TO CORRESPONDENTS.

l communications for this paper should be accomd by the name of the author; not necessarily for lication, but as an evidence of good faith on the of the writer. Write only on one side of the pa- Be particularly careful in giving names and dates ave the letters and figures plain and distinct. Propames are often difficult to decipher, because of the less manner in which they are written.

HE DEATH OF POE'S SWEETHEART.

[From the Graphic.]

Announcement is made of the death of rah Helen Whitman, at Providence, of art disease. To this lady Poe was for me time engaged in marriage, but the lady isely made the engagement conditional, d the weakened, dissolute poet was unae to observe the conditions, and they part- . In his lecture on poetry he awarded to r a "pre-eminence in refinement of art, thusiasm, imagination and genius," an esmate which the cultured lady scarcely stified. It was in September, 1848, that ey became acquainted, and he thereafter ten visited her in Providence. His pubshed letters to his *fiancee* show much deliacy and a refined moral sense, and are mong the most creditable of all his writngs. But some of them betray, in the lanuage of Sarah Whitman, "the agony of the onflict in which he was foredoomed to deeat, with a power which no added word ould heighten." The romantic circumtances attending his first meeting with this ady have been beautifully narrated by himelf in his poem "To Helen," as follows:

TO HELEN.

I saw thee once—once only—years ago;
I must not say how many—but not many.
It was a July midnight; and from out
A full-orbed moon, that, like thine own soul, soaring,
Sought a precipitate pathway up through Heaven,
There fell a silvery-silken veil of light,
With quietude and sultriness and slumber,
Upon the upturn'd faces of a thousand
Roses that grew in an enchanted garden,
Where no wind dared to stir, unless on tiptoe—
Fell on the upturn'd faces of these roses
That gave out, in return for the love-light,
Their odorous souls in an ecstatic death—
Fell on the upturn'd faces of these roses
That smiled and died in this parterre, enchanted
By thee and by the poetry of thy presence.

Clad all in white upon a violet bank
I saw thee half reclining; while the moon
Fell on the upturn'd faces of the roses,
And on thine own, upturn'd—alas, in sorrow!

Was it not fate that on this July midnight—
Was it not fate (whose name is also sorrow),
That bade me pause before that garden gate,
To breathe the incense of those slumbering roses?
No footstep stirred: the hated world all slept,
Save only thee and me. (Oh, Heaven!—oh, God!
How my heart beats in coupling those two words!)
Save only thee and me. I paused—I looked—
And in an instant all things disappeared.
(Ah, bear in mind this garden was enchanted!)
The pearly luster of the moon went out;
The mossy banks and the meandering paths,
The happy flowers and the repining trees
Were seen no more; the very roses' odors
Died in the arms of the adoring airs.
All—all expired save thee—save less than thou;
Save only the divine light in thine eyes—
Save but the soul in thine uplifted eyes.
I saw but them—they were the world to me.
I saw but them—saw only them for hours—
Saw only them until the moon went down.
What wild heart histories seemed to be enwritten
Upon those crystalline, celestial spheres!
How dark a wo! yet how sublime a hope!
How silently serene a sea of pride!
How daring an ambition! yet how deep—
How fathomless a capacity for love!

But now, at length, dear Dian sank from sight,
Into a western couch of thunder-cloud;
And thou, a ghost, amid the entombing trees
Didst glide away. Only thine eyes remained.
They would not go—they never yet have gone.
Lighting my lonely pathway home that night,
They have not left me (as my hopes have) since.
They follow me—they lead me through the years.
They are my ministers—yet I their slave.
Their office is to illuminate and enkindle—
My duty to be saved by their bright light
And purified in their electric fire,
And sanctified in their elysian fire.
They fill my soul with Beauty (which is Hope)
And are far up in Heaven—the stars I kneel to
In the sad silent watches of my night;
While even in the meridian glare of day
I see them still—two sweetly scintillant
Venuses, unextinguished by the sun!

ADVICE TO YOUNG WRITERS.

[From W. A. Smith's Address before the Tennessee Press Association.]

Write upon pages of a single size,
Cross all your t's and neatly dot your i's.
On one side only let your lines be seen—
Both sides filled up announce a verdant green.
Correct—yes, recorrect all that you write,
And let your ink be black, your paper white;
For spongy foolscap of a muddy blue
Betrays a mind of the same dismal hue.
Punctuate carefully; for on this score
Nothing proclaims the practiced writer more.
Then send it off, and, lest it merit lack,
Enclose a postage stamp to send it back;
But first pay all the postage on it too;
For editors look black on "six cents due,"
And murmur, as they run the effusion o'er,
"A shabby fellow, and a wretched bore!"
Yet, ere it goes, take off a copy clean—
Poets should own a copying machine;
Little they know the time that's spent and care
In hunting verses vanished—who knows where?
Bear this in mind, observe it to the end,
And you shall make the editor your friend.

