

AH SIN AS A SERVANT.

The Hongkong Cook Secretly Refuses to Make Known His Recipes.

Those accustomed to "Beau Brummel" colored waiters or neat house maids can hardly appreciate how ridiculous a Chinaman first appears in the capacity of waiter, with his shaved head, snake-like queue, stuffy laundered long white coat and apron, pantaloons-like trousers, and thick-soled slippers; but with all, says a writer in the Washington Post, he serves the different courses "à la carte," and handles the table appointments with his long, thin fingers in a characteristic style all of his own. When a house-keeper employs a "China boy" she must in the very beginning forcibly demonstrate to him in "pigeon English" his different duties, else when she calls upon him to perform extra ones he never fully comprehends. As an instance, a cook was one day directed by his mistress to select and "devitalize" two chickens for dinner. He seemed never to have heard of a chicken until he saw one walk out of it, where upon the wildest confusion and cackling issued from the poultry-yard, and there stood "Ah Wing" frantically swinging the neck of the last of a score of chickens, as he calmly said: "You tell me to killee chicken and I killee chicken." As the household supply of coal oil was diminishing at a great rate, Ah Wing was questioned about it. Much astonished, he asked: "Do you think I drink coal oil?" His conversation consisted much of the phrase, "You think so." When meeting a visiting member of the family whom his mistress presented as her brother, he politely said, "You think so," laughingly she told him she had always been taught to believe so.

Chinamen are exceedingly secretive, and housewives seldom find out how they prepare certain favorite dishes, for as soon as her "cheer" is watched he hastily gathers together his ingredients and utensils retires to the pantry or discontinues operations altogether, and it is quite impossible to get him to write out a formula of any kind. The young son of a family living near Los Angeles once purchased an ostrich egg, and as an experiment had the cook make an omelet of it, requesting him to write the recipe. It goes without saying that the omelet was more powerful than delicate, and the description read: "One neapee big egg he makee one heapee big omelee." Celestials have a penchant for sweet desserts, and to encourage new cooks families attempt to partake of three different egg desserts at one dinner. It is a better and more economical plan to hide the eggbeater in the beginning. They also possess a great fondness for lettering and executing the most fantastic designs, with cones, on pies and puddings. In these they often sally mix their Sunday-school teachings and show a lack of reverence. Once at a large boarding-house in Pasadena, the beautiful suburb of Los Angeles, the cook shocked all the boarders by placing before them a pie, upon which was the following inscription: "Come to Jesus Marengo Hall." Another, in making out his grocery lists, always heads them with a scriptural quotation as "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." Two packages of cornstarch, five pounds of butter."

Sacred Serpent, Egypt.

A general belief in the divine character and healing powers of the sacred serpent is to be met with all over Egypt. Even the myths which the old Egyptians associated with the snake are still prevalent. Egyptians of all classes still believe that when "a serpent grows old, wings grow out of its body," and that there are serpents which kill by darting flames in the victim's face. How all such beliefs are in this country need not be repeated to those who have seen the pictures in the Tombs of the Kings at Thebes. The serpent, or "flying serpent," and the snake from whose mouth flames issue are among the commonest of the figures painted on their walls.

It is not, however, as Kakodomon, but as Agathodomon, that the divine serpent of ancient Egypt still maintains his chief hold on the belief of the Egyptian people. Each house still has its harras or "guardian snake," commonly known as the harras el-bet, "the protector of the house." The snake is fed with milk and eggs and care is taken not to do it harm. A servant of mine, who was born at Helwan, near Cairo, has often told me about the guardian snake of his father's house. It was a large one, and used to come out at night for the sake of the food that was offered it and to glide over the bodies of the sleeping family. It never did any of them any mischief, "as it was always treated well." One day a stranger snake made its appearance at the door of the house; the harras at once went against it, and after a short struggle killed the intruder.—The Contemporary Review.

Early Printing.

The following are the earliest known examples of printing—two indulgences, printed usually on one side only of a single piece of vellum, and two magnificent Bibles. Of these one is known to be the first complete book that ever was printed by the wonderful new invention, which, as the early printers so often proudly state in their colophons, produced "letters without the aid of any sort of pen, whether of quill, of lead, or of metal."

