

## Two Moods.

I. HATE.  
Drawn o'er the airy sapphire of the day  
In vague perpetual way,  
He sees one dulling film of dreary gray.  
The fragrant sward, or dewy leaves that shine.  
Flower, bird, lissom vine,  
All hold weird hints of something saturnine!  
Big weights of wrong and insult, always  
pressed  
Upon his tired-out breast,  
Imperiously distract him with unrest!  
And through his mind quick ghastly fancies  
float,  
Where sometimes he can note  
His enemy's loathsome shape, and clutch its  
throat.

II. LOVE.  
For him alone the exultant thrushes call,  
The grand sun rise and fall,  
And the sweet winds blow benediction!  
A sovereign sense his being seems to brim,  
Thrilling heart, brain, and limb,  
That all this radiant world was wrought for  
him!  
One blissful faith his life divinely cheers  
With heavenly joys and fears,  
That sometimes leaves his sight in wholly  
tears!  
And through his soul, rich-warmed by sacred  
heat,  
Dear memories move and meet,  
Like shadowy ripples of golden wheat.

## THE EVE OF ST. JOHN.

It was a warm June day. The sun was already half-way down his western slope, moving lazily, as if weary with the long march of the summer solstice. A gauzy haze veiled without obscuring his brightness, and lent a dreamy charm to the scene below. Soft rolling hills; a stream winding between green willow shores; seen far away, a broad blue river, and the spires and roofs of a town; these were the outlines of the landscape. In the cool piazza of the old white farm-house, her home for half a century, stood my grand mother, a smile on her placid face, and her mild eyes drinking in the serene beauty of the scene. Alice and I came flying down the hall stair case and stood beside her.

"Good by, grandmamma," cried my sister. "We are going to leave for a little while."  
"Must you go to day, my dears? The horses are away, and it is a long walk to S—." Why not wait until to-morrow?"  
"You forget," I said, "that Frank comes to-morrow; and he shall be so busy with packing, and all the last things. And it is only two miles to town, after all."

"I suppose you must go, dear; but it is a long walk for Alice in this hot sun," grandmamma added, glancing from my gray walking dress to my sister's cloudy muslin and slipper.  
"Oh, I am not going, grandmamma; I shall only walk with Charlotte down to the thorn-trees to take that sketch I have promised so long. We shall both be back early to spend a long evening with you. This is my birth-night, you know—just think! I am nineteen—and I want you to make a festival of it!"  
"Be sure we will. And good-by, now, my children, for you have no more time to spare."  
Alice and I walked slowly down the green path which wound its way across the fields to the brook. Following this for some distance, we came to a rude wooden bridge by which we gained the other shore; and soon a sharp bend in the stream brought us to the thorn-trees of which Alice had spoken. A miniature promontory, covered with the most softest and most velvety turf, was washed on two sides by the waters of the brook, while the third was guarded by a semi-circular line of gnarled and twisted thorn-trees. A belt of similar trees upon the opposite shore rendered the seclusion of the place perfect. It was a spot which Titania might have chosen for her court, so still, so secret and so green. Through a partial opening in the trees was visible a lovely bit of scenery, a sketch of which Alice, who draws with rare skill and fidelity, proposed to take in my absence. Seated here on the warm grass, the stream murmuring at her feet and the leaves fluttering over her, I left her to her pleasant task; and regaining in a few moments more the frequented path, took my way by the long yellow high-road to the distant town.

Alice and I had been spending some months with our grandmother, and were to leave in a few days for our home in Philadelphia. Our own mother was dead; and the warm-hearted though rather gray and fashionable step-mother who had taken her place did not come so near to our hearts as did the gentle old lady at the farm. A part of every year we spent with the latter, always leaving her with regret. I should mention that my step-mother had a son, the fruit of a former marriage, who had been absent several years in India, and at this time had just returned. As we had no brother of our own, Frank Baldwin, who was a few years older than I, had filled nearly a brother's place to Alice and myself. He was now to be our escort home, as our father was prevented by some business from coming for us himself.

