DR. HOLLAND'S SPLENDID POEM.

[Delivered at the Triennial Reunion of the Army of the James, New York, Oct. 21.]

No tears for them who bore the proof
Of heroes, in their foemen's seal
Of blazing shaft, and blunted steel,
And ramping charger's heedless hoof.

Free from the duty of a breath,
From sense of woe and sense of wrong,
They sleep, as wheels the world along.
In the sweet dignity of death

No tears for them? Tears, then, for whom?
Tears for ourselves, whose little lives—
Bound to our children and our wives—
Or fastened to some precious tomb.

Where sleeps an idol; baser still,
Tied to our lucre and our lust,
Betrays each hour the sacred trust
Left us by heroes to fulfill?

Tears for the thieves who rob the dead,
In robbing those their death bereft,
And waste the gold that love has left
By gambling with the nation's bread!

Tears for the demagogues who trade
In feuds of party and of race,
And seek for plunder and for place
In strifes their own vile hands have made!

Tears for the Rings of perjured souls
That grind the rich and poor alike,
And steal the grist from which they strike,
For those they serve, the stingy tolls!

Tears for the realm that blindly shelves
Its men of noblest brain and brawn,
And crowds its councils with the spawn
Of little men who choose themselves!

Tears for the men who basely hold
The nation to its paper lies,
Against the wisdom of the wise,
And shame the eagle on their gold!

Tears for the land that builds of rags
Its edifice of power and wealth,
And holds the happiness and health
Of sovereign States in carpet bags.

Ay, tears for those who, shred and shorn—
Not blameless, but our brothers still
In common lot and God's good will—
Are bleeding, fainting, tossed and torn;

By jarring policies and feuds
Of race with race, till fain to fly
From their ancestral homes, or die
In silent, hopeless multitudes.

O brothers of the gun and glaive.
O living Army of the James,
How shall we answer to the claims
Of the beloved and buried brave?

By pledging now our good right hand,
By pledging now our loyal word,
That, selfish lust, to love deferred,
And gain to God and native land,

We here declare eternal strife,
Aye—battle to the hilt—with those
Who traffic in the nation's woes,
And live upon the nation's life.

O peace—in shame and banishment;
O industry—with folded arms;
O land of beauty, from whose charms
Have fled the graces of content—

There is no cure for feud and schism
In law, that is not born of love,
Or party strifes that rise above
The holy claims of patriotism.

O stately shade of martyred men,
Who mark our petty ends and aims,
Warm us with your diviner flames,
And save your country once again.

"LITTLE JOE."

[From Lippencott's for November.]

Tom Wise, a great big, handsome fellow, with a heart of the same order, was standing at the corner talking to a friend. He held a cigar to his mouth with his left hand, and with his right had just struck a match against the lamp-post, when at—or rather under—his elbow exclaimed cheerily, "Busted agin, Mas' Tom!"

Tom threw a glance over his shoulder, and there stood "Little Joe," a small, misshapen negro about fifteen years old, with crutches under his arms and feet all twisted out of shape, his toes barely touching the ground as he hopped along. He had on an old straw hat with only a hint of brim. There must be some law of cohesive attraction between straw and wool, for little Joe's cranium was large, while the hat was small, and set back much nearer the nape of his neck than the crown of his head, yet held its place like a natural excrescence or a horrible bore. Joe had met with very few people mean enough to laugh at him; for, though he possessed all the brightness and cheerfulness and pluck of deformed people generally, there was a wistful look about his eyes which his want of height and his position on crutches intensified (indeed, perhaps, created), by keeping them upturned while talking with any one taller than himself; and this was generally the case, for there were no grown people so small as Little Joe. His shirt was torn and his pantaloons ragged, but to gild these faded glories he wore a swallow-tailed coat with brass buttons, which some one had given him, whether from a sense of humor or a sentiment of charity let the gods decide.

"Busted agin, Mas' Tom!"

"What 'busted' you this time, Joe?" asked Mr. Wise.

"Lumber, Mas' Tom. I was in de lumber bisniss las' week, buyin' ole shingles an' sellin' 'em for kindlin'; but my pardner, he maked a run on de bank—leas'ways on my breeches pocket—an' den runned away hisse'f. Ain't you gwine to sot me up agin, Mas' Tom?"

