GENERAL BREVITIES.

In the village of Sheridan, Oregon, they utilize the church on week days by taking out the seats and using the floor for a croquet ground.

Among recent applicants for charity turkeys in Boston, was a woman who kept boarders, and a man with diamond studs who wanted "one for his brother."

Edward Alfred Warren, of the British Museum, has just died. Although only thirty-eight, he had been twenty years in the Museum, employed on the catalogue.

A traveler in Russia speaks of the serfs as seeming hopelessly ignorant. Their faces have a vacant look; many of those in cities have no homes, but sleep wherever they can find a resting-place, and go half clad.

Mr. W. H. Gurney, a lawyer at Buffalo, N. Y., has been awarded $1,500 in a suit against the Erie Railway for forcibly ejecting him (Gurney) from their cars between Forestville and Perrysburg. The case will probably be appealed by the railroad company.

A series of experiments has lately been made by the Russian Government with reference to the use of electricity for the head-light of locomotives, a battery of forty-eight elements making every thing distinct on the railway track to a distance of over 1,300 feet.

Colonel Charles Carey Long, an American in the employ of the Khedive, was attacked, while on an expedition, by four hundred armed men, and with only two soldiers he resisted the attack of the entire troop, and inflicted on it a loss of eighty-two men; at least, that is what the Egyptian Minister of War says in his official report.

Peters, a hotel-keeper of Annville, Lebanon County, Pa., gave himself up to the Sheriff recently, after the last of several attempts at committing suicide, and confessed to having murdered his first wife sixteen years ago. Her body was found in the hotel barn with the skull broken, and it was thought that she had been kicked by a horse.

In England a clergyman had had the small-pox, but was "so as to be about," and invited a friend to breakfast. His friend caught the malady and communicated it to his wife, who died. Thereupon the friend sued the parson for inviting him to breakfast, and recovered damages in £1 and the amount of the funeral expenses.

It is estimated that the damages done to sheep by worthless curs in the State of Ohio amounted to $150,000 annually for the last ten years, which makes a startling aggregate for the period named. Add to this the cost of food for the dogs, and we have a pretty sum. With the hope of reducing the number of mongrels, it is proposed to place a tax upon all dogs owned in the State.

An elevator company of Toledo, Ohio, use no other fuel for their steam engines than corn-cobs. Immense loads of corn on the car are shipped to them daily and shelled by machinery. It is said that this fuel is better for their purposes than coal. On the prairies of Illinois when the price of corn is very low the farmer uses for fuel cobs, corn and all.

At the Paris Observatory there is a telescope in the course of construction that will be the largest ever yet made. The tube will be fifty feet in length and six feet eight inches in diameter. It was begun by Leon Foucault in 1865, but the construction was interrupted by his death. In the troubles of 1870-71 no Frenchman had a heart for science. Now, however, the completion of this great instrument has been undertaken by the astronomer Wolf.

Guizot' sheirs have discontinued the suit which was the last expression of Guizot's pride. His idea was that neither himself nor his family should be indebted to the Empire, which he hated. One of his family was thus indebted, and had accepted assistance from the Emperor, and the suit was that the Emperor's heirs should be compelled to accept repayment from Guizot. In this material time it is rare to see a suit maintained on one side to compel the acceptance of $10,000 and on the other upholding the right to refuse the sum.

In Kansas and Colorado parties of men make handsome sums of money by gathering the hides and bones of the slain buffalo and hauling them to market. It is estimated that the shipments of hides for the closing year over the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, and the Kansas Pacific, will aggregate 125,000 skins. When we take into consideration that these hides represent only a portion of the animals killed in the great West every year, the question quickly suggests itself, How long will it be before the buffalo is rendered extinct? It is sad to reflect that the majority of the animals are killed in wantonness, and their flesh is left to rot on the Plains.

Among objects of interest lately received at the National Museum in Washington are thirty-six stone knives, with handles, obtained by Major Powell from the Pai-Utes. The blades are oblong-triangular, and oblong-tongue-shaped, acute, two or three inches in length, and so much resemble many of the so-called lance and arrow-heads in collections, that it becomes necessary to modify our views as to the latter articles. The handles are three to five inches long, and a notch half an inch deep at one end receives the stone, which is held in place by a tough pitch melted into the slit and around the joint, sinew being sometimes wrapped round in addition.

