

The Governess.

BY FRANK D. URRER.

Child laughter, ringing and hearty,
With the swift-paced music ascends,
Where a great lady gives a party
To the children of her friends;
And hither and thither moving
The governess takes her way,
Her varied acquirements proving
In helping the dears at their play.

Happy mamma and misses
Of her own age through the hall,
But her part in the dances and kisses
Is to be of use to all.
Schoolroom by day, and at even
To encourage, amuse, and what not,
There is little in life to lessen
Her work-a-day, humble lot.

Snubbed by her elders daily,
Teased by the little ones,
Or patronized half galli
By the airish, grown-up sons,
What wonder if growns by desire
From her smiling air apart,
And if bitter thoughts keep working
In her tired and homeless heart?

But the party at last is ended,
And the day's long taskwork o'er,
To her little room she has wended,
On the cheerless "upper floor."
And then what wonder if, falling
By the couch so lowly there,
Her soul, with its thoughts so gallant,
Should refuge find in prayer?

But the swift-paced music which lately
So fretted her frame and mind,
Seems to breathe now, solemn and stately,
Like an organ's voice resigned,
It whispers so softly and slowly,
So sacred and sweet it seems,
That at last, with a patience holy,
The governess seeks her dreams.

—N. Y. Ledger.

The Prodigal Boy.

One fine autumnal afternoon as a country gentleman, named Louis Dwight, was out for an hour's ride in his vehicle, he came upon a group of urchins sporting in the road, and among them saw his son, a boy of ten, flying his kite. The novel thought struck him of giving his son a ride, while still flying his kite, and so by his desire the child took the seat by his side, the horse trotted on, and the kite-string, through the back of the wagon, still held by the pleased youngster, maintained the traveling line in the air. It was, however, not long before the boy lost his hold of the stick, upon which the kite rapidly descended from its gay attitude, and disappearing behind some trees, fell into a swamp beyond.

To regain what was so much prized by his son, if possible, without too much effort, the father drove back, and now saw that one of the group of children had already started in pursuit of the missing toy, and was wending his difficult course through the swamp, from which in due time he made his way back, with a shout of joy, bringing the unharmed kite and its roll of twine, which on reaching the road, he presented with smiling grace to their owner.

"You are a gallant and unselfish boy," said Mr. Dwight, giving him a handful of pence; "what is your name?"

"Herbert Archley," said the youth, blushing at the compliment and lifting his cap in recognition of it; and then, turning to his playmates, he divided among them what he had received by tossing the coins into the air and saying: "Come, boys, here's for a scramble!"

His companions proved themselves not slow to accept the offer, and young Archley, sharing in the scramble with high glee, took his scant portion with the others.

"You are too generous by half," exclaimed Mr. Dwight, admiring the boy's benevolence quite as much as his good-natured service and politeness. "You must learn to be more careful of your means—when you grow older, at least; or you will find it a thankless and very rude world to live in."

"Ah, sir," said the boy, with a brighter glance than before, and again doffing his cap, "father taught me never to be mean, and to be unselfish always makes me feel happy."

His looks told the truth as eloquently as his words and tone, as he stood there in the road, his fine, open, handsome face rosy with health and beaming with intelligence and joy—a far more beautiful object to contemplate than even the declining sun, whose light displayed him to such advantage.

"The sun is lengthening your shadow, my boy," said the gentleman, reflecting for a moment. "And even so it is with the light of experience, which increases the shade of sorrow the longer it shines. Take my advice, my boy, and hereafter never give all your spare money away. Be liberal, as your father taught you; but save at least half for yourself. There is no virtue in being prodigal; often it is an error, and prevents both the power to be just and to be generous."

"I thank you, sir, for the advice, and I will remember and try to follow it."

"Good afternoon, my boy!"

"Good-bye, sir."