"What business are you going into this week?"

"'Feckshunnery," replied Joe, taking the quarter Mr. Wise handed him. "Dis'll do to buy de goods, but 'twon't rent de sto', Mas' Tom."

"What store?" asked Mr. Wise.

"Dat big sto' Hunt an' Manson is jes' moved outen. Mr. Manson say I may hab it for sebben hundred dollars ef you'll go my skoorty."

Tom laughed: "Well, Joe, I was thinking I wouldn't go security for anybody this week. Don't you think you can do business on a smaller scale?"

Joe's countenance fell, and he suffered visibly, but a cheering thought presently struck him, and he exclaimed disdainfully, "Anyhow, I ain't a-keering 'bout Hunt an' Mason's ole sto'—der ole sebben-hunderd-dollar sto'! I can git a goods box an' turn it upside down, an' stan' it up by de Cap'tol groun's, an' more folks'll pass 'long an' buy goobers dan would come in dat ole sto' all de year. Dey ain't spitin' *me!*"

As Joe limped off to invest his money, his poor little legs swinging and his swallow-tails flapping, Tom's friend asked who he was.

"Belonged to us before the war," said Tom. "Poor little devil! the good Lord and the birds of the air seem to take care of him. I set him up in business with twenty-five cents every week, and look after him a little in other ways. Sometimes he buys matches and newspapers, and sells them again; sometimes he buys ginger cakes and eats them all; but he is invariably 'busted,'as he calls it, by Saturday night—Joe! oh, Joe!"

Joe looked back, and, with perfect indifference to the fact that he was detaining Mr. Wise, answered that he would "be dar torectly," continuing his negotiations for an empty goods box lying at the door of a neighboring dry goods store. "What you want, Mas' Tom?" he asked on his return.

"Miss Mollie is going to be married week after next, Joe, and you may come up to the house if you like. I was afraid I might forget it."

"Whoop *you*, sir! Thanky, Mas' Tom. I boun' to see Miss Mollie step off de carpit. But, Lord-a-mussy! dem new niggers you all got ain't gwine to lemme in."

"Come to the front door and ask for me. Cut out now, and don't get busted this week, because I shall need all my money to buy a breastpin to wait on my sister in. Come, John, let's register."

Joe's glance followed Mr. Wise and his friend till they were out of sight; then he turned and paused no more till he reached an out-of-the-way grocery store, in the window of which were displayed samples of fish and soap and calico and kerosene lamps and dreadful brass jewelry, among which was a frightful breastpin in the shape of a crescent set with red and green glass, and further ornamented by a chain of the most atrocious description conceivable. Before this thing of beauty, which to him had been a joy for weeks, Joe paused and lingered, and smote his black breast and sighed the sigh of poverty. Then he went in. "What mout be de price o' dat gent's pin in de corner ob der winder?" he inquired.

"I don't see any gent's pin in the corner of the window," said the proprietor of the store.

Joe took the mild pleasantry, and inquiring, "What mout be de price o' de pin?" was told that it might be anything—from nothing up—but it could go for seventy-five cents."

He stood again outside the window, looking sadly and reflectively at the attractive bijou, then seated himself on the curbsone, his crutches resting in the gutter, and thoughtfully smoothed between his finger and thumb the twenty-five cent note Mr. Wise had given him: "Ef I takes dis, an' de one Mas' Tom gwine to gimme nex' week, dat'll be fifty cents, but it won't be seventy-five, so I got to make a quarter on de two. Ef Miss Mollie knowed, I spect she would wait anoder week to git married, an' den I wouldn't run no resk o' dese; but I ain't gwine to tell her, 'cos I know she couldn't help tellin' Mas' Tom, an' I want to s'prise him. Mas' Tom is made me feel good a many time; I want to make him feel good wunst. He don't nuvvur came dis way, an' ain't seed dat pin, or he would ha' had it 'fore now."

Then Little Joe bestirred himself and obtoining the assistance of a friend, took his dry goods box up to Capitol Square. There he turned it upside down, spread a newspaper over the top and proceeded to display his wares.