The whole number of Signal Service stations in the United States appears to be 125, to which are to be added five in the Hudson Bay Territory, established with the assistance of the Hudson Bay Company, at Fort Chippewayan, Cumberland House, York Factory, Fort Macpherson (on Peel's River), and Fort Simpson (on the Mackenzie). The West Indian stations are at Havana and Santiago de Cuba (in Cuba), Kingston (Jamaica), St. Thomas, Guadeloupe and Barbadoes. Besides the stations in Hudson Bay Territory, there are others at Brockville, Ottawa and Stayner, in Ontario; at Charlotte-town, Prince Edward Island; Father Point, Quebec; and at Sydney, Cape Breton. There are also some twenty river stations in the Mississippi Valley for the purpose of recording the varying height of the water. The total force connected with the service at present is composed of 247 sergeants, corporals and privates. The entire number of sheets of publications for the year, consisting of maps, bulletins, different kinds of press reports, weekly and monthly weather chronicles, etc., amounted to 4,494,320.

Prescriptions for Diphtheria.

A physician sends to the Chicago *Tribune* the following prescriptions for diphtheria, which he says he has used with great success in his own practice. He advises that, where the disease is at all prevalent, the prescriptions be procured and kept on hand for immediate use in case of an attack, and at the same time send for a good physician:

R. Sulphate of quinine, twenty-four grains; chlorate of potash, one-half dram; piperine, five grains; pulverized myrrh, three grains; mix, and divide into sixteen powders. Take one every two or three hours, alternating with the cordial.

R. Tincture of Cayenne pepper, spirits of camphor, spirits of chloroform Br. P., compound spirits of lavender—of each one-half of a fluid ounce; spirits of peppermint, two fluid drams. Take from one-third to one teaspoonful in water—sweetened, if preferred—every two or three hours, alternating with the powders.

R. Chlorate of potassa, one dram; tincture of Cayenne pepper, two fluid drams; compound tincture of cardamom, one fluid ounce; camphor-water, two fluid ounces. Use as a gargle one teaspoonful in a wine-glass of water every four or six hours.

The writer further directs: A mustard paste should be applied to the throat at once, and followed by a compress of salt and water. The dose given in each formula is for an adult. For a child two years old, one powder should be divided into seven, and the directions for taking the same as for an adult. About this ratio for the dose should be observed for the intervening ages. The dose of the cordial for a child two years old is three drops in a tablespoonful of sweetened water, to be given between the times of taking the powders; this had better be given in three separate doses instead of one. As the child cannot use the gargle, one drop should occasionally be given in a teaspoonful of water; this is to be increased according to the age of the child.

There are persons whose idiosyncrasies or constitutional peculiarities will not admit of the use of quinine; for such let salicin be substituted, and for those who cannot take camphor or peppermint, the compound tincture of cardamom may be substituted for either one, in the cordial formulary.

After the use of these remedies for two or three days, the bowels should be moved by some mild cathartic, and as the disease is somewhat subdued, let the interval between the giving of the doses be longer. In cases that are anæmic or debilitated, take, in addition to the other remedies, ten drops of the muriate tincture of iron, in a wine-glass of water every six hours.

The diet should be generous from the beginning of the attack, and that which will tax the stomach as little as possible in digesting it. Beef-tea should be well salted and liberally given. I would suggest the following method for making beef-tea, as being the best: Take one pound of lean steak, pound it thoroughly, add one pint of cold water, set it over the fire, salt it, and stir constantly until it comes to the boiling point, when remove from the fire and pour off. Persons addicted to the use of alcoholic stimulants will be benefited by a cup of milk-punch occasionally. The temperature of the room should be made comfortable for the patient; keeping it the same temperature throughout the continuation of the disease, avoiding all drafts of air.

Cleanliness should be strictly observed.

After Twenty Years.