As they rode home, which was not far from the neighborhood, Mr. Dwight learned from his son that Herbert Archley was a poor boy, living with his widowed mother; that he was a forward scholar, and so generally a favorite that presents were often made to him, and these he almost as often distributed among his comrades, between whom he seemed to make but little distinction.

Within a few days Mr. Dwight again met young Archley, and repeating his injunction to "save half at least," gave him a money-box for that purpose. And the boy, smiling, again promised, and, applauded by his mother, did as he had been advised,

careless and thoughtless of how it accumulated, from month to month. The gentleman who had been so interested in him often gave him small sums, like others, though debared, like others, from rendering his mother assistance, which an honest pride forbade her to accept; and of which health and industry prevented her from being in absolute need.

A year passed, and, chancing to be in the company of evil associates, Archley got into trouble with them. They committed some theft, in which he did not share, and of which he was ignorant until he was arrested, like them, and tried as their accomplice. Information of the affair being brought to Mr. Dwight, he felt convinced of the boy's innocence, and after questioning him underfoot to plead his case; which influence, however, only succeeded so far against the false testimony of the really guilty that Archley was fined for trespass while the others were more severely dealt with.

The shame of the accusation seemed to overcome the grieving boy far more than the fear of punishment, however unjust, and he went more bitterly than the young reprobates who had thought to make him share their punishment as well as their disgrace.

"You need not shed tears, my boy," said his temporary protector, soothingly, so that all could hear. "None who know you can think harm of you. The best are often injured by false evidence beyond their power of defense against law; and in this case, the penalty it prescribes for you I believe you can pay, without depending upon anybody but yourself."

"My mother is so poor," sobbed the boy, "that I don't like her to pay so much; and how can I pay it?"

"What have you done with the box?"

"Oh, I forgot that; but I don't think there can be much in it, for the little I have saved up in it."

"Send for it, and we will see about that."

The little box was therefore brought and opened in court, and, much to the surprise of the boy, far more was found in it than was demanded to meet the penalty. This discovery cheered young Archley, for he was now relieved from his mortification at dependency by being able to pay his fine with his own money, which he did with some pride, without his mother's help, and his box, he marched out of court amid the cheers of his joyous playmates.

"You see, my young friend, that by being provident, without being mean, you have been able to rescue yourself from difficulty," said Mr. Dwight, on parting with them. "Bear the lesson in mind, in future, as well as you have kept your promise, and you will find it of service throughout your life, long after I am dead and forgotten. There is more than the amount you have paid, I wished you to send for the box, only the better to illustrate what virtue there is in providence, and how thoughtless prodigality might have left you without one friend to serve you."

The lesson thus learned had a doubly good effect, and the boy was more careful as to the character of his companions ever after.

The manifold changes of a few more years, transformed the boy into a man, involving other alterations in the condition of his life. His mother, slept in the grave; his good friend, Mr. Dwight, had moved away, he knew not whither, and he, in a neighboring town, no less popular as a man than he had been as a boy, had, by dint of intelligent enterprise, acquired a thriving business, of which he was the head.

Fortune long seemed to favor the young man, and often the image and counsel of his early good adviser came up before him, and the pleasant remembrance of him yearns to see him. But, unfortunately, the advice which he remembered he did not follow. His benevolence and confiding nature, his eagerness to oblige, and his impulsive sympathy at every signal of distress, became known to all around him, and by slow and sure degrees the untiring exercise of his uncalculating charity annulled the good results of his honest industry, and carried his affairs gradually into the background, where prodigal generosity often leads and leaves a man, and where debt incurred by helping others bring distress and ruin upon the deserted bankrupt.

Herbert Archley failed, and found few friends to praise, pity him, or defend his honesty of purpose, and none who were able or dared to help him. To him came now the old experiences of the too benevolent who have less means to sustain than heart to prompt generous actions; and though fortune did not so utterly forsake him as to consign the well-meaning debtor to a jail, his freedom to wander seemed no liberty to him, who, as he left the town, a poor and censured man, could not leave his recollections also behind.