A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

In the summer of 1757, when we were fighting against the encroachments of France on our Northern and Western borders, there lay among the picturesque hills of Northern Virginia a large plantation. The family mansion stood on elevated ground, with sloping lawns, and broad piazzas, shaded by an abundant growth of ivy and tall poplars.

The owner of this beautiful estate was an eccentric old planter, whose chief pride lay in the immutability of his word. A law of the Medes and Persians could sooner have been broken than his commands changed; and under his arbitrary rule he had brought up a daughter—his only child. She was just 17, and was possessed of a beauty so rare and unconscious, that, added to her prospective wealth, it caused her fame to spread far and wide.

About this time the atrocities of the Indians grew so daring and terrifying that the planter determined on getting a son-in-law, possessing strength and courage, even at the sacrifice of his daughter's happiness; but he matured his plans before he revealed them.

One afternoon, late in August, the planter's daughter stood on the western piazza, leaning against a pillar covered with climbing roses. She was dejectedly gazing into the golden, hazy clouds that lay piled in the distant West, and nervously pulling apart the roses, until the floor at her feet was covered with petals. "Oh, dear," she exclaimed at last, "I wonder if any thing can be done!"

"About what, honey?" asked a motherly-looking darky, looking up from her knitting through a pair of large brass spectacles.

"Haven't you heard, mammy, of father's last whim?" sighed the girl. "We are to have a jumping-match on our east lawn in two weeks. All the young men of the villages are invited to take part, and I am to marry the one who jumps the farthest."

"Lord o'massy, chile! de butcher's son might jump de furdest!"

"Oh, no, there is little danger of that. I fear others more."

"I reckon, darlin', dem savages is de cause of all dis here trouble," said the woman thoughtfully. "Massa is awful 'fraid dey'll come up here an butcher us widout judge or jury, an' he's getting ole, honey, an' needs a son dat can fite, an' larn de boys to fite, too."

A quick step on the gravel walk made the young girl turn. "Oh, here is Tom at last!" she exclaimed, as, with beaming face and heightened color, she sprang lightly down the steps to meet a fine-looking young military officer.

"I am so glad to see you," she said, extending both hands. "And so old Tim actually found you!"

"Yes," he replied, taking her hands, and then lifting her tell-tale face to find a confirmation of her words in the innocent depths of her dark eyes. "Tim found me, and here I am, Nettie; but I have only ten or fifteen minutes to stay. Let us walk in that path yonder, where we can talk undisturbedly;" and he drew her hand through his arm. "Your note tells me of this jack-a-napes whim of your father's, and the consequent ... It fairly makes my blood boil to think he would subject you to such a trial."

"But you can jump further than any one else, Tom, and you won't have to go back to Carlise, will you?"

"No, thank fortune, not for some time, we are at Fort Cumberland now, but in a few days will be sent nearer this plantation. Colonel Stanwix sent me down with a party of men to help dose these Indians with gunpowder. They have committed some fearful ravages not very far off."

"I wonder where Colonel Washington is? Why doesn't he stop these cruelties, if he is as brave as they say?" asked Nettie.

"Because Governor Dinwiddie is always interfering with him. He has scarcely more than enough men at his own headquarters in Winchester to protect Fort Loudon alone. As to his bravery, it can't be questioned. He received four bullets through his coat at the battle of Monongahela, two years ago, and had two horses killed under him; and he was just recovering from a fever, too. But, Nettie, we can talk of this some other time. Now to business: On the day of the match, if—"

"Oh, don't say if, Tom," interrupted Nettie, hiding her face on his arm. "You know father is inexorable, and if you fail!"

"Fail or not fail, you belong to me, darling," exclaimed the young man emphatically, "and nothing shall separate us. Wear this ring as a pledge, and if the worst is realized, you and I must be among the missing immediately after the festivities. Will you do just as I tell you, Nettie?"

"Yes, Tom," she replied in a low tone.

"Then we can make arrangements for a failure when we meet, for I can't think it possible that I can fail." He spoke hurriedly, for there was not a moment to spare. "Duty is imperative," he said with a smile, "and I have scarcely time to reach to my post, so good-bye, Nettie, for two weeks."

The appointed day dawned bright and clear. Promptly the young men assembled, each eager to win so much beauty and wealth. The gentry and farmers also came to witness the unusual spectacle. The old planter, with his friends, took places on the judge's platform, while Nettie, at her father's command, stood at a little distance, under a group of trees, with her old nurse and a few young friends.