A pyramid of three apples stood in one corner; a small stock of peppermint candy was its *vis-a-vis*; a tiny glass of peanuts graced the third, and was confronted by a lemon that had seen life, and was more sere than yellow. But the crowning glory was the center-piece—an unhappy looking pie of visage pale and thin physique, yet how beautiful to Joe! He stepped back on his crutches, turning his head from side to side as he surveyed the effect, took up a locust branch he had brought with him to brush away the flies, and, leaning against the iron railing, with calm dignity awaited coming events.

His glance presently fell on the figure of a negro boy, who stood gazing with longing eyes on the delicacies of his table, and it was with a strange feeling of kinship that Little Joe continued to regard the new comer, for he, too, had been branded by misfortune. He appeared about Joe's age, and should have been taller, but his legs had been amputated nearly up to the knee, and as he stood on the pitiful stumps, supported by a short cane in one hand, his head was hardly as high as the iron railing. He had none of Joe's brightness, but looked ragged and dirty and hungry, and evidently had no Mas' Tom to help the good Lord and the birds of the air to take care of him. His skin was of a dull, ashen hue, and the short wool which clung close to his scalp was sunburnt till it was red and crisp, and formed a curious contrast to his black face. One arm was bare, only the ragged remains of a sleeve hanging over the shoulder, and it seemed no great misfortune that his legs had been shortened, for he had hardly pantaloons enough to cover what he had left.

He looked at the pie, and Joe looked at him. Presently the latter inquired seriously, "Whar yo' legs?"

"Cut off," was the answer.

"How come dey cut off?"

"Feet was fros-bit. Like ter kill me."

"What yo' name?" asked Joe.

"Kiah."

"What were yo' ole mas' name?"

"Didn't have no ole mas'.'"

"Was you a natchul free nigger?"

"Dunno what you mean," said Kiah.

"'Fore we was all sot free," explained Little Joe. "Wos you born wid a ole mas' an' a ole mis' or was you born free?—jes' natchully free."

"Free," said Kiah, thus placing himself, as every Southerner knows, under the ban of Joe's contempt. "Umph! my Lor'! Dat pie do sholy smell good."

"You look hongry," said Joe, gravely.

"I is," said Kiah, "hungry as a dog."

Negroes are generous creatures, and Joe's mind was fully made up to give Kiah a piece of pie; but before he signified this benevolent intention he rested his crutches under his shoulders and swung his misshapen feet almost in Kiah's face. He leered at him; he grinned at him; he stuck his chin in his face, and made a dash at him with the crown of his head; finally snapping his eyes and slapping his sides and swinging his heels to the following edition of "Juba," repeated with incredible rapidity and indescribable emphasis:

Ruby-eyed 'simmon seed
See Billy hoppin' jes' in time,
Juba dis an' Juba dat,
Juba killed de yaller cat.
Roun' de kittle o' 'possum fat,
Whoop-a-hoy! whoop-a-hoy!
Double step o' Juba!
Forty pound o' candle grease
Settin on de mantel piece.
Don't you see old Granny Grace!
She look so homely in de face.
Up de wall an' down de 'tition,
Gimme ax sharp as sickle,
Cut de nigger's woosen pipe
What eat up all de ansesengers!
Git up dar, you little nigger!
Can't you pat dat Juba in?

He stopped suddenly and grinned ferociously at Kiah. Kiah gazed stolidly back at Joe. Then Joe stepped to the table, took up a rusty old pocket knife, and cutting out a piece of the pie, handed it to Kiah. Kiah bit off a point of the triangle with his eyes fixed on Joe as if in doubt whether he would be allowed to proceed, but finding that the liberty was not resented, he eagerly devoured the remaieder, drew his coat sleeve across his mouth, and said "Thanky." And thus their friendship commenced.

It was very touching and beautiful, the attachment which was formed between these two unfortunate creatures. Neither could perform the labor or join in the sports incident to his age, and they seemed drawn together by the attraction of a common misery. Every day, some little service, pitiful in its insignificance except to themselves some little humble office from one to the other, some little act of self-denial perhaps the saving of a few cold potatoes that had been given to Kiah, or the sacrifice of a buttered roll that Joe had got at Wise's—every day some little thing served to cement the friendship which gave to each a companion who did not mortify him: and they became inseparable, Joe taking Kiah to the little shed where he spent his nights and making him an equal partner in business during the day.

