## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[illegible]

## WORLDLY PRIDE.

Oh, she should be queen of merits to preside
[illegible]
—Young.

The lustre from the gewgaw is not taken
[illegible]
—Young.

Thereby lost from the heaven lost a star
[illegible]
—Young.

How independent is another man!—Fox Walpole.

How fading are the joys we hunt among!
[illegible]
—J. Montgomery.

We make the every one look, and [illegible]
[illegible]

Life's a long tragedy, they say, the stage
[illegible]
—Young.

And the dramas in parts are but dull to age
[illegible]
—Young.

There's no substantial as a wound one gets
[illegible]
—Young.

Happiness enjoy where Fortune off [illegible]
[illegible]
—Young.

Man's yesterday may never be like his morrow
[illegible]
—Spenser.

For frequently to repent and repine of such [illegible]
—Spenser.

Thick are the subtleties of the live critic.
—C. M. Kennedy.

They pass upon you, only [illegible] [illegible]
—Miss [illegible]

Hiding and change from no something rise
[illegible]
—Pope.

The man forgot he [illegible] that [illegible] is to rise to life.
—Akenside.

And oh! believe me, who have known it, [illegible]
—Mathew.

To me it is as idle to commend memory
[illegible]
—J. Mason.

Yet [illegible] knows that power [illegible]
[illegible]
—Shakespeare.

[illegible] in the morning is [illegible]
—Fletcher.

Man's but the tool of circumstances power,
—Stuart.

A schoolly castle, the sanctuary of the hour.
—Byron.

Grasp not at much, for fear thou lose all.
—Herbert.

One statesman rises on another's fall.
—R. Browne.

But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand.
—Dryden.

The steps of its ascent are cut in sand.
—Robert Mallock.

All, feel, to fruit in a glory so vain.—Beattie.

How little of life's scanty span may remain.
—Burns.

Honor's the darling of but one short day;
—[illegible]

Be the fashion of that short processing.
—Bible.

Why on such sands by spirit's temple rear?
—Shakespeare.

A sacred buffer in this life we bear.
—Francis Kimball.

The good to pain by hard shall [illegible] [illegible]
—Wilcox.

As falls the tree, so lies it, so shall lie.
—Dana.

Death in the port where all may refuge find.
—Sterling.

Unchanged, unpolluted, undisturbed.
—Goldsmith.

—Mrs. H. A. Deming.

## COUSIN CAROLINE'S DIAMONDS.

My aunt, Mrs. General Musgrove, is a very remarkable woman. Tall and upright as a dart, with sparkling black eyes, and thick bandeaux of jet-black hair, with scarce a thread of silver in it, she looks in them, she might easily be taken for fifty, instead of sixty-five. She manages her large estate here well, and does it admirably; in fact, the world calls her strong-minded.

After the marriage of her daughters, and the establishment in life of her sons, she sold her house in New York and took up her permanent residence at Ravenswood, her handsome country-seat on the Hudson, which was within twenty minutes' drive of the Waterdale Station, and just an hour and a half from New York by rail. Here she dwelt in a sort of state seclusion, receiving constant visits from one or the other of her married children. I was a frequent guest myself, being something of a favorite with my aunt, who used, sometimes, to remark that "Lizzy had no nonsense about her."

These family reunions usually took place at Christmas. But, one year, it chanced that Thanksgiving was selected, because one of my younger cousins was going abroad. It was a very brilliant affair, and all the famous Musgrove silver was sent up from the bank at New York for the occasion. The guests, however, only remained for a day. All had left, either by the midnight train for New York, on the same evening, or by the earliest one on the following morning. By noon the next day my aunt and I were left alone.

Our first business was to count and pack the silver, which was always sent back, immediately, to the bank in New York. My aunt used to say that nothing would induce her to keep it in her house. Of her own servants she felt perfectly sure. She had four in all: her cook, Bridget O'Donnel, an elderly Irishwoman, who had lived with her for years; her housemaids, Sarah and Susan, who were sisters and, finally, an all-accomplished Swiss man-servant, called Victor Ducange, who was literally and truly a perfect treasure. There was nothing in the world that Victor could not or would not do. He took charge of the two carriage horses; drove my aunt out; waited at table; and could, in an emergency, even make the beds or get up a dinner. He was always at hand, always noiseless, and never in the way.

"I got him quite by chance, too, my dear," my aunt said. "He used to be the head waiter at the Hotel Metropole, Geneva; but his health broke down [illegible] and he came to New York with the Carrington's when they returned from their last trip to Europe. Such recommendations as I had with him! George Carrington could scarcely say enough in his favor."

Old Bridget, however, heartily disliked him. "That murtherin' thafe of a Frenchman," she used to call the invaluable Swiss. Keeping the peace between these two high functionaries was difficult at times. As to Victor, he never seemed to heed Bridget at all. A shrug of the shoulders, or, at most, a glance of unutterable disdain, was the utmost notice that he took of her.