The Chicago *Journal* of a recent date says: "Mrs. Eliza Brookbank, who resides on Western Avenue, is to-day, owing to a recent surprise of a singular nature, one of the happiest mortals in this great city. The Chicago directory states that the lady in question is the widow of Abram M. Brookbank, and when this information was given the canvasser it was furnished in good faith. When that publication was compiled Mrs. Brookbank had not seen or heard of her husband for twenty years, and it was by no means strange that she should have considered herself entitled to a widow's weeds. The story is a strange one. Twenty-one years ago the Brookbanks were residents of Princeton, Bureau County, in this State. The husband had previously visited the Pacific slope, and finding it a difficult matter to amass riches in the Illinois village, determined to once more return to the land of gold. At the time of his departure the traveler vowed never to return East unless he did so as a rich man. During the first few months of his absence the exile sent several hundred dollars to his wife, but the remittances suddenly ceased, and all inquiries as to his whereabouts remained unanswered. Not the slightest clue could be obtained as to whether he was alive or dead, and as year after year went by without any tidings from the missing one, his wife was forced to believe that her husband occupied an unknown grave in the far West. He was mourned nineteen years dead. Less than a year ago a friend of the family, who was about starting on a journey to California, was commissioned to institute a fresh search for the absentee or his grave. Every possible effort was made by the gentleman to secure some information that would lighten the hearts of the Eastern relatives. He was about giving up in despair when it accidentally came to his knowledge that a man named Brookbank was the proprietor of two silver mines in Arizona. The clue was followed up, and the mutual friend felt so convinced that the lost had been found that the good news was at once forwarded to the expectant wife. Two letters have, during the last few days, been received from Mr. Brookbank, and their contents would denote that his vow had been kept sacred, as, in addition to the silver mines, he is possessed of other valuable property, and is, in the vernacular of the Sierras, 'heeled away back.' Mrs. Brookbank's happiness was complete yesterday on receiving a telegram dated San Francisco, and stating that her husband was en route to the home of his younger days."

How Peter Lamb Played Santa Claus.

Peter Lamb, of our village, is not going to have Santa Claus again for his children on Christmas. Last Christmas he undertook to represent the character himself, and after dressing himself in a fur cap and buffalo robe and loading himself with toys, he went up to the roof of the house, and climbed into the chimney, to which he had fixed a rope which hung down the flue. By some means he managed to get into the wrong flue, and instead of coming down into the room where his wife and children were waiting for him, he tumbled clear to the kitchen and rolled out on the floor with a yell. The hired girl was sitting there communing with her lover, a red-haired man named McGinnis. When Mr. Lamb arrived she screamed and fainted, but Mr. McGinnis was not at all scared; and as he supposed that the intruder was a burglar, he attacked Mr. Lamb with a poker, emptied the coal-scuttle on him, kicked him through the door and then handed him over to a passing policeman, who took him to the station, where he would have been locked up all night if the magistrate hadn't recognized him. When he got home his wife and children were sure he had been suffocated in the flue, and Mrs. Lamb was in awful distress because she didn't know whether she ought to have the side of the house taken out that night, or to go out to hunt up a mourning bonnet to wear to church next day. The energetic McGinnis had gone home to gladden his family with Mr. Lamb's bundle of toys, and the servant girl had given notice that she would leave at daylight. So Mr. Lamb has told his little ones that the fiction about Santa Claus is a wicked and degrading superstition, and he is hereafter going to hang their presents on a tree.—*Max Adeler, in Danbury News.*

A Great Goose Story.

A correspondent of the Hartford *Times*, who wants to equal the stories of intelligent animals he has read, sends the following:

"A lady in East Granby obtained of a friend six goose-eggs and set them under a favorite hen. After four weeks' incubation under great difficulties, the hen came off with one healthy gosling, who caused her much trouble in consequence of his recklessness in getting his feet wet. Still there was great affection manifested by the parent and child. But the hen gradually grew ashamed, either of herself or of her strange chicken (which had outgrown her), and she sought another nest in a retired place, and commenced sitting for another brood. The gosling wandered, 'lonely as a cloud,' until she at last made her appearance with a fine brood of chicks. The gander at this time had obtained considerable size, and labored hard to help support the large family of his half-brothers and sisters. He would spread his wings and brood the chicks and protect them from the rain, and drive off all the other fowls who interfered with his adopted family. He would go out to the field and bring in an ear of corn and shell it off for the chicks; and woe to any other biped who attempted to share the meal. At last the industrious hen again went to work for another nest, and then the whole charge of the family devolved upon the gander. And he was faithful to his trust. And to-day, if you will go to East Granby, to the farmhouse of Mr. Scales, you can see one of the finest of this species you ever saw, still attached to his mother hen and her family, who, apparently, fully reciprocate the feeling."

Science in Sweetness.

Professor Tyndall writes, in the *Popular Science Monthly:* "A few years ago I paid a visit to a large school in the country, and was asked by the principal to give a lesson to one of his classes. I agreed to do so, provided he would let me have the youngest boys in his school. To this he willingly assented; and, after casting about in my mind as to what could be said to the little fellows, I went to a village hard by and bought a quantity of sugar candy. This was my only teaching apparatus. When the time for assembling the class had arrived, I began by describing the way in which sugar candy and other artificial crystals were formed, and tried to place vividly before their young minds the architectural process by which the crystals were built up. They listened to me with the most eager interest. I examined the crystal before them, and when they found that in a certain direction it could be split into thin laminæ with shining surfaces of cleavage, their joy was at its height. They had no notion that the thing they had been crunching and sucking all their lives embraced so many hidden points of beauty. At the end of the lesson I emptied my pockets among the class, and permitted them to experiment upon the sugar candy in the usual way."