The imprisoned thought was itself imprisonment, as when far away he brooded, in poverty, over his follies and misfortunes.

"Were not ever thoughtful step we take in this world thronged with proofs of our insignificance and ignorance, we might dare attempt to grasp at and arrange the wisdom of the Almighty," he reflected, he mourned. "Yet, in what light I have, it sometimes seems unjust that charity should be the cause of its own punishment, or be permitted at all to suffer. But, now, how well I recollect the counsel given me by that good man in my youth—to be kind, without giving all away, and that one might be provident without being mean. He gave me a fatherly lesson in these happy days, and I was wiser, because more mindful, even then; but grown confident by success, I neglected the advice which would have spared me the trials I now bear; the loss of good repute and the ingratitude of the undeserving, for whom I have injured the worthy; and the tongue of scandal, for inability, which is miscolored dishonesty, oppresses me more even than

the lack of means, with which, if not thrown away in acts of mistaken benevolence, I would gladly repay all. But yet, to sit down thus and mealy mourn, like Job, will never lift me up again. There must still be time and opportunities to redeem myself. I am still young and strong, and may yet prove wiser, if I faithfully follow the counsel of him who understood me so well in my boyhood. Henceforth I will do so. I will strive hard again, and the lesson of the little box shall be my guide as I toil."

Animated by the resolution he had formed, half the load which had oppressed him vanished. Among strangers he entered anew into the mazes of business, and though his melancholy memories sometimes made his struggles less energetic than he wished, their discouraging effect was more than offset by the great object he had in view—the ultimate power to clear his reputation at home from all stain.

Stray gleams of success multiplied and gathered, as he proceeded slowly but steadily toward the horizon of his hopes, and at last ripened into the inspiring dawn. Often, while the night of his distress was vanishing behind him, the old prodigal impulse which had caused it would return upon him; but he checked it by the memory of the little box; and while not mindless of the claims of those who were more needy than he, he learned to feel that was yet something nobler than extravagant benevolence; to be just first and then generous, and that beside what was due to his creditors, there was much due to himself.

By this line of conduct he rose again to substantial prosperity. Experience had not been wasted upon him, and his second ordeal was triumphant. The memory of the little box was a talismanic guide to him. One-half of all his profits he uniformly put by for future days; and freed from all former indebtedness, he found himself, in the prime of life, not merely commended for being generous as well as honest, but secure against the wiles and wails of impostors, and wealthy without having been a miser.

Thus enabled, by a courageous adherence to the provident rule which was at first repugnant to his nature in joy and honor to the town which he had left in disgrace, he revisited the scenes of his youth, and as he wandered among them and revived their associations, he thanked God that he was now as happy as he had ever been when he played there. The old cottage was torn down, but the grass grew green over the graves of his parents, and he felt that their souls were in a changeless home. The natural landmarks remained unaltered, and as he strolled along the chief road of the village, he paused awhile at the spot where, returning from the swamp with the kite, he first met the good man, Louis Dwight.

"He must be quite old now if alive," mused he. "Let me see. I was then, and he, perhaps, forty—my own age now. Three score and ten—the allotted age of man. He may be dead; or if not, I suppose I shall never see or hear of him again. How like a dream it all seems! Here I am standing alive. Here is where he gave me the pence, opposite that very tree; and here is—why, bless me, who comes here? If this isn't the old gentleman himself, my eyes or my memory fail me."

It was a bowed old man, in worn and faded garments, who was approaching, walking slowly, with a cane. Archley raised his hat respectfully as he drew near. He had truly recognized him. It was Louis Dwight.

But his old friend and adviser did not recognize him so quickly, though he paused and returned his salutation.

"His sight may be poor," thought Archley; "but I will test his memory by a surer method. Old gentlemen, I was born in this village, and have been absent many years. I have been standing here for some time, looking upon the scenes which are more interesting now than they were when I played here, thirty years ago."