The contest began, and had nearly closed, when a horseman galloped up the road, and, seeing the crowd, fastened his horse, and walked over the lawn to inquire what was going on.

He was about 25, very tall, and with a military bearing remarkable in one so young. Such dignity of deportment would seem, in these days, inconsistent with such a pastime as jumping, but then it was a common amusement, like our base-ball. He stepped up to Tom and asked, "Can any one take part? I should like very well to try my skill."

"Certainly, I believe the old planter's whim included the world at large," said Tom curtly, as he moved off to take his turn.

The soldier stood near black Tim, who had been watching the contest with much interest, but who now turned his attention to the long limbs of the stranger, with a good deal of concern expressed on his old black features. "I say, Massa," and Tim's eyes rolled round in his anxiety in a way quite fearful to behold, "dis yer youf, what you wes talkin' to, is Massa Tom, an' dey is 'gaged already—de young missus an' him. She likes him wonderful, but p'raps you dunno dat our Miss Nettie is de prize, what de old massa put up for the biggest jumper. I's awful 'faid you'll jump de fardest wid dem long legs. No dispect meant, massa."

The reply to Tim's discourse was lost in a shout from the crowd, for the people's favorite—young Captain Tom Lenard—had outstripped all of his competitors. But, to the surprise of many, this military stranger claimed a turn, and the old chronicler—Tradition—bears a fabulous record of his success across this chasm of one hundred and twenty years.

A moment of silent astonishment succeeded, and then rose a few shouts of admiration, a feeling all would have shared, but for their sympathy with Annette. Trembling like a leaf, she leaned sadly on Tom's arm, while he, whispering hurried directions for their flight, was leading her reluctant steps towards the ivy-covered tower, that had been arranged near the platform for her and her successful knight.

The old planter stepped from his slight elevation, and placing his daughter's hand in that of the victor, said, "You have won the prize, sir, and as my word is never broken"—

"Excuse me, sir," broke in the soldier, holding the hand of the blushing girl, "but you must allow me to interrupt you one moment. I took part in this contest for the simple pleasure of trying my powers with others, and not as a rival. I confess this solit are jewel is a rare prize, wonderfully rare, for a father's heart to surrender to such an occasion, and much as I might regret it, under other circumstances, my engagements render it impossible for me to accept the honor you seem willing to confer. I, therefore, relinquish my right in favor of him who came next me in the list," and turning, he placed the hand he held in that of the surprised and happy Tom; adding, in a lower tone, "beside, the hand and the heart should never be divorced."

"Look here, young officer," abruptly interrupted the planter, "I should be glad to know your name and have you remain with us."

"Thank you, sir," was the reply, "but I have already lingered here too long. We are making military preparations to stop these Indian depredations, and you can judge it is no time for an officer to be long absent from his post. I am sorry to be forced to bid you so hurried a farewell."

He shook hands with the young couple, and congratulated them upon the happy termination of the contest, and, waving an adieu to the rest, mounted his horse, and was soon out of sight. The old planter did not long survive, and never saw his young visitor again.

Tom and Nettie married and settled down in the old homestead, which wealth and happiness turned into a paradise. The French war was soon closed, but a greater one began, when the colonies threw off the galling yoke of England. From this struggle rose the fame of George Washington, Commander-in-Chief of the American Armies, until it not only filled all Europe, but rose higher still to be "First in the hearts of his countrymen."

After liberty was gained for three millions of people, Washington sought the retirement of home. On Christmas Eve, 1783, he once more reached Mt. Vernon, after an absence of eight years and a half, during which time he had stopped there only twice—on his way to Yorktown and back.

The September following his return he began an equestrian tour beyond the Alleghenies, where he held some property, and, going near the plantation where twenty-six years before he had participated in a jumping-match, he called.

Two young girls were sitting on the piazza, and rose to meet him as he ascended the steps. "Do Captain and Mrs. Lenard still reside here?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," answered the younger, "I will call mamma;" while the elder, pointing to an easy chair of willow, said, "Won't you take a seat, sir; it is cooler out here than inside," blushing all the while under his scrutinizing gaze just as her mother had done years before.

"Is your name Nettie?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Named for your mother, I suppose." The astonished girl had no time to reply, for Tom and Nettie of olden time appeared through the arched doorway and the stranger rose to greet them.

"Will you take in an old friend and wayfarer to dine with you to-day? It is pleasanter being with friends than at an inn."

"With pleasure," they replied, in the old Southern style of true hospitality. He noticed, however, their look of perplexity, and said, "I will not tax your memory too far, for 26 years bring heavy changes, still you can't forget our last meeting. Do you remember a young Colonel, Captain, whose presumption enabled him to outstrip you in a jumping match, years ago, and who yielded his right to the prize you so much coveted?"