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

Some More Remarkable Stories About Horses, Dogs, Birds and Insects.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* tells this:

AN INTELLIGENT MARE.

"In the fall of 1861, we were campaigning in Southwestern Missouri; and, on a very cold evening, it became my duty to relieve the chain of pickets in our front. I started from camp with about seventy mounted men, about an hour before dark; made my circuit, dropping the new men and taking up the old; and, when all had been relieved, it had become quite dark, and a slight snow began to fall, and the wind to increase in force. We were now about a mile and a half from camp, if we were to follow the picket-line till we struck the road, but, in a direct line, not more than half to three-quarters of a mile; and, wishing to get into quarters before the storm became severe, I concluded to take a short cut for home—which, like many an attempted short cut, proved a very long one; for, after riding long enough to have gone several times the distance, it became apparent that we did not know where we were, and I was forced to acknowledge that I was not a very good leader. In turn, several of my men, who thought they could do better, tried to lead us; but all to no purpose. It was now nearly 11 o'clock, snowing and blowing a gale, with a fair prospect of our having to remain out all night. I had noticed an unusual fretfulness, and indisposition to submit to my guidance, on the part of my mare; and it flashed upon my mind like an inspiration: perhaps she can take us to camp! We had dismounted in a little ravine and built a fire. I gave the order to mount, and told the boys that I was going to try Betsy, and see if she did not know more than all of us. We moved out of the ravine, and, after getting well out on the prairie, I gave her the rein. As soon as she realized her freedom, I found her bearing off to the left, and in about ten or fifteen minutes we saw a fire, which, on nearing it, proved to be the one we had just left. She showed no inclination to go into the ravine, but skirted along the edge, until she reached a narrow point. This she leaped, and soon struck into a brisk trot; and, in twenty minutes more, we were safe in camp, much to the joy of all, for it was feared that we had been bushed. On several occasions, subsequently, I tested Betsy's intelligence, and always with the best of results. Once, having returned at evening from a long scout, I found camp had been moved, and I could get information only as to the direction the regiment had taken. After about three hours' brisk ride, Betsy brought me, not only to camp, but to my own company, and never stopped till she stood in front of my tent."

TWO DOG STORIES.

A correspondent at Canandaigua, N. Y., sends this to the Rochester *Democrat:*

"About noon on Monday last, John Dunphy, a respectable citizen of this place, who was employed at Decker's blacksmith shop, fell dead while engaged in shoeing a horse. Mr. Dunphy was the owner of a small dog of the shepherd breed, between which and his master a great attachment existed. Every morning they both went to the shop, and, while Mr. Dunphy was engaged at his work, the dog remained playing around until 11 o'clock, at which time he always returned home, and came back with Mrs. Dunphy when she brought her husband his dinner. Mrs. Dunphy went back alone, and the dog stayed with his master till his daily toil was ended. The faithful animal followed his master's remains home, and took up his place under a table on which the corpse was laid. All the while he kept up a piteous whining. After a while, having been dislodged from his position with great difficulty, he went up-stairs and stretched himself upon an old coat which his lost friend was in the habit of wearing while at work. Here he continued to give expression to his grief so loudly that they locked him up in a kennel in the yard, along with another dog which always remained around the house. Next day, when they brought him food, he refused to partake of it. In fact, he never did partake of the least morsel of any thing after the death of Mr. Dunphy. Yesterday he gnawed himself out of the kennel and started for the blacksmith shop. When he reached there he smelled around the spot where his owner was in the habit of working. After a while he seemed to realize that his kind old friend would never again stand in the same place; that never again would he speak to him and pat his shaggy head with affectionate fondness. He then ran back to the house, and up on the stoop in front of the door through which his master's remains were carried. Here he gave utterance to his sorrow in loud and mournful howls, and fell dead as suddenly, and in much the same manner, as his friend expired but two days before. The master died of heart disease, but who can doubt that the dog died of a broken heart?"