The first piece of printing which is actually dated is the famous indulgence of Nicholas V. to such as contribute money to aid the Pope in his wars against the Turks. The indulgence has the printed date of 1454, and a copy in the

Hague Museum has the date "November 15" filled in with a pen. Mr. Duff tells us that "in the years 1454 and 1455 there was a large demand for these indulgences, and seven editions were issued. These may be divided into two sets, the one containing thirty-one lines, the other thirty lines, the first dated example belonging to the former." This thirty-line edition is shown to have been printed by Peter Schoeffer de Gernsheim, by the fact that some of the initial letters which occur in it appear in another later indulgence of 1485, which is known to have come from his press.—The Saturday Review.

Nickel-in-the-Slot.

There is an endless variety of uses to which nickel-in-the-slot machines will successfully lend themselves, and it is scarcely surprising, therefore, that their number is growing apace. Probably one of the latest appliances of the principle governing their operation is found in the hot-water fountains which have been brought out in France, and which would seem to be eminently well adapted to supply one of the wants of principally the poorer classes of a city's population. These fountains are put up in the public street, and afford the convenience of supplying at any hour of the day or night a certain quantity of hot water in return for a coin of certain value, which is dropped into the slot in the now so familiar way.

The dropping of the coin automatically governs the flow of water from the street mains through the small boiler, heated by a series of gas jets, and similarly regulates the quantity of gas which is admitted, and which is lighted by means of a small, constantly maintained igniting jet. A number of these machines have been placed at different points in the streets of Paris, and apparently have proved to be profitable investments, being well patronized. For each coin inserted something like eight litres of water, at a temperature of about 130 degrees Fahrenheit, are delivered.—Cassier's Magazine.

The Bengal Boar.

Possibly in moments of enthusiasm and wassail the Bengal boar may have been overpraised. He has not a pleasant temper, his habits are open to unfavorable criticism, he may fall in his family relations—but he has plenty of pluck. He will fight anything that comes in his way; not even a tiger daunts him, and what is more, the tiger sometimes succumbs to the terrible tusks of the boar.

I have seen a boar bearing away from such heroic battle the marks—deep and frequent marks—of a tiger's claws, and that boar swam the Ganges in food—a sufficient feat for an unmounted animal, and one that should set at rest the question whether pigs can swim.

A dangerous brute is that Bengal boar. Throughout the whole of my sporting career only two of my beaters were killed, and one of these was cut to death by a boar; a leopard killed the other; not one was either killed or mauled by tigers.

But my first experiences in this line were, I regret to say, less connected with the mighty boar than with the sow, which, though it cannot rip up a horse's flanks or belly as can the boar, can gallop a little, and, instead of ripping, can bite.—Blackwood's Magazine.

A Cantonment.

The cantonment, at an Indian town, means the place where the English live. The native town is usually inclosed by high walls and accessible only by a few gates; it is brimful of people who crowd its bazaars or shop streets. Quite outside the town and a mile or two away is the cantonment, an unwall'd district, where each house stands in its own inclosure or compound, and where the regiments, British or native, are quartered in "lines" or rows of huts.

The cantonment usually has wide well-kept roads, with a grassy margin and avenues of the trees, giving it the appearance of a great park. The English visitor, if he stays with friends, might be a week without seeing the native town at all, unless his curiosity prompted an excursion in search of it. There is always in the cantonment a club, with a ladies' wing, (unless the ladies have a gymkhana or club of their own,) and, besides the various parade grounds, a polo ground or tennis court, so that a visitor bent only on amusement has plenty of resources.—The Nineteenth Century.

A Story of the King of Spain.

The characteristic passion of the King of Spain is for soldiers. Everything about the army interests him, and he will listen to stories about battles for any length of time. He was once taken by the Queen to the convent of the Assumption. About sixty or seventy of the white robed pupils were sent into the gardens to see the King and sisters, whereupon His Majesty seeing an untried opportunity for exercising his favorite talent, immediately organized the grave but amused girls into companies. He then appointed the Infanta second in command, and giving the word "march," placed himself at the head of his charming army. On meeting the Queen, who was walking about with several of the nuns and court ladies, he ordered "halt" and "presented arms," following up his command by a chanting of the "Marcha Real," which was at once taken up by the girlish voices.—St. James Gazette.