"Indeed I do," exclaimed Captain Lenard, springing up and grasping his hand once more, "I know I had seen you somewhere, General"—a name Tom had unwittingly given him from the first—"but I could not recall the occasion. We are indeed glad to see you, and give you a warm welcome to our table."

They sat on the piazza after dinner, the same old western piazza, with its climbing roses, where Nettie stood in her youthful grief, just twenty-six years before. And here, shaded by the same old ivies and poplars, they talked of the changes the years had wrought, particularly for our country. General Washington enjoyed his visit exceedingly. They all addressed him as "General," but their free and unconstrained remarks relating to the late war, and their intense admiration for the great leader of the American Armies were evidence enough that he was unknown.

When he rose to take leave, and was giving each a warm pressure of the hand in farewell, Captain Lenard said, "General, I gave you this name because it seemed to suit you, not that I thought you were one then, and it is the only name we have known you by. Were you aware you had never enlightened us?"

Washington smiled. "I supposed from several remarks made to-day that I was unknown, and I have enjoyed our free, social intercourse too much to enlighten you. Will you excuse what has seemed like a breach in politeness? and I will rectify the error now as far as possible." Saying this, he presented his card:

GEORGE WASHINGTON,
Mt. Vernon.

Not a word was spoken, and in the silence of amazement, their world-famed guest departed.

A Chapter from the History of the Paris Commune.

It was a little after 3 o'clock when the Council adjourned. At that very moment the first soldiers of the French Army were on the point of entering Paris, thanks to a well known incident, the principal details of which are not unworthy of being related. M. Ducatel, formerly a pentonnier, and then 41 years of age, a veteran soldier and a man of energy, brave and not without a love of adventure, was then living near the gate of Auteuil, in a house which the bombs from Montretout had often visited. Without being initiated into the negotiations which George Veysset was carrying on with Dombrowski, he had noticed a great incoherence in the attitude of the Federals guarding the ramparts. The posts were sometimes abandoned during a whole day, then they were re-manned by an insufficient force which often went away without being relieved. M. Ducatel went to Versailles, bearing a passport, allowing him to take the St. Denis steam-cars, saw several persons, gave useful information and even furnished a plan of the Sixteenth District.

He made several journeys with the design of hastening the deliverance of Paris, and when the 21st of May arrived he had already got into relations with General Felix Douay, Commander-in-chief of the Fourth Corps of the French army. On the morning of the 21st M. Ducatel perceived that the whole zone of fortifications from Auteuil to the Point-de-Jour was deserted; there was no one on the military road, or upon the bastions, or at the posts or in the taverns. The Federals had disappeared! He went out, made the ground carefully, and discovered a desertion too general not to be systematic. In the course of this long and minute inspection he met but three or four insurgents who had taken refuge in a cellar, through the grating of which he exchanaed some words of abuse and even several pistol shots with them. Of all the gates, that of St. Cloud, battered by the artillery, seemed to him the most practicable for a possible escalade. From a house-top he saw that the advanced guard of the French Army, sheltered behind the gabions of a trench, was not further than sixty yards off. Perhaps he might succeed in making himself understood by signs and inducing our soldiers to enter the deserted city. Among the ruins of a sheltered house he found a long lath, to which he fastened a white foulard, which he wore as a scarf. With this he climbed upon the crumbling bastion and waved his improvised flag. The fire of Montretout was terrible at this moment. M. Ducatel disappeared several times amidst the clouds of dust raised by the shells which fell, bursting around him. He cried, "Come! the road is clear." His voice, lost in the noise of the fire and also in the distance, did not reach the soldiers. M. Ducatel ran a great risk of being killed by those whom he was so valiantly trying to assist when a captain in the navy, M. Treve, perceived him.