This is from a correspondent of *Our Dumb Animals*, at Newport, R. I.:

"The owner of a fine Newfoundland dog was boasting of his sagacity and watchfulness, and among other things said to a friend, 'You cannot take the smallest article out of my house that the dog shall not know of it.' A bet was made on the matter, and one evening, the two friends being at tea, and the dog seemingly fast asleep on the rug before the fire, the unbeliever, after a time, slipped a teaspoon into his pocket. The evening passed away and the thing was forgotten by the biped part of the company, teaspoon, bet and all. Later at night, the guest rose, bid his friend good-bye, and went to the front door, but, as he placed his hand on the lock, the sleeping Argus stepped between, and mildly but firmly forbade him to go out."

THE ANT.

E. M. Hale sends this to the Chicago *Tribune:*

"In one of your late issues was an account of the wonderful intelligence of the ants in South America. I think I can contribute something to prove that the ants of this portion of our Continent possesses equal intelligence. While rambling in the woods on the shores of Lake Geneva, last summer, I discovered a company of large brown ants feasting on the crumbs left of a picnic-dinner. Their repast was found on a stump, and the crumbs of cake were in a little depression half an inch deep. The party probably numbered fifty or more. In a spirit of mischievous investigation I dipped up in my hands a little water from the lake, and poured it into the depression where the ants were feasting. A general rush for dry land followed, but all were not nimble enough to escape. Several were overwhelmed, and struggled for life as any human would. A few of the largest reached the shore; but what was my astonishment when I observed that those who had escaped, after shaking themselves, signaled to others, and both boldly plunged into the miniature lake, and, swimming to the rescue of their companions, seized and dragged them out of the water! Some seemed to recover immediately, and ran nimbly away. Others were nearly drowned, and these were rolled and shaken by their rescuers, just as drowned men are sometimes treated in similar cases. I watched their efforts with the greatest interest, for they showed such decision, coolness, and bravery that it commanded my respect. They saved all but two or three from a watery grave. These I picked out and laid down on the dry wood in sight of the ants. They would come up, one after the other, touch them with their attennæ, and, finding they were dead, go (mournfully?) away. I watched them until they had all left the top of the stump. They did not—at least while I remained—come back and give their brethren a decent burial, as appears to be the custom of their South American fellows.

"For many years, what little time I have, I have watched closely the mental manifestations of animals, particularly cats, squirrels, and horses; and every year the conviction grows apace that their intellectual powers, if cultivated, would far exceed our most sanguine expectations."

THE CROW.

[Florida Correspondence of the New York Sun.]

The crows had kept up a racket since dawn. Trees and palmetto scrub were back with them. They alighted in camp within ten feet of us, and stole the provisions the instant our backs were turned. Incessantly did they scold us. It was plain that they were anxious for us to break camp so that they might pick up what was left.

"Talk about crows," said Moore, while puffing his morning pipe, "they're the most knowing bird in Florida. Yes, sir, their intelligence is ahead of the nigger. They can tell a nigger from a white man a mile off, and they know a shotgun from a rifle. They know that they are no account. Nobody hankers after crow-meat, and no hunter wastes powder and shot on them. Why, I've been hunting and had the crows follow me and point out the game. They were willing to take their share of the work too, and were satisfied with the leavings. If a man only knows how to take him, a crow's just as good as a dog. When I've been jumping a bear or a deer, I've had the crows light on the trees above 'em and sing out: 'Here he is, old man, down below here! Go for him!' And if I shot and missed, those crows would actually get disgusted. I could hear them talking to one another and saying: 'Oh, he's an old hombre; he don't know how to shoot.' But if I brought down the game, they'd scream and bounce from the trees and sail in for their divvy.

"But the greatest case of sagacity in a crow that I ever saw," continued Moore, "was on the ocean beach, just across the lower end of the lake. Last year me and a fellow named Crowell were down there catching turtle. We used to clean 'em on a big beam of mahogany that had drifted ashore. There were thousands of crows on hand a picking up the entrails and scooping out the shells. They were so noisy that we had to holler to understand one another. You never see such a raft of crows. They were pretty shy along in the beginning, but they kept getting bolder, and by and by they walked right up to the mahogany beam, and stole the choice steaks that we were saving for ourselves. Well, when Crowell see that, he began to get mad. He swore he couldn't stand it, and he hauled up and gave the crows two barrels of duck-shot. He had in a thunderin' charge—a pailful of shot in each barrel. You never see such a sight. If it had been raining crows, the beach couldn't have been blacker. You see, this was in the morning. Well, for several hours the crows were mighty shy again, but along in the afternoon they took their chances once more and were around thicker than ever. They fought among themselves for the shells and the entrails, but they gave the steaks a wide berth. They were smart enough to know what the shooting was for.