The next time Joe came to be set up he gave Mr. Wise a knowing wink and said mysteriously: "Don't you go buyin' no bres'pin to wa'ar to de weddin', Mas' Tom."

"Why not, Joe?"

"Cos ain't no use in two bres'pins, an' dar ain't no tellin' what mout happen 'fore dat weddin' come off."

Mr. Wise laughed, but he had no premonition that Joe had entered into a successful negotiation for the grocer's execrable crescent, and the shock was therefore unbroken when on the evening of his marriage Joe entered his dressing room and presented it to him with an air of pride so pitiful that it would have made a woman cry.

Tom was fully as much surprised as Joe had anticipated, and affected to be as greatly delighted; and when he had completed his toilet of faultlessly quiet tone he pinned the horrible thing in his shirt bosom, and thanked Little Joe for the gift with all the gracious courtesy of his fine nature.

Mr. Wise was to "stand" with a friend of his sister's who was a guest in the house, and, as they fancied themselves very much in love with each other, they had agreed to meet in the parlor an hour before that appointed for the ceremony, that they might enjoy a quiet *tete-a-tete* before the assembling of the guests. Having finished his toilet, he accordingly went down, and was soon joined by the lady.

They promenaded up and down the parlors, and again and again her eyes rested curiously on the pin, but she made no allusion to it till her feelings had become entirely irresponsible, when she interrupted him in the middle of a sentence to inquire what on earth it was, and where he got it, and why he wore it.

Then he sat down by her side, with lace curtains shimmering in the twilight, and long mirrors reflecting alabaster vases and oil paintings, and the air heavy with the perfume of flowers, and told her about Little Joe—of his shapeless feet and forlorn life, his empty pocket and grateful heart. And she agreed that it must be dreadful to be so poor and deformed, and all that, and of course he ought to be grateful, but really she thought Mr. Wise rather morbid in his philanthropy when he could wear that brass moon before five hundred people only to please a little deformed negro.

"Perhaps you do not understand," said Tom, gently, "that I have given Joe permission to witness the ceremony, (I believe I told you that he was the personal property of my mother, and a favorite with her,) and he will certainly know whether I wear this pin that he has worked for, and gone in debt for, and probably starved himself for. Will there be any one here—save yourself—whose laugh I dread enough to induce me to mortify and disappoint him?"

"It will make us both ridiculous," said she, haughtily.

Tom quietly unfastened the pin and placed it in his vest pocket, and with it disappeared Miss Annan's prospect of becoming Mrs. Wise, enviable as she deemed the position.

"I have no right to include you in my sacrifice, if sacrifice there be," said he with grave courtesy, and referred no more to the matter; but as soon as he could leave her he sought his sister, and requested that the honor of standing with Miss Annan might be conferred on Mr. Marshall, and himself allowed to take Mr. Marshall's partner, she being a little girl on whose pluck and good nature he could alike rely. His sister had no time to enter into particulars, but made the desired change, and Mr. Wise said to Miss Annan, "I could not sacrifice you, so I have sacrificed myself, and am a volunteer in the noble army of martyrs."

When, however, as the bridal cortege passed through the hall, he saw Joe nudge a fellow-servant with his elbow and point out the pin, he felt repaid, though Miss Annan was holding her head very high, indeed.

The next morning Little Joe came by the office: "What did de folks say 'bout yo' bres'pin, Mas' Tom?"

"Say? Why they did not know what to say, Joe. They could not take their eyes off me. That pin knocked the black out of everything there. The bridegroom couldn't hold a candle to me," said Mr. Wise; and Joe laughed aloud with delight. "Did they give you your supper?"

"Did dat, Mas' Tom; an' I tuk home a snowball an' a orange to Kiah," said Little Joe.

Late on the evening of the same day Mr. Wise was about leaving his office when Little Joe himself appeared, sobbing bitterly, tears streaming down his face: "Oh, Lordy, Mas' Tom! Oh, Lordy!"

"What is the matter, Joe?"

"Oh, Lordy, Mas' Tom! Kiah's gone dead!"

"Kiah! Is it possible? What was the matter?" asked Mr. Wise.

