ALL SORTS.

—George Augustus Sala, who knows all about cooking, just as he knows all about balloons and everything else, maintains that all your public schools of cookery are so much moonshine and amiable lunacy. The way to learn to cook is not to make an exhibition of one's self in public, but to descend into one's own kitchen, there to learn the process of roasting, boiling, baking, frying and stewing, and to study the mysteries of peeling potatoes, of slicing carrots and turnips, of rolling pie-crust, of whipping cream and eggs, and of scrubbing pots and pans. There may be nothing "nice," nothing titillating and nothing piquant about this schooling, but it's the way, nevertheless, says George Augustus.

—We have been shown a design for an upholstered front gate, which seems destined to become very popular. The footboard is cushioned, and there is a warm soap-stone on each side; the inside step being adjustable so that a short girl can bring her lips to the line of any given mustache without trouble. If the gate is occupied at 10:30 p. m. an iron hand extends from one gate-post, takes the young man by the left ear, turns him around, and he is at once started home by a steel foot. The girl can if she likes set this part a later hour than 10:30.—*Rome Sentinel.*

—A writer in the New York *World* proposes that Congress shall take some action to stop the desecration, and often entire destruction, of tumuli (archæological mounds), which lie scattered all over the Western States, and which are supposed to have locked up in their recesses secrets which, if explained, might throw light on the mystery of the ancient inhabitants of this part of the world. The writer suggests that a Bureau of Archæology be organized, and that the vast field of mounds be thoroughly explored and examined by competent men.

—The intuition of the Treasury girls serves them well in the counterfeit business; and Gen. Spinner, who has had twelve years' experience in the work, says they are worth ten times as much as the men for such business. "A man always has a reason for a counterfeit," says the General; "forty, maybe, but he is wrong half the time. A woman never has a reason. She says 'tis counterfeit because *is* counterfeit, and she's always right—though she couldn't tell how she found out if she were to be hung for it."

—Ladies owning lap-dogs will please take notice: The Michigan Southern Road has decided that only a lap-dog "in the arms of its mistress" will be admitted into the passenger coaches. All other dogs must travel in the baggage-car at the rate of twenty-five cents for the first 100 miles and ten cents for each subsequent 100. Baby-wagons are charged the same price as dogs.

—Girls should be warned of the danger they run in marrying railroad brakemen. An enthusiastic member of that fraternity on being awakened the other night from a dream of an impending crash by a train found himself sitting up in bed holding his wife by the ears, having nearly twisted her head off in his frantic efforts to "down brakes."

—An agent of the Massachusetts Board of Health is traveling on the railroads of that State testing the air in the cars, more particularly in the smoking-cars. He carries a pair of bellows and a small vial, partly filled with a fluid, into which the air is forced with the bellows, and subsequently it is analyzed and the impurities separated.

—If you say to yourself, "To-day I mean to be happy," it is a rash promise, a hasty project. But if we say, "To-morrow I mean to give some one pleasure," it is an amiable intention which will rarely deceive your hopes. Such conduct is generous and delicate in the extreme and cannot fail to bear good fruit.

—Julia Ward Howe informs us that "the financial incompetence of men in general is becoming every day more evident to the world at large." It is especially evident in the morning, when their wives have "gone through" their pockets over night.

—It has recently been discovered, says an exchange, that the rattan exudes a dangerous poison. Any schoolboy who has had his pants warmed in a conscientious, business-like way, by his pedagogue, could have told you that long ago.

—According to Kepsey, surgeon to the Austrian Polar expedition, chocolate, as a beverage, proved most valuable to all; the preserved meat and vegetables in tins being also of the greatest service in sustaining the strength and spirits.

—A Milwaukee man is bent on going to sea. He has been reading the Enoch Arden class of stories till his soul is fired with an ambition to be wrecked and come home and find his wife married to some other fellow.

—The Missouri River is, from all reports, the "healthiest" stream in the world, for it is the only one that is not confined to its bed. The course it shall pursue is one of the things not yet determined upon.

