

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

For a Cough.—Pour a little peppermint on brown sugar and eat it when required.

Over-worked people, are not so miserable as those who have nothing to do.

It is said that two thicknesses of paper, used in lining the barrel in which apples are packed, will prevent them from freezing while being shipped.

The Southdown is exceedingly well adapted for crossing purposes, from its being one, if not the oldest, of our pure breeds of sheep.

Camphor Ice.—To make this excellent ointment, melt one drachm of spermaceti with one ounce of almond oil, and add one drachm of powdered camphor. Mix well together and let it harden in small cakes.

A good way to cook salsify is to first parboil it, then dip it in beaten egg and cracker crumbs, and fry it in hot lard, or in lard and butter mixed.

The cultivation of the castor bean has become an important industry in Kansas. Last year 558,974 bushels of the leaves were grown on 50,437 acres. The oil is now extensively used in the mechanic arts, and there is a steady and constantly increasing demand for it.

The water or sirup in which prunes are cooked should always be strained. It will not look clear, or even clean, unless it is. After washing the prunes in two or three waters let them soak all night. They will then require cooking only a few minutes, and will retain their distinctive flavor better.

A Boston firm is reported to be making an imitation honey in the comb. The comb is said to be molded out of paraffine wax in good imitation of the natural comb. The cells are then filled with glucose sirup flavored with some genuine honey and sealed up by passing a hot iron over them.

Muck must be dug at this season and thrown on to the bank, where it will freeze and become reduced to a fine powdery condition. It can be drawn later to the field where it is to be used, and either mixed with manure in a heap or composted with lime and prepared for use in time for spring crops. It will be found useful for oats, corn, or potatoes.

An excellent marine glue, which can be melted at the same heat as common glue, can be applied with a brush, sets very quickly, is elastic and perfectly soluble in water, can be made by dissolving two ounces of India rubber in half a gallon of mineral naphtha. When the rubber is dissolved, add twice the quantity of shellac to the naphtha, place the whole in an iron vessel, apply heat cautiously, stir till well melted, and then pour out on a slab to cool.

An old Illinois breeder says, in relation to the discussion about the color of Jersey cattle: "I wish to say a word to disabuse the minds of our farmers of a prejudice in favor of the so-called 'black point theory.' There has been for some time a demand for fancy-bred animals—that is, for solid colors of dark fawn with black spots, which in my opinion is all wrong. From all I can learn I am convinced that we cannot rely upon the color of the hair, tongue or switch as indications of the better quality of the cow."

Sprouts of orchard trees which spring from the roots are caused by injuries to the roots by plowing among them. Wherever a root is broken, a sprout is likely to appear. Some trees are noted for their habit of sprouting from the roots, such as silver maples, soft maples, locust, etc. Sprouts which spring from the base of the stem come from buds and to remove these so that they will not grow again they should be cut with a sharp chisel close to the wood, removing even the bark, so as to be sure no bud is left to produce another sprout. Sprouts from the roots should be cut close to the root and if they are cut as they appear during one season they will disappear.

In some kinds of soil, light and clammy or heavy and sticky, it is very important to keep the plow-irons and all other tools to be used in the tillage of a farm free from rust and bright. The simple preparation employed by Prof. Olmstead, of Yale College, for the preservation of scientific apparatus, is made by the slow melting together of six or eight parts of lard to one of resin, stirring till cool. This remains semi-fluid, always ready for use, the resin preventing rancidity and supplying an air-tight film. Rubbed on a bright surface ever so thinly it protects and preserves the polish effectually, and it can be wiped off nearly clean, if ever desired, as from a knife-blade; or it may be thinned with coal oil or benzine. A writer in Forest and Stream says that if oxidation has begun, no matter in how slight a degree, it will go on under a coating; it is therefore essential that the steel surface be both bright and dry when filmed over.

Electric Light in London.

The present condition of the electric light in London is: streets are now being lighted with it at one-fourth of the price of gas; incandescent lamps can be introduced into every room of any house so soon as the mains are laid; there can be a separate meter to each house; the lamps can be separately lighted and put out by turning a cock; if one light goes out, no other one is affected; the subdivision is so complete, that there is no glare, and yet a room with incandescent lamps is far more brightly lighted than with an equal number of gas lamps; and an equal amount of candle-power produced by electricity is cheaper than an equal amount produced by gas. In addition, the electric light has no odor, it does not vitiate or heat the air, nor does it, like gas, tarnish paint and decoration.—Truth.

Income and Outlay.