"Oh, Lordy! oh Lordy!" shouted Little Joe. "Me an' him went down to de creek an' was playin' baptizin', an' I'd done baptised Kiah, an'—oh, me, an' he stepped out too fur, an' his legs was so short he lost his hold on me an' drowned; an' I couldn't ketch him cos I couldn't stan' up widout nothin to hold on to. Oh, Lordy! I wish I nuvvur ha' heered o' baptizin'! I couldn't get him out, an' I jes' kep' on a-hollerin', but nobody didn't come till Kiah was done drownded."

"I am sorry for you, Joe; I wish I had been there. But, as far as Kiah is concerned, he is better off than he was before," said Mr. Wise.

"No, he ain't Mas' Tom," said Joe stoutly; "leas'ways, Kiah didn't think so hisse'f, cos ef he had a wanted to die he could ha' done it long an' merry ago. I don't b'leeve in no such foolish talk as dead folks bein' better off dan dey was befo'."

Tom was silent, and Little Joe went on with renewed tears: "I come up to ax you to gimme a clean shirt an' a par o' draw's to put on Kiah. You needn't gimme no socks, cos he ain't got no feet. Oh, Lordy! oh, Lordy!" sobbed Little Joe, "ef me an' Kiah had jes' had feet like some folks, Kiah wouldn't ha' been drownded!"

"Take this up to the house," said Mr. Wise, handing him a note, "and Miss Mollie will give you whatever you want."

"Thanky, sir," said Joe. "I know you ain't got no coffin handy, but you can gimme de money and I can git one. I don't recon it will take much, cos Kiah warn't big."

Then Mr. Wise wrote a note for the undertaker, and directed Joe what to do with it.

The next day was cold and dark and misty, and the paupers' hearse that conveyed Kiah to the graveyard was driven so fast that poor little Joe the only mourner, could hardly deep up as he hopped along behind on his crutches.

The blast grew keener and the mist heavier, and before Kiah was buried out of sight the rain was falling in torrents that drenched the poor little cripple sobbing beside the grave, and the driver of the hearse, a good-hearted Irishman, said to him, "In wid ye, or get up here by me, an' ye're a mind to, I'll take ye back."

But Joe shook his head, and prepared to hop back as he had hopped out. "Thankee, sir," said he, "but I'd rather walk. I feels like I would be gittin' a ride out o' Kiah's funeral.

The wind blew open his buttonless shirt, and the rain beat heavily on his loyal little breast, but he struggled against the storm, and paused only once on his way home. That was besides the goods box that he and Kiah had for a stall. Now it was drenched with rain and the sides bespattered with mud, and the newspaper that had served for a cloth had blown over one corner and was soaked and torn, but clung to its old companion, though the wind tried to tear it away and the rain to beat it down. Little Joe stood a minute beside it, and cried harder than ever.

For several days Little Joe drooped and shivered and refused to eat, and at length he sent for Mr. Wise, but Mr. Wise was out of town, and did not return for a week; and though, when he got home, the first thing he did was to visit Little Joe, he came too late, for Joe would never again rise from the straw pallet on which he lay, nor use the crutches that now stood idle in the corner.

His eyes brightened and he smiled faintly as Tom entered like a breath of fresh air—so strong and fresh and vigorous that it made one feel better only to be near him.

"Why, Joe! how is this?"

The little cripple paused to gather up his strength; then he said: "Busted agin, Mas' Tom, and you can't nuvvur sot me up no mo'."

"Oh, stuff! Dr. North can if I can't. Why didn't you send for him when you found I was away?"

"I dunno, sir; I nuvvur thought 'bout it."

Turning to the woman with whom Joe lived, "And why the d——l didn't *you* do it?" said Tom angrily.

"I didn't know Joe was so sick," said se. "Tain't no use sen'in' for no doctor now. I jes' been tellin' Joe he beteer not put eff making peace wid de Lord."

"I don't reckon the Lord is mad wid me, Nancy. What is I done to him? I didn't use to cuss, and I didn't play marbles on Sunday, cos I couldn't play 'em no time, like the boys dat had feet."

"Ef you don't take keer you'll be too late, like Kiah. A ain't a-sayin' where Kiah is now—'taint for me to jedge," said Nancy, "but you better be a tryin' to open de gate o' Paradise."