M. Treve was an active little man, quick and naturally intrepid. "What was he doing near the St. Denis Gate?" He was an "amateur," led on by an idea which had tormented him for several days. He also, being stationed outside the ramparts, had noticed, like Ducatel within them, that the insurrection had become very silent. There were no more salvos of artillery, no more of the noisy firing which was so dear to the hearts of Federals. From the 19th of May on Captain Treve had been examining the walls in the neighborhood of the Point de Jour, and wondering if a surprise would not be possible. His mind was made up on this subject, and he had mentioned it to Colonel Piquemal, the chief of General Verge's staff; so it came to pass that he was there, wandering along the line of fortifications, looking perhaps for a place where the scaling of the walls would be least difficult, when he saw Ducatel waving his white silk scarf which had suddenly become a flag of truce. He started to run toward Ducatel, but the sodiers prevented him. "Don't go, Captain, it is a decoy; they will fire upon you." M. Treve did not hesitate; he thought the signal was made in good faith, doubtless because he desired it so passionately. Several men wished to accompany him, but he forbade them and started at full speed towards the drawbridge. There was great excitement among the soldiers who prepared themselves to fire in case the white flag concealed an ambuscade. Soon these two men, Ducatel and Treve, so simply heroic, were able to talk to each other across the ditch which borders the fortifications. "Paris is yours," cried M. Ducatel; "every thing is deserted; bring in the troops!" Captain Treve, who has a seaman's legs—as he has a right to have—ventured upon a beam of the drawbridge which had fallen across the ditch. As he cautiously advanced he felt the beam tremble beneath him, and turning saw Sergeant Jules Coutant, of the Third Battalion of the Ninety-first with his finger upon the trigger of his gun ready to defend or avenge him. Captain Treve did not feel that he had a right to send back this devoted man who was marching so courageously into peril, and quietly kept on his way. As soon as he had crossed the ditch he was joined by M. Ducatel. They visited together bastions 62 and 66, the military road, the neighboring posts and the houses along the river. Every thing was deserted. It seemed as though a pestilence had passed through the place. When Captain Treve and Sergeant Coutant returned to the trench an engineer, Captain Garnier, was already having a bridge thrown across the ditch over which the men might cross.

Such is the fact in all its simplicity. It was of wonderful importance for the deliverance of Paris, but it could not have occurred if General Douay, precipitating his attacks, pushing on his approach with extreme energy, had not brought his trenches to the very walls of the place—that is, in full sight and within reach of the voice of M. Ducatel. M. Ducatel gave the signal, Captain Treve saw it and the French army profited by the favorable occurrence, thanks to the troops of the Fourth Corps, which General Douay had united at this point after combats and marches vigorously managed. At about 1,800 yards from the gate of St. Cloud, at the headquarters of the engineers, Capt. Berson was situated, having a telegraph wire corresponding with the headquarters of the Fourth Corps, stationed at Villeneuve l'Etang. Captain Berson and Captain Treve immediately sent dispatches to General Douay; the latter was not long in acting. With the help of the telegraph wires which he held in his hands, in less than ten minutes he gave all the necessary instruction to the batteries of Montretout and of Bretueil. He bade them both stop firing, and ordered the Gaudil Brigade, bivouacing near St. Cloud, to cross the Seine and hurry to the Point-du-Jour Gate. He sent Lieutenant-Colonel Mellat, of the Thirty-seventh, commander of the trenches, an order to put all the men of whom he could dispose in motion to enter and stay in the city. He then ordered the Fourth Corps to march upon the Point-du-Jour and the St. Cloud gates. This done, he sent word to Marshal MacMahon that he had forced the walls and was going to maneuver in Paris itself. An entrance was not to have been attempted before Tuesday, May 23. General Douay then started himself, and his horse, as you may suppose, was in a foam when he reached St. Cloud. His order had been punctually executed. The Captain of Engineers Garnier had been the first to pass the gate with two companies of the Thirty-seventh, a squad of sappers and some artillery, men carrying or dragging field-mortars; Commander Louis, of the artillery, had brought up a cannon; Lieutenant-Colonel Mallat, with the soldiers of the Thirty-seventh and Ninety-first, massed themselves so as to repulse any offensive return of the Federals. During a few moments there was a little confusion but the Gaudil Brigade debouched by the Avenue of St. Cloud, General Douay had arrived, every thing was going well, and it was safe to cry, "The city is taken!" If at this moment a division, or even a brigade preceded by a regiment of cavalry, had resolutely entered Paris "by the quays and the boulevards, which were totally clear of barricades, with one bound and without one shot being fired the Commune would have been strangled." This opinion is not mine only but that of M. Lissagaray, the most serious apologist of the Commune. It is perfectly correct. A rapid movement, had it been strategically possible, carried out upon the evening of May 21, would have enabled the French Army to encamp that very night in the Hotel de Ville and to have thrown forward its advanced guard as far as the Place de la Bastile. There is not a chief of the Commune who does not know, though not one of them has admitted this fact. However, the gods did not will it so to be—and Paris was burned!

Alderney Cows.

