate for the last drop or ostentatiously scrape your plate clean.

A part of table manners should be the conversation. By mutual consent, every one should bring only of the best that is in him to the table. There should be the greatest care taken in the family circle to talk of only agreeable topics at meals.

The mutual forbearance which prompts the neat dress, the respectful bearing, the delicate habit of eating, the attention to table ettiquette, should also make the mind put on its best dresss, and the effort of any one at a meal should be to make himself or herself appear as agreeable as possible.

Do not show any haste in being helped; any displeasure at being left until the last. It is always proper at an informal meal to ask for a second cut, to say that rare or undone beef is more to your taste than the more cooked portions.

But one never asks twice for soup or fish; one is rarely helped twice at dessert. These dishes, also salad, are supposed to admit of but one helping.

Canadian Experience With Cattle.

The superintendent of the model farm at Guelph, Canada, gives as below the results of some experiments made there in cattle breeding:

1. A steady, frosty winter is better than an open one in feeding cattle.
2. An averge two or three year old steer will eat its own weight of different materials in two weeks.
3. Two or three year old cattle will add one-third of a pound more per day to their weight upon prepared hay and roots than upon the same materials unprpeared.
4. It is thirty per cent. more profitable to premature and dispose of fattening cattle at two years old than to keep them up to three years.
5. There is no loss in feeding a cattle beast well upon a variety of materials for the sake of manure alone.
6. Farm-yard manure from well-fed cattle three years old is worth an average of $2.30 per ton.
7. A three-year-old cattle beast, well fed, will give at least one ton of manure every month of winter.
8. No cattle beast whatever will pay for the direct increase to its weight from the consumption of any kind or quantity of food.
9. On an average it costs twelve cents for every additional pound of flesh added to the weight of a two or three year old fattening steer.
10. In Canada the market value of store cattle can be increased thirty-six per cent. during six months of finishing by good feeding.
11. In order to secure a safe profit, no store-cattle beast, well done to can be sold at less than four and one-half cents per pound (live weight).
12. In the fattening of wethers, to finish as shearings, the Cotswold and Leicester grades can be made up two hundred pounds, the Oxford Down 180 pounds, and the South Down (grade) 160 pounds each, live weight.

The Gentle Codfish.

From the Larimie Boomerang.

This tropical bird very seldom wings his way so far west as Wyoming. He loves the sea breezes and the humid atmosphere of the Atlantic ocean, and when isolated in this mountain clime pines for his native home.

The codfish cannot sing, but is prized for his beautiful plumage and seductive odor.

The codfish of commerce is devoid of digestive apparatus and is more or less permeated with salt.

Codfish on toast is not so expensive as quail on toast.

The codfish ball is made of the shattered remains of the adult codfish mixed with the tropical Irish potato of commerce.

The codfish has a great wealth of glad, unfettered smile. When he laughs at anything he has that same wide waste of mirth and back teeth that Mr. Talmage has. The Wyoming codfish is generally dead. Death in most cases is the result of exposure and loss of appetite. No one can look at the codfish of commerce and not shed a tear. Far from home, with his system filled with salt, while his internal economy is gone, there is an air of sadness and home-sickness and briny hopelessness about him that no one can see unmoved.

It is in our home life, however, that the codfish makes himself felt and remembered. When he enters our household we feel his all pervading presence, like the perfume of wood violets or the seductive oder of a dead mouse in the piano.

Friends may visit us and go away to be forgotten with the advent of new faces but the cold, calm, silent corpse of the codfish cannot be forgotten. Its chastened influence permeates the entire ranch. It steals into the parlor like an unbidden guest and flavors the costly curtains and the high priced lambrequins. It enters the dark closet and dallies lovingly with our swallowtail coat. It goes into your sleeping apartment and makes its home in your glove box and handkerchief case.

That is why we say it is a solemn thing to take the life of a codfish. We would not do it. We would pass him by a thousand times, no matter how ferocious he might be, rather than take his life and have our once happy home haunted forever by his unholy presence.

The Kiss of History.

From the Philadelphia Press.

