FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE Empress of Austria goes to Ireland for hunting in February, after her son's marriage.

THE Viceroy of Ireland receives $100,000 a year and "allowances," but loses money because of the hospitality he must give.

COUNT VON MOLTKE has just passed his eighty-first birthday, which was celebrated by visits from the imperial family, the King of Bavaria and other German sovereigns. The old soldier is said to be marvelously active.

M. HENRI ROCHEFORT has recently pointed out in the columns of *L'Intransigeant* that the leading spirits of the luxury and frivolity of the second Empire all bore German names; among these he cites the late M. Offenbach, Mlle. Hortense Schneider, M. Haussman and the Comtesse de Metternich.

THE question of fortifying Copenhagen is just now being much discussed in Denmark, the supporters of the Government urging that such a measure has, in the present state of affairs in Europe, become indispensable, while the members of the Left oppose it on account of the expense it would occasion.

PRINCE BISMARCK has sent a commission to Alsace to study the condition of the workmen there, especially with regard to their dwellings, which are somewhat on the English cottage principle, every man living in his own house. This system seems to be in favor with the Chancellor, who wishes it to be introduced all over Germany by Government help.

THE aged Emperor of Germany is described as looking very imposing, when, with his wife on his arm, he emerged from the venerable Cathedral at Cologne followed by a long train of princes and generals. He took his place in a pavilion prepared on the plata, and signed a record which, after having also been signed by sixty-seven German princes and notabilities, was placed in a long silver tube and given over to the workmen to be deposited in the principal stone cross at the top of the Cathedral spire, 530 feet above.

A SECTION of the German press is at last beginning to admit that the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine was a blunder, and that it is another German Venetia. The immense sums sunk in extending the fortifications of Strasbourg and constructing new ones made a great gap in the war indemnity, and now that it is exhausted, their maintenance and that of the army of occupation weigh heavily on the already overburdened finances of the country. The anniversary of the surrender of Strasbourg was the occasion of numerous articles favorable to restoring the territories wrested from France, in exchange for a pecuniary equivalent.

THERE have been some curious proceedings in England under the new Burials act. In Gloucestershire, a vicar being away from home, his wife read the entire burial service over a parishioner. At Seaham a Roman Catholic priest refused to bury a child when notice was given that he would do so; and, the vicar being away, the body remained some hours in the churchyard unburied. On the other hand, at Glassdale, Yorkshire, the vicar has offered a piece of land out of the glebe to the Roman Catholic priest for interments; while perhaps the most remarkable thing that has happened is that the extreme Ritualist, Mr. Mossman, vicar of West Torrington, Lincolnshire, reputed to be a Bishop of the Order of Corporate Reunion, allowed a Dissenting minister at a funeral to preach in his church.

The Children's Hour.

THE holiday season has become the Children's Kingdom. For them is the clear winter air made fragrant with the spicy breath of Christmas trees. For them love labors for precedent weeks and months at manifold creations. For them the music swells, the tapers glance, the mummers play, fairy-land is made visible. To them all the delight which unsated childhood can know is offered in the name of a child.

Best of all is the new atmosphere of love which they feel. In some households the expression of affection is neglected, the little observances of tenderness fall into disuse. In others, alas! the tenderness itself is absent. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children might reach its humane hand into very handsome houses, and rescue from very decorous parents the wounded spirit and starving heart of many a little one.

There is a multitude of fathers to whom the children are an amusement for a leisure hour, a source of pride and pleasure when they are pretty and well dressed and happy. But if the paternal humor changes, or the filial temper clouds, then they are bores, pests, disturbers of the peace, to be kept until repentance in some prison-house up stairs. There are mothers too many whose maternal instinct is a conscience, not a delight; who hold that their duty is done if the child wants for nothing, and has the proper guardian in nurse or governess. But they are not interested in the little individual soul that is daily facing some new mystery of life. It is not on their level. It wearies and disturbs them.

Yet on Christmas morning and on New-Year's Day even these fathers and mothers feel a new delight in their children from having tried to delight them. The conventional greeting is warm and sincere. There are kisses and sweet words, and the little ones feel that never was day so fair or lot so happy as theirs. In their hearts, and sometimes with their lips, they wonder why every day might not be like these enchanted mornings. And at this blessed Christmas-tide may they not be answered with the cheerful prophecy that it shall be?

For every day is as much the opening of a new year to us all as the radiant festival which we crown with honor, and that joy in childhood and reverence for it which Christmas teaches us should be a perennial mood. The child's native air is love and sympathy, constant, cherishing, unquestioned, as the light, without which there can be no healthy growth. Gentleness breeds gentleness. If the love of children be not a strong instinct within us, it will grow as a virtue by careful cultivation.