Alderney is known for the breed of cows which bears its name. These are so called, probably, because the first ones imported were from that island, although now very few that are sold as Alderney cows are directly from there. Those of that breed actually exported from these islands are generally from Jersey, where the cattle are much the same as those of Alderney, small, with tapering heads, and of a delicate fawn-color. The Guernsey cow is esteemed by some even more highly than the Alderney; it is rather larger and more of a red, brindle color. The cows are milked three times daily, and the milk is churned without skimming. One pound of butter a day is by no means an uncommon yield for a good cow. The cow-cabbage is made to reach a size so large that the leaves are used to wrap the butter in for market, while the stalks are varnished and armed with ferrules, and extensively used at St. Helier's for canes. The cows are very carefully coddled. The grass they feed on is highly enriched by vraic, a species of sea-weed gathered from the reefs at low-tide. There are two vraic harvests appointed by the Government—one in the spring and the other in August—although it is gathered at other times in small quantities. All hands turn out in the season with boats and carts, frequently at night, and it is a very lively, picturesque occupation, though often attended with risk and loss of life from the overloading of boats or the sudden rise of the tide. The cows are always tethered when feeding; they eat less in this way, really giving more milk than if glutted with food; and, while they are cropping the grass on one side of a field, it has time to spring up on the other side. When they have done eating, they are at once removed from the sun to the shade. The breed is preserved from intermixture with other breeds by strong and arbitrary laws very carefully enforced. No cattle are allowed to enter the islands (except for slaughter within a certain number of days), with the exception of oxen for draught.—*Atlantic Islands.*

—"Is this seat next to you engaged?" asked the traveler of a young lady in the cars. "Yes, sir; it is." It was the only vacant seat and the traveler wanted it. "Who's engaged it?" "A gentleman, I believe," she said. "Well, he can't engage a seat this way and not sit in it. I don't see any baggage. Where's his baggage?" And he was on the point of sitting down, when the young lady, mustering all her courage, exclaimed: "Oh! sir, I'm his baggage."

—Dr. Foote, says in the July *Health Monthly*, that all chronic skin diseases are invariably due to a scrofulous taint in the system. This view was also taken by Dr. L. P. Yandell, of Louisville, Ky., a late distinguished allopathic practitioner

—The catalogue of the printed books in the Bodleian library at Oxford University is now finished. It makes 719 volumes, not including the catalogue of the Bibles, the slips of which are in the course of being laid down. They will fill two more volumes.

—Two children of Samuel Holmes, at Levittsburg, O., were severely burned by the explosion of a kerosene lamp.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Omelet.—Take 3 fresh eggs, 1 tablespoonful of flour, and ⅔ cupful of milk. Mix the flour and milk together, add a pinch of salt; beat up the eggs only until the whites and yelks are assimilated, and stir them into the milk. A little minced parsely added to this is a very great additon.

Clear Starching.—After you have starched your collars in a thick starch and dried them thoroughly, dip them in a cold starch made by dissolving 2 teaspoonfuls of raw starch in a quart of water, mixed with a teaspoonful of gum arabic water. This is made by dissolving 5 cents worth of gum arabic in sufficient water, and letting it stand until it is clear.

Queen of Puddings.—1 pint of stale bread-crumbs; 1 quart of milk; yelks of 4 eggs; 1 cupful of sugar, 1 tablespoonful of butter. Bake, and when cold, spread with jelly, jam or preserves, and pile on the stiff whites of the eggs, with ½ cupful of sugar and a few drops of vanilla; return to a quick oven for a moment to delicately brown the frosting.

Simple Custard.—Take 3 tablespoonfuls of corn-starch, wet smooth in a little milk; 3 eggs, beaten with 3 tablespoonfuls of sugar, all stirred together in a quart of nearly boiling milk, and stir till it thickens. Flavor with 1 teaspoonful of vanilla, when taken up. Always boil the milk in a pail set in a pot of water. If I want richer custards, I use part cream and 6 eggs, with no corn-starch.

Corn Bread.—2 heaping cups corn-meal, 1 cup of flour, 3 eggs, 2½ cups of sweet milk, 1 tablespoonful of lard, 2 tablespoonfuls of cream-tartar, 1 teaspoonful of soda, 1 teaspoonful of salt; beat the eggs thoroughly, yelks and whites separately; melt the lard; sift soda and cream-tartar into the flour and meal while dry, and stir in last; then beat all very thoroughly; bake quickly in a buttered mold; less than ½ hour will usually suffice.

Whipped Cream.—Take 1 pint of very thick cream, sweeten it with very fine sugar and orange flower water; boil it. Beat the whites of 10 eggs with a little cold cream, strain it, and, when the cream is upon the boil, pour in the eggs, stirring it well till it comes to a thick curd; then take it up and strain it again through a hair sieve. Beat it well with a spoon till it is cold. Then place it in a dish in which you wish to serve it.