It was with a kiss that the dark-browed Judas gave the preordained sign; it was a kiss by which King Ahaseuerus signified to the trembling Esther that her fortunes were no longer at the caprice of the mercurial Haman. A kiss dismissed the hapless Essex to the melancholy death which the whimsical love of the ferocious Elizabeth made a dagger in her life forever after. It was a kiss that lulled the victims of Lucretia Borgia's innumerable intriagues to the noisome dungeons of the Castle d'Estes. A kiss was the sign that the perfidious Queen Kathrine de Medici made to the token of the weak king's assent to the massacre of S. Bartholomew. Brutus made his treachery to his benefactor more odious by a miscreant kiss at the very moment his dagger was uncovered for the slaughter of his adopted father. William the Conqueror saluted his confiding kinsman Harold, on both cheeks at the moment he meditated wresting his kingdom from him. The kiss is quite as often the sign of infidelity as it is the amenities of love. The kiss, in its worst and most intolerable form, however, is when it is a mere functionary observance. What meaning can a fusilade, that salutes a bride, have to a sensitive soul? The smack of a minister, it is true, gives official, or perhaps sacr edotal completeness to a ceremony now stripped of some of its ancient, unprescriptive picturesqueness. On entering the battle of old, the knight graciously saluted the company by a kiss on the blade of the sword. At the battle of Ivy, old chronicles relate that the gallant knights of France deliberately drew up in line, and raising their swords, kissed their blades, then set impetuously forward with the lance. If Homer is to be taken literally, the honest heroes of the Illiad made the kiss preface nearly every undertaking, from the sacrifice of a bird to the delivery of a battle. Achilles actually stopped a combat in order to give Paris time to go and kiss Helen. Men and women have been known to risk life and fortune merely to pledge their troth in the passing ecstacy of a kiss. The mere sensual gratification of lip meeting lip is not the inspiration that flows from the touching of the lip. Kisses are the treble and cleffs that mark the perfect melody in the song and sympathy of life.

FLORENCE VANE.

I loved thee long and dearly,
Florence Vane;
My life's bright dream and early
Hath come again;
I renew in my fond vision
My heart's dear pain,
My hopes and thy derision,
Florence Vane!

The ruin, lone and hoary,
The ruin old,
Where thou didst hark my story,
At even told;
That spot, the hues elysian
Of sky and plain,
I treasure in my vision,
Florence Vane!

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
In their prime;
Thy voice excelled the closes
Of sweetest rhyme;
Thy heart was as a river
Without a main,
Would I had loved thee never,
Florence Vane!

But fairest, coldest wonder,
Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under;
Alas the day!
And it boots not to remember
Thy disdain,
To quicken love's cold ember,
Florence Vane!

The lilies-of-the-valley
By young graves weep;
The daisies love to dally
Where young maidens sleep.
May their bloom in beauty vying,
Never wane
Where thine earthly part is lying,
Florence Vane!
—Philip Pendleton Cooke.

TOM HALIFAX, M. D.

She had been resting her head upon her hand, full of thought, when suddenly she heard the sound of horse's hoofs clatterng down the street. She looked up wondering who the rider could be, and looking up half startled. It was Dr. Halifax himself, and as he reached the gate, he slackened his speed, and, dismounting, came up the garden walk with a hurried step. She did not wait for the servants, but stepping into the hall flung open the shade blinds in response to his summons and stood before him.

He certainly did not expect to see her, but he did not wince, merely bowing, and coloring slightly.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Ashby," he said; "but I have come to solicit charity on the behalf of one of my patients. I am not a rich man myself," with the calm, handsome eyes on her face, "and your father told me that I might rely upon him in this terrible trouble."

"I am very glad to be of service," said Bessie. "What is most needed, Dr. Halifax?"

He made a few suggestions, as he thought proper, and under his directions, she filled a large basket with food and wine. It seemed as though he was at least ten year's older, and Bessie's heart grew very full at the sight of his pale, grave face as she completed her task.

"Can I do nothing more?" she asked, as she gave him the basket. "O, Dr. Halifax, if I only could!" And in spite of herself, the thick gathering tears filled her eyes.