—There are 115,023 soldiers' widows in the United States who receive pensions from the Government. Strange, strange, that young men continue to marry girls without a cent.—*Milwaukee News*

—If your stove is a coal gas-burner, allow a basin or urn of water to be set on constantly. Without it the air will be so dry that neither your plants nor yourself can be healthy.

—It is very fantastical and contradictory in human nature that men should love themselves above all the rest of the world, and yet never endure to be with themselves alone.

—Respectability is all very well for folks who can have it for ready money; but to be obliged to run in debt for it is enough to break the heart of an angel.

—It is wonderful what an amount of struggling and red-facedness will be gone through by a person wrestling into a new pair of shoes "a size too large."

—Benjamin Franklin used to spell soap "s o-p-e," and yet there isn't a day but that some one holds him up as a great philosopher and a good man.

—A Grand Jury down in Texas has reported Grand Juries in general to be a humbug and a nuisance, and wants to have them abolished.

—In the Hawaiian language every vowel is sounded. That would make it Kal-a-ka-u-a—five syllables. However, don't let's fight about it.

—A gentleman who has been struck by a young lady's beauty has determined to follow the injunction, and "kiss the rod that smote him."

—Another man to be hanged in Pennsylvania. No State can stand this drain on its population.

Deserved a Better Master.

RAILWAY carriers charge heavily for transporting a dog; but a man who cares so little for his four-footed pet as to grudge him the price of a ten-mile ride ought to go afoot himself. Says the Cincinnati *Gazette*, rather sarcastically:

"Next to his wife and gun, the genuine huntsman is said to love his dog, and a striking illustration of the latter was presented a day or two ago. A man who had been engaged in shooting at the pigeon match near Carthage, to return home by the train arriving in Cincinnati at four a. m., hailed it at the Fair-ground crossing. In response to an inquiry, he was told that his dog could only ride in the baggage-car, and that it would cost twenty-five cents. The hunter took the animal by the collar and led him to the rear platform of the last car. "'Take him in on the forward end,' said the brakeman. But the man didn't take him on at either end. He merely jibbed the dog's nose up to his legs and boots, got on the rear platform alone, and whistled to the dog to follow as the train started.

"The poor fellow stretched every nerve and muscle to keep up, but in half a minute was visible only as a white speck jumping on the track, next was entirely out of sight, while his master rode contentedly into the city.

"An hour or so afterward the dog passed Winton Place, above five miles from where he started, still at a full gallop, but panting, his tongue hanging far out, and his gait unsteady. Entirely deaf to expressions of sympathy from those who saw him at Spring Grove, he continued his locomotion to Cumminsville, and may, possibly, toward night, have reached the city in safety. But it must have taught the animal to dodge a dozen railway trains to and from the city and to hop over the planks of a half a dozen trestle bridges; and it showed intelligence as great as his love for the undeserving master."

If that man loved his dog almost as well as he did "his wife and his gun," we pity the wife—and the gun, too.—*Youth's Companion.*

Crow Sagacity.

The crows had kept up a racket since dawn. Trees and palmetto scrub were black with them. They alighted in camp within ten feet of us and stole the provisions the instant our backs were turned. Incessantly did they scold us. It was plain that they were anxious for us to break camp so that they might pick up what was left. "Talk about crows," said Moore while puffing his morning pipe, 'they're the most knowing bird in Florida. They can tell a negro from a white man a mile off, and they know a shot-gun from a rifle. They know that they are of no account. Nobody hankers after crow-meat and no hunter wastes powder and shot on them. Why, I've been hunting and had the crows follow me and point out the game. They were willing to take their share of the work, too, and were satisfied with the leavings. If a man only knows how to take him a crow's just as good as a dog. When I've been jumping a bear or a deer I've had the crows light on the trees above 'em and sing out: 'Here he is, old man, down below here! Go for him!' and if I shot and missed those crows would actually get disgusted. I could hear them talking to one another and saying, "Oh, he's an old hombre—he don't know how to shoot.' But if I brought down the game they'd scream and bounce from the trees and sail in for their divvy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Thought He Had Lost His Money.