And perhaps no virtue is so essentially its own reward. To look deep down into the sweet translucent soul of a child, to put one's self in relation with its fresh, eager intelligence, to win its undivided, generous trust, is to know, perhaps, the purest felicity which these mortal limitations permit. Stupid and troublesome and a vexation have we dared to call them? Oh, we of little thought! Where do we go in society that the stupid and troublesome and the vexatious do not gibe our hearts? How do we not conceal our wearing smile, and answer, and pretend like the things we loathe?

And we do this that we [illegible] the pain which an ho[illegible] objurgation, a gen[illegible] flict. If, then, we [illegible]ities, the eruditions, the stillnesses, of people who are nothing to us, shall we not be patient with the sweet importunities of our children? A rebuff, a snub, is as cruel to them as a blow; crueler, since the mind is a more sensitive organism than the body.

If the children's noise distracts us, let us smile and escape, or, still suffering, skillfully subdue, remembering piano-forte recitals or vocal exhibitions not less distracting, for which we smiled, and said "Thank you," and which we could neither escape nor subdue. If their frank, endless questions, springing from an insatiable capacity for knowledge, bore us, let us answer tenderly, carefully, clearly, recalling the vapid inquiries of the gossiping and the curious among our elder acquaintance, which we satisfy with unvarying civility.

Children are honest, fearless, original. Can that high praise be given to all our calling list? Is it not worth while to cultivate the possessors of these delightful qualities? More than all, they are responsive. What we sow in their quick natures we shall surely reap. If it be the seed of impatience, of inattention, of incivility, of careless misunderstanding, there shall grow a bitter crop of alienation, of stubbornness, of mistrust.

On the threshold of the new year, and within hearing of the Christmas bells, may all fathers and mothers see to it that their holiday gift to the children—the gift that shall not wear out, nor grow shabby, nor cease to please—be a limitless patience and sweetness! The little ones love love. That will content them, though the stocking be but lean, and the tapers on the Christmas tree but few.—*Harper's Bazar.*

From Private to Captain.

IT was not once a year, but almost once a week, that the soldier who had anything of the heroic in his nature was offered a chance to develop it. Men stepped from the ranks into shoulder-straps at one stride, and the case to be related was only one in a hundred.

We were the rear guard. We had fought the enemy at Malvern Hill and checked him, but the army dared not halt. Under the cover of darkness the long trains and the battered and disheartened lines resumed the march toward White House Landing and the cover of the gunboats. Dead and wounded were left on the field, and over the swamp-road, deep with mire and mud, plunged wagon and gun and caisson and ambulance, followed by men whose eyes closed in sleep even as they walked.

The rear guard had work on hand. Close on our heels came fresh troops who had orders to ride us down—cut us to pieces—trample us in the mire—get rid of us that they might reach the army beyond. They followed us on the road, and they followed us on both sides of it in the woods. There was hardly a minute during that long night that the guns were silent. Men fell dead in the mire and were left to sink out of sight. Men fell wounded in the bushes and were not given a second look. When one file of men had been shot away in the rear guard another took its place, and so the long and murderous night wore away and the blessed daylight came. Daylight was not to end the pursuit or make wounds less horrible or rob death of its ghastliness. Yet it was a relief.

Just at sunrise we had a respite. The enemy was closing up to push us with a determined onslaught. Our men were marching at will, dejected, despondent, sullen and ferocious. I could not see an officer anywhere up the road. I could look over a thousand men, but not so much as the bar of a Second Lieutenant was among them. Where had all the officers gone to? Some were dead in the road and bushes miles away, but death had not claimed all. Here was an entire regiment without an officer to command. We had made a dozen stands since midnight, but no one remembered to have seen an officer. Men had halted, 'bout-faced and dressed lines like machines, and when the pursuit was checked we had toiled on again.

We struck a terrible slough extending across the road. Five pieces of six in a battery had been abandoned there with everything belonging except the horses. Scores of men surrounded each gun and caisson, and lifted them out of the mire and dragged them along to a clay hill beyond. On the crest of this hill the five guns were planted, and 800 men deployed right and left in support. Fresh cartridges were served out, a supply of hard tack came down the line, and we were resting and eating and wondering what General was in command, when a private soldier, face black with powder, uniform covered with mud, and his left arm in a sling and covered with blood, mounted a gun before us and said: "Boys, we are going to stop right here and give 'em blazes! They can't flank us, and they can't ride over us as long as we have a shot left. Let's show Little Mack how we can fight without shoulder-straps to boss us!"

He was only a private soldier—a man from the ranks whom no one would suspect of having anything heroic in his composition—yet it was under his orders we had saved the battery—he had deployed us in support—he had picked up ammunition and provisions to serve us.