He looked surprised, and then his face softened. "Thank you!" he replied. I will remember what you have said."

When Tom Halifax mounted his horse again, it was with a thrill of pleasureable pain and a backward glance at the slender figure on the piazza. He had looked down upon the pretty face beneath its veiling curls, the wet lashes and tremulous mouth, thinking a little sadly of the days when her eyes would have met his with a warmer glow. Yes, it all came to the same thing in the end. The old wound was not completely healed, and a soft glance from the girlish eyes had it throbbing again almost as fiercely as ever. That night he came upon Captain Housted.

"Can not I help you, Halifax?" said the kind hearted fellow. "You are killing yourself. Let me do something, if it is only to grind powders."

"You must not run the risk of infection," said Tom. "You have something at home to take care of."

"Yes," said captain Fred. "But I don't think the little somebody cares much." His voice had stopped a tone or so, and he was tapping his boots with his whip, as though musingly.

"Ask her," suggested Tom, with a short laugh, that most choked him.

"I am going to ask her to-night" said the captain, raising his head suddenly, with a half smile. "It's all a lottery, you know. It remains to be proven whether my prize is a blank or not."

Three hours later Bessie stood with her cousin in the garden.

"It is no use," she said with impetuous tremor. "I don't love you, Cousin Fred—at least, not as I must love the man I marry. I thought I did, but lately"—She stopped, dropping her face, and then added, almost in a whisper: "I have been very wicked and foolish. Please forgive me!"

The captain looked down a little gravely. "When did you change your mind, Bessie?"

"A few weeks ago, since this dreadful plague. It made me think, and I saw that—I had not been doing rightly."

It was fully three minutes before Fred Housted spoke again.

"See here, Bessie!" he said, at last, "I am learning something too. I never believed the gossip before now"—a moment's pause, and his smothered doubt burst forth; "Bessie why did you quarrel with Tom Halifax?"

"Oh, Fred, don't!" she said.

"Don't cry," said Fred. "I want to know the truth."

I have said Bessie Ashby never did anything by halves. In her grief and excitement she forgot she had flirted with her cousin; forgot about the position;" forgot everything, but that she was frightened, and miserable and tired of acting.

"I have been so horribly selfish," she sobbed. "I didn't think I cared so much, and he was poor, and then we quarreled, and I thought I could like you well enough. I don't think I should have been so wicked, but he was so proud, and things got worse every day; but lately it has come back, and I can't help it."

"You have not treated me well, Bessie," said the honest young captain after a short silence. Men don't want women to marry them because 'they think they can like them well enough;' but I think you see how you have wronged me. It is all over now, so we will say no more about it."

I have said before that hearts do not break. They may stretch and perhaps suffer a little in the rebound, but really breaking is out of the question; and warm and true though our brave captain's might be, it was not likely to disgrace the general india rubber reputation by snapping, even in this painful strain; so pray do not blame poor, penitent Bessie for any misfortunes which may hereafter befall him.

The next morning Dr. Halifax met his rival in the street.

"I prophesied rightly, old fellow," said the gentleman, quietly. "The affirmative proves to be a negative after all."

"Mademoiselle is changeable," said Tom. "I hope I am not going to have you for a patient, Housted. You are as pale as a ghost."

"Broken heart," laughed the Captain. "No, I don't think you will. The warmth gives me a slight headache; that is all."

But there was something more. As the day grew the slight headache became a severe one, throbbing and pulsing, the pale face flushed, and the strong limbs trembled and failed as they had never done before.

At about 6 o'clock, as Tom sat in his office writing out some pres riptions, Captain Housted entered the room and staggered into a chair.

"I am afraid you are going to have a patient, Halifax," he said, smiling feebly. "I feel rather faint." And as he said it he dropped his deathly face upon the table and lay there without moving.

He had braved it a long time, but the dreadful pest had come upon him at last. Tom sent for Colonel Ashby, and the sick man was carried home. At the door Bessie met them with a pale face but steady eyes.

"She ought to have been sent away," said Tom:

"But I am not afraid," she answered, firmly. "Please let me stay."