Piping the words out slowly and painfully, Little Joe replied, "I don't b'leeve I keer 'bout goin' 'less Kiah can git in too; but I 'spee' he's dar, cos I don't see what de good Lord could ha' had agin him. He oughtn't to thought hard o' nothin' Kiah done, cos he warn't nuvvur nothin' but a free nigger, an' didn't hav no ole mas' to pattern by. Maybe He'll let us bofe in. I know Kiah's waitin' for me somewhar, but I dunno what to say to him. You ax Him, Mas' Tom."

He spoke more feebly, and his eyes were getting dull, but the old instinct of servitude remained, and he added: "Ain't you got nothin' to spread on the flo', Nancy, so Mas' Tom won't git his knees dirty?"

Immediately and reverently Tom knelt on the clay floor, and as nearly as he remembered it, repeated the Lord's Prayer.

"Thanky. Mas' Tom," said Little Joe, feebly. "What was dat—ole mis'—used to—sing? 'Oh, Lam o'—God—I come—I—.'" The words ceased and the eyes remained half closed, the pupils fixed. Little Joe was dead.

JENNIE WOODVILLE.

—It isn't considered good manners anywhere, except in Chicago, for a lady to sit with her feet on a chair and spit out of a third-story window.

—Western papers are combining to discourage the offering of prizes at fairs for the best woman equestrians, as they say the exercise is too trying and kills most of the women engaged in it.

—When one woman attempts to pass another woman going down a church aisle, and rips off that other woman's hanging pocket in doing it, even the most cursory examination of the latter's countenance will make it plain that the Sabbath in her soul has fled.

—The following is given as a description of the girl of the period: She is finished in her manners, though her education's poor. She has polished off the former by a long, expensive tour; while the latter, under "Madame" of the foreign sounding name, was so stylishly conducted, no one had the heart to blame. Since she left the classic temple, with her stock of foreign lore, she has never seen the volumes on the shelf behind the door; but she reads the daily papers, when she finds a moment's time, for the personals and weddings have an interest sublime. She is gifted with endurance that an Amazon might prize, and can dance from night to morning, when the stars have left the skies. She is fond of foreign phrases culled from Spanish or from German; and everything is "splendid," from a ribbon to a sermon.

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD

Introduction of Swedish Turnip in Great Britain.

The New York *Tribune* says:—A somewhat romantic story accounts for the introduction of the Swedish turnip into Great Britain. Mr. Miller was an eminent farmer near Dumfries, in Scotland. He had been a sailor in his youth and had of course been wrecked upon a lee shore. From that disaster he conceived the idea that a ship that could be moved by paddles would be a good thing to have when cruising off lee shores. He carried his idea into execution and built a vessel fitted up with paddles which could be worked by means of a windlass. This he offered to the British government, by whom it was refused. He then offered it to Charles XIII of Sweden, who accepted it, and in return presented the Scotch farmer with a gold snuff box set with diamonds. In the box was a piece of paper in which a few small seeds were wrapped. These Mr. Miller sowed upon his farm, and the result was Swedish turnips, or rutabagas. Thus we owe this valuable root, or at least our knowledge of it, to the shipwreck of Mr. Miller upon a lee shore. Of course we fully believe it.

A Perfect Yeast.

Sift a pint of flour, pour boiling water on it till thoroughly wet, stir well and set aside till cooled to blood heat. Then add a teacupfull of yeast. In twenty-four hours the mass will all be yeast of the best quality.

To make this into yeast cakes, work enough sifted corn meal into it to enable the mass to be rolled out flat on a board or table top. Cut it into squares and dry in a brisk wind but not a hot sun. If kept perfectly dry, this yeast will remain good for a year or more, but is best when made every three or six months.

Experiment With Potatoes.

Potatoes of large size are said to be produced by a monk in France, by cutting two side shoots from each stalk when it is five to seven inches high, and setting them in good, rich, mellow garden soil. In a few days they send out roots, and form tubers about as early and in as large quantities as the original stalk, while the latter does not seem to be injured by the moderate pruning. The experiment also seems to have been successfully tried elsewhere previously. The plan may be found especially serviceable in the propagation of new and rare varieties for seed.

Indian Pickle.