This afternoon I had to make some trifling purchases at the shops, and pay a few parting visits of friendship or ceremony. We had many friends in S—, and the farewell calls consumed so much time that nine o'clock was ringing from all the sleepers before I was able to leave the town and turn my steps toward home. But the way, though lonely, was safe; and I enjoyed the quiet walk in the evening air. It must have been ten o'clock when I reached the gate which communicated with the foot-path across the fields. Of course I had no idea of meeting Alice at that hour; for, though she had promised to wait for me, it was in the expectation that my return would be much earlier. Yet when I came to the turn of the path leading to the thorn-trees, my steps half involuntarily took that direction.

Walking on slowly, I had reached the brook, and rounding the point where, hours before, I had left my sister, when I was startled by perceiving what seemed in the uncertain starlight to be her figure reclining on the grass under the thorn-trees. Involuntarily I paused, half in doubt, half in fear. At that instant there came from far away in the south the first low breath of the night wind sighing across the fields and stirring the stiffleaves of the old thorns with a sound as of innumerable airy footsteps. With a sudden thrill, as if I had been conscious of some invisible presence, I called her name, but in a low, frightened voice. There was no answer; and, springing forward, I knelt beside the figure of my sister, lying fast asleep upon the grass. Her flushed cheeks rested on her round white arm, and a smile like that of dreaming infancy parted her beautiful lips. Lifting her long hair, on which the night dew glistened, I took her hand, exclaiming, "Alice! Alice! what are you thinking of, asleep in this damp night air?"

Slowly she opened her large eyes and gazed around with a bewildered expression.  
"Dear Alice, do rouse yourself," I cried. "It is past ten o'clock, and grandmamma will be crazy."  
She obeyed the movement of my hand, sat up and allowed me to wrap my shawl about her. I gathered up her scattered drawing materials, and again begged her to rouse herself and go home.  
"Yes, we will go," she said; but I have been dreaming so long, I can scarcely find the boundary line between my dreams and reality."  
"What were you dreaming of?"  
"Oh so many things! I must have been sleeping a long time, for the last thing I can remember the sun was setting, and I thought you would soon be here. I was awake then, and I am sure of it. All at once there came from far up the glen a faint strain of music. Then I distinguished voices singing and presently I was surrounded by a crowd

of people thronging all about me. Their garments brushed me, and their fingers touched my hair, but they never seemed to see me. Suddenly they vanished, one beautiful lady alone remaining. She stood just in green, behind that long branch. She was all in green and I could scarcely distinguish her from the trees. She spoke to me with a charming smile, and then lifting her white hand, waved it slowly through the air. I looked and papa stood beside me. I could not move or speak, but his dear eyes looked into mine for a moment; then the figure slowly faded. As I gazed other figures came by, brightening and fading before my eyes. I saw yourself and Frank, mamma, just as she used to look, and many more, all familiar faces, all persons who have had some part or influence in my life. Last of all came one I did not know. I turned to ask the lady who he was. She made no answer, but smiled and held up a ring. I thought I knew him for my future husband, and turned to look at him again. As I did so I thought he bent over and kissed me on the lips; then slowly faded as the others had done. The next I remember, you were calling me. Now don't laugh, Charlotte," she added, catching the expression of my eyes.

"Indeed, love, I shouldn't think of such a thing. I am too deeply impressed by your doubtless prophetic vision."  
"Now, Lottie!"  
"Well, dear, why not? Remember this is the eve of St. John, and your birth-night. Everyone knows that children born on Midsummer-eve are the especial favorites of the fairy folk, and subject to their influence on that night. It is plain to be seen that the lady in green was your fairy god-mother, and your vision must be prophetic."  
Alice laughed, but in a shy, absent way, and her pretty blush was visible even in the starlight. In answer to my ralleries, she admitted that before falling asleep she had been indulging in fancies about fays and the like, naturally suggested by the place and time; but as for the young man, she stoutly declared she had never seen, or imagined, or previously even dreamed of, anyone in the least resembling him.

Alice was up early next morning, not a whit the worse for her greenwood nap, and very busy with her drawing. I supposed she was finishing the thorn-tree sketch; but happening to look over her shoulder when she had been at work for an hour, I saw it was a portrait on which she was engaged. It was the likeness of a young man, apparently twenty-eight or thirty years of age.