We had rested for twenty minutes when the head of the pursuing column appeared. We had the key of the road for three miles. They came on with a yell, the road packed with them, and our battery opened. Men were never cooler. Almost like clock-work were the guns served, and in ten minutes we had cleared the road. Then they brought up two batteries, and for half an hour five guns fought twelve. When our fire slackened by order of that same private soldier, the enemy came on with a rush. When they had reached the slough 800 muskets blazed into them, and the battery opened with grape, and no man lived to cross it. We were cheering and yelling when an aide came galloping up behind us and shouted:

"Where is the General in command?"

"Here I am," replied the private as he stepped out.

"You are directed to fall back beyond the Hickory road, where we are massing for battle," shouted the aide as he dashed away.

We could have held that position against 20,000 men, but our "General" obeyed orders. It was a better road now, and as we retreated we dragged the guns with us, coming from no one could say where, but they could not rob our brave private of his glory. Before we had passed the battle line Gen. McClellan had taken him by the hand, given him all due praise, and made him a Captain. We were not jealous. We cheered him and wished that he had been made a Colonel.—*Detroit Free Press.*

AN elopement party at Vincent, N. [illegible] consisted of four couples, all of [illegible] been forbidden by parents to [illegible] ey met at train time in the [illegible] rode to a village twenty [illegible] en stood up in a row

HOME AND FARM.

M. DEHERAIN thinks a thistle seed will lay any length of time in the ground without rotting, and related an incident where a piece of low land that had taken the deposit of a brook for years was drained and burned over, saying the first thing to grow was an immense crop of thistles.

INK ON CARPETS.—Take up as much of the freshly spilled ink as possible with a sponge, then wet with water and soak with the sponge repeatedly; finally, rub the spot with a little wet oxalic acid, or salt of sorrel, wash off with cold water and rub with aqua ammonia.

MOLASSES FRUIT-CAKE.—Two cupfuls each of molasses and butter, two eggs, a cupful of milk, a teaspoonful each of soda and essence of lemon, two nutmegs, and flour enough to make a stiff batter. Beat well, and add currants, chopped raisins, and citron. Bake quick. To prevent the raisins from falling in the cake, beat them with eggs.

THE importance of washing the head frequently is shown by the experience of a quarantine physician of high standing, who says that, according to his observation, persons whose heads were thoroughly washed every day rarely took contagious diseases; but when the hair was allowed to become dirty and matted, it was hardly possible to escape infection.

APPLE FOLLY.—Whites of two eggs, one cup of sugar, three sour baked apples, vanilla. Beat together a little the whites of the eggs and sugar, flavor the inside of the baked apples, put to the eggs, and beat till quite stiff. Serve with cake.

IMPACTION or dry murrain in cattle: The symptoms in acute cases are drowsiness and stupor, accelerated pulse and breathing, hardness and tenderness under the right short ribs and tremor of the muscles. At a later stage the eyes glare, the animal moves about regardless of obstacles, often breaking its teeth and horns against the more solid impediments to its course, and bellowing fearfully in the meantime. Death often results in a few hours.

BLEACHING FLANNEL.—Flannel which has become yellow with use may be bleached by putting it for some days in a solution of hard soap to which strong ammonia has been added. The best proportions are one pound and a half of hard curd soap, fifty pounds of soft water, and two-thirds of a pound of strong ammonia solution. The same object may be attained in a shorter time by placing the flannel for a quarter of an hour in a weak solution of bisulphate of sodium, to which a little hydrochloric acid has been added.

ENGLISH MINCE PIE.—Three and one-half pounds of chopped beef, three and one-half pounds of suet, three and one-half pounds of raisins, three and one-half pounds of currants, seven pounds of chopped apples, one pound of citron, two pounds of sugar, one ounce of nutmegs, four quarts of cider, one pint of golden sirup. Mix these ingredients all together, and let them stand over night before using; then bake in puff paste.

EXCELLENT GERMAN CHRISTMAS CAKE.—A pound of flour with half an ounce of baking powder; rub in half a pound of butter; then add half a pound of sultanas, a quarter of a pound of currants, a few drops of essence of lemon, a very little cinnamon and candied peel, and a few chopped almonds. Mix these ingredients with two eggs and a little milk well beaten first. Do not mix too stiff. Make it up in a long shape, about four inches thick, with an incision down the middle. Put buttered paper on the tin, and bake a nice brown. Strew powdered sugar over when taken out of the oven.

Stock Poor.