This consists of all kinds of pickles mixed, and put into one large jar—gherkins, cucumbers sliced, button onions, cauliflowers broken in pieces, radish pods, small string beans. Lay them on platters, and cover with salt for three days; then scald them in vinegar for a few minutes; skim out into the jar. Cut a large white cabbage into quarters and chop it fine, salt it thoroughly over night, and then add to the pickles. To one gallon of strong vinegar put four ounces of race ginger, bruised, two ounces of whole peppercorns, two ounces of allspice, four ounces of tumeric, one pound of the best mustard. The vinegar and all the ingredients, excepting the mustard, must boil together for twenty-five minutes. Then strain it into a pan, put the mustard into a bowl, and wet it up with vinegar, mixing it until entirely free from lumps, adding the vinegar in small quantities. Then mix it with the spiced vinegar, and turn all the pickles into the pan, mixing them well together. Put them all into the jar and cover tightly.

How to take Care of China and Glassware.

In the average household few things suffer more from ill usage than porcelain and glass, especially the finer kinds of such ware. We copy from the Boston *Journal of Chemistry* a few practical suggestions on the best methods of cleansing and preserving these fragile materials:

One of the most important things is to season glass and china to sudden change of temperature, so that they will remain sound after such exposure to sudden heat and cold. This is best done by placing the articles in cold water, which must gradually be brought to the boiling point, and then allowed to cool very slowly, taking several hours to do it. The commoner the materials, the more care in this respect is required. The very best glass and china is always well seasoned or annealed, as the manufacturers say, before it is sold. If the wares are properly seasoned in this way, they may be washed in boiling water without fear of fracture, except in frosty weather, when, even with the best annealed wares, care must be taken not to place them suddenly in too hot water. All china that has any gilding on it may on no account be rubbed with a cloth of any kind, but merely rinsed in hot and afterward in cold water, and then left to drain till dry. If the gilding is very dull and requires polishing, it may now and then be rubbed with a soft wash leather and a little dry whiting; but this operation must not be repeated more than once a year, otherwise the gold will be most certainly rubbed off and the china spoilt. When the plates, etc., are put away in the china closet, pieces of paper should be placed between them to prevent scratching on the glaze or painting, as the bottom of all ware has little particles of sand adhering to it, picked up from the oven wherein it was glazed. The china closet should be in a dry situation, as a damp closet will soon tarnish the gilding of the best crockery.

Preparing and Packing Poultry.

Poultry should be fat, and kept 24 hours from food before killing to have the crop empty. Food in the crop sours, blackens the skin, injures the sale of poultry, and buyers will not pay for this useless weight. Opening the vein in the neck or bleeding in the mouth is the proper mode of killing. If bled inside the throat the bill should be pried open with a piece of chip and the poultry be hung up by the feet on a line. This makes bleeding free and prevents bruising. The head and feet should be left on and the entrails in. The flesh should not be mutilated in any manner. Turkeys and chickens dry-picked keep much longer and sell higher than the scalded. If the picking is done by scalding, the water should be heated just to the boiling point, and the poultry held by the feet, dipped in and out of the water four or five times, counting three each time in and out. The work should be done quickly, neatly and thoroughly. After picking, hang up the poultry by the feet in a cool, dry place, till all animal heat is out and the poultry thoroughly cold and dry. Avoid freezing, as poultry will not keep long after thawing. Wrap in thin, light, strong paper. Brown and dark, heavy paper, having too much acid in it, injures the poultry. The head should be wrapped separately. Always pack head downward. This throws the soft entrails on the breast bone, the poultry keeping longer in this position. Pack in clean, dry, tight flour barrels. Geese and ducks, after being killed, should have all the feathers picked off, then rubbed all over thoroughly with fine resin, after which dip them in boiling hot water, in and out seven or eight times, then rub off the pin-feathers, after which wash off the fowl with warm water, using soap and a hand brush. Immediately after, rinse them well in cold water, then hang them up by the feet in a cool, dry place till they are thoroughly dry, when they can be wrapped and packed as before suggested. Poultry thus dressed and packed will, in moderately cold weather, keep sweet and fresh for fifteen or twenty days, and can be shipped from the extreme West with safety, by freight.