The day after the Thanksgiving dinner my aunt came to my room, where I was resting after the packing of the silver.

"Only think, Lizzie," she said, "here has Bridget gone and fallen ill to-day, of all the days in the year, when, as you know, Sarah and Susan have both gone down to New York, to be present at their sister's wedding. There isn't a soul in the house to do anything except Victor."

"Bridget ill? Why, what can be the matter?"

"Goodness knows, child. She was as well as possible this morning; but just now she came to me and said that she had such a 'whirling in her head, and such a trimlin' in her legs, that she just had to go up to her room and lie down.' It seems that Victor, who is a good soul, thought her looking rather badly this morning, and gave her some of his prime Swiss bitters; but since taking the dose she has gotten rather worse than better."

Just then Victor's discreet tap was heard at the door, and on being bidden to come in he entered, civil and obsequious as usual.

"If madame will permit me," he said, "I will take charge of all things for a day or two. The maids will be back to-morrow evening; and as for mistress Bridget, she has but a *migraine*—a sickness of the bile; she will be all right if she lies down. If madame will [illegible] what she would like for dinner I shall get it ready for her."

"Oh, thanks, thanks," said my aunt, [illegible] to ask you; but [illegible]," replied Victor. "And now I will go and see about dinner."

The short interval between the afternoon we spent in the library together over the silver. I confess that I nodded more than once over my book, for I was tired with the day's work, and I suspect that my aunt was just as tired. Anyway, it was something of a surprise to us both when we were summoned to dinner by Victor—a ceremony that Anne Musgrove seldom or never exacted, but which she seemed inclined to stick for upon this particular evening.

"I shall not go upstairs," I think. No, Victor, you need not take a light to my dressing-room. You can come and call me whenever dinner is ready."

We occupied our accustomed seats, and I was speedily absorbed in mine. But my aunt began to fidget, being now thoroughly aroused from her digestive ease, and at last she declared that she must go upstairs and wash her hands, and put on a clean collar and cuffs, if she did nothing more.

"No need for your disturbing yourself, child," she added.

"Shall I call Victor to bring you a light, aunt?"

"No. I always keep a candle and matches on my dressing-table." And off she went, with as light and active a step as though her years had been sixteen instead of over sixty.

She was gone for some little time. In fact, dinner was announced, and the soup was waiting to be put on the table when she came hurrying into the dining-room.

"Shivering," she said, with a shiver, rubbing her hands together as she spoke. "I have cold it is in my dressing-room. One feels it the more after sitting so long over that nice, warm fire, in the library. I assure that the soup is quite hot. I declare, I am half frozen."

She really seemed so. I could see that a shudder, now and then, passed over her, as though she were shaken by some irrepressible chill. The soup, however, seemed to reanimate her, and she soon chatted away in as lively a strain as usual.

Victor had achieved wonders in regard to the dinner. A delicious, clear soup, some cold salmon with mayonnaise sauce, and a delicate salmi of chicken, with truffles, succeeded each other in turn, and were warmly praised, especially by my aunt. When the meal was about half concluded my aunt said, suddenly laying down her fork:

"I declare, I had almost forgotten about my letter, Lizzie. You have heard me speak of my niece, Caroline West—my sister Margaret's daughter—who lives in Albany—the Queen of Diamonds, as I used to call her?"

"Yes, aunt, often."

"Well," continued my aunt, drawing a letter bearing the Albany postmark, from her pocket, "when I went upstairs, just now, I chanced to remember that Bridget had brought me up two letters this morning, and that I had put them in the pocket of my dressing-gown without reading them. Afterwards, I was so busy with the silver, and flustered by her illness, that I forgot them. I happened to think of them while upstairs, and it is well that I did, for Caroline is coming to-night to stay with us till the midday express from Waterdale to New York leaves to-morrow; and, moreover, she is going to bring with her all her diamonds."

"All her diamonds? And for what reason?"

My aunt, in answer, opened the letter and scanned its pages.

"Ah, here it is. She says: "My husband has just telegraphed to me that we are to sail for Europe by next Monday's steamer. I am going to bring my diamonds with me, to deposit at Tiffany's, and, as I do not wish to remain all night at a hotel with such a mass of valuable jewels, I shall venture to task your hospitality. I shall bring no baggage, only a small valise, with a change of clothing, and my jewel-cases. Please meet me at the Waterdale Station at a quarter past eight.' That," added my aunt, "is the hour at which the Albany train stops there. So, Victor, I shall want the carriage at a little before eight. I am rather surprised," continued my aunt, turning to me as she spoke, "that Caroline is willing to travel with so much valuable property about her. Those diamonds of hers are worth, at the very lowest calculation, fifty thousand dollars."

"Fifty thousand dollars! Aunt, you surprise me."