MANY a farmer is kept poor by keeping too much stock. He would be prosperous if the stock was of the right kind. It does not pay to keep cows through the winter that are dry pretty much all the time. It does not pay to keep over a lot of lean and fractious steers in the expectation that they will make good working cattle by waiting long enough. All such animals should be sold to those who have more food in store than their present poor owners. A miserable and melancholy lot of no-breed sheep constitutes no more desirable property, either. Their fleeces are not worth waiting for, and their mutton is called such only by courtesy. They are of no use to a farmer but to help keep him poor.

Good stock, superior stock, pays for itself all the time. A herd of cows is well worth wintering that will pay in milk and butter many times more than the cost of their keep. No other kind ought therefore to be allowed on a farm. No business man ever expects to make headway against competition by holding a stock of goods that is of inferior value and out of the fashion; and a farmer ought to observe the same rule, and carry on his hands no stock that is not of the very sort to give him a good footing in the produce market. He never can get good milk, good butter, or good beef from poor runts of creatures whose existence comes under the head of accident rather than design. Superior stock is the only kind an enterprising and thrifty farmer can afford to keep.

When cows show beyond a question that they can not give milk enough nor milk good enough to pay for their support and yield a liberal profit beside, it is time they were disposed of on almost any terms that will clear them off the farm. It is the same with all creatures that are an incumbrance on the farm instead of a profit; let them be put off without delay, and let the so-called sentiment in the case be eradicated by healthier considerations of what constitutes thrifty and profitable farming. This should be the touchstone everywhere of good farming. If it were really made so, we should soon see an end of dawdling, routine, traditional farming, and the infusion of a vigorous element such as moves the world of business and carries life and activity into every department.

There are, of course, many ways in which a farmer can trace the sources of his unprosperous condition; but the practice of keeping on hand, summer and winter, a lot of practically worthless cattle—for all cattle are worthless that are not profitable—is the moth and the canker that is surely eating out his substance. It is simply a question of time how soon he will succumb, for to be acknowledged hopelessly poor is submission. We repeat, no farmer can afford to keep inferior cattle; a rich man may afford it, and charge his indebtedness to whim or delusive benevolence; but the farmer who has his living to make off his farm can not afford it, nor indeed can he afford to keep any kind of cattle but the best. He owes it to himself to clean out everything that is trash and worthless, and begin and build up on a sound basis. The more poor stock he keeps, the poorer he is in consequence himself.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

The Successful Farmer of the Future.

THE following is part of a paper recently read, by Mr. G. M. Humphrey, before the Farmers' Institute of Table Rock, Nebraska: "I honestly believe that the farmer who will work his brains until noon, and his hands the balance of the day, will outstrip him who rises at five and toils until nine at night. Our most successful farmers are not those that work the hardest at manual labor; they work, nevertheless, with all the energies of their natures. None are exempt from labor, only I urge, let it be well directed. The royal field of the human mind should be as carefully cultivated as your choicest crop, and he who neglects it must necessarily expect failure. The day is approaching when the highest intelligence will be demanded as a necessary qualification of the agriculturist.

"It is here boys make a mistake by rushing into the already starving and over-crowded professions. And I would say that unless you have a decided genius for a professional life, young man, stick to the farm. Specialties seem to be the rule of our civilization, and he succeeds best who bends all his energies and means to master one business thoroughly. If a young man has a certain predilection for the raising of cattle, he should lose no time in making the start. Every opportunity given for gaining information in that direction should be instantly embraced. Both practically and theoretically should he know every breed, their adaptation to our climate and soil, the principles of breeding, a thorough knowledge of grass and feeding, and the daily markets. Their diseases in every form should be the subject of profound study, and his shelves should be filled with standard works on the subject. He must keep abreast of the times and know all the new and valuable things in the cattle world; and more than all, he must bring to bear close observation—unceasing and ever watchful. His experience should be recorded not only for his own good but for that of his neighbors. Nor is this all. His affairs must be governed by those laws of business which the wisdom of ages has pronounced to be indispensable to the success of any work. Without this, he is worse than a ship without a chart, compass or rudder—drifting he knows not where. Nor must he simply be interested in his own stock. He not only can enrich his neighbors, but at the same time he can and ought to make the country around him contribute to his own means.

"And so with every industry connected with farming, be it raising horses, sheep or swine, the cultivation of cereals or fruit. There is not one of them that can not command the undivided attention and all the ability of the ordinary farmer. My idea, then, is to have a community of mixed industries, with each man doing his level best in a certain line. In the end we shall be surer of a competence, and I may add, a surplus. Failure may attend our efforts, but be certain the fault is with us. And while I speak of the concentration of mind upon a single pursuit, I do not mean that everything else shall be ignored. But experience has demonstrated that there must be one main business, to which all others must be subservient—each of us should at least be master of a single industry."