About once a year an animated discussion is opened in the papers on the subject of the expenses of the household and the amount of income on which a young man can safely venture to marry. Housekeepers of all ranks and ages, who usually only wield a pen to enter items in the grocer's pass-book, rush into print with eloquent arguments in favor of their own theories as to outlay in the family and kitchen, the management of servants, etc. Every housekeeper eagerly reads her neighbor's experience and opinion on this momentous subject. There is no secular question, perhaps, which excites more general interest or comes home more directly to each one of us than this of yearly income and domestic outgo. Just at this season, too, it is brought before us in the army, more or less alarming, of New Year's bills; and each of us makes some feeble resolve that, in this matter at least, we will turn over a new leaf during the coming year. Perhaps the best way to reduce this vague resolve immediately to definite practice would be to examine our expenses for the past year and decide which of them were necessary and which were extravagances. If, on calm reflection, in January you are confident that the acquaintance of either wine dealer, caterer, florist or jeweler is a luxury which you can well do without, shut the door inexorably on him through every month of the year. Don't tamper with the temptation or attempt any compromise; do without the luxury absolutely. That is easiest in the end.

Of one point we may be certain. It is useless to try to make of the experience of others infallible rules for ourselves in this matter of outlays. No man can dictate the necessary expenses of another any more than he can the diet. Taste, intellect, position, differ in their requirements of essential pabulum as much and widely as do stomachs. Hence the utter uselessness of the schedules made out and published by young married people of their expenses. It is easy to estimate the amount of beef, flour, clothes and coal needed to keep the human being of ordinary weight and size fed, covered and warmed. But to one of his neighbors, music may be practically a more essential element of life than any which the butcher can furnish, and to another an occasional glimpse of green trees and running water. There are pleasures which would be reckless extravagance to one man, but are necessary to the mental health of another, whose income depends, probably, wholly on his mental health. In a general way, however, it would be safe for every household in New York or any other of our large cities, to assume that he had erred in this matter of family expenses on the side of extravagance in 1881, and for every small farmer or villager to doubt whether his economy had not been equally imprudent. The habit of thoughtless expenditure has, within the last twenty years, become almost universal in our city life. Nothing is so contagious as the practice of valuing money only for the immediate gratification which it will buy. The banker, merchant, professional man in town, strains every nerve and spends every penny of his yearly income to purchase for wife and children present social rank, display, or the satisfaction of luxurious tastes. He lets the future, which he is making greedy and exacting, take care of itself.

The old-fashioned farmer in New England and the Middle States, on the contrary, works just as hard and lays by a large share of his yearly income, to buy for wife and children social rank or comfort in the future. He is apt to stint both the body and soul of his boy and girl while they are young of their just share of food in order that he may leave them a bigger patch of land when he dies. In the larger number of cases, however, this false economy does not interfere with the body or its wants. There are wealthy farms where the whole end of existence for father, mother and children is precisely the same as that of their oxen: to eat and prepare the wherewithal to eat. The older generation in these places do not read, do not travel. Art, music, social life are words which convey absolutely no meaning to them. The small denominational colleges, scattered through the Middle and Northern States, whatever their defects, have at least educated the children of this class into the knowledge of a broader, fuller life than their parents have ever known; and taught them to desire it. It is just here that the old-school economy which we deprecate thwarts and dwarfs their lives. All roads by which their imagination, taste or higher capabilities could pass from morbid existence into action are barred to them by an unflinching, stingy, hard home routine.

We throw out these brief hints, not as rules of action for any of our readers, nor even as general principles, but simply to indicate how wide and intricate the subject is, and how worthy of close and careful study. Each head of a family, each independent worker, must determine for himself what is an extravagance and what a necessity in his own life. Any outlay the motive of which is display may without hesitation be set down as the first. And if he look closely into his habits he will often find that the very item of expense which has seemed most essential to him is the one which he would better check. It most probably feeds a vanity or selfish passion; while an economy may sometimes be actual waste in a suicidal repression of talents and tastes which are as necessary to his real life as the use of his hands or feet.—N. Y. Tribune.

—William H. Vanderbilt has no more daughters on hand.

—There is a widespread opinion in the country that the one-cent piece of 1851 is worth a good deal. A report has been current for the past five years, and has spread throughout the Union, that in coining that date of the one-cent piece a lot of gold was by mistake melted into the copper. No such mistake was made, and the cent of 1851 is worth no more than of any other date, but day after day the Treasury Department is in receipt of letters asking how much they are worth, and what the Government will pay for them.

—Drooping eyelashes are furnished to women who wish to wear an Oriental look by a hairdresser in New York.

An Ex-Consul's Story.