"Who is it, Alice dear?"  
Alice laughed, but blushed a little. "It is the face I saw in my dream last night," said she.

"Is it possible?"  
"It is the best likeness I have ever made. That is, in every feature, the face that was bending toward me when your voice broke the spell of my dream."  
"Well, my love, you have wonderfully vivid dreams. We must take care that you do not sleep under the starlight to often."  
Frank Baldwin arrived that afternoon, and we hastened our preparations for departure. He kindly offered to assist us, and stood round, man fashion, in the way, putting things in the wrong trunks, and making confusion generally. We were limited in trunk room, and Alice declared it quite impossible to get in her voluminous sketching-books. They were accordingly laid aside to be left till they could be sent for, or until we should make our regular visit next year. Frank, roaming restlessly about, tired of our inattention, spied the books, and began to look over them. He was silent for some time; but at length he looked round with an exclamation of surprise.

"Edward Granger's portrait! Alice, where did you ever see Ned Granger?"  
"I never saw him to my knowledge. Pray who is he?"  
"He is the friend of whose adventures with me in India I have frequently written home. Is this your drawing?"  
"Certainly."  
"Is it meant for anyone?"  
"It is a fancy, merely."  
"Well, it's a most surprising accidental resemblance, considering you never saw Ned; and of course you never could, as he is at this moment on his way home from India, where he has lived for ten years—since you were a child in a nursery. By the way, I see that he is 'mogul,' in which Edward sailed, has been spoken only a week out. So we may expect to see him very soon."

A day or two later we were at home, and quickly launched on the stream of gayeties always flowing through my step-mother's house. Fresh from our six months' seclusion at the farm, we entered with zest upon this new course of pleasure. Frank Baldwin was our constant ally. Alice had always been rather his favorite, as, indeed, she was everybody's; for beauty is a born queen even in the nursery. She had changed in his absence from a sweet child to a lovely woman; and he seemed so charmed with her now that I began to think this brother by adoption might become one in reality.

We had been at home a week, when one day on returning from a drive, we learned that Frank's friend Granger had arrived. A good deal fatigued with traveling by sea and land, he was still in his room, but would join us at dinner. There were to be other guests, and Alice and I went up to dress. I do not know that we "primed" more than usual that day; but I remember feeling quite satisfied with my fresh summer toilet; and Alice looked supremely lovely in a pale green or gandy, which woe had been fatal to a complexion less dazzlingly fair. "You look like the queen of the fairies," I said, and wondered why she should blush so at the sisterly flattery.

The blush had not quite faded when we entered the drawing-room, and Frank brought forward his friend. Mr. Granger was presented first to me, which gave me an opportunity to quietly observe him while he paid his compliments to my sister. I saw his eye light with a flash of admiration for her singular beauty; but this expression was succeeded by one of perplexity, which did not pass away for some time.

As I studied the face of the stranger, I was instantly reminded of Alice's drawing of what I called her "dream love," and I no longer wondered at Frank's surprise on seeing it. It was, indeed, an astonishing resemblance. You could have sworn it was the same face. Not only was every feature the same, even to the cut of the beard and the parting of the hair, but the expression of the whole was identical; the same soul seemed looking through the eyes. Whether Alice noticed this or not, I could not tell. She was talking in a gay, animated manner, and there was a soft light in her eye and a flush of pleasure on her lovely cheeks which made her even more than usually charming.

I have no occasion to prolong this story by making mysteries; so I may as well say the case of Mr. Granger and my sister was one of love at first sight. Their two souls melted into one at their first meeting, and the affection which then sprang into life seemed to grow with every day. There were no serious obstacles to fret the current of their loves; therefore its course ran smooth. My father's only objections rested upon the fact that Alice was still so young and their acquaintance so brief. Against the match itself he had nothing to urge, as the young man's family, character and fortune were all he could ask. So the young people had it all their own way; and the ever-beautiful dream, so old, yet eternally so new, went on once more.