A New York traveling agent who was stopping at a hotel in this city rushed down into the office at an early hour yesterday morning, telling the clerk that some one had entered his room during the night and stole his pocket-book, containing about $100 and several valuable papers, his gold watch and chain and a diamond pin. The man was fairly frantic at his supposed loss and began a tirade of abuse against the proprietor, clerk, servants and porters, accusing them all of having been implicated in the robbery. The proprietor endeavored to calm his heated guest by promising to do everything in his power to ferret out the mystery and discover the thief and the missing property. But all his efforts to quiet the man were unavailing, and it was finally resolved to engage a detective and put the matter in his hands. Before taking this step, however, the proprietor of the hotel resolved to personally investigate the mystery. Taking the clerk and the agent into the room occupied by the latter they first made diligent search in the drawers of the washstand, in the wardrobe and under the bed, but without success. The clerk finally threw the pillows off the bed and tearing away the sheet he found the pocket-book, watch and chain just where the forgetful agent had left them the night before. The pin was inclosed in the pocket-book. The agent was profuse in his apologies and went away rejoicing.

—Forty Kentuckians rode two days to kill a fox worth sixty cents.

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

—The Weeds we Eat.—Alexander Hyde writes in the New York *Times* on the weed question in this clever style: Many of the weeds that have never been modified in their nature by cultivation, and which persist in growing in spite of all opposition, still serve a useful purpose, or can be made to do so. Even the much-abused "pursley," which Mr. Warner has immortalized in "A Summer in My Garden," makes first-rate "greens." Nothing can be more tender and succulent than purslain, and we are by no means certain that it will not one day be cultivated in our gardens as a pot herb. It certainly makes delicious greens and is exceedingly nutritious. We have never seen an analysis of this weed, but that there is nutrition in it is manifest from the fact that it never grows in poor soil and from the further evidence that pigs thrive upon it. Milk weed is another plant which can and should be utilized. Even in its wild state it is no poor substitute, when young, for asparagus, and when old it is by no means as tough and woody as old asparagus. If milk weed were cultivated in our gardens for a series of years, and propagated only from the seeds of the best plants, it might be made to double or quadruple its size, and we have no doubt would be a more nutritious if not more luscious vegetable than asparagus.

—When a dealer in farm produce receives shipments in good order and of first quality, he takes full as much pride in showing them as the farmer did in sending them; and he does not hesitate to ask from 10 to 20 per cent. extra, because he knows he can get it. Besides, it is really to his advantage to have such produce, because it helps him to secure the best customers and thereby to build up his business. This is plain enough. The same advantage accrues also to the farmer. For assorting potatoes or apples, for neatly dressing and packing poultry, for sending only choice butter and large, fresh eggs, time and care are required, and that which is kept at home may seem to be a loss; but in doing in this wise additional care will be taken afterward to provide against having anything that is not salable, so that a real money value comes from being a better farmer. The farmer who has a right idea of his calling will aim to supply only such customers as are particular and who are willing to pay extra prices for extra products. There are plenty of such customers, and the demands they make are far in excess of what farmers are likely soon to supply.—*Country Gentleman.*

—An experienced dairyman says that, after trying several plans of preventing turnips when fed to milch cows from imparting an unpleasant taste to milk and butter, he at last succeeded perfectly by cutting a good slice off the top and another off the bottom of the bulb, taking care to remove all roots by the last slice. The center of the turnip is given to the cows, sliced as usual. If this plan is strictly followed, both milk and butter will be perfectly sweet. He says that, soon after adopting this plan, he could not obtain butter without a taint until he had discharged three or four men who attended to the feeding of his cattle and replaced them by others who carried out the plan without deviation. In this way one of the most serious objections to feeding milch cows on turnips can be easily removed. Of course the slices taken off are not allowed to go to waste, being given to stock of one kind or another.

Way to Hoe Understandingly.

Let us study the course of that intelligent young farmer to whom farming is an art. He examines critically his tool before purchasing; for the quality of the steel he requires the label of some respectable firms; for the rest he is his own judge. His selection is an implement not over wide, having fine and sharp angles, and so mounted on the handle as to require as little stooping as possible. He selects a handle of hard wood (the momentum gained by which being more than an offset to the extra weight), straight grained and rather longer than the average. The handle having been well oiled to prevent its cracking, our farmer is ready for the field.