"Did you not know that Mr. West has a perfect craze for collecting precious stones, particularly diamonds. Every time that he and Carrie go to Europe they come back laden with fresh treasures in that line. She has a superb diamond necklace. Then, there is the bracelet that belonged to the Empress Eugenie, and the set of rose-pearls and brilliants that she bought at the sale of the Queen of Spain's jewels, and the pear-shaped diamond pendants from the Mourd sale, and ever so many more. And only our good Victor, here, to stand guard over all these treasures. Victor, I shall have to take out the General's revolvers to lend you for to-night."

"If madame desires me to sit up all night, I shall be happy to do so, to keep watch over the house," replied Victor, with his usual bow.

"No need of that. But perhaps it would be as well for you to sleep on the library sofa, with the revolvers within reach. Now, let us be off. Lizzie, you must come with me for company."

She said these last words just as Victor vanished out of the door, carrying with him the tray loaded with plates and glasses. I did not feel at all inclined to take a drive of over a mile in the sharp frosty air, and was beginning a refusal, when a glance at my aunt's face froze the words upon my lips. I cannot describe her expression. I can compare it only to the countenance of a ghost-seer, who has beheld some hideous and malevolent specter, invisible to all other persons present. She laid one finger on her mouth, in token of silence, and the next moment was bustling about, looking for shawls and laprugs, and discussing, in her usual clear, decided tones, as to what room she had best put Cousin Caroline in, and whether the diamonds had not best be locked up in one of the silver chests till morning. I did not dare to question her. Something very strange and terribly wrong was going on, of that I was convinced; but I did my best to follow her lead, and to talk easily and cheerfully whilst putting on my hat and fur-lined cloak which Victor had brought in from the hat-rack in the hall before going to get out the carriage.

I do not think that Victor was over fifteen minutes in bringing the carriage around; but short as was the interval, it appeared to me endless. My aunt, meanwhile, occupied herself with putting on her wraps as quietly, and methodically, as though she had been going on a shopping expedition at Stewart's, or for a drive in Central Park. Her face still kept its white, set aspect, however; and when I offered to go upstairs to get her a pair of gloves, she refused, with more vehemence than was usual to her. At last Victor appeared at the door and announced that the carriage was ready.

"All ready, you say?" said my aunt. "Then we will lock the front-door, and do you take charge of the key, Victor. You have seen to the windows and to the other doors, I suppose?"

"They are fastened, madame."

"That is well. And now to the station."

That drive—that drive! I have felt too and mortal, in my day; but anything so mortally, poisoningly cold, as was the hand wherewith my aunt clasped mine, I have never yet encountered. I attempted to interrupt her, in a whisper, but that frozen paw was on mine present to my lips, and I dared not, from danger threatened or, even then, it seemed. So we went on in perfect silence, the carriage lamps casting intervening glimmers of light on the dark hedge and leafless trees by the roadside, and flung every shadowy rock with vague images of terror.

That drive now memorable is enough—how welcome dear the glimmering lights of Waterdale when first we descried them in the distance. Then came the streets and houses of the little town; and, finally, Victor checked the horses in front of the brightly lighted station, with its usual group of loungers and its waiting porters and railway officials.

My aunt sprang from the carriage, and I followed. The next moment she had caught Victor by the collar with two frozen hands, crying, as she did so, in shrill, piercing tones:

"Help, help! This man is a murderer!"

In an instant all was confusion. The lounge plunged and roared, and Victor, after the surprise of the first moment, wrenched himself loose from my aunt's grasp, and leaping to the ground would have effected his escape, had not some half-dozen stout men started forward to answer to my aunt's appeal. In the twinkling of an eye he was seized and securely pinioned. Then came the eager question, from a dozen mouths:

"Who is it that he has murdered? Whom has he killed, Mrs. Musgrove?"

"My poor, old, faithful servant, Bridget O'Donnel. And his accomplices are even now waiting in my house to murder my niece and myself, on our return."

A cry of horror arose from the bystanders. My aunt looked around, with a dazed air.

"I think—Lizzie—that we are saved," she said, vaguely; and then she fell insensible upon the ground, in the first and only swoon that her vigorous nature had ever known.

We did not return to Ravenswood that night, as may well be imagined. A detachment of the Waterdale police was sent by the local authorities to take charge of the house and its contents, and also to superintend the removal of the corpse of poor old Bridget. My aunt and I took refuge at the Waterdale Hotel, where we remained to await the response to the telegram that was at once dispatched to her oldest son, who was a lawyer in extensive practice in New York. But it was many days before her nerves had so far recovered their tone as to permit of her giving me a detailed account of all that had taken place on that memorable evening. Her story, when she did tell it, ran as follows:

"When I left you, Lizzie, to go upstairs and make some changes in my dress, I had no light, as you may remember. When I reached my dressing-room I was unable to find the candle and matches—some one had displaced them; but as the moon was shining very brightly I contrived to wash my hands and change my collar without ringing for a light, as I had at first intended. Then I started to come down stairs, feeling rather surprised at finding that Victor had not lighted the hall lamps, but I attributed his negligence to the fact that he had had so much extra work to attend to. When I reached the foot of the stairs I became aware of voices in the butler's pantry—the voices of several men, talking in a sort of half whisper. I was startled, and I paused to listen, struck at once with the idea that thieves had gained admission to the house. Standing on the mat at the foot of the staircase I could hear every word that they said. They were completing their arrangements to murder you and me, Lizzie, and to carry off the silver. I distinctly recognized Victor's voice, and his peculiar foreign pronunciation. His confederates (there were two of them, so far as I could make out) were anxious to 'finish up the job at once,' as one of them phrased it; but Victor opposed it. The house was too near the road, he declared; there might be screaming, and any unusual noise might be heard by some passer-by. 'Best wait till the women are sound asleep,' he urged, 'in their bedrooms, and then the matter could be settled without any trouble.' Finally, this point was decided, according to his suggestions.

"At this stage in their conference I quitted my post and slipped noiselessly up-stairs, my intention being to awaken Bridget, and to send her out of the house through one of the front drawing-room windows, to go and seek for help, while the villains were still plotting in the pantry. I reached her room and entered. 'Bridget,' I said, softly. But receiving no answer, I thought she was still sleeping, and I approached the bed. The moonlight, shining full upon the pillow, revealed to me the face that rested on it—it was the face of a corpse.

"Why I did not lose consciousness at that dreadful sight I cannot comprehend; but Providence seemed to sustain my strength then, as afterwards. I drew near and investigated the cause of the poor creature's death. It was not far to seek. Around her neck was tightly twisted a gaily-colored silk handkerchief, one of a half-dozen that I had myself given to Victor. I stole from the room, heart-sick, and well-nigh despairing. There we were, two helpless women, shut up in the house with a band of assassins, and with no avenue of escape at hand; for, of course, our movements would be watched, and any betrayal of our consciousness of danger would be followed by our instant murder.

"And then, Lizzie, as if by inspiration, there flashed across my brain the idea of the scheme that afterward so fully succeeded—the story of Caroline West's purposed arrival with her celebrated diamonds. The bait proved irresistible to the villains, or rather to their master-spirit, Victor, as I had hoped and intended. Only one more woman to put to death. Jewels, valued at over fifty thousand dollars, would be the reward of that extra murder. But can you realize what agony of mind I endured when you talked of refusing to accompany me to the station?"

My story is ended. Victor Ducange was tried and condemned for the murder he had committed. His confederates escaped capture, having probably been on the watch for the return of the carriage, and so were warned of the approach of the police.

My aunt has sold Ravenswood, and now lives in New York, with a burglar-alarm in her bed-room and a brace of loaded revolvers always within her reach. There are silver threads in her thick, soft hair, that was so lately as dark as a raven's wing; and her once strong nerves have gone. I think, regained their tone those terrible hours, from whose impending peril we were so mercifully preserved by Cousin Caroline's Diamonds.—*Peterson's Magazine.*

—Who is this Creature with Long Hair and a Wild Eye? He is a Poet. He writes Poems on Spring and Women's Eyes and Strange, unreal Things of that Kind. He is always Wishing he was Dead, but he wouldn't Let anybody Kill him if he could Get away. A mighty good Sausage Stuffer was Spoiled when the Man became a Poet. He would Look well Standing under a Descending Pile-driver.—*Denver Tribune Primer.*

—A young Oil City lady recently visited New York, and when she returned home, related to her friends how she stopped at a "palatable hotel and went up and down stairs in a cultivator." Her parents should cultivate her.—*Oil City Derrick.*

—All men have their important days.

## Heavier Trees in Sod.

No one will deny the desirableness of having an orchard in grass, whether for hay, pasture, or cropped as a lawn. The objection that grass is hostile to trees is true only in case of a lack of fertility, especially as two crops are to be grown, and where one is as exhaustive as trees. But there is also the advantage here that two important crops may be grown together without interfering, the roots of the one underlying the other, and the one treatment serving for both. There is a double advantage, which it occurs to me is not sufficiently understood, especially the extent to which the benefit may be carried, and this with a minimum amount of labor—simply the application of manure, yearly or biennially, as the case may be, different soils requiring different treatment. A light soil requires annual applications, and light rather than heavy, to prevent loss by leaching. Clay will bear heavier applications, and once in two years, which will be sufficient for a continuous growth, pretty well kept up. Here both grass and trees are benefited by the one operation. Where the ground is deep and rich little manure is needed. On shallow soils, where the roots lie near the surface, mingling with the grass roots, manure is the most required, and in quantities which must be understood so as to avoid an excess of wood growth, and secure a full crop of fruit. Practice for a few years will determine this. The same treatment will keep the grass at full growth.