When a man makes up a trouble with his wife, he doesn't seek to remove the cause of the offense, but to convince her she is unreasonable.

Stranger Casineros.

Rickety wooden houses, many stories high, seemed to lean all round us in every possible direction; and unlike its neighbor in color and height, though nearly all with beautiful carved shutters, hanging in pictures, we angles from windows, innocent of all other protection. In the warm sunlight, the brown and white tones ripened into rich shades of yellow and red, and here and there a pale-pink house, with emerald green window frames, threw in a strong dash of color; and over its neighbor's dark carved shutters would hang strings of red tomatoes drying in the hot sun.

Most of the houses seemed full of people, who looked out listlessly from behind their man-colored draperies as we passed. Others, more curious, crowded together on overhanging verandas, which had absolutely "no visible means of support," but whose insecurity seemed in no way to affect the laughing, chattering group of people upon them. Eye here and there the irregular line of houses was broken by a narrow street, winding away into almost black darkness, so sharp was the contrast between it and its sunny surroundings.

The town seemed full of life and animation as the canal merged into the center street of the river. Women with great dark wondering eyes came down flights of steep steps to fill their earthen pitchers at the water's edge; men passed to and fro, rowing in gayly-painted boats, and our countrymen and women mingled with the crowd under the great poplar avenue, by the riverside. We pitched our tents in a garden about four miles up the stream, and the next day prepared to visit the city in a small boat.

Srinager has six bridges crossing the Jhelum at various intervals, and between two of these all fishing is prohibited by the Maharajah who nominally governs the land, the reason given being that the soul of a late Maharajah has passed into a fish, who resides in this part of the river.—The Cornhill Magazine.

Activity of the Senses.

Some interesting scientific experiments recently made demonstrate that the senses are as a rule more acute in men than in women. The sense of smell in the masculine subjects experimented upon was seen enough to detect the presence of the hundredth part of a grain of prussic acid. The female subjects only detected the poison by smell when the twentieth part of a grain was present; proving that the sense of smell is five times as keen in men as it is in women. Sight was found to be general in the male and particular in the female subjects. The men took in the general aspect of a scene at one glance, while the women were only impressed by some striking feature of it. The sense of hearing was proved to be five times more acute in the males than in the females. The ticking of a watch was heard by the former at the distance of only two yards, while to the latter it was distinctly audible at a distance of ten yards, and even more. A woman only detected by taste, upon an average, the twentieth part of a grain of gall, while the men detected the presence of the sixth part of a grain; proving that this sense is three times more active in the latter than it is in the former. About the sense of touch no definite conclusion was arrived at. The experiments were not comprehensive enough to demonstrate any decided superiority upon one side or the other. The practical result of this investigation is the establishment of a reason why women bear physical pain with more fortitude than do men. It is, that the organs of sense being less active, women are less easily affected by pain, or indeed, any physical emotion.

Her Hopeless Ignorance.

The following conversation is an example of my wife's hopeless ignorance of salmon fishing. One afternoon while I was out several neighboring ladies chanced to call, and, as usual, over their tea, opened fire with the usual query as to my sport on the river.

"Oh, yes," said her ladyship, in an abstracted manner, "my husband caught a salmon yesterday."

"What size was it?" inquired one of the fair visitors.

"Eleven feet long," was the reply. There was, of course, much tittering at this.

"Then it must have been eleven inches long," was the amended answer.

Increased merriment ensued.

"Well," said my wife, desperately, "I know it was eleven something; perhaps it was eleven pounds."—Blackwood's Magazine.

Not Wholly Useless.

"I am sorry to tell you," said the editor, "that we cannot use your poem."

"Indeed?"

"To be candid with you, it is clumsy in sentiment and faulty in construction. The rhymes are all wrong, and altogether it is not even decent doggerel." Here the editor paused for breath and the poet said meekly:

"Give it back to me, please."

"I don't think you can do anything with it."

"Oh, yes; I can. I'll have it set to music and make a popular song of it."

Avoid Gluttony.

Sir Henry Thompson of England, says that out of every ten patients who came under his knife, nine would never have done so had it not been for errors of eating and drinking.

AS SOON as an old fool acquires a little sense, a young fool steps up to repeat all of his mistakes.

AN EXPLORER'S WHIMS.