For me, I hope not to wholly lose the reader's respect when I confess to a slight feeling of superstitiousness in this matter. The singular circumstance of Alice's midsummer-night dream, so strikingly and so quickly put in process of fulfillment, would present itself to me in the aspect of a prophecy. It was easy to laugh, and talk of coincidences, but such talk explains nothing. "Dreams are but foms," says the German proverb. Is it all ways true? Are there not, may there not be mysterious intelligences which, when our grosser senses are locked in slumber, hear their hour of communion with human souls, and breathe into our consciousness the loftier thoughts, the purer emotions, the larger knowledge, of theirs?

It was a fine morning in June, nearly a year from the period when this voracious history commences. In the cheerful breakfast-room of my sister, Mrs. Edward Granger, still lingered a party of three, the young mistress of the house, her husband, and myself. I had arrived the previous evening, and having been separated from Alice during the six weeks which had elapsed since her marriage, we had, of course, many things to talk over. So, though the morning was wearing away, we still sat there, Mr. Granger considerably leaving us to ourselves while he read his paper by the window. I had forgotten his presence, till a sudden exclamation from him drew my attention to his part of the room.

I had come to Alice's from grandmamma's, where I had been making a visit, and had brought with me among my luggage the portfolios of sketches and drawings which she had left behind last year. They were lying on the table, and Edward, having finished his paper, and getting no attention from us, amused himself by examining them. When we turned round, he was holding in his hand the spirited sketch of his own features which I so well remembered.

"Why, Alice," he said, "where did you get this?"  
"I made it, of course."  
"But I never sat to you."  
"No; I drew from memory."  
"How came it among these things that Charlotte brought from your grandmother's?"  
"I left it there last summer."  
"What a little story-teller! At that time you had never seen me."  
"No, nor any picture of you; yet I had drawn you, as you see."  
"What does she mean, Lottie?" said Edward. "The original of this must have been myself or my double."  
"Precisely. It was your double. Alice knows that as well as I do."  
"Will you ladies please explain," said my brother-in-law, throwing himself back in whimsical perplexity.

Alice laughed. "You will not believe me if I tell you," she said, seating herself upon his knee.  
"Well, love, tell me for all that."  
Alice began the story gayly, but, as it proceeded, her sportive tone became serious, and her large violet eyes deepened with an expression of earnestness and wonder. When she ceased, it was with a cheek somewhat flushed, and a sensitive quiver of the lips which she could not quite control. Her husband had listened with an smiling interest; but this soon gave way to an ominous look of exaggerated gravity; and when the story was finished, he burst into a peal of uncontrollable laughter. He laughed till the tears came into his eyes; and when we thought he had done, he suddenly started off again, and laughed till he was tired. Alice and I joined in the mirth, but my sister not very heartily.

"My dear little girl!" cried Edward, as soon as he could speak, "do you hope to persuade me that you really dreamed all that about the green lady?"  
"But it is true, Edward."  
"And you dare aver that you were asleep, am confident you peeped."  
"You impertinent boy! Small advantage in peeping, when you were not there."  
"Do you presume to say you did not know I was there?"  
"What do you mean, Edward?"  
"I mean that my recollection of that kiss is as vivid as your own, only I do not pretend to have been asleep."  
"My dear Edward, at that time you were on the Atlantic, a week's sail and more from home. It was ten days after the eve of St. John that you reached our house, and you had only arrived the day before."  
"My dear child, who told you that I had just arrived from India?"  
"No, one, perhaps; but we supposed so, of course."  
"Nevertheless, on that night of the 23d of June I was near enough to get my first kiss from your lips. It was a merry Lottie did not catch me, though. I had just time to gain shelter of the thorn-trees before she came round the point."