Now study him at work. With many, hoeing is merely a rising and falling of the implement, or what may be called a chopping stroke, with force sufficient to cut up weeds. Our farmer has not only an up-and-down stroke, but a swinging, half circular stroke, that from its effects may be called a cutting or knife stroke; and, moreover, his chopping strokes are made at an angle varying with the kind and size of the weeds.

Here is a capital axiom that he has adopted—that weed hoeing has two ends in view, viz., to kill the weeds then growing and to do this in such a manner as to prevent, so far as can be, the seed in the ground from germinating. "All tillage soil," he says, "has the seed of weeds scattered through it as deep as it is tilled, say for a foot in depth; some of them retain their vegetating powers many years—some only one year. Now, my object in weed hoeing should be—while destroying the weeds on the present surface, not to make a new surface from which a new crop may start."

He therefore disturbs the surface only enough to kill the weeds; his work presents none of the roughness of the bungler, who wastes vast amounts of strength in rough chopping that takes up weeds by the roots in front of him, but to leave them replanted in the rear of him, while he so disturbs the under soil that the seeds therein are brought sufficiently near the surface to germinate. If some one should ask, Is not one great object to loosen the soil? he replies: "Certainly, at times; but we are now discussing hoeing as a mere weeding process."—*Agricola, in New York Herald.*

Pruning Apple Orchards.

THOSE fond of abstract discussions are writing out their views for the newspapers in regard to pruning orchard trees. The most contradictory opinions are advanced, not only as to the proper manner of pruning, but as to whether trees should be pruned at all. It is quite certain that any one who has had long experience in the management of orchard trees knows that he could no more do without the pruning-knife, nay, even the saw and the hatchet, than he could eat his dinner without a knife and fork. It could be done, of course. As the children say, fingers were made before forks, and so nature gave us fruit trees long before we found out aught about culture. One can get along without ever cutting an orchard tree. There are some that can be named that never had a knife on them; but it is just as true that the best fruit and best trees generally will be where the pruning implements are regularly and judiciously used. One can, of course, take his ladder and hatchet and saw, and go into his orchard and cut away, to the great injury of the tree; but this is not the judicious trimming that sensible people recommend, but a senseless practice—worse than letting them alone. If there is to be a choice between a murderous practice like this and prune not at all, as advocated by some, better by all means join the anti-pruning party There are, again, some who say if trees are properly seen to when young, no pruning is required in after life. This is not in accord with experience. No matter how well cared for there is always something to be done as the trees grow. But so far as this argument is concerned it does not amount to much, as not one tree in a thousand in our average orchards get any special treatment when young; so that the plea on the ground of being early inclined holds good too seldom to weigh much in general rules for practice.

At this season of the year, then, it will be well to see that a good pruning saw has its teeth well sharpened and set, a handy little hatchet ground, and the pruning-knife honed up to a keen and yet strong edge. Whenever an opportunity occurs through the winter, go through the orchard and see what is to be done. One thing to be seen to is that every leading branch has full room to develop all its branchlets perfectly. If two of these go along together there will be a struggle for life between them, in which both will lose something. Cut one away. If this has not been going on for more than a year or so, the knife will do all that is required, but if the struggle is of many years' standing saw away at the worst one without hesitation. Such sawing ought to be made close to the main trunk, and the exposed part painted so as to prevent decay until the new bark grows over it. Then again large branches will often in time get decrepid through overbearing. The growth will, perhaps, not be more than an inch or two, and the fruit small and sickly. In such cases there will often be tolerably vigorous branches down toward the main branch or trunk. In such cases cut away the weakened portions, leaving the healthier ones to come on and take their places. Sometimes in trees which have been bearing for some years there will be a general decline in vigor of the whole tree. In this case cut away most of the bearing branches all over the head, leaving some of the younger sprouts to come on and form a head. This usually brings about a great revival, chiefly through the rest from bearing which the tree receives. Some people think they renovate old trees by cutting back and regrafting with other kinds. But it is the rest, not the regrafting, and a mere cutting back does just the same thing.