"Well, among the flock we noticed a lame crow, with a sickly kind of a caw. He had come out from under Crowell's battery with one leg gone. He was a hard sight. When we first saw him his wing was a drooping, and he was a limping along and a skirmishing around for something to eat, with the rest of them. We felt sorry for him. If you'd seen him, you couldn't help but feel sorry too. You see, the other crows didn't give him a living show. He would have starved to death if we hadn't sympathized with him, and seen that he got his share. We fed him the nicest chunks of turtle, and he got so tame that he'd limp up within two or three feet, and almost eat out of our hands. We used to call him Santa Anna, because, you see, he had lost his leg.

"Well," continued Moore, "for some time Santa Anna turned up regularly for his rations. He seemed to be growing weak in spite of all the building up we gave him. One day we missed him. Crowell felt mighty bad. He almost cried. 'Poor Santa Anna,' says he, 'couldn't roost any place but on the ground. Some snake has got him, and that's the last of him.' You see the bird had got to be a great favorite. I felt as bad about it as Crowell, and no mistake. Down here in the wilderness, where you don't see a white man once in years, a fellow gets mightily attached to a crow when he's social like and puts confidence in you. Well, all that day the crows kept a coming in and a ripping away at the lights and livers, but poor Santa never turned up. I reckon if we talked about him once we talked about him a hundred times.

"The next forenoon, while we were dressing a big turtle, we heard a feeble kind of a caw, and Crowell sung out, 'Here's Santa Anna again, as sure as you're born!' and sure enough there was the little black cuss a hopping along on one foot over the sand. He cocked his head on one side, and seemed thundering glad to see us. We were hypercane. We picked out the richest part of the turtle and fed him. Well, good Lord, you'd ought to have seen that crow eat. He stuffed himself so full that he couldn't holler. You could see him swell out like a rubber ball. The other crows stood off about 20 feet watching him. The little hombre got all he wanted, and then started off. He limped awfully for about 15 feet, and I heard Crowell say, 'Poor little devil! I'm afraid he'll never get well.' Just then the crow stopped and kind a shook up his wing. Then—as I'm alive and a sinner—he dropped another little black foot, and walked off on two legs as sound as a dollar. The other crows set up a mighty cawing, and all of them flew away together."

"Well," inquired Hammond, "how did he get his leg fixed?"

"It wasn't Santa Anna at all," Moore replied. "Some other crow had played Santa Anna on us. Our crow had been eaten up by a 'possum. We found the feathers afterward. And," continued Moore, turning to me, "you won't believe me, but that story's just as true as the Gospel—every word of it."

The Sum of Tyndall's Life Theory.

The London *Globe* says: "Professor Tyndall's laborious address to the British Association may be readily summed up by the simple re-statement of a very old argument. An egg contains all the material necessary to form a chick. It holds also, for a time at least, the force requisite to construct the animal out of its component elements. The only thing needed is to set the formative process in action by the application of another form of force or motion called heat. But this last must be supplied from without. The sum of Professor Tyndall's researches is precisely analogous. He finds in matter 'the promise and potency of every form and quality of life,' just as the naturalist and the organic chemist find the organic materials of a chick, and the promise and potency to form one, within the egg-shell. But neither the philosopher nor the experimentalist can go one step beyond the facts. They are wholly unable to explain the something from without, in whose absence neither an egg full nor a world of life can be called into palpable existence. This is the point at which philosophy again arrives—the old point at which it has been arriving by various paths ever since the first effort to penetrate an inscrutable mystery. The Egyptians symbolized the difficulty, and their inability to surmount it, by offering the mysterious egg reverently to their gods. They laid the unsolved problem of the finite at the feet of the Infinite. Professor Tyndall and the British Association might learn wisdom, without humiliation, from the ancient idolaters, and emulate their not ignoble submission."

How to Show Love for a Wife.

Show love for your wife, and your admiration of her, not in nonsensical compliment; not in picking up her handkerchief, or her gloves, or in carrying her fan; not, though you have means, in hanging trinkets or baubles upon her; not in making yourself a fool by winking at and seeming pleased with her foibles or follies, or faults; but show them by acts of real goodness towards her; prove, by unequivocal deeds, the high value you set on her health and life, and peace of mind; let your praise of her go to the full extent of her deserts, but let it be consistent with truth and with sense, and such as to convince her of your sincerity.