"Thirty years ago!" exclaimed old Dwight, "eight, starting at him. 'Why, I used to live here then.'"

"Did you, indeed? Then perhaps you might be able to tell me what became of a very fine gentleman who lived here at the same time, but went away before I did. He was out riding one day, and I saved a kite for his son; and on this very spot he gave me some pence for it, and some very good advice into the bargain. His name was Louis Dwight."

"And your name is—?"

"Herbert Archley."

"Why," cried the astonished old gentleman, holding up his hands to heaven; "merciful Providence! Is this you, my dear young friend? Let me give you a good hug!" And faltering toward him, he gave him an embrace which was returned with interest, and then, in brief, they exchanged histories—that of Mr. Dwight being far more melancholy than Archley's.

His son was dead, his property all gone, and he was now a dependent upon charity, where once he had lived in affluence.

Archley heard in silence, with tears; but he brightened them with a smile as he said:

"Mr. Dwight, I believe that God has ordered that we should meet this day, and we meet, sir, never to part until one of us is dead. You are now poor, but I am rich. All that I possess I owe to your early lessons to me. I will protect and comfort you while life lasts, and repair your losses as well as I can."

And here Herbert Archley proved true to his word; and thus it was that good advice, in kindness given and with reverence obeyed, resulted in a rich reward to both. The bread of wisdom had been early cast upon the waters, and it returned "after many days," in the shape of substantial gratitude.

The Latest Snake Story.

Two of the pioneers of Colorado happened to meet in Denver yesterday, and the conversation turned on early experiences and adventures. The story that produced the most thrilling effect upon the auditors was a snake story, and as both parties vouched for the truth thereof, it would be highly inconceivable for a news reporter to suggest any doubt as to its literal correctness. And thus the story was told by the "major": "Jim and I started out in the mountains early one morning after black-tailed deer. We had no luck up to noon, and then found ourselves on the side of a precipitous mountain. The trail was wide and plain, and we soon came to a spring that had burst its way out of the solid rock. Here we both stopped to get a drink. I used the cup first and then handed it to Jim. He drank, and then stepped off sideways to take a look down the side of the mountain and in the valley. As he stood thus his shoulders reached to a level with a shelf of the rock which projected forward some little distance over the trail. As I rose up from the spring something attracted my attention to this rocky shelf, which was only a few inches from Jim's neck, and exactly on a level therewith. To my horror I saw thereon an immense rattlesnake. The horrible reptile was all coiled, his eyes were snapping, his forked tongue protruding, and everything indicating an immediate spring. Jim stood perfectly stolid and utterly unconscious of the slightest danger. Any motion on his part, even the slightest, I knew would be instantly fatal. What do I could do? I dared not call or shoot. Everything depended upon his remaining perfectly still. After a second's further reflection (and the time seemed an age) I dropped softly down so as not to be out of sight of the reptile. I then moved like a shadow toward my unconscious friend. Breathlessly I watched him from fear that every second he would make some slight movement of head or body, and that he would be shot. I knew I was near enough to feel that I could get a firm hold. Without another thought or the slightest word or warning I then grasped Jim by the arm and side and brought him heavily down with a crash upon the trail and among the flinty rocks. As I did this I saw what seemed a flash of lightning dart out from the rocky shelf, which I knew to be the snake of the reptile. But my friend's neck was not where the snake had hoped, and Jim was safe."

"And what did Jim say when you slung him down in that style?" asked one of his auditors.

"He commenced cursing me in the meanest sort of way," replied the major, "till I made him stand up and look at that shelf in the rock. When he saw the snake as well, and saw, too, how near he had been to a horrible death, he turned around and took my hand, but he didn't say anything more, because he couldn't speak."

—Danbury News.

How a Toad Undresses.

A gentleman sends to an agricultural paper an amusing description of how a toad undresses. He says he has seen one do it, and a friend has seen another do the same thing in the same way.