I daresay you will decide that Dr. Halifax was shockingly unstable when I tell you that from that time his mind began to waver as regarded Bessie Ashby. Meeting her every day in her cousin's sick room it was not easy to feel cold and stern. She was so sweet and girlish in her new humility, now the old capricious coquetry was thrown aside, and in all her appealing obedience to his orders he could not fail to see a little sensitive fear which sometime troubled but always stirred his heart. He must take care of her, too; every shadow that crossed the pretty face must be inquired into. He was not going to fall in love again, of course; he was merely doing his duty as a medical man. Still, it was rather interesting.

Capt. Housted was the last serious case of sickness, but it was a very severe one. For months the poor fellow's life lay trembling in the balance—one day fevered and delirious, the next seemingly sinking into death. But in time he began to struggle through it, and, thanks to Tom's skill and patience, the shadowy face began to lighten with a faint glimmer of returning strength.

Gradually the fearful scourge weakened its power, and little by little seemed passing away. There were still patients to be visited, and work to be done, but the awful rage of the pestilence had swept by. Then it was that Tom Halifax began to reap his reward. People who had never heard of him six months before sent for him in all critical cases. Men of wealth and high standing in society courted his acquaintance as the brave young doctor who did his work so nobly throughout the sickness at Dorning. Men and women pointed him out to each other on the street, saying, "But for him I should have been laid in my grave." "When my old mother died he was the last man she knew." "When we were in trouble he worked for us day and night. God bless him!" Had there been nothing else, the warm, loyal young heart would have thrilled with tender thankfulness at the simple gratitude of the humble sufferers to whom he seemed almost a Savior but apart from this, reality came to him.

There was no lack of practice now, and the name and fortune that had seemed so far away a year ago, became a promise of truth. Of course as yet they were not quite perfected, but still each day brought them nearer, and showed something of solid advancement in life and prospect. The Chateaux en Espagne were beginning to stand on a substantial foundation. Perhaps this might have made him very happy. Naturally he felt thankful, but being a very warm hearted and (in some things) a very unscientific M. D., he could not feel quite restful.

The truest of all truths is, that whatever we love, we can forgive, and whatever we forgive, it is not difficult to love. Bessie Ashby had refused Capt. Housted. Why had she done it? Could it be that her foolish little heart was subdued at last? It is easy to be magnanimous when the injurer is a pretty girl whom one has loved. If this were more than a simple record, I should certainly decide that my hero should not forgive my heroine under any circumstances, and consequently should doom them both to misery and despair. But as it is, I am compelled to say that Tom Halifax, M. D., forgave Bessy Ashby, for the simple reason that, in spite of her faults, he loved her.

And Bessie? During her cousin's sickness she had learned the extent of the M. D.'s power. She had found out that she could look up to him and rely on his strength, that she could trust him implicitly. She began to discover that he had a higher object in view than the regard for self, which had been the one ruling power of her life, and his example taught her the true nobility of generous sacrifice. Still, in spite of the change in the hearts of both, they had not advanced much outwardly from the old coldness. But in the second month of Capt. Housted's illness the denouement came, as a denouement always comes unexpectedly.

One evening there had been a slight return of fever, and after a heavy sleep the patient awakened, restless and wandering. Bessie was standing at one side of the bed, and Dr. Halifax at the other, holding the captain's hand as he opened his eyes.

"It was you she loved after all Halifax," he said, smiling faintly. "I am 'only Cousin Fred.'"

The blood rushed into Bessie's face. The handsome eyes told her they understood—told her with one glance that burnt her cheek and set her heart beating swiftly. The next moment she rushed by him and left the room.

Half an hour after Dr. Halifax came down stairs and walked straight into the parlor as though with some object in view. A very pretty figure stood revealed in the dusky light by the window—a pretty head, with long, shining curls, resting upon an equally pretty hand. I wonder if Miss Ashby knew what was comming? Certainly her pulse fluttered very fast, and she looked out into the garden quite resolutely.

"Bessie!"

She did not move.

"Bessie!"

He certainly was a determined gentleman, this Dr. Halifax, for he drew the pretty hands away and turned Miss Ashby to the light.

"Was it true?" he whispered, bending very low over her.