He who is the flatterer of his wife, only prepares her ears for the hyperbolical stuff of others. The kindest appellation that her Christian name affords, is the best that you can use especially before other people. An everlasting "my dear" is but a sorry compensation for the want of that sort of love that makes the husband cheerfully toil by day, break his rest by night, endure all sorts of hardships if the life or health of his wife demand it. Let your deeds, and not your words, carry to her heart a daily and hourly confirmation of the fact, that you value her health, and life, and happiness beyond all other things in this world, and let this be manifest to her, particularly at those times when life is more or less in danger.

A farmer in Oregon recently butchered a cow in whose stomach were found a large quantity of buttons. There were many large brass ones, which led some of the neighbors to infer that she had eaten a policeman at some period of her existence, while a large collection of white buttons was almost proof positive that the animal had been in the habit of robbing clothes lines.

HOME INTERESTS.

Eggs Dressed Spanish Fashion.—In a frying-pan toss a slice of rich bacon for the sake of the fat it will render; take away the bacon; mix a teaspoonful of honey with the bacon fat; break into it a dozen new-laid eggs, and do them slowly; take them up with a skimmer, place them in a dish, and almost musk them with pickled red and green capsicums, sliced.

Fried Oysters are delicious but indigestible, and will therefore seldom be brought to table by those who value the health of their family. Select the very largest and finest oysters for this purpose. Have ready a skillet of boiling lard. Dip your oysters, one at a time, in beaten yelk of egg, then in grated bread crumbs; lastly, in sifted meal, and then drop into the lard. Turn, and allow them to become only slightly browned. Drain upon a sieve, and send to table hot.

Lemon Pies.—Yelks of 8 eggs, 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar, 1 cup of sweet milk, 1½ tablespoonfuls of melted butter, grated rind of 2 lemons, juice of 1½ lemons, pastry. Frosting: Whites of 8 eggs, juice of ½ a lemon, 7 tablespoonfuls of sugar. Pies—Beat the yelks of the eggs light. Melt the butter. To the yelks add sugar, milk, butter, and rind and juice of the lemons. Pour the mixture into two pie-plates, having a crust in each. Bake. Frosting—Beat whites of eggs to a stiff froth. Add sugar, and beat it in well. Put in lemon juice, and stir again. When the pie is baked and cold, add frosting and put plates in oven long enough to make frosting a good brown color.

Portslade Apple Pudding.—Pare and core half a dozen good apples and boil them in as little water as will cook them; reduce the fruit to a pulp, add the juice of one lemon and about a quarter of its grated rind, and half a teaspoonful of fresh powdered ginger. Next make a mixture of 4 well beaten eggs with a ¼ of a pound of butter, warmed to fluidity, and 6 ounces of bread crumbs; moist sugar to taste—say 4 ounces—and a good dash of nutmeg. Lastly, blend all together, and put into a dish which has been buttered, and spread over with bread crumbs; then bake for one hour. To serve, turn out of the dish and dour. To with white sugar.

Chowder.—Fresh lake or river fish, four slices of pork, potatoes, onions, six or eight hard crackers, milk, flour, salt, pepper. Put the pork into a frying-pan. Fry it out; then take the dry pieces and put them in a kettle. Put a layer of fish over them. Sprinkle it with salt, pepper and flour. Then add a layer of potatoes and 3 or 4 slices of onions; then another layer of fish, and so on. Cover with cold water. Put the kettle on the fire. When the chowder begins to boil, let it boil 20 minutes. About 5 minutes before it is done dip the hard crackers in cold water and lay them on the top. Just as it is taken from the fire add a little milk.

West India Cocoa-Nut Cake.—Cut up and peel some pieces of very ripe cocoa-nut. Lay them for awhile in cold water. Then take them out and wipe them dry, and grate very fine as much as will weigh ½ pound. Beat 8 eggs till very light, thick and smooth. Have ready ½ a pound of powdered loaf sugar, and stir it into the pan of beaten eggs, alternately with the grated cocoa-nut; adding a handful of sifted flour, a powdered nutmeg, and a large glass of Madeira or sherry, stirring the whole very hard. Butter an oblong tin pan. Put in the mixture, set it immediately into a quick oven, and bake it well. Set it to cool on an inverted sieve; cut it into squares, and ice each square, flavoring the icing with rose. You may bake it in a large loaf if you prefer to, adding double portions of all the ingredients, and ornamenting the icing nicely.