Where not much of this severe work is necessary, that is, where all the main branches are about where they ought to be, and nowhere else, there will still be numerous young sprouts coming out at various places through the head, up in through the interior of the tree. These are competitors with the main or fruit-bearing branches and should be ruthlessly cut away.

These are but general hints, to be sure. One's judgment must be called in as to how little or how much is to be done; but it will be seen from what has been that the apple orchard will find em-aids ployment for many a leisure day during the winter season.—*Maryland Farmer.*

Hints to Amateur Florists.

There are many who are investing in plants who have had little or no experience, and to such a few hints may not come amiss.

1. Plants taken from the warm, moist air of a propagating house should be wrapped in thin, soft paper, left open at the top until they have become acclimated to the change. The leaves should be sprinkled on the under and upper sides with awisp broom, studiously avoiding cold draughts of air.

2. The best time for watering plants is toward evening, as in the summer time the evaporation is not so rapid during the night; whereas if watered only in the morning they so soon dry off that they do not get the full benefit of the evaporation process which supplies the place of dew, and they will look more fresh and vigorous.

3. The idea entertained by almost every amateur flower-grower that a large amount of earth is required for the health and vigor of the plant is very erroneous, and is called by experienced florists over-potting, and is laden many times with serious results to plant life; for the soil in pots, boxes, tubs, etc., does not have the action of the element to neutralize the acid or equalize the chemical compounds that are used up or generated to excess when thus confined, as the soil often becomes sour and sodden, and necessitates the speedy removal of the plant into fresh soil, to prevent decay of the roots. Soil best adapted to nearly every plant grown in pots is good sandy loam. Good garden soil that has been enriched until it is soft and mellow will answer every purpose; but if neither of these can be obtained, procure leaf-mold from the woods, swamp muck and sand, equal darts thoroughly mixed, and this will make a most desirable compost. The addition of a small quantity of wood ashes or lime will destroy and prevent worms.

4. In repotting, care should be taken not to injure the roots. To prevent this, set the pan into a pot of water until the ball of earth around the roots is saturated; then place the hand over the top of the pot, turn bottom upward, rap the rim of the pot on the bench or stand, and the whole will fall out. Have ready another pot, one or two sizes larger, and turn into it the plant, supplying sufficient soil to fill up again, carefully shaking so that the roots next to the sides of the pot will be supplied. This process only needs repeating from once to twice a year; but if you want flowers you must keep your plants root-bound in a measure. This your judgment must decide.

5. Plants kept in a sitting-room where frequent sweeping has to be done should be covered until the dust has settled, as dust upon the foliage injures the plant by retarding its growth and bloom, as leaves are to plant life what lungs are to animal life.

6. Where scale or red spider have accumulated, as they will in warm, dry atmosphere or in dark situations, whale-oil soap suds showered over the leaves, and sponged off on the under side, or turning the bottom up and dipping the whole down into the decoction, will remove the pests. Where plants are crowded into too small space, they will generate the aphis or green fly, and the thrip and mealy bug. Smoking or washing the plants thoroughly will destroy these also.

7. Above all give your plants plenty of fresh air and all the sunshine possible. But few plants will grow in the shade, and this class, is mostly confined to the Begonia family and a few varieties of vines; among them are the smilax and common ivy.—*Cor. The Farmer (England).*

The Mutual Dependence of Bees and Flowers.

THE bees, Mr. Darwin says, have solved a difficult problem. They have made their cells of a proper shape to hold the greatest possible amount of honey with the least possible consumption of precious wax in their construction. No human workman is skillful enough to do what a crowd of bees can do, working in a dark hive—make cells of wax of the true form. The number of bumble bees in the country will depend upon the number of cats. How can that be? Because the number of bees is dependent upon the number of field mice, which eat the bees. Hence the more cats the fewer mice, and the fewer mice the more bees. If the whole genus of bumble bees became extinct, or very rare, the heart's ease and red clover would become rare or would disappear. How is that? Because bees promote the growth of those flowers. The visits of bees are necessary to the fertilization of some kinds of clover and almost indispensable to the fertilization of the heart's ease. In a word—no bees, no seed; no seed, no increase of the flowers. The more visits from the bees, the more seed from the flower; the more seeds from the flower, the more flowers from the seeds. Nearly all our orchidaceous plants absolutely require the visits of insects to remove their pollen masses, and thus to fertilize them. Twenty heads o unprotected Dutch clover yielded 2,900 seeds. The same number protected from bees produced not one seed; 100 heads of unprotected clover yielded 27,000, and the same number protected from bees, not a seed.