The long curls drooped a little nearer. It really looked as if Miss Ashby was going over to the enemy.

"I—I think it was," she said, very softly, "I think it has been true for a long time, Dr. Halifax."

It was dreadfully undignified, but Miss Ashby has positively made an unconditional surrender, and the curls lay in a shining heap against Dr. Halifax's broad shoulder.

"My dear little girl," he said tenderly kissing the pretty, tremulous face. "My dear, dear little girl, how happy you have made me."

What more have I to say? I have ended my record, bringing both hero and heroine through their adventures, and leaving them in a proper dramatic position. I have only to tell you that Captain Housted has proved my theory of the elasticity of hearts, and recovering from his sickness, recovered from his disappointment in a very sensible and decorous manner. In all probability he forgot his penchant for brown eyes and married a blonde. If he did, could there be a better proof that love is a lottery, and "variety the spice of life."

The Arab Soldier's Wife.

Gen. Colston in Bulletin American Geographical Society.

On my second expedition to Kokdofan, one of the soldiers of my escort, rejoicing in the name of Abou-la-nane, came to me on the eve of our departure from Cairo and stated that he had married a wife from a village far up the Nile. Would I permit him to take his wife on the boat and leave her at her village with her relatives? Otherwise she would starve from misery in Cairo. This was probably a subterfuge, but I consented. Arriving at the village after several days, Abou-la-nane came and said that all his wife's relatives were dead, and if she was left there she would starve more certainly than in Cairo. "Would his Excellency the Rev. (that was myself) permit him to take her along?" I told him that if he did she would certainly die in the desert from the hardships we would have to encounter, and which none but strong men could hope to resist. But he was a good casuist, this son of Islam, and he argued that she would certainly die of want in her village, but she might survive in the desert. Finally he gained his point. The fact is she was a useful servant to him, as are all wives of the lower class. She cooked for him, brought fuel and water, kept his clothes in order, as well as the little shelter-tent, which he had blarneyed the Arab Quartermaster to let him have for their separate establishment From my observation they got along as well as most couples in their rank of life. When she displeased him he used to administer a gentle correction, but it was done in a paternal way, and not at all in that brutal style of wife-pounding that is too often seen in Christian lands. One night at Dongola, on the Upper Nile, after retreat, the whole camp was startled by the wails and moanings of Hafizah, the soldier's wife. He had become jealous of the attentions of the sergeant of the artillery, and in a fit of rage he pronounced the dread sentence: "Entee talleekh beetalateh—be thou divorced thrice." She published her woe to the world, and invoked all the curses of Allah and his prophet on her husband's father and all his forefather's to the remotest generation, according to the retrospective Arab manner of cureing in the oblique cases, never like the Saxon who blanks your eyes and blanks your soul with the most refreshing directness. "Might the dogs defile his father's grave for bringing her so far from home to divorce her in a strange land and leave her to perish." By the time morning had come it repented Abou-la-nane the having divorced his Hefizah. But what was to be done? The sentence was irrevocable. Fortunately, there were no witnesses, and he stoutly denied having used the triple formula, only the simple one. So they went before the Cadi and got married again, and everything was altogether lovely. I may as well state here that my kind treatment of Abou-la-nane and his wife was "bread cast on the waters." When in the heart of Kordofan, soldiers and servants were dying or prostrated by fevers, and I was at the point of death, this little, weak, puny woman was never sick a day, and did all the cooking and washing at headquarters when no one else could be found to do it. When I was transported back to Cairo Abou-la-nane was detained as one of my escort, and he returned safely to Cairo with his wife.

THE GERMAN ARMY.

Why Count Von Moltke Could Afford to be in no Haste After War was Declared With France.

A few days after war had been declared between France and Prussia, in 1870, an embassador met Marshal (then General) Von Moltke sauntering in the Freidrich's strassa at Berlin, with his hands behind his back and his eyes roaming placidly among the shop windows. The diplomatist stopped to exchange a few words with the soldier, but soon broke off, saying: "I will not detain you further, general, as you must be very busy at this moment." "Oh, no, I'm not busy at all," answered the chief of staff. "Our orders have been given, and as soon as the army is mobilized I shall go to my duty."