Heat Without Fire.

PROFESSOR WELLS, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has invented a machine for heating railroad cars without the use of fire. The principle of the machine is friction. It consists only of an iron cylinder, two feet in diameter, having a fixed plate of hardened iron in one end, and a second plate, attached to a revolving shaft, which presses lightly or closely upon the fixed plate, as circumstances require. The cylinder is filled with water, the shaft revolves, and from the friction of the plates the water in an incredibly short time is heated, and by means of pipes can be carried a great distance for heating purposes. The construction of the machine is such that it is easily adapted to every place where there is waste power, as in mills, factories, public buildings and cars. Thus, to carry a machine with thirty-six square inches of friction plates—the ordinary size—one-half horse power only is said to be required, while a machine with two hundred and twenty-five square inches of friction surface will require only four horse power, and will heat a room 60x200, or 126,000 cubic feet. In steam cars the machine is easily and cheaply adjusted to the axles, the power being taken directly from the wheels, so that in case of accident all danger from fire is eliminated. This machine has been in practical operation for some months, and it is claimed that with thirty-six inches of friction surface a room of 10,000 cubic feet can be heated more uniformly and quicker than by the use of coal, wood or steam, and absolutely without expense save the wear of the friction plates and the pittance for extra coal under the boiler.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Preserved Potatoes.

A CALIFORNIA inventor has made a machine for pressing and drying potatoes so that they will keep for years, yet preserve their natural flavor. No chemicals are used in the operation of curing, every thing being done by a simple machine capable of pressing 600 bushels of potatoes in twenty-four hours. The machine not only presses the potatoes, but lays them on a tray in a concave form with the hollow side down. After the pressure they are put into the drying apparatus, where they remain for two hours, then they are ground into a coarse meal resembling cracked rice. The first shipment of these preserved potatoes to Liverpool, last year, brought a large profit. The average price of potatoes in San Francisco is about 25 cents a bushel. Dried, they brought in England 45 shillings a hundredweight, or at the rate of $1.50 a bushel for green potatoes. This year preparation has been made for drying and shipping large quantities. It is said there are 300,000 acres of uncultivated land on the western slope of the Coast Range, near San Francisco, especially adapted to potato-growing. The fogs and mists from the ocean yield sufficient moisture, and the soil yields bountifully. The only problem heretofore has been where to market the product.

FOR winter laying, hens should have warm, dry quarters, but that does not mean that they should be shut up in a close room. No matter how cold the air is they should have a good sniff of it every day, and their room should be well aired also. A dry shed to dust themselves in and feed under, with an eastern or southern exposure to give them a sun-bath, is of great value to them. With these surroundings, and a regular supply of mixed feed, one may reasonably look for a generous supply of eggs.

THE Mayor-elect of New Orleans is named Shakespeare.

THE DAIRY.

IF equal weights of corn and shorts are taken, corn will produce the greater amount of milk. As prices generally run, if equal sums of money are expended in corn and shorts, the investment in shorts will give the most milk, while the milk from the corn will be of better quality.

WINTER dairying is being adopted by many and the pioneers will reap the richest harvest. The cows must be fed during the winter. By having them come in late in the fall, with good care they give a large flow of milk through the winter and when turned to pasture will milk nearly equal to fresh cows.

IT is better to shell the corn and grind it alone than to grind it with the cobs. Unless soaked till tender, corn-cobs are about as indigestible as sawdust and just about as nutritious. To get the best results from feeding corn to cows, it should be ground very fine—much finer than it can be if ground with the cobs.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

AT the late meeting of the International Dairy Fair Association, held in New York, it was stated that 15,000,000 pounds of oleomargarine had been exported this year under the name of pure butter and a committee was appointed to investigate the matter and report what steps were necessary to prevent the wholesale frauds now being carried on to the detriment of the dairy interest.

THE *Cultivator* asserts that the general rule in feeding cows is that twenty-seven pounds of dry food daily are required for 1,000 pounds of live weight, and that three-fourths or two-thirds of this should be bulky food, such as hay. This is a rule which admits of many exceptions. Very much depends upon the form of the cow. Some cows weighing 800 pounds consume more food than others weighing 1,000 pounds.