As to the time of applying the manure, I have found late autumn the best, as it gives a chance for the strength to get down to the roots of the trees by spring, thus benefiting trees and grass at the same time. The manure will also soon be lost to sight in spring if applied in the fall, the snow and the rains packing it close to the ground. It will there serve as a mulch, aided by the shade of the grass and the trees, and so effectually as to insure success even on a light, sandy soil, unless drought is unusually severe. The past season afforded a good chance for testing this, and wherever sufficient manure was used, in lawns as well as in orchards, the drought had comparatively little effect on trees, and as little upon the grass as compared with that of the fields, except in some cases immediately around the trees, and that is readily accounted for by the small quantity of soil held between the large roots, hurting only the grass for a short space, not the trees. Orchard grass, as I noticed in a few dooryards, shaded by trees, kept up a continued verdure during all the heat and drought, being sustained by manure. In my lawn I have met with the most gratifying results from manure upon grass. I treated two young elms of a few years' growth, the one in grass to liquid manure late in the fall, the other to horse dung and compost, in connection with cultivation and mulching during the season. The growth was alike in both cases, and for the very good reason that it had reached its maximum in each, and it was continued till into October in defiance of the frost which was severe. The young shoots of each attained a length of from five to seven feet. The grass continued green and vigorous, with occasional slight discoloration, throughout the season, thickening with the moist fall weather. Other trees were similarly affected according to the amount of manure given. It is true that cultivation and mulching are an aid, in that less manure is required, and may do where an orchard or lawn is started. When established and kept in grass, manure will do the work perfectly and, with a profit (in an orchard) from grass and fruit that can be realized perhaps from no equal amount of land by any other mode of cropping.

The sod-bound character of the soil is sometimes objected to as preventing free access of air. This may be the case, to some extent, with a compact clay if kept in this condition, the soil, and not the sod, being at fault. In a soil with free drainage little or no harm can result from this cause. Among the best orchards I know are some that have been always in sod, being in rich soil and deep—decidedly the best of all soils for an orchard. If shallow, they need manure, especially if the grass is kept for hay. If pastured with sheep or hogs, less manure is required, and in deep, rich soil none at all, if the trees are kept properly pruned and open to air, which lessens the need of manure. With some productive sorts, higher results might be obtained with the addition of manure, though of this I cannot speak positively, as the highest success I have ever known, which I thought could not be surpassed, was on a deep, rich and highly-drained soil, an old alluvial deposit.

We thus have it in our power to keep our orchards and lawns green, fresh and thrifty, and the orchards productive, whatever the seasons may be. The grass, so far as my experience and observation go, will serve as a test. If that is thick and thrifty, it is an assurance that the trees also are well provided for, where the roots are near the surface, as in the case of my lawn, where they come in immediate contact with the manure, in common with the grass, and also in the deeper soil, where they find nourishment as they extend, in a measure independently of what they got from the surface. The same applies to leachy soil, as may be seen in any sandy district, the grass requiring to be fed more often, the trees as well as the grass being almost entirely dependent upon this mode of support.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

## Cabbages and Sauerkraut.

The demand for cabbages constantly increases in this country, while the supply is diminishing. A few years ago many farmers raised cabbages as a field crop for supplying their cattle, sheep, hogs and poultry with fresh food during the winter season. They were very cheap, as the seasons were very favorable to their growth, and there were few insects that troubled them. They were often sold in the vicinity of this city for one dollar per hundred in the fields and gardens where they were raised. But recently the seasons have been unfavorable to the growth of cabbages, and the imported cabbage-worm has made sad havoc with those that were raised. Cabbages have sold as high as ten dollars per hundred in this market during the present season. During the past week sauerkraut imported from Germany has been sold on the market. Both cabbages and sauerkraut from the same country have been sold in eastern cities. The large increase of German population, the number of our native population that have learned to eat sauerkraut, and the amount of cabbages required to supply, or set saloons have increased the demand for the vegetable that was at one time so abundantly produced. The demand for them is large and promises to remain so. Cabbages can be shipped as easily as potatoes, and can be kept over the winter with less trouble. Sauerkraut is as much an article of commerce as canned fruit, and can be manufactured by farmers and shipped to cities to most excellent advantage.—*Chicago Times.*

—We are taught to clothe our minds as we do our bodies, after the fashion in vogue; and it is accounted fantasticalness or something worse not to do so.—*Locke.*

—Dr. Johnson once, speaking of a quarrelsome fellow, said: "If he had two sheep in his head they would fall out with each other."

## USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Dressing lemons will be a good in removal.

—A small amount of kindled wood ashes given to swine will have a great effect, both upon the health and the fattening.

—In Ohio farmer, who in 1850 planted about one acre on this land too rough to plow, sold in 1870 $1,500 worth of posts, and nine years later the second growth—five or six inches in diameter—was more valuable than the first.

—An exchange contains the following caution in regard to the fertilizer. Persons who may use nitrate of soda as a fertilizer ought to be careful about the cows; if they get it they will eat it, and if they do death will come. In small quantities it is a medicine; in larger doses a poison.

