

General Miscellany.

THE SUNKEN CITY.

BY HENRY ARBET.

I walked beside a quiet sea,
At twilight, while the west was gray
And clear, though faint and far away;
Through the still water, forth to me,
Voices of bells came dreamily;
No breeze more manifest than they.

MISS LASCELLES' DISAPPEARANCE.

"Are you going to Saratoga, Nina?"
"No."
"Too Long Branch, then?"
"No."
"Too the White Hills?"
"No."
"Then where are you going?" was the general cry.
"I am going to disappear," answered Miss Lascelles; and it was the only answer her curious friends could get from her, let them try as they would.

would have been astonished to learn that this handsome young woman was no other than the tall little heiress she had shaken her head over so doubtfully nine years before. Such an idea never occurred to her, either that it was that particular heiress or any heiress at all; for it was not precisely a Saratoga wardrobe that Nina had brought to Stoneborough; and then, through some misunderstanding at the outset, Mrs. Hutchins had taken up the notion that her lodgers were relatives. Miss Lascelles did not correct an error which was so very convenient for her purpose, since under a strange name, she would escape a good deal of the watching and gossip which, in her own proper person, she would have had to encounter.

the young doctor "was makin' up to Miss Neeny," in which fancy they were not wholly at fault. In fact, as Jimmy grew better his doctor grew worse, and by the time one could go on crutches the other was quite helpless.
If practice makes perfect, it is not to be doubted that Miss Lascelles said no with the utmost grace—at least she would have done so, only that this time, perhaps for variety's sake, she chose to say Yes instead. Was she crazy enough, then, to engage herself to an entire stranger? No, for, as it happened, he was not quite a stranger to her. She speedily discovered that this Dr. Hilton was a person of whom she had heard a great deal before having seen him; no other than a certain cousin of her friend Mrs. Chudleigh. His devotion to his profession in general and his poor patients in particular, his indifference to society—in a word, his oddity—were grievances on which Mrs. Chudleigh was never tired of decanting, so that Nina was almost as familiar with his character and pursuits as if he had been a personal acquaintance.

express herself—"I don't know what the world is coming to! Both of you! Why—the fact of being together once more recurring to her preoccupation—"perhaps you have been in the same place, that Stone—Stone place?"
"Yes," answered Nina; "it was in Stoneborough I met Dr. Hilton."
"Such an opportunity thrown away!" plaintively murmured Mrs. Chudleigh to herself. "And the hay-maker"—raising her voice—"who is he? another of the Pratt family?"
"Allow me to formally present him," said Miss Lascelles, laying her hand on Dr. Hilton's arm. "This is the hay-maker, Mrs. Chudleigh."
"And this is the milkmaid," said the young man, covering the hand with his own.

About Bathing.
WHEN refinement has reached another step beside furnaces and pipes for providing water, each house will have its distilling apparatus, which provides the purest water for drinking and bathing, and nobody will any more think of drinking undistilled water than they do now of eating brown sugar when they can get white. Her Majesty the Queen of England uses nothing but distilled water for her toilette, and the luxury and softness of such a bath are so great that no one will consent to forego it when once used to its indulgence. A small still costs five dollars, and would provide all the water that is needed for family use. It should be kept in action all the time, and fill a close reservoir for bathing, while that for cooking and drinking should be freshly distilled each day. A simple substitute, where a still can not be had, is a tea-kettle, with close cover and gutta-percha or lead pipe fastened to the spout, and leading through a pan of cold water into a jar for holding the distilled water. The steam from the boiler goes off through the tube, and cools under the cold water, and runs off pure into the receiver. Where houses are heated by steam they may be amply provided with distilled water, I am told, by adding a pipe to one of the tubular heaters, that will carry steam into a cooler, from which the pure water may run day and night. Besides the distilled water baths, there should be facilities in the complete household for the vapor bath at any time. This is invaluable in colds, rheumatism, congestions and neuralgia. The readiest substitute is the rush-bottomed chair and saucer of alcohol. A sulphur bath requires a shallow pan of coals with a water vessel above it, and an elevated seat above the whole. Sulphur is thrown on the coals, which mingles with the steam, and enters the system by the pores, which are opened by the vapor. The patient, brazier, and chair must be enveloped with a waterproof covering in the close manner, leaving only the head exposed, so that no sulphurous vapor can possibly be breathed, as that would be suffocation at once. In regular bathing establishments the patient sits in a wooden box, having a cover which fits tight about the neck, leaving the head out, and this box is filled with steam by a pipe, and the vapor impregnated with sulphur from a spoonful of it burning in one corner of the box. It is difficult, if not impossible, to administer a sulphur bath without proper and special appliances.

The Grievs of Childhood.