"Now, Edward," cried I, in amazement, "explain your part in this mystery."  
"There is a little mystery about my part, it is true that when Frank Baldwin left Calcutta I was intending to come home in the sailing vessel Mogul, which belongs to our firm. But as I found it would be necessary for me to go to France, anyway, I took the steamer route by the Isthmus of Suez, and was in Marseilles before the Mogul had passed the Cape of Good Hope. I stayed in France several weeks, crossed over to England, and took the steamer from Liverpool to Quebec, arriving on the 30th of June. It happened that one of our clerks in Calcutta, a faithful, excellent fellow, has a mother and sisters living on a farm not far from S—, and I was the bearer of letters and gifts from him to them. I might have sent the things by express, of course, but I thought the women might like to see and talk with some one who had come from Fred; so, having plenty of time at my disposal, I concluded to visit them myself. You see, no one in New York knew of my arrival, or expected me for a fortnight. I made a detour, and reached S— on the afternoon of the 23d. I spent several hours with Fred's family, telling them everything I could think of about him, and praising him to their hearts' content—the good fellow deserves it all."

It was quite late when I started to walk back to the town. The evening was so fine that I felt in no hurry to reach my hotel, and I strolled along quite regardless of the way. Perceiving a foot-path which seemed to lead through some pleasant fields to a brook, I left the main road to explore it. Where I went I am sure I cannot tell; perhaps you, who know the localities, can form a guess. I know that I passed through a deep, lonely glen from which the brook issued, and following the windings of the stream, had just succeeded in making my way through a dense thicket of old thorn trees, when I was startled by the sight of a female figure lying on the grass. I drew near and found a young girl not dead, but sleeping sweetly. What brought her there at such a time was a mystery. The delicate texture of her dress and the gleam of a heavy gold bracelet on one of her round arms showed that she was not probably under the necessity of choosing such a bed-chamber. If I had remembered what night of the year it was—the chosen hour of the people in green—I should probably not have attributed to her a mortal character at all, but should have supposed that she had merely arrived too soon at the rendezvous, and was waiting for her sisters to begin the greenwood revel. Whether under such a supposition I could have ventured to take the liberty I did! I dare not say, but, as it was, I think my guilt had some extenuating circumstances. The dewy red lips through which the sweet breath came so softly!—why it was not in human nature to resist the temptation! Blushing to the soul for the depravity of my race, I admit my crime."

"Your contrition is somewhat tardy, sir," replied the blushing Alice, trying hard to frown. "Pray, how long were you there?"  
"It could not have been more than five minutes at most. I was revivifying the chances of getting another kiss without waking you when I heard footsteps, and had just

time to gain the cover of the trees before Charlotte appeared. I hurried away across the fields, and reached my hotel about midnight. Next day I started for St. Louis, whence I had just returned when I reached your house."

"And did you then recognize Alice?"  
"No. I remember that at first sight her face seemed slightly familiar, but the impression passed away. Until to-day I never for an instant associated her with the heroine of my almost forgotten adventure. In that uncertain mingling of twilight and starlight, features were not accurately distinguishable. The only wonder is how she managed, undetected, to get so good a view of mine."

"Now, Edward," cried Alice, in a tone of real distress, "you surely do not believe—"  
He stopped the reproach with a kiss. "No, darling; of course I do not believe anything of the kind. But, Charlotte," he added, "what a strange thing it is, this blending of the events actually passing around us with the fantastic images of our dreams! What faculty of the mind is it which remains awake to take cognizance of things outside the closed eyelids?"

"The prophetic faculty, it would seem in this instance," I answered, with as much gravity as I could assume. "But perhaps that is peculiar to the dreams of Midsummer-eve."  
Edward laughed. "It is an odd thing, anyway," said he.

"I think it odd myself, but it is true.—Harper's Bazaar."

## A Diminutive Street Sweeper.

Persons passing through Broadway late at night may have often seen a diminutive figure, with a broom a yard taller than himself, engaged with the night gang in cleaning the street. The little sweeper's name is John Boilan, and he lives at No. 539 East Eleventh street. Next to "Tom Thumb" or Commodore Nutt, "Little Johnny," as he is called, is perhaps the smallest man in this country. He lives in a small, dark, rear room of a big tenement house. An old woman who occupies an adjoining room was asked if she knew him.