Sir Richard Burton Was a Great Deal of a Crank.

Sir Richard Burton, the English explorer, was a man who had ways of his own. According to his widow he spoke twenty-nine languages, and never passed a day without reading at least one of them, to keep his knowledge fresh. He was loved and trusted by servants, children, and animals. A British sailor was put into prison at Trieste, where Burton was Consul. The next day Sir Richard received a very dirty-looking note, addressed on the outside to "The Council." The seal was Jack's dirty thumb. Inside was:

"Burra, I am hin trobel, Kum and let me about. The Trobrianders."

The Consul was frightened, and promptly secured the man's release. His tastes were simple, as is probably true of most men who have been great travelers.

His wife used to busy herself, Martha like, making his room comfortable, but if she put anything pretty into it, it was at once put out into the passage. He liked large, plain deal tables, and plenty of them; one for each piece of work on which he happened to be engaged. For a pen-wiper he tied a red bandanna to the table leg. His chairs, too, were hard, and he slept on a small iron bedstead, with an iron-wove mattress and no sheets, but plenty of white, soft blankets.

He would never have blinds or shutters drawn, as he wanted the last of the twilight, and the first gleams of dawn. He would bring in a single wild flower and put it in a vase, but if some one brought a bouquet or hot-house flowers, he found a way to get rid of it.

He had a nice ear for music, but loved only the minor key. "He would go to the opera to hear a new prima donna, but he could not abide amateur music, and if anybody proposed music of an evening, and a girl got up and nervously warbled a ballad about banks and butterflies, he used to put his hand to his stomach and walk out of the room."

He rubbed his old clothes, especially his boots, of which he sometimes had a hundred pairs in the house. Once he lost a fencing-shoe and went to his bootmaker to get him to replace it.

"No," said that worthy, "but I will make you a pair."

That did not suit Sir Richard, and, as his wife says, he carried that shoe all over the world, and every bootmaker he saw he asked to make him the mate to it; but not one of them ever would. For eighteen years he did this. There is a superstition among such people, it appears, that if a man makes an odd shoe he will die.

For food the traveler liked common things, but was fond of French cooking. "French cooking, English materials, and a good cellar," he used to say, "ought to keep any man alive for a hundred years." Whenever he went, he was accustomed to eat the native dishes. Dried codfish and sauerkraut were two of his delicacies.

One thing he could not bear and that was honey. He could hardly sit in the room with it, though it might be in some secret drawer or cupboard. He divined its presence as some persons divine the presence of a cat. Sometimes after dinner his wife would say to him, "What make you look so uncomfortable?"

"There was honey in the room," he would answer, "and I knew they would think I was mad if I asked to have it removed; but I felt quite faint."

A Cantonment.

The cantonment, at an Indian town, means the place where the English live. The native town is usually inclosed by high walls and accessible only by a few gates; it is brimful of people who crowd its bazaars or shop streets. Quite outside the town and a mile or two away is the cantonment, an unwall'd district, where each house stands in its own inclosure or compound, and where the regiments, British or native, are quartered in "lines" or rows of huts.

The cantonment usually has wide well-kept roads, with a grassy margin and avenues of the trees, giving it the appearance of a great park. The English visitor, if he stays with friends, might be a week without seeing the native town at all, unless his curiosity prompted an excursion in search of it. There is always in the cantonment a club, with a ladies' wing, (unless the ladies have a gymkhana or club of their own,) and, besides the various parade grounds, a polo ground or tennis court, so that a visitor bent only on amusement has plenty of resources.—The Nineteenth Century.

A Story of the King of Spain.

The characteristic passion of the King of Spain is for soldiers. Everything about the army interests him, and he will listen to stories about battles for any length of time. He was once taken by the Queen to the convent of the Assumption. About sixty or seventy of the white robed pupils were sent into the gardens to see the King and sisters, whereupon His Majesty seeing an untried opportunity for exercising his favorite talent, immediately organized the grave but amused girls into companies. He then appointed the Infanta second in command, and giving the word "march," placed himself at the head of his charming army. On meeting the Queen, who was walking about with several of the nuns and court ladies, he ordered "halt" and "presented arms," following up his command by a chanting of the "Marcha Real," which was at once taken up by the girlish voices.—St. James Gazette.

HOME AND THE FARM.