Pure, soft water is the best of all blood purifiers. It dissolves almost every impurity that may find its way into the blood, and passes it off through the skin, lungs and kidneys, thus washing out the blood without any irritation in passing through the system and without those chemical changes and deposits which are likely to arise from the action of drugs. Why then use doubtful, dangerous and often injurious drugs for purifying the blood, when pure simple, safe, pleasant and far more effectual water may be had without money and without price?

A hot lemonade is one of the best remedies in the world for a cold. It acts promptly and effectively, and has no unpleasant after effects. One lemon properly squeezed, cut in slices, put with sugar, and cover with a half pint of boiling water. Drink just before going to bed, and do not expose yourself on the following day. This remedy will ward off an attack of the chills and fever if used promptly.

A Sad, Strange Fancy.

[New York Letter St. Louis Republican.]

There dwells in this city a lady who in all respects seems a sane and sensible woman. She lost five years ago an only daughter of great promise, seventeen years old, and the idol of the mother. Since her child's death she has had the room she used to occupy cleaned daily, and the untouched bed pulled to pieces and made over. She sits before a vacant chair at the table and carefully fills the unused plate, and spring and fall buys the newest and prettiest things for "Addie," giving away the last year's garments, "Addie" having done with them. There is no appearance of mental gloom or disorder about her, yet she carries this vagary into every act of her life. Riding out, no one ever sits beside her, as that seat is filled by the imaginary air-drawn daughter. When seats are taken at a theatre, her husband always gets three. You see the vacant chair between them, where she supposes the dead "Addie" sits and views the performance. She is cheerful and happy, and asked a friend of mine the other day for the pattern of a wrapper, saying Addie kept her room so much it would be serviceable, and several days later I saw the poor mother busily braiding a cashmere sack for "Addie." She will speak with all rationality for hours on all subjects, but suddenly excuse herself, saying she must go to "Addie" for a few moments. Sitting beside the empty bed (to which her daughter was confined for two years before her death) she clasps an unseen hand and talks hours together to her phantom child.

It is a strange case, but by no means a sad one, since her tender ministration to this viewless "Addie" makes the mother's heart rejoice. To all intents and purposes the daughter seems to her to be with her constantly. Her husband contemplates taking her abroad, and the lady is already packing up Addie's things.

'Locking Up the Tower."

At the present moment, when the free opening of the Tower is exciting such general interest, it may not be uninteresting to mention a custom called the locking up of the Tower, which is carried out nightly at 11 o'clock. As the clock strikes that hour the yeoman porter, clothed in a long red cloak, bearing a huge bunch of keys, and accompanied by a warder carrying a lantern, stands at the front of the main guard-house and calls out, "Escort keys." The sergeant of the guard and five or six men then turn out and follow him to the outer gate, each sentry challenging as they pass with, "Who goes there?" the answer being "Keys." The gates being carefully locked and barred, the procession returns, the sentries exacting the same explanation, and receiving the same answer as before. Arriving once more at the front of the main guard-house, the sentry gives a loud stamp with his foot and asks, "Who goes there?" "Keys." "Whose keys?" "Queen Victoria's keys." "Advance, Queen Victoria's keys, and all's well." The yeoman porter then calls out, "God bless Queen Victoria." To which the guard responds, "Amen." The officer on duty gives the word, "Present arms," and kisses the hilt of his sword, and the yeoman porter then marches alone across the parade, and deposits the keys in the lieutenant's lodgings. The ceremony over, not only is all egress and ingress totaliy procluded, but even within the walls no one can stir without being furnished with the countersign.—*London Standard.*

PECULIARITIES.

—Twenty-one girls of Kenosha, Wis., have "Resolved that if the young men won't come and see us, we will go and see them."

—Clergymen insinuate that wedding fees this autumn are by no means as liberal as they used to be. More "signs of the times!"

—John Henry's wife insisted upon a seal-skin jacket, and when he economically endeavored to supply it with hot sealing-wax *didn't* the fur fly?

—Nothing will sooner tempt a bachelor to abandon his resolution to marry than to sleep in the adjoining room to a young couple with a colicky baby.

—A widow who says that she is the homeliest woman in Newport, Kentucky, advertises for a husband. He must be middle-aged, good natured, but not beautiful, "as I want to love him all myself."