"Know Johnny?" was the reply. "Bless me! I have known Johnny for thirty years. Why, Johnny is next to Tom Tum; you've heard tell of Tom Tum?" The old woman went on to relate numerous anecdotes about the smallest man in New York, when he appeared in person. He came up the steps and walked briskly into the room. He is not more than three feet tall, but very broad for his size. His head and neck are out of proportion to the rest of his body, being as large as those of a full-grown man. He was reticent at first, but gradually became more communicative. He said he was forty-six years old, and was born at Ballyhoeh, County Cavan, Ireland. There he lived until he was twenty-one years old. In the old country Johnny had a small hoe and a spade made for him, and contentedly raised potatoes until his parents died and his brothers and sisters came to America.

Deserted by his relatives, Johnny felt lonesome, and when the ship which took them away returned, he went to the captain and told him he was going to America also. The captain advised him to stay in County Cavan, but his resolution was taken, and he came to New York. His small stature was a sore trial to him at first. He was sensitive on the subject, and when he ventured into the streets a large crowd would follow him, and their curiosity so annoyed him that in sheer desperation he at last made his way to his friend the captain and told him he wanted to go back to Ireland. The captain soothed his wounded feelings and told him that once he became known persons would stop annoying him. So he went back and stolidly took no notice of the attention he attracted. He has lived in New York for twenty-five years, and for eight years has been employed on the street-cleaning force at full pay. "I can sweep two piles to any of the others," he said, sturdily, straightening his little shoulders. Gentlemen sometimes offer him money, but he refuses all aims. P. T. Barnum once offered him a large sum to exhibit him, but the proposal was refused.—New York Tribune.

## Didn't Know He was Loaded.

"You will please observe," said old Mr. Lamowell, as he led us through his school the other day, "that the boys are required to display the utmost attention to quietness and discipline, and in a short time become even divested of that most annoying disposition to tease each other; in short, they soon settle down into the gravity of mature years, under the wholesome system I have introduced."

We at this moment arrived in front of several boys who were standing around a bucket of water, and one had just charged his mouth with the contents of a cup, while the old gentleman was stooping to recover his pen from the floor, when another, passing along behind, snapped his finger quickly beneath the drinker's ear, and caused him by a sudden start to eject the contents of his mouth over the pedagogue's bald pate. Starting upright, with his hair and face dripping, the master said:

"Who did that?"  
The party unanimously cried out, "Jim Gun, sir."  
"Jim Gun, you rascal, what did you do that for?"  
Jim, appalled at the mischief he had done, muttered out that it was not his fault, but that Tom Ownes had snapped him.

This changed the direction of old Lamowell's wrath, and, shaking his cane portentously over Owens' head, he asked:

"Did you snap Gun?"  
The culprit, trembling with fear, murmured:

"Yes, sir; I snapped Gun, but I didn't know he was loaded."  
A coroner in Arkansas, after empanneling his jury, said, "Now, gentlemen you are to determine whether the deceased came to his death by accident, by incidence, or incendiary." The verdict was that "The deceased came to his death by accident in the shape of a bowie-knife."

## HOUSE AND FARM.

### Household Recipes.

**Hard Sauce, for Puddings.**—Stir to cream one cup of butter with three cups powdered sugar; when light beat in juice of a lemon, two teaspoons nutmeg.

**Pop-overs.**—One pint of milk, one pint flour, butter size of a walnut, three eggs, beaten light, pinch of salt, add eggs last. Bake in cups, filling them half full.

**To Prevent Stoves from Rusting.**—Kerosene applied with a rag to stoves will keep them from rusting during the summer; also, good for iron utensils on the farm.

**Odors from cooking prevented.**—Put one or two red peppers, or a few pieces of charcoal, into the pot where ham, cabbage, etc., is boiling, and the house will not be filled with the offensive odor.

**Lemon Jelly.**—Grate the rind and take the juice of one lemon, pare and grate six sour apples, one cup of sugar, one egg, one teaspoonful of flour; beat all thoroughly together and let it come to a boil. This is very nice to use between cakes in place of other jelly.

**Preserved Currants.**—Ten pounds of currants, seven pounds of sugar. Take the stems from seven pounds of the currants, and press the juice from the other three pounds. When the juice and sugar are made into a hot syrup, put in the currants and boil until thick and rich.