Grape Wine.—Ripe, fresh-picked domestic grapes, 20 pounds; put in a stone jar; pour over them 6 quarts of boiling soft water; when cool enough for the hands squeeze well, after which let it stand three days on the pomace, with a cloth thrown over the jar; then squeeze out the juice; add 10 pounds of nice crushed sugar; let it stand a week longer in the jar; then take off the scum, strain, and bottle, leaving a vent until done fermenting; then strain again; bottle tight; lay the bottles on their sides in a cool place.

Pea Pancakes.—Cook a pint of peas, more than you would require for dinner; while hot put them in a wooden bowl, a lump of butter and a little pepper with them, and mash to a salve with a potato-pestle or "masher;" in the morning make a batter of either wheat flour or corn meal, with eggs and soda, as for fritters; stir in the pea jam until it is thoroughly incorporated with the batter, and cook like any other griddle-cake. They make a beautiful and palatable breakfast dish.

FARM TOPICS.

Grape Culture.

The following brief, practical and condensed rules for the management of grapes were given by Dr. Whiting at the Farmers' Institute, recently held at Saginaw, Mich.:

The soil best suited for the grape is decomposing shale, but any good clay soil thoroughly drained will do.

The ground should be carefully prepared, and only well rotted manure used.

Decomposing turf is one of the best fertilizers; when it can be obtained, no other will be required.

The vines selected for planting should be good one-year-old layers or cuttings. They may look small, but will make the best vines.

Good culture is as necessary to the vine as to corn or cabbage.

Mulching and watering the first year should not be neglected if drought is excessive. One good soaking is better than many sprinklings. More water can be saved with a hoe than can be put on with a sprinkler.

In planting cut the vine back to two buds, whatever its strength or age.

Summer pruning consists in pinching off weak and straggling shoots in order to confine the sap to the main branches.

The first summer allow but one main shoot to grow. In the fall, after the first frost, cut all the summer growth back to within two buds of the ground.

The second year confine the sap to two branches, and in the fall cut back to three buds each.

The third year, if your vine has made vigorous growth, a few stems of grapes may be allowed to mature, but better take off all the fruit than to suffer too much to grow.

Too heavy bearing while young will weaken the vine for all future time. The trimming now depends on what kind of trellis you wish to cover.

After you have obtained a good vigorous root, you can make it grow in almost any place or shape you wish, by keeping the branches desired tied up, and all the others pinched back.

Each year a few of the strongest branches should be allowed to grow as bearers of fruit the following year.

In trimming cut away as much of the old wood as possible and save the new, as all the fruit buds are on the new wood.

You can easily tell how much to cut away by holding your new wood up to the trellis, and imagine a branch with three stems of grapes for each bud.

If you do not cut off enough in the fall, and you find that the vine is going to be too thick, do not fail to attend to it when the shoots are from three to six inches long, in the spring, or while in blossom. As soon as the fruit is set examine the vine; spread out the new wood so that each bunch of grapes will hang free and clear; pick off all the small stems of fruit, and fasten the vines securely, so that the wind will not destroy your crop by breaking the young and tender branches.

When the wood has grown so that there are three leaves beyond the last bunch of grapes examine the vine, select the branches you wish to save for fruit-bearing the coming year, and keep them tied up until they have grown as long as you wish to make use of. The ends of the other bearing branches should be pinched off as soon as they reach this point, "three leaves beyond the last stem of grapes."

Break off all shoots and laterals as they make their appearance, but on no account injure the leaves on their bearing canes.

The fruit will color but not ripen if the leaves are destroyed.

Grapes for fall and winter use should be picked as soon as ripe, and when perfectly dry, packed in fine dry sawdust. Select your box or jar, cover the bottom with sawdust, then layers of grapes and sawdust alternately until full. Keep them in the coolest place you can find free from frost, until wanted for use.

Management of Chickens.

Many complain of breakage in eggs by hens while under the process of incubation. This is owing partly to the thinness of the shells and partly to the carelessness of the hen. Of all sitters, the Brahmas are the most tractable. They are persistent, and when once their inclination is directed towards this point, they are easily removed to some more convenient place. A nest for a sitter should be constructed for that purpose, and be on a different plan from that of the layers. Generally when a layer is seeking a nest, she manifests a desire to look up. Her ideas are high. She looks at the wood-pile, and views well all the localities about the buildings. Many of the smaller breeds, especially the sitting varieties, have this mania for nest-hunting, particularly when running at large. Nests intended for sitters alone should be made on the ground, that the hen may walk off and on. A small dry-goods box placed on the side is good for this purpose. The hen should be fastened thereon until she is entirely accustomed to the change. When allowed to come off for the first time or two, she should be watched, that she may return after a reasonable length of time. Frequently she will go back to the old nest when first commencing to sit. In that case she must be removed. With a little patience, after a time or two, she will become entirely reconciled, and in this manner, taking the precaution of breaking her on eggs that are of small value, there will be found less breakage of good eggs. She should be protected from the annoyance of layers.