"About the middle of July I found a toad on a hill of melons, and not wanting him to leave I hoed around him. He appeared sluggish and not inclined to move. Presently I observed him pressing his elbows against his sides and rubbing them. He appeared to sing, and that I watched to see what he was up to. After a few smart rubs his skin began to burst open straight along his back. Now, said I, old fellow, you have done it; but he appeared to be unconcerned, and kept on rubbing until he had worked all his skin into folds on his sides and hips; then grasping one hind leg with both hands he had cut one leg of his pants the same as anybody would, then stripped the other hind leg in the same way. He then took his cast-off cuticle forward between his fore legs into his mouth and swallowed it; then, by raising and lowering his head, swallowing as his head came down, he stripped off the skin underneath until it came to his fore legs, and then grasping one of these with the opposite hand by considerable pulling, stripped off the skin; changing hands, he stripped the other, and by a slight motion of the head, and all the while swallowing, he drew it from the neck and swallowed the whole. The operation seemed an agreeable one and occupied but a short time."

A COLD DINNER.—Says a Siberian traveler: Our dinner party was extremely merry. Each one laid his stores under contribution. Some brought out frozen bread, others frozen caviare, others frozen preserves, others again sausages which could be bent here or put across the knee and pulled with the strength of both arms. Can you imagine, without laughing, the appearance presented of seven half-finished people sitting at a table with thirty different dishes before them, and unable to touch one, except at the risk of breaking their teeth. Nothing could be done except to wait patiently for the various dishes to be thawed by sitting on them.

At the close of the dinner we ate excellent fruit, which had been kept frozen. Throughout Siberia, as soon as very cold weather sets in, all fruits are placed out of doors, with a northern exposure, that the sun may never touch them. They are frozen through and through, and retain their flavor as completely as if they had just been plucked from the tree.

New York Post: It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than it is for a young woman in a far-lined silk cloak to walk along without letting it flap open just a little to show that the fur is more than mere border.

Garibaldi in Rome.

Since the days of Rienzi Rome has witnessed no more touching spectacle than the arrival from Caprera of the wasted form of Garibaldi. His enemies doubtless will allege that something like a theatrical intention underlay the reception, but in making the allegation they will only show that they know that neither the man nor the country with which his name will forever be associated. People are asking what is the object of his going thither. The Italians have everything they ever desired in the shape of unity, liberty, and independence. The once resounding cry of "Mauri barbati" has long since been answered, and no foreigner now is a single rod of truly Italian soil. Tuscany is as free as Piedmont, and Venice shares the fortune of the Two Sicilies. A Pope still dwells in the Vatican, but he does not own, beyond its precinct, an acre of Italian soil. He has ceased to be a temporal lord. Italy is one of the great powers, and set with its fellows at the Congress of Berlin.

A few months ago some scattered fanatics raised the ridiculous cry of "Italia Irredento!" but it has long since died away; and even if it still lingers in the mouths of a few incurable agitators, it is incredible that it should be adopted by Garibaldi in his declining years. From the first mention of the so-called New Guinea project many persons declared that its name was only a blind, and that the Garibaldian party are meditating a descent on a large scale on the coast of Macedonia. We can not say how this may be, but should the suspicion turn out to be well founded, Europe will look to the Italian Government to frustrate what would be a conspiracy against the general peace. The fact that he enjoyed the countenance of Garibaldi ought, of course, in no degree to shake the determination of the authorities. The expedition, if projected, will have to be ruthlessly stopped; and should Garibaldi protest he would have to be reminded that, though he is a most illustrious and highly honored citizen, he is only a private person, and must defer to the laws as completely and absolutely as any other Italian subject.