To the Editor of the Brooklyn Eagle: A late United States Consul at one of the English inland ports, who is now a private resident of New York, relates the following interesting story. He objects, for private reasons, to having his name published, but authorizes the writer to substantiate his statement, and, if necessary, to refer to him, in his private capacity, any person seeking such reference. Deferring to his wishes, I hereby present his statement in almost the exact language in which he gave it to me.

C. M. FARMER, 1690 Third Avenue, New York.

"On my last voyage home from England, some three years ago, in one of the Cunard steamers, I noticed one morning, after a few lays out of port, a young man hobbling about on the upper deck, supported by crutches and seeming to move with extreme difficulty and no little pain. He was well dressed and of exceedingly handsome countenance, but his limbs were somewhat emaciated and his face very sallow and bore the traces of long suffering. As he seemed to have no attendant or companion, he at once attracted my sympathies, and I went up to him as he leaned against the taffrail looking out on the foaming track which the steamer was making.

"Excuse me, my young friend," I said, touching him gently on the shoulder, "you appear to be an invalid and hardly able or strong enough to trust yourself unattended on an ocean voyage; but if you require any assistance I am a robust and healthy man and shall be glad to help you."

"You are very kind," he replied, in a weak voice, "but I require no present aid beyond my crutches, which enable me to pass from my stateroom up here to get the benefit of the sunshine and the sea breeze."

"You have been a great sufferer, no doubt," I said, "and I judge that you have been afflicted with that most troublesome disease—rheumatism, whose prevalence and intensity seem to be on an alarming increase both in England and America."

"You are right," he answered; "I have been its victim for more than a year, and after failing to find relief from medical skill have lately tried the Springs of Carlsbad and Vichy. But they have done me no good, and I am now on my return home to Missouri to die, I suppose. I shall be content if life is spared to me to reach my mother's presence. She is a widow and I am her only child."

"There was a pathos in this speech which affected me profoundly and awakened in me a deeper sympathy than I had felt before. I had no words to answer him, and stood silently beside him watching the snowy wake of the ship. While thus standing my thoughts reverted to a child—a ten year old boy—of a neighbor of mine residing near my consulate residence, who had been cured of a stubborn case of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, and I remembered that the steward of the ship had told me the day before that he had cured himself of a very severe attack of the gout in New York just before his last voyage by the use of the same remedy. I at once left my young friend and went below to find the steward. I not only found him off duty, but discovered that he had a bottle of the Oil in his locker, which he had carried across the ocean in case of another attack. He readily parted with it on my representation, and hurrying up again, I soon persuaded the young man to allow me to take him to his berth and apply the remedy. After doing so I covered him up snugly in bed and requested him not to get up until I should see him again. That evening I returned to his stateroom and found him sleeping peacefully and breathing gently. I roused him and inquired how he felt. 'Like a new man,' he answered with a grateful smile. 'I feel no pain and am able to stretch my limbs without difficulty. I think I'll get up.' 'No, don't get up to-night,' I said, 'but let me rub you again with the Oil, and in the morning you will be able to go above.' 'All right,' he said, laughing. 'I then applied the Oil again, rubbing his knees, ankles and arms thoroughly, until he said he felt as if he had a mustard poultice all over his body. I then left him. The next morning when I went upon deck for a breezy promenade, according to my custom, I found my patient waiting for me with a smiling face, and without his crutches, although he limped in his movements, but without pain. I don't think I ever felt so happy in my life. To make a long story short, I attended him closely during the rest of the voyage—some four days—applying the Oil every night, and guarding him against too much exposure to the fresh and damp breezes, and on landing at New York he was able, without assistance, to mount the hotel omnibus, and go to the Astor House. I called on him two days later, and found him actually engaged in packing his trunk, preparatory to starting West for his home, that evening. With a bright and grateful smile he welcomed me, and pointing to a little box carefully done up in black brown paper, which stood upon the table, he said: 'My good friend, can you guess what that is?' 'A present for your sweetheart,' I answered. 'No,' he laughed—'that is a dozen bottles of St. Jacobs Oil, which I have just purchased from Hudnut, the druggist, across the way, and I am taking them home to show my good mother what has saved her son's life and restored him to her health. And with it I would like to carry you along also, to show her the face of him, without whom, I should probably never have tried it. If you should ever visit the little village of Sedalia, in Missouri, Charlie Townsend and his mother will welcome you to their little home, with hearts full of gratitude, and they will show you a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil enshrined in a silver and gold casket, which we shall keep as a parlor ornament as well as memento of our meeting on the Cunard steamer.'

"We parted, after an hour's pleasant chat with mutual good-will and esteem, and a few weeks afterwards I received a letter from him telling me he was in perfect health and containing many graceful expressions of his affectionate regards."—Brooklyn Eagle.