The nest for a sitter should not be so deep or dishing that the eggs all roll in the middle and crowd one another. Give the hen as many eggs as she can cover comfortably and no more. A good sized Brahma will manage fifteen small eggs very well, and it is better to give her that number; in each sitting there will always be one or two that will prove bad. The hen should be accustomed to handling, that her eggs may be seen to and counted each day or two, to be certain that they are all right. Eggs set on the ground in warm weather, hatch better and produce stronger chicks, but they are more subject to the attacks of night-prowling vermin. In order that every thing should work together for the good being of the coming chickens, the mother should be thoroughly cleaned of vermin. The hen will sit better, be less uneasy, and the young chicks when they come from the shell will be free from this formidable pest, and be ready to go straight forward and make rapid growths. Both the mother and the young brood will be more quiet, and a larger percentage will be raised. Where a regular business is carried on it is well to have all the sitters down at one time, that the chicks may be of an age. They are less trouble, particularly when early (and to be profitable they should be early), and, if we devote our time to the business, it is better to tend a large flock.

I believe that one great cause of diseases among young chicks arises from the want of a proper mother. They require an amount of animal heat more than a small hen can impart. It is not the amount of feathers, but the large, capacious, roomy body and breast that gives warmth and strength, and the weak little things require it on the back. In this respect, the moderately sized Light Brahmas excel; not only for their own chicks, but for those less in size and more slender in nature when just hatched. Newly hatched chicks should remain on the nest at least 36 hours, and better 48, and be fed thereon, allowing the hen to go off for a little exercise and the relief of nature. It is an error, in early spring weather, to remove chicks from the nest too soon. The old nest is warm, and new quarters are apt to give them a chill. Exercise is not the first thing they require, although the old hen often looks at it in this light.

With due care chicks may be raised without so much as a touch of the gapes; but, as has been stated before, it requires vigilance. Roup is perhaps one of the worst diseases that poultry-breeders have to contend with, and one for which there is no immediate cure for the afflicted birds. It is a disorder that has orignated among fancy poultry breeders, and will ever hang to them so long as they are heedless of the welfare of their birds. There are several different phases of it; some of them can be remedied, and others can not. Some birds are afflicted from the shell up with soreness about the head, eyes and throat. The comb and wattles turn a dark purple, and any severe start or sudden exercise often causes instant death. It is idle to admit the idea that it is contagious, although birds subject to the same treatment and exposure will be affected alike to a greater or less degree, according to the constitution of the bird.—*Country Gentleman.*

Jealousy.

It is wonderful how soon jealousy works its way into the minds of children. All men and women are more or less jealous; some are jealous of their neighbors, if they happen to live in a better house than themselves; some are jealous if their neighbors' children look better than their own. With parents continually showing them jealousy, it is no wonder that the same vicious traits appear developed in children; but it is nevertheless very strange that they should show it as early as some of them do. They desire to dress finer, and have every little knick-knack better than others, is a poor foundation to build upon, yet it lies at the basis of many a life, and always leads to enormous expenses, and sometimes to wretched consequences. Young ladies and gentlemen about to be engaged should think a great deal upon this matter, for not a little of the happiness they are to have in the coming home they are looking forward to depends upon it. It is plain to see, when a person looks into the subject, that jealousy leads to extravagance, and that it is one of the first things which mothers should guard their children against.

Expanding the Lungs.

Step out into the purest air you can find, stand perfectly erect with the head and shoulders back, and then fixing the lips as though you were going to whistle, draw the air through the nostrils into the lungs. When the chest is about full raise the arms, keeping them extended with the palms of the hands down, as you suck in the air, so as to bring them over the head just as the lungs are quite full. Then drop the thumbs inward, and after gently forcing the arms backward and the chest open, reverse the process by which you draw your breath, till the lungs are entirely empty. This process should be repeated three or four times a day. It is impossible to describe to one who has never tried it the glorious sense of vigor which follows the exercise. It is the best expectorant in the world. We know a gentleman, the measure of whose chest has been increased some three inches during as many months.—*Exchange.*

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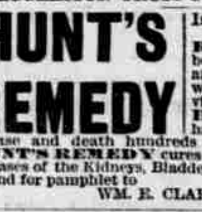
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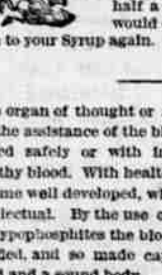
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