We will not, however, believe, without good evidence, that the illustrious invalid intends to irritate and scandalize some of his most sincere admirers, by lending himself to an act of unwarrantable piracy. His name is a precious possession to modern sentiment, which would regret to see it overlaid by fresh errors. If he had fallen, a sword in hand, at Mentana, it might have been said of him that he was felix opportunitate moris. He was denied that good fortune and he has broken lives on in a world which seems to have got beyond him. His faith would have assured him that Rome would become the capital of Italy, and the cry of "Roma o Morte!" would have been rendered yet more memorable. Lamennais used to say that no life had its full complement of heroism that did not close on the scaffold or battlefield. (Garibaldi's speech will have to be content with the set gray life. He will love Italy to the last, but he should love her wisely no less than well; Italy, like himself, wants rest. It is said by some that Garibaldi, feeling that his life will not be of much longer duration, would fain die in Rome. It is a brave and holy wish, which every sweet man will reverence. —London Standard.

The "People's" Tribute to Beaconsfield.

The gold laurel wreath intended for presentation to the Earl of Beaconsfield as the people's tribute to the Premier may now be seen, by ticket of invitation, at Messrs. Hunt & Roskell's, 150 New Bond street. Mr. Francis Russell Nill, with whom the idea of presenting this wreath originated, wished it to be entirely the gift of working men and women throughout the United Kingdom, and the amount of each person's subscription was limited to 1d. The wreath, which has been executed by Messrs. Hunt & Roskell at cost price, is valued at £250, and it will therefore represent four contributions of 5,800 persons. As the wreath lies on its deep crimson velvet cushion, it is an exceedingly beautiful object. Four branchlets of bay twisted in pairs are fastened to the thicker ends by a golden tie. Every leaf, stem, stalk, and berry is a carefully studied imitation of the part it represents, and the faces and under sides of the leaves being veined and worked over with a fine-pointed tool, so as to produce the appearance of the pores, the play of light and shade on surfaces so varied is very great. The models were specimens of the *laurus nobilis*, the sweet smelling bay used by the Romans for the *corona laurea*. The wreath weighs rather more than twenty ounces, and the gold used is twenty-two carat—of the same fineness as a sovereign, only the alloy in the wreath is silver instead of copper. There are forty-six leaves, and on the back of each may be seen, on turning over the wreath, the names, one, two, or three on each leaf, of the eighty towns in the United Kingdom that have sent contributions. —London Times.

A FISH WITH FEET.—Mrs. E. W. Harris, captured a day or two ago, in a branch near Cooper's well, a most curious specimen of fish species. It is about two inches in length, and has a flat head like a catfish, but just at the point where it appears to join with the body on each side is a feathery projection resembling diminutive wings. Under the body there are four feet formed, as it seems to the naked eye, of four cartilagenous membranes. Placed in a dish of water, it crawls upon the bottom, but when stirred swims rapidly around like the ordinary fish. Deep pink lines extended down the body on both sides and also under the belly.

Bread Making.

The following letter from Mrs. Conrad Wilson furnishes instruction for making the wheat and corn bread, samples of which were recently on exhibition at the first annual fair of the farmers' clubs, recently held in Boston: In making wheat bread I set my sponge in the morning as early as possible, using half a cake of compressed yeast to about seven pounds of flour. Make a stiff batter of about one pound of flour with the water quite warm. When light I mix my bread immediately, for if left too long the sponge falls and the bread is not so good. Use salt to suit, and warm water to mix with until quite stiff. When the dough is light mould it into loaves and set to rise again in a warm place, until light, and bake from one half to three-quarters of an hour in a good oven, as that has much to do with good bread. For corn bread take one cup of wheat flour and two cups of corn meal. Use the whites of two eggs, one-third cup either sugar or molasses, two teaspoonsful melted lard or butter, two table-spoonsful cream of tartar, sifted with the flour, one teaspoonful soda, dissolved in warm water; mix with sweet milk to a stiff batter. —American Cultivator.

WHAT TO DO WHEN POISONED.

Free draughts of sweet oil are said to counteract any poison; but the following specific should be as well known as coffee for laudanum, and spirits for reptile bites.