To Boil a Ham.

TAKE a ham weighing about eight or ten pounds, soak it for twelve or twenty-four hours in cold water, then cover it with boiling water, add one pint of vinegar, two or three bay leaves, a little bunch of thyme and parsley (the dried and sifted will do, or even the seeds of parsley may be used if the fresh cannot be procured; boil very slowly two hours and a half, take it out, skim it, remove all the fat, except a layer about half an inch thick—cut off with a sharp knife all the black-looking outside—put the ham into your dripping-pan, fat side uppermost, grate bread crust over it and sprinkle a teaspoonful of powdered sugar over it; put in the oven for half an hour until it is a beautiful brown.

Eat cold; cut the nicest portion in slices; the ragged and little odds and ends can be chopped fine and used for sandwiches; or by adding three eggs to one pint of the chopped ham and frying brown you have a delicious omelet for breakfast or lunch. The *bone* should be put into the soup kettle. The rind and fat should be rendered and strained for frying potatoes or crullers. A ham prepared in this way will "go" twice as far as when cooked and carved in the ordinary manner, besides the conviction it gives the housekeeper of being economical, and at the same time placing nate and palatable dishes before her family.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Care of the Ear.

The *Scientific American* thinks that the ear is quite as liable to injury from drafts of air as from cold water. The modern style of cutting the hair in men and of arranging the hair of women is much to be deprecated, because it was intended by nature that the hair should fall over the ear and form thus a protection to it. But as we cannot throw down so great a goddess as fashion, we must use care and artificial means for the preservation of this delicate organ.

If sitting in a draft is unavoidable, the handkerchief should be applied to the ear exposed or a pledget of cotton inserted within it. The ordinary manner of washing the face does no harm to the ear because the canal leading to the drum of the ear is partially protected by wax and water does not penetrate far; but all the swabbing of the ear, whether with dry cloth or lint moistened with hot or cold water, or other fluid, is by no means to be advised, as it removes the wax, the necessary safeguard to the internal ear.

A Remarkable Dog.

"TALKING about dogs as is sagacious," remarked Mr. Gammon as he leaned back in his chair, threw one leg over a pile of exchanges and ran his fingers through his gray hair—"talking about smart dogs, I raised a dog once which was just considerably the pertest animal I ever saw or read of. Never knew what breed he was. Kind of peculiar—seemed to have all the best pints of the whole species. He came to me in a singular manner too when he was no more'n three months old. Heard a scratchin' at the door one cold winter mornin' as I was makin' a fire. Opened the door and in walked that pup. The first thing he done was to wipe his feet on the mat. Then he pushed a stool up to the stove and sat down on it and held his paws up to warm. After he got comfortable he asked me to adopt him into the family.

"I am telliin' the truth now, and of course I don't pretend to say that pup actually addressed me in the English language, but his looks, his manner, his—what d'ye call it?—pantomime, was so perfect that I knew just what he wanted. I never went much on dogs as a general thing but I couldn't go back on one of such extraordinary promise as this. I kept him, and we named him Rassler. He was as imitative as a Chinaman. Picked up things faster'n a child. He took to the children right away—liked them as well as though they had been his own brothers and sisters—and they come to consider him as one of the family. He learned all that was possible from the limited facilities afforded on the farm. Before he was a year old he could ride horses, tend the baby, pick up chips and do a thousand other useful and amusing things.

"Olla, my oldest boy, had learned him to whistle, and it would done you good to ha' seen Rassler utilize that accomplishment. You know a rabbit will stop if you whistle to it. Well, when he got after a rabbit and it was about to get away from him he'd stop and whistle. The fool rabbit would stop to listen and Rassler would have him by the neck in less'n a minute.