These bitter sorrows of childhood! when sorrow is all new and strange, when hope has not yet got wings to fly beyond the day and weeks, and the space from summer to summer seems measureless. "Ah, my child, you will have real troubles to fret about by-and-by," is the consolation we have almost all of us had administered to us in our childhood, and have repeated to other children, since we have been grown up. We have all of us sobbed so piteously, standing with tiny bare legs above our little socks, when we lost sight of our mother or nurse in some strange place; but we can no longer recall the poignancy of that moment and weep over it, as we do over the remembered sufferings of five or ten years ago. Every one of those keen moments has left its trace, and lives in us still, but such traces have bent themselves irretrievably with the firmer texture of our youth and manhood; and so it comes that we can look on at the troubles of our children with a smiling disbelief in the reality of their pain. Is there any one who can recover the experience of his childhood, not merely with a memory of what he did and what happened to him, of what he liked and disliked when he was in frock and trousers, but with an intimate penetration, a revived consciousness of what he felt then—when it was so long from one misadventure to another? what he felt when his schoolfellows shut him out of their game because he would pitch the ball wrong out of mere willfulness; or on a rainy day in the holidays, when he didn't know how to amuse himself, and fell from idleness into mischief, from mischief into defiance, and from defiance into sulks; or when his mother absolutely refused to let him have a talked-out "half," although every other boy of his age had gone into tails already? Surely if we could recall that early bitterness, and the dim guesses, the strangely perspective conception of life that gave the bitterness its intensity, we should not pool-pool the griefs of our children. Childhood has no forebodings; but then, it is soothed by memories of outlived sorrow.—Exchange.

Canada Thistle.

The leaves of this pest are oblong, the margins armed with sharp spines; flowers, rose purple. It is common in sandy, or dry uncultivated fields, East, and to a considerable extent, West. It may easily be recognized from its flowers and from its smooth, or slightly woolly leaves, and from the fact that once established it continues to occupy the ground thickly; and, also, from its habit of spreading when once established on well drained soils natural to its growth. This pest cannot be eradicated by simply cutting when in blossom, as can the biennial varieties which, springing from the seed one year, blossom and mature the next, and die after having sent out colonies of seeds to be wafted wherever the wind blows. The Canada thistle is perpetuated both by seed and from its widely creeping roots. In vain will commissioners appointed by the State, cut it down. Like the hydra of old fable, new heads will spring up to vex the owner of the land upon which it has found a lodgment. It must be eradicated, either by smothering with mulch, so that nothing can grow; by sowing salt sufficient to kill not only the thistle but all other vegetation which may be growing on the land; or else, by a summer fallow that shall allow no green thing to appear. In fields where this pest has made its appearance, it may be killed by planting to such crops as shall allow such thorough cultivation that no weeds of any kind are permitted to grow; for Canada thistle, like every other plant, cannot exist and form new growth if no top be permitted to remain green. In the West, where the fields as a general rule are free from stumps, rocks, and even small stones, this is comparatively easy; but in timbered regions, abounding in stumps and the remains of logs, and, in many sections of the East, where there are rock and large stones in the soil, it is more difficult of eradication; for, once killed, the flying seeds continually find a lodgment, where they are again to be fought. The real difficulty is not in killing the young seedling plant, for once cut up it is dead; but if its branching roots have attained a size and age sufficient for reproducing plants, the difficulty is greatly enhanced. The commissioners, therefore, appointed in the West to take charge of the Canada thistle will only have done a small part of their work in having the plants cut before seeding. This will prevent the seeding of distant fields, but will not destroy the propagation in fields already infested.—Western Rural.

How to Dress a Sheep.

It may be of interest to some of our readers to learn how to dress a sheep properly, because a great deal of flavor depends upon how this operation is performed. We give directions how to avoid this ill flavor, which arises from the absorption by the meat of the gases from the intestines, which, as the outside of the carcass cools, cannot escape, and are, therefore, absorbed by the flesh. There is a simple remedy. As soon as the animal is dead, let the hide be slit up from the brisket to the tail, and to the knees, by a quick motion of a sharp-pointed knife inserted beneath the skin. Strip the skin from the belly and the ribs and legs, so that it will be out of the way of the intestines. Then open the sheep immediately and disembowel it. All this ought to be the work of about one minute or two, or if it occupies five there will not be sufficient time for the carcass to cool sufficiently to cause any unpleasant taste. Then proceed to strip the skin from the back of the carcass. A sheep should be killed by thrusting a sharp knife through the back of the wind-pipe, without touching it, however, but cutting the arteries, and as soon as the knife is inserted it should be twisted round as if to make a round hole; there will then be no mistake made in cutting the arteries, and the death of the animal will be comparatively painless and rapid.—Gentleman's Magazine.

—Rev. Dr. Wild, of the Seventh Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn (late of Canada), writes to the Canada Christian Advocate in opposition to the proposed union of the Methodist bodies in the Dominion. If the Methodist Episcopal Church remains faithful he anticipates returning to her fold again; but he declares he can never be a member of the United Church.