The best antidote for arsenic poison is a chemical substance called hydrated peroxide of iron, freshly prepared, which can only be obtained of a druggist. But do not wait for this. While it is being sent for, and at the first moment after discovering that arsenic has been taken, pour down dose after dose of water slightly warmed, promoting vomiting by thrusting the finger or a feather down the throat.

Keep up this until the stomach has been literally washed out at least a dozen times. A friend of ours took a teaspoonful of arsenic in mistake for cream of tartar, but discovering his error soon after, he ran to a stove and drank all he could of lukewarm dish-water, throwing it up as fast as he took it, in this way swallowed and vomited half a pailful of water.

He recovered without any other remedy. This treatment is good for most kinds of poison if adopted soon enough. —Scientific American.

CARELESS WIVES.—It is very common to hear the remark made of a young man that he is so industrious and so economical that he is sure to be thrifty and prosperous. And this may be very true of him so long as he remains single. But what will his habitual prudence avail him against the excesses waste and extravagance of an uncalculating, unthinking wife? He might as well be doomed to spend his strength and life in an attempt to catch water in a sieve. The effort would be hardly less certainly in vain. Habits of economy, the ways to turn everything in the household affairs to the best account—these are among the things which every mother should teach her daughters. Without such instruction, those who are poor will never become rich, while those who are now rich may become poor.

PEACH MARMALADE.—Take ripe freestone peaches. Pare, stone and quarter them; wash and dry in a cloth three-quarters of leaf sugar and half an ounce of almonds. Blanch the almonds in scalding water, and pound them until smooth. Saut the peaches in a very little warm water; wash them; mix them with the sugar and almonds, and put the whole into a preserving kettle. Boil it to a thick, smooth paste. Skim and stir it well, and keep the kettle covered as much as possible. Fifteen minutes will be sufficient to boil them. When cold, put up in glass jars.

TO DYE STRAW HATS BROWN.—For one dozen, take one pound of soda, dissolved in boiling water, and let them lie in this until they turn a dark yellow, then lift, and in another vessel dissolve four ounces of green copperas in boiling water; let them lie in this from ten to fifteen minutes, handling them all the time; take them out, and give them a wash in water with wet they are finished. The chemical action of soda or copperas producing either light or dark results, as required.

TOMATO PICKLES.—Slice green tomatoes, sprinkle one cup of salt over them, and let them stand all night, boil them in two quarts of water and one quart of vinegar twenty minutes, drain through a sieve. Take two quarts of vinegar, two pounds of brown sugar, quarter of a pound of white mustard seed, two table-spoonsful of ground mustard, allspice, cloves, ginger, cinnamon, and one teaspoonful of red pepper; put all this together and cook five minutes.

Do not let knives be dropped into hot water. It is a good plan to have a large tin pot to wash in, just high enough to wash the blades without wetting the handles. Keep your castors covered with blotting paper and green flannel. Keep your salt spoons out of the salt, and clean them often.

PULVERIZED ALUM POSSESSES the property of purifying water. A large spoonful stirred into a hoghead of water will so purify it that in a few hours the dirt will all sink to the bottom, and it will be fresh and clear as spring water. Four gallons may be purified by a teaspoonful.

DRYING SWEET CORN.—Take it while it is young and tender, strip off the husk all but a little to hang it up. Hang it where it will dry quickly. You can cook it on the cob or hull it off, just as you like.

CROCKERY with gilt bands or flowers should not be wiped. It should be washed quickly, rinsed and drained until dry.

Agriculture in the United States.