CAKED UDDER.—Give a dose of physic, composed of a pound of Epsom salts, dissolved in a quart of warm water; add thereto a pound of treacle and two ounces of ground ginger, and give the whole in one dose. Give sloppy food. Keep the bag empty by frequent milking, and if the milk does not flow without much pulling in the teat of the affected quarter, it is best to draw the milk by means of a milking tube, which should be carefully inserted, and not pushed too far up. Apply frequently hand rubbing, continued during half an hour at a time, the palm of the hand being occasionally rubbed with flour or lard to prevent chafing of the udder. An ounce of aqua ammonia, three ounces of lard and a scruple of iodine, mixed together, and a portion applied twice daily, will be of service. Powerful stimulants or blisters should not be applied to the udder. If abscess forms free incision should be made with a lancet, and a saturated solution of sulphate of zinc applied twice or thrice daily to the wound.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Good or Bad Butter.

IT is singular how many people are indifferent as to the quality and make-up of the butter they send to market, and it puzzles one to discover the reason why. Is it because they do not know how to make a good article, or because they won't take the trouble? In very many cases both these apply, but the main cause, we apprehend, arises from the fact that in years past their husbands were in the habit of running store bills from one year's end to another, and when the butter accumulated beyond home wants it was sent to the store to be credited on account for what the groceryman pleased to allow; and the price allowed was generally the lowest, hence the indifference of the maker as to its quality and make-up. But, be this the cause or not, it is quite evident that the best goods shipped to a good market always command the highest price, a price, too, double and often times treble what a poor one will bring, hence the desirability of making the best. It costs but little more trouble to make, no more money to ship and but little more to sell, whilst in the course of a year the difference would be material. For, instance, if a person made for shipment only ten pounds per week, which would be five hundred and twenty pounds per annum, this at ten cents per pound would only realize $52, but at twenty cents the same quantity would realize over $100. But even this price is small compared with what may be, and is being secured. In St. Louis butter is now retailed readily at thirty and thirty-five cents per pound for desirable qualities and before the winter is over it will bring from forty to fifty cents. A little reading and thought on the part of producers will enable them to make an article that will compare with the best.—*Journal of Agriculture.*

Coloring Cheese.

THE fact is familiar to all butter makers that should the cream become too warm in the churn the butter is sure to be very light-colored. The same principle holds good in cheese making and as it is absolutely necessary to heat the curds to make cheese the heating takes the color out. Certain markets and notably the English, require a cheddar color to our factory cheese and in order to meet this, coloring matter of some kind must be used. Annato in some form is generally considered the cheapest and best. The most economical manner of preparing it is with potash. At a late meeting of the Elgin Board of Trade a celebrated doctor discussed this question and to show the ill effects of potash on the stomach he exhibited a specimen partly destroyed by this powerful alkali. From this he argued that the potash in coloring matter is injurious to the human stomach, and must cut some figure in causing cheese to be short lived. To what extent these conclusions may safely be adopted we will leave to the intelligent reader, but there certainly seems to be a measure of truth in them, at least to the degree that cheese makers should take some warning and be not too rash in high coloring with an article of which potash forms a principal ingredient.

It is our opinion that the market would eventually be improved if a general system of shading down the color was adopted to bring our factory make to more nearly resemble the famous Stilton. Purchasers taste considerably with their eyes it is true, but still the table test proves the sure one in the long run, and no one can hold a good market any length of time without meeting this requirement. Our cheese have won their present high standing in the English market on their solid merits and not by such a simple fancy point as that of color. We would not advise a too rapid change, but simply a toning down of color, which we believe would improve the quality and be a step in advance of the position now held by our highly colored cheese.—*American Dairyman.*

—"There is plenty of room at the top," as the bald-headed man said to his full beard.

—V-toed—The human race.

Religious.

THE HIDDEN MUSIC.

We asked where the magic came from,
That made her so wondrous fair,
As she stood with the sunlight touching
Her glass of golden hair,
And her blue eyes looked toward heaven
As though they could see God there.
"Hush!" said the child, "can't you hear it,
The music that's every where?"

God help us! we could not hear it;
Our hearts were heavy with pain:
We heard men toiling and wrangling,
We heard the whole world complain;
And the sound of a mocking laughter
We heard again and again:
But we lost all faith in the music:
We had listened so long in vain.

"Can't you hear it?" the young child whispered,
And sadly we answered, "No.
We might have fancied we heard it,
In the days of long ago;
But the music is all a delusion,
Our reason has told us so.
And you will forget that you heard it
When you know the sound of woe."

Then one spake out from among us,
Who had nothing left to fear;
Who had given his life for others,
And been repaid with a sneer,
And his face was lit with a glory,
And his voice was calm and clear
As he said, "I can hear the music
Which the little children hear."
—*F. M. Owen, in Good Words.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

FOURTH QUARTER.

Dec. 12—The Last Days of Joseph. Gen. 50:14-26
Dec. 19—Review of the Lessons.
Dec. 26—Lesson Selected by the School.

Wise Sayings.

ONE of the greatest blessings you can enjoy, is a tender, honest, enlightened conscience.