A DEPARTMENT MADE UP FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

Wheat Production Does not Keep Pace with the Increase of Population—Fear Trees Unprofitable—Quality of Corn Fodder—General Farm Hints.

Substitutes for Wheat.

The fact is pointed out that in most countries, even including our own, wheat production does not keep pace with the increase of population. Under these circumstances a constantly increasing price of wheat might be looked for. This would naturally be the result if other causes were not in operation leading to the substitution of other articles of food in place of wheat. The old saying, "bread is the staff of life," is not so entirely true as it used to be. In city and country alike, though wheat bread is as common as ever, it is not by half so large a part of the three daily meals as it used to be. We can well remember the time when potatoes were far more sparingly used than they are now. Once they were common only at the midday meal. Then potatoes had to be served for breakfast. Now on thousands of tables they are found three times a day. Of course this increase of potatoes serves to lessen the amount of bread eaten. Other vegetables also come in for a large share of the daily food of the majority of the population. We are healthier, too, for the greater variety of the nutrition furnished. It is common to have on many tables, both in city and country, one, two, three, or four kinds of vegetables besides potatoes. Under such circumstances the amount of wheat bread consumed is less than it used to be. Other grains, too, take the place of wheat, notably the oat, which in nutritive value is fully the equal of wheat, and rice, which is nearly so. Beans also are far more generally used than formerly, and their use is greatly increased when ever potatoes are dear. The bean is even a better all-around nutrition for man than is the average wheaten flour, albeit the new processes, which use more of the gluten and darker parts, make a more nutritive food than does the white, starchy flour of olden time.

Perhaps what most stands in the way of increasing the consumption of wheat is the larger proportion of garden vegetables and the smaller fruits that are now consumed. These are so healthful that without doubt people who eat fresh vegetables and small fruits freely are far better nourished than they could be on the old diet of starch, flour, bread and meat, mostly pork, both of which had the disadvantage of being especially hard to digest. As the country grows older we are probably learning to use less meat of any kind, as with increasing scarcity of land meat products become naturally more expensive. We have often urged the thought that the more extensive use of wheat as food tends toward a higher civilization. Yet we cannot say that there is, on the whole, a poorer nutrition by the substitution of other foods than wheat, which is taking place in this country. In the first place, what wheat we eat does us more good than formerly, since we use more of its strength-giving elements, which formerly went into the refuse as cattle feeds. We need less wheat, getting the best of it. The substitution of oats, beans, peas, garden vegetables, and fruits are also gains, though we can hardly say as much for the potato. That is too largely starch to be either easily digested or very nutritious. But in all other respects the substitutions are mainly beneficial, and especially the greater amount of fruit that will help make all our food more digestible. It is likely that natural causes will for many years to come keep wheat above the present or recent low ranges of prices, but if it rises, wheat to an excessive price, it is comforting to think that there are many ways in which we can use considerably less wheat than we do now, without suffering in nutrition thereby, either physically or intellectually.—American Cultivator.

Pear Trees Unprofitable.

Prof. Waite of the Department of Agriculture, has recently given much attention to the subject of intermingling of fruit trees in orchards. He tells of a pear orchard in Virginia, of Bartlett's mixed with other sorts, which has become famous for bearing. A stock company was led by the success of this orchard to plant 20,000 Bartlett's on similar soil near by. In one corner of the great orchard stood a tree of Clapp's Favorite. Around this tree the Bartlett's bore fine crops. Along one side of the orchard also stood now and then a tree of another sort. Along this side the influence of the cross fertilization was also noted. Prof. Waite covered a large number of the blossoms of the Bartlett pear with musquito bar, and in no case were the blossoms fertilized, although the stamens seemed well loaded with pollen. His extended observations favor the belief that not one-third of the varieties of the pear are capable of self-fertilization. In Iowa there are many blocks of Jonathan and Willow apple trees that do not bear, while on the same soil these varieties mingled with other sorts, are well laden with fruit. The moral from these observations seems to be: alternate the rows of all the orchard fruits and small fruits.—Farm and Home.

The Quality of Corn Fodder.