INDIGNANT BOARDING-MISTRESS—"Why, what are you there for?" Fat Boy on table—"Mr. Howlett put me here. He says it's his birthday, and he wants to see something on the table besides hash!"

No patent required to catch the rheumatism. A cold and inattention to it, and you have it—the rheumatism. We cure ours with St. Jacobs Oil.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

In Colorado the people are poetical. They never use the word "die." It is too harsh. They announce the demise of a fellow-man by saying, "he turned up his toes to the daisies."

Our Grandmothers laugh their daughters that "a stitch in time saves nine." A pill in time saves not only nine, but oftentimes an incalculable amount of suffering as well. An occasional dose of Dr. Pierce's Pellets (Little Sugar-coated Pills), to cleanse the stomach and bowels, not only prevents disease but often breaks up sudden attacks, when taken in time. By druggists.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT sighed for more worlds to conquer. They called him great on account of his sighs.—Stoueville Herald.

DR. PIERCE'S "Favorite Prescription" perfectly and permanently cures those diseases peculiar to females. It is tonic and nerve, effectually allaying and curing those sickening sensations that affect the stomach and heart through reflex action. The backache, and "dragging-down" sensations, all disappear under the strengthening effects of this great restorative. By druggists.

"Well," said an Irish attorney, "if it plaze the court, if I am wrong in this, I have another point that is equally conclusive."—Pittsburgh Post.

For weak lungs, spitting of blood, weak stomach, night-sweats, and the early stages of Consumption, "Golden Medical Discovery" is specific. By druggists.

A YOUTHFUL Pennsylvania granger, about to be chastised by his father, called upon his grandfather to protect him from the middle man.

Rescued from Death. William J. Coughlan, of Somerville, Mass., says: "In the fall of 1878 I was taken with a violent bleeding of the lungs, followed by a severe cough. I was admitted to the City Hospital. While there the doctors said I had a hole in my left lung as big as a half dollar. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs. I got a bottle, when to my surprise I commenced to feel better, and today I feel in better spirits than I have for the past three years. I write this hoping that every one afflicted with Diseased Lungs will take Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, and be convinced that CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED. It Also cures Croup, Coughs, and all Chest and Lung Diseases. Sold by druggists.

A Mistake May be Fatal. You are not consumptive, but if you "let a cough alone" you are in danger of the worst disease on earth. Piso's Cure will cure consumption, but much easier and quicker when in the early stage and only a cough. Sold by druggists at 25c. and \$1.00.

FOR DIPHTHERIA, don't fail to use Dr. L. E. Towne's Diphtheria King. The GREAT PREVENTIVE AND CURE. Sold by all druggists. Morrison, Plummer & Co., Chicago. Gen'l Agents.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

The Frazer Axe Grease is the best in the world. Sold everywhere. Use it.

They were twins. The parents christened one Kate and the other Dupli-Kate.

"IKE has an irritating skin disease," Mrs. Parlington says. "Charles' russet broke out all over him, and if he hadn't worn the Injun beads as an omelet, it would doubtless have culminated fatally."

"SAVE One Little Kiss for Papa" is the title of the latest song. If this remark is aimed at a Chicago girl with four steady beaux the old man's chances are pretty slim.—Chicago Tribune.

A NORTHAMPTON (Mass.) man boasts that he has attended church for fifty years at an aggregate expense of one dollar.—New Haven Register.

By ahimny, how that boy studies grammar! was the remark of a German when his son called him a "knock-kneed, pigeon-toed, seven-sided, glazed-eyed son of a saw-horse."—Eunselville Argus.

A FEW days since a barber offered a reward for anybody removing superfluous hair. Among the answers was one forwarded by a gentleman in Kingston. We give it: "Undertake to kiss a woman against her will."

The Czar likes to go to church, and is particularly fond of all the chants but one, which is the chants of being suddenly blown up with dynamite concealed in his l, n-an-book.—N. Y. Graphic.

A NEW work on etiquette says: "Soup must be eaten with a spoon." Persons who are in the habit of eating soup with a fork or a carving-knife, will be slow to adopt these new-fangled ideas.—Narragansett Herald.

If the Hoosac Tunnel doesn't pay any better than it has been paying, Mr. Hoosac threatens to pull the whole thing up by the roots and sell it for an umbrella scabbard. When asked why it doesn't pay he always replies, "I can't see through it."—Rome Sentinel.

A COAL fire is a grate comfort, but a nutmeg often suggests a grate.—Detroit Free Press.

A BOSTON man says his fur-trimmed over coat is "too utterly otter."

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