Wheat and animal food being the principal food products exported, let us see how the amounts raised in Europe and America stand to each other. The population of Europe is about 300,000,000; that of the United States a little less than 50,000,000. The ratio of Europe to the United States is 6 to 1. Knowing the grain produced, we have this result:

	Population	Wheat produced	Ratio
Europe	300,000,000	324,134,186	1.51
United States	48,000,000	355,004,809	7.59

We see at once why we are exporting wheat and flour to Europe. There is five times as much wheat raised in this country in proportion as there is in Europe. If the people of Europe did not raise a large proportion of oats, potatoes, vegetables, it is plain there would be an immense deficit in grain food. As it is, there is a large deficiency in the supply of wheat, amounting to near 300,000,000 per annum. Of the wheat raised in Europe, one-third is raised in Russia, and hence from Odessa, and the southern ports of Russia, a large amount of wheat is shipped to England, France, and Germany. A good deal of wheat is shipped from Egypt and Turkey. Still, it is palpable that if Europe is to have any tolerable supply of wheat, the United States must furnish a large part of the deficiency. In the year 1878 we exported (including flour) 125,000,000 bushels wheat, and it is probable we shall export more this year. In looking into the condition of Europe we see nothing to encourage the idea that the people there will raise a larger proportion of grain. There is a constant tendency there, as there is in this country, to increase the civic and artisan population. Berlin and the cities of France, are still increasing rapidly in population. Thus there is a large part of Europe, especially the northern part, which is incapable of raising large crops of grain. Then some of the best parts of Europe, such as the Turkish and Grecian territories, are so badly governed and kept in such commotion that they do not produce near as much as they might. On the whole, it is quite evident that Europe will continue to demand grain of us. Indian corn is now in demand, and last year we exported over 100,000,000 bushels. If it should be as much liked as potatoes, we may export an immense amount. We shall probably double the export of corn, financially it is a much cheaper food than wheat, but the cost of transportation from the West, where it is chiefly raised, is a great drawback on its exportation. Our main export of corn, however, is in animals. Let us now look at that part of the business. The animals which produce nearly all of animal food exported are cattle and hogs. The proportions in this between Europe and America, taking the ratio of population as before, six to one, are:

	Cattle	Hogs	Proportion to people
Europe	28,000,000	50	1:1
America	38,000,000	50	1:1

We see again that America has double the proportion of animals which there are in Europe. Hence, we also see how our export of animal food has become so great. Russia is the only country in Europe which at all approaches the United States. In sheep, Europe equals the United States in proportion. Herein our country is at fault. We should raise more sheep. We export countries where the demand for large quantities of wool. Looking to the above facts, we may conclude that at present, with present prices, and the large demand for provisions and beef in Europe, stock raising is the most profitable part of our agriculture. At this time the States of Ohio and Illinois are probably commencing the largest stock raising communities in the world. In 1870 Ohio had 8,818,000 domestic animals, and Illinois 6,925,000. Reports of the last two years seem to show that Illinois may now have the most. Texas and the Argentine Republic (South America) having an immense number of cattle, may have in proportion to the number of people a larger number of cattle. But there are no populous countries where equal in this respect to Ohio, and none in Europe. In 1870 the following were the proportions between some States of this country and Europe:

	In Ohio, to each person
In Illinois	.33
In New York	.27
In Pennsylvania	.12
In Great Britain	.24
In Russia	.25
In France	.25
In Germany	.103

It will be seen that the proportion in Great Britain is only two-thirds; in France, only one-half; and in Germany, only one-third. It is true that in the course of civilization the number of animals diminishes with the density of population. While this would apply to Southern Europe, it will not apply to Russia or to North Germany. Russia in Europe has more than half the density of population as Ohio. —Corr. Cincinnati Gazette.

As the coat of a horse begins to lose the skin is often irritable. This may be corrected by giving in the food daily one ounce of an equal mixture of sulphur and cream of tartar for a few days. Good grooming with a soft brush and a blunt currycomb should not be neglected. If the gums are swollen, rub them with a cornob dipped in powdered borax.

One hundred English farmers go into bankruptcy every week on account of the importation into England of American beef, says a high English authority. Doubtless.

In purchasing fruit trees, see that the roots are not too closely trimmed. Large tap roots should be particularly inspected.