There are many causes for variation in the fodder made by growing corn, some of them pertaining to the way it is grown and others to the skill, or want of skill, shown in curing it. Corn that is grown so thickly that its stalks are thin and white is as nearly worthless as such feed can be grown. It has little sweetness and not enough nutrition to keep anything in good condition. For fodder alone corn must be grown so thinly that nearly every stalk will have a nubbing on it. The stalks from field corn that has borne a crop of ears have more nutrition than the average of corn thickly sown grown for fodder alone. Sweet corn stalks are better than those of the ordinary field variety. This may in part be owing to the fact that roasting ears are picked early, and as the leaves continue to gather more sweetness it goes into the stalk after the green ears have been removed. Plucking green ears from ordinary field corn makes the stalks richer, and such stalks are always preferred by cows when fed with others where the ears had been removed after being fully ripened.

Hints to Dairymen.

We have culled from the writings of a New York man the following valuable hints to dairymen:

Bulky food should always be fed with concentrated food to avoid possible discomfort and injury from the latter.

No calf should be raised for dairy purposes from a cow of weak constitution or with organic disease.

The wise dairymen provides molasses crops to patch out the dry pasture during the summer time.

It is poor economy to turn a herd of cows into a large pasture and allow them to roam about all day when all they get is exercise.

Uncleanliness in milking, not cooling the milk quickly after milking, bad fodder, bad air in stables and disease in cows are causes of a tined milk.

Stunting the calf's growth is running into debt for the future.

You can prevent a cow's kicking by bucking a strap tightly around the body just forward of the udder.

There is a vast difference in milk cows. A dairymen in Delaware County has cows in his herd testing from one-half of one per cent of butter fat to eight per cent.

The Babcock test is revealing the true content of things in the dairy. It costs less to feed and care for one cow than it does for two; therefore, every farmer who is keeping two cows and getting really but what one should produce is losing money.

The best dairymen practice the best economy in feeding when they feed all the cow will eat up clean and no more.

It costs more to bring a cow back to full flow of milk in summer than it does to keep her up to it.

It is a good plan to keep a good milk cow in the dairy as long as she is a good milker.

A creamery should not be started until 300 cows are guaranteed.

The milk tester and the separator are important factors in dairying. The milk tester in the near future will be a sine qua non in dairying.

Remedy for Black Knot.

My next-door neighbor had several plum trees bearing fruit, and all died covered with knots, but before dying secured a few sprouts and had some fine young trees, on which, when they were about six feet high, knots began to break out on the trunks some inches long. Having filled a small sewing-machine oil-can with coal oil, I gave the knots a dose; they stopped growing, but in about a month a few more made their appearance and some old ones began to swell again. Then another dose finished them. The next year (last summer) a few spots appeared; they were treated before they broke out, and all the trees are now very thrifty, only scarred where the large knots were, as the knots died and fell off like loose bark, leaving dead spots over which the new bark is growing. If the trees are very badly affected it is better to cut them down, they are so unsightly. The oil does not seem to have any bad effect on the sound part of the tree, but, like all other medicine, too much might be injurious, but I'd rather kill it trying to save than let the disease have its way.—Rural New Yorker.

A Long Chase.

There were two wanderers from the land of the Harp and the Shamrock, and chance had led them into this part of Massachusetts. They were on foot. One of them could read not read at all; the other could read only sufficiently well to be proud of airing his accomplishments before his companion. Their journeyings had brought them into the neighborhood of Manchester-by-the-Sea. Presently they encountered a sign post. Mike stopped to read it and Pat stopped to hear him.

Now the sign was very simple and it said, "Manchester, Seven Miles," but it seemed to bother Mike and he looked puzzled. Pat waited until his patience gave out.

"What does it say?" he demanded.

"Mon-chased-her," returned Mike slowly.

"Mon chased her seven miles."

Pat picked up his bundle in disgust.

"Sure," he remarked, "if he wanted her that had I hope to Hivin he got her."—Boston Budget.

A Word That Nearly Cost a Life.

"Education," said Uncle Josh, "is er mighty good thing, but sometimes it does more harm than good. I once knew of a case where education come purty nigh drownin' a rale nice young lady." he went on.

"How was that?"

"Why, she fell into the water, an' ben't too high-toned to holler 'help,' she yelled on 'Assistance.' An' her blame fool hired hand that heard her lost about five minutes makin' up 'is mind whether ter pull her out or go home for a dictionary."—Washington Star.