—Spice cakes to serve with coffee are made of one pound of sugar, four eggs, one teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg and a pinch of pepper. Stir in flour enough to make dough which can be rolled out; cut out with a plain cooky cutter; let them stand for from ten to twelve hours, then bake.

—Four prominent fruit-growers being asked separately for the four most desirable varieties of winter apples for market, agreed on the following: Red Canada, Baldwin, Northern Spy and Jonathan. For eating, they named the Wagner, Peck's Pleasant, Jonathan and Northern Spy. For cooking, all were united on three varieties: R. I. Greening, Northern Spy and Baldwin.

—An economical and delicious way of cooking a rabbit is to take a nice fresh rabbit, cut it into joints and fry it brown with some slices of pickled pork and some onions sliced finely. When nice and brown take it out of the frying-pan and put it in a stew-pan with water sufficient to cover it. Pepper and salt to taste, thicken with some flour and butter; add forcemeat balls, but be sure not to pour the fat out of the frying-pan. Let the gravy be of the richness of thick cream.

—Frosted Oranges.—Six large, sweet oranges peeled and every particle of white skin removed. Take a cup of powdered sugar, divide and stir into one part a few drops of liquid cochineal. Spread on a tin in the sun to dry, and if lumpy, roll to powder. Beat the white of two eggs to a stiff froth, dip half of the lobes into the whites and then roll in the pink sugar, the other half into the egg and white sugar. Place upon a piece of white paper to dry.

—An elegant lip-salve may be made in the following simple manner: Put half a pound of fresh lard into a pan with an ounce and a half of white wax; set on a slow fire till it is melted; then take a small tin dish, fill it with water and add a few chips of alkanet root; let the water boil till it becomes a beautiful red color; strain some of it and mix it with the other ingredients according as may be desired; scent it with some agreeable and favorite extract, and then pour it into small white jars or boxes.

—The white wheaten loaves, considered so desirable, are by no means the most nutritious, as some of the most nourishing principles of the wheat are lost in the whitening process. By this process the flour is deprived to a great degree of its gluten and phosphate, both important elements of food. Unbolted flour has been offered to the public, but its dark color has interfered with its sale. Bread made of such flour needs no yeast, as enough carbonic acid is evolved in its preparation to secure sufficient lightness of the dough. Some persons have supposed that, a lack of the phosphates in the flour generally used by Americans was one of the causes of the defectiveness of the teeth so common in this country.

—The early ripening of grapes, about which a friend inquires, depends more on winter protection of the vines than on pruning. Even the hardy Concord will often have its buds and canes so dried out, if left through winter upon the trellis, that they will be two weeks late in opening their growth in May, and consequently as much behind-hand in forming and ripening the berries. Nor do fertilizers favor early ripening, but rather protract growth and cause late maturity, unless the bunches are well thinned out. This, next to judicious pruning, has most do with the perfection and full excellence of the fruit. Full sunshine, and large, entire, clean healthy leaves to receive and appropriate it, are imperative conditions. The use of paper bags, pinned on early in June, is recommended as a means of giving longer time for full maturity and flavor.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

## Carbonic Acid Gas.

This gas or *choke damp* as it is vulgarly called, is the source of infinite mischief. No other single agency injures the health of men so widely and seriously. This gas comes principally from the lungs of men and animals, and from combustion. A load of wood weighing a ton is drawn to the door. It takes a span of horses to do it. It is burned in the stove, and all that is left of it is in the form of ashes, and may be carried away in a barrel on a man's shoulder. Perhaps the weight is about fifty pounds, the nineteen hundred and fifty pounds which have disappeared have all gone up the chimney and out into the atmosphere in the form of *carbonic acid gas.*

A candle weighs four ounces, but when it is burned there is almost nothing left. It has disappeared in the form of carbonic acid gas. Put a man in a pork-barrel, head him up tight, and drive in the bung. Wait a few minutes. Now loosen the bung, take it out, and peep in. If you happen to look in the man's face you will find it nearly black. The man is dead. He was suffocated. You see the way it happened was this. The man at first could breathe well enough, and unless he knew about such things, he said to himself: "Well, this is a little cramped, but it is not so bad, after all." But pretty soon he began to feel dizzy and then came a terrible pressure in his head; then a few struggles and gasps, and all was over. Just take a good look in his face, if you have the stomach for it, and you will see how terrible was his agony during the last moments. What killed that man? The carbonic acid gas which he produced in his own lungs. If when you first opened the bung-hole you had put your mouth to it and tried to breathe the air, you would have found out at once what killed him. We take pure air into our lungs and when we breathe it out it contains three or four per cent. of this poisonous gas. Now, if we take the same air back into the lungs and breathe it over again, when it comes out of our lungs the second time it is so poisonous that it can't be taken back the third time without mischief.