A Plea for Privacy at Weddings.

As the semi-annual bridal season is at hand, it is the time to plead for a reform in weddings. Every year this sacredest of all occasions is turned more and more into a mere opportunity for display and for replying to some fancied social obligation. Instead of the place and time when a few of the closest friends gather to witness the solemnest compact human beings can frame, it is chosen as the moment for bringing together the larger part of the family's social circle, to show the bride in her bridal garments; to prove how many flowers and refreshments the family can afford; and, with shame be it said, to exhibit to criticism and light comment the precious tokens that should have come with tender regard to the maid on the eve of her new life.

A wedding must not be uncheerful; but it must certainly be solemn to all who realize what it is. On the one side, it is renouncing old ties, promising to begin with faith and hope and love, a new and wholly untried existence. On the other, it is the acceptance of a sacred trust, the covenant to order life anew in such ways as shall make the happiness of two instead of one. Can such an occasion be fitting for revelry? Is it not wiser, more delicate, to bid only the nearest of friends to a marriage ceremony, and leave the feasting and frolic for a subsequent time? We are sure there are few girls who, if they reflect on the seriousness of the step they are about to take, will not choose to make their vow within the loving limits of their home circle. All our best instincts point to the absolute simplicity and privacy of wedding services; only perversion of delicacy could contemplate the asking of crowds of half sympathetic or wholly curious people to attend the fulfillment of the most solemn of contracts. Let there be as much party-making, rejoicing and pleasure-taking afterwards as hearts desire; but let the solemn vows be made in the presence only of those nearest and dearest—*Scribner's.*

The Street Car Driver.

He gets up early—very early—and by the dim light of a flickering candle hastily disposes of a cold lunch. Then he hies in all haste to the barn, takes charge of a car—the self-regulating and self-collecting kind—and with good cheer commences his route. He goes but a few blocks when he picks up a passenger, and then commences for the day the quick motion of the elbow in braking and unbraking the car. When the car is full of passengers then the perspiration pours down his face. His eye must watch the fare-box, the passengers and the vehicles darting in front of the car. At one of the crossings a nervous old lady rings the bell. The driver is about to stop when she rings again, thinking he has not heard the call. Then another passenger grasps the bell-strap to steady himself as he rises to go out, and cling! goes the bell again. Two or three other persons now interest themselves and ring to make sure that the car stops for the old lady. By this time the car has reached another block, the driver is gently invited to a warm place, and nobody has a kind word for the muscle-straining he has undergone. This kind of performance goes on during the day a sufficient number of times to cause an acute sensation in the back of the neck. At noon the driver receives another cold lunch, eaten while the car is in motion, and many eyes watch him while he hastily dispatches the food. At eve, another trial awaits him. The car becomes loaded on each up and down trip, and he must go through much neck-straining to make sure that the fare has all been paid. Another cold lunch is given him to sustain bodily strength, and about ten or eleven o'clock he drags his weary limbs homeward, feeling as though he needed a half-dozen bottles of sweet oil rubbed on his joints to prepare himself for another day of such labor.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Picture of Alexander H. Stephens.

The Washington correspondent of the New York *World* has been describing some of the notable members of Congress. The following is the manner in which he brings in Alexander H. Stephens:

"Who is that man?" asked a stranger of a hack-driver, before the National Hotel, where Stephens came down the steps.

"That 'ere man," said the driver with undisguised rancor, "is a fraud. We've counted on a job at his funeral for six years, and he keeps a livin' on and livin' on, and dunno but wot he's agoin' to live for ever." That was before the war; and the hackmen are still waiting. Marvelous little body it is! How can so frail a frame hold so vigorous a mind? He wears a black skull-cap; gloves that hang in rags on his sunken fingers. When he tries to speak books are piled up around him to prevent him from falling down. His voice is feeble and thin. There is no life in any member but his eyes.

For all Female Complaints

nothing equals Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a most powerful restorative tonic, also combining the most valuable nervine properties, especially adapting it to the wants of debilitated ladies suffering from weak back, inward fever, congestion, inflammation, or ulceration, or from nervousness, or neuralgic pains. Mr. G. W. Seymour, druggist, of Canton, N. Y., writes Dr. Pierce as follows: "The demand for your Favorite Prescription is wonderful, and one man stated to me that his wife had not done a day's work in five months, when she commenced taking your Favorite Prescription, took two bottles and is now on the third bottle, and is able to do her house-work alone and milk fourteen cows twice a day." Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is sold by all dealers in medicines.

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