A GOOD Christian is not a grave to bury God's mercies, but a temple to sing His praises.—*Thomas Watson, 1657.*

HE that hath tasted the bitterness of sin will fear to commit it; and he that hath felt the sweetness of mercy will fear to offend it.—*Charnock.*

GIVE the man such a heart as the Son of God describes in the beatitudes, and the whole universe of sorrow cannot rob him of his blessedness.

LET us take care how we speak to those who have fallen on life's field. Help them up, not heap scorn upon them. We did not see the conflict. We do not know the scars.

THE true Christian, amidst all the diversities of opinion, searches for the holy in desire, for the good in council, for the just in works; and he loves the good, under whatever temple, at whatever altar, he may find him.—*Sidney Smith.*

TILL religion becomes the desire of our hearts, it will not become the business of our lives. Most of the beatitudes which Infinite Compassion pronounced have the sorrows of earth for their subject, but the joys of Heaven for their completion.—*Hannah More.*

HE that makes but one step up a stair, though he be not so much nearer the top of the house, yet he has stepped from the ground, and is delivered from the foulness and dampness of that. So, in this first step of prayer, O Lord, be merciful unto me—though a man be not established in Heaven, yet he has stepped from the world and the miserable comforters thereof—*N. Y. Observer.*

I HAVE not always floated on the calm sea of content, but have often met with cross winds and storms, and with many troubles of mind and temptations to evil; and yet, though I have been, and am, a man compassed about with frailties, Almighty God hath by His grace prevented me from making shipwreck of faith and a good conscience, the thought of which is now the joy of my heart, and I most humbly praise Him for it.—*George Herbert.*

THERE are times when the tide of Christianity seems to be turned backward, and the world seems to be waxing worse and worse. When our eye runs along the line of a great river, we come to points where the current is obstructed, and the surface is broken into eddies, till the whole stream seems to be turned backward. That is only the surface view. The deep water of the mighty river is all the while rolling onward, and hasting to pour its ever-increasing volume into the boundless ocean below. So, also, notwithstanding those discouraging surface views that sometimes distract our faith and appall our hearts, the deep undercurrent of Christianity is really moving onward; and the fact shall be demonstrated to our sight by and by when, in the clear light of a brighter revelation, we comprehend more of the design and work of God.—*Bishop D. W. Clark.*

Eterality Always Present.

THE lines of our life stretch farther than we think. We lay our plans for the future, and they prove to be tracks that never end. All our paths go out into the unseen world. As you look across the street, the line of your vision is terminated by some building. You can see nothing beyond. If that building were away, you could see other buildings and streets; and if these, too, were gone, the line of your vision would shoot off beyond the stars till it had reached the utmost verge of the great universe. So the hopes of this earthly life—its plans, and schemes, and busy contrivings—are all endless lines that reach into an endless eternity. Within the little circle of yourself, the plans you make for to-morrow, the wishes and hopes you entertain for the coming months and years, you may not see or realize how far your favorite purposes stretch off into the distance. Do you ever think how they touch on the margin of an endless future? Do you never see how all earthly things are embosomed in an always-present eternity? We walk every day in the embrace of eternity. The issue of every purpose is there; the end of every plan is there; the result of every deed is there; no path will end this side.—*Congregationalist.*

A Word in Season.

A FRIEND of mine, says a writer in the *Interior*, was one day in earnest business conversation with a gentleman a wholesale marble dealer. First they went to the quarries, where nature had stored up her exhaustless supplies, and then through long lines of huge blocks in the rough; and thence to the ready-prepared material; with row after row of choicely-finished bases, dies and columns; all in great variety of styles and pattern. Now here was a group of Columbian, so much admired for its dark shading of blue and slate, with veins of black, and over there, the American variegated, with its lovely cloud-tints of pearl and amber and sea green. And beyond huge monuments of Nova Scotia granite, so closely resembling the famous Aberdeen. Selection were made, and orders given for the usual amount. The owner was a social, genial man, and entertained his customer by showing him all the improvements of his extensive business; the perfect sawing and polishing brought out by the unlimited power of steam, thus giving the rapid and constant supply of his increasing demand for the spring and fall sales. My friend was truly interested in all this, but deeply pained (for he was a religious and God-fearing man) by hearing the continuous repetition of oaths in the most profane manner. As he went to the office and their business was about finished, he said: "Now my friend, skip the hard words, skip the hard words," and again before leaving, "Skip the hard words. Don't forget it." How little he then realized the result of this kindly warning. It was the arrow of conviction to this man's heart. At the usual time, six months later, my friend again called for a new supply and found his friend intent in his line of business, but a changed man, and changed, indeed, for the better. The marble merchant thought my friend noticed a difference and frankly said to him, "Do you remember what you said to me last fall when you were here. 'Skip the hard words?'"