When Napolen III's armies were already in full retreat after Reischoffed and Forbach, scores of French railroad stations were incumbered with tons of stores which had been bought at the last moment and had no time to reach the front. Many of these goods were subsequently plundered or destroyed in vindictive spite by the mobiles. The mobiles of Chalons, hearing that there were barrels of brandy for the ambulances at Chalons station, made a raid upon the goods depot and destroyed kegs of chloroform, arnica, laudanum, besides scattering several thousand pounds' worth of drugs, tea, coffee, sugar and rice. There is no pedantry in the prudence which consists in utilizing the time of peace to make ready for all the necessities of war. Such prudence saves many lives, much money, and goes far toward insuring victory. When Marshal Lebœuf told the French chambers that they could embark on war without fear, as everything had been provided, "even to the last gaiter button," he spoke words which ought to have been literally true, which were true in Germany, and are true to-day. There every regiment has its depot of service kits, which can be served out to the men at an hour's notice; and every army corps has its depot of general stores, ambulance wagons, field telegraph apparatus and banking-cars, in a complete state of efficiency. Practically the army can be mobilized instantaneously, for the calling out of the reserves need not delay the departure of the men in actual service. As fast as the reserve join their regimental depots they are equipped in kits ready and waiting for them. They receive condensed food (erbwurst and biscuit) enough to victual them for seven days, and are sent after their comrades as fast as possible by train. All the railroad lines in Germany can be requisitioned for military service in the time that it may require to dispatch half a dozen telegrams, and every general and colonel knows exactly to what locality in the seat of war he must betake himself. Information on this subject is furnished in printed manuals, clearly worded, which are issued at the first signs of a coming war with any state. Wars never break out without a few weeks' prelude of diplomatic negotiation, and this period is employed by the German war office in issuing the manuals just mentioned, and in distributing maps of the country to be invaded to all the officers. As for the plan of the campaign, it is ready, like every thing else. Among the most secret archives of the war office and of the emperor's palace are plans for every possible sort of campaign with any nation on the continent. They have all been naturally concocted in councils held by the leading generals, and, though unforeseen circumstances may cause them to be modified in some particulars, yet the general outlines of them remain available. And in any case what changes have to be introduced are all made during the "diplomatic period," while the embassadors from Berlin are spinning out negotiations in order to give their generals time to arrange tactics. When war is declared the cry is "Fortig!" (ready!) the army starts into motion as if touched by a spring, and the chief of the staff can quite well afford to take a cool and cheerful stroll down the Friedrich's strasse as Marshal von Moltke did.

Gov. Blackburn Confirmed.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

At Christ church yesterday the rite of confirmation was administered by Bishop Dudley to his excellency, Luke P. Blackburn, the governor of Kentucky. There was about the ceremony nothing of an unusual character, and the interest that attaches to it is merely that which pertains to the public avowal of a belief in the faith and an acceptance of the tenets of religious association on the part of one who has been so long and so well known as a non-professor of religion, After that portion of the ritual which precedes the singing of the first hymn had been read, notice was given that the candidates for confirmation would take their places at the altar-rail during the rendition of this part of the service. Whilst choir and congregation were singing:

"Accept, my Lord, my heart this day,
And keep it always Thine,
That I from thee may never stray,
Nor from thine way decline."

Gov. Blackburn passed out of his pew and advanced into the chancel, where he was met by Bishop Dudley. At the close of the hymn the usual services prepared for the admission of persons into the church was read, and the chief executive of Kentucky was made a member of the Protestant Episcopal church. During the services both Gov. and Mrs. Blackburn (the latter sat in one of the front pews) seemed much affected, and tears of penitence on the one hand and joy on the other coursed down their cheeks. For many years Mrs. Blackburn has been a devout member of Christ church; and the confirmation of her husband, now in his sixty-sixth year, must afford her a peculiar joy.

J. J. Newell will have a hearing before the house committee on judiciary next Tuesday on the charges of corruption he has preferred against the Texas Pacific and members of congress whose names have not yet been disclosed.