In a room twelve feet square, if three persons are sitting, and they have one gas-burner which will consume the oxygen and create carbonic acid gas about as fast as the three pairs of lungs, the air will become poisonous in a few minutes, unless there is an opening to let the poisoned air out, and the pure air in. The air in most churches and theaters is simply abominable. Babies in the bottoms of cradles, ladies under thick veils, passengers in sleeping rooms, nine-tenths of our people in their bedrooms, are poisoned with this carbonic acid gas. Now, does not the statement with which I began, namely, that "carbonic acid gas is the source of infinite mischief" seem reasonable?—*Dio Lewis, in Golden Rule.*

—This is one of the sad conditions of life, that experience is not transmissible. No man will learn from the sufferings of another; he must suffer himself.

—The Fort Wayne (Ind.) *Gazette* says: A gentleman in the east only when the small-pox scare was first agitated in the city, purchased some vaccine matter for the purpose of vaccinating his family. He spread the matter with some water on a piece of glass, and in doing so a portion of the matter adhered to one of his fingernails. Soon after having occasion to pick his nose, he unfortunately used the finger which had come in contact with the matter, and the consequence was it "took" splendidly in his nasal organ. Coming in contact thus with the membranes in the nose, it spread all through his head, and, as a result, he has been confined to his bed for two weeks. There will be an question hereafter with this gentleman that if there is any virtue in vaccination he never will have the small-pox.

—James Wood, now living at Vinton, Iowa, saw the first train ever drawn by a locomotive. It was between Darlington and Stockton, England, and George Stephenson drove the engine. J. W. Oiley, of Perry, Iowa, also saw this first train. Mr. Oiley writes: "I will go further by stating that I was present at the opening of the first railway (the Stockton and Darlington), which was before the advent of steam for the purpose of locomotion, and when four wedge-shaped cars constituted a freight train, and one coach, similar to the old English stage, a passenger train. These trains were moved by one horse and driver, and in this manner I started for school in the days agone."

—P. T. Barnum announces that he will employ all curious specimens of the human race, including giants, dwarfs, fat people, and freaks of nature, for his great show. Parties interested should write immediately, enclosing photographs, to Barnum, Bailey & Hutchinson, 40 Bond St., New York.

—Two cases of small-pox developed at Mount Carmel, Ill., and the Mayor issued a proclamation suspending services in the churches. One congregation refused to obey, and the Secretary of the State Board of Health was asked what should be done. Dr. Rauch telegraphed that the meeting should be prevented by force, and ordered the Sheriff to aid in enforcing the Mayor's order. He also gave instructions to have all offending persons vaccinated.

—It is stated that authentic documents have been recently brought to light at Mentz which indubitably establish the fact that Joan of Arc was not burnt either by the English or her own countrymen, but that she lived to be a respected matron, having in 1436 been married to a Sieur de Hermoise, or Armoise, of Lorraine, and apparently "lived happy ever afterward."

—No man was born wise; but wisdom and virtue require a tutor, though we can easily learn to be vicious without a teacher.

—Reflect upon your present blessings, of which every man has many; not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some.

—The disease called small-pox first made its appearance in 544; measles in 1563, and whooping-cough in 1650.

### Rather Enthusiastic.

The Wilmington (Del.) *Daily Republican* lately contained the following item of popular interest: Dr. J. F. Speck, who is connected with the Wilmington *Every Evening*, speaks rather enthusiastically of St. Jacobs Oil. Dr. Speck states that he uses the Oil in his family as a household remedy, a sort of universal panacea for all aches and pains, and has always found it to act most happily. His attention was called to it by the many testimonials in its favor, and he one day used it upon himself for sore throat. Two applications were sufficient to effect a cure. He also used it on his little girl for sore throat with gratifying success. The same child had scarlet fever this winter which left the tendons of one leg much contracted. The little prattler couldn't walk without assistance and suffered much inconvenience and pain. Several applications of St. Jacobs Oil restored her limb to its normal condition and she has not experienced any trouble since. Dr. Speck states that he has also seen the Oil act charmingly in toothache. He thinks St. Jacobs Oil is a sterling remedy, and does not hesitate to recommend it for rheumatism, etc.

In the street car: Blonde—"They say Carrie is engaged." Brunette—"Engaged! why she was married a month ago, and has sued for a divorce." Blonde—"How romantic! Isn't it splendid!"

THE Nebraska City (Neb.) *Press* says: St. Jacobs Oil strikes heavy blows for good all around, and its virtues for rheumatic pains are landed upon every hand. Try it, all ye who suffer.

With features heated and red,
With head that throbs and aches,
A woman stands in the kitchen
Turning buckwheat cakes.
—*Longfeller.*

### "Do Likewise."

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:—"Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians, I was completely discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking your 'Favorite Prescription' and using the local treatment recommended in your 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' In three months I was *perfectly cured.* I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them *and inclosing a stamped envelope for reply.* I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks stating that they had commenced the treatment and were much better already."