**To prevent the hair from falling out.**—The common application, in Oriental countries, is the bruised bulbs of the *Aphodelus bulbosus*, garlic or onions, mixed with gunpowder. An infusion of the small leaves of the orange or lemoa tree in red wine, containing twenty grains of tannin per litre, has also proved serviceable.

There are two ways to judge silks.—Note the closeness and evenness of the rib in it, and hold it to the light to judge the better of this. That shows the texture. And then crush it in the hand and release it suddenly. If it springs out quickly and leaves no crease behind, it has verve, and the quality of the silk is denoted by the verve.

**To Cure a Felon.**—Take a pint of common soft soap and stir in air-slacked lime till it is of the consistency of glazier's putty. Make a leather thimble, fill it with this composition and insert the finger therein, and the cure is certain. This is a domestic application that every housekeeper can obtain promptly.

**Cream Beer.**—Two ounces of tartaric acid, two pounds of white sugar, the juice of half a lemon; boil five minutes, and when nearly cold, add the whites of three eggs well beaten, one half cup of flour, one-half cup of wintergreen essence. Take a teaspoonful of this syrup to a tumbler of water, then add one-half teaspoonful of saleratus, and drink at once.

**Apple Dumplings.**—Quarter and core the apple for each dumpling, then put the parts together with sugar in the middle; surround each apple with pie crust; if you wish to bake them, put them on a pan like biscuits, and set them in the oven. If boiled, tie each in a separate cloth, and boil for half an hour. Serve, both baked and boiled, with liquid sauce.

No water that has stood in open vessels during the night should be used for drinking or cooking. By exposure to the air it has lost its "aeration," and has absorbed many of the dust-germs floating in the apartment. If convenience requires water to be kept in vessels several hours before use, it should be covered, unless the vessels are tight. Wherever practical, all distributing reservoirs should be covered. Filtering always adds to the purity of water. Drinking water should not be taken from lakes or rivers on a low level. Surface water, or water in lakes, pools, or rivers, which receive the surface wash, should be avoided as much as possible. Do not drink much water at a time. More than two tumblers full should not be taken at a meal. Do not drink between meals unless to quench thirst, as excess of water weakens the gastric juice and overworks the kidneys. Excessive potations, whether of water, or other fluid, relax the stomach, impair its secretions, and paralyze its movements. By drinking a little at a time the injury is avoided.

### Cure for Asthma.

I have been fortunate in finding a remedy for terrible affliction from which I have been a sufferer for fifteen years, (asthma), and since last October have been able to do as much work as I could twenty years ago. Will send you the recipe which I hope you will give a place in your paper, that as many as possible who are suffering from the affection of which it has relieved me may have the benefit without delay or cost. There are few who have suffered more from this terrible disease than I have. Have tried the best physicians without relief, and all would-be cures were total failures. This recipe was sent me by a friend. I tried it as I had hundreds of others. I still feel threatened at times; but one dose, or at most two or three, is a perfect relief: 2 ounces of iodide of potassium, dissolved in one quart of water. Take one tablespoonful three times a day. It takes hot water to dissolve it: After using, according to direction, for a short time, I only use it when I feel a return of the disease.

J. H. S.

### A GOOD MILKER.

The Michigan Farmer gives the record of a cow owned by John Heath, near Tekonsha, Mich., three quarters Short-horn, and one-quarter Devon, the daily yield being in pounds. The cow calved in March, and was milked three times a day. The record is as follows: May 1, 57; 2d, 59; 3d, 55; 4th, 58 1-2; 5th, 62 3-4; 6th, 62 1-2; 7th, 62 1-4; 8th, 65 1-4; 9th, 65 1-2; 10th, 62 1-4; 11, 64; 12th, 65; 13th, 63 1-4; 14th, 65; 15th, 64; 16th, 63; 17th, 58; 18th, 57 1-2; 19th, 59; 20th, 61; 21st, 58 1-2; 22nd, 60; 23rd, 63 1-2; 24th, 58; 25th, 60; 26th, 62; 27th, 63 1-2; 28th, 63; 29th, 58; 30th, 61; 31st, 59; June 1, 61; 2d, 58 1-4; total, 2,016 1-4.