"O yes, but I had almost forgotten it."

"Well I did not. I thought it over that day after you left, and said to myself: Here I have been using these words many years, it must be about time to make a change, and with this thought came a purpose, and with this purpose came a resolve, and with God's help I have kept it and will continue to keep it."

How to Have a Good Conscience.

TO SECURE the intelligent and therefore right action of conscience, it must have a moral law to guide it. It must sail by a chart. That law is two-fold. It is the written law of the Bible, and it is the inner law written upon the heart. The Bible is not universally known. In order to accountability through conscience there must, therefore, be a law within us. Thus Paul argues in the second of Romans. Those who have no external law have one in their consciences. As a matter of fact this universal law is everywhere discoverable. "I am and I ought, are twins born at the same time."

The cases of heathen who with good conscience do wrong are sometimes quoted to show that there is no universal standard that can be regarded as authoritative. But a heathen is only "the germ of humanity." In him we should expect, therefore, to find only the germ of conscience. That its decisions are sometimes wrong proves only that conscience like the body, or the mind, or a flower, should be judged only at its maturity. And even the bad conscience of a heathen argues the universal moral law and the intuitive moral judgment, for the conscience, however perverted and mistaken in its action, springs from a commendable motive.

It follows, then, that to have a good conscience we must use it intelligently. We must avail ourselves of the best moral standard we can reach, and we must cultivate the habit of applying every action of life to that standard. And here comes in the supreme value of Bible study as a practical measurement of life. If we are measuring people by a six-foot rule, many cases will throw us into doubt, they so nearly or so exactly come to the standard. But if we measure people by Bunker Hill monument we will never be in doubt. Christians often get into trouble by submitting their conduct to low standards. They measure by policy, or expediency, or the religious fashion. They do doubtful things because other people do them. They have Bibleless consciences. If we use the rule of the lowest possible admissible Christian life, we will often be in doubt where we might have the dogmatic certainty of a good conscience if we only measured by a higher rule, and saw that all conduct not Christ-like must be condemned.

Let us have more ethical preaching that insists not only on the importance of a conscience, but that admits for a Chistrian conscience no standard lower than the Bible. Every other leads to demoralization. Let it be insisted on that to have a Biblically enlightened conscience and to live loyal to its orders is the lowest demand of Christianity. A conscientious Christian is the very prince of titles. A man may think right and have a bad conscience. He may feel right at times with a bad or stupid conscience. But a good conscience is the consent of a man's entire moral nature to the course of his conscience.—*Chicago Interior.*

Nevada Electricity.

A GENTLEMAN of this city says that about one o'clock yesterday morning the whole earth in this region was very highly charged with electricity. He first discovered the fact by accidentally placing his hand upon an iron lamp-post, when he felt quite a sharp shock. He then tried the post with his door-key and quite a large spark was the result. With the key he succeeded in extracting sparks from iron door frames and from the tops of hydrants. On looking at the iron flagstaff on the summit of Mount Davidson he found that about the top of it was visible quite a large and brilliant corona of light. In two or three places on the steel-wire guys by which the flagstaff is stayed were seen small, but bright, balls of light. These appeared to glide up and down, and occasionally disappeared for some seconds, but that at the top of the staff remained constantly in view, though it was observed to contract and expand. It seemed to expand when the balls of light on the guys slid up the staff and disappeared, and to contract when they again made their appearance. On brushing the sleeve of his coat with his hand the gentleman observed that sparks were produced similar to those seen in stroking the back of a cat. The heavens were perfectly clear and the air very sharp. A moderate breeze was blowing from the northwest, and to the northward, over the crest of Cedar Hill, were seen vibrating faint spires of an aurora borealis. On arriving at his room, while moving articles about in search of matches, the gentleman noticed that sparks were produced when some of the things were shoved together. In short, he says there appeared to be a regular electric "shower" that pervaded and strongly charged everything.—*Virginia Enterprise.*

A WASHINGTON widow received a letter saying that the writer possessed proof that she had murdered her husband, and would surrender it for $200. She informed the police, and they arrested two men who were concerned in the attempt to blackmail. One was a physician and the other a photographer. There is no intimation that the woman caused her husband's death, and the rascals relied solely on the chance that she would pay rather than be accused, though they really had neither the means nor the intention of publicly making such a charge.

GENERAL MEREDITH READ, ex-Minister to Greece, mentions an old man who recently died in Athens, aged 112. A son was born to him at the age of ninety-two. The young man is of ordinary size and strength, but is entirely destitute of teeth.