MRS. E. F. MORGAN, New Castle, Me.

SILVER dollars with holes in them are painfully numerous, but they are not half so painfully numerous as holes without any silver dollars around them.

### "Beauty Unadorned (with pimples is) Adorned the Most."

If you desire a fair complexion free from pimples, blotches, and eruptions, take "Golden Medical Discovery." By druggists.

## THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, December 31, 1881.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| CATTLE—Exports | | @ | 12 00 |
| COTTON—Middling | | @ | 12 |
| FLOUR—Good to Choice | 6 00 | @ | 9 00 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 Red | 1 41 | @ | 1 41 |
| No. 2 Spring | 1 36 | @ | 1 37 |
| CORN—No 2 | 73 | @ | 74 |
| OATS—Western Mixed | 49 | @ | 52 |
| PORK—Standard Mess | 17 75 | @ | 18 00 |
| ST. LOUIS. | | | |
| COTTON—Middling | | @ | 11¼ |
| BEEVES—Choice | 5 40 | @ | 6 40 |
| Fair to Good | 4 50 | @ | 5 00 |
| Native Cows | 2 25 | @ | 4 00 |
| Texas Steers | 3 00 | @ | 4 50 |
| HOGS—Common to Select | 5 00 | @ | 6 10 |
| SHEEP—Fair to Choice | 3 50 | @ | 4 10 |
| FLOUR—XXX to Choice | 5 30 | @ | 6 50 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 Winter | 1 24 | @ | 1 25 |
| No. 3 | 1 20 | @ | 1 21 |
| CORN—No. 2 Mixed | 39 | @ | 39 |
| OATS—No. 2 | 46 | @ | 47 |
| RYE—No. 2 | 94 | @ | 95 |
| TOBACCO—Dark Lugs | 4 00 | @ | 5 25 |
| Medium Dark Leaf | 6 75 | @ | 7 50 |
| HAY—Choice Timothy | 20 00 | @ | 21 00 |
| BUTTER—Choice Dairy | 31 | @ | 32 |
| EGGS—Choice | 22 | @ | 23 |
| PORK—Standard Mess | 16 75 | @ | 17 00 |
| BACON—Clear Rib | 09½ | @ | 10 |
| LARD—Prime Steam | 10½ | @ | 11 |
| WOOL—Tub-washed, medium | 34 | @ | 37 |
| Unwashed | 22 | @ | 25 |
| CHICAGO. | | | |
| CATTLE—Native Steers | 5 00 | @ | 6 50 |
| HOGS—Good to choice | 6 00 | @ | 6 40 |
| SHEEP—Good to choice | 4 00 | @ | 4 50 |
| FLOUR—Winter | 6 00 | @ | 8 00 |
| Spring | 5 50 | @ | 6 75 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 Red | 1 35 | @ | 1 37 |
| No. 2 Spring | 1 27 | @ | 1 28 |
| CORN—No. 2 | 41 | @ | 42 |
| OATS—No. 2 | 41 | @ | 43 |
| RYE | 87 | @ | 88 |
| PORK—New Mess | 16 75 | @ | 17 00 |
| KANSAS CITY. | | | |
| CATTLE—Native Steers | 4 50 | @ | 5 25 |
| " Native Cows | 2 50 | @ | 3 00 |
| HOGS—Sales at | 5 00 | @ | 6 25 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 | 1 25 | @ | 1 27 |
| No. 3 | 1 07 | @ | 1 08 |
| CORN—No. 2 Mixed | 37 | @ | 38 |
| OATS—No. 2 | 41 | @ | 43 |
| NEW ORLEANS. | | | |
| FLOUR—High Grades | 6 25 | @ | 7 75 |
| CORN—White | [illegible] | @ | [illegible] |
| OATS—Choice | 56 | @ | 61 |
| HAY—Choice | 20 00 | @ | 20 00 |
| PORK—Mess | 17 50 | @ | 17 75 |
| BACON—Clear Rib | 09½ | @ | 10 |
| COTTON—Middling | | @ | 11¼ |


A correspondent writes: "I the young [illegible] to be a gentleman only as he shows it by his deeds to his fellows."

DR. BOSANKO'S "PEARLS" are made special [illegible] for the original "Little Liver Pills." [illegible] Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Costiveness, Piles, and all disorders of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels, and purify the blood. To get genuine, ask for Pearls, signature and portrait on every box. 25 cents per box, 12 vials, $1 by druggists.

WHEN an infant begins a certain programme it is announced half everybody tries to force the programme carried out.

### How to Secure Health.

It seems strange that men will suffer from dyspepsia, biliousness, or be worse blood, with Brown's Sarsaparilla and Sulphur Bitters, or Brown and Lemon Bitters, will remove it quickly to the utmost organization. It is pleasant to take, and the Brown Bitters cure every disease of Stomach, Malaria, all Nervous disorders, Debility, Jaundice, complaints and all diseases of