"We never had to take an ax along when we went coon-hunting with that dog. No need to cut down any trees. He would just skin up a tree like a squirrel and shake a coon or a 'possum out in a jiffy. One of his favorite pastimes was to take a small pail and go out in the meadow and drown out ground-hogs, gettin' the water from a pond near by.

"Once I took Rassler to town with me, and it was election day. I allowed myself to get rather more liquor aboard than I could conveniently carry. About three o'clock in the afternoon I started home, taking the railroad track. I hadn't gone far before the whisky made me stupid, and I laid right down on the track and went dead drunk. Rassler tried every way to get me off to the side of the road, but I was heavy and senseless, and he couldn't budge me. A train was comin', and in ten minutes more I would have been run over. Now, gentlemen, what do you think that dog done? Excuse me, but I can't repress the rising tear when I think how that faithful animal saved my life. He grabbed the red bandanna handkerchief from my pocket, ran toward the train and signaled it, and, by George, stopped it and saved me. Yes, sir.

"But in his death he exhibited a greater degree of gratitude and intelligence than he had ever done before. The boys had learned him to smoke, and he became such a slave of tobacco that I feared it would impair his mental faculties. I tried to break him of the habit by whipping him, but it did no good. He'd steal off some place and smoke in spite of all I could do. Well, one night he went to sleep in the cellar with a pipe in his mouth, and the fire fell out on some straw and soon the whole place was in a blaze. Rassler waked up in time to arouse the family and get them all out, but we couldn't save anything. While we were standin' around lookin' at the burnin' house all of a sudden Rassler gave a bark and rushed through the flames. In five minutes after he appeared in the library window on the second floor with something in his mouth. The flames had cut off his retreat. He sprang from the window and fell lifeless at our feet. And now, gentlemen, what do you think that dog had in his mouth—that he had given his life to save? It was the insurance policy on my house!"

And the old man wept at the remembrance of Rassler's fidelity.—*Brunswicker.*

The Spider.

A COMPOSITION BY JOHNNY.

THIS is a insek that cetches flies in a net like a fish-net, but not in the water. The net is called a web, and when it cetches dust insted of flies it is a cob-web. The spider knoes he is ugly, so he stays a good deal to home; but ugly wimmen goes to church and walks in the streets more than pretty; but they are both in the same business, which is trappin'. In California they has spiders that scorns to spin webs, but goes out and cetches game like other beasts of pray. They are about the size of a girl baby, and a lot pizener. They is tar antulers. When an injin has bit hisself with a tar antuler he fills his skin with whisky and steals a blanket to wrap hisself in, and hunts a place ware his body will be most in the way. Then he lies down, and if the pizen don't work all to once he sings the death song of the brave, and that knocks him. We was told this to our house by a traveler, who said he guessed he knew a tarnel site about injins and tar antulers though he hadn't never been to college. But Uncle Ned he says it is best to get a good education first, and then thro' in injins and tar antelers accordin' to taste.—*National Republican.*

—A favorite sewing circle beverage—Extract of gossipium

ANNA S. GETSINGER, of Honesdale, Pa., writes the following: "After suffering for nearly two years from neuralgia in the breast, passing up into the throat, face and head, I was entirely cured and restored to health by using Dr. L. Q. C. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial.

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THERE IS NO DEATH.—If it be true that Nature abhors a vacuum, it is equally true that the Great Creator abhors *death* and glories in *life*. There is really no such thing as death—the term is a misnomer, used to designate the changes which occur in life. Life, eternal life, is created by the laws of Almighty will, power, which are as immutable in their application as is the existence of the Creator himself. When God made life He made everything necessary to sustain it, but left it for man's progressive intelligence to discover, convert and utilize. Good medicine is to the ailing *physique* what good fuel is to the expiring flame; the better the fuel the quicker the fire—the better the medicine the quicker comes relief from pain. CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS is life's elixir for old or young. Use this medicine properly and you will live to a good old age without those physical ailments which make seventy years a burden. 15

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